

A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S  
*RECOLLECTIONS*  
OF THE  
WAR OF THE REBELLION.

*By J. P. CALVERT,*

CO. I, 63rd. REG'T. INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

MOORESVILLE, IND.

1886

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*J. P. Calvert*  
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## A PRIVATE SOLDIER'S

### Recollections of the War of the Rebellion.

BY J. P. CALVERT.

INTRODUCTORY.—TROUBLE BEGINS.—

PATRIOTISM.—FIRST ENLISTMENT.—  
JOHN MORGAN'S RAID.—SECOND EN-  
LISTMENT.—CONVERSION.—A TRIP TO  
MEMPHIS.—ON GUARD.—ESCAPED  
THE GUARD HOUSE.

J. P. Calvert

In presenting the following papers for publication I am actuated by no selfish purpose. Thousands and thousands have passed through similar scenes, and thousands have endured a great deal more, and I do not wish any one to think that I arrogate anything to myself whatever. I simply tell of what I have passed through, and I feel that the recital will strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of those that have worn the blue, and if I am criticised, it will not be by them. I make no pretensions, however, as a writer, and I hope the criticisms, if any, will not be too severe. Six months of the time I kept notes, but the rest is written from memory, and of course a great many incidents that might be interesting. I have forgotten. The notes are not as full as they might be, either, but I was young, and it was considerable of a task, and often in our hard marches I have actually been too tired to write, and as a consequence lost all interest in everything.

I.

In the Spring of '61 I was visiting my brother and his family, at Plainfield, Ind. While there the news came that Fort Sumpter had been fired on, and that it had been compelled to surrender. The long looked for and dreaded crisis had come, and the terrible four years struggle had begun. What a wave of patriotic excitement swept over the loyal north. Although but in my nineteenth year, I fully realized the terrible calamity that had befallen our beloved country, and greatly desired to enlist when the first call for troops was made. There seemed to be no chance, however, for Indiana's quota was soon filled. I was at Indianapolis one day during the memorable time, and saw the active preparations for war. Drums were beating, fife were splitting the ears with their shrill notes, bands were playing, men were drilling, recruits were coming in on every train, and one thought seemed to pervade every mind: that of lending a helping hand to throttle the monster that had laid violent hands on the very vitals of our noble government.

Sometime in June I returned to Columbus, Ohio, and the following fall I, in company with two others where I lived, enlisted in Capt. Forshee's Co., K., of the 1st Ohio cavalry. I well remember my first soldier's dinner. It consisted of "hard tack," bean soup and salt pork. The bean soup would have been good if it had not been burned, and I thought I never had seen anything so hard as the crackers in my life, and I guess I was about right, for I had been living on a farm for a number of years, and you know that a farmer generally sets a pretty good table, and the one that I had been putting my feet under was no exception to the rule. The regiment was at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio:

1761



I was put on guard once. That night the countersign was "Wyoming." We were to let no one pass until they gave that countersign, and they were to lean over the points of our bayonets to give it. The fellow on the next beat to mine kept forgetting the countersign; nearly every time I came to the end of my beat joining his, he would ask me what it was. I think I must have told him at least a dozen times. I know I got tired of it and told him he ought not to be so forgetful.

I had not been in camp more than two weeks until I took sick, and was sent to the hospital. I remained there about a week, when Mr. David Williams, the man with whom I had been living, came and took me home. About a week after that I received my discharge, and there ended my first term of service, which lasted about three months. All the pay I received was a woolen shirt, a pair of drawers and my board; but as I did the government no good, I guess we are even on that score.

In the Spring of '63 I returned to Plainfield and engaged in the painting business with my brother. While there I joined the Indiana Legion, the "Gallant Home Guards", and participated in the chase after John Morgan, the famous rebel guerilla. At North Vernon squads were sent out to impress horses. I, in company with another chap, took a circuit of about 15 miles through the country, and succeeded in bringing in some half dozen good horses. At some places we had a little trouble in getting them, and had to talk pretty plainly before they would be given up. At other places they were given to us cheerfully. When we arrived at town with them, we found our command had boarded the train, and were about to start on after the invaders. We left the horses standing hitched in the street, and jumped aboard the train. Never heard of the horses afterward, but suppose

the owners got them again. The following fall, Oct. 26, I again enlisted in the Union army.

Mr. George Filer came to Plainfield one day, recruiting for the 63d. Ind. Vols., and I, in company with Elias Phillips, Ed. Harvev and Tom Kinnan, signed the roll. We went with him to Indianapolis, and was soon sworn into the service of the United States for three years or during the war. We were assigned to Co. I, Capt. Tindell, commanding, which, with three other companies of the regiment, G, F and K, were doing guard duty at the Soldier's Home. We remained here until the following February, doing guard duty and having a good time generally; in fact, we were (as the boys at the front said), regular "feather bed soldiers."

Rev. J. V. R. Miller held a protracted meeting at Roberts' Chapel, in the month of December, I think. I attended the meetings went to the mourner's bench, was happily converted and joined the church on probation. During the hardships that followed, I lost a great deal of my religious enjoyment, and when the war was over I was what you might term a backslider. Still I had a desire to cleave to my religion, and subsequently did take a new start.

New Year's day, 1864, has often been alluded to as "that cold New Year's." I stood guard that night in front of Andrew Wallace's building, which was then used by the government. However, I sought shelter part of the time from the terrible blast, in a friendly stairway.

I, with three or four others, were sent at one time to Memphis, Tennessee, to take some deserters back to their command. We had a very pleasant trip, and I enjoyed the ride on the boat from Cairo to Memphis and return, very much. I remember we had a race with other boats, both going

down and coming back. At one time, while on camp guard, I believe it was about the first time I had been put on guard, I didn't walk my beat and carry my gun as well as I should, when the officer of the day passed by; so when the relief came, the said officer of the day told them they need not relieve that man, and I got to stand two hours longer. At another time I was firing a revolver across the guard line. A corporal came and ordered me to stop, I didn't think he amounted to much, and kept on firing. Pretty soon the officer of the day came out and ordered me put in the guard house, and I had to do some pretty tall begging to keep out, but as it was my first offence, he let me off. I didn't shoot over the guard line any more.

## II.

FRENCH LEAVE.—OFF FOR DIXIE.  
—CAMP NELSON.—BOONE'S CAVE.—  
GRAYBACKS. RALLY AROUND THE FLAG  
—FIRST MARCH.—CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.—HUNGRY.—LOYAL TENNESSEANS —PAID OFF.—SICK.—SENT TO THE HOSPITAL.

Just before the regiment left for the front, Elias Phillips and myself took French leave and went to Plainfield to see our friends; we got back to the regiment the next day before they left. Soon we marched to the depot and boarded the cars. Then came the parting from friends. In some cases it was very sad. Did not have any friends there to cry over me, and was glad of it when I saw how some of them took on. Well, we finally started. Do not remember much about the trip, but we went by the way of Cincinnati, and in due time arrived safe at Camp Nelson, Kentucky. Here we found the other companies of our regiment,

namely: A, B, C, D, E and H. When we were all together we composed a regiment of nearly a thousand men. We lay at Camp Nelson for some time. At the southern edge of the camp flowed the Kentucky river. The bank was very steep and high, at some places going straight down a distance of two hundred feet. About half way down at one place was the entrance to Boone's cave. I remember we had fine times exploring that cave. At this camp we made our first acquaintance with that most abominable pest, the "Gray Back." He came to us there, and he came to stay, and he did stay in spite of all we could do, until the close of the war. Just before we left Camp Nelson the regiment formed a hollow square, with Colonel Styles and the other regimental officers in the center. The Colonel made us a speech, in which he said that he never wanted a greater honor than to command the gallant 63d., and he hoped we would all do our duty and acquit ourselves like men. We then sang "Rally Around the Flag," and it was grand to hear the chorus swelling up from a thousand throats; after which we gave three cheers for the Union, and returned to our quarters. A few days afterward we started on a march to Knoxville, Tennessee, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. I shall never forget that march. The first day we marched on a turnpike, and it came near using us up. I had bought a pair of long legged boots, and I believe that was the only day's marching I did in them. That evening I drew a pair of Uncle Sam's shoes, (gunboats, we called them), and after that I got along better. After we left the pike the marching was good, until we struck the Cumberland mountains. Here we had fun. Our first introduction to them was a very steep ascent of perhaps a quarter of a mile. The first halt we made nearly



every man in the regiment threw away his knapsack, blanket, etc. The Colonel, however, ordered them picked up again. When we got to the top of the mountains we had some grand views. Some of the scenes are fastened in my memory, and I seem to see them now as plainly as then, although twenty-two years have passed away. We were two or three days crossing the mountains. At one time we were without rations for twenty-four hours. I got very hungry, and remember one night going to where they were feeding the mules and getting an ear of corn, which I parched for my supper.

On the march we experienced some very cold weather. A heavy sleet and snow storm prevailed. On the march that day our Orderly Sergeant, Henry Blaine, being rather old, and also sick, was compelled to fall to the rear; and that evening, I think it was, after we had gone into camp, Blaine was reduced to rags, and Mont. Rhodes, 1st day Sargent, was put in his place. Never thought that that was just right but it made no difference what I thought.

We thought when we got to going down the mountains on the other side, it would be easy, but in this we were very much mistaken, for we found it much harder than going up. The place we went down was quite steep, and at every step we experienced pain, and when we arrived at the foot we were pretty generally stove up. After we had left the mountains we had several large hills to go over, but at last we got in a level country, and found ourselves in East Tennessee, among a Union loving people, and often, as we passed along, we were cheered by the inhabitants, and the ladies would encourage us by waving their handkerchiefs. We finally arrived at Knoxville all right, and here our Colonel made us another speech, telling us how well he was pleased

with our conduct thus far. We stayed at Knoxville a few days, and then started east towards Bull's Gap, at which place we arrived in due time. I do not remember how long it took us to march the distance from Knoxville to the gap.

We camped awhile at Mos-y Creek, a town about half-way between Knoxville and the gap, and here we were paid off, receiving two month's pay. We were getting thirteen dollars a month then. I received twenty-six dollars, all in bran new two-dollar bills, and they were numbered one after the other, just as they had come from the press. For instance, suppose one bill was numbered 800, the next one was 801, the next 802, and so on to the last.

We were at the gap some two or three weeks. I took sick shortly after we arrived, near the first of April, and was sick about two weeks, and under the doctor's care, (Walker, I believe was his name,) the most of the time. There was a great deal of sickness at this place, principally camp diarrhea. I remember one man of our regiment died in his tent. The doctor went to see him one morning, but he was beyond the reach of human aid.

About the middle of April the regiment was ordered out to Jonesboro', and those that were not able to travel, were sent back to the hospital at Knoxville. There were several of our company sent back, and I was among the number. While at the hospital three of our company died: James Jones, ~~John~~ Strain, and ~~Alzo~~ Creators. Came very near passing over myself. Took a backset by catching cold, and had a sort of lung fever "Tuberculosis" I believe is what the doctors called it, *which was a mistake.*

I was treated very kindly by the doctors and nurses. One old gray headed doctor was especially very

kind to me. The nurses told me when I began to get better, that when I was at the worst, they expected every day to see me die.

### III.

SAD SCENES.—A THIEF CAUGHT.—FURLOUGHED HOME.—OFF FOR THE FRONT.—NASHVILLE.—NEGROS.—MURFREESBORO.—PIES AND THINGS.—A FAST TRAIN.—STALLED.—OFF THE TRACK.—CHATANOOGA.

The hospital was rather a pleasant, and yet a very sad place. It was finely situated, and while I was there, especially during my convalescence, the weather was delightful. The sad part was the numerous deaths. Every day could be heard the mournful notes of the dead march, the solemn beat of the muffled drum, and the measured tread of those that were carrying a comrade to his last resting place.

When I came to the hospital, instead of turning over what little money I had (about twenty dollars), to the officers in charge for safe keeping, I kept it in my bunk under my pillow. One day, wishing to use some of it, I got my pocket book, and on opening it, lo, all but one bill was gone. My suspicions immediately rested on a young chap that occupied the next bunk to my left, and who was able to be up. He had been eating candy and nuts the day before, and was kind enough to give me some. I reported my loss and suspicions to the Surgeon, and when the young chap came in they searched him, and sure enough, in one of his pockets, there were my bills. They still retained the crease which new bills will take when folded, and fitted snugly in my pocket book. The bill that he had left was the lowest number, and those that he had taken numbered on up from it, just as I had stated to the officers. He was caught

very slick, and had nothing to say I recovered all my money but two dollars, the scamp having spent that amount. That evening the y. c. was sent to his regiment.

Near the middle of May, a great many, I among the number, were sent home on a thirty days' furlough, to make room in the hospital for those that had been wounded at the battle of Resaca. I had been promised a furlough, however, before the battle; but the battle was the cause of a great many getting furloughs that otherwise would not have gotten them. Well, my trip home was made without mishap. During my stay I made a visit to friends in Ohio. When my thirty days was up I was still unfit for duty, and succeeded in getting my furlough extended twenty or thirty days longer. At the end of that time I prepared to return to my regiment. A friend of mine at Plainfield, Mr. Wm. Ballard, gave me a pocket diary, and told me to write in it the events that would take place while I was away doing service for Uncle Sam. Told him I would, and did manage to do so for about six months, and this brings me to where the notes commence.

July 16, 1864. Left Plainfield, Ind., en route for Dixie, this morning. At Indianapolis got transportation to Nashville, Tenn. After spending the day in the city, and taking my meals at the Soldier's Home, left for Louisville, Ky., about nine o'clock this evening. Had a pleasant trip, and arrived at Louisville about four o'clock this morning, July 17. Eat breakfast at the Soldier's Home, and am now in the depot writing these notes, while waiting for the train to start for Nashville. The train started on time, and arrived safe at Nashville about five o'clock this evening. Ate supper at the Soldier's Home, and expect will have to stay here to-night, for I understand there is no train for Chatanooga.



ga until to-morrow. From what I have been able to see of it so far Nashville seems to be a pretty city. Do not know the population of the place, but should judge it was about ten thousand. What strikes me the hardest is the number of negroes you see here. The city seems to be literally overrun with them. You can see them thick on the streets, loitering in droves around saloons and restaurants, dashing past in fine carriages, dressed in tip top style, and making a grand display. I have not succeeded yet in finding a place where they were not

July 18. Got transportation this morning to Marietta, Ga. Took a stroll over part of the city. Visited the State House, the Zollicoffer House, and a number of other places. The Zollicoffer House was owned by the rebel Gen. Zollicoffer, who was killed somewhere in Kentucky. The house I believe is now used for a military prison. About one o'clock the train started for Chatanooga. Several soldiers are aboard returning to their commands. We have "elegant" box cars to ride in. The accommodations are "excellent." When we are tired standing we can sit down on the floor and rest. The speed of our train is tremendous. We make about ten miles an hour, more or less. About five o'clock in the evening we reached Murfreesboro. the place where a hard battle had been fought. The town seems to be pretty strongly fortified. Here the train stopped for supper. Our train is a mixed one; there are a few coaches, but they are for officers and civil passengers, not private soldiers. No sooner had we stopped than we were surrounded with a host of blacks, of both sexes, old and young, big and little, also a number of white soldiers, all eager to sell us something to eat. As my money was scarce, and I had some of Uncle Sam's grub in my haversack, I did not invest, although some of the pies and

others things offered looked very tempting. Laid down on the floor about dark to try and get some sleep. Was awakened about midnight by a tremendous jerking, puffing and blowing, and on looking out, found that the old engine had stalled right where there had been a collision, and general smash-up of two trains, for we could see the broken cars on both sides of the track at the foot of the embankment, which was fully forty feet high. Finally an engine came up from behind and hitched on, (there were two trains a short distance behind us,) and with the united efforts of the two engines, we were hurled along at a dashing rate. Soon I lay down and went to sleep again. Was awakened again about three o'clock in the morning, (July 19), by a thumping, bumping noise, and on ascertaining what was the matter, found that a switch had been left open, and the old engine had run off the track. Here was a go, sure. The engine was injured some, but not a great deal. The hands worked from daylight until noon to get it on the track again, after which we once more resumed our journey. Got dinner at the Soldier's Home, at Stevenson, Alabama, which was only five miles from where our accident occurred. Left here about 3 o'clock, and arrived at Chatanooga at sun-set. We passed by the foot of Lookout mountain as we came into town. It was a grand sight. On one side of the track, towering three or four hundred feet high, rose the abrupt cliffs of the mountains, on the other side, nearly as far down, rolled the broad Tennessee. Chatanooga is a small place, but it is very strongly fortified. Will have to stay here, at the Soldier's Home, all night, as there is no train going toward the front until to-morrow.

#### IV.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—RESACA.—  
MARIETTA.—BARRICADING THE STREETS  
—OLD KENESAW.—ON THE MARCH.—  
GEN. MCPHERSON KILLED.—THE ARMY MULE.—BLACKBERRIES.

July 20. After partaking breakfast and receiving some rations at the Home this morning, we departed for the depot. While sitting on top of a box car, waiting for the train to start, I made a pencil sketch of Lookout Mountain. On this mountain is where the famous "Battle Above the Clouds" took place. While sitting there sketching, I imagined I could hear the roar of artillery, and see the bursting shells, and hear the cheers and shouts of our gallant union boys, as they scaled the rugged heights, and drove the rebels from their stronghold. Will here state that the hard usage to which it was put, almost obliterated my pencil sketch, and I was compelled to throw it away. Our train started about 8 o'clock, but having to make so many stops, and long delays, at one o'clock we had only made a distance of ten miles. This afternoon we passed thru' Resaca, the scene of the great battle. I was in the hospital when this battle took place, but my regiment took part in it. Here Mont. Rhoades, our Orderly Sargent, and Wm. Baker, a member of our company, were killed, and the Major of our regiment lost his life. Our regiment lost quite a number in killed and wounded during this fight. This evening our train came very near running into a train ahead of us. We were going at full speed, and on turning a short curve, saw the other train a short distance ahead, taking on water. The men flew to the brakes, and it was all they could do to stop the

train in time to avoid a smash-up. There are a great many trains on the road, and they actually seem to be in each other's way.

July 21. We arrived at Marietta this morning about two o'clock. I am traveling in company with two comrades that belong to the same brigade that I do. We got off the cars about daylight, cooked our breakfast, and started to find out, if possible, where our army corps was. Here I will state that we belong to the 2d. Brigade, 3d Division, 23d. Army Corps. My regiment, as I have before stated, is the 63d Indiana, that of my companions, the 103d. Ohio. We went to the Provost Marshal's office, and here found that we could not go to the front yet, but instead, we were sent to the Soldier's Home, to await further orders. Marietta is a pretty town. So many fine shade trees makes it look cool and pleasant. From the streets we could see Kenesaw Mountain. We were at the home about an hour when everyone was ordered to "fall in" with all their equipage. Our equipage was then put in a room and a guard placed over it, after which we were marched out in town, and put to work barricading the streets. Do not know what is up, but expect they fear an attack from the rebel cavalry. Came in about half past eleven for dinner. Did not have to work this afternoon, so I passed the time away by writing a couple of letters. A few of us, who were going to the front, went with a Captain about dark, to the edge of town, where we all lay down to sleep.

July 22d. Were awakened this morning about one o'clock, and in company with a wagon train, started for the front. Halted about half-past eight, and got breakfast. Marching goes as hard as ever. Renewed our journey after breakfast, and arrived at Rossville about one o'clock. Here we crossed the Chatahoochee River, and were stopped by the Colonel of the 31st



Iowa, and attached to his regiment until further orders, or in other words until we could get a chance to go to our respective commands. We were furnished with rations, and instructed to make ourselves at home, which we forthwith proceeded to do to the utmost of our ability. After supper I went to the river to fish. But nary bite could I get. I expect the fish had an idea that there was a Yank at the other end of the line, and they were quite right, for if they had taken hold of the hook, they would certainly have been "yanked" out.

July 23d. Heard some pretty heavy cannonading over toward Atlanta this morning. Wrote three letters to-day; one to a friend in Ohio, one to a friend in Indiana, and one to my brother in the 9th Indiana Cavalry, at Pulaski, Tennessee. It is reported to-day that there was a great battle on the left of our lines, near Atlanta, yesterday evening. Our men were driving the enemy up to six o'clock. Gen. McPherson is reported killed. He accidentally ran on to the rebels, and in trying to make his escape, was shot through the body with a musket ball. He was a gallant, brave, and good General, and his death is a severe blow to our army. I will state here that my brother, John R. Calvert, was killed in this same battle, but I did not know it until about a year afterward, when I received word while at Greensboro', N. C., from my sister-in-law, Mary Calvert, giving me the facts. Thus one of our family gave his life for the defense of his country. How many families are made to mourn on account of this accursed war! Scarcely a family throughout the North, that were loyal to their country, but mourns the loss of one or more, who freely gave up their lives, that this nation might live. Is it worth the sacrifice? Yes! a thousand times over. My native land, I love thee. I love thee with all the intense love with which my nature is capable.

May God's choicest blessings rest upon thee, and cursed be the traitor's hand that will ever attempt to destroy thee.

July 24. Sunday morning. It was very cold last night for this climate, at this time of the year. It seemed to me that it was almost cold enough for a frost. Took a stroll this morning in quest of blackberries, but got very few. Heard cannonading again to-day. Very lonesome here. Nothing to do whatever. Am getting tired of this. Would like to move on and join my regiment.

July 25. Good! We started for the front this morning with another wagon train. Crossed back over the river, and took a circuit away around about 8 miles, then re-crossed it at another place. While crossing the river one of the mules in the train stepped off of the bridge, and hung there in the harness, until they cut him loose. He alighted right side up, in water about two feet deep, and then went to drinking. He was no doubt thirsty, and seeing the water, concluded he would slake his thirst. The army mule is a success, in more ways than one. Just as we were stopping this evening to go into camp, a wagon upset. It was loaded with boxes filled with crackers, and the way those "hard tack" flew, was a caution. Marched about fifteen miles to-day. Went after blackberries again this evening, and found a great many. I think they were the finest I ever saw. Almost as large as a partridge egg, and very sweet and juicy. They made quite an addition to our frugal meal.

## V.

NEARING THE LINES.—ARRIVE AT THE REGIMENT.—PLEASANT GREETINGS.—THE FIRST SHELL.—A RECONNOISSANCE.—A BAPTISM OF FIRE.—FIRST SKIRMISH.—THE REBEL YELL.—"BACK TO THE LINE."—A FATAL MISTAKE.—A COMRADE WOUNDED.—CHURCH AT THE FRONT.

