

HIGHT'S HISTORY

58TH

INDIANA REGIMENT

STORMONT

Presented to me by
Walter H. ...

at the ...
on a ...
June 1916

W. H. ...

Walter H.

Chester St

100 York St

H

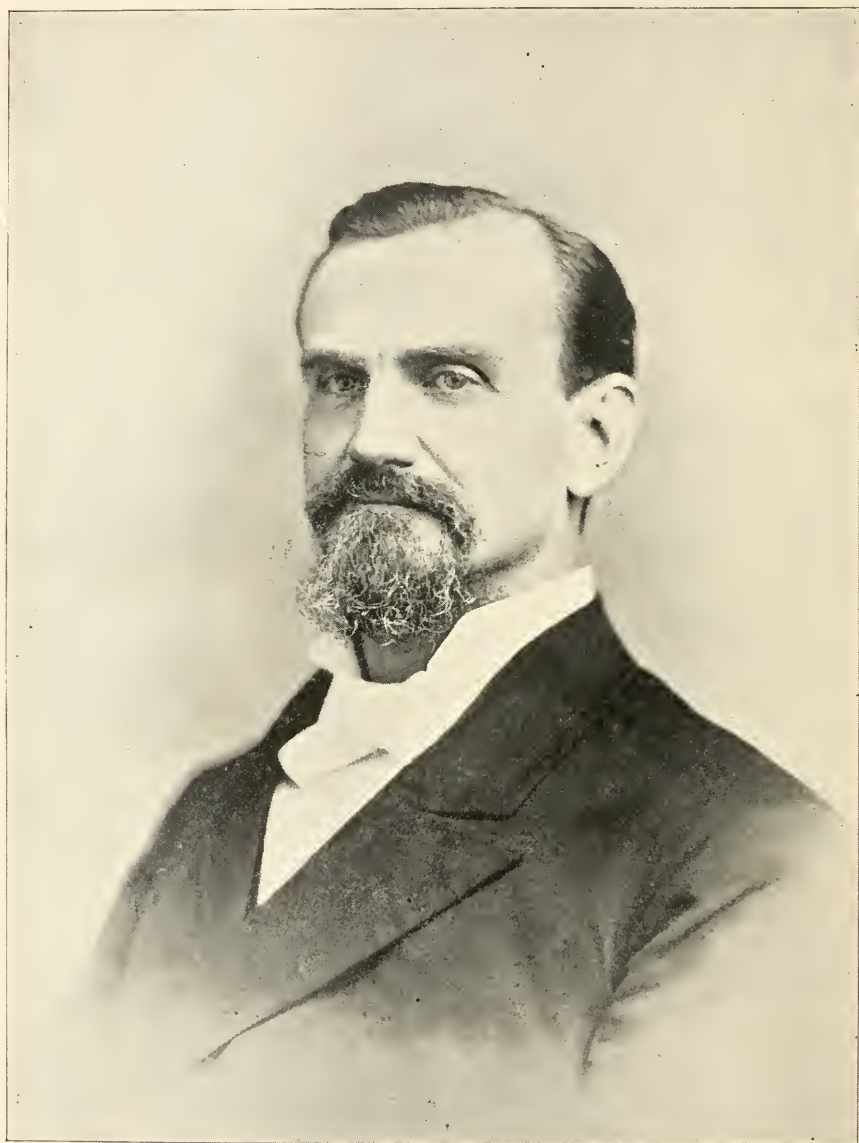
1066





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant



John J. Hight.

HISTORY
OF THE
FIFTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT
OF
INDIANA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

ITS ORGANIZATION, CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES
FROM 1861 TO 1865.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT PREPARED BY THE LATE
CHAPLAIN JOHN J. HIGHT,
DURING HIS SERVICE WITH THE REGIMENT IN THE FIELD.

COMPILED BY HIS FRIEND AND COMRADE,
GILBERT R. STORMONT,
[FORMERLY CORPORAL CO. B]
PAST DEPARTMENT COMMANDER INDIANA G. A. R.—EDITOR PRINCETON
(IND.) CLARION.

ILLUSTRATED
WITH
MAPS OF CAMPAIGNS AND MARCHES, AND PORTRAITS OF A
NUMBER OF OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN
OF THE REGIMENT.

PRINCETON :
PRESS OF THE CLARION.
1895.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1895,
By GILBERT R. STORMONT,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TO THE COMRADES
OF THE
FIFTY-EIGHTH INDIANA REGIMENT,
LIVING AND DEAD, WHOSE STRENGTH OF PATRIOTISM AND
VALOR IN BATTLE HAS NEVER BEEN SURPASSED—
TO THE MEMORY OF HIM WHO SO FAITHFULLY
RECORDED AND SO CAREFULLY PRE-
SERVED THE EVENTS HERE NAR-
RATED, THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Preliminary Events of 1861—How the News of the Firing on Fort Sumter Aroused the Loyal People—Enthusiastic Response to the Call of Governor Morton—Companies and Regiments in Southern Indiana—The 58th Indiana Regiment in Camp Gibson	21
CHAPTER II.	
On the Way to the Front—First Experience in Camp—On the March to Bardstown—Brigade Organization—Flag Presentation—Through Kentucky—Tennessee—At Nashville	33
CHAPTER III.	
Personal Experiences—How a Local Methodist Preacher Became an Army Chaplain—Difficulties and Discouragements in Getting Started—Observations by the Way—Arrival at Nashville—At the Regimental Camp—A Cold and Cheerless Reception—An Unfavorable Impression of Camp Diet and Arrangements for Sleeping	42
CHAPTER IV.	
Forward Movement—On the Way to Savannah—Some of the Officers in Command—Baggage and Equipments—Through Franklin—Columbia—Some Fine Plantations—Grapevine News—Incidents of the March—Wearry and Sick Soldiers—Burial by the Wayside—Sound of Battle—Hurrying to the Front—Pittsburg Landing.....	48
CHAPTER V.	
On the Battlefield of Shiloh—First Impressions of Pittsburg Landing—Visible Effects of the Great Battle—Distress, Misery and Mud Everywhere—Rumors of a Renewal of the Engagement—Marching to the Front over the Battle Ground—Evidences of the Dreadful Carnage—Resting on Arms, Waiting for the Enemy—Review of the Two Days' Battle and the Events Preceding—Some Critical Comments on the Conduct of Commanding Officers.....	60
CHAPTER VI.	
Shiloh to Corinth—Camping Among the Dead—Uncomfortable Quarters—Moving Toward the Enemy, by Slow Degrees—General Halleck as a Commander—Corinth Evacuated—Halleck Outwitted by Beauregard	71

CHAPTER VII.

- From Corinth to McMinnville—Getting out of Malarial Swamps into a Healthful Country—Incidents of the March Through Alabama—Tuscumbia—Mooreville—Hot Roast at Huntsville—Forced March to Shelbyville—Enjoying Life at Decherd—Up the Cumberland Mountains and Back Again—Watching the Movements of Bragg—A Brush with Forest..... 75

CHAPTER VIII.

- Retreat from McMinnville to Louisville—Through Murfreesboro—Nashville—Bowling Green—Fight at Mumfordsville—Rapid Marching After Bragg—Arrival at Louisville—Tired, Ragged, Dusty and Discouraged..... 89

CHAPTER IX.

- Louisville to Nashville—Driving Bragg from Bardstown—Following him Through Springfield—Long and Dusty Marches—Water Scarce—Battle of Perryville—Dilatory Movements—Blundering—Bragg, with his Booty, Escapes—Turning Toward Nashville—An October Snowstorm—Columbia—Glasgow—Silver Springs—Looking after Morgan—Again at Nashville 98

CHAPTER X.

- Stone River Campaign—Preliminary Events—Official Changes—Moving on to Murfreesboro—Sharp Fighting at Lavergne—Driving the Rebels Across Stewart's Creek—Opening of the Stone River Battle—Panic on the Right—The 58th Holds the Key Point—Engagement on the Left—Incidents of the Several Days' Battle—Casualties. 108

CHAPTER XI.

- In Camp at Murfreesboro—Reorganization of the Army—Drill, Picket Duty and Foraging—Enjoying Camp Life—A Military Execution—Close Call for a 58th Deserter—Appeal of the Officers Prevails—Pardoned by the President—Plans for a Regimental Monument Perfected..... 128

CHAPTER XII.

- Advancing on Tullahoma—Marching Through Mud and Rain—Climbing the Mountain—Demonstration of Cannon County People—Tullahoma Evacuated—In Camp at Hillsboro—Killed by an Overzealous Guard—Excitement and Indignation in the 58th—Military Funerals—Religious Services in Camp—Celebrating the Fall of Vicksburg and Victory at Gettysburg—Numerous Events of Interest Detailed..... 146

CHAPTER XIII.

On to Chattanooga—Crossing Cumberland Mountains—Sequatchie Valley—A Fertile Spot—False Alarm—Fruitless Expedition—Bob White, the Union Spy—Crossing the Tennessee—Nickajack Cave—First View of Lookout Mountain—Reconnoissance—Chattanooga Evacuated—Wood's Division Occupies the Town.....	167
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

Chickamauga—Movements and Position of the Army—Crittenden's Corps Moves after Bragg—Stubborn Opposition—Discovery of Rebel Plans—Critical Condition of Rosecrans' Army—Concentration at Lee and Gordon's Mills—Opening of the Battle—Fifty-eighth in the Fight—Charging the Enemy—Noble Lives Sacrificed—A Night on the Battlefield—Changing Position—Battle of the 20th—Break in the Lines—Confusion and Disaster—The Rebels Checked—Rosecrans' Army Saved.....	175
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

Siege of Chattanooga—Falling Back from Rossville—Evidences of Demoralization—Preparations for Defence—Chattanooga will be Held—Reorganization—Getting in Position—Rebel Demonstrations from Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain—Short of Rations—A Battle at Night.....	197
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Battle of Missionary Ridge—Record of Events Preceding that Engagement—Hooker's Battle Above the Clouds—The Star Spangled Banner Waves over Lookout Mountain—Sherman's Success on the Left—Cheering Prospect for the Union Army—Army of the Cumberland Advances—Magnificent Pageant—Charging the Rebel Rifle Pits—Onward and Upward, Without Orders—Crest of the Ridge Gained—Bragg's Forces Routed—The Victory is Complete—Casualties of the Fifty-eighth.....	211
--	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

Knoxville Campaign—An Unpropitious Beginning of a Tour into East Tennessee—Condition of the Tourists—Incidents of the March—Siege of Knoxville Raised—Longstreet Still Hovers About—Marching Without Sense—A Foolish Panic—More Foolishness—Suffering from Cold and Hunger—The Veteran Question—Re-enlistment as a Regiment—Return to Chattanooga.....	228
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAGE

Chattanooga and Vicinity—Wonderful Changes that have Taken Place and are in Progress—A Strong Military Post—Preparations for Another Campaign—National Cemetery—A Visit to Lookout Mountain—Relics of the Recent Battle—The Re-enlistment Question Settled—The Regiment Finally gets Started Homeward—Incidents of the Journey.....	250
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Indianapolis to Chattanooga—Furlough Ended—Returning to the Front—Louisville to Nashville by Rail—"Hooing it" to Chattanooga—Incidents by the Way—Familiar Camping Places Revisited—Arrival at Chattanooga—Preparing for an Active Campaign—Drilling—Fatigue Duty—The Pontoon Service.....	267
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Beginning of the Atlanta Campaign—Chattanooga to Resaca—Incidents Preliminary to the Move—Breaking Stone—Organization of Regimental Christian Commission—Racket with Colored Troops—Small-pox—Pontoon Train Starts for the Front—Over Familiar Ground—Chickamauga Battlefield—Sound of Battle on the Left—Hurrying the pontoons to the front—Battle of Resaca—Fight at Lay's Ferry—Crossing the Oostanula—Resaca Abandoned by the Rebels—Sherman's Army in Full Pursuit.....	288
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

Progress of the Atlanta Campaign—From the Oostanula to the Chattahoochee—Crossing the Etowah—Johnson's Position at Allatoona Flanked—About Burnt Hickory—Skirmishing all Along the Line—Repairing Bridges—Pontoons at Etowah Station—Incidents of the Forward Movement—Ackworth—Pine Mountain—Kenesaw—Marietta—Fronting Rebel Rifle Pits Across Chattahoochee.....	301
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

Along the Chattahoochee—Moving up the River—Surprising the Enemy at Phillips' Ferry—Bridging the Stream at Several Points—Driving the Rebels Back—Some Severe Fighting—Night Expedition to Sandtown—Change of Rebel Commanders—Progress of the War, East and West—A Sick Chaplain—Leave of Absence.....	339
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

On Furlough—A Chapter Pertaining to Personal Matters—Delays and Discomforts of Travel by Rail—At Chattanooga—At Nashville—At Louisville—At Home—How the Time was Spent—What I Saw and Heard—How I Got Back to my Regiment.....	351
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

PAGE

An Expedition to Sandtown—Crossing Kilpatrick's Cavalry—A Raid to the Rear of Atlanta—Stirring up the Enemy—Following our Cavalry—A Critical Situation—Preparation for Defence—The Rebels do not Come—March to Jonesboro—Atlanta Evacuated—Campaign Ended—Back to Chattahoochee—Our Regimental Camp—Other Matters of Importance.....	362
--	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

In Camp on the Chattahoochee—Some Exciting Incidents to Vary the Monotony—Desertion of Shaw, Fullerton and Pierson—Capture of our Mules—Exciting but Fruitless Chase—Communications with the North Severed—New Recruits—Watch Presentation—Non-Veterans Return Home—Preparations to Join Sherman in his March to Savannah—Leaving our Pleasant Camp.....	382
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

From Atlanta to the Sea—Moving Out from Chattahoochee—Burning our Quarters—Destruction of Atlanta—A Gorgeous Spectacle at Night—Pathetic Scenes—The Grand Army Moves Out in Three Columns—The Pontoniers Divided—A Historic Battlefield—Milledgeville—Bridging the Oconee—Buffalo Creek—Sandersville—Ogeechee—Rocky Comfort—Refugees—Heartless Conduct of General Jeff. C. Davis at Buck Head Creek—Also at Ebenezer—Plenty of Variety and Excitement to Suit Everybody.....	406
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

“And so We Made a Thoroughfare—For Freedom and Her Train—Sixty Miles of Latitude—Three Hundred to the Main—Treason Fled Before us—For Resistance was in Vain—While we were Marching Through Georgia—Closing in Around Savannah—News from our Fleet—The City Evacuated—Occupying the Place—Something of its History—Places of Interest Visited and Described.....	431
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Leaving Savannah—Marching Through Georgia Quicksands—Stuck in the Mud—At Sister's Ferry—Torpedoes—Preparation for Crossing the River—Difficulties in the Way—A Flooded Country—Pontoons and Perseverance Never Fail—Into South Carolina—No Leniency for that Rebellious State—Incidents of the March.....	460
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

Carolina Campaign Continued—Lexington District—An Abundance of Forage—War's Desolation—Thoughtless Destruction—Crossing Broad River Under Difficulties—Bad Generalship—At Winsboro—Columbia—Charleston Evacuated—General Sherman—Officers of	
--	--

the 14th Corps—A Roast for General Davis—Crossing the Catawba—Disaster to the Pontoon Bridge—The Boy that Stood on the Bridge—In North Carolina—Fayetteville—Events Crowding upon Events.....	480
---	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

At Goldsboro—Close of a Campaign Full of Exciting Events—Some Severe Fighting—In Communication with Home and Friends Once More—Preparing for the Final Campaign—News of the Fall of Richmond—Lee's Surrender—Great Rejoicing—Moving on Toward Johnson's Army—Now for a Completion of the Work of Crushing the Rebellion.....	506
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

Closing Events of the War—Johnston's Surrender—Peace Declared—On our Homeward Journey—Raleigh—Richmond—Bull Run—Alexandria—Washington—The Great Military Review—Farewell to the Pontoon Train—On to Louisville—Impatiently Waiting the Order to Go Home—At the Dedication of the Regimental Monument—Mustered Out—Home Again.....	526
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXII.

From Chickamauga to Richmond—How Sergeant W. B. Crawford was Compelled to Make the Journey—Some of the Experiences of a Prisoner of War—Taunts and Jeers by the Way—Thieving Propensities of the Captors—Likewise their Inhumanity—Their Utter Indifference to the wants of the Prisoners—Sickness, Hunger and Starvation—Incidents in Pemberton Prison—At Danville—Tunneling—In Hospital—Exchanged—Under the Stars and Stripes Once More—An Entry Into the Better Land.....	541
--	-----

APPENDIX.

One of Sherman's Bummers.....	558
The Army Poet.....	562
Chaplain Hight's Report to Conference.....	564
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—	
Dr. Andrew Lewis	567
General George P. Buell.....	568
Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Moore	571
Lieutenant-Colonel James T. Embree	572
Colonel H. M. Carr.....	573
Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park.....	574

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
John J. Hight.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>	Map of the Atlanta Campaign.....	303
Gilbert R. Stormont	14	Captain Henry Torrence.....	311
President Lincoln	23	Gilbert Armstrong.....	337
Dr. Andrew Lewis	26	Quincy A. Harper.....	354
Mrs. Ophelia Hanks Mowry.....	36	George W. Gasaway	360
Mrs. Irene Kirkman Coolidge ...	38	Destroying a Railroad.....	365
Mrs. John J. Hight	43	S. F. Utley.....	386
Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Moore	52	Thos. J. Haddock.....	399
Captain C. C. Whiting.....	58	Map of Marches through Georgia and the Carolinas.....	429
Dr. W. W. Blair.....	63	Dr. S. E. Holtzman.....	462
General George P. Buell.....	76	Rev. Wiley Knowles.....	478
Captain J. M. Smith	80	Rev. Abner M. Bryant.....	510
Dr. J. R. Adams.....	85	John W. Emmerson.....	515
Andrew Gudgel	96	R. M. Munford.....	518
Dr. W. R. McMahan	109	Captain William Davis.....	519
John M. Stormont	125	Henry Hudson Phillips.....	522
Monument of Fifty-eighth Indi- ana Regiment.....	143	Captain J. E. Voorhees.....	527
Captain Charles H. Bruce.....	190	Andrew McMaster	530
Captain William E. Chappell.....	209	Lieutenant Zack Jones.....	532
General P. H. Sheridan	214	George W. Shopbell	535
Valentine E. Hobbs.....	221	Joseph N. Davis.....	538
Monroe Key	232	Rev. William B. Crawford.....	543
Isaiah S. Hay	245	W. J. Redburn.....	559
James C. Knox.....	275		

STATEMENT.

DURING his army service, Chaplain Hight kept a daily journal of events, writing down, in detail and with precision, everything of interest that transpired in the Regiment, and such incidents connected with the army as came under his personal observation. These notes were made day by day as the events occurred, or at least while the events were fresh in his memory. The manuscript was carefully preserved and from time to time, as opportunity offered, the completed sheets were sent to his home. Thus, at the close of the war there had accumulated nearly two thousand pages of this manuscript. It was the writer's intention to revise and arrange this for publication, but on account of other duties more pressing this purpose was postponed from time to time. The collection of manuscript, however, was carefully preserved among his papers, waiting for a leisure time in the busy life of the author, when he could carry out his purpose of preparing this history for publication. That leisure time never came. In the midst of the activities of life he was stricken down by the hand of disease, and his life work was soon ended. The work he had laid out concerning the publication of the book must be done by others, if done at all.

At a meeting of the 58th Indiana Regimental Association, held in Princeton, in December, 1892, the matter of taking up and completing the work contemplated by Chaplain Hight was presented. Mrs. Hight was present at this meeting and offered to donate to the Association the manuscript of her late husband, provided a way could be found to publish the book. She also offered whatever assistance she might be able to contribute towards this undertaking. The unanimous expression of all the members of the Regiment was

in favor of publishing the book, and a committee was appointed to devise ways and means for the accomplishment of this desire. This committee was composed of Mrs. Mary M. Hight, G. R. Stormont and Dr. W. R. McMahan.

After due consideration the committee reported in favor of raising a guarantee fund, by voluntary subscriptions, by which an amount might be secured to pay the expense of publishing the book. This plan was approved at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Regimental Association, and steps were at once taken to secure the required number of subscriptions to the proposed guarantee fund. For one cause and another the project was delayed, so it was some months before the committee was able to announce that the guarantee fund had reached an amount sufficient to justify undertaking the work. At this time the publishing committee was increased by the addition of the other members of the Regimental Executive Committee.

In April, 1894, this committee entered into a contract with Gil. R. Stormont, publisher of the *Princeton Clarion*, to revise and arrange the manuscript, and to publish the same in a substantial book, in accordance with the specifications submitted. Within a short time after this the work was begun by the compiler and publisher, and has been pushed to completion as fast as possible under the circumstances. As to the arrangement and mechanical execution of the work, the book itself is submitted in evidence. The Committee believes that it is a work that does honor to the memory of Chaplain Hight and to the Regiment to which he was so earnestly devoted.

MRS. MARY M. HIGHT,
DR. W. R. MCMAHAN,
GIL. R. STORMONT,
CAPT. C. C. WHITING,
DR. W. W. BLAIR,
R. M. MUNFORD,
JOHN M. STORMONT,
Publishing Committee,

PREFACE.

IN the catalogue of books pertaining to the war this volume will occupy a somewhat unique place. Unlike other histories of the war period, it is not made up from memory of events long after they have transpired, but is a record written day by day, while the events were fresh in the writer's mind. The book does not make any pretensions to accurate description of the general movements of the army; all this has been done, and sufficiently done, in other publications.

This is a simple story of what was done by one Regiment—a very small part of the grand army—in the work of crushing the rebellion. It is a plain recital of the minor incidents in the daily life of one of the Regiments that was but an insignificant part of that mighty host, beneath whose tread a continent was rocked more than a quarter of a century ago. It is a record of the personal experiences and observations of one individual who, as a part of one of the minor organizations of this grand army, shared the privations and dangers common to all. It is a pen picture of a soldier's life in camp, on the march and on the battlefield. It is the drawing aside of the veil that hides scenes of the past, and disclosing to view, in a most realistic manner, events that were so familiar to those who participated in them, a generation ago.

In the arrangement of Chaplain Hight's manuscript for publication the compiler has endeavored to preserve the general features of the text, and carry out the design of the author, so far as this was known from personal expressions



GILBERT R. STORMONT,
COMPILER AND PUBLISHER.

frequently made before his death, and from expressions found in the manuscript itself. Only such changes were made as seemed to be necessary to conform to this general design. The greater part of the writing was done by the author under circumstances that were not conducive to the most careful thought. Often the facilities for writing were of the crudest sort; and yet a very remarkable feature of this most remarkable collection of manuscript, is that it was so well written and was kept in such excellent condition. In the earlier months of the Regiment's service the history was written in skeleton, and many important facts were either omitted or were presented in a fragmentary shape. To fill out such omitted portions the compiler had to rely on his own private diary, which he fortunately found, covering that period, aided by his memory of those events. But for the most part the manuscript of Chaplain Hight was complete, and the editor's talent was most largely exercised in condensing and eliminating, in order to bring the matter within the compass of a book of reasonable size. Chaplain Hight had a style of writing peculiarly his own, and the reader will have little difficulty in distinguishing it from any other. He was very much disposed to speak plainly, and was not sparing in his criticism of men and measures that fell short of his ideal standard. He was thoroughly democratic in his ideas and had an utter detestation of snobs and the snobbish ways, so commonly manifested among officers in the army.

Chaplain Hight was a Christian and a patriot. His faith in his country was as unwavering as his faith in his God. He never entertained a doubt as to the final result of the war, because he believed that the cause for which the Union army contended was right, and that the God of right and justice was on our side. His expectation was that the curse of slavery would be abolished and the Union would be more firmly established, as the result of the war, and it was his privilege to live to see the full fruition of his dearest hope.

In the preparation of this volume, the writer acknowledges his indebtedness to a number of persons for favors extended and valuable assistance rendered. Among these special mention is made of Rev. David B. Floyd, of Newville, Pa., author of "The History of the 75th Indiana." In addition to many useful suggestions, cheerfully given by him, he kindly permitted the use of some of the cuts which had appeared in his book. These are the cuts which appear in this volume on pages 303, 365 and 429. Acknowledgement is also due Rev. J. H. Ketchum, of Mt. Vernon, Indiana, for the Introduction which he so kindly furnished. For such matter as appears in this work, in foot notes, as extracts from various authors, due credit is given in connection therewith.

And now, the task assigned me having been completed, this volume is submitted as my best conception of what was required. There has been no small amount of labor and responsibility involved in the work. But there has also been much of pleasure in living again, as it seemed, in the old times and participating again in the stirring scenes of army life. Such experience will doubtless come to many who read these pages. To many, there will come memories that will awaken sorrow and start the tears afresh, but when the mind reverts to the present, we may all rejoice in the fact that peace and joy have spread their silver wings over the desolations and bereavements of the past, and that we now have, as a result of the sufferings endured and sacrifices made, a regenerated republic—a free and united people, with one country and one flag.

GILBERT R. STORMONT.

Princeton, Ind., August, 1895.

INTRODUCTION.

THE chapters contained in this volume are graphic pictures of army life, by the late Dr. John J. Hight, while Chaplain of the gallant 58th Indiana Regiment. The places, the persons, the scenes and the incidents herein described are true pictures, drawn by a close observer of men and affairs, and reads like a tale of romance. To the many friends of the deceased author this book will be a rare souvenir of priceless value. How it will be prized, especially by the surviving members of his old Regiment. As the battle scarred veteran, now nearing his end, peruses its pages what memories of the past will crowd his mind. What visions of by-gone years now rise before him. He lives his army life over again. He hears the shout of battle, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the clash of arms. Amid the wounded and the dying that lie here and there on the field of carnage and death there bends a majestic form, doing all in his power to alleviate their sufferings and cheer up their feinting hearts. Who is he? Why, that is the faithful Chaplain, loved and respected by every man in the Regiment.

Many a mother, as she reads in this book a touching reference to her sick soldier boy, and how tenderly he was cared for by this good man, will thank God in her heart, and bless the name of John J. Hight.

This book will alike be interesting to the members of the Indiana Conference, with whom Dr. Hight was associated for a third of a century, and the people of the respective charges he served as pastor. In every sentence and paragraph will stand out in bold relief some characteristic of Chaplain Hight; "How that sounds like John," will be said time and again by those who knew him intimately.

The new generation will also read this book, not only for the valuable information it contains, but the vein of humor and occasional flashes of wit running through every chapter.

But to the cultured wife and daughter, who still live to mourn the loss of a faithful husband and affectionate father, this book will be an invaluable treasure, and ever remind them of one of the purest lives that ever lived.

After awhile it may be asked, Who was Chaplain Hight? What State in the Union produced such a man? Where did he come from? and What was the secret of his success in life? The men of the Grand Army of the Republic are rapidly passing away. Few are left. The great majority who battled under the flag of our country for its life, are sleeping their last sleep. The time is not far distant in the future when the last living comrade of these dead will cross the dark river, to join the great armies gone before. The early associates of Chaplain Hight, in the ministry, are just as rapidly passing away. Of those who constituted the Indiana Conference when he entered, only a handful remains. Soon the gates will open and the last one pass out into the unseen.

For the benefit of those who are to come hereafter—the children's children—of the surviving veterans, and thousands of others, the following brief sketch of the life, character and work of Chaplain Hight is herein inserted by one who was the friend and companion of his youth :

Born in Bloomington, Ind., December 4, 1834, and died in Cincinnati, Ohio, December 18, 1886.

Graduated in the Indiana State University with credit to himself and that institution, August 4, 1854.

United with the M. E. Church in his native town, November 20, 1853, and entered the traveling connection in the Indiana Conference November 15, 1854.

His fields of labor were diversified. Two years were spent in circuit work ; eleven in station work ; three as Chaplain in the Union army ; one as Centenary agent in the interest of our denominational schools ; four in district work

as Presiding Elder, and eleven as associate editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*.

Thus, for nearly a third of a century Chaplain Hight was prominently before the public. With tongue and pen, by precept and example, with tears and entreaties, he labored to exalt the race and make the world better. He had all the instincts and elements of the true reformer, and it was his soul's delight to battle for the right. And now that we no longer see his manly form among the children of men, nor hear his voice in trumpet tones rallying the hosts of righteousness to greater conquests, we cannot make him dead ;

"There are no dead."

It is true, many of them are gone ; singly they came, singly they depart. When their work was done they lay down to sleep : but never one hath *died*.

Chaplain Hight had great hope in the future for his country. He believed the bitterness engendered by sectional strife would ere long die out, and the flag he loved wave in the sunshine of peace and prosperity throughout the length and breadth of our vast domain. Then

"Some sweet bird of the South,
Would build in every cannon's mouth
Till the only sound from its rusty throat
Would be a wren's or a blue bird's note."

To-day, if Chaplain Hight could whisper in mortal ear across the great gulf betwixt this and the life beyond, he would say to his friends that still linger on the shores of time,

"So live that when the Mighty Caravan,
Which halts one night time in the vale of death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills;
Thy foot unwearied and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle's, for the upward flight."

J. H. KETCHAM.

Mt. Vernon, Ind.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARY EVENTS OF 1861—HOW THE NEWS OF THE FIRING ON FORT SUMTER AROUSED THE LOYAL PEOPLE—ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE TO THE CALL OF GOV. MORTON—COMPANIES AND REGIMENTS IN SOUTHERN INDIANA—THE 58TH INDIANA REGIMENT IN CAMP GIBSON.

IN no part of the country did the fall of Fort Sumter kindle in the hearts of the people a greater degree of patriotic ardor than was manifested in the First Congressional District of Indiana, a section of the country known as the "Pocket." The people of this section were largely descendants of a long line of hunters, frontiersmen, early settlers, soldiers, Indian fighters and adventurers. They were full by nature of a spirit of patriotism, excitement and adventure, and having been taught from early infancy to resent every affront, and especially, every insult to the National flag and the National Union, it was not unnatural that they should be aroused by the shock that electrified the Nation when the news flashed across the country that the old flag had been fired upon. In no part of the Union was there manifested a greater indignation at the insult—nowhere was there shown a more eager determination to resent the dishonor that had been placed upon our National banner. They sprang to arms at their country's call like the Highlanders of Scotland, among whom were found many of their ancestors, when summoned by the "blue banner and bloody cross."

One can never forget the excitement and enthusiasm of those days of 1861. On the impulse of the moment men offered themselves in almost countless numbers. Many of the men who were first to offer their services as volunteers were not received by the authorities, for the magnitude of the impending struggle against the rebellion was not then fully understood by the Government. Among those who were more fully cognizant of the seriousness of the work that was before us and the necessity of grappling with the rebellious power that had been raised against the Government with a strong force and with earnestness, was Governor O. P. Morton, of Indiana. On the morning of the 15th of April, 1861, immediately after the news of the firing upon Sumter had been received, the Governor sent the following message to President Lincoln:

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States:

On behalf of the State of Indiana, I tender to you, for the defense of the Nation, and to uphold the authority of the Government, ten thousand men.

(Signed)

O. P. MORTON.

Governor of Indiana.

The same day the President issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers from the several States in the Union, for the suppression of the rebellion. Under this call Indiana's quota was only six Regiments of infantry, comprising in officers and men less than 5,000, who were to serve for a period of three months, unless sooner discharged. On the 16th of April, Governor Morton issued a proclamation, briefly reciting the acts of the rebellion which was threatening the destruction of the Union, and calling upon the loyal men of Indiana to organize themselves into military Companies sufficient to make six Regiments for muster into service of the United States. The response to this call was a manifestation of patriotism that was phenomenal, and left no doubt in the mind of any as to the earnestness and devotion of Indiana to the cause of the Union. In less than a week more than 12,000 men had tendered their services to Governor Morton. As this was nearly three times as many as Indiana's quota required, the

contest between Companies to secure acceptance became quite spirited. In many cases they went to Indianapolis without orders and Company officers made a personal entreaty of the Governor for muster into the United States service. But the Governor had to decline all enlistments beyond the number called for. Finding it impossible, however, to restrain the tide of volunteering within the limits of the three months' call, and being impressed with the necessity and importance of immediately placing an overwhelming force in active service, he tendered the Secretary of War six additional Regiments, without conditions as to the



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

term of service, with the assurance that they would be ready in six days if accepted. Communication with Washington was cut off and there was some delay in getting a response to this offer. But in the meantime the Governor determined to put the six additional Regiments in camp and under discipline at once, and to hold them subject to the demand of the Government. This determination of the Governor to anticipate a second call of the President for volunteers

was received with much satisfaction by the thousands of loyal and patriotic young men who had tendered their services and had failed to get in under the quota of the first call. Moreover, this action of the Governor had a good effect in allaying the fear and feeling of danger that was entertained by the people living in the counties bordering on the Ohio River, on account of the threatened invasion of rebel bands from Kentucky. Public confidence was further encouraged by prompt measures set on foot by the Governor to procure arms and equipments for the state troops and by the organization in many counties of Home Guards, who were armed

for the time being with the old-fashioned squirrel rifles and such other weapons as could be gathered up in the neighborhood. In a large number of cases the Home Guards were not armed with anything in the shape of a weapon more deadly nor dangerous than a broom stick. But the results obtained by their organization and drill were none the less advantageous, notwithstanding their meagre and ineffective equipments. The drill in company evolutions and in the manual of arms by these Home Guards proved to be highly beneficial to them in a few months when an opportunity was afforded members of these organizations to enlist in the United States service, an opportunity of which many availed themselves. Thus it was that Southern Indiana, especially, was so early organized for military service and was enabled to respond so promptly with well drilled Companies as they were called for from time to time for service as soldiers in the army of the Union.

The Governor had called an extra session of the Legislature to meet April 24th. In his special message to that body assembled he reviewed the history of the secession movement, and set forth the part already performed by the State in compliance with the President's call. He then said :

"In view of all the facts it becomes the imperative duty of Indiana to make suitable preparations for the contest by providing ample supplies of men and money to insure the protection of the State and the general government in the prosecution of the war to a speedy and successful termination. I, therefore, recommend that one million dollars be appropriated for the purchase of arms and munitions of war, and for the organization of such portion of the militia as may be deemed necessary for the emergency; that a militia system be devised and enacted, looking chiefly to volunteers, which shall insure the greatest protection to the State and unity and efficiency of the force to be employed. That a law be enacted defining and punishing treason against the State. * * * * That suitable provision be made by the issue of bonds, or otherwise, for raising the money herein recommended to be appropriated; and that all necessary and proper legislation be had to protect the business, property and citizens of the State under the circumstances in which they are placed."

The legislature promptly and with great unanimity enacted laws in harmony with the recommendation made by

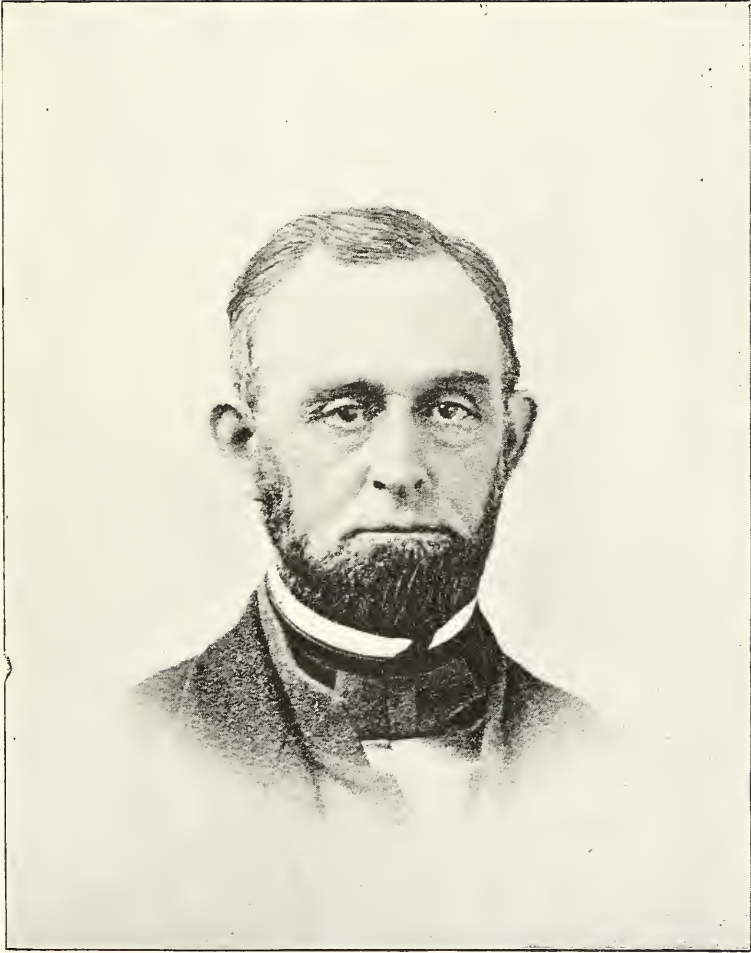
Governor Morton, and the State was placed on a military footing, with proper and efficient militia laws, a condition of affairs in which Indiana had been sadly deficient prior to this time.

Under the first call several Companies were raised in Southern Indiana, but none were accepted. Among these was a company raised in Princeton and vicinity by Captain J. G. Vail. This Company was filled within a few days after the firing on Fort Sumter and was the first enlistment in Gibson county of volunteers for the United States service. It was mustered into the three years' service under a later call, for it was soon discovered that the rebellion was of greater magnitude than was commonly believed at the beginning of hostilities. The President's second call for 300,000 volunteers to serve for three years or during the war, was the official confirmation of the worst fears of many who had from the first regarded the condition of affairs with the greatest apprehensions. The flippant talk of making a breakfast spell of suppressing the rebellion was not indulged in after the battle of Bull Run and President Lincoln's call for three years service. These two events had the effect to arouse the patriotic people of the country to the fact that the war on hand was one of serious and terrible earnestness. While the opportunities afforded for enlistment under the second call was greatly enlarged the seriousness of this step was also more apparent. But still this did not discourage the ardor of the young men whose patriotic indignation had been aroused by the dishonor placed upon their country's flag. The volunteering went on and from all walks and conditions of life the youth and flower of the land came forward to offer themselves in defense of the Union. Companies and Regiments were formed in various parts of Indiana and after a few days drilling they were sent to the front to join other troops that were in active service.

During the first six months of the contest there were four full Regiments organized in the first congressional district, besides a number of Companies and fragments of Companies

attached to various other Regiments organized in other parts of the State. These regiments were the 24th, by Col. Alvin P. Hovey, organized at Vincennes, in July; the 25th, by Col. James C. Veach, at Evansville; the First Cavalry, by Col. Baker, at the same time and place; the 42d, by Col. Jones, also organized at Evansville in the month of September.

It was in the latter part of September, 1861, that a petition was sent to Governor Morton by some of the citizens of Princeton, asking permission to raise another Regiment from the First District and requesting that it be organized at Princeton. This request was promptly granted and the number assigned to the Regiment to be organized was the 58th Indiana. Dr. Andrew Lewis, one of the most enterprising and most patriotic citizens of Princeton, and one who had a very extensive acquaintance in the surrounding counties, was largely instrumental in obtaining the consent of Governor Morton for the organization of this Regiment at this place. At the request of the Governor, Dr. Lewis accepted the position of Colonel of the Regiment. H. M. Carr, of Crawfordsville, who had served in the 11th Indiana as Captain, during the three months' service, and had re-enlisted in the three years' service in that Regiment, was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. After the organization was complete Dr. Lewis resigned, on account of not being able to arrange his private business so that he could go with the Regiment to the field, and Lieutenant-Colonel Carr was promoted to the Colonelcy. The roster of field officers was completed by the appointment of George P. Buell, of Lawrenceburg, Lieutenant-Colonel; James T. Embree, of Princeton, Major. * The following staff officers were appointed: J. Lee Yaryan, of Richmond, Adjutant; Samuel Sterne, of Princeton, Quartermaster; Dr. W. W. Blair, of Princeton, Surgeon; Dr. J. R. Adams, of Petersburg, Assistant Surgeon; Joseph Grant, of Utica, Sergeant-Major; Henry Torrence, Xenia, Ohio, Quartermaster Sergeant; John G. Behm, Princeton, Commissary Sergeant; James



DR. ANDREW LEWIS.

For Biographical Sketch see page 567.

Hadlock, Hospital Steward. The appointment of Chaplain was not made for several months after the Regiment was organized. The rendezvous of the Regiment was in the Gibson county fair grounds and was known as Camp Gibson. The following are the Company organizations:

Company A was recruited from Gibson and Pike counties, largely, and had first gone into camp at Evansville with the expectation of becoming a part of the 42d Indiana, which was then forming at that place. Finding that Regiment full, the Company was ordered to Princeton and thus became the first Company of the 58th Indiana, and one of the first to enter Camp Gibson. The Company was officered as follows: Captain Thomas G. Brown, of Gentryville; First Lieutenant William Davis, Francisco; Second Lieutenant John Hoke, Princeton.

Company B was almost all from Gibson county. In its original organization this was, perhaps, the most exclusively Gibson county Company that was in the service. It went into Camp Gibson October 21, 1861, with its full maximum strength, and of this number ninety-seven were enlisted in Gibson county. Many in this Company had, previous to enlistment, been members of Home Guard Companies, and had acquired quite a good deal of knowledge of military tactics. The consequence was that the Company soon became very proficient in drill and it easily maintained this distinction throughout the service. The officers of Company B were Captain Joseph Moore, Francisco; First Lieutenant Simon D. Ewing, Francisco; Second Lieutenant Bedford Reavis, Princeton.

Company C was also recruited in Gibson county very largely, though there were a good many from Pike and Dubois counties. It was among the first Companies in Camp Gibson, having enlisted in the early part of October, 1861. The officers were Captain William A. Downey, Patoka; First Lieutenant Ephraim E. Woods, Patoka; Second Lieutenant Joseph D. Fisher, Patoka.

Company D only had a total of eighty-five when the Regi-

ment left for the field, and these were about equally enlisted from Gibson and Pike counties. The officers were Captain Marston G. Hargrove, Oakland City; First Lieutenant James C. Knox, Ladoga; Second Lieutenant George Whitman, Oakland City.

Company E was mostly from Dubois, Pike and Martin counties, with several from Daviess, Vanderburg and Knox. As it appears on the roster of the Regiment, E Company is the only one in the 58th that shows no enlistment from Gibson county. It was a splendid Company just the same and was well officered when it entered camp and became a part of the 58th. The Captain was Daniel J. Banta, Jasper; First Lieutenant Asbury H. Alexander, Jasper; Second Lieutenant Jacob E. Voorhees, Terre Haute.

Company F was mostly from Spencer county, although Gibson furnished a goodly number of the original enlistments of that Company. The officers were Captain Joseph H. Crow, Gentryville; First Lieutenant William Overlin, Eureka; Second Lieutenant Daniel L. Cain, Rockport.

Company G was very much like Company B in one respect, that is, that it was nearly all made up from one county. G Company was distinctively a Pike county organization and it came into camp with the maximum strength. It was the oldest Company in the Regiment, having enlisted in the latter part of August with the expectation of becoming a part of another Regimental organization. But they were disappointed in this and, after being shifted about from one camp to another, they were finally ordered to Camp Gibson. The officers were Captain William H. Donahey, Petersburg; First Lieutenant Samuel H. Spillman; Second Lieutenant George Labaree, Petersburg.

Company H was a Daviess county Company. It was not full when the Regiment left for the front, but afterwards received some recruits and became an efficient company, ready for every duty. The officers were Captain James Dale, Washington; First Lieutenant Green McDonald, Washington; Second Lieutenant John S. Canfield, Washington.

Company I was another of the companies that was almost wholly made up in Pike county. Its officers were Captain Jackson M. Kinman, Petersburg; First Lieutenant Wm. E. Chappel, Petersburg; Second Lieutenant Lemuel R. Hargrove, Petersburg.

Company K was only partly organized when the Regiment left Camp Gibson. The organization was afterwards completed by the addition of some new recruits and by an equalization of some of the larger companies, transferring the surplus men in each to Company K. The officers of this company were Captain Walter B. Carr, Crawfordsville; First Lieutenant Charles H. Bruce, Ladoga; Second Lieutenant James M. Smith, Ladoga.