July 26. Started again this morning on our weary tramp. Passed a house that had been burned. It was still smoking. We are getting near the lines. Can hear the artillery and musketry almost constantly, and as we go on it gets louder and more distinct. This is war, and I will soon be initiated into its hardships and horrors. Arrived at the regiment about 2 o'clock this afternoon. The boys were all very glad to see me, and I was rejoiced to see them. However, I missed many familiar faces, and on enquiring the cause, was told that some had been killed, some were back in the hospital sick and wounded, some were on detached service, and some were home on furlough on account of disability, like I had been. It is just three months to-day since I left the regiment. The rebels and our men are firing at each other with artillery, nearly all the time. The boys say it is the same way nearly every day. Atlanta can be seen from our lines, if one takes the trouble to climb a tree. While some of our company were putting brush in front of our breastworks this evening, to break the enemy's charge, should they attempt it, the rebels sent a shell at us. I, and some others, were sitting on the works, and—well, we got off quick. The shell burst about fifty yards in front of us. This was

getting pretty close. They must have found out that I had just got back to the regiment, and they wanted to give me a taste of real war. Well, it was a taste. I considered it a good big bite. I am not particular whether I have another taste like it for several days, at least. But the boys say the rebels are very careless in using their fire-arms. They don't seem to care whether they hurt anybody or not. The signal corps threw some rockets late this evening. I wish I understood the signals. I might be enabled to learn some of the contemplated movements of our army. That, I expect, is a vain wish, for I imagine no one understands them but those who belong to the signal corps.

July 27. We were awakened about twelve o'clock last night, and ordered to get ready to move very quietly, but did not move until this morning early, when we fell back about a mile, and halted behind another line of works. Here we cooked our breakfast, but did not have time to eat it before we were ordered to fall in again. Fell back a short distance further, and again halted. This time we were permitted to eat our breakfast. Pretty smart firing along the line to-day. Fell back again this afternoon a short distance. Just as we halted it commenced raining, and before we could get our tents up we were wet through. Since I left two men have been killed, six died of disease, and nine wounded out of our company. Saw a great fire late this evening, over toward Atlanta.

July 28. Moved out this morning in a reconnoissance. Passed the house that burned last night. Nothing but the tall chimneys and some smoking debris remained. Halted behind a line of works where the battle of the 22d. had been fought, and lay there until this afternoon. The rebels shelled us unmercifully while there. It was indeed a baptismal fire. The shells were exploding around us almost con-



stantly, but we were well protected by the works, and no one was hurt. It was rather scary, however, and also quite funny. It was almost impossible to keep from dodging when a shell would explode, and to look down the line, and see three or four hundred men all dodging at once, was really amusing. One young man, by the name of Wilkinson, who, like myself, was experiencing his first baptism of fire, became so amused that he laughed outright. I noticed, however, that those who had been there before, did not laugh much, it was a serious business with them. Once in a while one of them would smile a far off sickly smile. Finally we started back to the place we camped last night, but before we reached the place we were ordered to return and support the skirmishers. While on the skirmish line the rebels charged us. They came with a yell. This was the first time that I had had the pleasure of hearing the "rebel yell," and I must confess that I failed to see any music, or beauty in it. On they came, and we commenced falling back, slowly at first, and then a little faster. When we commenced falling back, I began to feel a "leetle skeered like," and the faster we went, the "skeereder" I got, and the continual "ping" and "swish" of the minie balls as they passed closely by, did not seem to allay my fears in the least. Presently our Lieutenant Colonel, (Morrison was his name), came out of a little log cabin near by. (I do not know what he was in there for, unless it was to escape the nasty minie balls that were flying about so recklessly), and gave the command, "back to the line every mother's son of you." We turned instantly, and went back with a "Yankee yell." The moment we turned, every vestige of fear left me, and I felt like I could go anywhere. I repeated the Colonel's command, "back to the line," and started on a run. We

soon drove the rebels back within their own lines, and occupied our old position. Here we lay until after dark, then fell back quietly to the line of works we occupied this afternoon. The other regiments of our brigade were here, and with them we fell back to our last night's camping place. Our regiment lost one man killed and one man wounded during the skirmish this evening.

July 29. Heavy cannonading on our right this morning. As the regiment did not move this morning, I improved the time by writing a letter to a lady friend of mine, that lives in Ohio. This afternoon our company was ordered on picket. We took position behind the same line of works that our regiment held when I came up, three days ago.

July 30. A man belonging to the 65th Illinois, was shot and killed last night by a member of the 65th Ind. The Illinois man was out in front of the picket line, taking rations to the vilette and on returning was halted, but failing to hear the command, on account of deafness, came on, and was shot by the challenger. It seems hard to be killed by our men; but such accidents will happen, in spite of all precautions. The pickets to the right of us kept up a continual firing last night and to day. Further on to the right the artillery did the same. The weather is very hot. In the sunshine one nearly roasts. Were relieved from picket this evening by Co. F, and returned to the regiment. Elias Phillips, a member of our company, on duty at Division Headquarters, was wounded to-day. He was shot through the leg. He enlisted the same time I did. We all drew hats this evening, and threw away our caps. Those that were in need drew other clothing.

July 31. Sunday morning. Attended meeting this morning. We seated ourselves on the ground in front of

Chaplain Bacon's tent, while he preached to us. It is raining this afternoon. Colonel Cameron, the commander of our brigade, has resigned

## VI.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS KNOW LITTLE.—  
TWENTY-THIRD CORPS TO THE RIGHT.  
—GENERALS COX AND SCHOFIELD.—  
SHARPSHOOTERS GET IN THEIR WORK.  
—THEY MISS ME.—ELECTION TALK.  
BATTLE LINE IN THE WOODS.—THE  
COMPANY FOOL.—MAGIC WORKS.

Aug. 1. Was on guard last night. Could see large fires in the direction of Atlanta nearly all night. Have no idea what was burning. The reader will perceive as he follows this narrative that a private soldier knew very little of what was going on, let him be ever so observant. Heavy skirmishing and cannonading on the right this morning. Rained a heavy shower again to-day. We packed up to move, but the order was countermanded. Colonel Casement, of the 103d. Ohio, is in temporary command of our brigade now. About half-past eight this evening we started on a march around towards the right of our line. Marched until about one o'clock.

Aug. 2d., and then went into camp. Started again this morning about 8 o'clock. Marched till noon, then halted for dinner. Our whole corps is moving to-day. I understand we are going on the right flank, the position that the corps has occupied all along, until the fight of the 22d, when it was ordered to the left as reinforcements, in case any should be needed. I saw Gen. Cox and Gen. Schofield this afternoon for the first time. The former

commands our division, the latter our corps. They were both fine looking men, and, accompanied by their staff and escort, made quite an imposing sight. We were halted just before sunset, and put to work building breast-works. It took us until eleven o'clock at night to complete them.

Aug. 3. Were ordered up early this morning, and stood in line behind the works until daylight. Five rebel deserters came in and gave themselves up. They stated that they had left four privates, three noncommissioned officers and a Captain belonging to their company, and that their regiment mustered seventy men. While going to the spring for water, this morning, I saw a man wounded in the leg. It was done by a rebel sharpshooter. I was unable to determine from which direction the shot came, so I concluded to take a different route in returning, and as it happened, I exposed myself more than ever. "Take care!" some one said, "you will get shot;" the warning was scarcely spoken, when "ping" went a rifle ball, which just did miss me, for I saw where it went through a rubber poncho, that was hanging up near by. I did not waste much time in investigating, but lit out for more congenial quarters. Several of our men have been killed and wounded by the rebel sharpshooters to-day. Finally, some of them were discovered in an old house, about a half-mile distant, I should judge. A six pound cannon was trained on the house, and they were given a few shells, which soon spoiled their fun. Some, who were in a better place to see than I was, said that they could see the Johnnies scamper out of the house. We strengthened our works to-day. It rained very hard this afternoon. I actually thought it would wash us away. The water seemed to be nearly six inches deep all over the ground. I never saw such a rain in my life before.



Aug. 4. Moved on further to the right this afternoon. We are within hearing of cannonading and skirmishing all the time. We had to do get from the shells several times during the day. About sunset our brigade closed in mass, in a thick wood, and halted for the night. Orders are, that we start at daylight. There were quite a number killed and wounded on the skirmish line to day. Drew rations after dark this evening, and did not get to bed until ten o'clock.

Aug. 5. Were called up very early this morning, and ordered to get our breakfast, preparatory to moving. We then lay around awaiting orders until one o'clock this afternoon, when we again started on towards the right. The music of the artillery and musketry is still going on. Sixty or seventy rebels were captured by our skirmishers this afternoon. Halted behind a line of works this evening that the 14th corps had built. There is a great deal of talk among the boys about going home to the election next fall. Some think we may get to go, and it cheers them up wonderfully.

Aug. 6. I was on guard last night. We were ordered early this morning to get ready to move. We lay around waiting until about eleven o'clock, when the pickets commenced firing very rapidly. We jumped up quickly, and stood in line behind the works for nearly an hour, when the firing began to slacken, and we again started on toward the right. Scarcely had we started when the rapid firing began again. We marched around through the woods in battle line, sometimes resting awhile, and again moving on, while the firing was kept up all the time. Finally we came to a small knoll, where we were commanded to lie down. It seemed to me like we could not have picked out a more exposed place. We lay on the slope of the knoll next to the enemy, and the

way they sent in the shells and the bullets, was amazing. I was lying in the front rank, and just behind and above me, lay a man by the name of ——. He hasn't got any more brains than the law allows, in fact he is called the "company's fool," (every company has one.) Well, every time a shell would explode, he would jump and kick out with both feet, and in doing so, would strike me on top of the head. I requested him to be careful, and at the same time I slipped farther down the hill, to get out of his way, but he followed me up and kept on at it till I became so exasperated, that I had a mind to get up and punch him with my bayonet. After awhile we were ordered up, and commenced throwing up works. It seemed that those works rose like magic. I never saw men work so; and it was well they did, for the air was full of shot and shell, and we had no protection.

## VII.

CHARGE OF THE FIRST BRIGADE.—  
WOUNDED BETWEEN THE LINES.—MY  
COMRADE WOUNDED.—A CLOSE CALL.  
—LETTERS FROM HOME—GEN. SHER-  
MAN.—OUR COLONEL PROMOTED—GRUM-  
BLING.—LUNATICS.—A PICTURE.

Aug. 6. Heavy firing all along the line to-day, as far as we could hear. In our front the 1st. Brigade of our Division charged the enemy's works, but were repulsed. Our brigade was in reserve, and if we had been needed I suppose we would have been put into action. For my part I would like to have got a chance to return some of the enemy's shots. It rained very hard again this evening, when we were about finishing our works. A number of our wounded were left on the field between the lines; they could not be

removed on account of the enemy's murderous fire. Poor fellows, they were in all the rain this evening, and no doubt many of them will die, before we can get them relief.

Aug. 7. Sunday morning. We were called up early this morning, and put to work strengthening our breast-works. One of our mess, David Cleg-horn, was wounded in both legs this morning, while lying in his tent. He was a first-rate boy, and we all liked him. Poor fellow, he was sick at the time, too; he had just taken some medicine, and lain down again, when he was struck, the ball passing through both legs, just below the hips, and lodging in a blouse that was folded up and lying by his side. Fortunately, the ball did not strike the bone in either leg. The same ball came very near putting a quietus to my career. Myself and two others were kneeling in front of a tent, lighting a pipe, when the ball passed over my head about two inches, going through the tent and striking the unfortunate young man, as before stated. Our supposition is that a sharpshooter shot at the group, but he aimed a little bit too high to get one of us. I never heard a bullet whistle as keen as that one did. The Reb. sharpshooters are getting in their work pretty lively, and we have to stick close to the works to keep from being struck. We got ready to move about two o'clock this afternoon. Lay around until about five, when we were ordered to pitch tents again. There was very heavy firing on our left all afternoon. The enemy fell back from our front this evening. Our skirmishers captured several prisoners, including a Captain and Lieutenant. The report is that our men lost two hundred and fifty in killed and wounded yesterday, during the charge. The dead and wounded that were left on the field were brought in to-day. A few of us had a merry time this even-

ing, singing some good old familiar songs. About ten o'clock to-night the firing on the left commenced again. We all bounced up, and stood with our arms, behind the works, until the firing ceased, then went to bed again.

Aug. 8. Wrote two letters this morning. About ten o'clock we started on again toward the right. Passed the works that the rebels had evacuated, went on a short distance farther, halted, and again commenced throwing up works. The rain poured down in torrents while we were at work. The mail came up this evening. "Fall in, Co. I, for your mail." We needed no second invitation. How eagerly we crowded around the Orderly Sergeant, and how anxiously we waited, and listened, as he read over the names. "Jarvis P. Calvert, three letters," whoop! He had no more than said it until I had them in my clutches and hastened away to my tent to devour their contents. Two of them were from friends in Indiana, and one was from my brother in the 9th Ind. Cav. It seems like nonsense to record such as this, but receiving letters from our friends in "God's country" were the brightest spots in our soldier's lives. One of our company, ——— who was wounded at the battle of Resaca, came back this evening. He appeared to be as well as ever. Saw Gen. Sherman to-day for the first time. The General is a tall, dignified looking man, not very much for dress, but with an eye that seems to pierce you through. Among his whole escort, I think he was about the shabbiest dressed.

Aug. 9. Answered one of the letters that I received yesterday. This is a very rainy day. About one this afternoon we moved again a short distance to the right, and commenced throwing up works. Before they were finished our company was ordered out on the skirmish line.



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Aug. 10. Got another letter to-day. Col. Styles, our own brave Colonel, has been brevetted Brigadier General. Good for our Colonel. Our regiment has been transferred to the 3d. Brigade, which is composed of the following regiments: 112th Ill., 63d. Ind., 120th Ind., 128th Ind. and 4th Tenn. Col. Henderson of the 112th Ill. has been put in command. There is an open field between our skirmish line and that of the rebs., and we have to lay pretty close to our rail piles and rifle pits to keep from being shot. Every once in a while they give us a shot, and we are not slow to return the compliment. We were relieved from picket this evening by Co. G.

Aug. 11. Answered my brother's letter this morning. Moved a few rods to the right, policed the grounds and put up our tents in regular order, with streets between. Two men in Co. F, got to disputing about putting up their tents, and ended with a knock down. Had a dispute with a comrade myself, and expect would have had a tussle, had not the Orderly Sargent interfered and made him remove his tent, for he claimed the place that I had selected. These little differences of opinion are a common occurrence, and serve to give a spice to our otherwise monotonous lives.

Aug. 12. About eleven o'clock last night we were called up, and ordered to get ready to move. After we had got ready, we laid down again and were not disturbed until this morning, when the 86th Illinois came up and took our places. It seems hardly fair that we should build works, police the ground, and fix everything in order one day, and then give it up the next day to some others. Now I am doing a little grumbling. If the soldier did not have the privilege to grumble, he would be of all men most miserable. He demands that principle as his right, and allows no one to inter-

fere. His long experience and frequent rehearsals has made him an adept at the business, and often he can be heard giving way to his feeling in language both plain and forcible. We were supplied with cartridges about 8 o'clock, and again started on toward the right. We marched and counter-marched, back and forth through the woods and thick underbrush, sometimes halting and resting awhile, and then up and at it again, going a few steps, perhaps, and then retracing them again. We acted very much like a set of lunatics that did not know which way to go. We kept on in this manner all day long. I do not know whether our officers knew what they wanted to do or not, but probably they did. They were no doubt watching the enemy's movements, and were on the alert for any emergency. Late this evening we halted behind some old works, and went into camp. At one time during the day we halted at the edge of a wood, in front of which was a broad strip of cleared land, about half a mile across. On the opposite side, in the edge of another woods, could be seen the enemy's fortifications. While we stood gazing on the scene before us, we heard the report of a cannon and beheld a shell burst over one of the forts. We could see the smoke of the hurstled shell long before we could hear the report, but it was finally wafted faintly to our ears. The beautiful landscape, the blue sky, dotted with fleecy clouds, the rebel fortifications, the report of the cannon and explosion of the shell, made a picture hard to efface from the memory.

## VIII.

SICK TO THE REAR.—RAIN! RAIN!  
A PEEP AT THE REBS.—AN ARMISTICE PROPOSED.—A SHOT AT LONG RANGE.—ONLY A DREAM.—A CONFERENCE WITH JOHNNIES.—RECONNOITERING.—SHORT RATIONS.—A WANDERER.—A GOOD BREAKFAST.—OUT OF HUMOR.

Aug. 13. Our command made no move to-day. We drew rations this morning. All we had to do to-day was to lay around, cook and eat.

Aug. 14. Sunday morning. We lay still again to-day. Wrote a letter this morning, and attended church this evening.

Aug. 15. Three members of our Company being very sick, were sent to the hospital this morning, and one who had been wounded, came back. Ordered to get ready to move this afternoon. Started on again toward the right. The rain fell in torrents all the time we were marching. It is wonderful how easy it can rain in this country; and when it rains, it rains. It just lets go all holds, and comes. About four o'clock this evening we halted in the woods and prepared supper. Remained here until dark, then advanced to the edge of the woods, and began building works. It took us till half past eleven o'clock to finish them.

Aug. 16. Our position is not the same it was last Friday, but we have a very similar view spread out before us. The land is cleared between us and the Johnnies, and we can see their works distinctly. I had a peep at them this evening, through a field glass. They appeared to be pretty strong works, and the rebs were still working on them. Could see them very plainly. The second Sergeant of

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our Company, who is at home, on a furlough, I suppose, has been reduced to ranks, and another man has been put in his place. Why it was done I do not know. I helped build works for the 15th Indiana Battery, to-day. Its position is a little to our right. On guard to night, and am writing by the light of the moon.

Aug. 17. Our Company went on picket this morning. Wrote a letter this afternoon. Not a very propitious time to write to one's friends, when cannons are booming and minie balls flying. We get used to these things however. On the right of us a short distance our boys and the rebs got to talking to each other. "Hello! Yanks," yelled the rebs., "don't you want some terbacker?" "You bet!" was the reply. "Then meet us half-way in the mornin', and we will trade you some terbacker fer some coffee." All right," replied the Yanks, "we'll be there." "Say, you Yanks." "Well, what do you want, now?" "If you'll quit firing to-night, we will too." "Correct. We'll do it." Word was passed along the line both ways, and soon we could not hear the report of a gun, except at a great distance. We could see the rebs. plainly to-day, at their rifle pits and fortifications. At one time we saw two men crossing a field, about a quarter of a mile distant. I and another chap fired at them. Of course we did not hit them, but it was fun to see them run. Shortly afterward, I laid down and went to sleep, and dreamed that our picket line were advancing. The dream was so vivid, that I awakened with a start. I felt better when I found it was "only a dream."

Aug. 18. Heavy cannonading on our left this morning. According to agreement, a few of the rebs met a few of our men half way between the lines. The rebs. did not have any tobacco, so there was no trade made. In talking about the



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war, the rebs. did not seem to be discouraged in the least. Their conference did not last long, for the right of our line commenced advancing, and Johnnies and Yanks both, had to get out of that. We were relieved from picket about noon, by Co. F. When we arrived at camp, we found the boys all had their traps packed up, ready to move. Started on again towards the right, marching slowly. Halted about five o'clock and began throwing up works. We had just fairly begun, when we were ordered to stop, as we were not on the line. We then advanced a short distance, and began again. Worked until nine o'clock, and then went to bed.

Aug. 19. Were called up early this morning, and stood in line a short time. Strengthened our works some. About eight o'clock our regiment started out on a reconnoissance. Arriving outside the pickets, we threw out a skirmish line, and commenced advancing slowly. We went about two miles I judge. If we accomplished anything to-day, I do not know what it was. Probably the officers found out something about the enemy's position. We returned to camp about dark. This has been a pretty tough day on us. We have had nothing to eat since morning. Our crackers are all gone, and we will get no more until the day after to-morrow. When we drew rations last it was for three days, but they have to do us five.

Aug. 20. It rained nearly all night last night. We had to stand in line a long time this morning. The boys grumbled considerably about it. They say that our regiment is the only one in the brigade that has to do so; but I guess that is a mistake. Four men from each company were sent out to forage. Ten men were detailed from our company to go on picket, and the rest went with the regiment on another reconnoissance. We took pretty

much the same route that we did yesterday. Halted near an old house this afternoon. While there, five men from each company were detailed as reserve skirmishers, and I was among the number. While we were on post, a nice, fat calf came wandering near. He seemed as though he had lost his way, or his master, we could not tell which. Poor fellow, he wandered no further. We didn't let him. We were too hungry. Started for camp at sunset, and arrived there about dark. The foragers succeeded in getting a good supply of provisions. Soon it was issued out to us hungry mortals, and—well, we went to bed feeling much better.

Aug. 21. Sunday morning. Our mess had an excellent breakfast this morning. Calf meat and corn cakes are not so bad, even if the cakes were made with coarse meal salt and water. Drew rations this afternoon. They say it is three days for five again. Well, if we can get plenty of forage, we will be all right.

Aug. 22. It rained very hard last night. Our tent fell down twice, and we got quite wet. I got very much out of humor, and said a few things against the war, and soldiering, that might have discouraged recruiting a little, had I been where it was going on. About eight o'clock our company was ordered on picket. Our post is near a house, where live some women and children. They have nothing to eat. The rebs. and yanks, together, have taken all they had. However, they will not be permitted to starve if they will make application to our commissary. A great many families around here are being fed by the government.

## IX.

CHRONIC GRUMBLERS.—SICK.—WASHING CLOTHES.—ELECTION TALK.—GRAPEVINE DISPATCHES.—NIX HOSPITAL.—TEARING UP THE RAILROAD.—A MAN HURT.—FIGHTING AT JONESBORO'.—FORCED MARCH.

Aug. 23. We were relieved from picket this morning by Co. D. Three men from each company were sent out again to forage. The regiment got ready to move this afternoon, but the order was countermanded. The foragers came in late this evening, with plenty of green corn and sweet potatoes.

Aug. 24. Our regiment went on a reconnoissance again this morning, and were gone all day. Very heavy cannonading on the left. The last time rations were issued to us, were not to last five days, as was supposed, for we drew again to-day. Soldiers are very likely to be mistaken in a great many things. Some chronic grumblers will start a story, and we are all too eager to believe it. It is really astonishing and amusing at the number of rumors that are afloat. One can hear almost anything he wants to. But more of this further on.

Aug. 25. I was quite sick last night, and am not much better this morning. Green corn and sweet potatoes. Our company was ordered on the skirmish line, but I was excused by the Doctor. I succeeded in washing some clothes to-day. It was a hard job, feeling so badly as I did. It is the first change of clothing I have had since I came back to the regiment.

Aug. 26. Our company came in from picket this morning. It was relieved by Co. F. Another heavy shower this afternoon. We were ordered to

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get ready to move, and again the order was countermanded. All the talk now is about going home to the election. One can hear a hundred different rumors about it every day. Some of the boys are quite sanguine about going, and some are not. For my part, I think it very doubtful. If we take Atlanta in time, and capture Hood's army, then possibly we may go, but as long as there are rebels in this part of the country to fight, we'll stay and fight them, and "don't you forget it." It does not seem to me that we are any nearer taking Atlanta now, than we were when I came back to the regiment one month ago. But then that is all I know about it. As I said before, it is curious how many tales will get in circulation through the camp. They are going all the time, and scarcely ever is there a grain of truth in any of them. The boys call them "grapevine dispatches," and the office is generally at the spring, or wherever we get water.

Aug. 27. I am still quite sick. The medicine I get seems to do me no good. Camp life is rough, when one is sick. Our regiment is helping build works at some place, I do not know where. One company works awhile, then another company takes its place. The Captain ordered me to go to the Brigade Surgeon this evening and be examined to be sent to the hospital. I don't want to go to the hospital. I have had enough of it. The Surgeon did not think I was quite sick enough to go, and I was very thankful to him. Somehow I have a horror of the hospital. I don't know why, either, for I was treated well at Knoxville.

Aug. 28. Sunday morning. We were called up very early this morning and ordered to get ready to move. Started before it was light out toward the front. Marched about a mile and halted. Our company was ordered on the skirmish line, but I and another



sick fellow were left with the regiment in reserve. I am some better this morning. We lay at this place all day. At sun-set we fell back to our works; here we found a company of cavalry on picket. We then marched two or three miles to the right, and halted for the night. We expected an attack from the enemy this afternoon, but from some cause he did not come.

Aug. 29. Were called up about 4 o'clock this morning, and ordered to get breakfast. At eight we started on again to the right. Marched nearly all day. Rations were issued to us this evening. It has been five days since we received any. We get a little more than half rations, and we have to eat sparingly to make them hold out. It seems that our corps is the only one that gets short rations. All soldiers of other corps that I have yet seen, say that they get plenty. I do not know why it is, but I suppose it is all right. I will not grumble this time. After we had divided the rations, and eaten our supper, the regiment was put to throwing up works. I was placed as a guard over the guns and knapsacks of our company, while they worked. From some cause they were ordered to quit, before the works were finished.

Aug. 30. Started on again toward the right, about ten o'clock. At noon we crossed the railroad that the 4th corps had destroyed yesterday. It was in a bad shape. The ties were all burned, and the rails were all bent. The telegraph poles were cut down and the wires broken. It was a scene of desolation, sure enough. Halted in the woods about three o'clock this afternoon, and commenced throwing up works. Part of the men stood with their arms, while the others worked, for it was reported that the enemy was advancing, but from some cause he did not come.

Aug. 31. I was on guard last night. We started on again this morning to

the right. Marched all day, and this evening I am quite tired. The skirmishers had some fighting to do thro' the day. They drove the rebels out of one line of works, and captured some prisoners, who stated that we had divided their army. Part were in Atlanta, and part were out toward Jonesborough. This afternoon we struck the Macon railroad, just ten miles below Atlanta. Burned a bridge and tore up some of the track. Commenced throwing up works along the railroad late this evening, and finished them about nine o'clock.

Sept. 1. Heavy firing on the right last night. The tedium of camp life was relieved this morning by two men in Co. F having a fisti-cuff. Two men of Co. G had a knock-down yesterday morning, which I failed to note. Mustered for pay about seven o'clock; then went to the railroad, and commenced tearing it up. First the whole regiment would get on one side, just as close as they could, and seizing hold of the rails and ties, would turn it over much like a plow turns over sod. Then we would knock it to pieces, pile up the ties, lay the rails across and set fire to the pile. The rails would soon get red-hot in the center, and the ends not being on the fire, would naturally fall down, thus bending the rails, and rendering them useless. Some of the boys would take hold of each end of a rail, and twist it around a telegraph pole. In this manner we tore up about two miles of the road toward Atlanta. At one time when we were turning the track over, a part broke loose, and falling back, struck Wm. Lester, one of our company, on the leg and hurt him severely.

Came into camp about noon and began getting dinner, before we were ordered to fall in again. Started down the railroad towards Jonesborough. Marched just as fast as we could until dark, then halted in a field for the

through we were

night. Heard cannonading in the direction we were going, and after we halted this evening, heard the rattle of musketry. It is reported that there has been severe fighting at or near Jonesborough. Ambulances filled with wounded are pressing to the rear. Their cries and groans are very frightful.

## X.

VICTORY AT JONESBORO'. — REBEL WOUNDED. — TOES IN THE ROAD. — SPILLING FOR A FIGHT. — DIED IN AN AMBULANCE. — NIGHT MARCHING. — GUARDING REBEL PROPERTY. — KINDHEARTED NEGROES. — ALMOST A SKIRMISH.

Sept. 2d. I went to bed last night without any supper. My head ached violently, and I felt so badly, and so tired. I was almost worn out. Heavy cannonading during the night and this morning. The report is that our men drove the rebels out of Jonesboro' last night, and captured two thousand prisoners, and ten pieces of artillery. The boys just more than yelled when they heard the news. We started on again about ten o'clock. Saw a lot of wounded rebels this afternoon; they were in an old building, and were attended by rebel surgeons. I think we passed through the edge of Jonesboro', but am not sure. Just before we came to the wounded rebels, we saw part of a man's foot lying in the road. It had been cut or shot off about an inch above the toes, and contained all the toes. The boys would kick it along in the dust, as they marched by. Halted in a cornfield about eight o'clock this evening, and went into camp. It isn't the best place in the world for a camp, but then a tired man can sleep anywhere, and I am certainly in that con-

dition to-night.

Sept. 3d. It rained very hard this morning, early. We moved out again about ten. Marched a short distance and halted in a pine grove. Cannonading and skirmishing are going on in our front nearly all the time. I begin to wish that we could have a chance at the rebels. This thing of being under fire all the time, and not getting a chance to return any of it, is pretty thin, to say the least. But I must have patience, we may have all we want yet. It commenced raining shortly after we halted and continued to at intervals all day. A wounded man belonging to the 130th Indiana, while lying in an ambulance near by, died this afternoon. I saw him when he was about breathing his last; did not learn his name. We put up our tents this evening, drew some rations, and I suppose will stay here to-night.

Sept. 4. Sunday morning. Our whole brigade had meeting together this morning. I did not know the chaplain that preached to us. About four o'clock this afternoon we were ordered to get ready to move. Started back over the same route we came yesterday. Marched a few miles, halted in a field, and pitched our tents in regular order.

Sept. 5. We cleaned up our guns this morning. We have a pretty good plan now to make our rations hold out. We make a grater by punching holes in a half canteen, grate corn into meal, and make mush and cakes out of it, which isn't bad for a hungry man to take. A soldier is not going to starve, if there is anything he can possibly get. The country, however, is stripped very clean of eatables; but some of the boys will strike out every morning, and be gone all day, but what they get something. About dark this evening we were ordered to get ready to move. It rained very hard while we were packing up. About



midnight we started back toward Atlanta. The roads are very muddy and slippery. Some one is falling in the mud nearly every minute. Went down once, myself. This night, marching through the rain, on muddy roads, is *nice*; oh yes, its *fun*; it keeps the boys in good humor. You can tell they are in a good humor by the language they use. The confederacy got many a cursing during this march. I don't believe I did any of it myself, but I couldn't help endorsing some I heard.

Sept. 6. Halted about three o'clock this morning, and laid down to sleep. At daylight we were called up, and again struck out as hard as we could go. Halted about half-past eight, drew rations and got our breakfast. We remained here the rest of the day. It rained two or three very hard showers this afternoon. This country must need a great deal of rain. About sunset we pitched our tents for the night.

Sept. 7. I was on guard last night. About seven this morning we started on to ard Atlanta. Marched very hard and went into camp about four o'clock this afternoon. We only rested once during the day. Some citizens near here, say it is five miles and a half to Atlanta. But I hear that we are going to Decatur instead of Atlanta. Now that Atlanta has fallen, and the campaign seems to be over, the boys are very much in hopes that we will get to go home to the election. I hope so, myself, but am not going to be disappointed if we do not.

Sept. 8. We were called up early this morning, and after breakfast we again started on our weary tramp. Arrived at Decatur about ten o'clock. Marched through the streets with the bands playing, and colors flying. Went into camp at the outskirts of town, near the railroad. Decatur is a small place, and it looks very old and shabby. It is about six miles from

here to Atlanta. Our regiment has been nearly all around Atlanta, but has not been in it. Do not know whether we will have a chance to see it or not. Received a letter this evening from a friend in Indiana. Our Orderly, David T. Aughie, received his commission as First Lieutenant. The 4th duty Sergeant was promoted to orderly. Our first duty Sergeant, who was wounded at the battle of Resaca, came up this evening. He is not entirely well yet.

Sept. 9. I was on guard last night and this morning, guarding rebel property. I like to guard rebel property, I do(?) As Josh Billings would say, "this is sarkasm." Wrote two letters to-day. One company was ordered on picket this evening. We are out of rations, and will not get any until to-morrow. Rations were due this evening, but our having to go on picket caused us to miss them.

Sept. 10. I and 2 or 3 others went foraging this morning. We succeeded in getting some sweet potatoes. About noon we came to the hut of a negro family. The old woman was preparing their frugal meal, which consisted of corn bread, sweet potatoes and bacon. She cheerfully shared with us, bless her old heart. At one time we came very near having a fight with some bushwhackers; but as soon as they saw we were ready for them, they "got up and got." We were relieved this evening by Co. H, went back to camp, drew five day's rations, cooked and eat our supper, and then turned in for the night.

## XI.

CAMP LIFE.—FORAGING.—GRAPEVINES.—RECRUITS.—STYLE.—SHERIDAN'S VICTORIES.—SIGNED THE PAY ROLLS.—VOTING.—A BRUSH WITH THE JOHNNIES.

Sept. 11. Sunday morning. We had both company and regimental inspection this morning. Was at church this afternoon, and also this evening.

Sept. 12. This morning four men from each company were sent out to get forage for the officers' horses. Those that attempted to get anything for themselves were put under arrest. Probably that was all right, but it looks mean all the same.

Sept. 13. Received a letter this morning from an Ohio friend. All the talk now in camp is about going home to the election. Grapevine dispatches are in circulation continually. Sometimes the dispatches will be very discouraging. Some officers were heard to say that we are going home sure; then again they would be contradicted, some other "shoulder strap" had given his opinion on the matter, and we were not going. Several bets have been made about it. Thus it continues; it has got to be quite disgusting. For my part, I don't believe we will go, and I don't care a cent whether we do or not. I wish to goodness they would start up something else to talk about, I am getting tired of this racket.

Sept. 14. Three members of our company came back from the hospital to day. They are coming back to the regiment now nearly every day. Five day's rations were issued to us this afternoon. Attended prayer meeting this evening.

Sept. 15. I was on guard last night. Orders are now that we drill twice

a day, and have dress parade each evening. One more recruit to-day. Those that have been back at the hospital, the boys call recruits.

Sept. 16. This was a very dull day in camp. We drew onions this evening, the first we have received since I came back to the regiment. They filled a "long felt want."

Sept. 17. Our Colonel received a furlough last Wednesday, and started for home, and our Lieut. Col. started to-day. Why is this, thus? It seems to me that it begins to look dubious about our going home to the election. Another recruit to-day. The boys say now that the campaign is over, they will soon all be up. Well, let em' come, we have plenty room for them.

Sept. 18. Sunday morning. I am on picket to-day. We used to go on picket one company at a time but it is changed now. Every morning a detail of three or four is made from each company, and we have regular guard mount, both regimental and brigade. O, we put on a heap o' style, we do. We didn't do that way when we were alter the Johnnies, not much. If there is anything a private soldier despises, it is "style." If at any time a soldier is seen with a paper collar on, some one whistles at him, and calls out, "here Ring! here Ring!" Of course there is not much grumbling done since we received orders to drill, and have dress parade and guard mount; Oh, no.

Sept. 19. Came in from picket this morning. We were ordered to move our tents to day, as it is the intention to build a line of works, and they were in the way. We drew five day's rations this afternoon. I attended meeting this evening. Among other things, the chaplain stated that he heard, and from good authority, that we were soon to start on another short, but severe campaign. Well, just let her come, I'm "willin'."



Sept. 20. We commenced building our works this morning. My messmate and I walked about two miles to-day, and got some plank to make a floor in our tent. After we got it fixed and our tent up, it was quite a snug place. Plenty good enough for a soldier, or a citizen, either for that matter.

Sept. 21. Am on camp guard to-day. We drew a day's rations of soft bread to-day. That is the first soft bread I have seen since I left Chattanooga. We get plenty of rations now. More than we can eat. I guess the government has a supply on hand that it wants to get rid of. At dress parade this evening, the Adjutant read a telegram giving an account of a victory gained by Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley. When he got thro' we all gave three hearty cheers. You bet, such news as that does us good. Quite a hard shower this afternoon.

Sept. 22. This has been a very dull day in camp. Nothing has occurred to break the monotony. Not even a "grapevine," and that is very singular indeed. The rain has fallen steadily nearly all day.

Sept. 23. We signed the pay rolls this morning. I suppose we will soon receive our hard earned wages. We are still at work on our breastworks, and no doubt it will take several days to complete them, for they are to be made very strong. Another shower this evening.

Sept. 24. Still raining this morning. I guess we are going to have "spell of weather." Turned over to the quartermaster our old knapsacks, haversacks, canteens and tents to-day to be condemned. They will be replaced by new ones. Sheridan has gained another great victory in the valley of the Shenandoah, so the dispatch said, that the Adjutant read at dress parade this evening. Bully for Sheridan and his gallant army.

Sept. 25. Sunday morning. Com-

pany inspection this morning. It was quite cold last night. I have no blanket, and consequently my sleep was somewhat disturbed. Got up and stood by the fire the greater part of the night. Was at church this afternoon.

Sept. 26. The regiment took a vote this morning for Lincoln, McClellan, Morton and McDonald. Only a few, perhaps a dozen, voted for McClellan and McDonald, the rest all voted for Lincoln and Morton. The boys do not seem to like the Macs very well. If the soldiers could only go home and vote, Lincoln and Morton would get a big lift, for we know that they are true blue. However, I have no fears of their election. We finished our works to-day. They are very strong and beautiful. The 112th Ill. and our regiment had dress parade together this evening.

Sept. 27. I have been suffering for several days with neuralgia in my head. Went to the Doctor this morning and got some powerful doses of medicine, (if size denotes power) which he said would fix me up all right. Nothing of any consequence in camp to-day. The grapevine still has its way.

Sept. 28. Was detailed as picket this morning. Our forage train and the reb cavalry had a fight this afternoon. The Johnnies thought to catch our men in a trap, and really did so, for they had them completely surrounded. But their trap was too weak, for our boys cut their way right thro', and then turned and gave them a good thrashing. The rebs retreated, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Our loss was six or seven in killed and wounded; that of the enemy fourteen or fifteen.

## XII.

PROMOSIONS.—FALL IN FOR YOUR GREENBACKS.—FORAGING.—GREEN PERSIMMONS.—SICK AGAIN.—REBS IN THE REAR.—ON THE MOVE.—A SPENDID SIGHT.—OLD KENESW AGAIN.—FIGHTING SOMEWHERE.

Sept. 29. Relief came about 9 o'clock this morning; we presented arms to them, and back we went to camp. A young man belonging to our company, who has been at Indianapolis on detached duty ever since the regiment left that place, came up this morning. He will now know what real soldiering is. Three promotions in our company to-day. Two privates were promoted to corporals, and a corporal to sergeant. I am still a "high private in the rear rank."

Sept. 30. Pay day. "Fall in, 63d for your 'Greenbacks!'" Didn't we "fall in," though. "Now you're shouting." If there is any time a soldier will fall in willingly, and be quick about it, it is when he is about to receive his money. I sent one hundred and ten dollars home this evening. Our company are going to present our Lieutenant a sword, we made up money for that purpose to-day.

Oct. 1. The 11th Ky., 120th Ind., and 63d Ind., (our regiment) went out with the forage train this morning. We first filled all the wagons with corn, and then had the privilege to forage for ourselves. My messmate and I got some corn and about a half bushel of sweet potatoes. We marched hard to-day. The roads are somewhat muddy, and as a consequence I am quite tired this evening. It is about seven miles from camp to the place we got the forage, making about fourteen

miles we marched, besides having to pull the corn and load the wagons. We got back to camp about half-past three this afternoon. It rained all night last night, some to-day, and we will have another shower directly, for it is thundering while I am writing. I have often heard persons tell how puckery green persimmons were, and to-day, having found a tree, I thought I would try them. I will just state here that my curiosity was satisfied. I believe everything I ever heard about them, and more too. I haven't the least desire in the world to taste them again. The fact of the business is I am still tasting them, and the tenacity in which the taste has staid with me leads me to doubt whether I will ever be able to get rid of it or not. Naw! I don't want any more "green persimmons."

Oct. 2d. Sunday morning. Was at church this morning. Wrote a letter to-day. We had company inspection this afternoon. Was at church again this evening.

Oct. 3d. I was very sick last night. Cartridges were issued to us this morning; enough to make sixty rounds to each man. It looks like there was trouble ahead. We will no doubt soon be ordered to prepare for a move. Sure enough, about one o'clock this afternoon an order came to pack up. We were soon in marching order, and ready for the bugle call to "fall in." The order to move, however, was countermanded, and we had our tents to put up again. My gun and equipments were taken to a wagon for transportation, I being too sick to carry them. If we had started, I expect I would have been put in an ambulance, for I am very sick.

Oct. 4. Am some better this morning. About half-past six this morning we started back toward Marietta. They say the rebs are getting thick in our rear, and I suppose we are going



to thin them out a little. There is a general move to-day of the whole army to the rear. I hear, however, that one or two corps are left at Atlanta. Here we are now marching away from Atlanta, and I have not even seen it. Several of the boys went to see it while we were lying at Decatur, and I might have gone too, but I didn't, and I am very sorry of it now. It is strange how neglectful we are sometimes. We are doing some hard marching to-day, there must be something very urgent. Several of the men have died by being overcome with the heat. As we go along, we hear various reports about fights at different places. This afternoon we crossed the Chatahoochie river on a pontoon bridge. Part of the railroad bridge near by was washed away, some men were fixing it. Just before we got to the river we ascended a hill, and on looking back, we had a splendid view of our army corps. The road was very straight for about three or four miles, and it was full of soldiers as far as we could see. Near here I saw some members of the 1st Ohio Cavalry, the regiment I first enlisted in. I inquired for Co. K, but they were off quite a distance, and I did not get to see any of my old acquaintances. We halted on the banks of the Chatahoochie, about half-past five this evening, and went into camp.

Oct. 5 We started again this morning about seven. We did not go far until I fell out of ranks and got a pass from the Doctor to the ambulance train, for I felt too weak and sick to travel. However, I did not get to ride, for the ambulances were too full already, but they carried my knapsack for me, which I found to be a great help. This afternoon we came up to where our division was halted, only a short distance from Marietta, and I took my knapsack and went to the regiment. We soon started on again.

Marched through the town with the bands playing, and our colors flying. On we went, passed old Kenesaw Mountain, and halted about a mile beyond, and pitched our tents behind an old line of rebel works. Before turning in for the night we were supplied with two days rations.

Oct. 6. We got started this morning about nine o'clock. Marched a short distance and halted to let the 2d division pass. They were two hours in passing. We then started on again, and oh! such a march that we had. It rained nearly all day, the roads were very muddy, and we went just as fast as we could go. It goes pretty hard to march this way when one is sick. But I will try and not complain. If I was only well I could stand it nicely, and could do my duty just as easily as the strongest, and I will say right here that I am the smallest person in the regiment, except our company's drummer, Abe Springsteen, but he is only a boy about fourteen years old. About four o'clock this afternoon we halted and got our supper. Waited here until dark, then were ordered to pitch tents for the night.

Oct. 7. The sun rose beautiful and clear this morning, and it looks now like we would have a fine day. We made no move to-day. Could hear cannonading west of us this afternoon, and the pickets stated they could hear musketry. I guess they are having a fight somewhere, but I have no idea where. Wedrow three day's rations this evening.

### XIII

FOOT RACES. &c.—ALATOONA.—A TERRIBLE FIGHT—"HOLD THE FORT." SICKENING SIGHTS.—A SILLY MOVE.—MORE GRUMBLING.—NO VOTING FOR INDIANA TROOPS.—DEVASTATED ROME.—BOASTFUL REBELS.

Oct. 8. The weather was quite cold last night and this morning. We packed up about six o'clock and started on our march again. Went about one hundred yards, halted, stacked arms and remained there until three o'clock this afternoon, when we again started on. While we were waiting, the boys passed the time in running foot races, and engaging in other games. We had considerable sport, and to a casual spectator it would seem that we were there just for a day of frolic and pleasure. This evening we passed through the small town of Aquith, and saw where the rebels had torn up the railroad. It looked very much like the yanks had done it. Halted for camp about sunset, near the small station of Alatoona. They had a very severe battle here last Wednesday. There are a great many rations stored at this place, and the rebels thought they would capture them, but Mr. Hood, with a division of eight or ten thousand men, under command of the rebel General French, failed to take it, and it was only defended by about two thousand men. However, it is very strongly fortified, and in storming the fort, Hood's men were subjected to a terribly murderous fire. I understand that the rebel's loss was over twenty-two hundred in killed and wounded, besides many prisoners. This is the place to which Sherman signaled his famous message, "Hold the fort, we're

coming." Little did we think while passing Kenesaw last Wednesday, that from its summit was being signaled the message that has since become so famous in song and story.