In this connection the following statement will be of interest. It shows the number of officers and men in the Regiment and the county from which they enlisted at the time of its departure from Camp Gibson:

ORIGINAL ENLISTMENT.

	Gibson	Pike	Spencer	Dubois	Davless	Warrick	Martin	Knox	Posey	Vanderburg	Miscellaneous	Total
Field and Staff	6	1	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	4	11
Company A	73	11	--	--	--	12	--	--	7	--	--	103
Company B	97	3	--	--	--	--	--	--	4	--	1	105
Company C	66	17	--	11	--	1	--	7	--	1	1	104
Company D	42	38	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	5	85
Company E	--	20	1	42	5	--	13	1	--	1	5	88
Company F	24	3	73	--	--	1	--	--	--	--	--	101
Company G	3	99	--	1	--	--	--	--	--	--	2	105
Company H	5	2	--	--	51	--	4	--	--	--	1	63
Company I	2	79	--	--	2	--	--	2	2	--	--	87
Company K	29	--	--	--	--	6	--	--	--	--	4	39
Total	347	273	74	54	58	20	17	10	13	2	23	891

By the 10th of November the Companies had all taken up their abode in camp and the men had become more or less familiar with camp duties. Temporary barracks had been

constructed by utilizing the exhibition sheds and cattle and horse stalls on the fair ground, making quite comfortable quarters for the boys who were learning the art of soldiering. Still, this mode of life was a great change from that to which many of the new soldiers had been accustomed and the effect of the change soon began to show in the increased number requiring medical treatment. The camp hospital was soon filled with the sick, many of them suffering with the measles. There was one death in camp, and there was just enough of a glimpse of the solemn realities of a soldier's life in the field to cause those who were capable of such a thing to think seriously of the business before them. But such things did not disturb many, none, in fact, to such an extent that they desired to back out of their agreement to serve for "three years or during the war." So it was when the mustering officer came, on the 12th of November, there was found no one in camp with an inclination to step out of the ranks. There was rather a disposition to make the best presentation possible and to evade such questions of the mustering officer as might cause their rejection.

The Regiment remained in Camp Gibson about six weeks. The time being industriously employed in company and "squad drills" much to the dislike of many of the boys, when the novelty of the thing wore off. But, while this daily drill was tiresome and monotonous to the privates, it was very pleasing to the newly fledged corporals, sergeants and company officers, as it afforded them an opportunity to exercise their authority in training the raw recruit. After the companies had been sufficiently drilled so that the men could "stand up in two rows and march out endways," a regimental dress parade was attempted. Joe Grant, who had seen service, and had an ambition to see more, made himself quite efficient as the acting adjutant of the Regiment on such occasions. Joe was very conspicuous among the undisciplined officers and men in those early days of the Regiment. On dress parade he had the admiration of all the ladies and was the object of envy of all the new officers

who had not yet caught on to the tactics. After a few weeks Colonel Carr came to camp, and he had such a fine manly presence and was possessed of such a strong commanding voice that he at once obtained the favor and respect of the members of the Regiment. He was a well drilled officer himself and on taking command of the Regiment he instituted a more thorough discipline in camp duties. He organized a special school of instruction for the line officers and it was not long until the effect of it was shown in company drill. A regimental band had been organized by this time and with their services dress parade became quite an attraction to the people of town and country who were daily visitors to camp, bringing with them, usually, many delicacies not found on the soldiers' bill of fare. These were gala days for the boys, but they were not to last. Indeed, the boys did not want them to last. They had enlisted to put down the rebellion, they said, and they wanted to get to the front where they could be about their business. They had plenty to eat, good warm clothes, comfortable quarters, an opportunity to see their friends often, but there was one longing desire that was not satisfied while enjoying these luxuries in Camp Gibson. The thing that they wanted to hear, and as time wore along became more impatient about, was marching orders. But the long delayed orders came at last. On Wednesday night, December 11, just before time for turning into bunks, the order came for the Regiment to prepare three days' rations and be ready to move to Louisville the following Friday. On the reception of this news there went up such a shout from that camp as had never before been heard in these parts. Everybody was delighted although every one could but know that the contemplated move was but the beginning of days of trial, privation and suffering, and to many the end would be death. But war is a serious business and these men had counted the cost before enlisting.

That night, and the day and night following there was hurrying to and fro and everything was bustle and confusion in

camp. Strict orders had been given as to furloughs and the guards were doubled to prevent soldiers from jumping the fence and taking "French leave" on the night before departure. It was of no avail, however, as the soldiers went over the fence like a drove of sheep. Not content with this in many places they tore down whole sections of fence; they captured the guard and burned the guard house, and in fact took possession of the camp for the time being. They were going to leave and proposed to celebrate the event in their own way. Next morning the sober second thought came to some who had been specially hilarious the night before, and they were affected in a different way. When wives, mothers, fathers, sisters, and sweethearts came into camp to witness their departure and bid them good bye, when the actual parting came, then there was an end to rioting and rowdyism. Then it seemed to dawn upon many for the first time that this going away was an affair that called for sober thought rather than for joyous hilarity and reckless dissipation.

On Friday morning, December 13, the Regiment was drawn up in line all accoutered and equipped ready to move. As the Regiment stood in line waiting for orders to march, Rev. John McMaster and Rev. J. E. Jenkins, representing the Gibson County Bible Society, passed down the line with baskets filled with small pocket testaments and presented each member of the Regiment with a copy. This incident made a deep impression upon all and the testaments were highly prized by the recipients. The Regiment moved out of camp to the railroad depot and after a long wait there the train that was to carry us to Evansville finally came and we got aboard.

There was a large crowd of people present to see us off, and amid the cheers and tears and lamentations of the multitude of waiting friends, with the waving of handkerchiefs and flags, and other demonstrations the train pulled out.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT—FIRST EXPERIENCE IN CAMP
—ON THE MARCH TO BARDSTOWN—BRIGADE ORGANIZATION—FLAG PRESENTATION—THROUGH KENTUCKY—TENNESSEE—AT NASHVILLE.

ARRIVING at Evansville, the Regiment landed on the commons outside of the city and marched down Main street to the river. There we embarked on the steamer *Baltic*, and after a few hours were on our way up the Ohio river, destined for Louisville.

The *Baltic* was a very large boat and was provided with luxurious accommodations, but these were not available, or were insufficient for that emergency. The men had to sleep on the cabin floor or out on deck as best they could, all the comfortable sleeping space being overcrowded. But the boat ride was a novel experience to many, and they enjoyed it, notwithstanding the discomforts. Sometime during Saturday night the boat landed at Portland, below Louisville, and early on Sunday morning the Regiment began to disembark. It was nearly noon when everything was in readiness and the Regiment started on its first march. It was about four miles at that time from the place of landing to Louisville, proper, and the Regiment was required to march that distance and thence about two miles to a commons south of the city to a camping place. Here we drew tents, of the bell pattern, and spent our first night trying to sleep on the cold ground inside of a tent. Here also we had our first experience with the army "hard tack." While

here the equipments of the Regiment were completed and on the 19th of December we started on our first march to Bardstown, Ky., a distance of about forty miles. There was a good turnpike all the way which was not so good for tender feet. Most of the boys were shod in store boots with thin soles, and there was a general complaint of blistered feet after the first day's march. The broad, thick soled shoe supplied by their Uncle Sam was much in favor with the boys after their experience on that forty mile march. We arrived at Bardstown, December 21st, tired, weary and footsore, and not very much enraptured with army life, so far as we had seen it. But this was but the beginning of our sorrows. Marching through town to the most uninviting spot that could be found a few miles beyond, the Regiment went into camp on a hillside in a cedar forest. Another kind of tent was issued to us here. It was called the Sibley tent. We had never seen anything like it, and had no idea how to put one of them up. It was a puzzle to master a Sibley tent to any one who had not traveled with a circus. But some genius in the Regiment did find a solution, and others profited by his discovery, so in time the tents were up and camp established once more. Then it began to rain and continued for several days. All about the camp the soil was converted into nasty mud of various degrees of consistency. By this time there were a few members of the 58th who would have been willing to exchange places with some patriotic citizen who had a good roof over his head and a comfortable bed in which to sleep. It had not occurred to many of them until now that a soldier's life was of this sort. It was about this time that an order was given one night for the Regiment to be ready to march early the following morning. When reveillie was sounded next morning a stalwart private arose and peeped out of his tent. He found it was very dark and still raining. He turned back and remarked to his comrades, "Surely we are not going to break camp and march this morning while it is raining this way." He had lived on a farm and had learned enough

during his life to come in out of the rain, but he found that morning, and in his after experience, that military tactics had very little regard for the weather. The Regiment marched that morning—December 29th—to another camping ground, about five miles south of Bardstown, on the Bowling Green pike. This was also a muddy place, but it was in an open field and it was more suitable for a camp. During the month of December the Regiment traveled three hundred and seven miles—twenty-seven by rail, two hundred by steamer and eighty on foot.

The object of moving the Regiment to this camp was twofold, first because it was here afforded a more eligible site for a properly alligned regimental camp, and second that it might be in proximity to other Regiments with which it was to be brigaded. Hitherto the 58th had not been associated with any other Regiment. Now it was to take a place as part of a little army that was being organized in the vicinity of Bardstown under the command of Brigadier General T. J. Wood. At this new camp there soon arrived the other Regiments with which the 58th was to be brigaded. These were the 24th Kentucky, 40th Indiana and the 57th Indiana. Col. H. M. Carr, of the 58th, was assigned to the command of the Brigade, with General Wood commander of the division, headquarters in Bardstown. General Wood was a regular army officer and a very strict disciplinarian. He found an opportunity here for the exercise of all his talents in this direction, in the development of these raw recruits into an army of disciplined soldiers. But it was done, although the process was often very distasteful to the raw material from which the disciplined soldier was being developed.

It was in this camp that the 58th received their stand of colors which had been procured by some of the patriotic ladies of Gibson county. It was the purpose to have presented the colors before the Regiment left Camp Gibson, but circumstances were such that this could not be done. So, on the 14th day of January, 1862, a committee of three ladies from Gibson county brought the colors to Louisville where

they were met by a delegation from the Regiment. The ladies composing this delegation were Misses Ophelia Hanks, Artemesia Hanks and Mollie Sumners. Miss Ophelia Hanks* made the presentation address and delivered the colors to Lieut.-Col. George P. Buell and Major J. T. Embree in the Louisville hotel. Following are the addresses made on that occasion :

PRESENTATION ADDRESS BY MISS HANKS.

Lieutenant-Colonel:

I have the honor of presenting to you, the officers and soldiers of the 58th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, this beautiful stand of colors—the free gift of the patriotic ladies of Gibson county, of our beloved state of Indiana.

First, is this

“Flag of the heart’s hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given.”

Inspired by the glorious associations that cluster around this emblem of our united nationality, I doubt not that the officers and soldiers composing your gallant Regiment will nerve themselves for the conflict and bear it in triumph over every battle field.



MRS. OPHELIA HANKS
MOWRY.

The second is your Regimental banner. Upon its blue field we have inscribed the American Eagle, the symbol of American liberty and greatness. This is a fitting emblem for an Indiana Regiment, for in the Indiana soldier is concentrated all that is truly great and heroic, and may we hope that

whilst the sight of this beautiful flag may stimulate you to deeds of valor, that you will not forget that true greatness is always associated with magnanimity. Therefore, if the fortune of war should place in your hands the common foe, show to him that you are not only “great, but good”—be magnanimous, be merciful. Indiana is justly proud of her citizen soldiers. Their names are thus far associated with every hotly contested battle, and the donors of these beautiful colors cherish the hope that when your Regiment, under your leadership, shall be called upon to engage in deadly conflict with the enemy, that new lustre will be added to the already bright sheen of Indiana’s valor.

Colonel, trusting that this unhappy strife may soon end in an honorable peace, and that not one star shall be displaced from our national galaxy, and that every stripe may remain unmarred. I bid you farewell, and may Heaven’s choicest blessing attend you.

* Now Mrs. James S. Mowry, Princeton, Ind. She is the only one of this committee living at the time this is published.

*RESPONSE BY LIEUT.-COL. BUELL.**Ladies of my Native State:*

In company with Major Embree, I stand here as the representative of Col. Carr and the 58th Indiana Regiment. Though I do not feel capable of occupying the position, I feel complimented and am happy to be the recipient of those colors in person. The demonstration of the ladies of Gibson county is truly most gratifying and encouraging to every member of our Regiment.

As a token of your true patriotism and high regard for the cause in which your fathers and brothers have enlisted, you have presented us with the banners under which we are to march. Ladies, we will take these flags, and whilst we thank you from our inmost hearts, we will bear them most nobly; as we enter upon the battle field beneath them we shall call God to witness that our motto shall be one thousand deaths rather than defeat. We do not say this boastingly—we feel it; our hearts and souls are enveloped in flames of passionate love and pride for this sacred ensign. There is within man a hidden passion, which, when aroused, he knows no conquerer; there is a period in the career of nations when their patriots are all brave. With us that passion is aroused—with Indiana that time has come; fifty thousand of her sons are already in the field. Indiana needs no encomiums! let others behold and judge for themselves.

My friends, these colors may meet the reverse of fortune—they may fall; if so, our hope and prayers shall be that we fall with them. We are a Regiment of brothers, defending a mother's cause; there is not one of us can look at this emblem of his country for a moment but his eyes will kindle and his heart will throb with the noblest emotion of man. Think of it and then ask, "shall we carry them safely through?" Ah, thou stainless shroud of Washington forsaken? And that by Indianians? Never! Never! I can assure you we can appreciate the feelings that has prompted you to show this last act of kindness to many of us. We have all left behind us our happy homes. By yielding to their country's call, our mothers, wives and sisters have already cast an eternal gloom over their domestic firesides. Before me are sisters who would weep days and weeks over the death bed or grave of a dear friend, but who have this day, without a summons or tear, marched forward, bearing in the right hand their country's banner and leading with the left a father or brother to the sacrifice. Is not this love of country? Is not this deep, undying patriotism? History may relate deeds of valor, nations may boast of their offspring, but none now can be more proud than Indiana shall be of her daughters, and Indianians of their sisters.

Sisters, we bid you adieu. We are brothers and soldiers; our lot is perilous. Throughout the hills and vales of Kentucky many of us may soon rest beneath the sod, and when such shall be our fate, the boon we shall ask will be one tear for the soldier, one sigh for the brother. Once more, in behalf of the 58th Regiment, expressive of the heartfelt feelings of each and every member, I thank you most sincerely. Farewell.

The ladies afterward accompanied the delegation to the regimental camp at Bardstown, where the colors were formally presented to the Regiment at dress parade. Among the ladies who accompanied the committee from Princeton was Miss Irene Kirkman, who sang "The Star Spangled



MRS. IRENE KIRKMAN
COOLIDGE,
of Princeton, Ind.

Banner" and other patriotic songs on that occasion. Miss Kirkman's singing and the presence of these ladies brought new life and patriotic ardor to the soldiers camped upon that bleak, cold field. Their visit was a bright event in our cheerless army life.

In the latter part of January the Brigade started on a march towards Lebanon, whither General Wood, the Division commander, had already moved his headquarters. It was the intention to concentrate the army under command of General George H. Thomas, then near Mill Springs, confronted by a large rebel force under General Zollicoffer. But the rebel general concluded not to wait for this concentration. He attacked the Union force in great fury, expecting to rout them before reinforcements could arrive. But his plan miscarried. His own army was routed, and he himself was killed. When the 58th reached Lebanon the news of the Union victory at Mill Springs made it unnecessary for them to move any further in that direction.

The body of General Zollicoffer in an ambulance passed by the 58th camp, soon after our arrival in Lebanon. The remains were being taken to the dead general's late home in Nashville for interment.

The Regiment remained in the vicinity of Lebanon for several weeks. The hard marching and exposure to the inclement weather began to tell on the boys. The hospitals were filled with sick, and many deaths occurred. About the middle of February marching orders were again received. The objective point now was Bowling Green, then a rebel stronghold, under command of General Buckner.

The march from Lebanon to Mumfordsville was by rail. The Regiment was loaded in box cars like cattle, only each car was made to contain more men than is the usual capacity for cattle. It was not the most comfortable condition of things that the soldiers enjoyed in that night ride from Lebanon to Green River, but it was better than "hoofing it."

At Mumfordsville the Regiment halted while the rest of the Brigade came up. At this place the 58th was paid off, receiving pay for the first three months' service. A large part of the money received here was gold and silver and it was the last money of that kind we saw during the service. But the new "greenbacks" were a very acceptable substitute. We waited here for a few days while the rest of the army, then under command of General D. C. Buell, was concentrating. While halting here the battle of Fort Donelson was fought, resulting in a great victory for the Union forces under General Grant. Immediately after this the rebels evacuated Bowling Green, retreating through Nashville towards the Tennessee river. This left the country clear in front of General Buell's army and he pressed forward after the retreating rebels.

The 58th moved forward with the rest of the army through Bowling Green on toward Nashville, making some very hard marches by the way. One of the most severe, and as it proved the most unnecessary march, that the Regiment made during all its service, was on the day preceding their arrival at Edgefield Junction, near Nashville. It was about noon of that day that the Brigade Commander received an order from General Wood to camp at Edgefield Junction, ten miles from Nashville. As usual with military orders it was enclosed in a large envelope, directed to the Brigade Commander. On the back of the envelope, for the guidance of the orderly who carried the orders, was written "make five miles an hour." As the orderly was mounted this would not be a very extraordinary speed. But the Commander of the Brigade construed the direction to apply to his men who were afoot, which would make a pretty

lively gait, especially for men who were already foot sore and weary from their long march. But the Colonel was disposed to obey orders as he understood them, and his understanding was that the Regiment under his command was to move towards the designated camping ground, which was fifteen miles away, at the rate of five miles an hour, and so the order was given for a forced march for that distance. The order was executed with very indifferent success. For a short time the belief that there was some serious emergency ahead inspired the men to strain every nerve to reach the emergency on time. But after a few miles of exertion physical strength and enthusiasm were about exhausted. In spite of strict orders the men were dropping out of the ranks by the score and falling by the roadside utterly worn out. After a while the Colonel was convinced of the physical impossibility of carrying out his construction of the order, and he was compelled to adopt a more moderate gait. A part of the Brigade reached the camp in proper shape and in ample time; the larger part came in by details during the next twenty-four hours. When the foolish blunder of the Commander was fully understood there were some deep dyed imprecations bestowed upon him by officers and men.

This was a very beautiful camping place, situated in a fine forest covered with blue grass. There was a disposition to forgive and forget some of the privations and inconveniences of the past, in view of the present surroundings. At this place the regimental band left. They had followed the Regiment, or rather had gone in front of it, from Camp Gibson, but there had been some uncertainty on the part of the government as to whether bands were really needed in the army. At any rate they had not yet received any official standing, and there was nothing for the bands to do but to return home.

On the 13th of March the Regiment marched again toward Nashville. They found that many other Regiments had preceded them, the rebels having evacuated the place with-

out any attempt at defense. The rebels had destroyed the fine suspension bridge across the Cumberland river before leaving, which seemed a very foolish and wanton destruction of their own property. It could not hinder the advancement of the Union army to any great extent, as the stream was narrow and a temporary bridge was easily constructed.

The 58th Regiment, and the Brigade of which it was a part, marched through the city and went into camp on the Nolensville pike about two miles south of the city, where they remained for about two weeks. While here some changes were made in the Brigade organization. The 58th Indiana and the 15th Indiana exchanged places, which placed the 58th in a Brigade composed of the 26th Ohio, 13th Michigan, 17th Indiana and the 8th Indiana Battery. A few days afterward the 3d Kentucky was substituted for the 13th Michigan. The Brigade thus constituted was designated as the 15th Brigade, and was commanded by Colonel Hascall, of the 17th Indiana. The Division to which it belonged was known as the 6th Division, commanded by Brigadier General T. J. Wood.

Rev. John J. Hight, the recently appointed Chaplain, joined the Regiment at this camp. The story of our Regimental affairs will be suspended at this point while the new Chaplain relates a little of his personal experience and explains how he became connected with the Regiment.



CHAPTER III.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES—HOW A LOCAL METHODIST PREACHER BECAME AN ARMY CHAPLAIN—DIFFICULTIES AND DISCOURAGEMENTS IN GETTING STARTED—OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY—ARRIVAL AT NASHVILLE—AT THE REGIMENTAL CAMP—A COLD AND CHEERLESS RECEPTION—AN UNFAVORABLE IMPRESSION OF CAMP DIET AND ARRANGEMENTS FOR SLEEPING.

IT might be interesting to the readers to know how I came to find a place as Chaplain in the army. Whether the reader is interested or not, the process of my evolution from an itinerant Methodist preacher to an army Chaplain is an interesting event in my history, and I will ask the indulgence of such readers as may not be interested while I relate it briefly.

From my earliest recollection I had cherished a desire to see more of the country than comes within the range of vision of an ordinary itinerant preacher, but the proverbial poverty that pertains to my class was always an obstacle in the way of my ambition. When the war broke out and volunteers were wanted to put down the rebellion it seemed to me my opportunity had come. Here was a chance to travel at the expense of the government and at the same time perform the duty of a patriot. I was at once filled with a desire to go and do my part as my forefathers had done in their day. But it did not seem consistent for a preacher to enter the fighting department of the army. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, you know. Besides, I was not a very combative man by nature, but was rather

inclined to timidity of disposition. But when it was announced that the volunteer Regiments were to have Chaplains it occurred to me that this would be more in the line of my disposition and in harmony with my profession. And when the suggestion was made to me by some of my friends that I ought to seek a position as army Chaplain I fully made up my mind to do so. When Thomas Johnson was recruiting a Company for what was afterward the 24th Indiana, I told him that I would be glad to go with them as Chaplain. He seemed to be heartily in favor of the idea, so I was not at all surprised to hear from him by a telegram a few days after reaching the rendezvous of the Regiment at Vincennes. He wired, "It is all right, come on." This was on Saturday, and I very foolishly took the first train for Vincennes. But when I arrived at the camp I was surprised to find a number of other applicants for the place. I found that there were a number of preachers who were as

patriotic as myself, so I gave it up. I went into the city and preached on Sabbath for my Methodist Brother, Stallard. On Monday I returned home with regrets that I had ever started on the trip. A short time after this my friend, Dr. Pennington, urged me to write to Colonel Baker, with whom I was acquainted, and who was organizing the First Indiana Cavalry



MRS. JOHN J. HIGHT.

at Evansville. I did so but never received any reply. I have always passed Colonel Baker since as though I was not acquainted with him. Have said I would not vote for him if he is ever a candidate for office, but may reconsider that.

During the remainder of the summer of 1861 I made no further effort to go to war, feeling very much discouraged in my efforts thus far. About the 1st of October I left Princeton and took charge of Simpson Chapel, Greencastle. Soon after this the 58th was organized. Colonel Andrew Lewis,

the Commander of the Regiment, urged me to put in application for Chaplaincy of this Regiment, which I did. Here the matter ended so far as I was concerned. I heard a short time after this that the Regiment had gone to the front and hearing nothing more about my application I presumed that they were either supplied with a Chaplain or else did not desire one. The matter had almost passed from my mind until one day in the following March I was surprised to receive a letter, postmarked Bowling Green, Ky., containing a brief announcement of my election as Chaplain of the 58th Indiana. The appointment, signed by Lieut.-Colonel George P. Buell, commanding the Regiment, was enclosed. This was very gratifying so far as it went, but I was now so situated that I could not so readily get the consent of my mind to accept the appointment. This was just after the fall of Fort Donelson and it was the expectation of many that the war would soon be over. I was influenced by this opinion and questioned whether the war would last long enough to justify me in going. We all had better information on this point later on.

However, after much debating I made up my mind to accept the appointment. I decided I would go to the army even if it was for a short time. I resolved to break off my pleasant associations at Greencastle and see what I could do for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. Immediately I began preparations to join my Regiment. I went to New Albany, March 16th, where I ordered a Chaplain's uniform and purchased other necessary equipments. I labored under the impression that it was very important that my arrival at the seat of war should not be delayed and so I employed two tailors to make my suit. I purchased a big valise and filled it full of clothing, besides had several good sized bundles of blankets, etc. It was the custom of officers to be thus provided at that time, but the custom changed somewhat when the army got down to business. Finally, my preparations were completed and dressed in my military suit I crossed over to Louisville. I tramped around that city for

some time seeking transportation and information of various kinds. After much labor I procured the former but found a very limited supply of the latter. At the time I ascribed this to the surliness of the officials, but I have since discovered that they did not know anything and simply masked their ignorance under the cover of ill-manners.

By this time the 58th had gone with the rest of the army from Bowling Green to Nashville. The railroad was not yet opened so I took passage on a boat for Nashville. My trip was without much incident worthy of note. I did not make the acquaintance of many of the passengers. I remember a Lieut.-Colonel Wheat, a big man of some Kentucky Regiment. Even at that early period of the war he was dissatisfied because he was not promoted to a Colonel. I never heard of him afterward, and presume he did all his fighting early in the struggle. I remember also that Colonel Whittaker was one of our passengers. He was a famous Kentuckian and a fighter. He soon became a Brigadier and got his name in the newspapers.

At Fort Donelson we were permitted to land and view the scene of the recent battle. This was about a month after the battle and the evidences of the conflict were plainly visible. It was my first sight of a real battle field and it made a deep impression.

It was Sunday morning, March 23, when we came in sight of Nashville. The boat landed at the foot of Broadway. On inquiry I learned that my Regiment was camped about three miles south of the city and I engaged a carriage to take me out. Arriving at the picket post I learned that I was minus one essential thing—a pass. I explained as best I could and the officer, seeing my greenness and that my intentions were good, permitted me to pass. Soon I was at the gate of the woods pasture in which the 58th was encamped. In a few minutes I was with the Regiment with whose fortunes I was destined to be associated for some time.

It was a cold raw March day and the surroundings were to me everything else but cheerful. It was a new experience

and I felt the embarrassment of the situation greatly. As I entered the camp the first man to meet me and extend the hand of greeting was Lieutenant Wm. Davis. He was followed by several old acquaintances. Some, however, while they seemed glad to see me, yet had a distrust of my ability to fill the place of Chaplain. I could not blame them, since I was filled with the same distrust of myself. Colonel H. M. Carr, who was then in command of the Regiment, greeted me in a cordial sort of way, but it was plain that, in the person of the new Chaplain, he had a regimental equipment that he was at a loss to know what to do with. He said to me afterwards that my coming rather took him by surprise, that he was not expecting me and therefore was unprepared to properly receive me. I think, however, his action was due to a feeling of general distrust of army Chaplains that was then so prevalent in the army. This feeling was shared by nearly all the officers, especially, on account of the alleged dereliction of some Chaplains. But I think there was less real cause for it than many imagined, which opinion I hope to establish before I complete this history.

I did not preach on this, the first Sabbath of my presence with the Regiment, but contented myself in visiting friends in camp and getting myself settled. By the invitation of Major J. T. Embree I spread my cot in his tent. Dr. W. W. Blair very kindly invited me to mess with him for the present, both of which invitations I gladly accepted. The fare was crackers, bacon and coffee. I did not relish this very much but the Doctor told me I "would come down to it," and he was right. My first night in camp was not passed in sleep. It was too cold and my new cot was not the sort of bed I had been accustomed to. I was cold underneath and on each side, notwithstanding the two heavy blankets that were on top. It was a miserable night, but it came to an end at last. During the week, with the assistance of some friends I procured a tent and fixed up very comfortable quarters.

We had several sick in the hospital at Nashville and in camp. I visited these and extended my acquaintance by visiting through the Regiment as opportunity offered, and in a few days began to feel more at home. I found many men whom I had met in other days, and received from them assurance of sympathy and co-operation in my work for the spiritual interests of the Regiment.

And now, as I am here and established as a part of the equipment of the 58th, I may as well drop this narration of my personal experiences and give more attention to the movements and incidents pertaining to the Regiment with which my lot has been cast.



CHAPTER IV.

FORWARD MOVEMENT—ON THE WAY TO SAVANNAH—
SOME OF THE OFFICERS IN COMMAND—BAGGAGE AND
EQUIPMENTS—THROUGH FRANKLIN—COLUMBIA—
SOME FINE PLANTATIONS—GRAPEVINE NEWS—INCI-
DENTS OF THE MARCH—WEARY AND SICK SOLDIERS—
BURIAL BY THE WAYSIDE—SOUND OF BATTLE—HUR-
RYING TO THE FRONT—PITTSBURG LANDING.

DURING the latter part of March active preparations were being made for a forward movement. Our men were provided with new clothing and new equipments. The winter was now over and heavy clothing would not be needed, so the soldier relieved himself of this incumbrance by sending his surplus clothing home by express. The hard marching of the previous winter had told severely on the men and at this time there were many in our Regiment who were unfit for duty. These had to be sent to the general hospital. This was the last we saw of many of them. Some of them were discharged, others died. Among those who answered the last roll call at this place was Lieutenant Wm. Overlin, a bright, promising young officer of Company F. Another was Elias Bigham, private of Company A. These, with the others, who were called to give up their lives before they had mingled in "battle's deadly array," were none the less martyrs to liberty's cause because of their early sacrifice. Many of the brightest and bravest perished before we reached the noontide of our campaign.

Early on Saturday morning, March 29th, our tents were struck and the Sixth Division began its forward movement,

the five other Divisions of General Buell's army having preceded us. While the Regiments of our Brigade and Division are slowly forming in column, preparing to move out toward Nashville, we will improve the opportunity to give a few sketches of some of our officers. Mention has already been made of General T. J. Wood, Commander of the Division, and we will have occasion to mention him again. Colonel Milo S. Hascall, of the 17th Indiana, commanding our Brigade, is, in personal appearance, tall and slender, with shoulders slightly inclined to be stooped. His voice is shrill, his eye restless and piercing. He is quick in temper and often hasty in speech. But withal he is a talented and thoroughly trained military man. He is a thorough disciplinarian and a terror to evil doers. He was promoted to Brigadier General a short time after taking command of our Brigade.

Colonel E. T. Fyffe, of the 26th Ohio, is a man past the meridian of life but he has a heart as young as any boy in the army. He has seen a good deal of military service and is a very popular and competent commander. He has a remarkably plain and unostentatious manner and always has a word of encouragement and sympathy for his soldiers.

Colonel Thomas E. Bramlette, of the 3d Kentucky, has a tall commanding form and the manner of an accomplished gentleman. He is possessed of a brilliant mind and is among the most prominent and influential of the Union men of Kentucky. This was evidenced by the fact that he was called from the field to serve as governor of his state within a year from this time.

Colonel Henry M. Carr, of our own Regiment, in ability and personal appearance, compares favorably with any of the officers. He is a young man of more than ordinary personal attractions. He is warm in his friendship and pleasant and sociable in his demeanor. His form is tall and erect and his voice is strong and clear.

But now the bugle is sounding "fall in," and soon the order is given to move forward. The entire Division is

moving, the 15th Brigade in the rear. We march into Nashville and then out the Franklin pike, moving steadily along until we had made the distance of 13 miles and went into camp. The men were weary enough by this time and were anxious to halt. It was a late hour when all the wagon train reached camp. This train was composed of ammunition supply and headquarter wagons, and thirteen wagons to each Regiment. The Regimental wagons were loaded with two wall tents and five Sibley tents for each Company, making seventy large tents for the ten Companies. Then the field and staff officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, each had a tent. Then there were the hospital, commissary and cook tents. More than this each officer had a cot and some had huge trunks and some had stoves, to say nothing of the mess boxes, tables, chairs and many other articles. The wagons were simply loaded down with superfluous baggage and camp equipments and this immense train had to move slowly.

On the morning of our second day's march we were called early and soon were on the way. The day was bright and pleasant; our journey was through a fine agricultural country. It was the Sabbath and we made a distance of 13 miles to-day. The roadsides were lined with negroes in their best attire eagerly watching the "Yankees" pass. The large plantations on either side of the road were uninjured by the troops that had gone before us, as it was strictly against orders to molest any private property. We found nearly all the people, white and black, at home. This was especially the case at Franklin, through which we passed on the morning of the 31st. We went through this town with colors flying, lines dressed, and with a great show of pomp. We had an idea then that the rebellion was to be put down by this sort of display and by kindly protecting the property and chattels of the rebels. We passed General Thomas' Division at this place and marched 15 miles beyond.

Four o'clock Tuesday morning, April 1st, found our Division again in motion. We crossed Duck river on a pon-

toon bridge and passed on through Columbia, a town somewhat old and dilapidated. After a ten mile march we camped. During the 14 mile march of the next day we passed through Mt. Pleasant. We also passed over some of the most charming country during these two days that we had yet seen. Perhaps the loveliest spot along the entire route was near the residence of the rebel General Pillow, and that of another rebel, General Polk, just across the pike. In front of each of these residences is a large and magnificent park. A neat little church is near. Our army carefully guarded these residences and surroundings, although their owners had left them to fight against our country. The 200 negro slaves of General Polk were not molested. They were left to cultivate the fields and raise supplies for the rebel army and the rebel women and children at home.

Thus far the rank and file of the army had no definite idea of where we were going. The general supposition was that we would strike the Tennessee river about Florence, unite with Grant and move on south in pursuit of the fleeing rebels. It was the fear of many of us that it would be impossible to overtake them and get them to stand for an engagement, and that the war would end without us being permitted to smell gunpowder. But our fears and theories were both groundless. We were not going to Florence, and the rebels were not fleeing, at least not in the hitherward direction as we thought.

Our mail communications were now severed and we did not have access to newspapers, but let no one imagine that an army is destitute of news because mail communication is cut off. Under such circumstances there is more news than when papers are received daily. We heard very much of that sort of news about this time. It was reported, for instance, that a rebel fleet had come up from Memphis and destroyed all our gunboats, and was now moving on Louisville and Cincinnati. This report was said to have come directly from headquarters and was sincerely believed by many. Some supposed that we would be compelled to fall

back to the Ohio river as our supplies would be cut off. This is only a sample of the absurd stories started and circulated. They were called "grapevine dispatches," and



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOSEPH MOORE.*

however improbable and absurd they might be there was always some one to believe in them.

* After leaving the army, Lieutenant-Colonel Moore removed to Missouri, where he engaged in mercantile business for several years. Then he returned to Indianapolis and established a claim and pension agency, which he conducted quite successfully for about twenty years. He died at his home in that city, May 7, 1894, aged 65 years, from the effects of disease contracted in the service.

The next day, Thursday, April 2, we marched fourteen miles. We were now headed in the direction of Savannah, on the Tennessee river. This much in regard to our destination was now apparent. The day was warm, the roads were dusty, many of the men were pale and weak from the effects of the march. They had not yet become hardened to this service, nor had they yet learned discretion in the matter of their equipments for a march. Some of the loads which the pale, sickly men were trying to carry were enough to kill a horse. Not only were their knapsacks filled to the fullest capacity with extra clothing, but many of them were lugging along trophies of various kinds, such as rebel bowie knives, canister-shot, and other things. They had the impression that the war would soon be over and they wanted something in the way of a souvenir to take home with them.

But the useless equipments of the men was not the only item in the way of foolish indiscretion that contributed to their weary and fatigued condition. A large part was due to absurdities practiced by the commanding officers in camp and on the march. For instance, reveille would be sounded long before daylight each morning, and the tents would be struck before the proper time. The men were compelled to eat a hurried breakfast and get into line. Then they would have to "dress up" to the right, and move about here and there until time for the column to move out on the day's march. By that time the men would be already weary and ready to lie down. This kind of exercise was known by the privates as "knapsack drill," and was heartily detested by them. Then, on the march there were many foolish and absurd practices that added to the weariness and vexation of the troops. It was the custom for the Regimental Commander to ride pompously on his horse at the head of his Regiment while the men on foot crowded on his horse's heels like a herd of cattle. When a bridge or other obstruction was to be crossed the men invariably ran after getting over until they regained their place at the heels of the

Colonel's horse. On such occasions the newly fledged officers would cry out, "double quick," "close up," "close up," and the men would attempt to obey the orders. Nothing was gained by such orders. It only served to weary the men.

In those days the greatest man of rank was the officer of the guard. He wore a blood red sash and a bloodier expression in his countenance. He was in command of a detail of men with guns and bayonets who marched in the rear of the Regiment with orders to keep all the men in ranks and especially to permit no one to fall back without a surgeon's certificate. This officer of the guard was expected to execute all the disagreeable orders of the General or Colonel, when those officers desired to escape the odium of such orders themselves. And he was expected to execute these orders without mercy or discretion. No one was really murdered but there was much threatening and swearing that it would be done. When a poor fellow fell by the wayside thoroughly exhausted, the guard would pounce upon him, and, with a threatening flourish of bayonet, order him to his Company, while the officer of the guard would emphasize and embellish the order with such choice imprecations as he might have in stock. Sometimes the surgeon would excuse the worn out soldier, which gave him the privilege of riding in the ambulance. But, if that vehicle is already full, which was generally the case, the soldier might rest by the wayside and come on at his leisure, or, if he was too far gone, he might die in the fence corner. It was an actual fact that some did thus die on this march and were found and buried by succeeding Regiments. But this was soldiering; it was

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

April 4th our Brigade, except the 17th Indiana and 26th Ohio, remained in camp. These two Regiments went out in the direction of Lawrenceburg after some rebel cavalry. They succeeded in capturing some bacon, but the cavalrymen were too fleet for them.

Just at this time the policy in reference to negro slaves was undergoing a change in the army.

It had been customary to use the soldiers to send fugitive slaves to their rebel masters. But Congress had recently added to the articles of war a prohibition of this. This new article was exceedingly distasteful to many of the higher officers, who were in bondage, body and soul, to the negro drivers. They could not now use military force to send back runaway negroes. But all officers and men were prohibited from interfering with these old Lagrees. They might often be seen prowling about our camps, or moving amongst our columns, hunting for their missing chattels. By our protection of rebels and rebel property we were doing as much to uphold rebellion as we were doing to put it down by fighting. The rebels could have successfully withstood us for ten generations had this policy been maintained.

On the 5th the march was continued through a country of medium fertility. We had rain yesterday and to-day. The dust has been succeeded by mud. We marched seventeen miles. About this time I saw for the first time a soldier buried. He had died in a camp from which the troops had moved. The surgeon in charge sent out, as our column was passing, for a detail of men and a Chaplain. I went and found Chaplain Gunn, of the 3d Kentucky, there. A rude box was made and the poor fellow placed in it. He was borne to a spot just by the roadside where a grave had been dug. While a martial band played a dirge his remains were lowered. Chaplain Gunn made a few remarks and offered up a prayer. The grave was filled and we passed on. We knew not his name or history. But doubtless, to some one far away, this was the saddest event of the whole war.

Sunday morning, the 6th of April, we marched at 5 o'clock. Our way lay through the hills. The country was barren and the people poor. But for the first time since leaving Nashville we saw evidences of genuine loyalty. The people hung out the star spangled banner and greeted us with cheers. Some of them had come many

miles to hail the soldiers of the Union. The love of liberty like Christianity flourishes most amongst the poor. The people soon began to report to us that they could hear cannonading. By going away from the column I could distinctly note the sound. Some were unbelieving at first. But the reports grew more and more distinct until they could be heard above the noise of the marching army. These were the first notes of genuine war that ever saluted the ears of the men of the 58th Indiana. Deeper, louder grew the muttering sounds of battle from the plains far away beyond the Tennessee. They were in strange contrast with the quiet of that lovely Sabbath day, and told too plainly that our country, once peaceful and united, was now distracted by civil war. The country people unaccustomed to such sights and sounds came forth from their homes amongst the hills and sat by the wayside, watching the endless column filing by and listening to the sound of distant battle. The pace was quickened. Men pressed forward with eagerness. Notwithstanding our great distance from the battle rumors soon began to fly amongst us. They came more rapidly than if borne by winged Mercury. When, afterwards, we ascertained the exact facts of the battle we found that many of these rumors were true. By what means did they come? We were nearly fifty miles from the battlefield. No courier had yet reached us. There were no electric wires. But the front of Buell's army was even now reaching the Tennessee, at Savannah, and formed a grand telegraphic line of human minds forty miles long! Back through this living line, over hills, valleys and streams, came the news of battle distorted and exaggerated, but with a vein of truth running through it all. By this means we learned that the rebels had made the attack. "They will be defeated because they began the battle on Sabbath," is the sentiment boldly avowed by hundreds of soldiers. The memory of Bull Run was yet fresh in the minds of all. A deep and correct conviction prevailed that the commands of God could not be trifled with. It was an almost universal sentiment in the army at

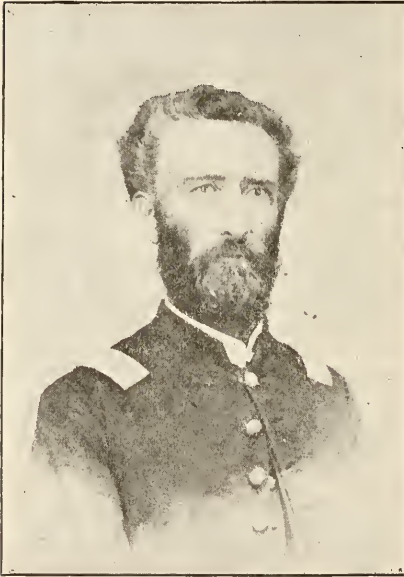
that time that that General who commenced a battle on Sabbath was sure of defeat. Another source of confidence was the fact that Buell's army would begin to reach Grant at least by this evening. He certainly could hold out until this should happen.

Our Brigade was the rear of the army except Thomas' Division. Under the stimulant of exciting events men became animated. Their minds were filled with busy thoughts. There was more than ordinary hilarity and conversation in the ranks. The only fear expressed was that the battle would be over before we got there. Some were even dispirited by this thought. All put forward their best energies. Though the way was rough we made twenty miles or more before night came upon us. We went into camp. Occasional guns were fired during the night, and a heavy rain fell.

Monday morning, April 7, the column moved forward at 3 o'clock. The events of this day were similar to those of yesterday. The country was rougher and the roads very bad. Great numbers of people flocked to the roadside. Our ears were early saluted by the sound of the battle renewed. The cannonading came with startling distinctness. We could now begin to distinguish between the discharge of single guns and entire batteries. We learn that our men are sore pressed and we receive orders to quicken our pace. The way in front is blocked up by the trains of preceding Divisions. The road is so bad that they cannot move rapidly. We soon began to pass them. Some of these wagons were moving along the road and some were across it. Some were on the right and some were on the left. Some were moving out of the way and some were stuck deep in the mud. Some were hung against trees and some were broken down. Some were parked and others trying to park. There were guards with them and a few skulkers, who had no relish for "that noise." Our own trains had been left far in the rear by this time. It was now past noon. The order came to draw ten days' rations from

any train we came to and press on. The men were not prepared to take care of so many rations. The officers had no way at all to take this supply along. The lives almost of men and officers were bound up in the baggage trains. So many wagons are only a nuisance. We drew bacon, hard bread, coffee and sugar from General Thomas' supply train, and then hurried on.