Oct. 9. Sunday morning. I went over in the town this morning, and also up to the fort, where Gen. Corse and his gallant little band did such grand fighting last Wednesday. Everywhere could be seen the effects of the destructive fire of that day. The enemy, before reaching the fort, had to ascend an inclined plain of perhaps five or six hundred yards in extent, with nothing whatever to protect them from the galling fire of two thousand muskets, and several pieces of artillery, which were loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister; no wonder they faltered and gave way. It was like marching into the "jaws of hell." O, this terrible war, when will it end? In the town I saw a lot of prisoners, and also a great number of wounded rebels. Every house, shed, stable and corner is full of them, and it was an awful sight to see them lying around and suffering from their wounds. Rebel and Union surgeons were at work amputating arms and legs; and at one place I saw a hole almost full of arms and legs that had been taken off. I remember seeing one leg that had been cut off above the knee, which still had a boot on the foot. The sight was sickening. I never saw the like before, and I hope I may never see anything like it again. I have not been able to learn what our loss in the fight was, but do not think it was very great, for our men were well protected. We remained here all day, and this evening we drew some of the best "hard tack" we have ever had.

Oct. 10. We started again about half past eight this morning. Crossed the Etawa river, passed through Cartersville, and halted for dinner a short



distance from town. Went into camp this evening, behind some rebel works a short distance from a little town called Cassville. When we had about finished cooking our supper, we were ordered to fall in again, moved about a hundred yards to the right, and again halted. I see by my notes, that I here took the privilege of indulging in that little pastime so necessary to a soldier's welfare, and which seemed to be a part of him, of "grumbling." I went on to state "what a foolish move that was when men were so tired," and "that we were nothing but government machines or dogs," and "that I did hope this war would soon be over, so that we could be free men again," and more such stuff as the above, which I will not repeat here, for I must have been mad at the time. Well, well, those were times that tried men's souls.

Oct. 11. This is election day in Indiana, and where are we? Not there to vote, surely. Going home to the election was "all talk and no cider." However, the talk cheered up a good many, and helped them to bear the hardships better. In that it did good. I hear that the Ohio troops will have a chance to vote while in the field. If we could do that it would be a great consolation, but we cannot. What is the reason? *Indiana has a Copperhead Legislature.* We passed on again this morning. Passed through Kingston, and took the road that leads to Rome. Report is that the enemy is at that place. Just as we halted for dinner, two members of our company amused us by getting up a little entertainment of their own. A sparring match constituted the entertainment, but the matter became serious when one of the contestants tried to knock the other one down with his gun. The Major ordered them tied up by the thumbs, but our Lieutenant did not obey the order. We lay at this place

until this evening, then pitched our tents, and made ourselves as comfortable as we could for the night.

Oct. 12. Early this morning we started on again. We went pretty lively until noon, when we halted within half a mile of Rome, and proceeded to get dinner. The rebs are not very far away, we can hear the cannonading, and our cavalry have been skirmishing with them all morning. There are strong fortifications around Rome. I do not know, but I suppose they were made by the rebels.

Oct. 13. We were called up early this morning, but did not start till near eight o'clock: Passed through the town with the bands playing and the colors flying. Crossed the Austinnolia river on a pontoon bridge. Rome is a pretty place, and has been considerable of a business town. But war, "grim visaged war," has done its work, and ruin and devastation can be seen every hand. But this town is not any worse off than other places, for every where it is the same. It will take years and years for the South to recover from the effects of this terrible war. But she "sowed to the wind" and she is now "reaping the whirlwind." About noon we halted, threw out a skirmish line, and then eat dinner. Saw two cannon and a number of Johnnies that our men captured to-day. One of the guns is the same the rebs captured from our men at Shiloh, and now it has again fallen into our hands. The rebels are a hard looking set, but they seem to be true to their cause. They boast that they will whip us in about six months. Poor, deluded beings. Here we are driving and whipping them continually, and they have an idea that they are whipping us. About three this afternoon we started back towards Rome, and went into camp this evening at the same place we occupied last night. The report is that our men cleaned out the rebs

again to-day, and captured a whole brigade and their wagon train. O, my gracious, how they are whipping us.

#### XIV.

FUN—UNSYMPATHETIC—SURGEONS  
—A FRIEND IN NEED—SNAKE CREEK  
GAP—A QUEER CAMP—LOST POCKET  
BOOK—FORAGE PLENTY—MORE SICK.

Oct. 14. Lots of fun this morning. Two men in our company gave way to their pugilistic propensities. Nobody hurt. We started very early towards Calhoun. That town I suppose was named after the originator of the nefarious doctrine of "state rights." State rights; the primary cause of all this bloodshed. About 8 o'clock we halted, and remained until one this afternoon, when we again started on, and marched until dark, before we stopped for the night. During the day we passed two cotton gins that were burning. Do not know who set them on fire, but suppose it was our men.

Oct. 15. I am quite sick this morning. Before we started I went to the surgeon to see if I could get a pass to the ambulance. He did not see fit to give me one. If these surgeons had to make a hard day's march, when they were so sick that they could scarcely stand, maybe they would have a little more sympathy in their hearts. But they do not know what marching is. They always have a horse to ride, and if they get a little sick they have a special ambulance in which they can lie down and take it easy. Now, am I grumbling? Well, I'll quit. From the doctor's I went to the wagon train, and saw Henry Newlin, who is a teamster, and also a member of our company, and a friend of mine, and he put my knapsack on his

wagon, which was a great help to me. We passed through Calhoun about noon, and reached this evening, just before we went into camp.

Oct. 16. Sunday morning. Started on again about sunrise. Where we are going I do not know. I only know that we are following the rebels, and I have every reason to believe that we are pretty close on their heels. We passed through Snake Creek Gap to-day. The enemy had done all he could to impede our progress through the gap, by cutting a great many trees and felling them across the road. Our men, however, soon cleared them out of the way, and on we went, just fast as we could. Halted for camp this evening on quite a steep hillside whose surface is covered with jagged stones. I imagine we will have a splendid night's rest. Just at the foot of the hill, on the other side of the road, is a beautiful meadow, the nicest place in the world for a camp; why we were not halted there, 'no feller can tell.' However, we made the best of it. My mess cleared away the stones, staked down a couple of rails to keep us from slipping down the hill, got a lot of pine boughs for our bed, and then turned in.

Oct. 17. This morning when I awoke I found myself down against the rail, doubled up like a jack-knife. I no doubt would have rolled to the bottom of the hill, had it not been for the rails. Several forage trains were sent out to forage to-day, but our brigade made no move. Our movements seem rather strange to me. Now yesterday we were after the rebels full tilt, and it seemed that we would catch up with them almost at any time, and here to-day we are doing nothing, simply lying still. I do not understand it, but then, as I said before, a private soldier simply knows nothing. His chance for information is very limited, let him be ever so ob-



serving. However, it must be very difficult to move such a large army, especially if there be not enough roads and other impediments are in the way, and I have no doubt that part of our army is moving to-day. The boys improved the time this afternoon by writing letters. A member of our company lost his pocket book this evening. It contained one hundred and sixty dollars, so he stated. Poor fellow! I feel sorry for him, but then he should have sent his money home, like some of the rest of us did.

Oct. 18. Early this morning we started on again. There is plenty of forage in the country we are traveling through now, and the boys are not slow in taking advantage of their opportunity. They are continually falling out of ranks, and striking off in search of it. Several were put under arrest for doing so. This forage business is conducted rather queer. It is all right to forage when the officers say so, but when they do not, then look out. I don't know, but maybe the officers own this country, and have a right to say when we shall take and when we shall not. It is all right, however, that a restraint should be put on the men, for if there was none, they would take everything to eat there was in the country, and these poor devils down here would starve to death. We halted for camp after dark this evening.

Oct. 19. Was very sick again last night. It is quite discouraging to be sick so much. We started on again early this morning. My knapsack was hauled for me to-day and I got to ride part of the time myself.

Oct. 20. I got to ride some to-day again. About ten o'clock this morning we crossed the line between Georgia and Alabama. Halted for camp about three o'clock this afternoon.

Oct. 21. Our brigade was not ordered to move to-day. We are in camp by

the side of the Chatahoochee river. The engineer battallion are repairing a bridge that crossed the stream. I suppose we will go over when they get it completed. However, one brigade of the 2d. division waded across this afternoon, and we may have to do so too. I hope not.

Oct. 22. No move on our part to-day. Our Colonel, who has been home on a furlough, arrived at the regiment this afternoon. He looked as though his trip home had done him good, and no doubt it had.

Oct. 23. Sunday morning. Our company had inspection this morning. I attended meeting this evening.

Oct. 24. We had company inspection again this morning. The 2d. division of our corps crossed the river to-day, and the 1st brigade of our division went back on the same road which we came in on. Where they have all gone I cannot tell. We had general inspection this afternoon. It seems to me that this inspection business is being carried to extremes. We moved camp this evening, and pitched our tents in regular order. I suppose we will make a move to-morrow, for I have noticed that when we are so particular about fixing up that we generally leave the next day.

Oct. 25. Sure enough about eight this morning we were ordered to get ready to move. Started towards Cedarbuff, which is three and a half miles distant. Arrived there about ten, and went into camp on the south side of town. We will probably get to stay here until to-morrow, for they were very particular in staking off the ground for our camp.

A YEAR IN THE SERVICE.—STILL AFTER THE REBS.—A DELUSIVE HOPE—PICKLED PORK.—A PROSPECTIVE CAR RIDE.—A NEW HAT. A GOOD SUPPER. "GIVE THAT BIRD A WORM."

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XV.

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Oct. 26. The regiment was ordered out on a reconnoissance this morning. Being too sick to march I was left in camp. Just one year ago to-day. I was sworn into the service of the United States. The year has been rather a hard one on me, but I expected hardships when I enlisted, and I do not now by any means regret the step I took. If I could only get well, and stay so, I would be very thankful, indeed. The Captain of Co. F., after the regiment returned to camp this evening, had one of his men tied to a tree for some misdemeanor.

Oct. 27. It rained nearly all night last night. We remained in camp to-day and drew rations.

Oct. 28. We were ordered to get ready to move about noon to-day. Crossed the river on a pontoon bridge. I did not learn the name of this river. I was ordered to the ambulance, as I was unable to march. I was very sick last night and this morning. We halted for camp about sunset.

Oct. 29. Started again early this morning. Went back a short distance over the road we came in on last evening, and then turned off on another. I hear that we are going towards Rome again. Crossed the line this afternoon, and went into camp this evening near a small town called Cave Springs. It is sixteen miles from this place to Rome. I rode in an am-

balance again to-day.

Oct. 30. Sunday morning. I am some better. We started this morning before sunrise. About two miles from Rome we halted for dinner but scarcely had time to eat before we were ordered forward again. Crossed the Etawa river on a pontoon bridge, marched through the town with colors floating and bands playing, and on out the Calhoun road about four miles before we made any halt, and then when we did stop we went into camp. I wonder if we are going to take another round like the one we have just taken. We were in hopes we would go into winter quarters when we got back to Rome, but why we should have had such hopes as that, I am unable to say, for surely we have seen or heard nothing that would justify us in entertaining such hopes. I have an idea that the desire to go into winter quarters, has given rise to our hopes.

Oct. 31. We started this morning about seven. Marched pretty hard and went into camp near Calhoun, about four o'clock this evening. I hear we are going to Chatanooga, but of course that is all speculation. I do not know what we are going to Chatanooga for, unless the rebels are getting near there. If that is the case then we most certainly will go.

Nov. 1. We lit out again this morning about seven o'clock. Passed thro' Resaca about noon, instead of turning toward Snake Creek Gap, as we did before, we kept on up the railroad. Went into camp this evening near Tilton, a small station on the railroad. The "grapevine dispatch" is that we take the cars in the morning for Chattanooga. That is one rumor I hope is true. I am awful tired of marching, and would like very much to ride on the "keers." I am afraid, however, that it is too good to be true. We drew some pickled pork this evening, and were ordered to cook it. There must



be something up if we have to carry cooked rations. Drew some clothing also.

Nov. 2. It rained all night last night, and is still raining this morning. Shortly after noon we were ordered to get ready to move. Started for Dalton, a station on the railroad about seven or eight miles from here, in the direction of Chatanooga. I and two or three others marched on the railroad, as it is better walking than the wagon road. I believe I am getting better, for I have relished my pickled pork very much to-day. We arrived at Dalton this evening, and went into camp. Not much riding on the cars yet. Give us another "grape."

Nov. 3. We made no move to-day. The weather is very damp and disagreeable. Took a stroll about town this afternoon. It is completely ruined. Only a few houses remain standing, and they are greatly disfigured. Stopped at a sutler's "shebang" and bought a hat. Paid five dollars for it. I expect I am "bit," but then I must spend my money for something. Also bought a cake of chocolate, with which I made some chocolate tea or coffee, do not know which to call it, and then couldn't drink it. Some people may like chocolate, but I don't.

Nov. 4. Very cold and disagreeable again to-day. Trains are constantly passing here loaded with soldiers. Those going towards Atlanta are loaded principally with drafted men. Those going towards Chatanooga are loaded with troops belonging to our corps. It begins to look quite encouraging about our getting to ride on the cars. I really believe we will. I went two or three miles in the country this afternoon, and bought a chicken from a lady. Now, "you bet" our mess had a good supper this evening.

Nov. 5. Sun rose beautiful and clear this morning, and it looks like we were going to have a fine day. It is

very refreshing after such disagreeable weather that we have had the last few days. I went out in the country again this evening in company with one of my mess. We stopped at a farm house, and asked if we could take supper with them. They cheerfully assented. They act very much like they were union people. Johnnie Thornbrough, myself and some others passed the time very agreeably late this evening, by singing some old familiar songs. I will just state here that we indulge in this pastime quite often, and we always feel better afterward. There are some in the regiment, however, who do not seem to like our music, for very often we hear some one yell out, "give that bird a worm." But we care nothing for such jibes as that.

## XVI.

**RIDING ON THE "KEERS."—NOT HAPPY.—SWORD PRESENTATION.—ON THE MARCH AGAIN.—TURNPIKES NO GOOD.—A RAINY NIGHT.—A MUDDY CAMP.—I VISIT BILL.—ONIONS.—THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.—THE BACK TRACK.**

Nov. 6. Sunday morning. We had company inspection this morning. It is quite cold again to-day.

Nov. 7. We were called up last night about twelve o'clock. Marched down to the depot and got aboard the cars. Well, well, here we are on the cars at last; who'd a thought it? It was seven o'clock this morning before our old train started. There is nothing like being at the depot on time. It commenced raining shortly after we got on the cars, and has continued to do so nearly all day. As we are on

the cars, it can be imagined what a nice time we are having. I don't remember of hearing any of the boys cuss a word. Have been very anxious for several days to get to ride on the cars, and now I am not happy. Our first run was about twenty-one miles, when we stopped at a little station by the name of Graysville, switched off, and did not start again until three o'clock this afternoon. I do not know what caused the delay, unless our engine got tired. Yes, that's it, our poor old engine is tired, and must have rest. Everything down here gets tired but a soldier. We arrived at Chatanooga about dark. Shortly after we stopped, a member of our company by the name of Thomas Ayers, who had been at the convalescent camp at this place, came to the cars, and was helped up by some of the boys. He said he was tired staying at the camp, and when he saw the train go by, he gathered up his traps and left. One of my messmates and myself went down in town to buy something to eat. I got a can of oysters and he got some cakes and cheese, with which we thought to have an excellent supper, but when we returned to the train, he and my other messmate, (there are three of us that mess together), were detailed to go and get rations for the company, and while they were gone, the train started on and left them. So we get no rations this time, and my messmates get no oysters, cheese nor cakes.

Nov. 8. This I suppose is the day that will decide whether we are to have a Republican or Democrat President, for the next four years. Wish I had a chance to vote. Mr. Lincoln would get a solid one. But then I have not the least doubt in the world that he will be elected. Indiana elected Morton for Governor, and the North surely will elect Mr. Lincoln President. We run about ten miles

last night. To-day we have been running quite briskly. At Stevenson, Alabama, we got some rations. We have been favored again to-day with a steady rain.

Nov. 9. We arrived at Nashville about four o'clock this morning. The boys that were left behind at Chattanooga after rations, came up while we were here; they still had their rations. Our Orderly Sergeant went up in town and bought Lieut. Anghe a sword, with the money we had donated. The Lieutenant seemed quite pleased. More rain to-day. Our train started down the Louisville and Nashville road this evening. We hear that our destination is Pulaski. We run about twenty miles and stopped at Franklin. Here we will remain till morning.

Nov. 10. Our train moved out this morning about ten o'clock. Run to Thompson Station a distance of eight miles, and stopped. Here we were ordered off, and went into camp. We hear there are some bridges washed away to ahead, and we can go no further on the cars. Lieut. Aughe gave me a gun this evening. It is the first I have had since we left Decatur Georgia, Oct. 4.

Nov. 11. Our command made no move to-day. It is quite cold, and extremely dull in camp.

Nov. 12. Another dull day in camp. The 4th and 23d corps are all the troops we have here; about thirty thousand men. Sherman, with the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th corps, have been left at Atlanta, and we understand that he is going to make a campaign through Georgia and South Carolina. I have not heard yet where Hood is, but in all probability he is coming up through this state, and we are sent back here to take care of him.

Nov. 13. Sunday morning. We were ordered to get ready to move this morning. About seven o'clock we started toward Columbia, which is



fourteen or fifteen miles distant, near which place we went into camp this afternoon. We had a turnpike to march on to-day, and as a consequence we are completely used up this evening. Our feet are sore, and we are stove up generally. Give us a dirt road to march on, turnpikes are too hard. Some members of our company, who were left at Nashville from some cause or other, came up this evening. They told me they saw my brother on the train. He had been home on a furlough, and was just now returning to his regiment, which is at Pulaski. If we succeed in getting there, I shall probably have an opportunity of seeing him.

Nov. 14. We started this morning before sunrise. Crossed Duck river on a pontoon bridge. Marched through the town to the music of the bands, and displaying the glorious stars and stripes. Columbia seems to be a very nice town. Halted for camp about half-past four this evening.

Nov. 15. It commenced raining this morning about one o'clock. Several of us failed to put up our tents yesterday evening, and as a consequence we got quite wet. Sleep under the circumstances was impossible, so we got up and stood by the fire until daylight. Started on again about seven o'clock. The road was quite muddy, and we marched very fast. Did not stop to rest until we halted for dinner. After dinner we went out a short distance into a cotton field, and halted for camp. A freshly plowed field after a heavy rain, is a splendid place for a camp (that is if you are not particular how you speak). The mud is nearly knee-deep. Whoop! who wouldn't be a soldier and fight for Uncle Sam. I understand it is yet two miles to Pulaski. Was very much in hopes we would be there this evening, but my hopes were not realized.

Nov. 16. Tom Ayers and myself went to the camp of the 9th Indiana Cavalry, to-day. He also has a brother in that regiment. My brother was well and in good spirits. He is orderly Sergeant of his company. He gave me some underclothes, which I stood greatly in need of. The 9th Cavalry have been at this place for quite a while. They have comfortable quarters, and as it is raining this evening, and our camp is two miles away, I guess I will accept my brother's invitation and stay till morning. They cooked up a big mess pan full of onions for supper, and I just filled myself with them. Gracious! how I did eat. They thought I was about starved, but then I had not had any onions for a long time, and if there is anything I do like its fried onions.

Nov. 17. This morning after taking another good bait of onions for breakfast, Tom and I started back to our camp. When we arrived we found half or more of the company had gone out on picket. I expect when they come in we will catch it for staying away so long. The boys came in from picket about dusk. The Lieut. did not say anything to us. How about the picket business, anyhow? It must be that the rebs are not far from here. In all probability we will soon be fighting Hood again.

Nov. 18. We are having some very wet, cold and disagreeable weather to-day. In camp it is muddy and dull.

Nov. 19. Still raining this morning. Two recruits came up to-day. They had been back at the hospital, sick, and also home on a furlough.

Nov. 20. Sunday morning. Company inspection this morning. I intended to visit my brother again to-day, but orders came for no one to leave camp. We drew rations this evening, and were ordered to have breakfast over by seven o'clock in the morning. Another move on hand, I suppose.

Well, I don't care how soon we get out of this mud hole. Am sure we cannot find a worse place.

Nov. 21. O, the snow, the beautiful snow, it has been falling on us all day long. The weather is quite cold. Thank you. We made no move to-day. Those that wished, drew blankets this evening.

Nov. 22. We were called up early this morning, drew one day's rations, packed up our traps, and started about seven o'clock back towards Columbia. Marched till noon, going a distance of twelve miles. Halted and went into camp on a high hill, near a small village called Linville. The village has been almost completely destroyed by fire. Very cold again to-day.

## XVII.

A RACE WITH THE JOHNNIES.—SKIRMISH WITH THE REB CAVALRY.—A DEAD REBEL COLONEL.—A SURPRISED DARKEY.—MORE FIGHTING.—A RETREAT COMMENCED.—TERRIFIC SIGHT.—THE ENEMY MAKE A FEINT.—THE TERRIBLE MARCH TO FRANKLIN.—WE PASS THROUGH THE REBEL LINES.—A CLOSE PLACE.—O, FOR A REST.

Nov. 23. One of our Sergeants who had been home on a furlough, came up this morning. About two o'clock this afternoon, the bugle sounded strike tents and pack up. As soon as we were ready, we struck out as hard as we could go, on toward Columbia. We did not stop to rest until we halted for camp this evening, which was after dark. There must be something very urgent going on, the way they are marching us. We are probably running a race with the Johnnies, to

see which can get into Columbia first.

Nov. 24. We were awakened this morning by the bugle sounding strike tents. We bounced up, packed our traps as soon as we could, and away we went, without taking time to get our breakfast. Marched like a house afire, and arrived at Columbia just in time to meet our Cavalry coming in, helter skelter, with the Johnnies close at their heels. Our company and some others were ordered out as skirmishers. We charged down the pike double quick, deployed out and went for them, and they were soon going back as fast as they came. We finally halted and threw up some temporary works, from which we kept firing at the enemy all day. The rebs lost a Lieutenant Colonel in the skirmish to-day. I saw his body. He had been shot in the throat. He was a large, fine looking man. When I saw him the boys had cut all the buttons off his coat as trophies. The rebs sent in the shells pretty lively this afternoon. Well, this seems like old times. Tho't we would find old Hood around here somewhere. Didn't think it could be possible they were marching us so hard for nothing. Now look out for business. We were relieved from the skirmish line this evening, and fell back to the main line.

Nov. 25. Were called up early this morning and stood in line behind the works until daylight. Quite a lively time on the skirmish line this afternoon, which is not very far in our front. The rebs tried three or four times to drive in our line, but failed. The artillery on both sides kept up a continual fire. The shells from the enemy would come crashing through the trees above us, sometimes bursting very near, making the very earth to shake. We could see the puff of smoke from the rebs' cannon, and by the time the report would reach us, the shell would be there also. When



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we would see the puff of smoke we would drop down behind the works, or a friendly tree. None of our regiment were hurt. The boys say that the artillery make the noise, the cavalry the show, but the infantry do the fighting, and I am of the opinion that is about correct. However the shells are mighty scary "varmint." Some of the boys heard a "darky" expressing his surprise to-day at seeing so many yankees. This is about the way he did it: "Whar did you uns all come from? Yisterday mornin' dar was'n no yank to be seed nowhar, and de fust ting I know'd de hills aroun' hyar was jis black wif um. You mus a jis riz out'n de groun." Near our works is a nice house. Yesterday when we came the house and surroundings looked so nice and neat. The fences and outbuildings were newly painted and in good order. Now the place is nearly ruined. The fences and outbuildings are all gone, torn to pieces for fuel. Several cannon balls from the rebel artillery have passed through the house, and I would not be at all surprised if it would not yet be completely destroyed. Such is war. The destruction of property, however, is not to be compared to the destruction of life.

Nov. 26. Was on guard last night. We were called up very early this morning and ordered to get ready to move. Part of the regiment commenced falling back to the rear, leaving three companies, ours among the number. We remained here until daylight and then fell back, still leaving one company as pickets. We joined our regiment which had taken position behind a line of works a short distance to the rear, which the 16th Ky. regiment had built, and had left. The enemy charged our skirmish line to-day with more vigor than they did yesterday; but did not succeed in driving it in. A steady fire has been kept up all day. We had several very

heavy showers through the day. About bed time this evening we were ordered to pack up, and be ready to move at a moment's warning. We stood around in the rain for about three hours, when we were told we might pitch our tents for the night.

Nov. 27. Sunday morning. Our company was ordered out on the skirmish line this morning before daylight. Not much firing to-day on either side. About seven o'clock this evening we commenced falling back. Halted awhile at the first line of works in our rear; then again started on. Every place that our troops had occupied we found vacant. The mud was very deep, and the night was very dark and we had an awful time getting along. We passed near some heavy artillery that our men were burning to keep the enemy from using it. I suppose, for we have no doubt commenced a retreat. In all probability Hood is after us with his entire army, and as we have not near the number of men that he has, of course we are compelled to retreat. This is the first time we have been compelled to retreat since I came back to the regiment. What will be the outcome? I have no idea, but hope it will not be disastrous. We finally halted behind a large fort, and laid down.

Nov. 28. About four o'clock this morning we again commenced falling back. The marching was very hard, as the mud was almost knee deep. The fort had been set on fire, and was burning brightly, cartridges were popping, and now and then a shell exploding. Taking it all together, the fitful glare of the fire, the explosion of the shells and cartridges, and the troops marching as fast as they could through the deep mud, made a scene grand and terrific, and one which will never be effaced from my memory. We crossed Duck River on the railroad bridge, and then set the bridge on fire. Here

we drew a few rations, and started again, and soon came up with the rest of our regiment. Marched on the railroad a short distance, then turned to the right, and struck across the fields towards the Nashville pike. Before reaching the pike we turned to the right again and went back toward Columbia. We finally halted a short distance from the river, and our regiment was sent forward to support the skirmishers, who have their line on the river bank. There has been considerable firing to-day, both by the pickets and cannoniers. Received a letter from a friend in Indiana this afternoon. The money I sent home last September, arrived safely.

Nov. 29. Heavy cannonading all along the line to-day. Our regiment was ordered to the right this afternoon. We started, but did not get far before we were ordered back again. We then lay still till near sun-down, when very rapid firing commenced on our left, and it seemed that the rebs were making a charge. We were soon up and going for the scene of action on the double-quick. Halted and laid down behind a fence, when we thought we were near enough to the enemy, and awaited their coming. But they did not come near enough for us to fire, and soon the firing ceased altogether. About seven o'clock we commenced falling back again. Soon we struck the pike, and lit out as fast as we could toward Franklin. We halted and rested awhile at Spring Hill, a small town about half way between Columbia and Franklin. Here we could see camp fires on each of the road about a quarter of a mile distant, which proved to be the camp fires of the enemy. We were very much surprised and alarmed. How did so many rebels get in our rear? Had our gallant Schofield been so completely outgeneraled? It seemed that he had. We could see now that the firing at Columbia to-day,

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and this evening, was only a feint to keep us there, while they got in our rear. They worked that part of it very fine, but failed to carry out the program. They should have attacked us here, but they did not, and why they did not, remains a mystery. If they had; they might have completely demoralized us, and probably captured a great many of our men. But they let the game slip through their fingers for soon we started on again and left them to the enjoyment of their camp fires. Our advance guard took in several of their pickets as we came thro'. The march from Spring Hill to Franklin was the hardest we had ever had. It was not only hard, it was terrible. On, on we went, almost in a run, the entire distance of ten miles, and never made a halt. I actually thought that I would drop in my tracks. I could hardly drag one foot after the other. O, how I wanted to stop and rest a minute; but there was no stop. To fall out was certain capture, and then Andersonville! O, horror! Still with all this before me, I have no doubt that I would have fallen to the rear, (for it seemed to me that I was more dead than alive), had it not been for the strong rear guard, that would not permit any one to straggle. One of the men helped me by carrying my gun awhile, and by putting forth almost superhuman effort I managed to keep up with the command.

## XVIII.

AT FRANKLIN.—POOR WORKS.—OUR POSITION.—AFTER RATIONS.—THE BATTLE OPENS.—HERE THEY COME.—"FIRE LOW, 63d."—AN AWFUL TIME.—BRAVERY.—COWARDICE.—BATTLE FIELD REFLECTIONS.—HOOD REPULSED.—PITEOUS CRIES.



Nov. 30. We arrived at Franklin this morning about 5 o'clock, going a distance of twenty miles since we started last evening, and only stopping to rest once. Wasn't that a march, though? I don't want any more like it. One in a life time is a plenty. I would much rather be chasing the rebs than to have them chasing us. There is more fun in it. As soon as we halted we dropped to the ground like logs, and I do not believe it was half a minute until I was sound asleep. We were permitted to sleep about an hour, when we were aroused, formed in line between the pike and railroad, and put to throwing up works. We were so exhausted and worn out by our fearfully hard march, that we could scarcely work, and as a consequence we threw up about the poorest line of works we ever made. Our position is nearly on the extreme left. On our immediate left is the 120th Indiana, and on their left is the 15th Indiana Battery. The Battery is stationed by the railroad, and just on the other side of that is the Harpeth river. Our works are on the side of a slight elevation, facing the direction from which we expect the enemy. For a hundred yards or more to our rear the ground continues to gently rise, then slopes off towards the town. Our part of the line is just at the outer edge of the town. As I understand it, the left of our line rests on the river east of the town, and the right rests on the river southwest of the town. The line is probably five or six miles long, and forms nearly half a circle. The cavalry are probably on the flanks on the other side of the river. The Harpeth river is a deep stream, but not very wide. If the rebs should succeed in driving us from our position, it may prove very disastrous for us. With the deep river in our rear, it seems to me that we are almost in a pen. But then we propose

to hold our position; just put that down, please.

It is reported that the reb cavalry made a dash on our wagon train last night, and succeeded in capturing a number of the wagons but they were afterward retaken by our chaps. This afternoon about two o'clock three or four of us were detailed to go after rations. We had to go through the town, and clear to the other side of the river, a distance of perhaps a mile or more. It fell to my lot to carry the sugar. I had it done up in a rubber poncho and swung over my shoulder. As I was returning, and passing along the railroad by the depot, I saw Henry Bailey, a member of our company, on the platform of the depot, selling bacon to soldiers and citizens. I do not know where he got the bacon, but suppose he confiscated it somewhere. It occurred to me that it was a queer time to sell bacon, as the cannonading was quite heavy, and it was evident that we were soon to have a battle. But I will just say here that this man Bailey had not proved to be the bravest man in the world. He was never known to go into a battle if he could possibly avoid it. Well, I went on with my sugar, and just as I got to the top of the elevation behind the works, our whole line opened fire on the advancing enemy. My! what a racket. I heard a loud scream, and looking off to the left, saw one of the artillerymen throw up his arms and fall. About that time a peculiar sensation went creeping up my back, and my hat seemed to want to rise in the air. I began to wish I was somewhere else than in that particular place. The bullets were flying so thick around me that I think by reaching out my hand, I could have caught a half-dozen. But I didn't try it. Not much. I just started for those works at a race horse speed. I soon found that the sugar was impeding my pro-

gress, so I simply let go the ends of the poncho, and then I fairly flew. Gracious, how I did run. Never saw the sugar more. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was at the works, and failing to find my own gun, I siezed another that was lying near, and was soon loading and firing as fast as I possibly could. As the enemy emerged from the woods on the opposite side of the long stretch of cleared land in our front, they were driving before them a great number of mules and cattle; but before they had crossed the opening, these had all disappeared. It was a grand and awful sight to see the rebels coming. They advanced slowly and steadily and in fine style. The officers could be heard giving commands and encouraging their men; "Steady! Guide centre," and on they came. Three heavy lines of battle, it seemed they would sweep everything before them. Brave! Yes, they were brave; but the men in blue behind that line of works, were also brave; and as we watched them coming, we grasped our rifles more firmly, set our teeth hard together, and resolved that we would drive them back, or perish in the effort. About fifty yards in our immediate front was a thorny hedge about ten feet high, and very thick. This we had cut nearly off three feet from the ground, and bent it over with the tops toward them.

When they got here they were compelled to stop. Our Lieut. Colonel's voice rang out as clear as a bell: "Steady, 63d. Fire low." We poured a deadly fire into their serried ranks, and bleeding, broken, mangled, they were forced to retreat. No living human beings could stand such a blinding storm of bullets. Reaching the woods they quickly re-formed, and on they came again. This time they came up on the double quick, and seemed determined to drive us from our works. Again they were met with

a terribly destructive fire, and again were hurled bleeding, staggering to the rear. A third time did they make an unsuccessful attempt. Reaching the hedge in our front, they siezed hold of it and tried to tear it away, while we sent thousands of hissing, deadly missiles into their already decimated ranks. For a short time they bravely stood the awful fire, then broke, crushed and conquered to the friendly protection of the woods, on the other side of the field. This was the last charge they made in our front, but on the right they charged fifteen times and each time were repulsed with a heavy loss. However, just on the right of the pike, the 104th Ohio gave way, and the rebels came swarming over the works, yelling like demons. Gen. Cox, our division commander, seeing the great danger, galloped to the front and jumping from his horse, siezed the colors from the color bearer, and dashed toward the enemy, shouting: "Come on, my brave boys!" Instantly the panic stricken troops charged the rebs, driving them pell mell over the works again. This I believe was the only place our line was broken, and the battle continued long after night had thrown her "dark mantle o'er the scene." And O, what a night! If the day was awful, the night seemed even more so. The brilliant flashes and the heavy roar of the artillery and musketry gave the appearance of a terrible storm about to burst forth over the land. Indeed, it was a storm. A fearful storm. A storm never to be forgotten.

I must here speak of the bravery of Johnny Thornbrough, one of my mess. When the enemy were advancing, he stood up, his head and shoulders above the works, and fired as fast as two persons, (Andy Harbaugh and Guyer Jenkins,) could load. While the rest of us would fire and then get down behind the works to load, he



never once put his head down behind the works, and when the enemy would break and run, his face would beam with intense delight, and he would swing his hat and cheer and yell at the top of his voice: "There they go! There they go! Give 'em h—!" he would cry, and reaching for a gun, he would give them a parting shot. O, 'twas glorious to see him, it was indeed. A regiment of such men could whip ten times their number. In contrast to this I will give an account of the most abject cowardice I ever saw. While we were in the thickest of the fight, all loading and firing as fast as we could, a man about thirty-five or forty years of age, came crawling through the ditch, (which was filled with men), trying to get to his command, that was further to the left. The expression on his face was of the utmost fear and terror. The tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he was moaning and groaning piteously. The boys would kick and curse him as he passed along, telling him to get out on the bank and run to his command, but he would not do it, and he was soon lost to our sight. I never saw or heard of him afterward. Poor fellow, he must have been in the very depths of misery. After the enemy had ceased charging in our front, we had nothing to do but lie there in the ditch, and listen to the dreadful conflict that was raging on the right. This inaction is what gets away with the soldier. While we were doing our best to repulse the rebels, we had no time to think, but when we had to lie there idle, then came the rub. While the cannon roared, and crashed, and thundered, making the earth to shake and tremble like a leaf, and the musketry cracked, and rattled, and banged, and the shot and shell screamed, and shrieked and whistled, and the minute balls hissed and sang, as they sped by on their deadly mission; and the cries

and groans of the wounded and dying, and the yells and curses of the maddened foes, and the cheers and huzzas of the victors; amid all the din and confusion of the great struggle, I lay in the ditch looking up towards the sky, which was almost obscured by the sulphurous smoke from the awful field of carnage; thinking, thinking of my past life and of friends and loved ones at home, and wondering if I would ever, ever see them again. It was strange how active my brain was. It seemed that my whole life passed in review before me. Events long ago forgotten; resolutions and vows that I had made and broken, came vividly to my mind, and I prayed to God for forgiveness and protection.

Our regiment lost in this fight only one man killed and one wounded. It is really wonderful how so many balls could fly over our works and strike so few. It seemed to me when the enemy were making their charge, that the balls were flying as thick as hail. At one time while lying in the ditch this afternoon, I plainly saw a cannon ball pass over head and strike a brick building just in rear of the 15th Ind. Battery.

We have given the enemy a terrible repulse, and his loss must be very heavy. I have learned since that Hood's loss was six thousand men, besides losing six Generals killed, among whom was the gallant Pat Cleburn, six wounded and one captured. Hood's army numbered seventy thousand men ours thirty thousand. About dark our company was ordered out as skirmishers. Carefully we crept over the works and advanced to the hedge, where we quietly remained over half the night. While there we could hear the cries and groans of the wounded rebels. O, it was frightful, it was indeed. "Oh, Federals!" they would cry, (it wasn't Yanks then), "Oh, Federals! help! help! water! water!" Never will I for-

get those piteous cries. They ring in my ears whenever my mind reverts to that terrible scene. But we could not help them. We dare not go to their relief, for just beyond was the picket line of the watchful enemy.

## XIX.

ON THE RETREAT AGAIN.—REBEL  
FLAGS.—FORT NEGLY.—BIG GUNS.—  
"TAKE THAT MR. HOOD."—TREACH-  
EROUS FOES.—THE COLORED TROOPS.  
—THE THEATER.—COLD WEATHER.

Dec. 1. About one this morning the command to fall back was given in a low tone. Quietly we started to the rear. Reaching the works, we found them empty. We passed on through the town, crossed the river on the railroad bridge, which was just commencing to burn, our men already having applied the torch, and on we went, "lickety swizzle," toward Nashville. After we had traveled several miles, I and a few others, not having the fear of the enemy before our eyes, fell out of the ranks and rested awhile. After that we went along more leisurely. We caught up with the regiment about 8 o'clock. They had taken position on a high hill about seven miles from Nashville, and were throwing up works. While here I saw two rebel flags that had been captured by some of our men. They were sorry looking affairs. In size they were about three by four feet, and were tied to poles cut from some thicket. They were made of the coarsest bunting. The ground work was red, having stripes of blue running diagonally from corner to corner, forming a cross, which contained thirteen stars. This flag was called the Southern cross. Compared with the stars and stripes it was a vile rag, not even having the semblance of

beauty. When our works were about half completed we were ordered to fall in, and again started for Nashville. Halted awhile about a mile from town. Then our brigade went up near Fort Negly, and pitched tents for the night.

Dec. 2. This morning before breakfast we were ordered to get ready to move. We did not go, however, until this afternoon, when we marched around to the rear of the fort and went into camp. One regiment of our brigade went into the fort. I wish it had been our regiment. Fort Negly is situated on considerable of a hill, in the edge of town, and is a very strongly built fort. It has several large siege guns, which throw ten inch shells.

Dec. 3. I suppose the rebels are up, and have taken position for I heard cannonading to-day. They did not follow us up quite as closely as they did from Columbia to Franklin. That terrible repulse we gave them at Franklin seems to have made them a little more cautious. A burnt child dreads the fire. I do not know what they are following us for, unless they want another licking. I am of the opinion they will get it before long.

Dec. 4. Sunday morning. More cannonading to-day. The men in Fort Negly took a hand. Boom! would go the big gun, and wow, wow, wow, would go the big shell, getting faster and faster, until bang! it would burst in the rebel camp. When the big guns would fire the boys would yell, "take that, Johnnies, and smoke it." "Put that in your pipe, Mr. Hood."

Dec. 5. The cannons boomed all day to-day. The big guns in the fort sent their compliments to the Nation's enemies. Nothing else of any consequence.

Dec. 6. Our company was ordered on picket this morning before daylight. A short distance to our right a rebel Colonel and Lieutenant met a couple of our boys half-way between



the lines, and exchanged papers. The reb sharpshooters are pecking it to us pretty lively this afternoon, compelling us to lay low and stick close to our "gopher holes," to keep from being hit. The rebel camp is in plain view from our skirmish line. We send them a minie occasionally, just to let them know that we are still here.

Dec. 7. We were relieved from the skirmish line this morning before day. This has to be done in order that we may have the protection of the darkness. A member of the 120th Ind., who had met a few rebs between the lines to-day, to exchange papers, was shot dead while returning, by the treacherous enemy. Curse their black hearts, they have not a spark of honor about them. I only hope that the man that did the deed may meet a similar fate. Our negro soldiers had a skirmish with the enemy to-day. "The colored troops fought nobly." The weather turned quite cold this evening, and we are scarce of wood. It is a bad time to be without wood when the weather is cold.

Dec. 8. Was over in town this morning, and when I returned to camp the men all had their equipments on ready to move. They told me, "the enemy had advanced and taken some of our picket posts, and we had to be ready for further emergency." It is still very cold to-day. This afternoon our regiment was ordered out near to the skirmish line, to support a battery, while it gave the Johnnies a few shells. While there we saw the skirmishers advance, and retake their old position.

Dec. 9. I got permission to attend the theater last night. The audience was composed almost entirely of soldiers, and the jam was awful. In going up the stairway they came near squeezing the breath out of me, and I yelled lustily. One strong fellow near me, put his hands against the wall,

and his back to the crowd, while I got in between his arms, and thus we went upstairs, he holding the crowd off by main strength. Not having had the opportunity to attend any entertainment for so long, the men are almost crazy to get to see one. Was well pleased with the play. It snowed and hailed to-day.

Dec. 10. It is cold, dull and disagreeable in camp to-day. We spent most of the time in trying to keep warm. We would hover over the fire awhile, then crawl in our tents and cover up with our blankets; then out again and try the fire a spell. There was not much growling done. Oh, no.

Dec. 11. Sunday morning. It is terrible cold to-day. It is almost impossible to keep from freezing. Seeing this was the case I struck out for town about nine o'clock this morning, and finding a restaurant open, I took position near the stove, which I held nearly all day. Occasionally I would get flanked out of my position, but I would always find another equally as good.

Dec. 12. The weather has moderated a little, but still it is cold enough for all practical purposes. We were ordered this afternoon to fall in, stack arms, and keep our accoutrements on, preparatory to any call that might be made. There was none made, however.

Dec. 13. Was on guard last night. Two members of our company have been in the habit of staying over in town every night for some time. This morning our Lieutenant put them under guard and sent them out on the skirmish line. So much for breaking orders and shirking duty. Got permission to go over in the city to-day. When I returned to the company I found a friend there from Plainfield, Ind. He had lately enlisted, and his battery, the 2d Ind., had just arrived in Nashville. It seems that we are getting a good many reinforcements. I

suppose when we get a sufficient number we'll take the aggressive, and send Mr. Hood and his army back again. My brother came to see me this evening, and will stay till morning.

## XX.

BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.—GENERAL CANNONADING.—CAVALRY WILL FIGHT. ON THE FLANK.—JOHNIES LOSING HEART.—AN UTTER ROUT.—GOOD DAY, MR. HOOD.

Dec. 14. It rained last night, and this morning it is quite muddy in camp. My brother returned to his regiment this morning. In company with Tom Ayres, I visited the 2d Ind. battery to-day. Saw a number of my acquaintances from Plainfield, and had a very pleasant visit. Orders are this evening, that we be ready to move early in the morning. Drew rations about eight o'clock. Well, I suppose we are about to turn the scale on Mr. Hood. I have an idea that about to-morrow night, he'll wish he hadn't a come.

Dec. 15. We moved out early this morning toward the right. Went about a mile, halted, and remained until near noon. Here we had one of the grandest sights we have yet seen. Our position was on top of a hill. In our front, and as far as the eye could reach to the right or left, was a range of high hills. These hills were mostly occupied by the rebs. We could see the puffs of smoke, and hear the booms from their many batteries. All along the line on both sides the cannon roared and thundered. The hills seemed to be almost covered with bursting shells. Everywhere the puffs of white smoke could be seen, and it seemed

that the air was filled with bursting shells. When we started on from this place I saw Gen. Bailey fall out of ranks. Our Lieutenant saw him, too, but he said nothing. I suppose he thought he was such a coward, that he would do no good if he stayed with us. On we went to the right, and while some were fighting, we were marching as hard as we could, through the mud, which at some places was nearly knee deep. Wished several times that we could stop and take a hand in the fight, for I felt that I would enjoy the fighting much better than the marching. This afternoon we passed two forts, together with two or three hundred prisoners, and six pieces of artillery that our cavalry had captured. The cavalry have done some grand fighting this afternoon. They were dismounted, and while some remained with the horses, the others charged the rebs, and with their seven shot carbines did terrible execution, and routed the enemy at every point. I overheard one of them boasting of their exploits. He was talking to some of our regiment, and said: "O, you chaps can't say now that cavalrymen won't fight." It is a kind of standing joke in the army that a cavalryman won't fight, but this day our brave cavalry have given it the lie. This has surely been a glorious day for the union cause. Our army has made a general advance all along the line, and from what I can learn, the enemy has been beaten at every point. We on the flank have effectually turned Mr. Hood's left. I had forgotten to state that Gen. Thomas ("Pap" Thomas, he is called) is in command of our forces now. At one time to-day our regiment was halted in the woods, and by the rapid firing near us it seemed that we were about to take a hand. Here David Cleghorn (the young man that had been wounded in front of Atlanta while lying in his



tent, and who had lately got back to the regiment), fell out of ranks and started to the rear. As he started he exclaimed, "Boys, once is enough. I can't stand any more." Was sorry to see him do this, for I did not think he was cowardly. This evening about sun down we formed a "streak of fight" on the side of a high hill, and commenced throwing up works. We soon finished them, and then went into camp, I was put on guard, and succeeded in writing my notes for the day, by the light of the fire.