Our entire march from Nashville, with the exception of one day, might be called a forced march. Many a noble soldier whose strength had been exhausted by the winter



C. C. WHITING, CAPTAIN CO. A.*

campaign, crushed almost to the earth by his heavy load, and wearied almost to death by the long march, had his sunken eye rekindled and his pallid countenance reanimated by the guns that called to the field of battle. There was many a sore conflict that day between the weakness of the flesh and the willingness of the spirit. Many a one said to himself: "I must sink down here for I can go no farther!" Then the thought would come rushing into his mind: "Shall I fail just when my country needs me? Shall I sink down now when reproaches may be cast on my courage?" Stung by this thought he collects all his little remaining

* Served as orderly of Company A from organization. Was Adjutant of the Regiment from June, 1862, to June, 1864. After the close of the war he engaged in farming near Francisco. Was Treasurer of Gibson county from 1869 to 1871. Is now County Assessor and resides in Princeton. He is President of the 58th Indiana Regimental Association and a member of this Publishing Committee.

strength and moves on. They who spend their lives amid the pursuits of peace can never comprehend the dire conflict which beset the soldier's pathway. But he is repaid if he but hears of victory in a dying hour, or living, sees the principles for which he fought triumphant! About 4 p. m. the sound of battle died away. Rumors flew thick and fast. Amongst these the prevailing ones were "Beauregard is killed, or wounded, and the rebels are defeated." Johnson was not named in connection with the rebels. It was dark when we reached Savannah after a march of twenty-five miles. All the houses in town were full of wounded. We remained but a short time here and then went on board of the steamer *John J. Rowe*. The night was rainy. Many of the men were exposed to the weather and got no rest. When the morning of the 8th dawned we found that our steamer had gone eight miles up the river, and was lying at Pittsburg Landing. We had passed over one hundred and fifty miles since leaving Nashville and were now ready to confront the enemy on the battlefield.



CHAPTER V.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SHILOH—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PITTSBURG LANDING—VISIBLE EFFECTS OF THE GREAT BATTLE—DISTRESS, MISERY AND MUD EVERYWHERE—RUMORS OF A RENEWAL OF THE ENGAGEMENT—MARCHING TO THE FRONT OVER THE BATTLE GROUND—EVIDENCES OF THE DREADFUL CARNAGE—RESTING ON ARMS, WAITING FOR THE ENEMY—REVIEW OF THE TWO DAYS' BATTLE AND THE EVENTS PRECEDING—SOME CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE CONDUCT OF COMMANDING OFFICERS.

THE morning of April 8th dawned gloomy after a night of rain. The sky was overcast by clouds and these were sifting a misting shower upon the earth. Only a few feet above the water there was a level bottom, about one hundred feet up and down the stream and about fifty feet wide. Rising all around this were gradually sloping sides to the height of about seventy-five feet. Thus was formed a semi-amphitheater in the bluffs which here compose the river bank. This is Pittsburg Landing. The little bottom and the hillsides was a sea of mud, deep and almost impassable. Just at the river's brink there were some sacks of forage and a few wet slippery planks. There were not many persons about the Landing at this early hour. There were a few wounded awaiting the next boat down the river. On the forage sacks were several dead officers wrapped in their blankets. Their faces were covered but their boots were exposed. The rain had fallen upon these dead, so completely saturating their blankets and boots, that they

could not have looked more dreary had they been buried in the waters of the Tennessee. Our eyes could not penetrate over the bluff. No news came from the army. There was no sound save the tramping of men on the decks, the dashing of the waters against the hulls and an occasional reveille from the unseen camps. The voice of conversation was low. An expression of suspense and profound gloom sat alike upon the face of nature and the countenances of the untried soldiers. All minds were filled with wonder as to what the day would bring forth. There was a general expectation of battle. But many who had long coveted an engagement, like the old man in the fable who prayed for death, began now to beg to be excused. Wearied from long marching, sleepless nights and exposure, they thought that they would prefer the battle should come at some future time, when the sun shines brightly and they are more happily circumstanced. Of nothing in all the world may it more truly be said than of a battle :

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

We are not left long to our observations and reflections here. The gang plank is thrown out and we are marched on shore. Plunging amidst the mud, we climb the slippery hillside and pause upon the undulating plain that spreads far and wide from the summit. The guns were stacked and a short time given for breakfast. A few acres had been cleared here, and there had been several inferior houses. One of these buildings—a log hut with two rooms—was still standing full of wounded and completely surrounded by dead. The scenes about us beggared all efforts at description. The mud was everywhere deep. The country was covered with wagons, caissons, ambulances, rations and ammunition, tents and hospitals, men on foot and horse, mingled in an interminable manner. Here and there might be seen a dead horse, but most of the men who had fallen near here were collected about the hospitals. Some had already been buried. Near us stood a siege gun, black and grim, facing to the front. A feeble effort had been made

to throw up a little defensive work in front of it, but not enough to protect the gunners. This was about the only effort at field works on the battlefield. Everybody we met had a great deal to say about the battle. They gave many details, and had much to tell about the good behavior of their own Regiment, Brigade, or Division, and about the cowardice of others. Meanwhile the sharp discharge of musketry came from the front. This was by us supposed to be a renewal of the battle, and was so reported by those coming from that way. We did not know at that time that the participants in a battle always have many exaggerated tales for new comers. But upon this occasion the expectation of renewed battle was general. One man, hatless and excited, came by, saying that he was just from the front and that the battle was commencing in great fury.

By this time all things were in readiness. The men unslung their knapsacks and moved rapidly to the front. We had gone but a short distance until we began to see our dead, lying just where they fell, showing how alarmingly near our men had been driven to the river bank. It was but a short distance farther until we began to come upon the rebel dead, plainly distinguishable by their dress. In an open field, through which we passed, there were great numbers of men and horses sleeping their last sleep. On entering the woods we found the timber wonderfully torn by musket and cannon shots. Limbs had been severed from the trees and many bushes had been cut in two. The evidences of the dreadful carnage multiplied at each succeeding step. But blue coats disappear and gray and brown increase. We see many more rebels than of our own men. Some were sadly torn by cannon shots but most were struck by rifle balls. In several places they lay in heaps. But no time was given to us to tarry by the way. We move on, out through the camps captured by the rebels on Sunday but lost to them on Monday. We continue our march beyond the camp of General Prentiss and the point where the battle first began. Our Brigade here took position on a low ridge

fronting toward the enemy. The men lay upon their arms during the remainder of the day. The enemy not appearing, and there being no orders to advance, the line was slightly changed and we went into camp.

Several days were here spent, giving ample time for wandering about the battlefield and making observation.

The ground presents a succession of hollows and ridges but these are not deep nor high. There are but few points where the ground is sufficiently rolling to hide a man when standing. Indeed one would come near the truth to call the battlefield a plain. The soil is barren and uninviting to the

husbandman. In wet weather in some places it is impassable and in all miry, but the sun soon dries it to a hard pavement. Here and there might be found a log house surrounded by a few cleared acres. But the native forest, chiefly of oak, cover the battlefield for miles. By this time the wounded had all been gathered into hospital camps, or gathered

into the little homes of the poor farmers inhabiting these parts. Our own dead lay near the Landing, or had been buried. But everywhere might be seen the lifeless remains of the horses slain in battle. The number of these excited our wonder and awakened our sympathies in behalf of the noblest of the brute creation—man's friend in peace and his guiltless fellow sufferer in battle.



DR. W. W. BLAIR.*

* Surgeon from the organization of the Regiment. Medical Director of General T. J. Wood's Division from August 9, 1862, during the remainder of his service in the army. Since the war Dr. Blair has been continuously engaged in the practice of his profession at his home in Princeton. He is Treasurer of the 58th Indiana Regimental Association and a member of this Publishing Committee.

Everywhere we came upon the rebel dead. Two of these lay several days in our camp before means were procured for their burial. There were collections of dead about the hospitals where they had perished of their wounds. They were strewn through the woods and in the little fields. Here lies one who was endeavoring to screen himself behind a log, and here are several fallen by the same tree. One wore upon his breast a plate of iron but a grape shot had torn its way through and plowed its furrow of death into his very vitals. Some have their heads torn off or body rent to fragments by cannon balls, and others untouched by any projectile were slain by the falling branches of the forest. But the rifle ball had been the busiest messenger of death, and left by far the most victims on the field of slaughter. Some had expired seemingly without a struggle while others had plowed and beat the earth in their dying agony. Some had crawled about as we could trace them by their blood, in search of help or a sup of water, but found no relief until death kindly put an end to their suffering. The dead were clad in all styles of dress, generally some kind of brown or gray roughly made, with an eye to military appearance. But many were clothed in citizen apparel, generally without much regard to comfort or fashion.

“On the battle ground, at the break of day,
Two lifeless soldiers lay;
One face looked pitiful with yearning pain,
As one who prays in vain;
The other wore a look divinely blest,
And from the pulseless breast,
The picture of a lady and a child
Looked up to him and smiled!”

He must be a monster, indeed, who could cherish enmity amid such scenes as these. The light of many a Southern household lies extinguished. The heir of wealth and honor lies side by side by the child of penury. Love's young dreams are here forgotten, for the gallant lover sleeps a dreamless sleep. Bright anticipations of future happiness here went down amid the battle's storm. O, how many

fond hopes of parents, of sisters and of lovers were blasted on these dreadful battle days! The revolving earth rolls onward in its course, busy events crowd each other on the stage of action, and times and seasons change, but the heart wounds received by some when the news of death's sad work came from Shiloh shall never be healed, and tears shall spring an everlasting fountain in the sorrowing soul.

Some reflections on the battle of Shiloh, part of which occurred at this time and part came up as the result of after experience, may not be out of place here. When the smoke of battle has passed away it is the privilege of the humblest soldier to criticise the proudest General, and his criticisms are to be measured not by his rank but by their worth. There were some officers in the army who desired their men not to think but look upon their superiors as the embodiment of wisdom, incapable of error. But there are few Americans who are willing to sink themselves to the level of the thoughtless herds, which have often followed the military chiefs of the Old World.

One question which agitated the public mind just after this engagement, was whether or not General Grant was drunk when the battle began. This was generally believed at the time, both in the army and out of it. But after the tanner boy became Lieutenant-General it was stoutly denied from many quarters. A gentleman of intelligence and truth who came up from Savannah on the same boat, says that he was not intoxicated. But being at the time lame, had to be helped on his horse, when he plunged away through the quicksand where his staff did not dare to ride. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the story. But, if it is true that there was no drunkenness on the part of the commanding General, there certainly was mismanagement somewhere. The camps were arranged about Pittsburg Landing with but little order. There was no provision made for an attack. No works were constructed. No batteries were planted. No obstructions were placed to entangle the enemy in his advance. The roads from Corinth, over which the enemy

advanced, are usually terrible at this season of the year. He must have approached cautiously and our commanders were either ignorant of his coming, or at least made no preparations for it, and kept the matter to themselves. General Grant was absent when the battle began. Our pickets were surprised and quickly driven in. The men in some of the Regiments did not have time to form, but were killed or captured in their camps, or driven in confusion towards the rear. Amongst these troops there was not the slightest prevailing rumor of probable battle. There was no standing in line of battle, as we did afterwards when the enemy was known not to be near. Our men rallied as well as they could and those troops, not assaulted by the enemy's first charge, formed and all fought bravely. But such was the want of preparations on our part that our men were driven from many of their camps and almost to the river. If our men had been posted in a regular line of battle, behind substantial works, with a connected line of pickets thrown out in front, and, had a sharp lookout been kept up, they never would have been moved. But this lesson was not learned until later in the war. There are some things which may be learned at West Point—other things are learned from the school of experience.

General Lewis Wallace was at Crump's Landing, only a few miles down the river, when the battle began, but owing to a mistake in the roads he did not reach the battlefield until the first day's fight was over. General Buell cannot be justly criticised for delay. He could not certainly be expected to know that the rebels would be there on that particular Sunday morning, when the officers on the ground knew nothing about it. The march from Nashville was as rapid as raw troops could possibly have made. If it had not been for the dry weather during most of the march, it would not have been completed in time to have taken any part in the engagement. In the light of later events of the war, it seems strange to us that our army made no fortification even after being driven all day.

But it is universally and justly conceded that the arrangements of our troops for Monday's fight were splendid. All the movements are said to have been executed in the same manner. The enemy were steadily driven back from the river—back through the camps captured on the day before; back beyond the first point of attack. They lost the field, the dead and many of the wounded. But why were our people so easily satisfied? It was a golden moment such as is seldom given to an army. The copious rains fallen since the commencement of the battle had rendered the roads so horrible that the enemy were two weeks in getting back to Corinth. They were encumbered with trains, guns and wounded. We might at least have pressed them a few days. Certain it is that many guns and prisoners might have been captured. Perhaps we might have gone straight forward, changing our base in a few days to Hamburg Landing, where the soil is more firm and from whence the roads to Corinth are better. The enemy's cavalry, which left the main army at this time, and soon learned to relish daring raids, might have been detained south of the Tennessee. The army, that afterward proudly bade Halleck a French adieu at Corinth, might have been partially crushed before the siege of Corinth began. So, Shiloh was left to be finished at Perryville, at Stone River, at Chickamauga and at Mission Ridge.

The part performed by the rebels in this contest was in some respects marvelous for its brilliancy of conception and execution, but sad mistakes dimmed the glory of their deeds. The plan was worthy of the master mind that devised it. General Albert Sydney Johnston had done well in conducting the war in the West. But the rebels at home were not satisfied. Their clamors reached and stung the gallant leader. He determined to dazzle them by a movement of Napoleonic brilliancy. In wonder they behold him flying, as if in dismay, from Nashville, through Murfreesboro, not stopping even at Huntsville; but at once seeks the south side of the Tennessee. From thence the railroads

soon transport his troops to Corinth. Here he unites his forces with those of Beauregard. Immediately he moves forward to defeat Grant before the coming of Buell. All this was grand, and in striking contrast to the usual dull and snail-like movements of our own Generals in those days. But Johnson committed a great error when he attacked our army on Sunday. One greater than Johnson or Grant has said: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy!" There certainly had been enough of disastrous Sabbath fighting previous to that time to have taught him a lesson. If he only could have fallen upon our men on Saturday there would have been no Buell near to have played the part of Blucher, and Beauregard's horse might have been watered from the Tennessee. The same genius that made such rapid movements might have precipitated the contest one day earlier. Another error was the filling of the canteens of his soldiers with whisky. Experience has shown that men need all the sense they have in battle. Drunken officers and soldiers never do so well as sober men. Even when men are without a stimulant they often become wild and excited in battle. Coolness, calm thought, and a consciousness of the dangers and demands of the hour will give men confidence in one another and in their officers; will produce harmony in the movements and precision in firing, and add solidarity to the army. The wild huzza of the drunken charge is soon stilled by the leaden hail delivered by sober men. Then all confidence is gone and the intoxicated men become ungovernable. The officers are not fit to command, nor could they if they were. The surprise of our men at Shiloh enabled the rebels to fight wildly and successfully all day. But when night came, and the excitement and whisky were spent, the rebel soldiers went down in their feelings as far below a proper level as they had been above it during the day. We might be surprised they did not entrench on Sunday night, especially in view of the coming of Buell, if it were not for their drunkenness. Men who have been excitedly intoxicated all day but little think that men so

brave as they imagine themselves to be, need fortifications. Most of them sunk down in drunken stupor where night overtook them. Others, not having yet exhausted their supply of whisky, spent the night in carousal over the supposed victory. One company was found dead on the morrow, having been hurled into eternity by an exploding shell while playing a game of cards. Such was the excitement of the rebels on Sunday that they neglected to take any steps to secure the camps they captured. They supposed that they could attend to this at their leisure. But when Monday morning dawned their gallant leader was dead, their artificial stimulants were gone, and they had not sober courage to meet their foe. They are driven in hot haste through these camps which they cannot pause even to burn, and victory yields to sad defeat.

All in all, the battle of Shiloh was more like some opiate fever dream than sober history. There were yells and charges and roar of musketry and cannonading. The trees were torn as well in their highest branches as about their bases. Some were reckless of life beyond all reason, fighting with open wounds until death ensued by bleeding. Meanwhile some with disheveled hair and distorted countenance fled in terror to the rear. Men who survived the contest look back in wonder on the occurrences of those eventful days. By the official reports, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine federals and one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight rebels were killed dead upon the field—being eleven more of our men than the enemy. The result shows the fight well matched and the total—three thousand four hundred and sixty-seven—proves the deadliness of the contest. No more were reported than actually fell. No doubt both of the reports fall short of the truth. The number who died of their wounds would swell the loss to about three thousand on each side. On our part 7,882 were reported wounded and 4,044 missing. Many of these missing will never be heard of until the revelation of the great day. Our loss is officially stated at 13,665. I am con-

fidest, from what I saw and heard, that this is none too large. Fifteen thousand would be nearer the truth. The enemy lost as many. Thus thirty thousand men were placed *hors de combat* at Shiloh.

The country people who built the plain little log chapel and called it Shiloh, a prophetic name of the Messiah, but little thought of the deadly strife to come, and how their little house of worship would be made famous in all coming time. The battle was well called Shiloh, and, it seems, we are indebted to the rebel General Beauregard for the application of this name to this battle. Our people began to call it Pittsburg Landing, but when he sent in his request to be permitted to bury his dead he dated it "On the Field of Shiloh." This name was immediately taken up by General Buell and soon prevailed over Pittsburg Landing. Shiloh means "The Gathering." Up to that time there had been no such gathering on the continent. It was a gathering of men and of arms. The words of Jacob were certainly fulfilled of this Shiloh, as of old: "Unto him shall the gathering of the people be." It was the most deadly battle that had then been fought in America. More Americans are said to have fallen in it than in all the Revolutionary war.



CHAPTER VI.

SHILOH TO CORINTH—CAMPING AMONG THE DEAD—UNCOMFORTABLE QUARTERS — MOVING TOWARD THE ENEMY, BY SLOW DEGREES—GENERAL HALLECK AS A COMMANDER—CORINTH EVACUATED—HALLECK OUTWITTED BY BEAUREGARD.

WE remained in this camp for about ten days without tents or baggage. Our teams had not been able to reach us, owing to the effectual blockade of the single muddy road beyond the Tennessee. In the meantime our men constructed temporary shelter from the rain, which fell almost every day, by using bark which they peeled from trees. It was not the most cosy and comfortable quarters that one could imagine, but it was the best to be had.

While in this very undesirable situation we were visited by Judge Elisha Embree and Rev. John McMaster, two sterling, patriotic citizens of Princeton, each of whom had a son in the Regiment. Rev. McMaster remained in camp over Sabbath and preached for us, this being the first preaching service the 58th had enjoyed since my connection with it, and for some time before that. The Regiment had been required to march or perform some other duty almost every Sabbath. Up to this time, it seemed to me, I had been able to do but little good as Chaplain. I was in bad health and was greatly discouraged, but I was not yet willing to give it up.

In addition to our other discomforts and cheerless surroundings here, we were located on ground that had been the scene of some of the hardest fighting and there were

dead bodies of men and horses all about us for several days. A story is told of one of our men that he lay down beside one to sleep one night and became highly offended because his silent companion would not divide blankets. Why did we not bury them? Well, I hardly know, unless it was because we had no spades or other tools with which to dig a grave. Burying parties were at work but it was a big undertaking and it was several days before the work was completed.

The weather continued damp and cold and the men were suffering from privation and hunger. All the rations had to be carried on their backs from Pittsburg Landing, a distance of four miles. There were several cases of severe illness here and their only shelter from the rain was such as could be made from the bark of trees. Among those who were severely sick was Private Emmerson, of Company F, and the news had got home that he was dead. In a day or two after the sutler of the 8th Indiana Battery, who had been home on a visit, arrived in camp bringing with him a fine metallic coffin. When he came to the Regiment to inquire after the corpse he was astonished to learn that it was not ready. Comrade Emmerson is the only living man in the 58th who had so fine a coffin sent to him. He lived to serve his time out.

During the remainder of April we had some pretty tough experiences in soldiering. The country was the most desolate and forsaken we had ever seen; the rains continued and the mud was very deep and very nasty. Sickness increased and many deaths occurred. The 58th lost some noble men in this wilderness campaign. We moved camp every few days, often going but a few miles, but never staying at one place long enough to get fixed up, even if the facilities for fixing had been at hand.

During the month of May we continued our cautious advance toward Corinth, where the rebels were now in force, strongly fortified. Our position was in General Buell's army, in the center. Grant's army was on the right and General Pope, who had come up after the capture of

Island No. 10, with the army of the Mississippi, was on our left. Major General Halleck was the commander of this entire force. It was an immense army and was capable of great things if it had been properly managed. As it was it seemed to be cumbersome and unwieldy. Somehow the several Divisions seemed to be getting in each other way. Sometimes we thought ourselves in the front and near the rebels. Pickets would be thrown out; strict orders would be given about making fires or noise of any kind, lest the enemy should discover our position. Later we would discover that a whole Division of our own troops were in front of us with blazing fires and stirring music.

On the 18th of May, however, we did get near enough to the enemy to hear balls whistle and shells burst. Here we threw up our first entrenchments. We were now about three miles from Corinth and the rebels were plenty enough between us and that town. From this time until the 30th of May there was more or less skirmishing in our front every day, but no serious casualties occurred in the 58th.

On the morning of May 30th the 58th was out on picket. About daylight the drowsy sentinels were aroused by a loud and continuous explosion. Looking in the direction of Corinth we discovered huge columns of smoke rising over the town and above the intervening tree tops. Soon the news came that the rebels had evacuated the place. This was as much of a surprise to General Halleck as it was to the private in the rear rank. Although we had been for two months within twenty miles of the enemy, it appears that our commanding General had never been able to comprehend his movements. And now, after all this delay and extreme caution on the part of the Commander of this army of over 100,000 men, the wily foe had escaped. Just when General Halleck thought he was ready to close in on Beauregard, that shrewd Commander deliberately walked out of the trap. There was great strategy displayed in this Corinth campaign—but it was all on the part of General Beauregard.

As soon as the discovery was made that the rebels were

evacuating, General Nelson and General McCook hastened forward with troops from their respective Divisions and occupied the town. They followed the retreating rebels a short distance beyond, but they had too much of a start of our forces, and nothing of importance was accomplished. So, the fruits of our victory were the peaceable possession of a town of insignificant proportions, and such things thereunto appertaining as the rebels did not care to take away with them.

Saturday morning, May 31st, our Brigade went into Corinth, and remained during the day. We spent a good deal of the time looking around this late rebel stronghold. We found a great amount of camp equipage which our friends, the enemy, had left, but which they had rendered useless. There was also a great quantity of provision left but they had attempted to destroy this in various ways. They had destroyed many of the houses in the town and left it in a very forlorn and ruined condition. There were numerous forts and formidable works of defense around the place, but the seige guns and lighter field pieces had been removed while our army was innocently waiting.

In their retreat from Corinth the rebel army was broken into detachments, part going toward Okolona, Miss., and part toward Memphis. Probably the largest part of what had been Beauregard's grand army at Corinth, was the force under General Bragg that headed eastward toward Chattanooga. In consequence of this movement of the rebels, our army had to suffer similar disintegration. The army of the Ohio, which was the designation of that force commanded by General D. C. Buell, and of which the 58th was a part, was directed to look after General Bragg, and we immediately turned our attention in that direction. Bragg, however, had every advantage of his competitor, and it was not long after the evacuation of Corinth until his army was safely established in Chattanooga, and ready for offensive operations. What these were will be fully developed as we proceed with our story.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM CORINTH TO McMINNVILLE—GETTING OUT OF MALARIAL SWAMPS INTO A HEALTHFUL COUNTRY—INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH THROUGH ALABAMA—TUSCUMBIA—MOORESVILLE—HOT ROAST AT HUNTSVILLE—FORCED MARCH TO SHELBYVILLE—ENJOYING LIFE AT DECHERD—UP THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS AND BACK AGAIN—WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF BRAGG—A BRUSH WITH FOREST.

MONDAY morning, June 2d, General Wood's Division, of which the 58th was a part, began its march towards the East. We camped for a few days at Bear Creek, near Iuka, having passed through Farmington, *en route*. We then continued our march eastward, along the line of the Memphis and Chattanooga railroad, until we reached Tusculumbia, where we again went into camp on the 9th of June. Our camping place here was on the county fair ground, one of the most beautiful locations for a camp we had yet found. The ground was encompassed by a broad stream of clear, cold water, running out of a bluff of rocks. It was one of the finest springs in the world and this clear water was healthful and refreshing to the boys who had been living for the last three months in the swamps from Pittsburg Landing to Corinth, and drinking of the sickly miserable water which was the only kind to be had in that country. The 15th Brigade was now in the advance of Buell's army and was, to a large extent, isolated from any large body of troops. This was a new experience to us and an advantage in many ways. It afforded an opportunity for enjoying this splendid

country which had not yet been disturbed by either army. It was like entering the confines of a new world when we left the barren wastes of the country about Corinth and the crowded presence of a large army, and were permitted to breathe the pure air, drink the fine water and enjoy the scenery of the fine plantations of northern Alabama. The effect of this change of atmosphere, diet and scenery, was soon manifested in the improved condition of the soldiers. Many of those who had been barely able to keep up with their Company during the long campaign through the Mississippi swamps, speedily regained their wonted health and vigor under the influences of this invigorating Alabama climate. During the three weeks' stay in the fair ground at Tuscumbia there was a wonderful recuperation of the men of our Regiment, and when we again started on the march the 58th was in a better condition physically than it had ever been. Though not so strong in numbers as when it left Camp Gibson, it was better able to withstand the hardships of a soldier's life, because the men who were with the Regiment now were thoroughly seasoned to these hardships.

While the 58th was in camp at this place several incidents occurred affecting the organization of the Regiment. One of these was the resignation of Colonel Carr and the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel George P. Buell to the vacancy. Captain Brown, of Company A, and Lieutenant Knox, of Company D, also resigned and left the Regiment at this place. First Lieutenant William Davis was promoted to the Captaincy of Company A, and Sergeant Charles C. Whiting, was made First Lieutenant of same Company; 2d Lieutenant George Whitman, of Company D, was promoted to the vacancy made by the resignation of Lieutenant Knox.

Previous to this time several other changes occurred which we will note: Captain Joseph Crow, Company F, left us while the Regiment was in Kentucky, March 21, 1862. Lieutenant Daniel L. Cain was promoted to the vacancy. Second Lieutenant Joseph D. Fisher resigned April 19th, 1862, while the Regiment was on the Corinth campaign, and



GENERAL GEORGE P. BUELL.

For Biographical Sketch see page 568.

First Sergeant Augustus Milburn was promoted to the vacancy. Captain David J. Banta, of Company E, resigned May 30th, 1862, and 1st Lieutenant A. H. Alexander was promoted to the vacancy. Lieutenant Samuel H. Spillman, Company G, resigned March 23d, 1862. Sergeant Major Joseph Grant was promoted to the vacancy. Second Lieutenant George Labarree, of the same Company, resigned March 4th, 1862, and Sergeant Sasser Sullivan was promoted to the vacancy. Captain W. B. Carr, of Company K, left the Regiment May 1st, 1862, and his place was filled by the promotion of Lieutenant Charles H. Bruce.

The old regimental band returned to us while we were in camp at Tuscumbia. Mention has already been made of the band's departure while we were in camp at Edgefield. It seems that the Government had reconsidered its determination not to muster regimental bands, and so it came about that the 58th band was returned. The leader of the band was James Patterson and there were some very good musicians among them. There were some in the organization, however, who had not even a speaking acquaintance with a musical sound. But our band was fully up to the average regimental bands of those times, and its music served to enliven things in camp and on the march—particularly when the Colonel would spy some women ahead of the column waiting to see us pass. By experience and intuition, whenever the band struck up on our march, the boys always knew that there were women ahead, and they would give their ragged and dusty blouses a sudden jerk, shift their belt and cartridge boxes, and otherwise adjust themselves so as to make as fine an appearance as possible for the coming female review. When the reviewing party was scrutinized it was often found to be composed of the most homely female specimens the country could produce; and that is saying a great deal, for the productions in this line in some of the country through which we passed were truly marvelous. Instead of finding a bevy of beautiful damsels of the sunny south in these groups there was often

a motley collection of long, lank women, with sallow countenances and hollow eyes, indicating a habit of snuff eating and a daily diet of clay. But the band played on, while the boys would indulge in words pertaining to the Colonel and his display that would require dashes and exclamation points if produced in print.

I have mentioned some of the events that occurred at Tuscumbia camp affecting the official roster of the Regiment, but I will omit some things in this line that might be mentioned. It will serve the purpose of this record just as well if the short comings and indiscretions of some of the officers and men, who afterward proved themselves true and brave soldiers, should be covered by the broad mantle of charity.

The 58th was not idle while in camp at this place, although there was a good deal of resting done. There was a resumption of Company and battallion drill, an exercise that had been in suspense, for obvious reasons, for many months. While there was no large rebel force in the vicinity, there were many bands of guerillas prowling around the country. Many of the members of these bands were good loyal citizens during the day time, but after dark they were individually and collectively hostile to the "Yankee invaders," as they regarded us, and they were ready to engage in any scheme that would work damage to the Union army. One of their favorite pastimes was the burning of cotton and the destruction of railroad bridges. Almost every night the light from burning cotton gins could be seen. The particular object in this wanton destruction of their own property was somewhat of a mystery to us. We could only surmise that it was because of the fear that this cotton would fall into the hands of the Union forces and would strengthen their cause. The foolish idea that "Cotton was King," and that it was the controlling commercial product of the world, was prevalent in that section in these days. There was a large explosion of this idea later on.

An effort was made to apprehend these marauders and

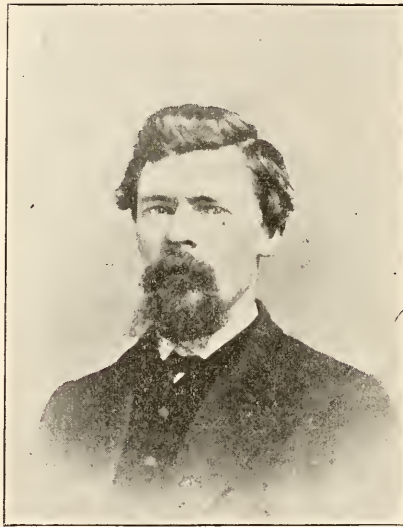
stop their depredations and to some extent it was successful. Several scouting parties were sent out from the Regiment and Brigade and some captures were made. Company B, of the 58th, and Company K, of the 17th, were detailed to go to Cain Creek, about ten miles distant, to guard the railroad bridge and to keep an eye on things in that section. This detachment was on duty there about two weeks when they were relieved by a Company of cavalry and orders were given the Companies to rejoin the Brigade, which then had orders to march.

About the 1st of July the 15th Brigade broke camp and left this pleasant situation, taking up its march eastward. This was not at all agreeable to the soldiers, but they did not think it worth while to make a formal protest to General Buell, who was in command. The soldiers had learned by this time that their pleasure and convenience was not always consulted by the General in command. They had learned that they had the privilege of grumbling all they wanted to and might complain of the hardships and unpleasantness of their situation to their hearts' content. There was no objection to that—just so they obeyed orders.

Following the line of railroad—which, by the way, was being operated now by the army between Corinth and Decatur—we soon found ourselves in Decatur. Here we remained in camp a few days waiting for the completion of arrangements for crossing the Tennessee river. We spent the 4th of July here. As part of the exercises of this day we were reviewed by Brigadier-General Wood and Brigadier-General Hascall. There was also some attention given to dress parade and the promulgation of some general orders pertinent to the occasion. The members of the 58th indulged their patriotic ardor by taking a good rest, which was really about the most sensible form their patriotism could take. It was a relaxation they very much needed, after the several days' marching through the hot sun that had preceded and was to follow this camping place.

On July 5th we crossed the Tennessee river, using some

old flat bottom barges for the purpose, the rebels having destroyed the railroad bridge here. The river was shallow and the men used long poles to push the boats across. It was about 11 o'clock p. m., July 5th, when the 58th had all crossed, and they went into camp a short distance beyond the river. Next day we resumed our march to Mooresville, six miles from Decatur, where we again went into camp for a few days. We left here about the 10th day of July and marched to Huntsville, through which we passed on one



J. M. SMITH, CAPTAIN CO. B.*

of the hottest days we had ever experienced. To make the matter worse the Regiment was halted just before reaching the town and the men were ordered to put on their blouses—it was their custom to discard blouses and extra clothing on these hot marches. But the Colonel commanding was going to make a grand show of his Regiment now. Huntsville was a fine town, inhabited by refined, wealthy people, and it would never do for us to march through the city in our shirt sleeves and otherwise slovenly attire. So the order was given to have the men put on their coats and adjust their equipments preparatory to a grand march through the city. The boys were not averse to participating in this kind of a parade under ordinary circumstances, but just now the condition was not particularly pleasing. But the Colonel

*At the organization of the Regiment was Second Lieutenant of Co. K. Was promoted to First Lieutenant of that Company June 21, 1862. Transferred and promoted to Captain of Co. B, December 30, 1862, and continued as such until April, 1865. Since the war he has been engaged principally in farming and stock raising near Newman, Ills., where he still resides.

has commanded and they had no choice in the matter. The Companies were divided into platoons, and with guns at "right shoulder shift," bayonets fixed, the column started, headed by the Colonel and his staff mounted in front. The regimental band was making its best efforts in the way of music, the tired foot soldiers were doing their best to present a martial appearance, while Old Sol, from his place, high in the heavens, was doing his best to make a general roast of the entire aggregation. His efforts were the most nearly a success. The lines were kept in pretty good shape for a short time, but before we were through the business part of the city, men began to fall out by the dozens and hunt for a shade. They were utterly exhausted. Some of them came a few hours later to the Regiment, when it went into bivouac a couple of miles out of town, but many others were turned into the hospital, and not a few never were with the Regiment again.

We went into camp in a beautiful grove just outside of town and the weary soldiers were soon stretching themselves upon the grass enjoying a much needed rest. We prepared dinner and it was the general belief that the Regiment was to remain in camp here, for awhile at least. All were delighted at the prospect of camping in such a pleasant place. Here was a rich agricultural country with fine roads, fine springs of water, with a fine town the center of it all. Who would not be delighted to live in such a locality? It was not strange that the 58th Regiment should rejoice in a chance to rest in such a place after the several months of almost continuous marching. We also found much satisfaction in the prospect of remaining here, from the fact that the 42d Indiana was stationed at Huntsville. As two Companies of this Regiment had been raised in Gibson county, our boys found many old acquaintances and friends with whom they expected to exchange visits, and have a real good time.

But, alas, our pleasant anticipations were of short duration. Soon after going into bivouac the orders came to be

ready to march at 4 o'clock the same afternoon. Our orders for a sudden departure from here was on account of news of Forrest's raid in Tennessee. He had made an attack on a force of our men at Murfreesboro, under General Crittender, capturing the entire force. Forrest was expected to continue depredations in that section and the advance troops of General Buell's army were ordered to move on to Shelbyville with all possible speed. So it was that our stop at Huntsville was cut short. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day of our arrival, we were moving out on the turnpike towards Shelbyville. We marched until 11 o'clock that night before stopping to camp. Next morning we resumed our march at an early hour. We crossed the state line during the day and reached Fayetteville, Lincoln county, Tennessee, that night. There was a pretty strong Union sentiment in this county and as our Regiment was the first Union soldiers that had passed through that section, we were an object of much interest to these loyal people. They met us with every demonstration of joy. But there was also a large secession element here that looked upon us with hatred and bitterness. There was a very bitter feeling in this part of Tennessee between the citizens. In many sections there was open war. Guerilla fighting was common. As we passed through there was no organized rebel army near us, but the country was full of rebel guerrillas and bush-whackers, and woe to the straggler who fell into their hands. Some of our Regiment who had relatives and friends in this section and who took occasion to visit them during our march through, could a tale unfold as to the danger of such a venture.

In the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving Huntsville we arrived at Shelbyville. This was the most loyal town we had struck since leaving Indiana. As we entered the town we were enthusiastically cheered by the citizens of all ages and sexes who lined the streets. From the court house there floated the stars and stripes, and from many of the

houses the same emblem of Unionism and loyalty, was displayed. A large number of young men of this place enlisted in the Union army, and many gave their lives in the defense of the flag of their country.

Our stop here was not long. A large number of the Regiment had dropped out on the way hither and we waited a day or two for them to catch up. Then we went on to Decherd, a little station on the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, arriving there about the 23d of July. Here we went into camp and made preparations to stay awhile, and we actually did stay for three weeks. The greater part of General Wood's division was concentrated about Decherd. Our purpose, so far as we could understand it, was to guard the railroad and to watch the movements of the rebels who were now concentrated at Chattanooga. But it was not the business of the common soldier to bother about plans and purposes. That was the concern of the officer in command. The rank and file might discuss these matters, and form theories, and evolve military movements, developing strategy of the highest order, but they did not allow such discussion and such mental exercise to interfere in any way with their ease and enjoyment—not after they had the experience of real soldiers. The 58th had such experience by this time. We did not care what the General was planning to do or what would be our next move. Our chief concern was to get plenty to eat and secure a cool comfortable place to sleep. There were very strict orders against foraging, but the boys did not care for the orders. If they could evade the pickets and escape the patrol that was frequently sent out to gather up the foragers, they would have the best the land afforded. And the crop of potatoes, corn, chickens, etc., was pretty good around Decherd about this time, as many of the 58th boys can testify. In the event that a forager should fall into the hands of a too zealous squad of the patrol, or if the picket guard should be obstinate and refuse to "look the other way," just when the forager was trying to sneak into camp with his load,—should he be captured

and be marched in "disgrace" to the General's headquarters, he was sure to receive a very severe reprimand. Sometimes he was sentenced to "carry a rail," sometimes he was called to undergo some more severe punishment, but more often he was sent to his Colonel or his Captain, who would be instructed to inflict such punishment as the crime might deserve. In most cases this mode of punishment was the severest of all to the unfortunate forager. He would have to "divide" with the Colonel, or the Captain, one or both, too often both. Then he would be sent to his mess to feast on what was left, promising, meanwhile, that he would never be guilty of foraging again, or, if he should ever indulge in such practice, that he would be more careful about being caught. Thus the time passed. We had an abundance of garden vegetables, roasting ears, peaches and all kinds of fruit. The country was well supplied with these products, but it was rather barren in that respect after our three weeks' stay. It must not be understood here that the soldiers confiscated all this without compensating the owners. As a rule the produce was bought and paid for. The soldier who had money would always exchange it for something to eat, and he was not always particular about the price.

During our stay here a detail was made from the Regiment to go to Indiana on a recruiting service. Of this detail Major J. T. Embree, and Captain Joseph Moore, of Company B, were a part. It was while we were in this camp that Hugh Shaw, of Company I, became involved in a quarrel with Major Foster, of the 3d Ohio cavalry, and knocked him down. Shaw was afterward court martialed and sentenced to be shot, but owing to some defect in the proceedings the order was never executed.

Dr. W. W. Blair, our Regimental Surgeon, was appointed Medical Director of Wood's Division, August 9th, while we were at Camp Decherd. He entered upon his duties at General Wood's headquarters and his place in the Regiment was filled by Dr. J. R. Adams. Dr. Samuel E. Holtzman,

of Bloomington, Indiana, who came to the Regiment in April, as an additional assistant Surgeon, by order of Governor Morton, had remained as such until this time. In the transfer of Dr. Blair to Division headquarters, Dr. Holtzman became regular assistant Surgeon.

August 14th we left our pleasant camp at Decherd and moved in the direction of Manchester. We stopped near this town for a day or two then moved on toward McMinnville, camping at a point on the railroad about twelve miles

from that place. Our Regiment was assigned the duty of repairing the railroad from Tullahoma to McMinnville. Company B was detached on special duty to guard a bridge about four miles from the Regimental camp. The Company remained here about two weeks and were then relieved by Company F, 54th Ohio. Company B was ordered to report to their Regiment, which was then under orders to join the Brigade, stationed six



DR. J. R. ADAMS.*

miles from McMinnville. Before arriving, however, the Brigade had moved, the entire Division being under marching orders and on the road across the Cumberland mountains toward Chattanooga. So the 58th only halted at the recent camping grounds of the Brigade long enough to draw rations and eat dinner. Then we moved on after our command.

* Started out as Assistant Surgeon and discharged the duties of Regimental Surgeon after the appointment of Dr. Blair as Medical Director. Was promoted to Surgeon of the 15th Indiana in August, 1863, and continued as such during the remainder of his army service. Since the war he has been practicing his profession in Petersburg, Ind., where he still resides.

We reached their camping place at the foot of the mountains about sundown and rested for the night, feasting ourselves on the excellent potatoes, roasting ears, etc., which were plentiful hereabout.

Early next morning we began climbing the mountain, the men pulling the wagons and artillery up the steep places in the winding road by long ropes attached to the vehicles. It required all the strength of men and mules to draw the artillery and wagons up the mountain, but it was finally accomplished. About 11 o'clock we were on the summit and halted here for two or three hours, then moved on to within two miles of Altamont. General Wood sent a squad of cavalry ahead and they came back reporting water and forage scarce. On the strength of this information we were ordered to countermarch to the place from whence we started in the morning. This was a trying ordeal for the boys who had nearly exhausted themselves in the arduous work of the morning. They were not only tired but were half famished with thirst; and no water nearer than the foot of the mountain, seven miles down the roughest road over which we had ever traveled. But such inconveniences and discouragements are part of a soldier's life and it is the part of a soldier to endure them with as much complacency as the circumstances will admit. So we turned about and started for the foot of the mountain. Sometime after dark we reached our camping place of the night before and found water to quench our thirst and something to satisfy our hunger. Then we found a convenient spot of ground for a bed and were soon in a condition of forgetfulness of the past and of indifference as to the present.

Next morning we resumed our march and stopped again at the former Brigade camping ground, six miles from McMinnville. We cleaned off a nice place for camping, and, after the usual manner, moved next day. Stopped within two miles of McMinnville where we remained for some time. Our condition now seemed to be one of suspense and uncertainty. There appeared to be a great deal

of uncertainty on the part of our Commanders as to whether Bragg's army was contemplating an advance on our position at McMinnville, or whether they were going to some other place. It was pretty evident to those in a position to know that the rebel army was unusually active and that some important move was contemplated. Forrest's cavalry was very much in evidence in our vicinity. On the 30th he made an attack on a stockade erected and defended by the 54th Ohio Company, that had taken the place of Company B, of the 58th, a few days before. Forrest's forces were repulsed with considerable loss. The news of this affair was brought to our camp by a courier, who was hatless, coatless and very much demoralized. He insisted that the rebels were coming in great force. Of course this created considerable excitement in camp. The "long roll" was sounded and our troops were soon in line ready for action. But they did not come. In fact, Forrest was just now trying to avoid any large body of troops, as he was in something of a close place and was seeking a way to get out of it. It was about two o'clock p. m. of that same day that General Wood received word that Forrest's command was crossing the railroad about two miles from our camp, and was making his way toward Woodbury. The information was that his forces expected to cross the Murfreesboro road at a point eight miles to our rear. Immediately General Wood ordered three Regiments of our Brigade, viz:—the 26th Ohio, 58th Indiana, 17th Indiana, and the 8th Indiana Battery, all under the command of Colonel Fyffe,—to start on the "double quick," to intercept the rebels at the point indicated. After a hot march we came upon the enemy about dark, just as he was turning into the road upon which our Brigade was marching, when our skirmishers opened fire. The battery took position and opened up, while the whole Brigade in line of battle advanced. But Forrest's command did not stay to see the fight. They were taken by surprise and fled in great confusion, leaving on the field arms, horses, mules, equipments, and the only wagon they had. They

took to the woods, scattering in every direction, seemingly every man for himself. Of course it was useless for us to pursue them. It was now after dark and they were mounted, and they could easily keep out of the way of our soldiers on foot. So we returned to camp.

Next morning the 58th Regiment was ordered to return to the scene of the last night's skirmish on a reconnoitering tour. We found a great many relics of the stampede of the night before in the shape of guns, and accouterments, articles of clothing, etc., but nothing of much value. It was learned that several of Forrest's men were wounded in the skirmish but they had all been taken away. As it appeared to us now our hasty return to camp last night was a blunder. In the first place the march was an unnecessary hardship on the men, and in the second place we missed an opportunity to secure the fruits of our bloodless victory. Many of the stampeded rebels, as it was learned, were hiding in the woods in the near vicinity during the night, expecting to be captured in the morning. What a surprise it must have been to them that the "Yankees" were not about next morning. This being the case, there was nothing for the lingering "Johnnies" to do but to deliberately take up their journey toward their command. It was about noon of that day when the 58th arrived and it was expecting too much of the discomfited "Johnnies" to wait on us until that hour—especially when there was some uncertainty about our coming. We gathered what booty there was to be found and returned to camp in the evening.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETREAT FROM McMINNVILLE TO LOUISVILLE—THROUGH
MURFREESBORO — NASHVILLE — BOWLING GREEN —
FIGHT AT MUMFORDSVILLE—RAPID MARCHING AFTER
BRAGG—ARRIVAL AT LOUISVILLE—TIRED, RAGGED,
DUSTY AND DISCOURAGED.

WHILE it may not have appeared to the common soldier that our movements for the past six months have been controlled by anything that Bragg has been doing, or attempting to do, yet it will soon appear plain enough to any one, that his movements have a very distinct controlling influence on our own. One of the things discovered by our trip to the top of the mountains was that Bragg's whole army was on the move.*

It has been noted that Bragg had concentrated the army under his command at Chattanooga. During the summer

* The following dispatch to General Buell from General Thomas, who was in command of the Union forces at McMinnville, throws some light on that mountain march and the reason for turning back:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, ARMY OF OHIO, }
ALTAMONT, TENN., August 25th, 5 p. m. }

Major-General Buell, Decherd:

The enemy no nearer than Dunlap. It is reported there is one Brigade there, and one at Pikeville. This I learn here, and which confirms the report of Major Loughlin, First Ohio Cavalry.

Water scarce—only one spring here; and not forage enough in the neighborhood to last for one day. The road up the mountain is almost impassable. General Wood has been from six o'clock till now, and has not succeeded in getting his artillery up the road. I deem it next to impossible to march a large army across the mountains by Altamont, on account of scarcity of water and forage, and the extreme difficulty of passing over the road. I will therefore return to McMinnville and await further orders. As I mentioned in one of my dispatches, I regard McMinnville as the most important for occupation of any. The occupation of McMinnville, Sparta, and Murfreesboro will, in my opinion, secure the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. I have sent out Smith to put in operation a system of couriers, by which, I believe, we can get reliable information.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE H. THOMAS,

Major-General U. S. V.

he does not seem to have been very active, at least his activities have not been troublesome to our army, as we were several miles away, with high mountains and a broad river between us. It was about the 22d of August when Buell first learned definitely that the rebel chieftain was crossing the Tennessee river, but there was some doubt, it seems, as to what his intentions were. It was now pretty evident from all the circumstances that he wanted to get into Kentucky, but there was uncertainty as to what route he would take. This uncertainty remained until August 27th, when General Thomas captured a dispatch to the rebel General, Van Dorn,* which revealed Bragg's whole plans. But the information came too late to enable Buell to checkmate the move. Bragg had simply outwitted Buell and had the start of our army. On the 30th of August, Buell gave orders for the army to concentrate at Murfreesboro with all possible dispatch. This was the beginning of the great race to Louisville.

It was the 3d of September that General Wood's division started on that famous retreat. This was a move of which very little can be said to the credit of our military leaders. It was a forced march from beginning to finish. The weather was hot, the roads were dusty and for the greater part of the distance there was a great scarcity of water.

* HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT NO. 2, }
 CHATTANOOGA, TENN., August 27th, 1862. }

Major-General Earl Van Dorn, Commanding District of the Mississippi, Jackson, Miss.

GENERAL: We move from here immediately, later by some days than expected; but in time, we hope, for a successful campaign. Buell has certainly fallen back from the Memphis and Charleston railroad, and will probably not make a stand this side of Nashville, if there. He is now fortifying that place.

General E. K. Smith, reinforced by two Brigades from this army has turned Cumberland Gap, and is now marching on Lexington, Kentucky. General Morgan (Yankee) is thus cut off from all supplies. General Humphrey Marshall is to enter Eastern Kentucky from Western Virginia. We shall thus have Buell pretty well disposed of.

Sherman and Rosecrans we leave to you and Price, satisfied you can dispose of them, and we confidently hope to meet you upon the Ohio.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

BRAXTON BRAGG,

General Commanding.

M. M. KIMMEL.

Our destination, as we thought, was Murfreesboro. And so it was, but we did not stop there. We found on reaching that place that other troops were ahead of us. A great army was passing through here in hurried haste, all headed in the direction of Nashville, and all the Government stores in Murfreesboro were being sent to that place. What did it mean? Some of the more sanguine thought it meant that the war was over and we were going home. But there were not many who shared in this belief. It was too plainly evident that there was something serious involved in our hurried movement to the rear.

Tired, dusty and foot-sore we arrived at Nashville, finding the army increasing in numbers as we moved toward that place. Camping here for one night we resumed our march toward Gallatin. This was off the line of march on which the main army was passing, and the roads were less blockaded and our progress less interrupted. Between Gallatin and Bowling Green the 58th marched a day and night, covering a distance of over forty miles. On arrival at Bowling Green we went into camp for a few days, enjoying the first rest that we had had since leaving McMinnville.

By this time we knew something more definitely as to the reason of our retrograde movement. We all realized now that there was a hurried race between Buell and Bragg for the Ohio river, with the chances in favor of Bragg winning. The two armies were moving part of the time on parallel roads, often only a few miles apart. While we were resting at Bowling Green, Bragg's army gained the advance and swung his forces against Mumfordsville, where there was a Brigade or more of Union troops, under the temporary command of Colonel J. T. Wilder. After a sharp fight the Union troops were forced to surrender. About 4,000 men and 4,000 small arms, and a large amount of army stores, was our loss here. This occurred on the 17th of September. Buell's advance did not reach the place until the 21st. In the meantime all our captured prisoners had been paroled by Bragg. The main part of Bragg's army had swung off

to the right from the direct road to Louisville. A strong force had been left at Mumfordsville, however, to resist our advance. Our Brigade was in the advance of Buell's army as we approached Mumfordsville. Being apprised of the rebel force at that place we moved forward with extreme caution. When within about four miles of the place we encountered the rebel cavalry. Deploying into line of battle, our Brigade moved on through fields and woods, driving the rebels back. They did not offer much resistance until they reached the main force which was posted across the river from Mumfordsville. Here they showed such a determination to resist our further progress that preparation was made to give them the best we had in the way of fight. Two Companies of the 58th Indiana were sent forward as skirmishers, with the entire Regiment as reserve. Behind this were the other Regiments of the Brigade in line of battle, supporting the 8th Indiana Battery posted on a high knoll commanding the crossing at the river. Detachments of the 3d Ohio cavalry were on either flank. It was not long until the skirmishers had opened up communication with the rebels across the river, and there was quite a lively interchange of shots for a while. Several times the rebels attempted to drive back our skirmishers but were not successful. We held our ground while the batteries from both sides thundered, and the solid shot and exploding shells tore up the ground and made our situation anything but pleasant. Tiring of this after a time, we made a charge across the river, which was shallow enough at that time to wade, and drove the rebels from their position. We found that the force was not strong, only a few cavalry left behind to impede our progress while Bragg's main army could gain time. Although no serious casualty resulted from this engagement it served to show the soldierly qualities of the men of our Regiment and their courage under fire. Every man was in his place ready for duty and did his duty unflinchingly.

Among those who were captured and paroled at Mum-

fordsville were a number of recruits and returning convalescents of the 17th Indiana. They had got thus far on their way with Colonel Wilder when Bragg's advance struck the place and gobbled them up.

Next morning after our little brush with the rebels we resumed our march toward Louisville. Bragg was now in our advance, but at Elizabethtown he turned to the right, taking the route leading through Bardstown. It was yet uncertain whether he would reach Louisville ahead of us, and we were pushed forward with all possible speed. We passed rapidly on to Elizabethtown where we arrived at 3 p. m. of the same day. We went into bivouac for a short time, but about dark we again took up our line of march and kept going until 11 p. m., when we went into camp for the night. Early next morning we started without having an opportunity to get anything to eat. About 2 o'clock p. m. we arrived at West Point on the Ohio river, nineteen miles below Louisville. General Buell here took steamboat passage for Louisville, and we went into bivouac until 10 o'clock next morning. At that hour we started again but did not make very rapid progress. Late in the afternoon of September 25th, we went into camp in a meadow, situated on the river bank, with the pleasant prospect of a good night's rest. But our anticipations were not realized. About 9 o'clock word came to "fall in" and move on to Louisville, about ten miles distant. It seems there was great fear that the rebels would strike that place with its garrison of new troops before our arrival. Hence the order for us to proceed at once. We were now in advance of Buell's entire army and it was, therefore, important that we should move on.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of September, the Brigade to which the 58th belonged entered Louisville. It was as dirty and ragged a crowd of tourists as had ever been there. They were also tired, foot-sore, and very much disgusted and discouraged. Here we were again at the same place from which we started about nine months ago, with a strong and defiant rebel army within a few miles of

us. It indeed was discouraging, for it seemed that all our arduous work had been for naught. No wonder many of our soldiers took advantage of our proximity to Indiana to take a "French furlough" here, and visited their homes. Under all the circumstances it is easy to understand how many of those who thus absented themselves without leave, were persuaded, by some of their rebel-sympathizing friends, to remain at home, and thus to cause themselves to be marked as deserters. It is a fact that there were more cases of desertion during the retreat of our army, and while we were at Louisville, than at any other time. Perhaps more than during the entire three years' service. As soon as we struck the Ohio river, at the mouth of Salt river, there was a longing desire to cross over into "God's Country," as our soldiers called Indiana. The homes of many of our Regiment were only a few miles distant, and it was not unnatural that some of them should avail themselves of this opportunity to visit their friends. At Louisville there was a great pressure upon the commanding officers for furloughs. A few were granted but it was out of the question to grant all requests of this kind. It would have simply amounted to a temporary disbanding of the army and giving up the city to the rebels. However, those who were very anxious to go home did not stand on the formality of a furlough; they simply went, both officers and men. It was a risky thing to do, but most of them were fortunate enough to get back to their Regiments in time to avoid any serious consequences to themselves.

As has been stated, we arrived in Louisville at 3 o'clock on the morning of September 26th, in the advance of Buell's army. It was a cold frosty night, the men were all thinly clad and suffered from cold. We halted on a vacant lot on Broad street, near the center of the city. There were several old frame buildings near at hand, and it was not long until this combustible material was doing patriotic service in warming the tired soldiers, and boiling coffee for their refreshment. It was cause of great astonishment to the Louisvillians, this invasion of their city at that hour of the night, and

this appropriation of their property, without leave or license. But our ragged and fatigued veterans were not in the most amiable mood just then, and were not inclined to stand on ceremony.

Our entry into Louisville at this time and in this fashion, also occasioned something of a surprise to the Regiments of new troops which were guarding the city. Some of these new troops thought the rebels were coming sure, and the "long roll" was sounded in several camps, calling the soldiers into line of battle to resist the invasion. Their alarm is not to be wondered at, taking everything into consideration. For several days the city had been in a state of feverish excitement on account of the approach of the rebel army. For some time after leaving Mumfordsville, as we have stated, Bragg's army was ahead of Buell, and there was a probability that Bragg would reach Louisville first. He could easily have done so, but for some reason he chose to switch off to Bardstown. Then, another reason why the fresh troops might be excused for being alarmed at our visit on that cool September night, was because our general appearance was very much like what they would imagine the rebels to be. We were ragged and dusty, and only a few of our men had a coat or blouse of any kind. In the matter of appearance of our attire we might easily be mistaken for a rebel army, or an army of beggars.

Next day we were moved to an open space outside of the city, not very far from the place we first camped on Kentucky soil. We had a chance to rest here for a few days, but we had no change of clothes and no opportunity to draw new clothes. Our knapsacks and extra clothing had been left with the wagon train at Bowling Green. We could wash and make a more presentable appearance, however, and this we did. It is remarkable what a change can be effected, even on a ragged soldier, with a little soap and water, and an inclination to use them.

While in this camp we were visited by many friends from home and also by Indiana's great war Governor, Oliver P.

Morton. This was Governor Morton's third visit to the 58th since we left home and we were always glad to see him. His visit at this time was especially cheering. As he walked through our camp he spoke words of cheer to the men, assuring them of his constant concern for their welfare. He told us that we would be paid off here and new clothing, blankets, etc., would be issued. This was the arrangement made through the influence of Governor Morton, but it did not turn out that way, as we shall see presently.



ANDREW GUDGE, SERGEANT CO. A.*

A large number of new Regiments were added to our army here. These Regiments had been organized under President Lincoln's call of July 1, 1862. As a rule they were composed of more mature men than those who enlisted under the first call in 1861. The first enlistments were largely young men and boys, those of 1862 were generally older men, many of them with wives and children at home. This characteristic in the composition of the new Regiments indicates the growth of sentiment as to the seriousness of the struggle. It might be charged that there is a little of the love of adventure and a desire for glory, mingled with the patriotic ardor of the young man, without domestic affiliations, who enlists in the army to fight his country's battles. But this

* Was mustered in as Sergeant of Company A in Camp Gibson, and served his full term of enlistment with his Company. After his discharge from the army he returned to his farm near Oakland City, Indiana, where he has continued to reside.

cannot be said of the man who will leave a wife and children. Pure and genuine patriotism is unquestionably the motive that prompts such sacrifice.

These new Regiments were all well equipped, and in their bright new uniforms they presented a great contrast to the veterans of Buell's army. We found many of our friends among the new recruits, particularly in the 80th Indiana, a Regiment that had been organized in Camp Gibson, the first camp of the 58th.

Some important changes in the organization of the army took place while we were at Louisville, which it will be well to note here: On the 29th of September, General Wm. Nelson, one of our most efficient Division commanders, was killed at the Galt house by General Jefferson C. Davis, the result of a personal quarrel. This unfortunate event cast a gloom over the army for a time, but there were too many other exciting events transpiring for this to obtain more than a passing notice, except among the immediate friends and associates of the parties. On the same day of this occurrence a general order was issued re-organizing the army into three grand divisions, to be known as the First, Second and Third Corps. They were also called the Right Wing, Center and Left Wing. The First Corps, or Right Wing, was assigned to the command of Major-General A. D. McCook; the Second Corps, or Left Wing, was commanded by Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden; the Third Corps, or Center, was commanded by Major-General C. C. Gilbert. Major-General George H. Thomas was second in command under General Buell. In this organization the 58th was assigned to the First Brigade, First Division, Third Army Corps, or Left Wing. Our Brigade was still commanded by General Hascall, and composed of the same Regiments as formerly, with the addition of the 100th Illinois.

CHAPTER IX.

LOUISVILLE TO NASHVILLE—DRIVING BRAGG FROM BARDESTOWN—FOLLOWING HIM THROUGH SPRINGFIELD—LONG AND DUSTY MARCHES—WATER SCARCE—BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—DILATORY MOVEMENTS—BLUNDERING—BRAGG, WITH HIS BOOTY, ESCAPES—TURNING TOWARD NASHVILLE—AN OCTOBER SNOWSTORM—COLUMBIA—GLASGOW—SILVER SPRINGS—LOOKING AFTER MORGAN—AGAIN AT NASHVILLE.

THERE was great disappointment when the orders came to march, after we had been in Louisville less than four days. We had expected to get our pay and clothing while here, but our hopes were blasted. On the 1st day of October we started again on our march in the direction of Bardstown. The part of the rebel army under Bragg was now concentrated at this place. Another large force was at Frankfort under General Kirby Smith. It was the purpose of General Buell to prevent these two armies from uniting, and he, therefore, sent a large portion of his army to Frankfort to interest the rebels at that place while another part was dealing with Bragg at Bardstown.

The first night after leaving Louisville the 58th camped on the same ground that they occupied on their other trip this way, the previous December. Starting from there early next morning we soon found that our progress was disputed by the rebels. A continual skirmish was kept up between our advance and the rebel cavalry all that day, but we kept driving them back. It was evident that Bragg was not going to give us the right of way if he could avoid it.

The third evening after we left Louisville we were visited by the paymaster and received our pay, the first we had received for four months. It was very inconvenient to take care of money situated as we then were, as there was little opportunity for sending it home. Several attempted to do so and never heard of the remittance afterward. Others carried their money with them on the march and lost it in one way or another.

In the march the following day the 15th Brigade was assigned to the advance of the army. We were skirmishing with the rebels all day. Turning to the left of the main pike we moved along until, about the middle of the afternoon, we had reached a point a mile and a half from Bardstown, where we halted. It was important to know just what force of rebels were in our front, so the 58th Indiana, 26th Ohio and two sections of the 8th Indiana Battery, were sent forward as a reconnoitering party. A portion of the 3d Ohio Cavalry was sent in advance of this party. We had proceeded but a short distance when the report of sharp firing of carbines in our front was evidence that our cavalry had found the rebels. The two Regiments of infantry were hurriedly thrown into line of battle on each side of the road. While this movement was being executed the cavalry came flying back at a furious rate, which was their habit in emergencies of this kind. This sudden retrograde movement of the cavalry caused a good deal of excitement and confusion among the infantry, and prevented their formation into line for a time. Soon the artillery was in position and fired a few shots in the direction from which the cavalry fled. Skirmishers were thrown forward and the whole line advanced. The rebels were soon found, but they did not make a very strong resistance. We found they were only the rear guard of Bragg's retreating army, and they readily moved on when we charged upon them. As we entered the town on one road we could see the rebels making their exit in great haste on another. Bragg's main force had been gone several hours. We marched into town and went into

bivouac for the night. The 58th occupied the court house and served as provost guards that night. Next morning the other part of our army came up and passed on to the front, going in the direction of Springfield. About 10 o'clock General Wood's Division started on the march, leaving the 17th Indiana at Bardstown as provost guards. We camped that night on Beach Fork of Salt river, near the village of Lynchburg.

Started late next morning, struck the Springfield pike and followed it to that place. The rebels had been driven from here by our advance several hours before our arrival. We camped again in the fair ground, same place as on our former visit last winter. We remained here the next day and the next night, waiting for orders. The roads were now literally blockaded with troops and wagons, so that it was difficult to get started and tedious marching after we did start. About noon of the second day we left our Springfield camp. We moved out on the Lebanon pike for a short distance then turned off to the left toward Danville road. The march of that afternoon and the greater part of the night was one long to be remembered by those who participated in it. The road was very rough and very dusty. There was not a drop of water to be had for man or beast. About 11 o'clock that night we reached the place where it had been designed to camp, only to find that no water could be had, so we had to go on. We turned off the road at Hayesville and went along a narrow by-road, following a dry creek bottom for about six or eight miles. It was move a little piece, then stop, then move on again. This jogging march continued all night, and many a worn out soldier fell by the wayside utterly exhausted, notwithstanding the stringent orders from the commanding General, read the previous evening, in regard to stragglers.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the welcome word came that water was found and we were going into camp. Our camping place was on Rolling Fork of Salt river, and we found an abundant supply of water with which to quench

our thirst. After getting a drink the men piled down in every conceivable shape and were soon sound asleep.

The sun had risen some time before our camp was astir next morning, and then we were only partially rested from the fatiguing march of the day before. This morning, October 8, we learned that the enemy were in full force at Perryville, eight miles from us, and that there was a strong probability of a battle that day. Colonel Fyffe, commanding our Brigade, visited each Regiment of his command, as they were drawn up in line preparatory to starting on the march. He made a brief address to each, urging the men to be courageous and faithful in the discharge of the trying duty to which they were likely to be called that day. He reminded them of the high honors already achieved by the soldiers of their respective states and charged them with the duty of maintaining that high standard. Colonel Fyffe was answered with cheer upon cheer, indicating that the men of the old 15th Brigade, composed of soldiers from Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and Kentucky, were ready for any duty, and in the battle which was thought to be impending, they would not be found wanting.

To our surprise we did not start at once towards Perryville, where the enemy was reported to be, but lay at this camp until 12 o'clock, waiting orders from General Buell. Then, after starting we did not move rapidly, but made several long halts by the way. We did not reach the battlefield until near sundown. The battle had been raging since noon, with only McCook's Corps to withstand Bragg's entire army. It was an unequal contest but our men showed great valor and held their ground. To the private soldier it seemed a great blunder that the rest of Buell's army was not brought into this battle. There were thousands of troops within easy reach, enough to have crushed Bragg.

We were thrown into line of battle about sundown. The battle was still raging fiercely off to our left, but there was nothing but skirmish firing in our front. Soon after dark the battle ceased, and there was comparative quiet during

the night. We slept on our arms in line of battle waiting for an attack. Early next morning we discovered that the enemy had taken advantage of the darkness to slip away. Their dead and wounded were left on the field in great numbers, showing that their loss was severe, as was also our own.

The Perryville battle seems to have been a mistake all around. It is said that Bragg made the attack thinking it was only a small force that he had to contend with. He had no idea that the greater part of Buell's army was within easy reach. On the other side it was claimed that McCook undertook to make a reconnoissance and went too far, bringing on a general engagement. It is claimed that Buell had no information of the battle until after it had been raging for some time. The conduct of the commanding General in this battle was severely criticised, and there were a great many theories as to what might have been the result if things had been ordered differently. I am inclined to agree with the critics in this regard. I cannot get myself to believe otherwise than that, in the battle of Perryville, a serious lack of generalship was manifested. It was a useless slaughter of men without any substantial benefit. The mistake was not only in failing to press our advantages, by bringing all our available force during the battle, but also in the same neglect of opportunity after the battle. Had Buell followed up the retreating rebels the next morning, even, with the troops that had not been engaged in the previous day's conflict, he would most certainly have greatly worsted, if not entirely destroyed Bragg's army. But the golden opportunity was neglected and Bragg continued his retreat without serious interruption.

Next morning we lay on the battlefield waiting orders to follow after the retreating rebels. The order did not come until about 10 o'clock that day, when we moved through Perryville and a short distance beyond the town, where we went into camp. The next morning we made an early start, taking the direction of Danville, whither it was said the rebels were retreating. About five or six miles from Perry-

ville we turned to the right and marched about seven miles, when we went into camp in a beautiful walnut grove. We were in the famous blue grass region now and found many fine groves covered with this wonderful product of Kentucky soil. This is also the center of the richest agricultural section of the state and there are evidences of luxury and wealth on every side. What a pity that this beautiful scenery should be marred by the red hand of war. What a pity that a people who had such happy and comfortable homes, and prosperous surroundings, should rise in rebellion against the government that had protected them, and thus invite the carnage and devastation of contending armies.

Early next morning our pickets were attacked by Morgan's cavalry. They were driven in and were closely followed by the rebels who evidently expected to find our troops unprepared. But they were mistaken. Part of the 58th had just returned from picket duty, on another part of the line, and was engaged making coffee and preparing breakfast, when the rapid firing of our picket outpost indicated that there was trouble on hand. Coffee and cooking utensils were quickly abandoned. Even before the order to "fall in" was given our boys were getting their guns. In less than three minutes the line was formed and ready for the charging column of cavalry. In the meantime our battery was taking position and soon opened out on our early morning visitors. This seemed to surprise them as they immediately turned and fled. It was learned afterward, that this attack was intended as a ruse to draw us on to a place where they had some masked batteries in position to mow our columns down.

After this sudden outbreak nothing else occurred during the day to disturb the serenity of our camp. That night the entire Regiment went out on picket. Reports came in that evening that the rebels were in large force a short distance from our camp and there was strong probability of an attack early next morning. This report, of course, was calculated to make us vigilant. But later in the night our

cavalry returned from a reconnoissance and reported that the rebels, instead of contemplating an attack, were still on the retreat. They were then over on the other side of Kentucky river.

Orders were given to march next morning at 6 o'clock. Our entire Division was to go on a reconnoitering expedition to find out what Bragg was up to. We took the direction in which the rebels had been seen and marched nearly all day. We did not follow the excellent turnpike roads, with which that section of country abounds, but took an angling course through the fields. We traveled through some of the finest cornfields, and fields of other agricultural products, that we had ever seen. Little regard was paid to fine farms and substantial fences in our march that day. We were after the rebels and had no time to follow roundabout roads, nor to look after damaged crops and fences.

About 3 o'clock our skirmishers came upon the rebel pickets and after a sharp fight drove them in. We discovered the enemy in strong force at Camp Dick Robinson, across Kentucky river. They were reported to be about 30,000 strong. As this camp was only about a mile and a half from where we were, it was thought prudent not to crowd them any closer with our small force. So we fell back a mile or so and went into bivouac for the night. Next morning we moved toward Danville and camped within two miles of that city about 12 o'clock. There was expectation of a battle at Camp Dick Robinson, as it was thought the rebels would make a stand there, sure. So we were making our preparations to encompass Bragg and take in his whole army. Even the privates in our army could easily see how this thing could be done. But again our plans failed, because Bragg was so unreasonable and so impatient as not to wait for their full development. About 12 o'clock, of the night before Buell's army was going to capture Bragg's army, news came that Bragg was taking his leave. The entire rebel force in Kentucky was in full retreat, making their way through the rugged mountain

country of Eastern Kentucky into Tennessee. With his forty mile train of wagons, loaded with plunder and supplies captured in Kentucky, Bragg was going back to the region from whence he started in the latter part of August. It was plain to us now that his giving battle at Perryville, and his threatening maneuvers since, were simply for the purpose of delaying the advance of Buell's army, while his immense train of plunder was making its way out of the State, by way of Cumberland Gap.

On receipt of information of Bragg's movements we were ordered to get ready to follow. About 1 o'clock that night we were roused up and soon were on the road. At the dead hour of night we marched through Danville, taking the road to Stanford. Before long we were on to the rebels and engaged in a sharp skirmish with them. We drove them from the town and camped near them that night. Next day we had another heavy skirmish at Crab Orchard, and captured about twenty prisoners. This was the last exchange of shots we had with any of Bragg's army during this campaign. He had been following us, or we had been following him, for about two months, during which time we had traveled over 500 miles, but the result of this arduous campaign was anything but satisfactory. We had the mortification now of knowing that Bragg was making good his escape with all his spoils.

We proceeded on in the direction of Mt. Vernon, but stopped within two miles of the town. Starting again next day we got within four miles of Wild Cat and camped at that place several days. This was our furthest advance in that direction. When we moved again it was a retracing of our steps. We passed through Crab Orchard and Stanford, and then turned to the left, taking the Lebanon pike. It was understood now that our orders were to go to Columbia, Kentucky. There was nothing of interest that transpired on this march. The country through which we passed was rough and hilly; the roads for the most part were narrow and unimproved, consequently our progress was slow. At

the end of four days we arrived at Columbia in the midst of a heavy snow storm. This was the 25th of October and the weather was unusually cold. We were yet without tents and had only a scanty supply of blankets and clothing, so that we were illy prepared to stand such weather. However, we had learned a good deal about soldiering by this time, and everyone knew how to adapt himself to the circumstances. In lieu of blankets that night we made use of some adjoining hay stacks. With a bunch of hay to lie on and another bunch for covering, and with the various other devices for temporary shelter adopted, we managed to pass a very comfortable night, despite the fact that snow continued to fall all that night. Next morning the early riser, in looking over the place where the 58th went into camp the previous night, would have discovered a great number of snow covered mounds, the scene resembling very much a populous country cemetery. Later on there was a resurrection and a transformation of scenery, when our soldiers began to wake up and crawl out from under their covering of snow.

We remained here for several days and during this time we were made glad by the arrival of our wagon train, bringing our tents and knapsacks. We had parted company with these at Bowling Green. It was like old times when we got our tents up and camp was arranged in regular shape again.

With our tents and wagons also came about ninety new recruits, and several returning convalescents for the 58th. These recruits had been enlisted in Indiana by the recruiting party that left us at Decherd, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Embree and Captain (now Major) Moore. This made quite an addition to the somewhat depleted ranks of the 58th, and with our change of clothes we began to look more like a Regiment.

The same day that our baggage arrived we were ordered to march, and accordingly started next morning for Glasgow. We occupied three days in getting to that place. After staying at Glasgow about a week we moved on toward

Gallatin, Tenn. We passed through Scottsville, Kentucky, camping there the second night after starting. We lay here one day waiting orders. After two more days' marching we camped near the Cumberland river, on the pike leading from Gallatin to Lebanon. Here we remained about two days. In the meanwhile the 17th Indiana was sent as an escort for a wagon train going to Mitchelsville after rations, the Louisville and Nashville railroad not being in operation further than that place.

Starting again we forded the Cumberland river and struck the Lebanon and Nashville pike and marched toward the latter place. Our next camping place, for a considerable time, was at a place known as Silver Spring, twenty miles from Nashville. While here our old friend, John Morgan, was hovering about our outposts, occasionally gathering up a few of our pickets and straggling soldiers. This kind of business became so bold that it was feared there was a large force of rebels in the vicinity. In order to ascertain the facts General Wood's Division was ordered to make a reconnoissance toward Lebanon. We found some rebel cavalry near Lebanon and chased them through the town. As they were mounted and we were afoot, they did not have much trouble in keeping out of our reach. We learned that Bragg's army was now concentrating at Murfreesboro and some reported that he was preparing to move on to Nashville with a large force. We were inclined to make a move of that kind ourselves, and about November 10th we broke camp at Silver Spring and started again in that direction, following the main pike. On the way we passed the "Hermitage," the home of General Andrew Jackson. Quite a number of our boys availed themselves of the opportunity to visit this noted place. We camped for about a week at Stone river and then moved on to Nashville, arriving there November 26th, and went into camp near the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, about three miles from the city.

CHAPTER X.

STONE RIVER CAMPAIGN—PRELIMINARY EVENTS—OFFICIAL CHANGES—MOVING ON TO MURFREESBORO—SHARP FIGHT AT LAVERGNE—DRIVING THE REBELS ACROSS STEWART'S CREEK—OPENING OF THE STONE RIVER BATTLE—PANIC ON THE RIGHT—THE 58TH HOLDS THE KEY POINT—ENGAGEMENT ON THE LEFT—INCIDENTS OF THE SEVERAL DAYS' BATTLE—CASUALTIES.

DURING the progress of the march from Perryville to this place there had been a change in the commander of our army. October 30th General Buell was relieved by general order from the war department and Major-General W. S. Rosecrans appointed to succeed him. The army was now designated the "14th Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland," and was composed of all the troops that had been under the command of General Buell. The sub-divisions of this army were now designated as the Right Wing, commanded by General McCook, Left Wing by General Crittenden, Center by General Thomas. The 58th remained as before in Hascall's Brigade of Wood's Division, Left Wing. The 17th Indiana was here detached from our Brigade and afterwards became a part of a mounted infantry Brigade, commanded by Colonel J. T. Wilder.

As this camp James M. Smith, Lieutenant in Company K, was transferred to Company B and promoted Captain, there were also several promotions in other Companies and there was a general readjustment of affairs all around. It

was soon evident that a more thorough organization and a stricter military discipline was to be enforced under our new commander. Soon after our arrival in this camp we had our first general review by General Rosecrans. He rode down the line, followed by his staff, and inspired confidence in the soldiers by his fine military appearance and evident determination to accomplish something worthy of the great army under him. We spent considerable time here drilling preparatory to an active campaign. Our clothing and camp

equipage were looked after and we were soon able to present a respectable appearance in this regard. Moreover, we were allowed full rations, a luxury of which we had been deprived for many months.

At last everything was ready and the time to advance against Bragg's army at Murfreesboro had come. December 26th, just one month from the time of our arrival in this camp, we started on our march to



DR. W. R. McMAHAN, LIEUT. CO. E.*

Murfreesboro. We left all our tents, camp equipage and wagons at Nashville, except that each Regiment was allowed one wagon to haul officers' bedding, cooking utensils and the extra rations that could not be carried by the men in their haversacks.

* Was mustered in at Camp Gibson as Sergeant in Company E. June 2, 1863, was commissioned Second Lieutenant, and served as such until April, 1, 1865, when he was made First Lieutenant and was mustered out with the Regiment. After returning from the army he took up the study of medicine and soon entered upon the practice of his profession, in which he has achieved honor and success. He is located at Huntingburg, Ind., being one of the progressive and enterprising citizens of that place. Dr. McMahan is Vice-President of the Regimental Association and an active member of this Publishing Committee.

We moved out on the Murfreesboro pike and it was not long until our advance came upon the rebel pickets. A lively skirmish began and continued all day, but our forces kept driving the rebels back. A few hours after we started it began to rain and continued the balance of the day. The hitherto dusty pike was converted into a sloppy sea of mud, making our progress somewhat tedious and disagreeable. By night we had reached Lavergne, a little village just half way between Nashville and Murfreesboro. We bivouacked in the vicinity for the night, while the rebels still occupied the town. The 58th was thrown forward as an advance line and Companies A, B, D and F were deployed in front of the Regiment as skirmishers, occupying a position in a cedar forest, about a hundred yards from the rebel line. It was a position of danger and responsibility, and extreme caution and vigilance was necessary. A cold rain fell the greater part of the night, and, as we were not permitted to have fires, we were very uncomfortable. We expected the rebels to make an attack at daylight and were wide awake, in line of battle waiting for them. But morning dawned and the enemy did not appear.

About ten o'clock we were relieved from picket duty and preparations were made to advance on the rebels, who still occupied the town. They made their presence known by firing a few shots from a battery posted in our front. At eleven o'clock our lines began to move, our Brigade being in advance, in the following order: Fifty-eighth Indiana on the right, 26th Ohio on the left. The 3d Kentucky was the right and the 100th Illinois the left of the second or reserve line, with the 8th Indiana Battery in the center. With Companies A and B as skirmishers, the line emerged from the woods and moved across the open field that lay between us and the town. To our surprise there was no resistance offered until we were half way across this field. We began to think the rebels had fled. But when our skirmish line had advanced within about one hundred yards of the town we formed a different opinion. A few stray balls whizzed

past our ears. This was the prelude to a murderous volley poured from the ranks of the waiting rebels. They were posted behind fences, houses, trees, etc., and were hid from view. Our skirmishers lay down and thus escaped much serious injury from this volley. We returned their fire and kept things pretty lively for awhile. Nothing was accomplished by this, however, and after awhile our skirmish line was ordered to fix bayonets and charge, which they did in fine style. This movement invited a shower of balls from the rebels. Five men of the 58th were wounded in this charge, one or two seriously. We gained our point, however, driving the rebels from the town and starting them in full retreat towards Murfreesboro. A short distance beyond Lavergne the skirmishers were relieved by Companies from the 3d Kentucky and 100th Illinois.

From this on during the day our advance was steady but not without considerable skirmishing at times. The country was broken and rocky, and in many places covered with a thick growth of cedar. This afforded the rear guard of the retreating rebels many hiding places from which to fire on our advancing skirmishers. By the middle of the afternoon the rain again began to come down in torrents, and continued until near night. We were drenched to the skin but we kept right on, crowding close after the retreating rebels. About five o'clock we reached Stewart's Creek, about six miles from Murfreesboro. The rebels were in strong force on the opposite side of this creek, with several batteries posted on a ridge a few hundred yards distant. As we came within range, these batteries opened fire and the rebel infantry along the creek joined in with a shower of lead. In the meantime, the detachment of cavalry we had been fighting all day attempted to escape across the bridge, which had been fired by the rebel skirmishers on the other side. Our advance line of skirmishers, composed of two Companies of the 3d Kentucky, seeing the bridge on fire, charged down upon the rebels and saved the bridge. In a few minutes the rebel cavalry came tearing down to cross the bridge

only to find they were too late. They ran into a Company of the 100th Illinois skirmishers who quickly took them in. Twenty-five prisoners, with their horses and equipments, were captured here. It was now dark, and as the force across the creek seemed to be too strong for us to move, we went into camp in an old cotton field near by. We had been marching and fighting for two days without a night's rest and we were all ready to take a rest.

The next day was Sunday. The clouds had passed away and there had been quite a sharp freeze during the night. We remained in camp all day waiting for the other part of the army to get into position. The right wing under General McCook, and the center under General Thomas, had been meeting with strong opposition and their progress was not as rapid as ours had been during the past two days.

Picket firing in our front was continuous all day Sunday, and occasionally there was an exchange of compliments by the batteries on each side of the creek. Everything indicated that we would have a general engagement here tomorrow.

Monday morning everything was in readiness for an advance. After firing a few shells over into the rebel camp our column began to cross the creek. Skirmishers were deployed and began ascending the hill followed by the infantry and artillery. The rebels did not stay to see it. They immediately turned toward Murfreesboro. The country was mostly open from here on and our progress was more rapid than it had been among the cedars and rocks between Lavergne and Stewart's Creek. It was about the middle of the afternoon when we reached Stone River, about two miles from Murfreesboro. We found the rebels in strong force here and our further progress was checked. That they were prepared to give us battle at this place admitted of no doubt. It was our business to get ready to meet them, and to this end the army of General Rosecrans was placed in position as fast as they arrived Monday evening. The 58th turned to the left of the pike into a corn

field. Harker's Brigade was still skirmishing with the rebels in our front. We bivouacked in front of a large frame house belonging to a man named Collins, our line facing Stone River.

Soon after dark the order came to "fall in." "We must go into Murfreesboro to-night," was the order. Accordingly our line was formed, Harker's Brigade in front, and started for the crossing of Stone River. The night was terribly dark and the air was damp and chilly. Harker's Brigade had got across Stone River and our Brigade was about to follow, when the enemy on the other side opened fire. It was found that a force of rebels under Breckinridge, 4,500 strong, was waiting for us on the other side, and we abandoned our undertaking. Harker recrossed with his Brigade and we all returned to our camp. For some unexplained reason the batteries of the rebels, posted within 200 yards on an opposite hill, were silent while all this maneuvering of ours was going on.

On Tuesday morning our Regiment was observed by the enemy across the river. A heavy fire of artillery was opened by them on Collins' house, causing us to change our position a little to the right. The rebel guns were soon silenced by the 10th Indiana Battery. All day there was cannonading on our right where McCook was getting into position. At four o'clock the 58th was sent out on picket, being posted along the bank of Stone River, near Widow Murfree's house, covering a crossing known as Murfree's ford. During the night some of our men were sent across the river on a scouting expedition. They came back reporting that some mysterious movements were going on among the rebels. A large force of their infantry and artillery appeared to be moving towards our right.

With this exception everything with us and in our front was exceedingly quiet. Away off to the right, however, we could hear the noise of moving artillery and wagons, and occasionally some picket firing. The sound of axes wielded by the Pioneer Corps broke the stillness of the night. They

were cutting out roads through the cedar forest to enable the artillery, ambulances and ammunition wagons, to get through. McCook and Thomas were getting into position ready for the battle that now seemed inevitable.

The plan of attack by General Rosecrans was for McCook to open the engagement by assaulting the rebel forces under Hardee in his front. Thomas was to attack the forces under Polk in his front or assist McCook, as the exigency of the case might require. This movement of our right and center was intended as a strategic means of drawing the attention of the enemy in that direction, while Crittenden was moving against the rebel right under Breckinridge. It was our business, as a part of the left wing, to furiously assault the rebels in our front and drive them back on the town and thus gain the rear of Bragg's army. This was a fine strategic scheme, and would have no doubt worked successfully had not Bragg decided upon a plan of battle for his side that was very similar to ours, and put his plan into operation first.

Wednesday morning, December 31st, opened bright and clear. About sunrise our ears were greeted with the sounds of heavy musketry and artillery firing on our right. It was evident the ball had opened. By this time Van Cleve's Division, of Crittenden's command, was in motion, crossing Stone River at Murfree's ford. The 58th was ordered back to join the Division, which was to follow Van Cleve. Harker's Brigade was in the advance of Wood's Division, and was nearly all across the river when our movement was arrested by news of disaster on the right. A fierce battle had been raging there for about two hours, and from the sound it was evidently getting nearer. Could it be possible that our lines were giving way? This question was soon answered to our mortification and sorrow in the affirmative. Flying couriers brought the news that the right of our army was broken and was being driven back. Orderlies were soon speeding across the field carrying orders from headquarters to the various subordinate commands. Everything indicated that the condition of things was exceedingly crit-

ical. The field in the rear of our line, where all was quiet a short time before, was suddenly turned into a scene of wild-est confusion. Shot and shell from the rebel batteries were plowing up the ground all around us, and wagons, teams, ambulances, etc., were flying about seeking places of safety. The usual complement of camp followers were panic stricken and were making frantic efforts to get out of reach of the enemy's shells.

Our orders for crossing the river were countermanded, and we were turned face about and sent to the support of the right and center. Harker's Brigade was the first to get into action. Our Brigade was moved back into the open field and changed front several times. Meanwhile the conflict increased in fury and the victorious enemy was gradually crowding our troops back. We could not see them, for the battle was still hid by the cedar forest. But we could hear the defiant "rebel yell" as they charged upon our retreating columns. The stragglers and wounded were hurrying past us to the rear. Their account of the disaster in the woods was exaggerated, no doubt, but it was certainly very disheartening. The men in our ranks were becoming uneasy and demoralized on account of the confusion, and because of our changing front so many times. By this time we were almost entirely surrounded and the rebel shells were coming from every direction. A force of Wheeler's Cavalry had got in our rear, destroying a wagon train and a large amount of supplies. Our hospital at Collins house was also captured and a number of the 58th who were there were taken prisoners. Among this number was Dr. Holtzman, Assistant Surgeon, and R. M. Munford, Hospital Steward. Our situation just at this time was serious indeed. Unless something could be done soon to check the rebel hosts our cause was lost, we would either be captured or be made to turn back to Nashville in a humiliating retreat.

Although the 58th had been under fire for two hours or more there had not been a gun fired by the Regiment up to this time. But our opportunity was at hand. The sun was

about at meridian and victory and defeat were hanging in the balance when our Regiment was ordered to take a position in line across the railroad to relieve the 3d Kentucky, that had previously been sent from our Brigade and had exhausted their supply of ammunition.* Amid the deafening roar of battle, with sixty rounds of cartridges, each, the 58th went bravely into the fight. Passing through a skirt of timber we came to the railroad embankment where the line was halted. This embankment served as an excellent line of breastworks and we began to think ourselves fortunate in getting a chance at the rebels from behind this fortification. But our felicity was of short duration. The commanding General thought our line was not in the right position to do the most effective service and he directed Col. Buell to move across the railroad and take a position between that and the Pike. There had been a lull in the storm for a few minutes but about the time our Regiment was to execute this order the shower of leaden hail was increased. It took nerve to climb that embankment in the face of this, but the men of the 58th did it. They quickly took the position assigned them, the left of the Regiment resting on the railroad, the right extending out at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Company A, on the right, was thus placed near a corn crib

* Extract from report of General Hascall, in command of Wood's Division:

"I now relieved the 3d Kentucky Regiment, who were nearly annihilated and out of ammunition, with the 58th Indiana regiment of my brigade, commanded by Colonel George P. Buell; and this being a much larger Regiment than the 3d Kentucky, filled up the entire space from where the right of the 3d Kentucky rested to the railroad. I then threw forward the right of the 6th Ohio Regiment, of Colonel Grose's Brigade, which was on the right of the 26th Ohio, so that its line of battle was more nearly perpendicular to the railroad, and so its fire would sweep the front of the 26th Ohio and 58th Indiana, and supported the 6th Ohio with Estep's battery on a little eminence to its right, and brought up the 97th Ohio (Colonel Lane) from Wagner's Brigade, to still further strengthen the right. This disposition being made, I galloped a little to the rear, and found General Rosecrans, and called his attention to the importance of the position I was holding, and the necessity of keeping it supported. He rode to the front with me, approved the disposition I had made, spoke a few words of encouragement to the men, cautioning them to hold their fire till the enemy got well up, and had no sooner retired than the enemy emerged from the woods and over the hill, and were moving upon us again in splendid style and in immense force.

owned by a man named Jerald. This corn crib was rather a fatal shelter because the enemy directed their fire more generally to that building. Company B, on the left wing, was slightly protected by a few scattering trees.