Dec. 16. We were called up early this morning. About daylight we advanced a short distance, and took position on another high hill, and immediately began throwing up works. From here to-day we saw the skirmishers advance, drive the rebels from their works, and capture two pieces of artillery. They seemed to do it very easily. It looks like the Johnnies are losing heart, for there is certainly not much fight in them. After dark this evening, our command advanced to the hill the skirmish line had taken, and took position in the rebel works.

Dec. 17. It commenced raining this morning about two o'clock, and has continued to do so all day. Sometimes it would rain very hard. Early this morning we advanced a short distance, halted and remained there until this afternoon, when we again started and traveled slowly till dark. From the looks of things I suppose Hood's army is on a full retreat. Everywhere through the woods to-day could be seen guns, swords, cartridge boxes, canteens, broken down wagons, gun carriages cut to pieces, and the cannon spiked. It looks like an utter rout. I saw several guns that had been struck against trees or logs, thereby bending the barrels, and rendering them useless, blankets, clothing, bayonets, belts, and in fact everything that an army uses, could be

seen scattered about. O, Mr. Hood, you ought not to have followed us up so persistently. You ought to have known that we just wanted to get you in a good place, and then just wipe you out. O dear! how bad you must feel. I can't say that I have much sympathy for you, however. In fact I am rather glad of it; we have done for you just what we intended, so there now! The enemy must have had a terrible time in their retreat through the woods. No wonder so many cannons and wagons were left behind. The mud is so deep that it is almost impossible to get along at all. We sink in nearly to our knees every step.

## XXI.

THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT.—  
CAMP ON THE OLD BATTLE FIELD.—  
BRIDGE BUILDING.—A MERRY TIME —  
NOT MUCH OF A CHRISTMAS,—BACK  
AGAIN LIKE A BAD BILL.

Dec. 18. Sunday morning. We were called up early this morning, and ordered to be ready to move at six o'clock. We have nothing for breakfast this morning. We should have drawn rations last night, but I suppose the supplies could not come up on account of the terribly muddy roads. About seven o'clock we started on. Marched about a mile and struck the Franklin pike. As our supplies were here, we halted, drew rations and were soon partaking of our simple meal. We remained at this place until two this afternoon, when we struck out toward Franklin. The first of this month our troops were marching along this pike, with the rebels close behind them, now the rebels are going

the other way with the Yankees at their heels. It seems like the shoe is on the other foot. We marched until after dark this evening, then went into camp a short distance from Franklin. I hear that we captured eight thousand men, sixty pieces of artillery, and a large quantity of small arms during the two day's fight at Nashville. If that is the case, Hood is certainly in a bad shape to do any more fighting.

Dec. 19. It rained hard all day to-day. We crossed the river this afternoon, marched through the town and went into camp on our old battle ground. It looks kind of "natural" around here. Seems like we have been here before. O, that was a terrible day, and I am very thankful we are not to see the scenes re-enacted. It is awful muddy now, it seems like the mud has no bottom.

Dec. 20. Early this morning we moved on after the retreating Johnnies. Marched very fast until we reached Spring Hill, where we went into camp. The cannon have been booming all day. Saw a number of rebel prisoners that our men had captured. Just as we went into camp it commenced raining again. How I do wish this disagreeable weather would let up. It has a very depressing effect on us.

Dec. 21. We are out of rations again. We should have received them last night, but I suppose our wagon train did not catch up. Our regiment was sent on in advance to assist the pioneer corps in building a bridge across a narrow, but very deep and rapid stream. The stream was much swollen on account of the recent rains. The original bridge, I suppose, had been torn away by the enemy. When we arrived at the place, a hundred men were detailed and set to work immediately. We worked hard all day, and this evening, after dark, we drew some rations.

Dec. 22. We put in the whole day again, working on the bridge. We completed it this evening about dark.

Dec. 23. The rest of our brigade came along this morning, our regiment fell in with it, and on we went towards Columbia. We turned off to the left of the pike, when we arrived at Duck river, and took dinner. After dinner we went a short distance up the river, and halted for camp. It occurred to me that the rebels would make a stand here at Columbia, but in that I was agreeably mistaken. From all appearances Mr. Hood's army is completely demoralized, and I would not be surprised if they never made another stand. Well, if they don't, I am not going to cry about it.

Dec. 24. The weather is fine to-day. The sun is shining bright and warm, and the boys are basking in his genial rays. All nature seems gay and happy, and if it were not for the sullen boom of the artillery, which we can just hear, and the white tents of our army, which thickly dot the fields and hill sides, one might think that peace and happiness once more reigned supreme in our beloved land. God speed the day when this may be the case. We made made no move to-day. This evening the boys are having a merry time. Such shooting and yelling. It sounds very much like a heavy skirmish. To-morrow is Christmas! Oh, that I were at home to enjoy the blessed day with my dear friends there, and to help eat the Christmas pies and other good things. But alas! I am one among the many that are doomed to "hard tack" and "sow belly" for their Christmas dinners. And how long will this continue? Nearly four years has the strife been going on, and God only knows how much longer it will continue. Yes, he alone knows and controls our destiny. Then let us, this Christmas eve, ask Him for dear Jesus' sake to hasten the time



when the carnage of war and bloodshed shall cease and that peace, blessed peace, shall spread its white wings over this unfortunate country. The 18th of this month Lieut. Ewing, of Co. C., was promoted to Captain, and put in command of our company. He is tenting with our mess, and we like him first-rate. I guess our Lieutenant does not like it very well that he was put in command over him.

December 25. Sunday morning and Christmas. I am on the sick list this morning. We had company inspection to-day. Nothing of any consequence has transpired to-day. We had a shower of rain this evening. Taken altogether I think this has been the dullest Christmas I ever saw. Nothing whatever to even remind us of the day.

Dec. 26. We were called up early this morning, and ordered to get ready to move by daylight. Started promptly at the given time. Crossed the river on a pontoon bridge. Near the bridge we saw some cannon that our men had fished out of the river. They were all spiked. We marched through the town with drums beating and colors flying. Columbia does not look much like it did when we first saw it. Then it was a nice, prosperous place, now it is almost ruined. I wonder if the inhabitants expected to see us soon so again. When we were retreating from the rebels I suppose they hoped that would be the last of us, but here we are, back again like a bad bill. We halted about a mile and a half from town, and went into camp.

Dec. 27. We made no move to-day, but this evening we had dress parade. This is the first time we have had dress parade since we left Decatur, Georgia.

## XXII

WINTER QUARTERS.—END OF THE NOTES.—“YOU MUST CONSATE, ETC.”—A MAD SET.—A LONG MARCH.—WILD DEER.—A COLD BATH.—AT CLIFTON.—OUT OF RATIONS.—DOWN THE TENNESSEE.—A KEEPSAKE.

Dec. 28. We moved our camp this evening. It looks now like we were going into winter quarters. I only hope it is so. I suppose Mr. Hood has got so far away that they have concluded to let him alone awhile. For my part I am exceedingly glad of it. Am awful tired of marching, and would like very much to have a rest, and besides that I am not well.

Dec. 29. We drew rations to-day, and my mess dragged up some lumber to build a shanty with.

Dec. 30. We had to guard our lumber last night to keep others from stealing it, for it is a scarce article around here. We went to work and built us a nice and comfortable shanty to-day. It commenced raining this afternoon. It rained until 9 o'clock this evening, and then turned to snow. I guess we are going to have a taste of winter again. Well, I think we will be better prepared for it than we were at Nashville.

Dec. 31. It is very cold this morning. A deep snow is lying on the ground. We had general inspection this morning, and drew rations this evening. And now that this is the last day of the week, the last day of the month, the last day of the year, and I have my little book written about full, and we have gone into winter quarters, I will wind up by wishing a happy New Year to all, and

hoping the new year will bring peace, and the downfall of the Great Rebellion, I make my bow and bid you all farewell.

That is the way I ended my notes, and if the Captain had only detailed a man to kick me all over camp, I would be truly grateful to him to this day. I was very foolish for stopping them at that time, and I am exceedingly sorry now that I did. But there is no use to cry for spilt milk, that will not help the matter in the least. Henceforward I must write from memory in which I am kindly assisted by my comrade, Thomas Ayres, who is residing here at Mooresville, Indiana, and I will say here that we often spend a pleasant hour together, talking over the scenes through which we have passed. Well, I must go on with my story.

I was sick considerable of the time we remained in camp. One morning I went to the Doctor and got some medicine. Returning to the tent I was very loth to take the medicine, and made the remark that I did not believe it would do me any good. Ed Harvey, one of my mess, spoke up and said: “Of course it will do you no good unless you *consate* it will. You must *consate* it will do you good, and then it will help you.” I thought that was rather funny, and after he had gone Capt. Ewing said that “Harvey must be a queer, superstitious fellow.” If Ed would take a dose of poison wonder if he would have to *consate* it would kill him before it would do so.

We had been in our winter quarters about a week, when one morning the order came to strike tents, pack up and get ready to move. It was like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky. We were so sure that we had gone into winter quarters, that we could scarcely believe that we had to leave so soon; but such was the case, and soon we had commenced a long and weary

march. At that time we were not aware of our destination, but it proved to be the town of Clifton, on the Tennessee river, a distance of seventy-five miles. There wasn't much grumbling when we started, oh, no. Some of the boys just got up on their ear and cursed. But it was no use. We had to go, and go we did. We suffered some privations on this march, both for the want of food and clothing. The sharp stones and gravel along the way cut our shoes, and many were almost barefoot. At one point along the march we succeeded in drawing a few shoes. About a dozen pairs were issued to our company, and they were given to those who needed them most. I was one of the lucky ones. On this march we passed through an immense forest. One day in this forest a drove of five or six deer came bounding right through our ranks, and on they went, like a streak of greased lightning. Several of the boys shot at them, but they were not touched, and in less time than it takes to tell it they were lost to sight in the thick woods. We traveled through some very rough and broken country, and in fact I do not remember that we saw any very nice country during the whole march. One day we seemed to be marching through a narrow valley, and that day we crossed a stream no less than eight or ten times. I was sick that day, and had fallen to the rear. Caught up with the regiment about nine o'clock at night. They were in camp on the bank of a good sized stream. The opposite side from where I was when I came in sight of them, and they had some rousing fires. I called to them and some one answered, and showed me where to cross, and helped me out when I got across, as the bank was quite steep. The water came up to my arm pits, and I actually thought I would freeze before I found my company. Please try and



imagine wading a stream in the middle of January. I remember spending about half the night standing around the fire, drying my clothes.

We finally reached Clifton, which was situated in a very rough and rocky place, and had been destroyed by our men early in the war. Scarcely anything remained of the place, but a number of old chimneys, which made it look very desolate indeed. We expected to get rations when we reached Clifton, as we were entirely out; but in this we were mistaken. There were none there. The boats that were to bring us supplies had not arrived, nor did they come for two or three days afterward. In the meantime we subsisted on corn, and what we could forage through the country. Forage, however, was very scarce. I remember we would make hominy out of the corn we drew. Finally we heard the hoarse whistle of the steamboats as they came around the bend in the river, and then the boys just cheered. Part of our regiment were detailed to unload the boats, and soon we had plenty of good rations, which we stood so much in need of.

If I remember rightly we remained at Clifton about a week. One day we were ordered to cook up our rations, and the next day we marched to the banks of the Tennessee, got on board a steamboat, and started down the river. It seems like I ought to say up the river, for it runs north and empties into the Ohio at Paducah. I do not remember how long we were in making the trip to Paducah, nor do I know how many boats it took to transport our army. I remember we passed a fort on the way, and think it was Fort Henry, but am not certain. While on this trip our Captain gave me a little trap, I believe they call it a "housewife." It was made of oil cloth and contained a couple of pockets and a place to stick needles and

pins. The pockets contained thread, thimble, beeswax, buttons, etc. The place for the needles contained plenty of needles and pins. In one of the pockets was a neatly written letter from a young lady somewhere in Ohio, I do not now remember where, neither do I remember the lady's name. The letter was full of encouraging words to the soldier, and it did me a great deal of good at the time. I intended to answer the letter, but never did. I still have "the housewife" in my possession. A great many little things like this were sent to the army by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. When we started on our trip down the river, we had no idea where we were going, and many were the conjectures indulged in by the boys. Not any of the conjectures however, were correct.

### XXIII

MOLASSES.—THE LOYAL NORTH.—A GREAT TEMPTATION.—THE NATION'S CAPITAL.—AT ALEXANDRIA.—COMPLETELY DISGUSTED.—OYSTERS.—A JAM FOR GRUB.—"A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."—A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.—A NOVEL POSITION.

We made our first stop at Paducah, Ky. Here I got off the boat and went up in town and bought a canteen of Orleans molasses, and also a few crackers. Thought I never tasted anything as good as that molasses, and I came very near making myself sick eating it.

Leaving Paducah we started up the Ohio river. Below the falls at Louisville we landed, marched up through the city and again boarded a steamboat. I have a faint recollection of

some one of our company falling into the river, as we were getting on the boat at this place, but cannot remember who it was, nor any of the particulars.

I had a sister living in Louisville, and I wanted very much to stop and see her, but I couldn't. As we were going up the river towards Cincinnati, we were much pleased with the many vineyards we saw on either side. Some places where the banks made a gentle slope, they were covered with vines nearly to the water's edge.

At Cincinnati we landed, and I think it was at this place that we got dinner at the Soldier's home, and among other things they gave us was cheese, which tasted too good to speak about. Here we were loaded on box cars and started for Columbus, at which place we arrived on a Sunday morning and staid there till evening. I was very much tempted while here to take a French leave of absence, and go down in the country about five miles, and visit Mr. David Williams and family, and other friends I had there. Some of the boys told me to do so, and others said I had better not. I finally concluded not to go, as I would risk the chance of being arrested as a deserter, and might be caused a great deal of trouble. It was pretty hard to endure the thought of being so close to my friends, and not being permitted to see them. I was terribly tempted, but duty triumphed.

From Columbus we started east. Crossed the Ohio river at Wheeling, Virginia. At Bellare, Ohio, we were treated to hot coffee, and at several places along the route we were treated handsomely. It seemed good to get among loyal people once more. We arrived at Washington sometime in the night, and remained until next morning. We were very much in hopes we would be permitted to stop there awhile, but we were not. As we

started out in the morning, we got a pretty good view of the Capitol building. As we passed along the boys would cheer and yell, "Oh, Uncle Abe, here's your boys." "Here we are." "We're come." "You wasn't lookin' for us, was you?" "We're coming Father Abraham, 300,000 more," and many such expressions. We made things lively as we passed through the Nation's Capital.

Arriving at Alexandria, we were ordered off the cars and marched to the Soldier's Rest, a very large building, capable of giving shelter to a great many soldiers, but we filled it to its utmost capacity, and many were not able to get in at all, but had to bunk outside on the long porches, which ran around the entire building. We remained at this place a week or ten days. I availed myself of the opportunity of drawing a new suit of clothes, and made an entire change, hoping by that means to get rid of the "Gray-backs," with which I was covered. That night I bunked on the floor, and the next morning I was again covered with the vermin. The floor was literally alive with them. I don't think I was ever so completely disgusted while I was in the service. One Sunday night I attended church in the town, and remember how well pleased I was with the singing. During our stay, Tom Ayers and some more of the boys went to the hotel where Col. Ellsworth was killed at the beginning of the war. Did not go myself, do not remember the reason. While here we were visited by the Lieut. Governor of Virginia, and his wife. They expressed themselves as being well pleased with our appearance, expecting to see roughs, but instead saw gentlemen. There were a great many oysters at Alexandria, and were quite cheap considering how high everything else was. Think I took a bait about every day. They could be had served up in every



style. One day I bought an oyster pie. It was a veritable pie, except that it was not sweetened. Oysters baked in a pie pan, between two crusts. Oh, my! wasn't it delicious? We were not permitted to cook our own grub here, but had it furnished to us already cooked, in another long building near the Rest. The men would crowd around the entrance quite a while before meal time, and then when the doors were opened there would be a perfect jam. I got in this jam one day, and thought I would get the life squeezed out of me before I could get out. Guards were sent in to keep back the crowd, but they would be jammed up so tight that they couldn't move. The men finally got tired of this way of doing, and then they would form in line and march in right.

One evening we were ordered to get ready to move. We marched to the wharf on the Potomac river, and got on board the large side wheel steamer, "Atlantic Ocean," which drew about twenty feet of water, that is, it sank in the water twenty feet. This was the first large ocean steamer I had ever seen, and now I was about to have an experience that I had longed wished for, that of sailing on the ocean. Our whole brigade was on the vessel, and when we started the brigade band played, "A Life on the Ocean Wave." The river was frozen, and a small steam tug had to be sent ahead to cut the ice, that the big vessel might move out. The next morning we had a grand sight. The sun rose bright and clear. We were well out in Chesapeake bay, could just see the shore on either side, but away to the rear, as far as the eye could reach, could be seen the white capped waves, appearing and disappearing, rolling and glistening in the sunlight. The deep green of the water, and the thousands of white caps as they would flash and sparkle, was beautiful beyond description, and

we stood a long time on the deck, feasting our eyes on the lovely sight. We dropped anchor at Fortress Monroe, and sent in a boat to report. When the boat returned we again put to sea. We were on the ocean about three days and nights, and part of the time was entirely out of sight of land. One day I sat a long time in the stern of the vessel, with my feet hanging over the side, while I held to a chain above my head. The vessel would roll and pitch; the stern rising until I would be twenty or twenty five feet from the water, then falling until my feet would almost touch the liquid mass, and I would involuntarily draw them up to keep them from getting wet. Thus I sat for nearly two hours, enjoying the novelty of the situation. When one would start to go from one end of the vessel to the other, part of the time he would be going up hill, then suddenly he would be going down hill. It was queer walking, and I could not get used to it.

#### XXIV

STORMY HATTERAS.—SICK? OH!—THE UNION JACK.—A SLICK TRICK.—THE ANCHOR CAST.—A SCARY TRANSFER.—FORT FISHER.—ACRES OF BURSTED SHELLS.—BOMB PROOFS.

We passed Cape Hatteras in the night. They say it is nearly always stormy there, and it certainly was when we passed. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the waves ran mountains high, and the old ship pitched, and heaved and groaned, and I expected every minute that we would go to the bottom, or somewhere else. However, about that time I didn't care much what became of us, for I was sick. Yes, I was sick, I was awful

sick, I was fearfully sick, I was "sick as death, and couldn't spew." And I was not the only one that was sick, either. Think there must have been two or three thousand sick soldiers on that ship. It was an awful sick time. Had the bugler sounded the sick call then, I think every man would have responded. The old ship did not do all the groaning, not by any means. From every direction came the groans and moans, and ohs, and "new yorks" of the sick yanks. Talk about sea sickness, why we had a whole ship load of it.

One day we passed near a vessel which seemed to belong to a blockade squadron. The vessel was much smaller than ours, but was heavily armed. We could look down on the deck, and see the men standing at the guns ready to fire, if we had proved to be enemies. The commanders of each vessel talked to each other through their speaking trumpets, but I cannot remember what was said. We were permitted, however, to resume our voyage. Just before we got within speaking distance of this vessel, one of the officers of our ship, ran up the American Jack. This is a small flag just containing the blue field and stars of the U. S. flag, and not the stripes. Running the jack up to the mast head was about the slickest trick I had seen. It was furled around the staff, and seemed to shoot up with the velocity of a sky rocket, and when it reached its position, the man gave the rope a jerk, and the flag unfurled as quick as a flash. I couldn't but admire the ingenuity of the thing. One morning we were awakened by a terrible noise, which almost scared us out of our wits, but proved to be the vessel letting fall the anchor. The heavy chain running over the side of the vessel is what made the awful din. The morning was very foggy, and the ship blew her fog horns a long time.

After awhile a large gunboat appeared in view. It subsequently proved that we had cast anchor off Cape Fear, and about three miles from shore. The sailors fastened a small cable from our vessel to the gunboat. A small boat, I believe it was called a yawl, capable of holding about fifteen or twenty persons, was launched, and pulled from one vessel to the other by means of the cable. A sailor would stand in the bow of the boat, and catching hold of the rope with his hands, would pull the boat along, hand over hand. It was awful scary to see that boat dancing over the waves. I dreaded very much to get into it. I waited until several loads had been transferred before I made the attempt. On the outside of the vessel was a stairway that reached to the water. The waves would take the little boat, eight or ten feet away, then would bring it back again to the foot of the stairs, where it would remain a second or two, and then away it would go again. When the boat would come up, those that were at the foot of the stairs would jump into it. Several came very near falling overboard. Two sailors stood ready to assist, and would catch each fellow as he jumped. As I was going down the stairs, I thought to myself, will I ever get in that boat? However, when it came up, I made a jump, and landed in it just as easy as "falling off a log." The ride to the gunboat was very pleasant, quite different from what I expected. I had an idea when I saw how the boat rocked and danced, that it would make me sick, but it did not in the least, and I wished the distance had been greater. We were taken on the gunboat pretty much the same way we left the ship. We had to watch our chance and grab the ladder. In this manner our whole brigade were unloaded. Tom Ayers says that we made another transfer from the gunboat to a smaller boat be-



fore we reached the shore, but this has entirely slipped my memory, and I cannot give any particulars.

Well, we finally landed, and found ourselves at a large fort, called Fort Fisher, which had been taken by our men sometime before, probably about the middle of January. I do not remember the time in the year when we landed, but think it must have been in February, along about the first. After we landed we had great difficulty in walking. The ground seemed to rise up before us just like the ship had done. It was a very peculiar sensation, and we did not get rid of it for weeks afterwards.