The rebels had now advanced to the edge of a thick woods in our front, not more than one hundred yards distant across an open field. They were sheltered behind trees, from which they poured a galling fire of musketry. From Cowan's brick house, off to our left, they opened a heavy fire of grape and canister. From the hills beyond Stone River Breckinridge's batteries poured in a destructive fire. But the 58th held its position amid all this murderous fire. The men were lying flat on the ground and were loading and firing at will. Twice the enemy left the woods in our front and started on a charge across the open field, but they could not stand against the shower of lead that was poured into their ranks. After a time there was almost a cessation of firing and we were beginning to breathe easier. But still we were apprehensive that this was only the lull before the storm, and our apprehensions were well founded. The trying ordeal was yet to come. While we were watching the movements of the enemy in the woods, immediately in our front, there was a strong force of rebels quietly moving up through the open field on our left flank. Part of Wagner's Brigade, which had been in reserve, was sent on double quick to meet them and strengthen our left. The move was made none too soon. With a demoniacal yell that might raise the dead, the rebel lines emerged from the woods in our front and advanced upon us. At the same time they were coming in solid phalanx along the pike on our left. On they came in steady column, notwithstanding the murderous fire from our ranks. We could see their men falling like leaves, but the broken ranks were filled and they held their ground with a heroism worthy of a better cause. At last they had to yield, but they retired in good order, leaving their dead on the field. Several of their men, however, were satisfied with their experience thus far and deserted the ranks at this

junction. When the firing was hottest they fell upon the ground, and when the rebel force fell back these men skipped across to our lines and surrendered. One of these deserters came to our Regiment carrying an old blanket, that had once been white, as a flag of truce. It was probably cowardice more than loyalty to the Union that prompted these men to come over to our lines at this time.

The rebels had failed again to move our lines but it was not certain that they would give it up yet. Indeed there were indications that they would come again with stronger force. We were ready for them. Just at this time General Rosecrans came up to the 58th, mounted and alone, the nearest man to the enemy, on horseback. Taking position about the center of the Regiment he called "attention." He said: "I want you to let them come up in about forty yards of you, then fix bayonets, give them a volley of lead and charge them with a yell. If you will do this you will gain the battle."

As he ceased to speak the enemy advanced in stronger force than ever. They seemed to be five columns deep. They marched up in good order with lines dressed and colors flying. The commands of the rebel officers could be distinctly heard. They came up within seventy-five yards and began firing as they advanced. Our men reserved their fire until the rebels came within fifty yards when they opened out. The rebels lay down and thus escaped serious results from our volley. In a few moments they were ordered to rise and "charge that brass battery," referring to the 8th Indiana Battery of our Brigade, which was posted in our rear and to the right. They started on this mission after pouring a volley into our ranks. They did not advance far until they were compelled to halt. At this time they were getting two pieces of artillery in position on our left to rake our line. This movement was quickly discovered and our men poured a deadly volley into them while our batteries gave them double charges of grape and canister. The horses at the

two guns above named were instantly killed, and the guns did not fire a shot. Thus thwarted in every attempt to break our line the enemy retired in great confusion from this charge. This was the high tide of that day's battle and it was the fortune of the 58th to hold the key point against the repeated charges of the flower of Bragg's army. Bragg telegraphed Jeff Davis at the close of the fight that day that he had been successful in breaking the lines of Rosecrans' army at every point except at the "Round Forest,"—the position held by our Regiment and other Regiments of Woods' Division. Because of their failure to carry this point Bragg's forces were prevented from achieving a complete victory in that day's battle.*

About half-past three o'clock the 58th was relieved and moved back a short distance to the rear to replenish their cartridge boxes, having used up their sixty rounds during the four hours' engagement. A short time after this the musketry firing practically ceased, but the artillery firing continued until after dark, and at intervals through the night. Night closed in on the field of blood and carnage, and a cold and bitter night it was. The field was covered with wounded and dying, many of them lying between the lines. We could hear their moans of distress and piteous

* Extract from General Polk's (Confederate) report:

"The enemy was now driven from the field at all points occupied by him in the morning, along his whole front line from his right to the extreme left, and was pressed back until our line occupied a position at right angles to that which we held at the opening of the battle. After passing the Nashville and Murfreesboro turnpike, his flight was covered by large bodies of fresh troops and numerous batteries of artillery, and the advance of our exhausted columns was checked.

"His extreme left alone held its position. This occupied a piece of ground well chosen and defended, the river being on the one hand and a deep railroad cut on the other. It was held by a strong force of artillery and infantry, well supported by a reserve, composed of Brigadier-General Wood's Division.

"My last reserve having been exhausted, the Brigades of Major-General Breckinridge's Division, and a small Brigade of General J. K. Jackson's posted to guard our right flank, were the only troops left that had not been engaged. Four of these were ordered to report to me. They came in detachments of two Brigades each, the first arriving near two hours after Donelson's attack, and the other about an hour after the first. The commanders of these detachments, the first composed of the Brigades of Generals Adams and Jackson, the second under General Breckinridge in person, consisting of

calls for friends and for help, but we could not render any assistance. Such experience is horrible and heartrending, but such is war.

There was much suffering that night also to the soldiers who had passed through the battle unhurt. We were without blankets and could not be permitted to have fires, and were also short on rations, as the most of our supplies had been captured and destroyed by the rebels during the day. The 58th was on the front line again that night. We were in the edge of the little belt of timber across the railroad from where we had done our fighting during the day. Nothing occurred to disturb the condition of things during the night; both sides were tired enough to rest on their arms and remain quiet. About four o'clock in the morning we were relieved and moved back to the rear.

New Year morning, 1863, was a bright and beautiful beginning for another year. The sun rose in majestic splendor, shedding its light upon all around. Upon this field of battle the light revealed a scene of horror. It was covered with dead and dying and with wrecks, and with all the evidences of a tremendous sanguinary conflict of brave men. It also revealed great armies of men in battle line waiting to renew the conflict. And the waiting was not long. Soon after sunrise there was a rapid increase in the

the Brigades of General Preston and Colonel Palmer, had pointed out to them the particular object to be accomplished, to-wit, to drive the enemy's left, and especially to dislodge him from his position in the Round Forest. Unfortunately the opportune moment for putting in these detachments had passed.

"Could they have been thrown upon the enemy's left immediately after Chalmers' and Donelson's assaults, in quick succession, the extraordinary strength of his position would have availed him nothing. That point would have been carried, and his left been driven back on his panic-stricken right, would have completed his confusion and insured an utter rout. It was, however, otherwise, and the time lost between Donelson's attack and the coming up of these detachments in succession, enabled the enemy to recover his self-possession, to mass a number of heavy batteries, and concentrate a strong infantry force on the position, and thus make a successful attack very difficult. Nevertheless the Brigades of Adams and Jackson assailed the enemy's line with energy, and after a severe contest were compelled to fall back. They were promptly rallied by General Breckinridge, who, having pressed his other Brigades, reached the ground at the moment, but as they were much cut up they were not required to renew the attack."

skirmish firing across in the cedars, in front of where the heaviest fighting had occurred yesterday. It was evident the rebels were again massing their forces at that point and were going to try our lines again. Soon we could hear their yell, which they gave preparatory to a charge. But we were ready for them this morning. A squad of our cavalry was thrown out in front to draw them on to some masked batteries which we had in position. The ruse was successful. On they came yelling like savages after our retreating cavalry. It was rare fun to see them run, they no doubt were thinking, but the fun was not so rare when, after the rebels had emerged from the woods, three of our batteries opened up on them with double charges of grape and canister. The enemy was literally mown down by this murderous fire, and were only too glad to return again to the shelter of the timber, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

This fierce onset, which at first appeared to foreshadow a renewal of the general engagement, was probably only intended by the rebels as a feeler to see whether Rosecrans' army was still there or whether it was on the retreat to Nashville. At any rate, the rebels were satisfied with the information gained by this early morning sortie. With the exception of skirmish firing, which continued all day, amounting at times almost to a regular engagement, nothing of importance occurred during Thursday. The 58th remained in the same position they held in the morning, a short distance in the rear of the front line, near the turnpike. At night we built fires and prepared coffee. We were told that we would be permitted to rest that night. This was welcome news, as we had been in front for the past forty-eight hours without a chance for sleep or rest. The boys were soon fixed in as comfortable beds as the circumstances would allow, and were sleeping in utter disregard of all about them. But it would have been contrary to all military rule for this kind of enjoyment to last, so far as the 58th had experience with this rule. About eight o'clock

we were aroused, by an orderly, from our dreams. We were told to pack knapsacks and get in readiness to march immediately and without any noise. This was an exceedingly disagreeable order, but there was a general belief that it was necessary and it was a soldier's duty to obey without grumbling. We were soon in line and moved out after our commander, not yet knowing whither we were going. After a little march we knew what it was all for—we were to relieve the Pioneer Brigade, who were on outpost duty on the right of the Murfreesboro pike. Our coming was a great gratification to them, as they had been in the front forty-eight hours. We were, however, not in any better condition in that regard. A line of skirmishers was advanced and the rest of the Regiment lay down upon their arms for the remainder of the night.

JANUARY 2.—Shortly after dawn of day our skirmishers and the rebel sharpshooters became engaged in a sharp fight, which for a time indicated a general engagement, but they soon quieted down again. A short time after sunrise this morning occurred an artillery duel that was unequaled by anything in that line heretofore. The enemy had repeatedly been making some demonstrations in our front since daylight. They had been firing random shots from a commanding position immediately in front of Loomis' Battery, posted on the left of the turnpike, and Estep's 8th Indiana Battery on the right of the pike and to the left of the 58th. These shots were responded to by our Batteries which also fired vigorously at the hiding places of the rebel sharpshooters, who were very annoying. Suddenly the small skirt of woods, about 400 yards in our front, was enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, and the air was filled with deadly missiles, hurled from the rebel batteries, which had been massed there during the preceding night. It was now apparent that they had been decoying a fire from our batteries until they got the range, and then they opened fire with a terrific volley. The effect upon our batteries was terrible. The guns from Loomis' and Estep's batteries

replied vigorously to the murderous volley, but their position was too much exposed and they had to retire. They moved back behind the crest of a little knoll with considerable loss. Estep lost one man, killed, and several wounded, also the killing and disabling of nearly one-half of his horses, so that he was compelled to leave many of his guns on the field. These were subsequently taken off by the men, the 58th assisting in the work.

Loomis also sustained a heavy loss, but was successful in retiring with his guns. Other batteries were sent to their support, and Loomis again took a position in the rear of the 58th, who were lying down. A simultaneous volley was sent from three batteries behind us. For about half an hour the exchange of shot between the contending artillery passed over our Regiment, making the very earth shake and quiver. Likewise the boys of the 58th, who were hugging the earth for dear life. The screaming and roaring of shot and shell was terrible. To add to this horror a rammer from one of the guns behind us was sent hurling toward the rebels, but it broke in twain and one piece landed on either flank of our Regiment. It was a very uncomfortable situation to be in, but it did not last long. The work of our batteries soon effectually silenced the rebels and they ceased firing. One man of the 58th was wounded by a shell during this engagement.

Picket firing was kept up during the forenoon, the sharpshooters of the enemy being especially bold at times. They would advance in full view of our lines, and were several times repulsed and driven back. One old building in our front was occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters who were very troublesome. They were expert marksmen and they sent their shots dangerously close to the head of every man in sight. Loomis sent one of his Parrett guns forward and trained it upon the old house. The first shot exploded a shell in the house and the rebel sharpshooters troubled us no more from that place. But there were several posted in trees along their front and they were in good positions to

pick off our men. The boys of our Regiment soon found that it was exceedingly dangerous to raise a head, and spent the day lying flat upon the cold damp ground.

Thus events continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when it became evident from the increasing heavy skirmishing over on our left that the enemy were contemplating an assault upon our left wing. About four o'clock Van Cleve's Division, which was in position across Stone River to our left, was suddenly and furiously attacked by Breckinridge. So fierce was the assault that our troops were driven back to the river. Other troops were sent from the center to support Van Cleve, and as soon as they could get across the river the rebel advance was checked. Our artillery posted on this side of the river also aided in the work and assisted in driving the rebels back.

While the battle was still raging, Wood's Division (now under command of General Hascall, on account of the disabling of General Wood in the first day's battle,) was ordered to cross the river. The 58th was relieved from the position we held on the front line, across the pike, and joined the Brigade, now in command of Colonel Buell. Lieutenant-Colonel Embree was now in command of the Regiment. We crossed the river and took position in line on the left, relieving troops that had sustained severe loss in the fight. By this time it was quite dark and the firing soon after ceased. Again the 58th was placed on the front line which we held that night.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3.—This morning we had one box of crackers for the Regiment. Colonel Embree passed along the line telling the boys that this was all that could be had, but begged them to bear up and be courageous for awhile longer, when victory and plenty of rations would be ours. Although the boys were well nigh worn out with fatigue and hunger, yet they responded to this appeal with cheers, indicating that they could be relied on to stay with the fight until the finish.

This morning some of our skirmishers discovered an old log house, about midway between the lines, in which there was stored a quantity of fresh meat. Our appetite was so whetted by this discovery that, without any orders, we charged on the house and held the rebels at bay while we supplied ourselves. Bullets were whistling about our ears in a very lively fashion while we were on this expedition, but we did not mind a little thing like that, when there was a chance of getting all the fresh salted pork we could carry off. It was an interesting sight to see the boys, each with a side of bacon or a ham on his bayonet, skipping across the open field while the rebel bullets were cutting on all sides. But we obtained plenty of pork to eat with our crackers, notwithstanding.



JOHN M. STORMONT,*
Company B.

The day passed without anything more serious than skirmish fighting. It rained nearly all day, and at night the river was running fast, threatening to become unfordable. It was feared by General Crittenden, that the rebels might take advantage of the isolated position of the left wing and attack us that night, in which case we would be

in a critical situation. So we were aroused about twelve o'clock and began recrossing Stone River. We had to wade the swift running stream up to our waists and were in great danger of losing our footing and going down stream. About two o'clock a. m. we arrived at a position near General Rosecrans' headquarters, about a mile in rear of our front line. We were thoroughly wet and covered with mud, but we were now where we could build fires and were not long in availing ourselves of the privilege of drying our clothes and warming our thoroughly chilled bodies.

* Mustered in at Camp Gibson; re-enlisted in 1864 and served until the close of the war, being mustered out July 21, 1865, as Corporal. Since the war his principal avocation has been farming, in which he has been successful. He is now living on his farm near Princeton, Indiana, and is an active member of this Publishing Committee.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4.—It was a bright sun that shed its rays upon the field of Stone River this morning, but the sun was an hour or more on its way before the 58th was conscious of its appearance and movements. Everything was strangely quiet along our front this Sabbath morning, and we wondered at it. The explanation soon came. The rebels had evacuated Murfreesboro last night and Bragg's army was now in full retreat. The reception of this news was the signal for hearty cheers and the wildest demonstrations of joy by our men. After a long struggle the victory was ours. It was a day of rejoicing all over the loyal part of the country because of this victory of Rosecrans' army.

But the rejoicing was tinged with sorrow, on account of the noble lives that had been sacrificed to gain this victory. The casualties of the 58th in this battle are as follows:

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

COMPANY A.

KILLED—Sergeant William McGary. Privates: Elias Skelton, Joseph Reavis, Alfred B. Endicott, Alfred Traftser, James B. Drysdale, George Burchfield.

WOUNDED—Lieutenant and Regimental Adjutant, Chas. C. Whiting; Corporal Abner M. Bryant. Privates: Joseph N. Davis, George Willis, Wylie Knowles, Jesse Knowles, John Crow, Moses C. Witherspoon, Sylvester Minnis, Stephen V. Hay, William T. Witherspoon, Henry Beck, George Hutchinson.

COMPANY B.

KILLED—Private John VanWagner.

WOUNDED—Corporal R. M. Lucas. Privates: Enoch Lowe, Robert Parker, John M. Stormont, R. D. Smith, John R. Sprowl, John Hedricks, John Baldwin, James Cochran, Green B. Yeager, W. L. Sprowl, B. A. Lowry, Daniel Reavis (at Lavergne), Jesse Walker, James W. Curry. (taken prisoner and died in prison).

COMPANY C.

KILLED—Privates: James Hall, Henry Trusty, Sebern Roberts, Robert Chew, George W. Alvis, David Hoak.

WOUNDED—Captain W. A. Downey, Orderly Sergeant P. N. Spain; Corporals John Johnson, Simpson Dye, Ezekiel Hadlock. Privates: Harrison T. Wright, Albert R. Woods, J. G. Crosier, John F. Phillips.

COMPANY D.

KILLED—Private: Henry Curl, Abraham Jones.

WOUNDED—Captain George Whitman; Sergeants W. A. Munford, Willis M. Coleman, David J. Davis, D. C. Barrett. Privates: Thomas Duncan, Leander Christmas, Johnson Wheeler, James Anderson, Daniel VanWinkle, James Cunningham, Alexander H. Cockrum, John Norrick.

COMPANY E.

KILLED—Lieutenant Francis B. Blackford.

WOUNDED—Captain A. H. Alexander, Orderly Sergeant John P. Norman. Privates: Elijah A. Black, Zach. Pierce, Sam'l Hunt, Harbin Hughes.

COMPANY F.

KILLED—Private Henry McCoy.

WOUNDED—Orderly Sergeant Lycurgus C. Mason; Sergeants Hugh J. Barnett, Isaac A. Hopkins; Corporal John W. Emmerson. Privates: John Brownlee, Leander Cleveland, William T. Sanders, John Richardson, Robert R. Honeycut.

COMPANY G.

KILLED—Private Noah Miller.

WOUNDED—Sergeant Robert J. Brown. Privates: Henry Brenton, John A. Borders, Perry Amos, Milton Holder, Harrison Whaley.

COMPANY H.

KILLED—Corporal John H. Groves. Privates: Joseph L. Newman, Andrew Cunningham.

WOUNDED—Corporal James Woods, Lieutenant William Adams. Private William Kendall.

COMPANY I.

KILLED—Corporals Alexander W. McDonald, George W. Ent. Private Franklin Twitty.

WOUNDED—Corporals George Van, George W. Martin, VanBuren Mead; Sergeant W. L. Shower. Privates: Josiah Miley, W. Doads, Lewis Stallings, Joab Mead, Samuel E. Blair, Francis M. Smith, Geo. Williamson.

COMPANY K.

KILLED—Privates: Alfred Goodman, Alfred Noe.

WOUNDED—Color Sergeant Jesse B. Miller; Sergeants John W. Pace, George W. Wilder. Privates: William Young, James Bohanan.

TOTAL CASUALTIES.

Total effective force, officers and men, of the Regiment engaged in the battle, 410.

Killed and mortally wounded.....	27
Wounded and discharged.....	15
Other wounded.....	74
Prisoners.....	6
Total.....	122

CHAPTER XI.

IN CAMP AT MURFREESBORO—REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY—DRILL, PICKET DUTY AND FORAGING—ENJOYING CAMP LIFE—A MILITARY EXECUTION—CLOSE CALL FOR A 58TH DESERTER—APPEAL OF THE OFFICERS PREVAILS—PARDONED BY THE PRESIDENT—PLANS FOR A REGIMENTAL MONUMENT PERFECTED.

MONDAY, January 5th, we entered Murfreesboro, finding it full of wounded. We also found some of our men, who had been taken prisoners during the first day's fight and had been paroled by the rebels. We passed through the town and took up our old position on the left. Details were sent out over the battlefield to bury the dead. The Pioneer Brigade was set to work to repair the railroad bridge across Stone River, so that supplies might be brought from Nashville. It was ascertained that Bragg's army had retired to Tullahoma and Shelbyville, but the roads were bad, and the difficulty of getting supplies made it impracticable for our army to follow them. So we settled down to camp life, and began recruiting our depleted ranks.

In obedience to orders from the War Department, a general reorganization of the army took place at this time. What was formerly known as the "14th Army Corps" was changed to "The Department of the Cumberland," or was more generally called the Army of the Cumberland. The three grand divisions of this army, heretofore designated as the Right Wing, Center and Left Wing, were now designated as the 20th Corps, 14th Corps, and 21st Corps, com-

manded respectively by Generals McCook, Thomas and Crittenden. The several Divisions and Brigades in each Corps were also numbered differently, the number beginning at one in each case. According to this new arrangement the Divisions and Brigades in the 21st Corps, commanded by General Crittenden, were numbered as follows :

First Division (formerly 6th) commanded by General Wood.

Second Division (formerly 4th) commanded by General Palmer.

Third Division (formerly 5th) commanded by General Van Cleve.

The Brigades of the First Division were numbered as follows :

First Brigade, (formerly 15th) in which was the 58th, commanded by Colonel Fyffe (vice Hascall.)

Second Brigade (formerly 21st), commanded by General Wagner.

Third Brigade (formerly 20th, commanded by General Garfield), commanded by Colonel Harker.

Rosecrans' army took position in front of the town, with the right and left wings thrown considerably to the rear, almost completing the form of a semi-circle. General McCook occupied the position near the Shelbyville and Salem pikes; General Thomas fronting eastward toward McMinnville and Tullahoma; General Crittenden took a position near the Liberty pike facing east. The left of General Wood's Division rested on the Lebanon pike, General Van Cleve being on the left of the pike, connecting with Wood's left. Our Brigade (the First) was on the left of Wood's Division, and was therefore located near the Lebanon pike. Pickets were thrown well to the front, with strong cavalry videttes on the pike. A line of breastworks was thrown up along the entire front, so that we might be in a condition to resist an attack, of which there was some apprehension.

After we were settled down in our regular camp, where everything was kept clean and healthful, we began to

take on new life. Those of our Regiment who had been sick or convalescent rapidly improved. The spirits of the men became more bouyant than ever. With the opening of spring the improvement of the men became still more marked. The camp was full of life. There was a great deal of joy and hilarity prevalent, and much amusement indulged in. But it was not all frivolity and profitless pastime that occupied the men of the 58th. Many of them employed the time in learning to read and write, having been denied these educational advantages at home. Strange as it may seem, there was a large number of men in all Regiments who could not write their own letters, nor read those received from loved ones at home. Until they became soldiers and were separated from home and friends, these men had not known the need of this acquirement. Now they knew the lack of an education, to their sorrow. So it was that when an opportunity was afforded them at this camp, to learn to write and read writing, nearly all availed themselves of it. Instruction was given regularly by the Chaplain and a number of members of the Regiment, who had the ability to do so. The consequence was, that when the Regiment left that camp there was scarcely any who could not write and read his own letters.

We spent a great deal of time drilling while here. We also had some foraging to do. This was no small business, either. It was necessary to go many miles after forage, and then there was danger of a conflict with the numerous bands of rebel cavalry that were hovering around in the vicinity of our outposts. It thus became necessary to send a strong guard with these foraging trains. The First Division went out, on the first of March, on an expedition of this kind, which required three days. We brought in a long train of wagons loaded with corn, hay, fodder, bacon, potatoes, etc., as the result of our trip.

As the season advanced the sun became hot, and as the camps were all in the open fields, it was quite unpleasant. So the order was given to erect temporary sheds, covered

with cedar brush, as a shelter from the sun. This was done, and we soon had very comfortable quarters.

It has been noted in these pages that a great many desertions occurred while the army of General Buell was in Kentucky. The 58th had several cases of this kind. President Lincoln, by proclamation, offered amnesty to all deserters who would return to their commands before the first of April. A very large number accepted this offer, and the army was increased considerably by their voluntary return to duty. The good feeling and spirit of the army was also much affected by this leniency manifested by the Commander-in-Chief.

But there were many deserters who did not return under this proclamation. Several of these were arrested and sent to their commands, to be tried by court martial, and most of them were subject to severe penalty. A soldier belonging to the 9th Kentucky, of Van Cleve's Division, was executed near our camp, June sixteenth.

I went to see this execution, as did many others from our Regiment. The attendance of the Division, to which the prisoner belonged, was compulsory. It was drawn up in the form of three sides of a hollow square, on the left of the turnpike, beyond Spence's house, with a large number of spectators, on foot and mounted, assembled behind the troops. The affair was a most pitiful and sickening sight, and one which it was hard to banish from my mind. The sight of one military execution is enough to satisfy the curiosity of any one who has not a heart of stone. Let me attempt to describe this one:

The prisoner leaning on the arm of an officer, preceded by an armed escort, a silver band and his coffin, and followed by the squad of executioners and Chaplain, soon made his appearance. Turning the right flank, inside of the hollow square, he was conducted around the inside with funeral music. Arriving about the center of the open side his coffin was placed on the ground. His sentence was read to him. His Company came in and bade him farewell. A

time was spent in prayer—the prisoner kneeling over his coffin. He was then seated on it; one took a white handkerchief and placed it over his eyes. He manifested no agitation. The ceremonies were very solemn. Many turned their eyes down the pike, hoping some messenger would come, bringing a pardon, but none came. May we hope that a message of pardon from a better land, came in answer to his prayer. The pall bearers and all left the prisoner sitting on his coffin. The signal was given. One gun fired. It seemed to have missed him. Then two fired. He fell over his coffin. Then they all fired, irregularly. The firing was most shocking; all should have fired at once. The poor fellow died without a struggle. The Division marched past him. He was then placed in his coffin. A hole was dug. Where he died, he was buried. Thus passed one human being from earthly scenes. His crime was desertion.

Three citizens were hung not far from our camp by order of General Rosecrans. They were guilty of the murder of an old citizen near the town, some time prior to our coming. Several of our Regiment went to see the execution, which was in an open field in full view of the camps.

The 58th had several tardy deserters who were court-martialed here, and subjected to various kinds of punishment, but only one who was sentenced to be shot. Richard Hembree, of Company E, was that unfortunate one. His sentence was read to him about 11 o'clock, Sunday, June 21; the execution was to take place between twelve and three o'clock, Monday. The announcement of this sentence created great consternation among officers and men.

It is safe to say that no event occurred during our entire service up to this time, that stirred the sympathies and feelings of the men so much as did this announcement, that came so suddenly and unexpectedly. Because of this feeling, and the universal interest that the incident excited at the time, is a sufficient justification for giving the full details here.

Following is a copy of the official document that was handed to Adjutant C. C. Whiting by an orderly from Division Headquarters, about ten o'clock of the day mentioned :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND. /
MURFREESBORO, TENN., June 9th, 1863. }

GENERAL ORDERS /
No. 137. }

I. At a general court martial, which convened at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on the first day of May, 1863, pursuant to Special Orders No. 38, from headquarters 1st Division, 21st Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland, and of which Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Brown, 46th Regiment O. V. I., is president, was arraigned and tried,

1st, Richard Hembree, a private of Company E, 58th Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry, on the following charge and specification:

Charge, desertion.

Specification.—In this, that private Richard Hembree, of Company E, 58th Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry, being duly enlisted in the service of the United States, did desert the service of the United States, his said Company and Regiment then and there being in constant expectation of battle; all this near Perryville, Ky., on or about the seventh day of October, 1862. And the said Richard Hembree did remain absent until the eleventh day of May, 1863, when he was duly arrested and brought to his Regiment.

To which charge and specification the accused plead as follows:

To the specification, guilty; to the charge, guilty.

Findings of the court.—Of the specification, guilty; of the charge, guilty.

Sentence.—And the court do therefore sentence him, Private Richard Hembree, of Company E, 58th Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry, to be shot to death, at such time and place as the commanding General may direct, two-thirds of the members of the court concurring therein.

* * * * *

II. The proceedings of the court in the case of Private Richard Hembree, Company E, 58th Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry, was approved. The sentence will be carried into execution under the direction of the Commander of the Division in which his Regiment is serving, on Monday, the 22d day of June, 1863, between the hours of twelve m. and three p. m.

* * * * *

By command of Major-General Rosecrans,

C. GODDARD,

Assistant Adjutant General.

OFFICIAL:

A. THRALL,

Assistant Adjutant General.

Adjutant Whiting, after having informed Colonel Buell and Lieutenant-Colonel Embree of the contents of this order, proceeded to the Regimental guard house, where Hembree

was confined, and read to the prisoner the court's sentence and order for his execution, and made a detail of guards to convey him to Division headquarters. When the order was read to him, Hembree was astounded, and utterly unable to comprehend the full meaning of the terrible fate that was awaiting him. It was some time before he could fully realize his situation. Adjutant Whiting told him that Colonels Buell and Embree were going to intercede for him with General Rosecrans, and that everything possible would be done to save his life. With this assurance, Hembree became somewhat more reconciled and soon announced his readiness to go with the guard to Division headquarters.

In the meantime Colonels Buell and Embree had set about getting a reprieve for the prisoner, or at least a commutation of his sentence. They went together to General Rosecrans' headquarters, but as he was at church did not have an opportunity of seeing him. An appointment was made, however, through General James A. Garfield, Chief of Staff, by which they were to meet the commanding General at three p. m. At the appointed hour they returned and presented their case. General Rosecrans heard them, but did not evince much sympathy with their plea, in fact, he rather discouraged the hope of any change of the decree of the court. Failing to get from General Rosecrans any assurance that he would revoke the order, Buell and Embree returned to the Regiment. Colonel Buell was disposed to abandon the case as hopeless, but Colonel Embree was not willing yet to give it up. By profession he was an attorney, and his experience as an advocate gave him a strong advantage in a pleading of this kind. He resolved to bring all his skill as a lawyer and his power as an advocate to bear, in an effort to save the life of this man. He again repaired to General Rosecrans' headquarters, and, through the intercession of General Garfield, a personal friend of Colonel Embree, secured another audience with the commanding General. This interview lasted about an hour, during which Colonel Embree pressed his suit with all the ardor of which he was capable. Rose-

crans listened with more interest than at first, and even complimented Colonel Embree on his ability as a lawyer, and especially upon his earnestness in pleading this case. He finally said:

“Colonel Embree, you go back to your Regiment, get up a paper embodying all that you plead on behalf of this prisoner, and have the same signed by all the officers of your Regiment. Bring this paper to me, and I will see what can be done.”

With this encouraging hope to inspire him, Colonel Embree returned to the Regiment and at once prepared his appeal. By this time it was after dark, and before the appeal could be written up and put in shape for signatures most of the officers had retired. However, Adjutant Whiting took the paper and visited each of the officers, whose names were desired, at their quarters, arousing them and securing their signatures. At an early hour Monday morning the work was completed. With a confident heart, Colonel Embree started, after an early breakfast, with the appeal to General Rosecrans' headquarters.

Although there was a belief among the officers and men of the 58th that the execution would be postponed, at least, yet there was no positive assurance of this. So, the forenoon of Monday was passed in anxious suspense, waiting to hear what action General Rosecrans would take. The condition of mind of the poor convicted prisoner was, of course, more miserable than that of his comrades, during these long hours of suspense. As Regimental Chaplain, it was my duty to visit him and offer him such spiritual advice as I could. I found him at Division headquarters, in charge of the provost guard, soon after his removal to that place. The officer in charge was very kind to him and to me, extending all the privileges that was possible under the circumstances. At my first visit I told Hembree that we would do all we could for him, but urged him to examine his preparation for death. He confessed that he was not ready for eternity, and seemed to be deeply sensible of his condition. At a late hour in the

evening I called again, prayed with him and pointed him to the Savior as well as I could, then left him to spend a miserable night of anxiety. At ten o'clock Monday morning I called again. Hembree now professed a belief in the pardon of his sins and a readiness to meet death. He was still unconscious as to his fate, but was now seemingly resigned to meet whatever might be awaiting him.

At one o'clock p. m. the officers of the Regiment were called together to hear the result of their petition. General Wood disapproved of the commutation of the sentence, but approved of the plea for an extension of the time.

General Crittenden did not commit himself strongly either way, but talked rather more favorably for the prisoner.

General Rosecrans argued against the petition, but admitted several points well taken. Incidentally, he gave the petitioners a just rebuke for going into battle unprepared for death. He, however, concluded to grant a reprieve until the will of the President could be known.

General Wood notified Hembree of the decision, and of course we were all greatly relieved. We know that President Lincoln has a tender heart, and the probability is that Hembree will be pardoned.

The following is a copy of the official documents in this case, including the appeal of the Regimental officers, the several endorsements of the commanding Generals, the opinion of Judge-Advocate Holt, and the final endorsement of a full pardon, by President Lincoln: *

* These papers were not found with Chaplain Hight's manuscript, but a copy was recently obtained from the War Department. They are given a place in the body of this work, rather than in foot notes or in an appendix, because it seemed more appropriate in order to fill out the complete history of this incident in our Regimental history, an incident that made so deep an impression in the memory of every one with the Regiment at the time. In this connection, it may be stated, that this Richard Hembree lived to serve his term of enlistment, and is still living at the time this is published.— [G. R. S.]

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF RICHARD HEMBREE.

CAMP FIFTY-EIGHTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS,
 FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS. }
 June 21st, 1863. }

C. Goddard, Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of the Cumberland:

SIR: The undersigned, commissioned officers of the 58th Regiment Indiana Volunteers, desire respectfully to tender this, their appeal in behalf of Richard Hembree, private of Company E of said Regiment, who, by General Orders No. 137, is sentenced to be shot to death between the hours of twelve m. and three p. m. on to-morrow, the 22d instant.

We would respectfully represent that the prisoner, at the time he absented himself from his Regiment, did not do so for the purpose of deserting the service, but, on the contrary, was taken sick on the tenth day of October, 1862, and was unable to march with his Company: he fell back, on the march, was overtaken by the wagon train, and being unable to carry his gun and accoutrements, placed them in a wagon and undertook to keep up with the train (no one being allowed to ride on the wagons.) In this his strength failed him, and he was compelled to stop by the wayside. He remained at a house near the road until the 11th of October, when the army had passed on before him, and he was in a land of strangers; we might say a land of enemies. It was then that the thought of going home first occurred to him, and under the circumstances he unfortunately yielded and committed, technically, the crime of desertion.

It will be noticed that the specification states that Hembree deserted on the 7th, which was the day previous to the battle of Chaplin Hills, when battle was momentarily expected. This was a mistake, as he did not fall behind his Regiment until the 10th of October, and did not desert until the 11th, when, if we remember correctly, there was no apprehension of an immediate engagement.

Hembree is a man of little, we might say of no information or education, trusting and confiding in his disposition, remembering the high estimation in which human life is regarded in times of peace when there is no public danger. He plead guilty to the charges and specifications, thus preventing investigation and production of testimony, or evidence of the facts in mitigation, which we know have been in like cases of such vital importance to the prisoner.

Had his plea been "not guilty," we are confident that his sentence would not have been so terrible.

At the time Richard Hembree is charged with having deserted, it will be remembered that the army, then under command of General Buell, was, and for a long time had been, daily weakening by desertion. Almost whole Regiments had deserted at Louisville, and officers high in command, wearing the insignia of office and authority, had set before privates the example of desertion. The law then was the same that it is to-day; yet none had been seriously punished—hardly punished at all. When brought to their Regiments, they were returned to duty almost without censure.

Is it strange that an ignorant man, tired, foot-sore and sick, alone in an enemy's country (comparatively), thinking of his wife and little ones at home, should be influenced by such examples?

It may be answered that it had been published and declared that the penalty for desertion was death! Yes; that is true. Yet desertion had for months taken place day by day, and this penalty, nor any other serious penalty, had not at that time been exacted in all the armies of the Union.

If the Government had allowed the law to become unenforced and inoperative, thereby deceiving soldiers in the army as to the penalties to be inflicted, ought not the Government to suffer at least a large part of the injurious consequences of such a course? We respectfully think it should.

The question then to be solved is: Has the law been vindicated, so far as this portion of the army is concerned? Is it necessary that another example should be made?

In this we know we have no right to judge, as it is peculiarly within the province of the commanding General. Yet we would respectfully state that but a few days ago our Regiment, or the greater part of it, did witness the execution of a private of the 3d Division, 21st Army Corps, for the crime of desertion. And the same execution was also witnessed by large numbers of men of other Regiments of this Division.

We believe no further example is necessary to vindicate the law in this Regiment, in fact desertions have long ago ceased in this Regiment. If further example be necessary for the benefit of other Regiments, we humbly and respectfully ask that they may be allowed to furnish the victim, as there is no doubt they have cases equally or more worthy than that of Hembree.

Again, we would respectfully state that Hembree resides in Dubois county, Indiana, a county which, out of a vote of about sixteen hundred voters, casts eleven hundred majority against the administration, thus leaving but about two hundred and fifty friends of the administration (or Government, as they call it) within the county. This large number of men who oppose the Government are earnest in the work, and many of them have been engaged, if report is true, in writing letters to the soldiers of this Regiment, telling them that they are engaged in a wicked and unholy enterprise, politically and morally; that the curse of God and man rests upon them: that all their friends at home entertain these opinions, and advising them to desert the service; that such an act will be accounted honorable and no penalty inflicted; that the people (the sovereign people) will protect them.

Is it strange that such things should have effect upon ignorant men, when desertion was common and the Government failed to vindicate itself and the law?

Again, we would respectfully state that previous to the time he was taken sick, and in that unfortunate hour deserted the service, Hembree was a good and faithful soldier, and we have no doubt would still be such.

He has a wife and five little children. They love him. He loves them. They look to him for support, for they are very poor. We grant that in strict law these are no reasons in his behalf, yet we think that in military as well as civil law, mercy may properly often season justice.

Lastly, we would respectfully state that the order for this execution was received at nine and a half o'clock a. m. of this day. Hembree dies to-morrow! How short the time! It is said, "Life is given to prepare for death." Hembree, like us, has not prepared. How terrible!

It may be said we have not so long a time when we go into battle. But who goes into battle to die? None; we all hope and believe we will live years beyond that hour. Hence few prepare for death. Here is certain death, and no adequate time for preparation.

We would therefore respectfully, earnestly and humbly request, that Richard Hembree be not executed; that some milder punishment be substituted, and if this request can not, in the opinion of the commanding General, be consistently granted, that he at least be granted a few more days of life.

JAMES T. EMBREE, Lieut.-Col. Commanding Regiment.

JOSEPH MOORE, Major

CHARLES C. WHITING, Adjutant.

NATHAN EVANS, Captain.

WILLIAM DAVIS, Captain.

WILLIAM A. DOWNEY, Captain.

J. M. SMITH, Captain.

DANIEL L. CAIN, Captain.

CHARLES H. BRUCE, Captain.

GREEN McDONALD, Captain.

GEORGE WHITMAN, Captain.

ZACHARIAH JONES, First Lieutenant.

WILLIAM E. CHAPPELL, Captain.

WILLIAM ADAMS, Second Lieutenant.

J. G. BEHM, Second Lieutenant.

GEORGE W. HILL, Second Lieutenant.

HENRY TORRENCE, Second Lieutenant.

AUGUSTUS MILBURN, First Lieutenant.

WOODFORD TOWSEY, First Lieutenant

D. M. HADLOCK, Second Lieutenant.

J. R. ADAMS, Assistant Surgeon.

RICHARD A. WOOD, Second Lieutenant.

QUINCY A. HARPER, First Lieutenant.

HUGH J. BARNETT, Second Lieutenant.

JAMES D. FOSTER, First Lieutenant.

JACOB DAVIS, Second Lieutenant.

LYCURGUS C. MASON, First Lieutenant.

JOHN J. HIGHT, Chaplain.

GEORGE RAFFAN, First Lieutenant and R. Q. M.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE. }

June 22, 1863. }

Hoping the prayer of this petition be granted, I approve and respectfully forward,

GEO. P. BUELL,

Colonel 58th Indiana, Commanding Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS, }
MURFREESBORO, TENN., June 22, 1863. }

I approve this application so far as the granting the respite of a few days to the prisoner goes, but I cannot approve the application for a remission of his sentence. The man was absent from his Regiment more than seven months and did not return until he was arrested, showing a fixed determination to desert the service; and this, too, after the President's proclamation for the return of deserters; and after, too, an officer had been sent from this army to the State of Indiana to aid deserters to return and avail themselves of the immunity granted in the proclamation. Justice to the individual is often mercy to the many.

THOS. J. WOOD,

Brigadier-General Volunteers, Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FIRST ARMY CORPS, }
June 22, 1863. }

Respectfully forwarded. I recommend that further time be given in this case. The prisoner plead guilty and was convicted. An ignorant man may have debarred himself from many extenuating circumstances; may have thought it a trivial offence and refused to put in any defence; and may, at the same time, have had testimony to mitigate the penalty of death.

T. L. CRITTENDEN,

Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, }
MURFREESBORO, June 23, 1863. }

Respectfully forwarded to the Adjutant-General of the army for the action of the President.

Whatever may have been Hembree's temptation to leave on the 10th of October, his not returning in obedience to the President's proclamation shows him a deserter.

It is better for the service that a sufficient number of executions should take place in each Corps to show that the law will *most probably* be enforced, instead of giving the impression as each case occurs, and prayers for many prevail, that most probably the criminal will not be punished.

The petitioners say they go into battle knowing they risk life and yet do not prepare for death. It is doubtless unwise in them, but each deserter acts on this principle when he deserts, not believing he will be punished.

We must show by examples that this is wrong.

The grounds which claim mercy most strongly are, that the prisoner has a wife and five children, and that he comes from a neighborhood where loyalty is at a discount, and has usually behaved well.

For these reasons he will be reprieved until the pleasure of the President can be known,

W. S. ROSECRANS,

Major-General Commanding.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
 WASHINGTON, July 9, 1863. }

Respectfully referred to the Judge Advocate General.

By order

SAM'L BRECK,
 Assistant Adjutant-General.

JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
 July 15th, 1863. }

Case of Richard Hembree, private, Company E, 58th Indiana Volunteers.

Hembree is under sentence of death for desertion. On the 21st of June, 1863, an order was received at the camp of his Regiment—the 58th Indiana—for the execution of his sentence the next day. A petition, which appears to bear the signatures of all the commissioned officers of the Regiment, was immediately forwarded to the commanding General, praying a respite and mitigation of sentence.

This petition sets forth that there are extenuating circumstances in the case of Hembree which would, in the opinion of the petitioners, if they had been presented to the consideration of the court martial, have induced a more lenient sentence than that pronounced against him. But being a very ignorant man, though he had been a good and dutiful soldier, and not appreciating the gravity of his offense, which had thitherto been committed almost with impunity by large numbers of men within his own observation, who had been allowed to return unpunished to their Regiments, he pleaded guilty, and so precluded himself from the benefit of the evidence in his favor.

The petition sets forth that on the 10th of October, 1862, being on march with his Company, Hembree was taken sick and fell back. Being overtaken by the wagon train, and being unable to carry his gun and accoutrements, he was allowed to place them in a wagon. That he then undertook to keep up with the train, but his strength failing him, he was forced to lie by at a house by the roadside. That up to this time no thought of deserting had entered into his intentions, but the army having by the 11th passed beyond his reach, and he, being in a land of strangers—if not of enemies—yielded, unhappily, to his strong inclination to go home to see his family—a wife and five small children—to whom he is represented as being very much attached. His home is in a county of sixteen hundred voters, which lately gave a majority of eleven hundred votes against the administration. The influence brought to bear upon this stolid, ignorant man, in that disloyal community, is supposed to have been of the most pernicious kind. He did not return to his Regiment until arrested and carried back, after an absence of several months, during which the President's proclamation of immunity to such deserters as returned to their duty had been published in Indiana, and an officer had been sent there to aid deserters in availing themselves of it. It does not appear whether or not Hembree had any knowledge of either of these facts.

General Crittenden recommends that execution be delayed, and thinks that by pleading guilty the prisoner may have debarred himself of the benefits of many extenuating circumstances.

General Rosecrans forwards the case for the action of the President. He thinks that whatever may have been Embree's temptation to leave on the 10th of October, his failure to return, in obedience to the President's proclamation, shows him to be a deserter. That it is better for the service that a sufficient number of executions should take place in each Corps to show that the law will most probably be enforced, instead of leaving the impression, as each case occurs, and prayers for mercy prevail, that most probably the criminal will not be punished.

General Rosecrans is further of the opinion that the grounds which claim mercy most strongly in the case are, that the prisoner has a wife and five children, and that he comes from a neighborhood where loyalty is at a discount, but has, nevertheless, generally behaved well.

It is proper to state that it appears from the specification of the charge against the prisoner, confessed by his plea, that his arrest occurred on the 11th of May, 1863.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

J. HOLT.

To the President.

Judge Advocate General.