Fort Fisher was a large and strong fort, and was built on the point of the cape at the mouth of Cape Fear River. Here I first saw bomb-proofs. These were places for the rebels to stay in to have protection from the terrible shells that were showered upon them from our vessels. I heard once how many shells were thrown per minute by our fleet during the attack, but I have forgotten now. It was near 300, however, and the effects could yet be seen when we were there. I could have traveled over four or five acres of ground by stepping on pieces of bursted shells, and never touching the ground with my feet, the pieces were strewn so thickly. The pieces were red with rust, and had the appearance of brickbats on an old brickyard. I do not know whether I can describe the bomb-proofs or not, but they were about as follows: A hole twelve or fifteen feet square was dug in the ground a box, or building, or room, (or whatever you may call it,) of heavy timbers was put in this, and the whole thing covered with dirt to the depth of eight or ten feet, leaving an entrance to the pit. There were a number of these bomb-proofs in the fort.

## XXV

A FINE GUN.—QUEEN VIC'S PRESENT.—MORE GUNS.—NIGHT MARCHING.—A FAILURE.—MONITORS.—A BRAVE LAD.—WE DODGED.—THE GUNBOATS TAKE A HAND.—WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

In this fort, (Fort Fisher), was the finest gun I ever saw, and probably the finest in this country. It was a large siege gun, and would probably throw an eight-inch shell. The gun itself was painted a glossy black, and the carriage was made of mahogany, and on the carriage was a silver plate, with this inscription: "Presented to Jefferson Davis by her majesty, Queen Victoria." It fairly made my blood boil when I read the inscription, and to this day, I have very little love for Queen Vic., although I think she is a good woman. But then we know that the upper classes, and those in authority in England, favored the South during the rebellion, but the poor folks were for the Union.

I saw two other peculiar guns there. One was a rifled cannon, and threw a conical shell about two inches and a half in diameter. The gun was about ten feet long, and about four or five inches in diameter at the muzzle, and eight at the breach, and it was said that it would shoot fifteen miles. I do not know whether it could or not, but if any gun could it looked like it might.

The other gun was a brass piece, having one hundred and twenty bores running through it the size of a minie ball. The breech of this gun could be taken off to load it. It did not look like it would amount to much. We re-

mained in the vicinity of Fort Fisher for about two weeks, during which time we made two attempts to surprise and capture Fort Anderson, which was about eight or ten miles up the river on the opposite side. The attempts were made after night. We marched up the coast until we got opposite the fort I suppose, halted awhile, and then marched back again. I never found out why we did not cross. The marching was very hard. The sand was about shoe mouth deep, and at every step we would slip back five or six inches. When we returned to camp we were completely done for. The next night we made the same (to me very foolish), move, over again, and accomplished nothing. I do not know what was the plan, but suppose we were to cross the river and get in the rear of the rebels. However, the whole thing failed from some cause. One time when we halted to rest awhile, some of the boys laid down too near the edge of the water, and a big wave coming in completely drenched them. It was some time before we got used to the roar of the ocean, and several nights after we landed, I laid awake listening to the sound of the waves as they dashed against the shore. Sometimes, when the wind would be blowing hard, the noise was almost deafening.

One day we were marched to the dock, got aboard a steamer and crossed the river. We saw several monitors and gunboats lying in the river that day. Where we crossed, which was at the mouth, the river must have been a mile and a half or two miles wide. The monitors are a strange looking craft. About all one can see is the little turret or cheese box, sticking above the water, but they are a terrible vessel when in action.

After we landed we started up the river toward Fort Anderson. We marched all that day, and part of the

next, through a thick pine forest and in water sometimes knee deep. On the evening of the first day's march we found a place dry enough to camp in, and that night I had a terrible chill. The next morning I went to the doctor and got some quinine, and managed to swallow about half of one of the big doses, and the rest I threw away. We marched again through the water nearly all that day, but I never had any more chills.

A great deal of rosin was made in these pine forests, and often we would come across barrels of it, which the boys would set fire to, just for their own amusement. When we got within a mile or so of Fort Anderson, our regiment was thrown out as skirmishers. We advanced slowly through the woods until we came to a clearing, on the other side of which was the enemy's works. Here we halted and commenced throwing up works. While we were advancing on the skirmish line, our company's position was on either side of a road that made a bee line to the enemy's fort. There was no necessity in walking in the road, and while the rest of us were in the woods, getting all the protection we could from the trees, Johnny Thornbrough marched right down the middle of that road, loading and firing as fast as he could. It is a great wonder that he was not hit, for he certainly was a conspicuous mark. Just before our regiment was ordered out as skirmishers, a member of Company G was struck by a spent ball. He staggered out of ranks and fell, and we all thought he was done for, but on opening his coat found only a black and blue spot where the ball had struck. It made him quite sick for awhile, however.

At our works I think we lay a day or two. The next day after we arrived, a squad were at work strengthening our works. I was in the ditch throwing up the sand with a shovel, the rest



some four or five, were sitting on a log outside of the works, just at the edge of the ditch, when the rebs sent a six pound solid shot at the group. The ball just skimmed the top of the works, and the way the boys slid off that log was funny to behold. It reminded me of a lot of turtles sliding off a log, into the water. Of course I dodged, I couldn't help it, although I was entirely out of danger. The ditch was so deep that I don't think my head was above the ground. But that ball made such a terrible shriek that it was simply impossible to keep from dodging. While here the gunboats and monitors in the river, being at our right and rear, would fire over our heads at the rebel fort. We could hear the shells going through the air from the time the heavy guns would boom until they burst in the enemy's fortifications. The shells would wow, wow, wow, very much like the yelping of a dog. The boys would say that our navy were hurling cats and dogs at the rebs. I think we were at this place on the 22d of February, Washington's birthday. Anyhow whenever it was, the fleet in the river fired a national salute, and of all the cannonading I ever heard, that took the cake. For about a half or three-quarters of an hour, there was a continual roar of the heavy guns, and at first we thought the rebs had attacked our rear.

## XXVI

**FORT ANDERSON EVACUATED.—A COMRADE'S REMARK.—ASTONISHED REBS.—TOWN CREEK CAPTURED.—HAPPY DARKIES.—“GO ON, CHILLEN OB DE LORD.”—RICE PLANTATIONS.—A BURNING FACTORY.—HURRIED REBR.**

I do not remember how Fort Anderson was captured, but think that part of our command got around on the right and the rebs were compelled to evacuate. It also occurs to me that several guns, and a number of prisoners were captured here. We were soon ordered forward, and marched down that straight road right into the fort. Here we saw a large rebel garrison flag that the 140th Ind. had claimed they captured. I understand however, that all they did was just to haul the flag down from the high pole to which it was flying. This flag was like those described that I saw near Nashville, only it had a white field where our flag has the stripes. The southern cross occupied the same position that the stars do in our flag.

We marched on after the retreating rebs. Every once in awhile, where the timber was not so thick, we could see the fleet slowly ascending the river, keeping pace with the troops on the shore, and searching the river for torpedoes. The rebs next made a stand at Town creek. This was a narrow, but very deep stream, and on the opposite side the Johnnies were strongly fortified. On their side of the creek, reaching from their works to the river, was an almost impassable swamp, and it seemed like it would be impossible to flank them out of their position. We advanced to within a quarter of a mile of their works, and halted on a slight elevation and began building works. It didn't take long to build our works, for the sand was quite deep and very easily worked. We threw out a skirmish line which kept advancing toward their works by digging through the sand, and all the rebs could see would be the sand rolling up in front of our boys.

We were probably at this place three days. One day when Co. F.

was on the skirmish line, Samuel Merrill, a member of that company, was shot through the head, while taking refuge behind a stump. I shall never forget the remark of Wm. Lester, a member of our company, when he was told that Merrill was killed. "That's all right," he said. "That's what we enlisted for." Bill was an odd genius. Finally we were ordered to get ready to move. The skirmishers kept up a rapid firing, and it no doubt appeared to the rebs that we were going to make a charge. However, it was only a feint to keep their attention while a part of our division went around on the right flank. An old scow was found with which they crossed the creek, and wading through the swamp, which was waist deep at some places, they struck the rebels' works on their left, and soon they were in our possession. A large number of prisoners, guns and ammunition were captured here. It was a complete surprise to the rebs, for they had no idea we could flank them at this place.

Since writing this I have had a talk with Mr. George May, who was in the Confederate army, and was at the Town Creek fight. He says that my account is just about right. He states that they had no idea that we could flank them out of that position, and when they saw the yankees coming up out of that swamp, they were completely surprised. He fired his gun twice, and then the order was to get out of that, and he himself just did make the rifle, but his messmate was captured.

We could see our men as they crossed the creek on the old scow, and the rebs might have seen them too, if it had not been for the thick undergrowth in the swamp that intervened. This was the last fight our regiment took part in, but we made a forced march to get into one, which I will explain further on.

From Town Creek to Wilmington, we passed through two rice plantations. At the first one an old gray headed negro stood by the roadside, preaching and praising God as we passed along. "O, praise de Lord," he would say, "I'se been lookin' for ye for de las' forty years, an' now yo's cum. Bress de Lord." In answer to an inquiry as to where the rebels were, he answered: "O, da's right down dar to Crooked crick. Go on, yo'll soon git 'em." At the second plantation the darkeys were having a regular jubilee. They were shouting, singing, dancing, ringing bells and praising the Lord. On top of the barn a darkey sat astride the comb, ringing the big bell with all his might. This barn was a very large and fine one. Inside was machinery for threshing or hulling the rice, and a number of bins to keep it in. It also contained stocks in which the darkeys were put, when the master wished to punish them. The darkeys were very free to show us these things, and tell us how badly they had been treated. On the opposite side of the road from the planter's house, were the negro quarters. Here as we passed were assembled an excited group of women and children. They seemed to be beside themselves with joy. One middle aged woman, as black as a coal, was almost frantic in her demonstrations. She would gesticulate wildly, and motioning her arms in the direction the rebs had gone, she would shout, "Go on! Go on, chillen ob de Lord, go on!" This was genuine joy, and out of the fullness of her heart she blessed her liberators as they passed by. The sight of these people's happiness paid us for many a weary march, and sore privation.

These rice plantations were different from any farms I had ever seen. The fields were fixed so they could be flooded with water. It was my understanding that in order to raise a crop



of rice, water had to remain on the growing grain for some time.

As we approached Wilmington we saw in front a heavy smoke, and as we got nearer it became denser, and almost obscured the rays of the sun. It proved to be a large turpentine factory on fire, and was situated opposite Wilmington on the bank of the river, near where we had to cross. It had been set on fire by the rebels themselves. I suppose they wanted to save it the trouble. However, I have no idea it would have been burned, if they had not done it. If I remember rightly the river at this place must have been nearly a half a mile wide, and we were taken across by means of a flat ferry boat, which was guyed to a rope that was stretched from bank to bank. The river was deep enough here to permit the largest vessels to anchor in its channel. Mr. May says that he remembers well the burning factory, and that they also crossed on the flat ferry boat, and when I asked him why they did not destroy the ferry, he said the yankees were hurrying them up too lively.

## XXVII

WILMINGTON.—DESERTED.—GOING THROUGH THE STORE-ROOMS.—UNION PRISONERS.—TAILORING.—SAND, SAND, SAND!—A GRATEFUL MAN.—CONFEDERATE MONEY.—EARLY RISING.—A MORNING BATH.

We found the town of Wilmington almost deserted. The business houses were nearly all closed, and the goods taken away. The boys would go through the buildings that had been deserted, but nothing could be captured that was of much benefit. I remember getting a few small files that had been

left in a silversmith's store. These files were of value to me, as I made a great many rings out of Gutta Percha buttons. I have sold rings to the comrades as high as three dollars each. One in particular I remember, that had a silver vine running clear around it, I sold to Wesley Edwards for \$3. Going through these rooms and appropriating what we could find, does not look just right at this distant day, but then "everything is fair in love or war," and besides if the citizens had staid at home and minded their business, they would not have been molested. The files I got I have in my possession yet. A great many of our men who had been prisoners came to Wilmington while we were there. It was our understanding that they had been confined at Saulsbury, but the near approach of our men, probably some of Sherman's cavalry, scared the rebels and the prisoners were turned loose. They were an awful looking set. Never in my life did I see such a wretched looking body of men. It would simply be impossible to describe their looks. Poor, cadaverous, almost naked, starved, and covered with filth and vermin, dejected looking beings. In fact they were nothing but living skeletons. Many of them were made half idiotic by their sufferings. How in the world could men be so inhuman as to treat their fellow beings in such a manner? It seems to me that Satan himself must have blushed, when he beheld their dastardly conduct. A number died after they had been put in comfortable quarters at Wilmington.

I with several others, was detailed to sew, in order that they might have clothing. A squad of three or four of us occupied a room in a small house. We had a tailor that did the cutting, and showed us how to run the seams, and here we worked for several days, making garments out of any kind of

goods that could be found, which was mostly cottonades. I must say right here that Wilmington was a very sandy place. In fact we had been living on sand ever since we landed at Fort Fisher. It was almost impossible to keep it out of our grub, and the amount of grit we eat must have been astounding. But at this place it seemed worse than ever, and when the wind would blow it would fly like dust, penetrating every crack and crevice in the house, and lodging in your hair, eyes, nose and mouth. Everywhere was sand, sand, sand. I got awful tired of it. While we were at work in the house, not having any chairs to sit in, we occupied the floor. One morning we swept the room, and went out in town to take a stroll until our tailor would arrive. When we returned we found that a colored girl who was working on the premises had sprinkled sand all over the floor. Well, it didn't make us much mad, but we just hunted that gal up quick. "See here! What did you spread sand in that room for?" "Why, Massa, dat's de way we fixum room, hyar." "Now see here, don't you put any more sand in that room, do you understand?" She said she did.

One evening I was told that there were a couple of Lieutenants at the prisoners' quarters who had not yet been supplied with clothing. I went out and hunted them up and brought them to our room, and we fitted them out as best we could. We apologized that we had not better clothing to offer them, and one of them replied: "O, these will do. Anything will do me. O, is it possible that I am a free man again? Can it be that I have got out of that hell-hole, or is it only a pleasant dream, from which I will awake to all the horrible realities?" We assured him that he was free, and among friends. "O this is grand, this is Heaven." I returned with them

to their quarters, and he kept talking in this manner all the way. He could hardly realize that he was free. I never saw a man so overjoyed, and well he might be, for never before in the annals of civilization, was such barbarous treatment meted out to human beings. And it is a blot that will forever remain on the escutcheon of the sunny south, and as civilization advances, and men become more and more humane, the blot will get blacker and blacker.

Confederate money was very plenty here. Some one gave me a number of bills of fifty and one hundred dollar denominations. I saw a man who had an immense amount. He said he was going to hold on to it, for it might be worth something some day. I told him I hardly thought it would; but he said he would wait and see, and I suppose he is still waiting.

When we left Wilmington, we took a northerly direction. I do not remember much about the march until we got within twenty or thirty miles of Kingston. About two o'clock one cold, frosty morning, the bugle call to "strike tents," rang out on the crisp air. Immediately the orderly came around, and striking on the tents cried out, "get up men, and pack up. Get up quick." We bounced up, and scarcely had time to pack up our traps when the bugler sounded the "assembly." We quickly fell in on ranks, and started on as fast as we could travel. I did not know at the time what was the cause of all this hurry, but heard afterwards that Gen. Cox, our division commander, with a part of our division, was engaged with a superior number of the enemy, at or near Kingston, and that the rebels were about to get the better of him. Well, when we had marched about three hundred yards, we struck a narrow but deep stream, which was spanned by a foot bridge. The head of the col-



umn commenced crossing on this bridge, but seeing that it was going to take too long for the army to cross single file, some of the officers ordered it torn down, which was soon accomplished, and then the men were compelled to wade the stream. Here was a go. To be called up out of a warm nest, at two o'clock in the morning, and made to wade an ice cold stream that reached to the arm pits of the tallest men.

## XXVII

A YANKEE "COOKED."—I RACK OET.  
—SWEET POTATOES.—FRIENDLY TREU  
A DANGEROUS PLACE.—HALF-BURIED  
SOLDIERS.—SOME REMARKS.—PEANUTS.  
A CHICKEN.—A MEAN TRICK.

Many hesitated when they came to the water's edge. The officers would urge them on. Sometimes appealing and sometimes cursing. Col. Morrison sat on his horse appealing to our regiment: "O, 63d., our beloved Gen. Cox is in danger, for God's sake push across the stream." I think it was our brigade commander, Gen. Henderson, who sat on his horse in the middle of the stream doing his best to get the men to cross. A long, lean fellow stood at the water's edge and hesitated to make the plunge. Listening awhile to the General's entreaties and commands, he broke out in a loud voice with this remark, "d— n it, get into the water yourself!" No sooner was it said than the General jumped from his horse in the deepest part of the stream and waded to the opposite shore. This action of our General cooked our lean friend, and he meekly waded in.

I went down to the edge of the water and seeing it would strike me

about the chin, and probably the eyes, I backed out. I was afraid I couldn't make it, and I did not want to be drowned, especially that early in the morning, and in such cold water. I was not the only one that backed out, either. Several short fellows did the same and some that were not so short.

We waited till day break, then jumped over the fence and started up stream to see if we could find a place to cross. Just as we got over the fence we discovered two or three hills or holes, and on digging into them, found they contained sweet potatoes. Of course we had to stop long enough to fill our haversacks with these. About a quarter of a mile up the river, we saw a tree that had been felled across the stream. On this we crossed, and then found ourselves at the edge of a large swamp, which contained water that at some places was about waist deep. We managed to cross this by stepping on roots and old logs, brush, etc., and then struck out as fast as we could to overtake the command, which we did sometime in the afternoon. They were halted in a field beside the road, and I think not very far from Klings-ton. They did not arrive in time to take part in the battle, and if I ever heard the particulars of the fight, I have forgotten them now. However, there was a very severe battle fought at this place, for when we started on again, we passed over the battle field. One part of the field was covered with a dense thicket, and this thicket had been mowed down by minnie balls, leaving scarcely a bush standing. Many of the bushes, or small trees, had been ten or twelve feet high, and were about the size of a man's wrist, and they were all cut off about breast high. It seemed like it would have been impossible for men to live in such a place. As we passed along we saw a number of graves where the dead had been buried. The bodies





had just merely been covered with dirt, for at one place a man's hand was sticking out. Some of the boys would make remarks about it as they went by. "He wants to get out," some one said. "He wants to shake hands, he's glad to see you," cried another. "Give him a lift, he's tired of that," said a third. And so on. It made me feel bad to hear them, for I never had the least desire to joke about so serious a matter. It only shows, however, how hardened men may become.

From Kingston we started on to Goldsboro'. Somewhere on the march from Wilmington to Goldsboro', just before we went into camp one evening, we passed a barn, inside of which were several barrels of shelled peanuts. By shelled peanuts, I mean just the kernels, the shells being taken off. I do not know how this was done, but probably by machinery. I know this much, however, that I just got all my haversack and pockets would hold. Now maybe they weren't good, when we roasted them in the frying pan. O, my! We could eat them by the handfuls, there being no shells to remove. The natives of North Carolina called peanuts ground peas. We arrived at Goldsboro' one day about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. That day Andy Harbaugh, one of my mess, had succeeded in capturing a chicken. Three of us messed together then. Johnny Thornburgh was the other one, and I must say that he was the biggest eater I most ever saw. He was always crunching at his crackers, and as a consequence would always be out about a day before it was time to draw again, and then we would have to share with him. But Johnny was a brave, clever, whole souled, jolly fellow, and we all liked him. Well, as soon as we went into camp that evening, we put our chicken over to cook, and when it was done, and were about to sit down to supper, the orderly

came and detailed me to go and guard at Brigade Headquarters. I tried to get him to let me eat supper first, but no, I must go right away. The boys said they would save me a chicken, so I went and stood my two hours. When I returned there was just one little wing of that chicken left. I pitched into Andy about it, and he said "that Johnny had eaten my part." He said "that he told him to save me some, but he kept on eating and eating until it was a'lgone." Well, now, maybe I wasn't mad. To think that the pig had no more regard for a comrade who was also terribly hungry, and who had many times shared his rations with him, was a little too much, and I think after that I messed with some one else.

## XXI X

SHERMAN'S ARMY.—SHERMAN'S BUMMERS.—THE GENERAL HIMSELF.—FIRING EXTRAORDINARY.—THE FALL OF RICHMOND.—ON TO RALBIGH.—LEE'S SURRENDER.

We were at Goldsboro' a few days when the advance of Sherman's army arrived from their famous march through Georgia to the sea, and back through the contemptible little state of South Carolina, the hot bed of secession.

I think it must have been a week before all of his army had arrived. We had parted company with them in Georgia, and now we had met again in North Carolina. The bummers brought up the rear. "Sherman's Bummers" were famous foragers during his great march. It was a sight to see them. It is no use to try to describe them. We stood by the road-

side as they passed by. It seemed to me that the whole 23d corps were out watching them. Some of the bummers were mounted on mules, some on horses, some on cattle, and some were afoot. Some had carts and wagons with mules and oxen hitched to them, and all were loaded with provisions of every description. Saw an old carriage to which was hitched a mule and a cow. The carriage was an old fashioned close carriage or coach rather and at one time had been a fine one. It was filled with forage and several chickens were tied on behind. Some of the outfits were very comical, and we would just roar with laughter as they passed by. They all seemed to be good natured, and would take our sallies and remarks in good part, and often would join in and make as much fun as possible. The procession looked more like a burlesque parade, gotten up for a celebration of some sort, rather than anything else. General Sherman had his headquarters in a large building, not very far from our camp. One bright moonlight evening I took a stroll in that direction, to see if I could get a glimpse of the General. I was rewarded for my pains, for I saw him standing on the veranda in front of the building, midst a group of other officers. If my memory serves me right he was the tallest man in the group. While I was standing looking at the great general, a man took position in front of the building, and commenced playing on a fife. That was the sweetest music on the fife that I ever heard, either before that time or since. The way he manipulated that little instrument was wonderful. The twitters and trills, and warbles, and soft, tender strains, as they were wafted out on the still night air was simply entrancing. I stood and listened, and listened, and when he struck a peculiarly sweet and affecting strain, I felt like exclaiming as did "Jud Brownin"

when he listened to the great Rubenstein's playing on the "pianner." "Go it, my Rubel!" O, it was splendid.