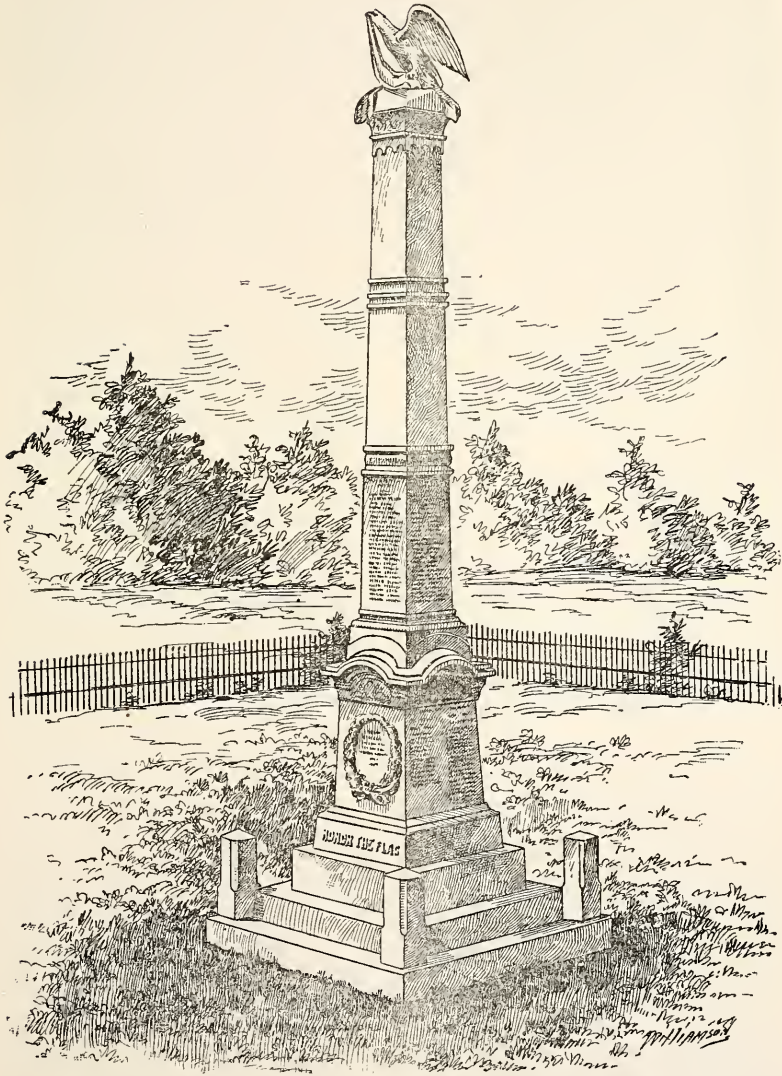
Pardon.

A. LINCOLN.

July 18, 1863.

Among other important events pertaining to the Regiment here, was the originating a plan for erecting a Regimental Monument.

The plan was to secure the fund that was due the Regiment on account of commutation allowed by the Government for unused rations, with the addition of liberal subscriptions from the officers, and with this fund erect a monument. This plan was made known to the Regiment, and was heartily endorsed by all. Accordingly a monumental organization was perfected, of which Lieutenant-Colonel Embree was made president and Major Joseph Moore secretary. It



MONUMENT OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTH INDIANA REGIMENT

AT PRINCETON, INDIANA. DEDICATED JULY 4, 1865.

was stipulated that the cost of the monument should not exceed \$5,000, and that no subscription should be solicited outside of the members of the Regiment, as it was intended to be a monument of the Regiment and erected by the Regiment. It was determined by the voice of the Regiment that the monument should be erected in the court house square in Princeton, Gibson county, Indiana, where the Regiment was organized. A local committee was appointed, consisting of Andrew Lewis, Joseph Devin, William Kurtz and John Kell, to carry into effect the wishes of the Regiment. This committee advertised for plans, with probable cost of erection. In answer, the committee received a number of designs, with cost. The design of C. Rule and Coleman, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was adopted as the choice of the Regiment, as the one most appropriate for the purposes intended.

The design of monument adopted was an elegant marble shaft, about thirty-three feet in height. On the north side, crossed swords, flag and wreath. On the east side, a small shield resting on bunches of oak and myrtle crossed. Underneath, a large wreath encircling the words: "Erected by the survivors of the Fifty-eighth Regiment Indiana Volunteers, to the memory of their deceased comrades." On the south side is a knapsack supporting crossed muskets and flags, and a soldier's cap. On the west side is the coat of arms of the state of Indiana. On the several sides are the following inscriptions: On the south, "Stone River;" west, "Lavergne;" north, "Mission Ridge;" east, "Chickamauga" and "Honor the Flag." The names of all of the members of the Regiment known to be dead at the date of erection of the monument were to be inscribed on its several faces. An American eagle, made of the finest Italian marble, surmounts the shaft, holding the national ensign in his beak and talons.

The resident committee was notified of the choice of the Regiment, and it closed a contract with the above named firm, stipulating that the monument should be completed by

the time the Regiment returned from the field at the expiration of its term of service.*

While in this camp, the order was given to turn over our Sibley tents and adopt the shelter tents in their stead. These were pieces of canvas about four feet square, one piece to be carried by each man. By fastening two together and stretching over a small pole, a shelter was provided for two men. When put up, they very much resembled a dog kennel, and the outfit was very appropriately named "Pup Tents" by the boys. There was a general howl of indignation when this new order was introduced. The imprecations that were heaped upon the man who brought this miserable travesty on a tent into existence were emphatic. But experience changed their opinion. The shelter tent proved to be of the greatest service after its merits became fully known.

Altogether, our stay in Murfreesboro was the most pleasant experience in our soldier life. Our camps were all in strict military order, and were kept clean. Our daily duties, while sometimes arduous, were not unpleasant. Under the strict discipline and regular drill maintained here, the army was greatly improved. In the matter of clothing and equipments, it never presented as fine an appearance as it did on daily dress parade at Murfreesboro.

* This monument was formally and appropriately dedicated on the 4th day of July, 1865, while the Regiment was yet in camp at Louisville, Kentucky, awaiting orders for final discharge, which had been expected to take place prior to the above date. Many of the officers and enlisted men of the Regiment received furloughs and were present at the dedication, as well as large numbers of citizens, and soldiers of other Regiments. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Andrew Lewis, Rev. John McMaster, D. D., Chaplain John J. Hight, and others, and the monument was accepted in behalf of the Regiment by the members thereof who were present. It was the first monument erected in the state in honor of soldiers of the war of the Rebellion, and is probably the only Regimental monument, in any state, erected by funds provided by its members exclusively, and the only one dedicated before the Regiment was discharged from the service. In the manner of its conception, as well as in the manner of its construction, the 58th Indiana Regimental Monument, which stands in the court house square at Princeton, is certainly unique.

CHAPTER XII.

ADVANCING ON TULLAHOMA—MARCHING THROUGH MUD AND RAIN—CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN—DEMONSTRATION OF CANNON COUNTY PEOPLE—TULLAHOMA EVACUATED—IN CAMP AT HILLSBORO—KILLED BY AN OVER-ZEALOUS GUARD—EXCITEMENT AND INDIGNATION IN THE 58TH—MILITARY FUNERALS—RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN CAMP—CELEBRATING THE FALL OF VICKSBURG AND VICTORY AT GETTYSBURG—NUMEROUS EVENTS OF INTEREST DETAILED.

TUESDAY, June 23, orders were issued to the various Brigades and Regiments to prepare for marching next morning, early, with three days' rations in the haversacks and five in the wagons to accompany each Regiment. Although similar orders had been issued several times before, during our stay here, yet there were many indications now that this order was not to be countermanded. It was to be a move sure enough.

Wednesday, June 24, we broke up our pleasant camp and started on the march at seven o'clock. It was a great sight to see this grand army move out. With wagons, artillery, cavalry, officers and men, in almost endless lines, the column moved on various roads leading toward the enemy. The air was rent with cheers and with music of bands, as this great host, with banners flying, marched forth again to battle.

Van Cleve's Division, of our Corps, was left in the fortifications at Murfreesboro. We moved out on the Bradyville pike. Palmer's Division was in the advance of Wood.

About nine o'clock it began to rain and soon the dusty pike was converted into a thoroughfare of thin mud. There are rebels in front of our column but they are in small force and are not making much opposition. Over on the right, on the Manchester pike, where General Thomas' Corps is moving, we can hear heavy cannonading, indicating that the rebels are contesting his advance in strong force.

About two p. m. we went into camp near Donnelson Church, having marched twelve miles. The 58th put up their shelter tents for the first time, in a low, wet meadow. It was still raining and we found our "pup tents" quite a protection. Palmers' Division passed on to Bradyville and went into camp. Companies A and F went out on picket. They were stationed at a house and had a much more pleasant position than those who remained in camp.

At seven o'clock next morning we were again on the march. The rain was now coming down in torrents. About ten o'clock we passed through Bradyville, a miserable, dilapidated town, that seemed the worse for having been the camp of a strong force of rebel cavalry. Here the turnpike ended and we had to take the dirt road, which was now almost impassable. I saw two male citizens at this town, the first we had seen since leaving Murfreesboro. Neither were able bodied. I also had a conversation with a native woman. She had not been about much. Said she had been "at the foot of the Hollow, Gilley's Gap, but never at the top," and had lived here all her life. She was one of those people who thought it very wrong for "you uns" to come down here to fight "we uns."

We could only make four miles to-day on account of Palmer's Division being in our advance and in our way. At five p. m. we went into camp in Gilley's Gap, by some called Brush Gap. At the time of going into camp the rain had ceased and the sun was shining.

We remained in camp all next day waiting for Palmer's Division to clear the way. They were ascending the first steep shelf of the Cumberland Mountains, and progress was

slow. Rain fell in occasional showers all day. Cannonading and musketry heard on our right, in the direction of Hoover's Gap.

Saturday morning, June 27, we were preparing to move. Our Brigade was sent in advance of Division to work on road. With great difficulty our Division got up the steep and rugged hill. We went four miles and camped at a place called Dug Spring. This was in Cannon county. The land was barren and the country sparsely settled. When we went into camp great numbers of women and children came from the surrounding brushes to see the soldiers. The men had all gone to war, either as volunteers or conscripts. The women had never seen a brass horn or heard a band play. It was with rapturous delight that they listened to the music of our Regimental band. One damsel declared, when she heard "Dixie," that she would stay with the band always, if they would play that tune for her. The band changed the tune. Another expressed it as her opinion, that "you all are the smartest men that ever came to Cannon county." We all felt very much flattered, and the band almost blowed their eyes out in their efforts to show their appreciation of this compliment. Our band was made up of raw material, detailed from the various companies, while we were at Murfreesboro, and they had not received many compliments on their playing up to this time, hence, their high appreciation of the musical taste of these Cannon county women. Likewise, our Adjutant was affected by this demonstration. He is a man of great sobriety and decorum, usually, but on this occasion he threw decorum to the winds, and mounting a stump, hat in hand, called for three cheers for the band, and three times three for the women of Cannon county. The boys responded to this call in a manner that made the hills ring. They loaded the Cannon county children down with crackers and such other nicknacks as soldiers have. Uncle Johnny Everett, our teamster, gave one of the little boys a mule colt which he led off as proudly as Alexander rode Beaucephalus. I dare say the visit of the

Yankee soldiers to Dug Spring will linger in the traditions of Cannon county for a thousand years.

On Sunday, June 28, we marched nine miles, camping near Manchester; still raining, roads very bad. On Monday morning we started again on our journey, but turned back and went into camp, remaining there all day. Tuesday morning we started at five o'clock and went to Manchester and camped on the banks of Duck river, north of the town, until next morning. General Van Cleve's Division, which had been left at Murfreesboro, came up this evening bringing a large supply train for the 21st Corps. They also brought a big mail.

July 1st the 1st Division was ordered to march at eleven o'clock in light order, towards Tullahoma. The 1st Brigade was detached as rear guard for the train, and was consequently detained in Manchester until late in the afternoon. About two o'clock p. m., while still lying here, news came that the rebels had evacuated Tullahoma and that General Brannan's Division, of the 14th Corps, was in the town. We were to bring up all the train and follow the Division, which was moving towards Hillsboro. It was eleven o'clock that night when we got into camp, about one mile from Hillsboro. The roads were very bad and we had to wait on the slow progress of the wagon train.

For the next day or two we marched back and forth between Hillsboro and Pelham. This maneuvering, I believe, was for the purpose of discovering the course of the enemy. It was found that Bragg's entire army had escaped across the Cumberland Mountains towards Chattanooga, from whence he started a year ago in a mad race to Kentucky.

General Rosecrans' Army was now placed in position as follows:

General Thomas' 14th Corps was posted at Tullahoma and Decherd. General McCook's 20th Corps at the latter place and Winchester. General Crittenden, 21st Corps, was disposed of with Wood's Division, composed of Harker's and Buell's Brigades, at Hillsboro, and Wagner's

Brigade at Pelham, to watch the main passage over the mountains from Manchester to Chattanooga. General Rosecrans' headquarters were at Tullahoma, to which place railroad communication was opened by the 4th of July.

The 58th spent the 4th of July resting. We were short of rations, but the country abounded in fruit and vegetables of all kinds and the boys did not suffer for something to eat. Some of the commanding officers were very severe in their denunciation of foraging and were always ready to punish foragers, but they were always willing to accept a part of the proceeds of a foraging expedition.

We were in camp in a low flat place beside a little water course, Sunday night, July 6th. On that night a tremendous rain fell, flooding all the country. In a few hours the little stream had become a raging torrent, overflowing its banks and flooding our camp. Many of our men sustained the loss of their shoes and other articles lying around loose. It was a great time we had that night hunting a dry spot of ground on which to rest.

At one o'clock Monday we moved to a much better camping ground.

Wednesday, July 8th, I was awakened by the firing of cannon in our camp. I was confident it was on account of some good news and immediately got up to learn what it was. I soon learned it was on account of the surrender of Vicksburg and the victory over Lee's army at Gettysburg. This was certainly good enough news for one day and it was very natural that we should all feel happy over it.

This forenoon we moved again for a change, going back to Hillsboro, a march of eight miles. This makes the fourth time we have traveled this road within the past few days. Moved camp several times in the next few days, and finally got settled down very comfortably near a big spring.

SUNDAY, JULY 12.—I preached in the camp of the 100th Illinois at 10:30 a. m. In the evening Chaplain Crews, of that Regiment, preached for me in the camp of the 58th.

His sermon was a grand one and he had a large and attentive audience. The same cannot be said of my audience in his Regiment in the forenoon, whatever might be said of the sermon. There is a great deal more unconcern manifested in regard to religious matters in the 100th Illinois than there is in the 58th Indiana.

At five o'clock Monday afternoon I went to attend the funeral of John Lawson, of the 3d Kentucky, on detached duty in the 8th Indiana Battery. He was a native of east Tennessee, but removed to Clinton county, Kentucky, where he enlisted on the 11th of August, 1861; leaving behind him a wife and several small children, surrounded by people who were hostile to the Union army. He was a good moral man, a faithful soldier and a true patriot. His death occurred this morning. At the funeral the procession was formed as follows:

Captain and Senior First Lieutenant.

Caison, upon which coffin was placed, attended by pall bearers.

One section of battery.

Band of 58th Indiana.

Chaplain and Surgeon.

Commissioned officers of battery.

Non-commissioned officers and men.

We marched out to solemn music to the little cemetery, but before reaching there a heavy shower of rain began to fall which cut short the intended ceremonies.

Richard Hembree came up from Murfreesboro to-day, July 14th. He does not know anything about the determination of the President in his case, but as he was told to report to his company he has good reason to believe that the kindness of President Lincoln's heart has saved his life. Hembree is a happy man. Who would not be under similar circumstances.

We now have full rations and little work to do and are enjoying camp life exceedingly. It is evident that we have gained a greater victory over Bragg at Tullahoma than if we had fought him, as thousands of his men are deserting him since his army left middle Tennessee. Fifteen came

into our camp to-day. They represent the rebel army as greatly demoralized since Bragg has passed over the mountains and beyond the Tennessee river. General Forrest is on this side gathering up deserters.

General Rosecrans has gone to McMinnville. I believe we should advance immediately on Chattanooga, but it is probably impracticable to do so, on account of our transportation facilities. If we only had a road through Cumberland Gap we could make out better.

Friday, July 17, I joined a forage train that was going out into the country. This train was made up from our Regiment and the 100th Illinois, with Lieutenant Wood in command of our escort. Lieutenant L. C. Mason, my messmate, was in the company. The first house I called at was a Mr. Tucker's, two miles from our lines. He is a minister in the M. E. church, South, and a Union man. We next passed his son-in-law, Mr. Charles, who is also a Union man. Was shot at a number of times by conscripting officers. Here we contracted for some chickens and potatoes, and passed on. In one respect, a great change has come over the people of this country since we were here a year ago. Nearly every secessionist is now convinced of the hopelessness of the Confederate cause, and they desire the speedy triumph of the Union arms, as the only hope for peace. Many are boldly coming out in favor of the Union. We are everywhere treated kindly by both Union and secession people. They have been severely treated by both armies. The rebels took the men between eighteen and forty-five and forced them into the army. They stole their horses and corn, and did as they pleased generally. The Union army is now foraging off of them heavily. To-day we cut green oats in the field, with which to feed our horses. Many petty acts of depredation, such as stealing chickens, potatoes, etc., have been committed by our straggling soldiers. Some were born thieves, and would follow the business in civil life, if it were not for their fear of the state prison.

This forage train went about ten miles in the direction of McMinnville. In company with Lieutenant Mason, Commissary-Sergeant Farmer, and the commissary-sergeant of the 100th Illinois, and our negro servant, Abe, I went off on a blind road about a mile or two and called on Mr. Cunningham. His wife prepared a very excellent dinner for us, for which I paid a dollar for myself and Mason, and expressed many thanks. As we returned, we called on Mr. Charles for our chickens and potatoes. It was near dark when we reached camp. I had to ride hard, as my companions were on borrowed horses.

We are daily receiving the most cheering news from all parts of the country. Gold is falling and the spirits of the people are rising.

SUNDAY, JULY 19.—I went out early this morning to prepare to preach. Attended church in the 100th Illinois at 10:30. Chaplain Crews preached an able sermon, but the attendance was very poor. I thought what a pity, that a man with such talent as Chaplain Crews has should meet with such poor encouragement. I do not think it is on account of any personal dislike on the part of the men, but they simply do not want to hear preaching.

At two p. m. I preached in my own Regiment; subject, "The Leper and Sinner—Their Disease and Doom," Lev. 14:46. After sermon, we proceeded to Pond Spring creek, just above the Hillsboro road, for the observance of the ordinance of baptism. A large congregation assembled on either bank. I announced, and the congregation sang:

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died."

After the usual formula, Corporal Harrison Wheeler, of Company D, was baptized by sprinkling. Private William Duncan, of Company B, was immersed. Thus the two modes were exhibited side by side, and the congregation had the opportunity of judging which looked the better, or was the most preferable. Most likely their preconceived notions would govern their decision, however.

MONDAY, JULY 20.—Company F, under command of Captain Cain, were detailed to go to Manchester as an escort to a train of sixty-five wagons after supplies.

A most deplorable event occurred in the afternoon of July 20th, in the shooting of Wilbur F. Jaquess, private, of Company B. He was shot by a provost guard named George Cropp, private of Company A, 64th Ohio, who was on duty at the residence of Warren Wait, a citizen living near our camp, who claimed to be a Union man. Young Jaquess, in company with Jasper Heiz, John D. Leonard and Thomas M. Harper, all of Company B, had gone out on a foraging expedition on their own account that afternoon. These were all good soldiers, but were not disposed to live on short rations, as long as there was plenty to eat in the country around. Their special mission that afternoon was after blackberries, but as they were returning with their buckets they discovered a sheep. They killed it and took it to the woods near by to dress it. According to their statements, it was not near the house, and they did not know there was a guard at the place. Jaquess saw the guard coming first and informed his comrades. He suggested the propriety of getting their traps and getting away from there. Acting on that suggestion, they started off in a run, Heiz being in the lead. The guard gave the order to halt twice. Harper halted, but the others did not hear, or did not heed the order, and kept on. Jaquess, being in the rear, looked back, and as he did so, the guard fired, the ball taking effect in a vital part, inflicting a fatal wound. His comrades saw him fall, and immediately ran to him. Poor Jaquess gave a groan, and immediately expired. The guard did not advance, but immediately turned and ran back to the house. He was probably about one hundred yards from the party when he fired the fatal shot. It was lucky that the guard did not come within reach of the comrades of Jaquess, as they would have certainly made short work of him, could they have laid their hands on him. Although they were for the moment dazed at the horrible deed that

had been committed, yet the three comrades recovered their thoughts quickly, and at once set about caring for their dead companion. They had two coffee sacks with them, and with these made a stretcher and brought the body of their dead comrade into camp. When the news of what had been done reached camp, there was great excitement in the 58th Regiment. So great was the indignation, that there was not a little wild talk of taking arms and wreaking vengeance on the murderous provost guard and the Regiment to which he belonged.

In consequence of this feeling, it was deemed necessary, by the commanding General, to place the 58th Regiment, and especially Company B, under surveillance, for fear of an outbreak. This was not known to us at the time, but was learned afterward. But it was hardly necessary to take this precaution, so far as the Regiment was concerned, as there was no general movement contemplated against the offending guard or his Regiment. There was, however, a party of officers and men organized to go out after the guard that night. This party was led by one of the comrades who was with Jaquess, but owing to the darkness and a confusion of roads, they could not find the place, and had to return without their man. Under all the circumstances, it is probably just as well that it turned out this way. Wreaking vengeance on this man would have caused more trouble to those engaged in it, and would not have restored life to poor Jaquess.*

The body was placed in the hospital tent to await preparations for burial. A plain coffin was made, a much better one than is commonly made in camp. His grave was dug in the village cemetery, near camp, and at two p. m., July

* It was very natural that the three comrades of Jaquess should harbor resentment against the man who had killed him, and it was not unnatural that they should determine to take his life in return. With this purpose in view, two of these comrades watched for Cropp as his Regiment passed over the Cumberland mountains, a few days after this. But they did not find their man, and so his life was spared. What became of this man afterward, we have no information,

21st, the funeral took place. Following was the order of procession and exercises :

Captain Smith and Lieutenant Foster.
Ambulance bearing coffin, attended by six pall bearers.
Regimental band.
Chaplain.
Escort.
Soldiers of Company B and others.
Officers of Regiment.

At the grave there was appropriate services by the Chaplain, and music by the band. The escort fired a salute, the grave was filled, the benediction was pronounced, when all that we could do for the dead comrade was done. The column returned to camp, band in front.

The case of young Jaquess is indeed a sad one. He was a brave, faithful soldier, who had been with the Regiment from the start, and had his courage tested in severe battles. He was a native of Posey county and was related to a most excellent and distinguished family. The circumstances of his death were most distressing. He fell a victim to a spirit of recklessness that was very prevalent in the army, yet such risks as he assumed were taken every day by the most orderly and well disciplined soldiers. It was a common occurrence for soldiers to run from a provost guard to avoid arrest, when out foraging. It was only when a provost guard was over zealous in the discharge of his duty, or was a brainless brute—as seems to have been the character of this man Cropp, that he would shoot to kill under such circumstances. Of course, according to strict military discipline, the guard did his duty and could not be charged with anything more than lack of common sense. This defect is not considered a crime under our army regulations, otherwise, a great many officers of high rank would not be able to pass muster.

Our train bringing our extra baggage came up to-day, July 22d. But few things were lost or damaged. The train was in charge of an excellent officer, Lieutenant George Raffin, now Regimental Quartermaster.

Sergeant Farmer relates to me an exciting occurrence that happened to our foragers to-day, which was very amusing, since no one was hurt. The foragers were out some eight miles on the McMinnville road. Farmer and Sutler Whitman had gone off the road a piece after their dinners. As they were returning to the train they suddenly discovered in the road before them a company of butternuts. They were mounted on the usual jaded horses and wore old clothes and were armed with shot guns, etc. When they saw Farmer and Whitman the butternut party stopped and formed "in two rows of war." The two would have fled but they were too near, and the butternuts were between them and the train. So they made the best of a bad bargain and went up to them. Then they discovered that the butternuts were a band of scouts, about fifteen strong, sent out from an Ohio Regiment. About the time this mutual recognition occurred, negro Bill, from our Regiment, came out from a house carrying a bag of apples. Whom should he see up the road but a band of rebel cavalry. Quicker than thought the bag of apples fell off his shoulder and a negro might have been seen running for dear life for the train. The scouts saw him and thought they espied a rebel. Without stopping to make any inquiries of Farmer or Whitman they started in full and thoughtless charge after the supposed rebel. Farmer and Whitman followed as fast as their horses would take them until they saw that they would soon be on the train guards. They, having the fear of Uncle Sam's rifles before them, halted, and got as many of the scouts to halt as possible, but the leading ones dashed on. Negro Bill left every horseman behind; he ran, yelling "secesh," at every jump. The Lieutenant commanding the guard discovered them in full charge. He commanded his men to "fall in." Eight trusty Union rifles were leveled at the charging butternuts. The leader of the scouts saw his danger and threw up both hands and cried out, "don't shoot! don't shoot! we are friends." That cry saved his life, for the Lieutenant had a rifle aimed at his head. There was quite a hearty laugh on

all sides at the amusing blunders. But, seriously, men of no more discretion than these scouts, had better be kept in camp. In plain English, they were a gang of fools.

SUNDAY, JULY 26.—We occupied our new benches for the first time at our church services to-day. These benches were constructed by myself and several volunteer assistants from the 58th, last Friday. Chaplain Crews preached an excellent sermon to a good audience at 10:30 a. m. I preached a poor sermon to a small but attentive audience at two p. m. I baptized two persons—Isaac Turpin and Samuel G. Conrad. In the evening, while my own congregation were holding an excellent prayer meeting in our Regimental chapel, I, in company with Captains Downey and Chappel, and Lieutenants Barnett, Davis and Milburn, and our Regimental band, went to the 3d Kentucky. The band gave us several sacred pieces, after which I conducted the service, preaching to a good audience. There seems to be more than a usual degree of interest manifested in spiritual things by members of our Regiment, for which I thank God and take courage.

Monday, July 27, was pay-day in our Regiment. It took about \$40,000 to pay us off. There was a stirring time all day, paying debts and settling claims, long past due. The sutler came in for a good share. It is astonishing to me to see how foolishly the men will spend their hard earned wages. My sutler's bill for the past four months was just eighty cents. The following sums were sent home by the various companies:

Field and Staff.....	\$2,230 00
Company A.....	2,528 00
Company B.....	3,067 00
Company C.....	662 00
Company D.....	455 00
Company E.....
Company F.....	1,332 00
Company G.....	1,060 00
Company H.....	1,000 00
Company I.....	1,265 00
Company K.....	155 00

In the afternoon William Witherspoon, of Company A, was taken with a series of severe convulsions. He was wounded in the charge of his company on Lavergne, December 27, 1862, having been struck on the top of the head by a ball. For a long time he has been well and hearty, but I have no doubt his present affliction is a result of the injury received in that battle.

At two p. m. I began a school for the instruction of the negroes and had a large number in attendance. I am using the "Bible Reader," published by the American Sunday School Union. Many remarks, not very complimentary to me, as those who make them suppose, are made about me on account of this school. I feel it one of the proudest honors of my life thus to receive the contempt of the vulgar because I am the instructor of the oppressed and the poor. In every way I am beyond the reach of the malice and prejudice of the dirty crowd of negro haters. I have enough money, character and friends to live far above them. I pity the people who are so blinded by prejudice, and will gladly do all I can to elevate and educate them; but I fear some of them will never get the caste removed from their minds. It is just such people as these that have been disgracing New York by the recent riots. A better day will come when all this bigotry will pass away and men will wonder at it as we do now at cannibalism.

Our Regiment was sent out to repair the road to Manchester, Tuesday. On account of the great amount of hauling the road was full of chuck holes and almost impassable in places.

THURSDAY, JULY 30.—Captain Charles H. Bruce, of Company K, took \$2,694 to Tullahoma and expressed it home for men in our Regiment. He also took \$1,100 of the Regimental monument fund to send off. At a meeting of the commissioned officers this morning it was determined to leave the site and plan of the monument to Colonel Embree and the local committee in Princeton. A spot suggested is

on the ground belonging to Dr. A. Lewis, across the street from Monroe Barton's.

A moonlight prayer meeting in camp.—Let me attempt a pen picture of one: At sunset Corporal Redman sang, "When I Can Read My Title." The straggling worshipers come one by one. Each takes his seat, near or far, praying or prayerless. The volume of voice swells as the song proceeds:

"Not as the flying come,
In silence or in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

The hymn ceases. The minister arises, urges all to feel at liberty and to lead in prayer or exhortation. He announces the old penitential psalm of Watts,

"Show pity Lord, Oh Lord forgive," etc.

After this is sung all bow in prayer. The memory of the loved ones far away comes up before the soldier as he fervently prays that all the blessings they ask for him may fall in multiplied showers upon them. What a time "for memory and for tears." The white-washed cottage, the tidy wife, the children who have ceased to

"Run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee, the envied kiss to share,"

come thronging through his throbbing heart. Hymn after hymn and prayer after prayer are offered up to God, until the hour for dismissing comes.

What holy influences linger around the soldier's prayer meeting. Who can measure the good then and there accomplished. How many a brave but erring soldier at such a meeting has been led by the Blessed Spirit to reform his life. How many a sinking Peter has been upheld by a Savior's hand. How many mature christians have realized in such an hour, "That the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

It is nine o'clock. I retire to my cot. It is a simple, but ingenious structure. It is about six feet in length by two feet and eight inches in width. There are three bars of iron

across it, which fold in the middle. Laying it upon one edge it shuts up. The six legs can then be folded up. Then the whole has a joint in the middle, so that all falls into a bundle a yard long, and a very few inches in width and breadth. A convenient cot is this of mine. I purchased it in the city of New Albany in the spring of 1862, for five dollars. I have had it with me in all my campaigns, save when I was compelled to leave it behind. Many a sweet night's repose have I had resting on it. It has two faults—it is too short, and then that miserable bar across the middle. Yes, this very night it made me dream of a broken leg.

I seldom permit myself to use my bed for meditation, as beds are made to sleep on. But to-night I wish that my friends could see the situation. At the other side of the tent lies John Patterson, a refugee Tennessee boy—our cook and steward. Between the cots stands an excellent desk, made of a cracker box. Three stools, fixed as stout as four stakes under each could make them, are provided for the comfort of the inmates or visitors. From pole to pole above my head is a line with my clothing. It is astonishing how much comfort, neatness, and even luxury, can be crowded into a little wall tent. Oh! ye housekeepers that pine away in your cottage for want of room, come and see how happy the soldier lives in his tent. Come and learn that

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

But hark! what sweet, unearthly music is that which falls upon my ear? Listen! as plaintive voices chant,

"I have a mother over yonder,
Safe in the Promised Land."

It is the contrabands singing. The toils of the day are past and they have come to sing their troubles away. Did you ever notice that negroes always sing sad and melancholy? Thus, Aunt Jennie sings in her tent to-night, surrounded by every shade known to human faces. But, listen! it is not all singing—they have a school. Aunt Jennie, imitating the Chaplain, is teaching them to read. What! negroes learn-

ing to read, in violation of the laws of Tennessee? What presumption. But is not knowledge for them? Have they not minds, given them by their Creator? Are they not to be cultivated and fitted for a land of endless life and endless beauty? As the rolling sun gilds with glory the rough mountain crags, so let knowledge shine upon these, and make them better.

Oh, the wild, glorious, roving life of a bold soldier boy! With all thy faults, I love thee still. How pleasant the sweet consciousness that God gives to him that he fights in a good cause. His soul is unfettered by the trammels of civilized life. Does he desire to worship? Where he is is his church. Does he wish for sleep? He says, with Tecumseh, "The earth is my mother; I will repose on her bosom." No pent up Utica contracts his powers; he travels far and near, seeing many lands. He sails on the ocean, steams on the river, rattles on the cars, trudges on the mud road, and climbs the bold mountains. He bares his breast to the storm and says: "Thou art my brother." The gentle rains fall upon his brow, and he welcomes them as a mother's kiss. He would not exchange the cooling draught of water from the sparkling fountain for all the drinks of the most fashionable saloon. His fare is rough, but then his appetite is good, and he has not sickened over dainties. He lives a life of toil, but his muscles are strong and his heart is brave. He exists amid dangers, but he heeds them not, for the smiles of the fair, the prayers of the good, and the hopes of the oppressed cheer him on. When he stands in battle, his soul sinks not in fear, for above him is the flag of the free, and beneath the soil he would lie, rather than yield to tyrants. The cannon's deadly roar, the crash of arms, the shout of the charge are his music. If victory comes, his soul is filled with indescribable joy. If he falls, full well he knows,

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

If he perish, true hearted comrades will dig his grave. "No useless coffin will enclose his form; he will lay like a warrior, taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him." Why need he dread death? Is not the grave the common receptacle of the young, the beautiful, the beloved? Let not the brave then fear to die. His memory shall be cherished by those who love him. The mighty deeds in which he bore an humble part shall live in the traditions of a thousand generations—but, hush, my wandering thoughts! Stillness reigns in camp; 'tis time for sleep. Good night.

FRIDAY, JULY 31.—Most of this day I have spent in writing. I am fearful of foreign intervention in our national affairs. We are hated by the tyrants of the old world, and now, when the rebellion seems about to be overthrown, they are afraid that free government will succeed. For a time they were willing to leave us alone, hoping we would devour each other. But now, being satisfied that the Southern aristocracy will be overthrown and the Union established, they seem determined to prevent so desirable a result. I tremble at the prospect. My only hope is that God will uphold the cause of liberty. The whole world may be engaged in the contest before it is ended. "The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice."

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2.—The Regimental inspection at nine o'clock. At ten o'clock we had church services, conducted by Chaplain Crews. A large congregation was present. I preached at the same place at 2:30 p. m., and at Hillsboro at 4 p. m. At the first services a few negroes were present. A man belonging to the 58th had started to church, but when he saw the negroes he refused to go, lest he should equalize himself with "niggers." He said he "would not go ten steps to hear Hight preach, because he was a nigger lover." This same man went to the four o'clock meeting, in Hillsboro, however, walking three-fourths of a mile through the hot sun, when, great was his astonishment to see Hight get up to preach. But he staid through the sermon, notwithstanding his boast. How extremely ridiculous many people

make themselves on account of the negroes. I always bear with such, and pity them, for I know how easily ignorant men are led astray by caste.

In the evening we had a most solemn time, in the observance of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Almost half of the congregation were communicants. At the close, three of the 58th and two of the 100th Illinois came forward for church membership. The three were Lieutenant J. G. Behm, whom I had known in Indiana as keeper of the Gibson county poor house; Benjamin Lilley, who was for a long time cook at headquarters, and Lewis Beck, whose wife lately made a profession of religion at her home in Indiana. There is a deep religious feeling in the Regiment. May God continue to send his Holy Spirit down upon us.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4.—The Regiment went to Murfreesboro to-day, leaving in camp Surgeon Adams, Chaplain Hight, Captains Whitman, Cain and Evans, Lieutenants Snyder, Voorhees and Chappell, one non-commissioned officer from each Company, Commissary-Sergeant Farmer, the band, and most of the servants. The Regiment went as a guard for two hundred wagons from our Division after rations. I am under the impression that about next Monday we will commence crossing the mountains, with twenty-five days' rations.

Colonel George P. Buell returned to-day from an eight days' furlough. I learn that he has tendered his resignation. If it should be accepted, we will lose a good officer. For while I have not always been able to commend his conduct, yet it must be said that Colonel Buell has been loyal to his Regiment. He is not without fault, but he has many excellent traits of character. He is, unlike so many other officers, free from intoxication, and has always tried to suppress it among those under his command. He always tries to maintain a high standard of discipline in the Regiment.

Thursday, August 6, was observed as a National Thanksgiving by order of President Lincoln, in commemoration of our recent victories. We had appropriate services in our

Regiment, but the attendance was not large, on account of the absence of the greater part of our Regiment at Murfreesboro, and the heavy details for duty from the other Regiments of the Brigade. Chaplain Crews preached a good sermon on national affairs.

At two p. m. my contraband school met. Some are making great progress, some are getting along slowly. While my class was reciting, a great number of soldiers gathered around, as they do more or less every day. They are all disappointed; those who hate negroes disagreeably so, at the progress made by my pupils. The superior system of instruction, perhaps, has something to do with their rapid progress, but more largely is it to be attributed to their intense eagerness to learn. Chaplain Crews and Rev. Mr. Pearson, of the Tennessee M. E. Conference, made some encouraging remarks to the school. I think young Pearson is getting his eyes open to the iniquity of slavery. I am determined to prepare a few of the slaves for freedom.

I had an introduction this afternoon to Chaplain Thompson, of the 64th Ohio. He came only a few days ago, and called to see me, in company with Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, of that Regiment. He is a solid, fine looking man, and belongs to the United Presbyterian church.

The Regiment returned from Murfreesboro, Friday, August 7, with their wagons loaded. They brought twenty-five days' rations for the Division, and had a very pleasant trip.

In the afternoon of Saturday, August 8, I attended a Union meeting in the Tucker neighborhood. Many soldiers were present. Speeches were made by Lieutenant-Colonel Young, Lieutenant-Colonel Palmer, Lieutenant J. L. Yaryan and others. The people were very green about the transaction of business in a meeting of this kind. Only one motion was put, and that was by Lieutenant Yaryan.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10.—Great preparation is being made for marching. Colonel Buell has withdrawn his resignation, and has determined to stay with the Regiment. Quite

a number of general orders from Division headquarters were read, on dress parade this evening, promulgating decisions of a court martial in reference to several men in our Regiment.

Wednesday I rode out into the country with Dr. McGavan, of the 26th Ohio. We went out on the Decherd road and stopped for a few moments at the house of a citizen named Lans, who proved to be a miserable old fool and secessionist. He said: "I never meddle with politics or scripser nor swar any." He wished he was "sot down in France or somewhar," that he could be free. I was vexed at the Doctor for exchanging a few words with such an unpatriotic ignoramus. We went on and took dinner at the Widow Call's, who lived between the Decherd and Winchester roads. It was a splendid dinner we had. On our return, we called on an old lady by the name of Smith, who was very sick. Her husband told me she was a "night rider." I supposed he meant that she was subject to "night mare," and was prepared to offer my sympathy. But when it was explained that "night rider" was the Tennessee designation for "midwife," I had to apologize for my ignorance.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13.—I sent to Joseph Patterson, treasurer, \$120.75, the amount of our Regiment's contribution to the fund of the U. S. Christian Commission. We had a terrible rain storm this afternoon. Several trees were blown down in camp, but fortunately none of our Regiment were hurt. Colonel Embree returned from a twenty days' furlough, bringing many letters and packages for the boys.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON TO CHATTANOOGA—CROSSING CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS—SEQUATCHIE VALLEY—A FERTILE SPOT—FALSE ALARM—FRUITLESS EXPEDITION—BOB WHITE, THE UNION SPY—CROSSING THE TENNESSEE—NICKAJACK CAVE—FIRST VIEW OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—RECONNOISSANCE—CHATTANOOGA EVACUATED—WOOD'S DIVISION OCCUPIES THE TOWN.

UNEXPECTEDLY, the contemplated march began Sunday, August 16. We were not expecting to start before Monday, but the orders came to break camp, and all our arrangements for preaching services were cancelled. The distance marched to-day was only eight miles, but part of the distance was so very hot and dusty that some of the men were prostrated. During the afternoon a refreshing shower of rain fell, and made things more pleasant. Our Brigade went into camp at the foot of the mountain; Wagner's Brigade, which was in our advance, ascended the mountain during the day and night.

Monday morning we began climbing the mountain. Our wagons were never so heavily loaded. We had thirty days' rations in them, besides necessary baggage, equipments, etc. One-half the load of each wagon was left at the foot of the mountain. At first the rise is very gradual, but as we approach the summit the road is very steep. The teams to the artillery and heavy wagons were doubled. Then there were long ropes attached to the tongues of vehicles, and all the men that could lay hold of the ropes assisted the teams

in pulling their loads up the steep places. All day, and the greater part of the night, was occupied in getting the two Brigades, with their wagons and artillery, up the mountain. But it was finally accomplished, without accident or mishap of any kind. At a late hour, men and horses went to rest on the mountain top. There were rattlesnakes in great abundance all around, but we were too tired to be disturbed by them. A great number of these reptiles were killed by our soldiers, as they moved about the place of bivouac with unnecessary freedom and familiarity.

On the 18th we marched seven miles, camping at Tracy City. Next day we made a most remarkable march of twenty-eight miles, camping at the foot of the mountain, at a place called Thurman, in Sequatchie Valley. It was a long, hard march, but the weather was very pleasant for an August day. The Regiment was halted on the mountain side to build fires to light the way for the trains to come down. But it was afterward decided to leave them on the mountain until to-morrow; so we passed on down to the valley and went into camp sometime after dark, in Widow Thurman's potato patch.

Sequatchie Valley is a very fertile spot, and is a great fruit country, as we observed when we awoke next morning. We discovered that our camping place was in a sweet potato patch, with a large peach orchard near by. Within easy distance there was a patch of fine roasting ears, and all about were gardens and fields, containing vegetables and fruits in great abundance. The sight was very satisfying to a soldier with a well developed appetite. Although the orders against foraging that were in force on the other side of the mountain had not been suspended, yet, somehow, the fruits and vegetables of Sequatchie Valley were gradually and continually disappearing during our stay, and when we moved on, the fields and orchards had a very desolate and barren look.

Next day after our arrival in the valley, we were alarmed by the report that 4,000 rebels were coming. We got into

line in the best shape we could, and awaited the approach of the foe with fear and trembling. There were some braver than the others—as there always is—who said, “Let ’em come.” But these brave persons were as much relieved as the rest of us were, when it was discovered that it was a false alarm. It is a great deal more pleasant to lie around in the shade and eat peaches than to be skipping about in the hot sun dodging rebel cannon balls and listening to the music of their muskets.

To-day a call was made for volunteers to go on an expedition to a point on the Tennessee River, beyond Walden’s Ridge, to capture a steamboat, which was reported to be stuck at that place. Four hundred men were wanted, one hundred from each of the four Regiments, with Colonel Buell in command. The 58th easily furnished its one hundred volunteers, and about the middle of the afternoon the expedition set out. They marched over Walden’s Ridge, following blind roads and by-paths, lead by a native guide. About four o’clock next morning they came in sight of the Tennessee River. But the steamboat was not there, and so they had their march of eighteen or twenty miles for nothing. There was nothing for them to do but return to camp, which they did, reaching there about eight p. m. Although this expedition was fruitless, yet it demonstrated the pluck and nerve of those who enlisted in it. It showed what might be expected of men who would voluntarily enlist in an expedition involving so much hardship and possible danger. On this trip the party passed the houses of many Union people, who were greatly delighted to see the boys in blue. One of the noted characters who was seen on this mountain expedition was Bob White, a well known Union spy. His wife stays at home, but Bob has not slept in his house for eight months. The rebels have made every effort to arrest him, but without success. He goes into their lines when he pleases, and does many daring things.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23.—Chaplain Crews preached under the shade of a chestnut tree in camp at ten a. m. on the text:

“What must I do to be saved?” It was a good sermon, a great deal better than the one I preached at two p. m. at the same place. At 5:30 p. m., Chaplain Crews preached at Division headquarters. This is the first event of the kind in this Division since our connection with it. There is a great change in General Wood, so far as spiritual matters are concerned, and I hope he will yet become a sincere Christian man. The services were held in the shadow of the mountain, and I thought, how pleasant it is thus to worship Him, who was God, “before the mountains were brought forth.”

We remained in this camp until September 1st, enjoying life as only soldiers thus situated can. At seven o'clock that morning we again took up our march, moving down the valley. The road was very dusty, and marching disagreeable, but we made twenty miles, nevertheless. We camped about a mile from Jasper, Marion county. It is to be noted that this is the first time we have had any dust on our marches for ten months. Hitherto our marches have usually been attended with rain and mud.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.—Marched at six p. m., and crossed Sequatchie River after dusk. Came to the Tennessee opposite Shellmound. Our wagons were sent by way of Bridgeport. During the night our Brigade crossed the river, using some old flat-bottomed barges for that purpose. Harker's Brigade followed ours. Camped near Nickajack Cave. The rebels had extensive saltpeter works here.