While at Goldsboro we threw up a strong line of works. Tom Avers says that one end of our regiment's works butted up against an insane asylum, and we could see the inmates at the windows every day, but this has entirely slipped my memory.

One day while strolling through the camps, I saw some chaps making silver rings. Having a silver quarter in my possession, I gave them a dollar to make me a ring out of it, and that ring I wore for eighteen years afterwards. It finally got broken, and I was compelled to throw it aside.

While at this place, the cheering news came that Richmond had fallen. That was a joyous time, for we were then almost certain that the war would soon end, and we would be permitted to go home again. The joyful news was celebrated that night by a grand display of fire works. I did not know there was anything of the kind to be done. Shortly after dark a rocket shot up from Sherman's headquarters, and immediately in every direction hundreds of rockets were hissing and flashing through the air. This was kept up for probably an hour or more. It was a splendid sight.

One evening while we were on dress parade, the Adjutant stepped out in our front and commanded "attention to General Orders." He then read an order from Gen. Grant telling of the Fall of Richmond, and that he tho't Lee would soon be compelled to surrender, and urging us on after Johnston, and we would soon end the war. We all cheered heartily, after he had finished reading, and then were marched to our quarters. It was probably the next morning that we started to Raleigh, a distance of forty or fifty miles. This was in April along about the 7th or 8th, and maybe the 9th,



anyhow it was on this march that we heard of Lee's surrender. One day, I think it was in the afternoon, our command had halted to rest, and we had moved out in a field by the road side and stacked arms. While lying there resting, we heard cheering away on toward the head of the column. At first it was very faint, being so far away, but it gradually came nearer, and more distinct. It would roll up, then die away, then roll up again, and again grow weaker, very much like the waves of the sea as they dashed against the shore, but unlike the waves it got louder and louder as it neared the place where we were expectantly waiting.

### XXX

THE SOLITARY HORSEMAN.—A HAPPY TIME, A JOYOUS TIME, A THRILLING TIME.—“WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN.”—JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.—NEWS OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.—“MY GOD! IT IS SO!”—INTENSE SORROW.

What could it be? Some good news we were certain. Some of us thought in our minds what it was, but we were afraid to tell it, lest we might be mistaken. On, on the cheering came, each moment growing louder. Presently in the distance we could see hats and caps flying up in the air, and soon a solitary horseman appeared in view, coming at a terrific rate. His hat was gone, his face wore an expression of intense excitement, and at every jump he lashed his flying steed, which was already white with froth. “Lee has surrendered!” “Lee has surrendered!” he cried, and on he dashed to tell the

joyful news to the waiting thousands. O, then there was a time. How shall I describe it? It seemed to me that the men were wild. They laughed, they cried, they shouted, they cheered, they sang, they shook hands, they danced, they hugged one another, and in every manner possible they gave expression to their wild joy. Some men climbed a tree near by, and stuck their flag out at the top. Others went to the woods a short distance off and cut long poles, brought them back, tied their flags to them, and hoisted them in the fields. Three or four of our regiment went to Col. Morri-son, who was sitting on his horse, took him off, and carried him around on their shoulders. But why attempt to describe the scene. It would take a much more able pen than mine to accurately portray the events of that joyous occasion. O, what a thrilling scene it was! To this day when my mind reverts back to the happy time, I am thrilled through and through, and I live over again the exciting scene. We were soon ordered on again, and it seemed to me like I was walking on air. It was no trouble to march. Every once in a while the boys would break out in cheers, for well they knew that the terrible war was virtually over, and it was only a question of a few days until Joe Johnston would be compelled to surrender, and then we would get to come home. The band struck up “When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again,” and we all felt like joining in the chorus. O, yes, we would soon be coming home again.

“We are coming home again from the old camp ground.”

And the scenes of war and strife.

We are coming home again to the friends we love.

And the joys of a peaceful life.

We have long been parted from our dear kind friends.

And the joys of a peaceful home:

We have long been camping in the stranger's land.

And wishing for the end to come.

Our old flag's coming, our brave old flag;

On many a battle field.

It was torn and tattered by the shot and shell.

But never would the old flag yield.

We are coming home again, but we are not all coming.

For many have passed away;

We have laid them to rest near the battle fields.

And they quietly sleep there to-day.”

We must have been about twenty miles from Raleigh when we heard the news of Lee's surrender, for I think we went into camp that evening about twelve miles from the city. The next day in the afternoon we went into camp at the edge of the town, and here heard that Sherman was already negotiating with Johnston, somewhere between Raleigh and Greensboro', for the surrender of his (Johnston's) army. News came that Sherman's terms were not satisfactory to Grant and the President. And the next morning we were ordered forward. The order was soon countermanded, however, and we returned to camp, Johnston having accepted the terms of Grant, and surrendered his entire army. That evening we marched through the city, and went into camp on the opposite side. It was understood that we would soon have a grand jubilee, and we were looking forward to the time with considerable interest. The next day was the 15th of April. It was a gloomy day. A stillness pervaded in camp which seemed to forebode some awful calamity. In the evening a terrible rumor was put in circulation. Abraham Lincoln, our beloved president, our good, kind hearted president, our own grand president, whom we all loved better than our lives. He, who did not harbor an evil thought against any one. He whose motto was, “mal-

ice toward none, and love toward all.” He who had all his life been noted for his deeds of kindness. He who had issued the emancipation proclamation that tore the shackles from four millions of slaves. Yes, he! He had been SHOT AND KILLED, and by the hand of a cowardly assassin.

We could not believe it. It was only a “grapevine.” It was a lie. We could not, we would not believe it. It was not so. It was impossible that such a thing could be true. No man living could be so base, so ignoble, so lost to all human feelings, so degraded, such a devil incarnate, as to take the life of that glorious man.

There were two daily papers published at Raleigh, one was “The Standard,” which had always been a union paper, and had been torn out several times during the war on account of its union sentiments. I forget the name of the other. Next morning these papers were brought to camp. I was standing near our Lieutenant when the boy came along with them, and as he reached them towards us that we might buy, we saw that they were dressed in mourning. “My God,” our Lieutenant exclaimed, “My God! it is so!” O, what a terrible time that was! Such a feeling of intense sorrow came over me, that I knew not what to do. I could turn nowhere for consolation. There was absolutely none. This feeling was quickly followed by a terrible desire for revenge. I could see that every one was affected in the same manner. The men were mad! terribly mad! Their faces wore the awful aspect of hatred and vengeance. It was well that the war was over, for had there been any more fighting, we would have shown no quarter. The mutterings, the cursings, the threatenings, the imprecations of the men were fearful. Contrast the scene to that through which we had just passed only a few days before. Then it



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was all joy, now it was all misery. O, it was cruel, it was indeed.

### XXXI

OVER A VOLCANO.—G. WASHINGTON'S STATUE.—SWEARING BY NOTE.—GUARDING A DISTILLERY.—HIGH TIMES WITH THE GIRLS.—A BLACK BORDERED LETTER.—SAD NEWS.—THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Immediately a strong guard was placed around the camp, and no one was allowed to pass out, unless he had a permit from the Colonel of his regiment. And that night guards were placed, I understand, at nearly every house in the city. It was well that these precautions were taken, for had they not been, there is no doubt that the city of Raleigh would have been burned to the ground. It certainly slumbered that night on the crater of a volcano, and if it had not been for the prompt action of our commanding officers, there would have been an eruption, and it would have been a terrible one. But I must leave this sad scene. To dwell on it causes bitter feelings to arise, and we are told we must forgive and forget. Yes, we have forgiven, but to forget, is impossible.

I do not remember how long we staid at Raleigh, but probably about three weeks. The city in some respects was a pretty place, in others it was not. In the state house yard was a statue of George Washington. When I saw it, I wondered why the rebels had left it standing. As they had tried so hard to break up the government that Washington had established, it seemed to me that it would be a continual rebuke to them.

From Raleigh we were sent on the

cars to Greensboro'. Passed through a small town along the route, called High Point. We had heard a good deal about this place, for we had a man in our company that had lived there. Steven Osborn was his name. He was nick-named High Point, and he was a case. I think he could beat any man swearing I ever heard. If there was any such thing as swearing by note, he could certainly do it. He would curse everything, everybody and every place; and when he would get started, which was quite often, it seemed like it was very hard for him to find a convenient place to let up. The oaths would crowd and jostle each other in their endeavor to blast the object of Steven's wrath. Talk about the air being blue, why it contained all the colors of the rainbow. Some of the boys would torment him just to hear him swear, and he was never known to disappoint them.

Arriving at Greensboro' we went into camp northwest of the town, and here we remained until sometime in June. While there I was detailed to guard a small distillery, about a mile and a half or two miles from camp. I did not like the idea of guarding a distillery, but that made no difference. In addition to guarding the distillery, I also had to guard the man's house and farm. My duties, however, proved to be very light. The owner's name was Rankin, and in addition to his distillery and farm, he also owned two or three big girls. These girls were kind-hearted, although intensely rebel. They would sing "Dixie" and "The Bonny Blue Flag," while I would sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Red, White and Blue." We had lively times, don't you forget it. They also professed to be very independent, and showed me some linen goods that they had woven. Some of it was very nice, indeed. They also told me about the prices of articles during confederate

times. One thing in particular I remember, and that was that they had to pay \$15 for a box of blacking. Other things were in proportion. They stated that they would take their money to the store in a basket, and bring the goods home in their hands. I probably stayed at the Rankin place a week or two, and then was relieved, and went back to camp.

One day I received a letter with a black border. "I hope it contains no bad news," the Orderly said, as he handed it to me. I took the letter with a dreadful foreboding at my heart, and hastened to my tent. I looked at it a long time, saw where it was from, and dreaded to break the seal. I wanted very much to know the nature of its contents, but feared to make the disclosure. Finally, with a desperate effort, I tore the letter open, and then learned of the death of my brother. As I stated before, he had been killed in the terrible battle on the 22d of July in front of Atlanta. O, what anguish rent my soul! My brother, my dear brother, had been compelled to sacrifice his young life in this awful rebellion. Cheerfully had he entered his country's service, and valiantly had he fought to maintain its honor. Always at his post; willing to do his duty. Ready at any call, anxious to do his part. But this was not enough. This did not satisfy the fierce demon of war. More was wanted. His life, his precious life, was demanded, and he sank at his post, pierced through the brain by a traitor's bullet. Oh! who can reckon the cost of this terrible war? Who can count the tear drops? Who can sum up the bloodshed, the anguish, the moans, the wails? Who can fathom the woe, the suffering, the distress, the terrors, the heart rendings?

Who can compute the wasted treasure? Who can tell of the devastation? Who can estimate the anxiety, the

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bitterness, of this "Grim visaged war?" No one. No living mortal. God only knows. He who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." He knows.

### XXXII

JOHNSTON'S ARTILLERY. A REVOLUTIONARY BATTLEFIELD.—A MUSS IN CAMP.—HOME IS ALL THE TALK.—RECRUITS TO BE TRANSFERRED.—GEE WHIZ!—SOME SCOTCHING.

Near the depot at Greensboro', was parked the artillery that Johnston had surrendered. There must have been four or five acres covered with it. Field guns of every description. It had been gathered up and put there by our troops, for at the surrender, the rebels just left the pieces where they happened to be, not even taking time in several instances to unhitch the horses, but just simply cut the traces, and struck out for home with the animals.

Our camp was probably two miles from town and was said to be on one of Gen. Washington's battle fields, and one of the trenches which was still plainly visible, ran right through the camp. A number of old bullets were gathered up by the boys. Tom Ayres has several, and he also has a cane which he cut from a tree, to which it is said Gen. Washington hitched his horse. Not far from camp was an old building where some of the wounded had been placed during the fight. One man who had been wounded in the foot, had left a bloody track on the floor. The plank containing this track had been taken up and nailed to the ceiling overhead. The bloody track was still visible. Several of the



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boys went to see it, but I didn't.

While here we had to drill every day, and put on a "heap o' style." Of course that didn't suit us. We couldn't see the use as the war was now over, but it was no doubt done to give us exercise. Here our Lieutenant, D. T. Aughe, received his commission as Captain, and our Orderly Sergeant was promoted to First Lieutenant.

One day George Hawn, a member of our company, went to the spring to get some water. A big, burly Irishman, belonging to a Massachusetts regiment, that was camped next to ours, in a gruff manner ordered George to give him a drink. George was not feeling very well at the time, and he politely invited the Irishman to go to h—l. The b. b. I. then got on his ear, and proposed to eat George up. right then and there. George finally persuaded him not to, and returned to camp, where he gave a graphic description of the outrage. Several of Co. K's best fellers returned with George to the Spring. In the meantime the b. b. I. had also gathered a squad, and was there in waiting. With out many words they went to business and before long nearly every man in each regiment was engaged in a regular pitch battle, in which rocks, bones, and other hard missiles played a prominent part. The officers finally succeeded in quelling the disturbance, and order was restored. A guard was then placed between the regiments, and each one after that had to shinny on his own ground.

The burden of the talk in camp was about going home. When were we going to be sent home? The war was now over, and what did they want to keep us there any longer for? These questions were asked every day, but no one could answer them; and as day after day, and week after week passed by, we became very anxious and impatient. Our whole thought and de-

sire was to get home. This desire had complete possession of us, we cared for nothing else, we wanted nothing else. Home, home. With what delight did we dwell upon the word, and with what rapture did we picture the meeting with friends and loved ones.

About the middle of June it became apparent that we would shortly leave, and one evening the order was read that the next morning the regiment would start for home; but what else did that order contain? *The Recruits would be transferred to the 128th Ind.* Gee whiz! I was a recruit. O, my goodness! After all, wasn't I to be allowed to go home with the regiment? Must I still stay longer in this miserable country? It was too bad. It was mean, it was outrageous. O, but I was mad, I was awful mad. I just scotched around there. I was unable to find language to express my dire disgust. What in the world did they want to keep us few recruits there longer for? What did they want with us? What could we do? Did not the 128th have enough men in it? The war was over, why not let us go home and be mustered out with the regiment? What had we done to be treated thus? Were we not good soldiers? Did we not do our duty? Had we not enlisted for three years or during the war, and was not the war over? After all our intense longing for home, and our positive belief that we would soon be there, and then to be so dreadfully disappointed when we thought we were on the eve of departure, was too much, and we cannot be blamed for having a little. Some one tried to console me. "In all probability you will not have to stay long," he said. "All right," I replied, "I'll grin and bear it, but it is unjust all the same." That night was the last I ever spent with the 63d Ind.

### XXXIII

FAREWELL OLD 63D.—NO JOKING, PLEASE.—128TH IND.—A REBEL PRISON.—BITTER PILLS.—HD. QR. LIT. SOCIETY.—A LETTER FROM GEN. SHERMAN.—GOLLY! I'M A POET.—GOOD BY DIXIE.—A SURPRISE.—"THE EEND."

The next morning the Brigade Band all united together and blew the call to strike tents. Cheer after cheer went up from the happy boys, but I did not feel like joining in with them. I was glad, however, that they at least were going home. Pretty soon the recruits were ordered to fall in. We bade an affectionate adieu to our brave comrades, and mechanically obeyed the order. We were marched away toward the depot, and that was the last time I saw the gallant 63d. I felt like I was being taken to prison. It was a beautiful day. The birds were singing gaily in the tree tops and all nature seemed happy. We alone were miserable. One thought seemed to pervade our minds. "How much longer would we have to stay?" Some of the boys would try to joke along the way, but I don't think I ever saw such complete failures. We were in no mood for joking.

From Greensboro' we were sent to Charlotte, where the 128th was stationed. Arriving at the regiment we were permitted to choose which company we wished to belong to. Three of us from Co. I, chose to go together in Co. H, Captain John T. Powell commanding. We were treated nicely by the officers and men, and from this time forward, I, at least, had an easy time. I was in camp probably a week or two, when I was detailed as clerk at division headquarters, at which place I remained until the reg-

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iment was sent to Sausberry. At Sausberry I received a detail as clerk at the Provost Marshal's office. This was the town where a great many union prisoners had been kept, or starved rather. The building had been burned and the stockade had been torn away. I went over the grounds, and saw the long trenches where our poor boys had been buried. They were not graves, they were merely long trenches, into which the ghastly corpses had been thrown, and covered with a foot or two of dirt. I made a pencil sketch of the ruined building, which I still have.

Some of the duties of the Provost Marshal was to administer the oath of allegiance to ex-rebels, and nip in the bud all disloyal acts. I have often seen him stop a rebel in the streets, make him haul off his coat and cut the Confederate buttons off. They were allowed to wear the rebel gray, but they must have some other kind of buttons.

Sometimes women who were destitute, would come to get rations of the government. Before rations were issued to them, they were required to take the oath. It was a bitter pill for some of them, but they had to take it. The order was, "no oath, no rations."

Early in the fall the regiment was sent to Greensboro', and I was in the Provost's Marshal's office awhile there. We remained here until the latter part of November, when we returned to Sausberry. While at Greensboro' we got a great many persimmons. They weren't green, either. When they fell from the trees after a frost, they were too delicious for anything.

We had been at Sausbury but a short time, when I received a detail as clerk, at Department Headquarters at Raleigh, and immediately started for that place. I bunked the first night with a young man by the name of W. O. Blake, who belonged to a Michigan regiment, and the friendship we there



formed has lasted until this day, for we still keep up our correspondence. I remained at Dept. Hd Qrs. until the regiment was mustered out, receiving forty cents a day extra pay, and having a good time generally. While there we organized a Literary Society among the clerks and orderlies of the office, and had a splendid time. We would elect our friends at a distance, Honorary Members of the Society, and would send them nicely printed certificates of the same. After I had left, those remaining sent one to Gen. Sherman, and he graciously acknowledged the favor. The following is his letter, verbatim:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION  
OF THE MISSISSIPPI ST. LOUIS,  
Mo., April 25, 1866

John E. Clayton, Orestus Blake and  
others, Raleigh, N. C.:

Sirs:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of April 1<sup>st</sup>, enclosing a certificate as Honorary Member of the Headquarters Literary Society, which I accept with thanks. Apart from the kindly expression of your letter, I am much pleased to see that you have now both the time and the inclination to cultivate a taste for social and literary exercises so appropriate to your present situation. Having done as much as soldiers of the 23d Corps to vindicate the honor of our country in war, you reflect equal honor now that peace reigns supreme, by turning your thoughts and energies into those channels that are soon to lead you to future excellence and usefulness.

I shall ever bear in remembrance the 23d corps which took so prominent part in those events with which my own name is associated, and shall always be glad to hear of your pleasure and prosperity.

Truly your friend,  
W. T. SHERMAN,  
Maj. Gen'l,

The boys were very much elated on receiving such a kind letter from the General, and a copy was ordered to be given to each member, and in due time I received mine.

We also published a paper called "The Knapsack," which had for its motto, "Knowledge is power," and each number professed to contain "seven day's rations of wisdom." Whew! but wasn't we some?

I fell into a "poecal" mood one day and dashed off the following effusion, and when I read it to the Society, I thought they were going to dash me out at the window. But after I had promised them faithfully that I would never, never do such a thing again, and called on the whole world and part of Canada to witness my vow they concluded to let me go. Here is the "poetry," please don't read it.

#### THE BOY IN THE APPLE TREE.

As an old man was walking along one day,  
He glanced at an apple tree that stood by the way.

Whose limbs and branches were spreading  
And among those branches a boy he espied.

The boy seemed contented, not afraid of a catch  
For he did not even take the pains to watch.

And before he was aware there was any one near,  
The old man beneath like a ghost did appear.

"Come down from my tree," the old man said.  
But the youngster merely shook his head.

And remarked, "If you please, old man,  
I feel very well, so I'll eat 'n where I am."

"You will not come down?" the old man said.

Then sadly and sorrowfully shook his head,  
"Well I declare, upon my word,  
Such impudence as that, I never heard."

"I must see if something else can be done.  
For I should not let the rascal back me down."

So seizing a tuft of grass which lay under the tree,

He threw it at the boy, who laughed with glee.

"Ha! ha! ha! old man," said he, "in that way  
You can't get me down if you were to throw  
all day."

"In talking and throwing grass, you have  
failed in this."  
Now you'd better pass on, and I'll come  
down when I please."

"Well," said the old man, "if words and  
grass will not do,

A thorough course of stones I will put you  
through."

So taking his hat and filling it with the same,  
Said he, "Mr. Sauce-box, you shall come  
down when I please."

Then the old man pelted him heartily with  
stones.

And forty rods off could be heard the boy's  
groan.

The stones hurt him severely, and finally  
said he:

"Please Mister stop throwing, and I'll come  
down from the tree."

So the old man did stop, and the youngster  
came down.

And meekly before him he knelt on the  
ground.

And begged his pardon o'er and o'er,  
Which was granted, with the advice to do so  
no more.

#### MORAL.

Gentlemen, it is right to use "Moral  
Suasion."

But when that fails, we must then try "Co-  
ercion."

Of this each one must see the propriety,  
And I believe it was so decided in our So-  
ciety.

The clerks and orderlies were all  
jolly fellows, and we had high old  
times, and don't you forget it. Such  
soldiering as that was good enough for  
anybody, and to day the recollections  
of those times are pleasant, indeed.

Thus the winter passed, and when  
spring came it brought with it an or-  
der for the 128th Ind. Inf'y to be  
mustered out, and on the 10th day of  
April, 1866, I received my discharge  
from the United States Volunteer Ar-  
my. Those of us who were at Head-  
quarters, by a little maneuvering on  
our part, were favored with separate

transportation, so we had first-class  
passage home. At Indianapolis we  
were paid off, and here I met my brother  
and went with him home. I must  
tell a little incident that happened at  
Indianapolis, and then I am done. Im-  
mediately on jumping from the train,  
I saw a young man crossing the street  
whom I was certain I knew. I never  
was so positive of anything in my life.  
I would have staked my all on the is-  
sue. No amount of argument could  
have made me believe otherwise.  
Thinking to surprise him, I ran up  
behind him, and taking hold both his  
arms, turned him around suddenly so  
that we faced each other. Well, it  
was a surprise. A complete surprise.  
A most ridiculously successful sur-  
prise. The surprisingest confounded  
surprise, that I ever saw surprised.  
It was hard to tell which was the most  
surprised, he or I, for it wasn't the  
"feller." I stammered an apology, he  
said it was all right, and then I left.

[THE END.]



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