During Thursday and Friday, while our command rested in this vicinity, many of the boys availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the cave and inspect its many curiosities. Some of them found, by actual experience, that the rebel saltpeter of the cave was too much for the fabric contained in Yankee trousers. There were some inviting places to sit down and rest, but those who indulged in such a rest found, on rising, that their pantaloons were not in a condition to pass inspection, especially from the rear rank.

This cave was said to have been a great retreat for Indians in the olden time. Some specimens of Indian crockery were still found there. Shellmound is so called on account of being a great collection of shells. This is also said to have been the work of Indians, but for what purpose I am unable to learn.

Near the cave lives an old negro catcher and his blood-hounds. He is ignorant, ugly and poor. He has never been in the cave, a few feet from his door. He tells me he can catch a "nigger anywhar." I never begrudge the Devil such men.

About noon, Saturday, September 5th, we moved from Shellmound toward Chattanooga. We passed between Raccoon Mountain and the River, the road, for the greater part of the time, followed along the bank of the river. Then we turned off to the right, marching up a valley, and passing by where an immense bridge had spanned a deep ravine from the high hills on either side. This bridge had been completely destroyed by our friends the enemy. After marching about ten miles we went into camp in a narrow valley by the side of a running stream. By orders of General Wood, no sounding of bugle or drum was permitted here, as we were getting pretty close to the rebels. It was our purpose, it seems, to find out all we could as to what they were doing, and how many of them were doing it; and to keep them in ignorance, as much as possible, as to our own doings. Wood's Division was in the advance. Generals Palmer's and Van Cleve's Divisions were following us.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.—About eight a. m. we resumed our march, but the ambulances and baggage wagons were left behind. If the rebels had been disposed to dispute our advance the country was well adapted for such purpose. But we saw no enemy during the morning. We crossed a ridge, passed through the little village of Whiteside, and then filed into Lookout Valley.

In the village I saw a pretty little girl, neatly dressed, reading the Testament. She had a fine, intelligent face,

and seemed unconscious of the war waging around. This sight carried my mind back to those Sabbath scenes in which I had found so much joy and satisfaction in other days. Oh, when shall those peaceful Sabbath days return again? May He, who holds the destiny of nations in His hands, hasten the happy time.

From Whiteside I caught my first glimpse of Lookout Mountain. It stood out in majestic grandeur across the valley and seemed to be an impassable barrier to our army. Further up the valley we could see the point where the mountain peak towered high above all the surrounding heights. It was a grand sight that nature afforded, but we are not out looking at beautiful scenery this afternoon. There is more serious business at hand. As we moved on into Lookout Valley our advance found the enemy. The sound of musketry disturbed the quiet of the Sabbath afternoon. But it was only the rebel outposts and they quickly gave way.

About sundown we went into bivouac in line of battle at Wauhatchie Station, having marched about eight miles to-day. The 58th held a position immediately on the left of the station house, on a hill in the woods. In plain view was the famous Lookout Point. Here was a rebel signal station. We could see their signal flag busily at work, telegraphing all our movements. More than this, the ladies of Summer-ville, a resort on the mountains, came in their white dresses and sat on the rocks looking at the Yankees. They remained there until dark, expecting no doubt to see a battle. I have not yet got near enough to any of these women to ask them how they liked the looks of the Yankees.

About ten p. m. I was awakened by an order to evacuate. Gathering up all my traps and saddling my horse, I moved off with the Regiment. The enemy, hearing the rattle of the artillery, beat the long roll and fell into line. They evidently expected an attack. But we went the other way until we regained our position at the place where we entered Lookout Valley. Here we finished our night's repose.

It is rumored in camp that there has been a little difference between Crittenden and Wood in reference to the movements of this day. It is said that Wood during the afternoon reported sharp skirmishing. He stated that his "military knowledge" taught him that his position in the evening was a bad one, and asked permission to fall back. Crittenden, after reflecting on the "sharp skirmishing," that resulted in no casualties, and underscoring *military knowledge*, gave Wood permission to fall back. This was very unkind in Crittenden. He should remember that he holds his position from the fact that he belongs to one of the first families of the Blue Grass region, of Kentucky. Wood is an old officer who has served his country long and well. He was on the ground. Crittenden ought not to have indulged in any petulance. Besides all this, Wood was right, according to Napoleon. "Think often in reference to your position," said the Emperor. "Ask yourself what you would do in case of an assault upon any part of your forces. If you cannot answer the question, your position is a bad one; change it immediately." In our front was a large camp of rebels. Beyond the mountain, which the enemy held, they had another camp. From this latter they might pass in the night to our rear, and cut us off from our main army. It was therefore proper for us to fall back to such a position that we would have them in our front if they came down from the mountain. Wood was right.

During Monday we remained in camp, waiting developments. On Tuesday Harker's Brigade made a reconnoissance up Lookout Valley and had a sharp little brush with the enemy, losing one man, killed.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.—We have orders in our Brigade to be ready to move on short notice. The intention is to make another reconnoissance toward Lookout Valley.*

* To elicit the truth, General Rosecrans directed General Thomas to send Colonel Atkins, of the 92d Illinois, to make a reconnoissance toward Chattanooga on the mountain road early on the 9th, and instructed General

But before we start, word comes that the rebels are evacuating Chattanooga, so we move at once in that direction. There is a great rush now to get to the front. There was not so much of a desire to rush that way awhile ago. Now that the dog is dead, everybody wants to get in at the burial. Infantry, artillery, and especially the cavalry, are all in hot haste to get there first.

About ten o'clock a. m. we entered the town, the few straggling rebel calvary clearing out as we approached. We found a few inhabitants, only. Most of them had gone out to the country to avoid the shells which had been fired into the town from Wagner's batteries across the river. These citizens returned after our occupancy of the town and showed a desire to make terms of peace.

Chattanooga is admirably adapted for a military depot, and is a situation easily defended. In the town there are numerous hospitals and large and commodious store houses. Soon after arriving I took occasion to ride about the town. War is sadly written on everything and there is a desolate and dilapidated appearance about the streets and houses.

We camped for the night on a high hill near the banks of the river. Many of our boys availed themselves of the opportunity of taking a bath in the river. I slept that night on a new door which I found at the planing mill near our camp. By the way, I have never yet found the soft side of a board.

Crittenden to send a Brigade up an almost impracticable path, called the Nickajack Trace, to Summertown, a hamlet on the mountain, to reconnoiter the front of the mountain, and to hold the main portions of his Corps in readiness to support the troops on reconnoissance, to prevent a sortie of the enemy over the nose of Lookout, or to enter Chattanooga should the enemy evacuate or make feeble resistance.—[*Van Horne's History of the Army of the Cumberland.*]

CHAPTER XIV.

CHICKAMAUGA—MOVEMENTS AND POSITION OF THE ARMY
—CRITTENDEN'S CORPS MOVES AFTER BRAGG—STUB-
BORN OPPOSITION—DISCOVERY OF REBEL PLANS—
CRITICAL CONDITION OF ROSECRANS' ARMY—CONCEN-
TRATING AT LEE & GORDON'S MILLS—OPENING OF
THE BATTLE—FIFTY-EIGHTH IN THE FIGHT—CHARG-
ING THE ENEMY—NOBLE LIVES SACRIFICED—A NIGHT
ON THE BATTLEFIELD—CHANGING POSITION—BATTLE
OF THE 20TH—BREAK IN THE LINES—CONFUSION AND
DISASTER — THE REBELS CHECKED — ROSECRANS'
ARMY SAVED.

IN order to more fully understand the situation and the events that are to follow, it will be necessary to take a general view of the army under General Rosecrans. The movements of Crittenden's Corps have already been sufficiently explained, so we will turn attention to the other two Corps of the army.

General Thomas crossed the Tennessee at four different points—Caperton's Ferry, Bridgeport, mouth of Battle Creek, and Shellmound—and crossing Sand Mountain on converging roads, united in Wills or Lookout Valley, in the vicinity of Trenton.

General McCook's 20th Corps crossed the river farther south and marched over some very rough roads, crossing Sand Mountain to Valley Head, at the foot of Lookout Mountain.

All these movements, including those of Crittenden's Corps, previously mentioned, were completed by the 6th of September. The army of General Rosecrans at that time lay along the western base of Lookout Mountain, from Wauhatchie, the position held by General Wood's Division,

to Valley Head—McCook's position—a point thirty-five miles distant. The plan for crossing the river and advancing on the rebel stronghold in Chattanooga had thus far been successful, and the commanding General had reason to congratulate himself. But the enemy was yet in Chattanooga, the objective point of the campaign. To dislodge him it would be necessary, either to carry the point of Look-out Mountain, where there is only a narrow passage between it and the river, or, to cross the mountain through the gaps further south and threaten Bragg's line of communication. As the former scheme seemed to be impracticable the plan of crossing the mountain farther south was adopted. Accordingly, General Thomas and General McCook were ordered to move their commands across the mountain—Thomas to cross by Frick's, Cooper's and Steven's gaps, and occupy the head of McLemore's Cove. McCook was to move across the mountain into Broomtown Valley, and to support the cavalry in a reconnoissance against Lafayette and Rome.

These movements were all remarkably successful, and resulted in forcing Bragg out of Chattanooga. It was a great victory, and there was great rejoicing in its accomplishment with so little sacrifice. There was a general belief among soldiers of Rosecrans' army, that Bragg's army was now in full retreat through Georgia. This opinion was shared by the people generally, but we all found how badly we were mistaken a few days later. We soon learned, that while Bragg was in Chattanooga he was a less formidable foe than when he had thrown his army against Rosecrans', scattered as it was among the mountains, for a distance of nearly forty miles. Bragg was quick to see his advantage, and by his rapid movements toward Rome, led Rosecrans to believe, at first, that his enemy was in full retreat, far southward. General Rosecrans soon discovered his error, however, and then it was that his own situation became alarming. With his three corps scattered as they were, neither detachment being within supporting distance

of the other, hedged in by impassable mountains, it did not require much military knowledge to understand how easy it would be for Bragg to crush each detachment in detail. This was Bragg's purpose, and, except for a tardiness and a blunder on the part of his own officers, it would most likely have been accomplished.*

The foregoing will suffice for an account of the general movements of the army, and we may now resume the thread of our story in regard to the movements of our own Regiment, and the part of the army with which it was more immediately connected.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.—It was in the nature of a surprise to most of us when the orders came to march this morning. About ten o'clock we moved out on the road to

* In the effort to defeat Rosecrans in detail, Bragg's first combination was direct against Thomas; and this fact doubtless saved Crittenden's Corps, which was in air and in no state of preparation to resist the attack of an equal force, much less a great army. McCook's Corps was at the same time in complete insulation at Alpine, and not far from Bragg's army. Thus far the movements of the three columns met the expectations and wishes of the rebel commander. Crittenden had diverged to the east on the Ringgold road; McCook had advanced far from support, and Thomas had moved directly toward his army. His army now comprised about fifty thousand men. He had been joined by two Divisions from Mississippi, and his own estimate placed his infantry at thirty-five thousand men; and almost into the midst of this vast army Negley had penetrated. As soon as his head of column had appeared at McLemore's Cove, General Bragg had given orders for a movement in great force against him. At midnight on the 9th, he gave orders to General Hindman to advance with his Division to Davis' Cross roads, in Negley's front, to co-operate with Cleburne's Division and a force of cavalry from Hill's corps. Cleburne being sick and Dug and Catlett's Gap being heavily obstructed, General Hill failed in his part of the combination; but Hindman advanced and was at Morgan's three or four miles from Negley, early in the afternoon of the 10th. To prevent a miscarriage of the movement altogether, at eight a. m. General Bragg ordered Buckner with his Corps to join Hindman at Morgan's three miles from Davis' Cross-roads, and very near to Negley. Bragg was very urgent in regard to the movement, as he had inferred that the three advancing columns were moving for concentration near his position. To assure success by giving strong support to the forces already in Negley's front, he directed General Polk to send a Division of his Corps to Anderson's, to cover Hindman during his operations. Fortunately for Negley and the army there was delay. Hindman proposed a change of plan, and in waiting for instructions the day passed away. General Bragg refused to modify his orders, and at midnight repeated them with emphasis. Negley, as has been seen, was still unsupported and in ignorance of the elaborate combination which had been formed to overwhelm and capture him, for in addition to the four Divisions at Morgan's and Anderson's, Walker's corps was ordered to support Cleburne at Dug Gap.—[*Van Horn's History of the Army of the Cumberland.*]

Lafayette, passing through Rossville and turning off toward Ringgold. Palmer's and Van Cleve's Divisions are in our advance. Wagner's Brigade, of Wood's Division, was left in Chattanooga as provost guards. We marched about ten miles, camping at night near a new bridge across Chickamauga Creek. The rebel cavalry, in large numbers, are near us. This evening they made an attack, dashing into camp and capturing about sixty-five men belonging to General Palmer's Corps. Our Brigade was called into line to resist an attack, but the rebels did not follow it up.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.—*Chickamauga!* Name destined to live in history forever! It is said that the Indian word means "The River of Death." How little did we dream on this lovely Friday morning that this name, perhaps conferred because of some dark Indian tragedies, was soon to be rendered sadly appropriate! How little did the hundreds who bathed themselves in its waters think that it would drink the blood of many of them.

Harker's Brigade moved across the country to see what the cavalry meant, which hung about us. Buell's Brigade, under the direction of General Wood, moved about two miles farther towards Ringgold. Here we remained until near night. The rebel cavalry still prowled about our lines. At one time they assaulted our train, but were repulsed. An hour by sun we fell in, and marched across the country to the right. We marched for a mile or two along the south side of a range of hills. We then crossed over the ridge, and soon came again to the Chickamauga. The bridge was torn up. A few moments' work repaired it. We were here a mile or two higher up the creek than where we camped the preceding night. We found extensive signs of the rebel cavalry camps of the preceding night. After crossing the bridge there were two roads—one leading to Lafayette and the other to Chattanooga. We took the latter. We continued to advance on this road until we defiled into the main Chattanooga and Lafayette road. The Brigade then faced boldly south and marched in the trail of Harker. He had

been driving the enemy all day. They were in superior numbers, and drove very stubbornly. But by presenting almost his entire Brigade in a line of skirmishers he succeeded in impressing them with the idea that his force was large. About eleven p. m. we arrived at "Lee and Gordon's Mills," on the Chickamauga River. It seemed to me that we marched eight miles.

Here we met wonderful, and I have no doubt true, tales of the proximity of the rebels. Bragg, A. P. Hill and Polk had been here the preceding night. The whole rebel army was so near that we could see their camp fires and hear their drums.

The following day we lay about in the sun all day. Palmer and Van Cleve came up in the course of the afternoon and camped beyond the Chickamauga.

On Sunday we took up a strong position in line of battle. An attack seems to have been anticipated. In the evening I preached a sermon from Micah iv: 1-4, to a large congregation. There was good attention.

From Monday to Thursday we maintained the same position. Palmer and Van Cleve moved to our right, driving the rebels from Crawfish Springs. There was some little skirmishing.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.—This morning I was busily engaged in fixing my tent when orders came to "fall in." The Regiment was ordered into position about eleven or twelve o'clock. The right wing went into an open field near the bank of the mill pond. The left wing took up a position in the edge of the timber as flankers. The enemy was reported to be approaching in force. A private of the 8th Indiana Battery, by climbing a tree, got a sight of the enemy. Not thinking him reliable Sergeant Alvis was sent up. He saw the enemy come up in force, and on double quick, and pass to the left. A number of shots were fired by the 8th Indiana Battery and the 6th Ohio. Van Cleve's Division passed from Crawfish Springs to our left. The enemy continued to move to the left. They crossed

the Chickamauga where we had crossed it the preceding Friday. They vigorously engaged Minty's and Wilder's Brigades of cavalry, driving them back. Near dark I went to our Division field hospital, about one-half mile from Crawfish Springs. While on the way my ears were saluted by keen and continuous musketry, followed by loud cheering on our left. I do not know the cause.

At the hospital of the 1st and 3d Brigades I found near fifty of Wilder's and Minty's men wounded. Among them was Lieutenant Drury, Chief of Ordnance on Colonel Wilder's staff. His foot had been almost torn off by a shot, yet he did not dismount. After hunting up Colonel Wilder and reporting to him his condition he rode back to the ambulance. When I saw him his leg had been amputated. He was resting comfortably.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.—Last night was very cold. I did not rest well, partly on that account, but more on account of my misgivings for to-day. I have been about too much not to know that we are on the eve of a battle. I know also that to us will not necessarily be the victory, because it is us. I have every reason to anticipate a most terrible assault. All night our troops have been passing from right to left. Brannan's Division, and all of General Thomas' Corps changed their position. There was but little fighting early in the day. I rode down to the Regiment. I found them lying in the same position. About twelve I returned to the hospital. On the way I met General Rosecrans, in full gallop, at the head of McCook's Corps. Instantly I saw that he had accepted battle. I told them at the hospital that in thirty minutes they might listen for the rattle of musketry. It came. McCook's Corps continued to pass. The hospital was uncovered by these movements. All things were loaded up and moved toward the firing. I went with the hospital department.

At 2:30 p. m. orders came to the 58th Indiana in their position, one-half mile to the right of Lee and Gordon's Mills, to call in pickets and skirmishers, preparatory to going

to the battle, two miles and a half to their left. A part came in, and the rest were almost in, when the order was countermanded. They were sent out again. In a few minutes they were again ordered in. Before they reached the Regiment, it had moved off to the scene of action. It went on double quick. The Regiment took position to the left of the road on which we had come on our march to Lee and Gordon's Mills.

In their rear were some rail breastworks. In front, on the left, a dwelling and a stable, a paling garden fence, and other obstructions. The caissons of two batteries were before them, and still in advance of these the guns of the 8th Indiana Battery in action.

The Regiment was ordered to lie down. Then they were ordered to fix bayonets. By this time, Davis' men in front were falling back in confusion. The caissons of the two Batteries and two guns came running and turned, pell mell, through our Regimental lines. Several of our men were injured. Our line was sadly broken. The order was given to charge. The Regiment pressed forward as best they could. But the line could not be maintained, on account of the house, the fence, the stable, and the endless confusion of the hour.

But, notwithstanding these obstructions, and the general confusion that reigned about them, the 1st Brigade went into the charge with a vim and vigor that would have accomplished victory, if such a thing was possible. But it was simply not within the range of possibilities. The men pressed forward as best they could, closing up the line after the obstructions had been passed. Across the road, into an open field they went. The right of the 58th was in the open space, the left Companies advancing in a little skirt of timber. For a few minutes, all was comparatively quiet in front of our lines. Then the storm bursted. The rebels had pressed the Regiments back on our left flank and upon our right, and now turned with redoubled fury upon our Brigade. Companies B, G and K, on the left of the Regiment, had

advanced to within a few yards of the enemy, lying upon the ground, before they were discovered. Then the rebels raised up and poured a deadly volley into our ranks. The fire was returned, and for a few minutes the air was so filled with smoke that it was impossible to see anyone at a distance of a few feet. The firing was at short range, and the destruction was terrible. Finding that they were in a trap and without support, our men withdrew in considerable haste and with some confusion, leaving several killed and wounded on the grounds. The right of the Regiment, being in the open field, did not get in such close quarters with the rebels, and consequently did not suffer so much. When Lieutenant-Colonel Embree saw the extremely hazardous situation in which the Regiment was placed, he ordered a retreat. This order was heard and obeyed by the right wing of the Regiment, but the Companies of the left wing did not get the order until it was too late to extricate themselves from the deadly ambushade in the woods.

Within a very short time, the scattered fragments of the Regiment came together on a new line, which was formed behind the house, where they had first formed. Here they assisted in repelling a charge of the enemy, and followed them, driving them beyond the road again. In a short time the rebels rallied, and drove us back to our former position. Several charges and counter-charges were made across this field during the afternoon, but without any permanent advantage to either side. At the edge of the woods, a little distance beyond the house, was a hastily erected breastwork, made from fence rails. This was the rallying point for our Brigade, and from here there was poured a destructive fire into the ranks of the enemy as they came within range.

Colonel Buell, commanding the Brigade, having had two horses shot under him up to this time, mounted the temporary breastworks and with hat in hand urged his men to stand their ground. The contest was short. The enemy, although greatly outnumbering our little force at this point, could not withstand the galling fire that was poured into their

ranks at short range. After two or three well directed volleys the rebels turned and fled. Colonel Buell then called to his Regiment to follow him in a charge after the retreating enemy. With a wild cheer they leaped over the rail barricade and started. Other Regiments on that part of the line joined in the charge, and the enemy was driven back to the woods beyond the field, where we had our first engagement of the afternoon; thus all the ground lost was recovered.

This was about the last of the fighting that evening except skirmish firing, which at times became almost equal to a general engagement. Three and sometimes four Companies of the 58th were required for skirmish duty, while the Regiment was lying in line of battle waiting developments of the enemy.

About seven o'clock the two opposing armies rested in battle array, each in a condition of watchfulness, but neither with a disposition to continue the fight during the night. It was very certain that Rosecrans' army had all they wanted for that day, and it was equally certain that Bragg's army was not spoiling for any more fight. Each army was willing to wait until next day before renewing the conflict. So we remain resting on our arms during the night. And a terrible night it was; very cool, and no fires could be permitted. All around were the dead and dying. The cries and moans of the wounded are most distressing. The most horrible features of a battle are the experiences of the living soldier on the field the night after the battle.

This has been a day of sad experience for the 58th Indiana. Their losses in killed and wounded have been terrible. Let us go back over the events of the day, and note some of the casualties in our Regiment:

Among the mortally wounded was Captain Charles H. Bruce, of Company K, who was as gentle a spirit and as true a patriot as ever fell in Liberty's cause. He fell in the first charge, and died next day at the field hospital, while the battle still raged all around him. We left him on our

retreat, with his head at the root of a tree and his blanket wrapped around him. Captain Bruce was only twenty-two years of age, and was a fine looking officer, and a courteous gentleman in every respect. He served through the three months' service as bugler in the 11th Indiana. Was commissioned 1st Lieutenant in Company K, 58th Indiana, in November, 1861, and a few months afterward was promoted to the captaincy. He served for some time as Chief of Ordnance, on General Hascall's staff.

Of Captain Bruce's Company of twenty-three non-commissioned officers and men, three were killed on this same charge. They were Corporal J. C. Reneer, and Privates Alex Knox and Matthew Swan.

In Company G, Corporal Thomas Dedman, and Privates Obediah Wyatt and William Rock were killed.

Company B suffered severely in this first charge. Privates B. A. Lowry, Robert L. Wallace, Ham Woods, W. E. Thompson, James W. Cochran, were killed outright, and Corporal Samuel K. Carnahan, John R. Sprowl, and Lieutenant James D. Foster were mortally wounded. A number of others were severely wounded in this Company, and several were taken prisoners in this first charge. The loss in Company B was thirty, out of sixty-one officers and men who went into the fight on this charge.

Among the killed at other times, during the afternoon, were James A. Broiles, of K; Ezekiel Boren, of A; William Robinson, of D. Mortally wounded, Lindsey Holder, of C.

William Robinson was perfectly conscious that he would not live, and made several simple requests of his comrades, as to messages to friends, etc. He was taken to the field hospital but told them not to put him in the tent, as that was needed for those who might live. He only asked to be placed in an easy position and given some water. The poor fellow died during the night.

Robinson was a great big, large hearted fellow, somewhat rough in his manner, but withal of a gentle disposition. I remember that he once came to my gate, while I was pastor

of the M. E. Church, at Princeton, and gave me five dollars towards repairing the church. This was as much as the leading members could be persuaded to give. In giving his life for his country he showed himself a better man than many whose professions are much more loud.

Of Company E, Sergeant Gilbert Armstrong, a famous sharpshooter, who sported a Henry rifle, was severely wounded in the shoulder. The history of this man is full of thrilling interest. He was in the Mexican war. He was a Western steamboatman in the meantime. His rifle was a present from his fellow soldiers. When he was wounded he gave his rifle to Lieutenant H. J. Barnett, of Company F.

I must not omit to drop a tear to the memory of "Grant," a celebrated fighting cock; belonging to the old sharpshooter. He had long rode in the ambulance to the exclusion of weary men's knapsacks and the annoyance of the sick. He was a great terror to my mare, who always passed him on double quick. He was appropriately left on the battlefield. When he could be seen no more he was heard to crow. Poor rooster, I fear—nay, hope—he was eaten by some hungry soldiers on that fatal frosty night.

I was on the field at a late hour of the night, gathering up the wounded. I conducted a train of ambulances to the field and back to the hospital after all the wounded were in.

We had one hospital tent up. It was full of suffering men. Lieutenant Drury, who had been hauled about all day in the ambulance with one leg off, lay quietly in one corner. Captain Bruce was about midway on the same side, fully conscious that his end was near. Captain Davis was opposite, seemingly the worst wounded man in the tent. On every side were men suffering untold agony. Outside of the tent and near the corner were Robinson and Carnahan. Poor Carnahan was mortally wounded in the abdomen. He could not understand why he was not put in the tent, and why his wounds were not dressed. The tent might be of use to some—not to him. His sufferings were great. He did not die until next day near noon,

There was a row of rail fires in the front and rear of the tents, for the night was extremely cold for September. About these lay, or huddled, the suffering victims of bloody Chickamauga. Of course amid such scenes there was but little sleep or rest.

Such is a feeble account of the doings of my own Regiment on this noted day. May we never see such a day again.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.—By request of Doctor Blair, I started early with our Regimental ambulance, driven by John Everett, to hunt up our wounded in the various hospitals. We first visited Van Cleve's and Palmer's. At the former we found several of our men and took them to our own hospital. We then went to Reynolds and Davis. By this time the battle was already raging. I had hoped that the quiet of the Sabbath would not be broken.

When I arrived at our hospital, I made out a list of the killed, wounded and missing, as far as I could gain the necessary information.

Soon wounded men from our Brigade began to arrive. All reported that our men were being driven. None of the 58th were brought in.

Two pieces of artillery, which were at the brick house, near Crawfish Springs, were taken to the left. The cavalry went out and returned. About eleven a. m. the cavalry formed immediately in front of the hospital, thus indicating that Gordon's Mills had been abandoned by our infantry. It was plain that the day was lost, utterly and irretrievably lost. What must I do? If I remain with the wounded, and fall into rebel hands, I can not hope for proper treatment, for the rebels utterly despise Yankee preachers. As for leaving, I could not think of doing so without orders, unless I went to the Regiment, and they were driven I knew not where. So I saddled my horse, and "waited for something to turn up." I suppose that it was about twelve m. when Doctor Phelps, of General Crittenden's staff, rode up and ordered that every man and thing, that could be, should be

moved towards Chattanooga by the hill road. It was pitiful to leave our brave and suffering men in the hands of rebels.

"You are not going to leave us, are you?" asked the silent and suffering Captain Davis, of Company A.

"Can you not get an ambulance and take us?" said Sergeant Keeler, of Company B, meaning himself and the old sharpshooter, Gilbert Armstrong.

I went to see, but never returned to communicate the negative. I never expected to see either of them again. All who could walk were sent forward. The wagons were loaded up and the train started. Doctors Holtzman and Downey, Steward Burch, Anthony Lindsey and John A. Baldwin remained to care for our wounded. The cavalry left our front and took up the valley, parallel to the hill road and next Lookout Mountain.

It was a motley train and crowd that moved along the hill road between Crawfish Springs and Missionary Ridge. There were M. D.'s in abundance. There were musicians carrying drums and saxehorns, with the usual red rag to tell the tale of their devotions to the wounded. There were parsons, with straight coats and sad faces. Of negroes there were every shade and size, but the accustomed grin was gone! The order was "Close up! Close up!" But the long train moved slow, like

"That innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms, where each
Shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death."

There was no haste and no confusion. You might hear almost anything you pleased. All kinds of tales were floating along the line. It was said at first that we were "going up here to a valley, where water was plenty." But we continued on our winding way until we reached Chattanooga. It must have been midnight when the remains of our hospital sought rest on the ground near the Brown hospitals.

But let us return to the records of the 58th Regiment for the day.

During Saturday night the pickets were twice driven in and several shots were fired by and at the Regiment. But no casualties on our side.

At two o'clock a. m. the Regiment moved to a new position about a mile and a half to the left. Here they took a place in the reserve, and before the dawning of the day the weary soldiers prepared some coffee and partook of a frugal meal, the first they had enjoyed for nearly twenty-four hours. There had begun to be a feeling that there would be no fighting to-day, but this idea was soon dissipated. Even before all had finished their coffee, orders came to move. The Regiment formed in line and advanced a few hundred yards towards the front. By this time the sun was well up and the atmosphere was more pleasant. No sound of a renewal of the battle yet, but it was not long after they got into position until the sounds came echoing over the hills from the left, telling that "the battle was on once more."

The intention was to issue rations to the Regiment here, and the work had partly begun, when orders came to move on up to the line of battle in our front. In the meantime, details were made from each Company to draw the rations and follow on after the Regiment. This they attempted to do, but failed on account of a disaster that fell upon that part of our lines shortly after. As it turned out the rations were lost and some of the detail were captured. But this is anticipating.

In obedience to orders, General Wood's Division moved up and took position in line of battle, filling a place that had been occupied by General Negley's Division. A temporary breastwork of rails and logs had been constructed along the edge of a woods, overlooking a field and a woods beyond. We took a position behind this rude defence and threw out a line of skirmishers. It was not long until they developed the enemy. He was across in the opposite woods in large numbers. For some time heavy firing between our skirmishers and the rebel line was kept up, but no advance was

made. Away to the left, General Thomas' Corps was seriously engaged, as was evident from the roar of artillery and musketry. News came that Thomas was heavily pressed, and all available troops were sent to his assistance. Still everything was comparatively quiet in our front. But our time was coming. After an hour or so of desultory skirmish firing, General Wood ordered the Brigade to follow the Division in a movement to close up on Reynolds. This move was in obedience to a written order from General Rosecrans, but it was given by the commanding General under a misapprehension of the facts. It was a serious mistake, as we shall see.*

Lieutenant Zack Jones, of Colonel Buell's staff, was sent to the officer in command of our skirmishers with an order to have them retire to the line of battle, and rejoin the Regiment, which was then on the move. The skirmishers were accordingly called in and started after the Regiment. But this movement was observed by the enemy and they quickly

* Following is a copy of the order to General Wood:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,)
 September 20, 10:45 a. m. }
Brigadier-General Wood, Commanding Division:
 The General commanding directs that you close up on Reynolds as fast as possible, and support him.
 Respectfully, etc.,
 FRANK S. BOND,
 Major and Aid de Camp.

Concerning this movement, *Van Horne's History of the Army of the Cumberland*, Vol. I, page 347, says:

Regarding this order as too explicit in requirement, and too imperative in tone to warrant any discretion as to obedience, General Wood withdrew his Division with promptness. His left was aligned with Brannan's right, and he saw no way to close upon Reynolds but to withdraw from line and pass to the left, in the rear of Brannan. Having advised General McCook that this change would be made, General Wood moved his Division rapidly from line. Brannan was not out of line, Reynolds was not under pressure, and Wood moved from line at the very moment of the enemy's attack. General Davis threw his reserve Brigade toward the wide vacant space, but the heavy columns of the enemy were soon upon it, and Davis' two small Brigades were speedily enveloped. His troops resisted bravely, but assaulted in front, flank, and rear, they were lifted from position and hurled in fragments toward Missionary Ridge. The attack and issue were too sudden for Laidolt to move to his assistance, and the latter was quickly routed. Buell's Brigade, of Wood's Division, the last to leave position, was severed as it retired, and Brannan's was struck in flank.

took advantage of it. There was a gap in the line left by Wood's Division, moving out. When the skirmishers reached the line the enemy was close after them. The few scattering men attempted to hold back the great mass of rebels that pressed onto them, but it was useless. Our lines were broken, and the divisions on either side of the gap were struck in the flank, and thrown into confusion. Immediately the broken columns were thrown into a state bordering on a panic. In the rear of our lines there was an open



CAPTAIN CHAS. H. BRUCE, CO. K.*

field, with a gradual slope to the center and a gradual ascent to a piece of timber on the opposite side. Across this field our broken columns were flying, in utter demoralization. There were men, horses without riders, sections of artillery, and the various other appointments of an army, all rushing in a confused and indiscriminate race for a place of safety. In the meantime the rebels had advanced their lines to the ridge where we had been, and had turned upon us the guns which they had captured. Shot and shell, and cannister, screamed and shrieked over the flying fugitives, making a scene, and causing sounds in which the very demons of the infernal regions might well find delight. But it was a sad and sorrowful sight for loyal, union loving people. So far as one could see who was in the midst of it, the rout involved the whole of General Rosecrans' magnificent army, and it

field, with a gradual slope to the center and a gradual ascent to a piece of timber on the opposite side. Across this field our broken columns were flying, in utter demoralization. There were men, horses without riders, sections of artillery, and the various other appointments of an army, all rushing in a confused and indiscriminate race for a place of safety. In the meantime the rebels had advanced their lines to the ridge where we had been, and had turned upon us the guns which

* Killed near Vineyard house, Sept. 19, 1863. For sketch see page 183.

seemed our cause was lost. It was not a question of the sacrifice of one life or many lives at such a time, but was whether there was any sacrifice sufficient to stay the impending ruin.

But, fortunately, things were not as bad as they appeared. Things seldom are. Certainly they might have been worse in this instance. The rebels might have followed on after our broken and demoralized troops, instead of stopping on the ridge, and contenting themselves with throwing shells after them. Shells make a terrible noise and are somewhat frightful, but they are not dangerous, in proportion to their size and sound. They serve a useful purpose, in more thoroughly scaring a body of demoralized troops, but a scared soldier is apt to be more useful than a dead one.

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

It was that way in this case. The most of these were ready to fight again, and much harder, and much more effectively, this same day. By the time they reached the edge of the woods, on the other side of the field, the disordered troops had, in a measure, recovered from their panic. As broken Regiments and Brigades found each other, and regained their position in line, their old confidence returned, and they were again ready to meet the enemy.

For a time the 58th was separated from the other Regiments of the Brigade, but there was never a time when the organization was not in a condition for service, and under proper discipline. There were individuals and parts of Companies, who were for a time separated from the Regiment, but in the main, it may truthfully be said, the organization of the 58th was intact during the day. After being caught in the whirlwind that sent the great mass of our troops back across that field, the 58th rallied on the opposite hill, and took a position in the new line of battle that was there formed. Here they held the rebels at bay and stopped their mad progress in that direction.

The Regiment had some sharp engagements during the time they were on this part of the field. In one of these Lieutenant Hugh J. Barnett, of Company F, was mortally wounded. He was leading a detachment of the Regiment in a charge when he fell. Poor Barnett lay where he fell for five days before death relieved him of his suffering, as we afterward learned. At the time he was shot he had the Henry rifle, belonging to Gilbert Armstrong, who was wounded yesterday. The rebels took the gun and all his clothing and valuables, but did not render any assistance to the wounded man. They did not even bury him after he was dead, but left the body to decay above ground. There is but one place where such heartlessness as this can be properly rewarded.

Lieutenant Barnett was one of our best and bravest men. He was full of life and fun, and did much to drive away the despondency and gloom of a soldier's life. He was known by every man in the Regiment and was well liked by all. He was a moral, upright christian man, and active in religious work in the Regiment.

Later in the afternoon, the 58th was formed in a low piece of ground, about a half mile from their former position. They were ordered to advance in a line supporting a battery. At this time there appeared in their front at least a Brigade of men, dressed in dark clothing, and with battle flags somewhat like ours. They came up in good order, bayonets fixed, and guns at "right shoulder shift." A discussion arose among our officers as to who these troops were, whether friends or foes. Colonel Embree and another Colonel contended that they were enemies. Some of the line officers and men thought they were friends; but the former opinion was correct, as was soon demonstrated. They proved to be a portion of Longstreet's Corps, which had just arrived from Virginia. Our men were not accustomed to seeing their enemies in any other dress than the regulation butternut. But the troops under discussion soon convinced everyone of their true character by pouring a volley

into our ranks. Many of our men were wounded by this volley, and two or three killed. Our men returned the fire in a vigorous manner, but the enemy continued to press forward. Soon another force came up on our right flank, and the position became untenable. The Regiment fell back and rallied again on the colors, on a hill somewhat to the left and rear of our former position. In this movement a part of the Regiment became separated from the others, and on account of the confusion of the hour the detachments could not be gotten together for some time. However, by this time the contest on that part of the field had become a kind of a free fight, and there was no difficulty in a soldier, who was so inclined, finding a situation where he could get all the fighting he could attend to. It was a fact, that some of the best and most effective fighting that was done that afternoon, was by detached bodies of troops that had been separated from their commands. Some of the 58th officers and men, that were thus cut off, did excellent service in this way. To these men, with others, who were thus engaged, is due a full share of the credit of saving the army from a greater disaster.

The Regiment rallied again and took position in a line further to the left, on Snodgrass Hill. Here the remnants of Wood's Division, and the detachments of the left wing, joined the forces of General Thomas, and here, under the command of that intrepid soldier, the rebel advance was checked. It was between one and two o'clock when the 58th Regiment got into this position. At that time the right wing was thoroughly routed. General Rosecrans was caught in the whirlwind and borne back into Chattanooga, as was also Crittenden and McCook. Such of the broken Divisions as could do so, found their way to join the left, which was still being held by Thomas. Upon this position assault after assault was made, but our lines could not be broken. Some of the severest fighting of the two days' battle was done here, but the losses were heaviest with the enemy.

About four o'clock, the ammunition of our Regiment was exhausted. Colonel Buell started back with the Regiment to hunt ammunition to replenish the cartridge boxes. He was met by General Branham, who informed him there was no ammunition to be had. Colonel Buell was ordered to hold the hill at all hazards—even at the point of the bayonet. By searching among the cartridge boxes of the dead, enough ammunition was found to make about one round per man in our Regiment. The guns were loaded, and the men waited for the next attack of the rebels. They were now ready for desperate work. They did not have long to wait. Soon the enemy appeared in massed columns. They marched boldly up the hillside, until they were within thirty yards of our men. Not a gun had yet been fired by either side. A demand was made by an officer in our Regiment for the rebels to surrender. A like demand came from the rebel side, with the threat that if we did not surrender they would fire on us. At this, our men opened fire on them, pouring their last round into the rebel ranks. This volley did fearful execution. The rebels retreated in great haste, leaving many of their dead and wounded on the ground.

This about ended the fighting for the day, so far as our Regiment was concerned. By this time it was nearly dark, and both sides were ready to quit, for, in reality, both sides had had enough of fighting. The 58th was moved back a short distance to the rear, and then, under cover of the darkness, the remnants of the Brigade was marched, through fields and woods, to their new position in the line, on the left of Rossville. Here the men had an opportunity for a few hours' rest and sleep.

During the night the entire army was concentrated at this point, and were in good shape to give the rebels a warm welcome next morning. But they did not come. All day Monday we waited their approach, but only a small force of cavalry showed an inclination to make us a visit. From this fact, it was plainly evident that Bragg's army had no disposition to renew the conflict.

During Monday night Rosecrans' army was moved back into Chattanooga. The 58th was left as a part of a strong line of skirmishers to cover this movement. It was fully expected, by our officers, that this rear guard would be gobbled up by the rebels in the morning. General Wood expressed surprise when Major Moore, in command of the 58th skirmishers, reported to him in Chattanooga next morning. Wood said he did not expect to see us.

Thus it was that the 58th Indiana was among the first Regiments on the field of Chickamauga, and one of the last to leave it. Early in the engagement it was put into the thickest of the fight and it remained there until the finish. With its last round of ammunition, it assisted in repelling the last charge of the enemy on Snodgrass Hill; and it had the proud satisfaction of being numbered with the troops, under the command of George H. Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga," that saved the "Army of the Cumberland," on this Sunday afternoon.

Our losses in the two days' battle were as follows:

	Officers	Enlisted Men	Total
Killed	2	14	16
Wounded	5	116	121
Missing	1	24	25
Captured	2	7	9
Total.....	10	161	171

The greater part of these losses occurred Saturday afternoon, in the Regiment's first engagement, near the Vineyard house. The captured officers were the two surgeons left with the wounded at the hospital when the army fell back on Sunday. Some of the enlisted men were captured at that time and others were captured on another part of the field.

Mention has been made of the killing of Lieutenant James D. Foster, of Company B, in the first engagement of the Regiment on Saturday afternoon. As a matter of fact, it was not known certainly as to his fate for some days afterward. No one saw him fall, or knew certainly that he was

killed. For a time there was a lingering hope that he might turn up among the wounded and missing. But he was never seen or heard of afterward, and it is evident that he died unknown, and fills an unknown grave somewhere on the field of Chickamauga, if, indeed, his body was honored with sepulture at all.

Lieutenant Foster was a most genial man, and a very popular officer. He was always cheerful, and usually of a very quiet demeanor. His home was in Fort Branch, Indiana, and he was among the first citizens of his town to tender his services, and his life, if need be, in sustaining the Government. Through his influence, many of the boys and young men of his acquaintance were induced to enter the army. He always had a kindly, watchful oversight of these boys, and they are indebted to him for much good counsel and advice. He was an earnest Christian man, as well as a brave and unselfish patriot. With him, to know a duty, either to his fellow man, his country or his God, was to do that duty, so far as he was able. The loss of such a man as Lieutenant James D. Foster to our Regiment was irreparable. But to him what a wondrous change! From the horrid scenes of Chickamauga's bloody battlefield, to the realms of bliss and everlasting peace, on Heaven's bright shore.



CHAPTER XV.

SEIGE OF CHATTANOOGA—FALLING BACK FROM ROSSVILLE
—EVIDENCES OF DEMORALIZATION—PREPARATIONS
FOR DEFENCE—CHATTANOOGA WILL BE HELD—RE-
ORGANIZATION—GETTING IN POSITION—REBEL DEM-
ONSTRATIONS FROM MISSIONARY RIDGE AND LOOKOUT
MOUNTAIN—SHORT OF RATIONS—A BATTLE AT
NIGHT.

MENTION has been made of the movements of the hos-
pital, and of the fact that I came with this department
of the army into Chattanooga, Sunday night. On Monday
I started out to see and learn what I could as to the situa-
tion. I found that great crowds of men, some slightly
wounded, and some stragglers, were on the streets, all mov-
ing toward the river. At the river I saw the pontoon bridge,
at the time, crowded with rebel prisoners crossing over. I
confess I was surprised at their number. Toward noon
I went out to hunt the Regiment, then near Rossville. I
found them in a very good position and seemingly able to
hold it against the enemy, who was in force just beyond, and
making their presence known by heavy cannonading.

Returning to quarters in Chattanooga that night, I went
to rest, the first I had enjoyed for several days.

Next morning I was surprised to hear that the 58th was
in town. This information was discouraging to me, as it
seemed to signify the abandonment of our strong position on
Missionary Ridge. My worst fears were confirmed on
going down town. Rosecrans' entire army was in and

about Chattanooga. From what I could see there was an effort being made to cross the river. I knew we could not all get over on the one pontoon bridge. Soon I came upon the 58th. They were just moving to the front and left, and I went with them. I supposed, as Wood's Division was on provost duty in Chattanooga, that we were, probably, taking a position to cover the retreat of Rosecrans' army across the river, and we would have to take our chances to get over after all the other troops had crossed. It was a gloomy outlook, but all the signs tended to confirm it. The orders were to move every wagon and all the wounded over the river. The streets were crowded with a moving mass headed toward the bridge. It seemed everybody wanted to get over first; on the theory that all were going, and the rebels would get the hindmost. If, at this particular juncture, the rebels had thrown a few shells in town, I am sure there would have been a panic, and, probably, some of the panic stricken would have plunged headlong into the river.

But, fortunately, the rebel shells did not come; and, moreover, my conceptions as to the meaning of the movements of the army were not well founded. Rosecrans' army was not going to abandon Chattanooga, just yet, but was getting in position to stay there, indefinitely. While our hospitals were being established across the river the fighting portion of the army was intrenching. They had, temporarily, laid aside the gun for the pick and the shovel. There were two unfinished forts, started by Bragg's army before their evacuation. These were to be immediately completed and occupied by our men. Between these forts a formidable line of rifle pits were being rapidly constructed. Every one who could handle a tool, or move dirt, was at it this day and night. This is an emergency in which a soldier will work.

All day Tuesday, the 22d, Bragg's army was expected to make its appearance on Missionary Ridge, but it came not. The hours pass, the work in the rifle pits goes bravely on. By night the preparation for defence had so far progressed that Bragg would have found trouble in abundance if he had

tried to come in. More than this, the spirit of our army was revived and the men were impressed with a determination to stay.

On the morning of the 23d General Rosecrans rode around the lines and examined the works. He said to the men: "We did not come here to fight the whole Southern confederacy, but now, if they want to, let them come on. We are ready for them." "Old Rosey," as the boys called him, was received everywhere with great enthusiasm.

During the week following this the 58th shifted its position several times, and finally was posted in line to the right of Fort Wood. The rebel army was posted along Missionary Ridge and across the valley to Lookout Mountain, completely encircling the town. The two armies are in plain view of each other, and occasionally some shot and shell are exchanged. But no serious damage was done on either side. Our picket lines were close to the enemy and at first picket firing was freely indulged in. Soon this became monotonous and annoying, without accompanying benefit, and, by mutual consent, a truce was declared. The blue and the gray maintained a condition of friendly intercourse, often meeting between the lines to exchange coffee and tobacco, etc.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 4.—This was a very blustery day. Bad for out-door preaching, but it was either that or nothing. Our preaching services have been interrupted for some time, for sufficient reason. To-day, Rev. Thompson, Chaplain of the 64th Ohio, preached in our camp, on "Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself." Some, whose logical abilities are rather poor, thought he advocated "nigger equality." But he simply advocated the principle of dealing justly, even with the lowly negroes, and his argument was good.

In the evening I preached on the propriety of improving the lessons constantly presented to the soldier. We thus imitate Jesus, who drew lessons of morality from every object that was presented to him. There are many helps to

christianity in the experience of the soldier. From the change of dress of the citizen to the uniform of the soldier he should learn to have his "garments washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." When he becomes a soldier, he must give up the rights of a citizen, and submit to be governed by the military authorities. So, in becoming a Christian one must bring his will into subjection to God. In entering the army, we must be instructed in military tactics and experience. So if you would be a Christian, you must be a disciple.

An army must exercise constant watchfulness. So must the Christian. An army must have an uninterrupted base of supplies, and draw thence subsistence for man and beast. The Christian must draw his supplies of grace, day by day, from God. He can not live without his spiritual rations. Courage must be a characteristic of both soldier and Christian.

The soldier must be ready to march at a moment's notice. He must not be encumbered with useless baggage. So must the Christian be ready for death. The presence of death among us ought to impress on our minds, "Be ye also ready."

A long train of ambulances started this morning, with wounded, for Bridgeport. The authorities seem to anticipate some danger, for they are moving the wounded back, without regard to life or limb. Poor Captain Davis was sent off; I know not why. I am afraid that it will kill him. All the wounded of our Regiment, on this side of the river, except Chew, Steward, Lockwood, Lounsedale, Roseborough, Gray and Singleton, were taken off on this train. We have about twenty wounded on the other side of the Tennessee River, at the field hospital.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5.—The dull monotony of the siege of Chattanooga was broken at about eleven a. m. by a rebel shell bursting on the picket line in front of Fort Negley. The pickets maintained their position, but the stragglers retreated in good order. Another shell fell near the fort.

Another reached General Rosecrans' headquarters. One bursted just in front of our Regiment. By this time they came plentifully along the whole line. Our guns responded slowly, and at long intervals, as if to say, "The Yankees are still here, but are not anxious for a fight." By this time the side of Lookout began to speak in sullen tones of rebel wrath. Gun after gun opened. The mountain poured in its broadsides like a man-of-war. This continued until dark, and at intervals through the night.

From the 6th to 12th nothing occurred to disturb the monotony of our camp. Of course, the rebels continued to remind us that their artillery was in good working order, by throwing an occasional shell in our direction, but we were not disturbed by little pleasantries of that kind. The thing that distressed us most was the lack of rations.

On the night of Tuesday, October 13, we were somewhat disturbed by our Sergeant-Major, who came around and informed us that the Regiment would have to move out of its present camp before daylight next morning. I inquired as to the reason for this, and was informed that we were to exchange positions with Hazen's Brigade. The 21st Army Corps has been dissolved, and the Regiments in our Brigade are to be added to those of the 2d Brigade, under command of General Wagner, in General Sheridan's Division. Officially, we are to be known as the Second Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Corps. We were to move and take our position in the new command.

But the rain has been falling all night, and still comes in torrents. Indeed, it does not promise to be a very fine day for a move. If we had good tents, it would not be so bad. But we have every kind of a miserable old shelter that could be constructed of the rude materials at our disposal. Time wore on, and day came, and still we did not move. Hopes were freely indulged that there would be no move to-day. But shortly after day the order came to "strike tent." So we began to roll up, and pile up, and tumble up our traps. Great heaps of lumber were collected about Regimental

headquarters. Five wagons were sent to move us. These were loaded up. By this time the order came to remain where we were until further orders. And so we did remain. It continued to rain. We sat about decaying camp fires, made sad attempts at wit, and spun most miserable tales, to keep our spirits up. When the bugle sounded the dinner call, we were ordered to unload the wagons and pitch tents. And such a hammering and banging! The men worked away lively in the rain, that they might have a little comfort.

Such moves as this are very disgusting. The move was evidently deferred on account of the weather. But the General did not make the discovery until the tents were all down. Then the men must be left standing a half day in the rain, while the question is being discussed whether it would not be better to move, since things had gone thus far. Some of our officers must be like Indians—sleep on every proposition before deciding.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14.—It has been raining all day and all night. Men very hungry, for they only have two-third rations. Many horses and mules dying through starvation. Railroad in rear torn up. Reinforcements coming.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15.—We had a terrible storm of wind and rain last night. My tent is just upon the edge of a deep cut in the railway. I was very fearful it would go over. The rain continued until near night.

There has been much cheering in the army, to-day, over the defeat of Vallandigham in Ohio.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16.—The men for some weeks have been on two-thirds rations. Now the order is full rations of bread, and half rations of other things. They are to get no meat except beef. If one will bear in mind that the cattle are about starved, he may see at once what a miserable kind of food their flesh must be. The men have suffered much hunger recently. Our horses are now getting ten ears of corn each day. The ears are very small, compared with corn in the North. Many horses and mules have died of

starvation. We are now in a state of siege. Our supplies have not all been cut off. I hope General Hooker will succeed in opening up communication and raising the siege.

I called, in my visits, first, on George H. Singleton, of Company H, at General Hospital No. 3, room 39. This hospital was formerly the Crutchfield House. It is a large, roomy structure, reaching from street to street. Singleton's wound is through the calf of the right leg. He is doing well. He is able to go home. I next called on William Gray, of Company F, at General Hospital No. 2. His left leg is off. He is suffering greatly. In Hospital No. 1, Ward H, I found Joel L. Evans, of Company G, and Roseborough, of B. Evans is wounded in the abdomen, but the cavity was not penetrated. He seems to be resting comfortably. Roseborough looks pale, but is recovering. There were several men dying in this ward. An old gray headed man, of the 4th Kentucky, whose leg was amputated, had died since I was here last.

I called on John G. Lounsdale, of Company B, in Ward "L." His wound, which was a very dangerous shot through the neck, is healing finely. Lounsdale looks like a youth of seventeen. It was on the first charge of the 58th Indiana that he was wounded. He was going forward without anticipating any danger, though men were falling all around. Suddenly he was shot, before he had fired a single round. His first impression was that he was killed. He tried to move, but could not. He was then more confident than ever that he was killed. "It came to my mind," said he, "to get up; but then I thought I was dead, and I might as well lie still. There was no use getting up, if I were dead!" After a little time, he succeeded in raising his head. He discovered his companions just ahead of him.

Gilbert R. Stormont, who was by his side when he was shot, carried him from the field to an ambulance. When the Regiment fell back he was placed in our Regimental hospital tent. He remained there until our second and last train of ambulances were sent through the rebel lines. He

was then brought up and placed in Wood's Division hospital; he was afterward moved to his present place. I think he will soon be well.

In Ward "M" I called on Richard Steward, of Company K, and Lockwood, of Company B. Both of these soldiers are restless and impatient. Steward is severely wounded—painfully so. Lockwood is shot through the side. He seems to be getting worse. He is even threatened with consumption. He is very homesick.

In Ward "O" I called on Joe Chew, of Company C. His foot was penetrated by a ball and some of the bones fractured. The ball and some pieces of bones have been recently removed. The surgeon now hopes to save his foot. Chew is a very reckless young man. These are all the wounded men we have in Chattanooga.

In returning home I passed through the lines of the 14th Corps. Their works are very strong, considering that there is nothing in the nature of the ground to render their position a good one.

By the way, our position here is a poor one. Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, held by the enemy, commands every inch we hold, including the bridges across the Tennessee.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 20.—We again had orders to move camp before daylight. We were ready, accordingly, and about seven a. m. we moved. After all our Generals did not know where we were going. Up to yesterday they designed placing us on the hill on the extreme right. But General Sheridan was ordered toward the left. At first our little piece of a Brigade moved toward the Catholic Church. We lay by the Baptist church for a good while, until General Sheridan and Wagner fixed the place of encampment. We then took our place on Signal Hill. This is a splendid place, in the very heart of the fortress of Chattanooga.

Wednesday evening I attended services at the Baptist Church, near our camp. These services are conducted by the U. S. Christian Commission. Rev. Mr. High, from

“away down East,” was praying when I entered. He has quite a Yankee affectation in his speech, so that at times it is difficult to understand him. He has long hair—falling upon the collar of his coat. After prayer, about one hour was spent in talking on religion, by the men present. One fellow said that one day, when he was plowing, “a still small voice” came to him and told him that he was not prepared to die: He felt bad about one year. One night he had pleasant dreams. Next morning he felt all right. I suppose he must be a Hardshell Baptist. I believe they can dream away sin. Most of the speaking was in good taste.

Lieutenant-Colonel Embree, having resigned, left the Regiment Saturday morning for his home. He made a short farewell address to the Regiment before leaving, stating, that on account of the recent death of his father and also his wife, it was necessary for him to leave the army, to look after business requiring his attention at home. He regretted very much that he had to leave the Regiment, with whom he had been so long associated. He complimented the men on their discipline and their bravery, tested on many occasions, and invoked the blessings of Heaven to rest upon them. He expressed the hope, that when they returned to their homes, they might find their domestic circles unbroken. Colonel Embree has the respect and good will of every man in the Regiment, and we are sorry to have him leave us.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25. — General Palmer’s Division moved across and down the Tennessee. The 58th and 57th Indiana, and 26th and 97th Ohio, and perhaps some other Regiments, moved out to take the place made vacant on the line. This leaves our camp very thinly inhabited.

I was awakened at five minutes before one o’clock, on the morning of the 27th, dreaming of cannon, and with the sound of heavy cannonading in my ears. Pulling on my boots, I stepped to the door of my shanty. Beyond Look-out Mountain, there was heavy cannonading and musketry. I soon retired to bed, as the night was cold. But the sound of battle continued, and I again arose, and listened until

about three a. m. I then fell asleep. I am ignorant of the cause of this fighting. We have had a thousand rumors to-day, but nothing definite. When the papers come from the North, we will know all about it.

SIGNAL HILL, October 30.—The rain has been falling all day. The Regiment is still in Fort Palmer. I spent the morning in my tent, reading and writing. In the afternoon I visited my hospital. There had been three deaths since my visit on last Sunday. I found the men happy and cheerful.

I find it a great cross to talk to men in company about religion. It is also a cross for me to hold religious services in a hospital. Still here is a most inviting field. Great and lasting good can be done.

The evening hung a little heavily on my hands, as I had reading to do, and no candles. I therefore gave myself to meditation, chiefly on the text, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." I am often annoyed, when trying to think, by idle people talking to me. So it was to-night. Many can not see how a man can be busy, unless he is doing physical toil. Being unable to think themselves, they do not know that others can. Mind work is exceedingly rare amongst men. The men in front ask me if I am not lonesome in camp. If I had nothing to do, I would be. I always expect to have both company and employment as long as I have reason. I have, somewhere, read of one who was asked why he talked to himself, and he replied, "I like to talk with a gentleman." So I say, when wrapped up in my own thoughts, I love to keep company with a gentleman. I have no thought of being lonesome, while Parson Hight and the Chaplain are along. We can talk, read and reason together.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1.—I went out to my Regiment, in front of Fort Palmer, and preached at nine a. m. from Psalm 1, 1-4. I wore my hat during preaching, a thing I am seldom compelled to do. The heat of the sun required it to-day.

General Hooker has come up the river on this bank to Lookout Valley. Here he defeated the rebels, in the battle I heard a few nights since, and opened communication with Hazen's Brigade, which effected a landing on the south bank, and laid a pontoon across the river on last Tuesday morning. Thus, by crossing at Shellmound, Battle Creek, or Bridgeport, and coming up the left bank of the river to Lookout Valley, then recrossing to the right bank and crossing at Chattanooga, we have a better route than over Walden's Ridge. By the way, the rebels keep booming away from the top of Lookout. I infer that they are determined to break this new line. We have a few little steamers that began running to a point six miles below here last night. This fills us with hope for rations for the future. If our efforts to open this line had failed during the past week, this Sabbath day would have seen Chattanooga in rebel hands, and the Yankees in full retreat.

No rations, except a little poor beef, were issued to the men this day, until after night. They then received about one-half of a cracker each. Poor fellows! They suffer greatly, and many of them are very weak. Most of them bear up nobly. A few talk and act childish.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2.—The bridge across the Tennessee was cut yesterday afternoon, and is not yet repaired. No rations, except beef, were issued until near night. I find myself weak this afternoon for want of food.

The rebels are digging rifle pits in sight of Fort Negley. Our cannons fire at them, without accomplishing anything.

Three shots from Lookout came thundering into the very heart of Chattanooga this afternoon. They can not reach us.

An attack seems to have been anticipated at night. The men were under arms.

We had an excellent sermon, and a poor meeting, at the Baptist church, with white men for a congregation and negroes for mourners. Things were pretty well mixed up, even more than I care about, and all my friends know what

a great Abolitionist I am. I despise caste, and believe in loving all men, and yet I doubt the propriety of that familiarity that breeds contempt. The negroes ought to have religion, and I am in for holding a meeting for them. When we get to heaven, languages, conditions, and color, and all things else that do and must separate men, shall disappear. Amen.

Lieutenant William Adams, of Company H, having had his resignation accepted, left us on yesterday. Shortly after I came to the Regiment, he was made Sergeant-Major. At Stone River, he fought as Lieutenant, but was not commissioned until afterward. He was wounded in the heel in that engagement, and enjoyed a furlough. At the battle of Chickamauga he was sick, but, nevertheless, did his whole duty on the field. He then went to Nashville, and spent some weeks in the hospital. He procured the acceptance of his resignation by obtaining an endorsement from the Regimental commander.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5.—Lieutenants Mason and Wood took a detail of forty men, with four days' rations, and went as guards for a forage train.

Captain George Whitman has resigned, and left for home about twelve m. to-day.

I am truly sorry to see the Captain go. We have lost a good soldier. I hear that his wife lies at death's door. It is this that leads him homeward.

We have had but little cannonading. Most of it was done by the rebels. It was Fort Lookout firing at Moccasin.

In one of my strolls about Chattanooga, I turned aside and stood on Cameron Hill, the place where our Regiment bivouacked the night after our first entry into Chattanooga, September 9th. How changed the scene now, as compared to that of two months ago! Then this place was a grove of forest trees. Now every tree has been cut down. Then summer covered all with green. Now nature seemed dead, and the trees leafless. Then a few forts without guns constituted the stronghold; now bristling ramparts in every valley, and grim forts on every hill, form a grand fortress. A



CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. CHAPPEL

Was mustered in as First Lieutenant of Company I, December 16, 1861, and continued as such until April 6, 1863, when he was promoted to the Captaincy of the Company. He commanded the Company the remainder of the time and was mustered out with the Regiment. After leaving the army he returned to his occupation of farming, in which he has been quite successful. He is now living on his farm near Algiers, Pike county, Indiana. Captain Chappel is one of the most active members of the 58th Indiana Regimental Association, and is in hearty sympathy with every movement that tends to perpetuate the deeds of that Regiment. He was the first to tender material aid for the publication of this work.

few straggling inhabitants, and a few hundreds of Yankee troops, were all the living beings then in view. Now there are teeming thousands of soldiery. There are some houses less, but a million tents more. Away yonder, where one could then see naught but the green forest of Missionary Ridge, now can be viewed the white tents of the rebels. And old Lookout, which then was in our hands, now reflects the rays of the setting sun, and thunders from its storm-beaten crags and rocky summit, on the Yankee hosts below. Still winds the Tennessee in its wonted channel, though swollen by recent rains. Away to my right is the smoke of Hooker's encampments. What changes will another two months bring?

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7.—Our men at Fort Palmer were relieved by Hazen's Brigade. General Wagner has been relieved of the command of the post.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8.—This is a chilly day. Four Companies, B, G, K and E, were ordered to move their tents. This makes fine Sunday work.

Colonel Buckner, of the 79th Illinois Volunteers, preached a short sermon, at three p. m., to my Regiment.

The Regiment was paid for four months' service, on the 13th. A recruiting party, detailed from each Company, started north. This party was in command of Captain Cain, with Captain W. E. Chappel next in command.



CHAPTER XVI.

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE—RECORD OF EVENTS PRECEDING THAT ENGAGEMENT — HOOKER'S BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS—THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER WAVES OVER LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—SHERMAN'S SUCCESS ON THE LEFT—CHEERING PROSPECT FOR THE UNION ARMY—ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND ADVANCES — MAGNIFICENT PAGEANT — CHARGING THE REBEL RIFLE PITS—ONWARD AND UPWARD, WITHOUT ORDERS — CREST OF THE RIDGE GAINED — BRAGG'S FORCES ROUTED—THE VICTORY IS COMPLETE—CASUALTIES OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTH.

SHARP musketry and cannonading, seemingly across the river to our left, awakened me early Tuesday morning, November 17. Those better acquainted with the river said it was on the river. From the best information I could obtain, it was the rebels shelling the camp of the 125th Illinois. The Chaplain was killed. I thought at first that our men were trying to cross to the south bank for the purpose of flanking the rebels. This is my plan for raising the siege of Chattanooga. In the afternoon, I walked through General Hospital No. 4. This is in the building formerly occupied by General Wood's Division hospital. It is now fixed up very comfortably. In it have been placed most of the wounded ones who are still unable to bear the transportation north. Most of them are sorely injured, and many must die. They have now been lying for sixty days, and are still unable to ride in the ambulance. The carrying on stretchers killed some. I found a number of my old Ward "O" friends.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.—Signal Hill, Chattanooga. The 58th went on picket; I remained in camp. We had one of the heaviest fogs I ever saw. It was so thick at ten a.

m. that an object could not be seen a few yards off. At twelve m., Cameron Hill could not be seen. When the fog passed, a hazy atmosphere of Indian summer prevented us from seeing objects very distinctly. The 57th Indiana worked on the trenches near my tent; they labored faithfully. I was requested, last night, to call on a wounded man in the hospital. I did so this afternoon, according to promise. They were just laying him out as I arrived at his cot. If the Savior was as slow to come to his relief as I was, his soul is lost.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19.—Rumors thicken of a battle. I am expecting one every day.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21.—The whole army had orders to march this morning, with eighty rounds of ammunition. It is generally thought we will go up the river and attack the rebel right. Sherman is passing up that way on the other side of the river. Order to march countermanded. Rations are exceedingly scarce; relief must come soon, or we will be starved out.

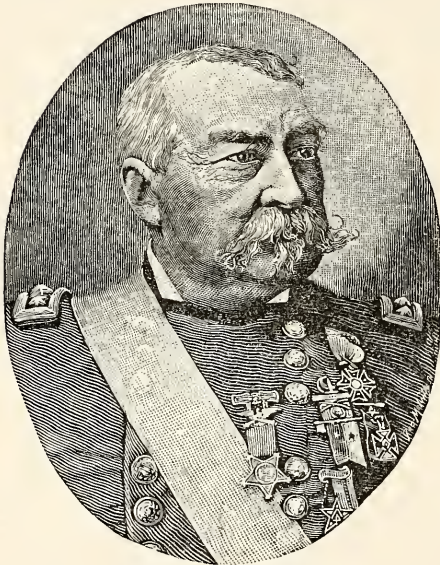
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22.—In the afternoon, I preached before the 125th Ohio. The congregation was large, and the hour favorable. Fort Wood was thundering at the rebels while I spoke. There was considerable cannonading by us to-day. The rebels make but little reply.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 23.—Time wore away as usual until about twelve m., when we were ordered to "fall in." The Regiment moved from Signal Hill, prepared for a battle. In the rear of General Wood's headquarters we joined the remainder of the Brigade. The Brigade was led by General Wagner, assisted by Colonel Wood, of the 15th Indiana. We moved out by our old camp, leaving Fort Palmer on the left. Between Fort Wood and Fort Palmer was the 11th Corps, commanded by Howard. They make a fine appearance. Just as we came up, they were moving as soldiers do when they pass before a commanding General, at a magnificent review. Being well dressed, and many of them sturdy Germans, they presented a grand sight.

Looking to our right, as we crossed the railroad, there might be seen the grand army, moving in long columns, or falling into line in camp. It was the grandest pageant I had ever witnessed, and I spoke to many officers and men about this grand sight. They all declared they had never seen its equal. Advancing in front of Fort Palmer, our Brigade formed in line on the hill, where the National Cemetery has since been located. The array of battle was advancing as far as sight could reach. Our lines were in the shape of a "V," our Brigade being at the point. The marshalling of the hosts grew in increasing splendor. Away to the Tennessee on the right and left were the long lines of moving men. There was a solemn reality about this array. Here was no empty display—there was no shouting rabble. There was no swelling strains of music to create artificial feeling—the stillness of death reigned throughout the long lines. Naught was heard save the heavy tramp of armed men, and the clear, shrill voice of command. Every order was obeyed with promptness and precision. The movement of an army on the eve of a battle is always solemn and impressive, but the grandeur of this afternoon's display was, perhaps, never surpassed on earth. It was a lovely day. The sun shone in glory, as is his wont in autumn time. Quiet beauty reigned through forest, and over valley and mountain. Amid scenes such as these, and on this lovely autumnal afternoon, the glory and pride of America came forth to battle. Walden's Ridge, Sand and Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, looked quietly down on the scene and were glad, for they knew they would soon be freed from the traitor's unhallowed tread.

Just before us are the rebel pickets. They are walking their beats uneasily. But little time passes until, just upon our left, the front line of sentinels of Wood's Division are reinforced by their reserves. These form a line of skirmishers, and no sooner was the line formed than the order was given to "trail arms," and advance on the "double quick." I am pretty confident that the first gun was fired

by the rebels, an hundred yards to the left of an open field, in which there was an old lime kiln. But the "Yankees" had the second pop. "Bang—bang—bang," with increasing rapidity, was heard along the advancing lines. "Lie down," commanded Colonel Moore. The order was readily obeyed, but we were not in the range of the guns, and all were soon up and looking. The rebels gave way rapidly. Wood's men pressed them sharply. The musketry increased to a roar, in the woods towards Orchard Knob.



GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN.

At this time Carl Schurz' magnificent Division of Germans wheeled away, accompanied by the whole of the 11th Corps, and took position to the left of Wood's men, and extended the line of battle. Sheridan advanced to keep his lines connected with Wood. Of Wagner's Brigade, the 57th Indiana acted as skirmishers, easily driving the rebels. Soon Wood's men gained the summit

of Bald Knob—the grand object of the magnificent charge. A wild cheer of victory rose from our brave men as they paused on the crest of the hill, in full view of Missionary Ridge. Musketry ceased, except some occasional guns. The ax and the spade were soon busily engaged, securing what we had gained. The rebels continued a heavy fire of artillery from the Ridge, at Bald Knob, until after dark, but little injury was done by them. Quite a number of men were wounded and some killed by the musketry. All these were of Wood's Division, except four from the 40th Indiana.

A large number of prisoners were captured, including almost an entire Florida Regiment. Thus glorious was fought and won the battle of Chattanooga Valley. Amongst the great battles of the war it is not to be named, but it stands high in the catalogue of minor contests. It has a sublimity not attached to many greater battles. It was well planned and daringly executed. Every patriot's heart in the valley beats high with exultation to-night, but terrors disturb the rebels' broken slumber. After dark I return to camp. None of the 58th were hurt, but they remained on the field.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24.—I rose long before day, anticipating a renewal of the contest at dawn. Day dawned as I was riding out to the field. It was cloudy and rainy, occasionally breaking up a little. When I arrived at the front I found the lines in the same place, but the 58th had moved a short distance to the left. Very respectable works had been constructed during the night. Early in the morning we began to hear firing over in Lookout Valley. Hooker was evidently paying his compliments to the rebel left. The musketry continued to increase, and by noon it attracted general attention in the center. A large company collected in the rear of the line of battle, at a place where Lookout could be seen. The troops were in the woods. Unfortunately there was clouds and fog on this day. A battle was evidently raging on the mountain just before our eyes, and if the day had been clear a grand sight would have been opened before us. As it was, we could only catch a glimpse of the combatants as the clouds would part. Hooker fought above the clouds to-day, but unfortunately we were below them. At one time I saw a long line of our men, led by an officer mounted on a white horse; others saw the rebels run into a house on the mountain side, and rescue several flags which they had hanging there. Men of excellent imagination could see a great deal. At times cannonading from batteries on Moccasin Point is terrible. It slackened up considerably as our men turned the mountain brow, as it was then difficult to get the range of the rebels without

wounding our own men. The musketry was chiefly from the skirmish line; sometimes it would increase to a roar as the line of battle became engaged.

We had but little fighting on the center, but there were many cheers given by our men, waiting there, for Hooker's success. I was slow to believe that our own men were getting the mountain, as there are always so many unreliable tales afloat in time of battle. Somebody is always whipping the enemy in flank or rear. But for once these tales were true. The battery near us let off occasionally at the rebel camps.

After dark I returned to camp, the troops remaining in the field. The firing still continued on Lookout Mountain. In Chattanooga there were rumors of great success on the part of Hooker; a man who came from the valley to-day says he saw a Brigade of rebels who had been captured on the mountain. The rain and clouds are gone, the air is clear and sharp. Whatever doubts I may have had of General Hooker's success, I can be unbeliever no longer; there around the brow of Lookout are the Yankee camp fires! The rebels never make fires like our men. We came from the North and our men are industrious, and have no scruples about the wood. The rebels are lazy. There is no mistaking that long line of bright fires. It was never there during the rebel reign. And look, away off on the left, on the farther end of Missionary Ridge, those are the Yankee camp fires! Yes, Sherman is there; he has crossed the Tennessee and is taking position for the fight. This has been a day of splendid success, to-morrow we expect war in earnest.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25.—I did not get off so early as on yesterday. As I go out, an occasional gun could be heard on our left, but they were a long way off and some distance apart. The firing continued to increase. The most remarkable feature of the forenoon was the continual stream of rebel troops passing on the summit of the ridge to our left. Our batteries occasionally paid their respects to them, but with little effect. We could distinctly see infantry,

cavalry and artillery. At one time we might see a rebel General accompanied by his staff. It was a lovely day, and objects were distinctly visible at a long distance. Early in the afternoon our skirmish line became slightly engaged. We were then in the second line of battle, General Wood's Division being in front, the flanks overlapping for a short distance. Besides the response from the rebel riflemen, the guns on the ridge fired several shots, some of which came so close that we all took to the ditches. I sat very contentedly on some leaves in a trench, just between the 58th Indiana and the 26th Ohio, but this cannonading was not very dangerous. About 2 p. m. our lines advance. Wood's men withdrew to the left to give the others room. The line of battle in our rear moved forward and occupied the trenches. The movements provoked quite a lively little firing from the rebel guns on the ridge. I tarried where I was until this firing lulled a little, when I rode over the brow of the hill, and stopped at a line of rifle pits which had been dug for our skirmishers. The 58th was just a little in advance, lying flat on the ground. The rear line of battle now advanced and lay down just in the rear of the front. The 15th Indiana was behind the 58th. Wood's men continued to move off towards the left. My impression at this moment was that we were relieving some of Wood's men, for the purpose of sending them to the support of our left under General Sherman. While these thoughts were in my mind, the regular battery, which had been with us in the former line, came dashing up and took a position in the open space, to the left of the 58th and the 15th, which was outside of the works. I distinctly heard the order given them to respond lively if the rebels opened on them, but the rebels were very silent.

It began to be whispered around that an advance was to be made. Dr. Adams came up and shared my pit. At length I heard some one in my rear give an order to an Aide de Camp, at a little distance, to tell some one to advance and take the works at the foot of the ridge. I did not distinctly

hear all the words, but caught part of them, and inferred that there was hot work ahead. Major White, of the 15th, rode up and down the line of that Regiment, telling them to stand firm, if the first line gave way, to pass files to the rear and let them go, but not to go with them. General Wagner had called his Regimental commanders a few minutes before and gave them some instructions. Colonel Wood, of the 15th, seems to have misunderstood the order, which was to take the works at the foot of the ridge. He understood it was to take the ridge. Accordingly he came to Colonel Moore and told him that the order would be soon issued to take the ridge. Said he, "Have your men fix bayonets and move slowly to the top of the ridge." But Generals Grant and Thomas designed to take nothing but the foot, and neither dreamed of the army moving right on from Piedmont to Altamont.* At length the signal gun was fired from Orchard Knob, and long lines of men rose from the grass and began to advance. In a few moments the 58th received orders to fix bayonets. At this time the front line of Wagner's Brigade was composed of the 100th Illinois, 58th Indiana and 26th Ohio. The 57th was on the skirmish line, the 15th Indiana, 97th Ohio and 40th Indiana were in reserve.

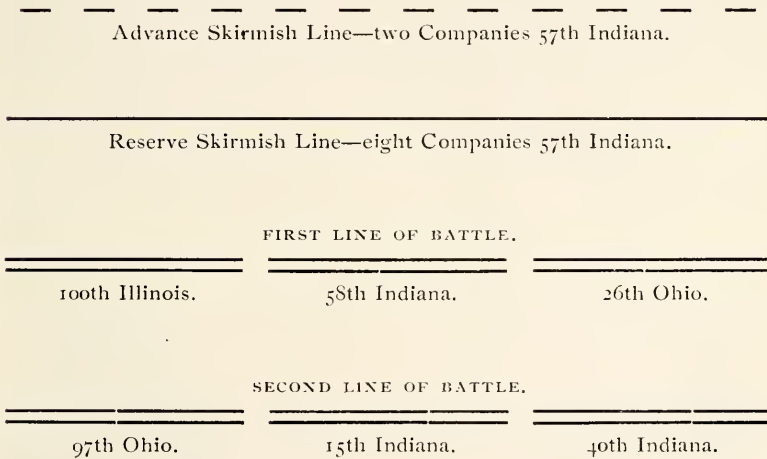
* Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Fullerton, General Granger's Chief of Staff, in an article in the *Century War Book*, referring to the movement at this point, says:

"The order of the commanding General had now been fully and most successfully carried out. But it did not go far enough to satisfy these brave men, who thought the time had come to finish the battle of Chickamauga. There was a halt of but a few minutes to take breath and to reform lines; then, with a sudden impulse, all started up the side of the Ridge. Not a commanding officer had given the order to advance. The men who carried the muskets had taken the matter into their own hands, had moved of their own accord. Officers, catching their spirit, first followed, then led. There was no thought of protecting flanks, though the enemy's line could be seen stretching beyond on either side; there was no thought of support or reserves. As soon as this movement was seen from Orchard Knob, Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him angrily say: 'Thomas, who ordered those men up the Ridge?' Thomas replied, in his usual slow, quiet manner: 'I don't know; I did not.' Then addressing General Gordon Granger, he said: 'Did you order them up, Granger?' 'No,' said Granger; 'they started up without orders. When those fellows get started, all hell can't stop them.' General Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then turning around, stoically watched the Ridge. He gave no further orders."

When bayonets were fixed, there was manifested on the part of nearly all a disposition to go double quick.

Following is a diagram of the formation of Wagner's Brigade for this charge :

A DIAGRAM.



There was a little belt of woods to pass. Here the men were checked again and again, but their impetuosity knew no bound. They continued to advance, faster and faster; already their shouts filled the woods and fields. The rebels are aroused by the charge, and from many points on the line the shots and shells were flying. Two batteries especially played on Wagner's Brigade; one of these was in front of and a little to the right of Orchard Knob, and the other was at Bragg's headquarters. Twenty or twenty-five guns were firing at our Brigade, as fast as the ingenuity of the gunners would permit, and some of these shots came disagreeably near to where I was standing. The regular battery spoken of above did the most rapid firing that I ever witnessed. It made the heavens ring. Orchard Knob was not silent. And Fort Wood spoke above the battle's loud roar.

Every hill, house and battlement, in Chattanooga was occupied by anxious spectators. Generals Grant and Thomas and other commanders were in Fort Wood, and every spectator and participant felt the mighty consequences that hung upon the events of the moment. A terrible defeat might overwhelm our army, or a victory crown it with glory.

What various and conflicting emotions filled the breasts of the charging columns. Some were filled with terror, and some knew no fear. Some thought that the hour of their death had come, and others had presentiment that they would live for other struggles. Visions of home and friends came before some, while others were busy calculating the chances of life and death. Some were watching the enemy on the ridge, and some were hunting for stumps and trees. Many were filled with a wild enthusiasm, that raised them above all surrounding objects. Some lost all consciousness of what was transpiring, and when all was over could recite scarcely a single detail of the charge.

The Regiment emerged from the woods, in plain view of the enemy at the base of the ridge. As they advanced, the speed of the men increased. The line was pretty well maintained until it came to a little water course. Here it was broken, but still it swept on. The 57th Indiana took the works and fell into the front line as it came up. Their line was but poorly defended, as the rebels had to reinforce their right during the day. The men were now in range of the rifles at the top of the ridge, and a terrible hail of lead was poured down upon them. The artillery dealt out grape and cannister, which seemed to "come in shovelfuls," as Lieutenant Milburn expressed it.

Here it was designed to stop, but Colonel Wood had said "Take all before you," so over the works the men went as contemptuously as Remus is said to have jumped over the walls of Romulus, and, alas for some, equally as fatal. A blaze of fire now burst from the Union columns. Greek had met Greek and the tug of war had come. Wagner's Brigade was the first of all to advance beyond the rebel works.

It was but a moment's work to pass the rebel camps. An enfilading fire was poured upon our columns from right and left, and it was here that many of our brave men fell. The troops on the right and left of us, seeing Wagner's men advancing, also went forward, and thus the whole line was moved. The taking of Missionary Ridge, therefore, was inaugurated not so much by the genius of commanders, or the bravery of soldiers, as by mistake. It was fortunate for us that this mistake was committed, as it would have been very disastrous to have remained long at the foot of the ridge. So what was commenced by mistake was completed most gloriously by courage. When the line had reached one-third, or perhaps one-half way up the ridge, the men were ordered to fall back to the works. By whom the order was given, or for what purpose, I can not tell, but it was

attended with both good and bad results. It greatly exposed our Brigade, by causing them to pass three times over the same ground, and by placing them behind works that were not a protection. They were also much longer under fire than they would have been. But, on the other hand, our Brigade was on an exceedingly rough piece of ground, and immediately in front of a very strong position, so there would have been a



VALENTINE E. HOBBS,*
Company E.

very great slaughter if the charge had been continued. The falling back drew the rebel fire on us, and this gave the other troops an opportunity to advance, which they did, and thus flanked the rebels and weakened their line on our front.

While our troops are resting, I will speak a little of other things. I maintained my position where it was at the beginning of the charge. It was at first designed to make

* Was born May 16, 1842. Enlisted in Company E, 58th Indiana, in 1861. Went with the Regiment from Camp Gibson to Lebanon, Ky., where he was taken sick, and died in the hospital at that place, February 16, 1862.

that a place for the collection of our wounded, but there was a road a little to the right, leading to Chattanooga, and the wounded were principally collected along that way. A. R. Redman, severely wounded in the elbow, came to where I was, under the care of Jacob Gudgel. Some others came that way, but I did not remain long here. Most of the casualties of the 58th occurred in this part of the fight. Private William Riley Blythe, of Company A, was severely wounded and died in a few moments. Private Blackard, of Company B, was shot dead. Sergeant Howard remained on the hillside when the Regiment went back. A few moments after they were gone he rose up, from where he was lying behind a tree, and remarked to Ed. Carson, who was near, "The Regiment has gone, we had better go too." Just then he was pierced by a ball that passed entirely through him. He spoke of being shot and asked to be carried off. These were his last words, as his eyes were immediately closed in death. He did not even have the consolation of Wolfe, who died content because the enemy fled. Howard was a pleasant and intelligent soldier, and was well liked in the Regiment. At the time of his death he was acting as Lieutenant, though he had not yet been commissioned. As he lay on the field during the night, his sword, jacket and boots were stolen from his body, by some of the ghouls that infest the battlefield.

But to return. Night, best loved of all seasons by a defeated army, drew near. The sun's departing glories rested on a rich halo, on hill and mountain top. Never can I forget the grand sight which greeted my eyes at that moment. To my left, long lines of men in blue were going up, and up the ridge, and over them the stars and stripes waved gloriously. In front rebel cannon thundered death into their ranks, but unshaken they pressed forward. Higher and yet higher the brave troopers rose, until the star spangled banner was planted on the mountain top. At that point the guns were a moment silent, then the smoke of an explosion was seen, the thunder sound was again heard, but the balls

went the other way. The rebel guns were turned on them. By this time the battle was gathering in more terrible earnestness than at any former period. Away to the left the contest was very sharp, and I was exercised by fear of a failure. Our own Brigade by this time was climbing the mountain side. I could distinctly see them working their way up, and could see that the rebels were running for dear life. General Bragg cleared out from his headquarters in great haste. One or two of his staff were captured, and Lieutenant Wood captured a brazen scabbard belonging to one of them. The 58th passed up just west of the wagon road, leading to Bragg's headquarters. Company A crossed the road. After our Brigade reached the top it passed on after the flying foe.

But my duties are with the wounded. I gave such aid as I could. At the breastworks I saw poor Robert Redman, the faithful and highly esteemed Orderly, of Company F. He had been pierced by a grape shot through the back of the head while the troops were lying there. He was moving and struggling about, though he was entirely unconscious. Great credit is due John T. Miller, of the band, for staying by him and attending to him through the night. The rebel huts at the foot of the hill were filled with our wounded. I passed by Howard and others of our dead. I went on up the road to Bragg's headquarters and found the first Brigade of our Division there. I rode on to my Regiment and found them still moving when I came to them. After remaining with the Regiment for a short time I started on my return to the scene of recent battle.

The way was strewn with cast off articles of the fleeing rebels. A person could pick up anything from a siege gun to a lousy shirt. I contented myself with a wooden stirrup which, however, proved of no value when I examined it in camp. I saw some parties of thieves prowling among the dead. I am in favor of leaving a detail of good men on such occasions to shoot down these cowardly scoundrels, who remain behind to rob the honored dead.

Around in the vicinity of the top of the ridge, the most of those wounded were of the 40th Indiana and the 97th Ohio. There were quite a number of rebel wounded and dead along the way. Haskins, a half blind and entirely worthless genius, who ran off in the early part of the charge, took two of the loose rebels to the provost marshal, in Chattanooga, and obtained a receipt for them.

The scene of suffering at the foot of the ridge, in the old camp, was terrible. In every direction could be seen fires which had been kindled, and about them was collected the wounded, trying to keep warm. The night was cold and many perished from suffering and exposure. Among those whom I saw here was Irvin Lowe, of Company G. He said to me that he would die if nothing was done for him. I could do nothing to afford the poor fellow relief and he died next day.

It must have been midnight when I reached my quarters. My horse and myself were worn down. It seemed as if the experience of a month had been crowded into a day.

After a few hours rest in camp I arose and made preparations to return to the Regiment at the front. My horse was stiff from over-riding, yesterday, and I had to walk a good part of the way, leading him. On the way out over the battlefield I passed many dead and wounded soldiers, who had not yet been gathered up by the ambulance corps. In addition to their wounds, the suffering of the wounded from the cold last night must have been terrible.

The Regiment had advanced a mile or so from where I had left it last night. The men were in good spirits, although short of rations. They had some corn to parch and some meal with which to make "Johnny cakes." One solitary rooster had been heard to crow at a neighboring farm house in the early morning. It was his last crow. The boys who had driven Bragg's army from his entrenchments, on Mission Ridge, were not in a humor to be crowed over.

After I had partaken of a frugal breakfast I set about making a list of the killed and wounded.

I then returned to the foot of the ridge to assist in burying the dead. I found that John Whittelsey, of Company B, had already made a very neat coffin for his brother-in-law, W. R. Blythe. He was engaged in making other coffins for Sergeant Henry C. Howard and Jasper Blackard. Sergeant Gudgel, in charge of a detail, had gone to Chattanooga to have the graves dug. There had, previous to this battle, been a nice burial spot for our dead selected by order of the Government. It had been laid off by engineers of the army. So complete were the arrangements that, even if there were not monuments to mark the resting places of our dead, their graves could be easily found by measurement.

Sergeant Gudgel procured an order for graves numbered 16, 18 and 19, and, just at dusk, we committed to earth our three comrades. A short prayer was offered up to the Great Author of Life, the graves were filled, and we turned again to other duties. But there are other hearts that will not so lightly turn from the contemplation of these dead. Perhaps, in each of these soldier's graves, is buried all the world to some fond and loving heart. May He that "beholds the sparrow's fall," and who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," bind up these broken hearts.

By the time we had completed our sad duty to the dead our Brigade came in from the front. Some rousing cheers were given when the boys reached their old camp. Company F brought in Orderly Redman, who was still living, though unconscious. He was taken to the hospital.

To-night, orders were received to march, in the morning, with four days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition. This was a bitter dose for men as tired as ours, and as destitute of camp equipage.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27.—The order for marching this morning is countermanded for the present. It is rumored that we are to go to Knoxville, to the relief of Burnside, now besieged by Longstreet.

I went early this morning to look after our wounded. In the brick hospital, on Main street, I saw Lieutenant Zack Jones, who is severely wounded in the foot. Captain Gardner, formerly of Colonel Buell's staff, is in an adjoining room, with his leg amputated. I saw several of our soldiers in the lower ward. I then went to Sheridan's Division hospital. Here I found Lieutenant Gus Milburn, who had received a terrible wound in the face. Isaiah Hay, of Company A; C. J. Myers, and several others of our men, were in this hospital.

George Taylor, of Company A, was in an adjoining church, severely wounded in the leg. I saw a brutal surgeon, with a cigar in his mouth, trying to ascertain if Taylor's leg was broken. I was strongly tempted to lay aside whatever of religious scruples might be in the way, and whatever of military discipline that would restrain, and knock that scoundrel of a surgeon down, then and there. But I did not do it, and am sorry that I did not, after thinking it over. Surely, hell is too good for a man who would treat a suffering soldier as that surgeon did Taylor.

Robert Redman, of Company F, died to-day. Irwin Lowe, Company G, died last night. Both were brave, good soldiers, and their death, from wounds received in battle, adds two more names to the roll of patriot heroes.

Following is a complete list of the killed and wounded in the battle of Mission Ridge:

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

COMPANY A.

KILLED—Private William R. Blythe.

WOUNDED—Sergeant Jason H. Crow; Corporals A. R. Redman, George W. Taylor and Isaiah Hay. Privates: George Willis, George W. Loomis, Daniel Dejarnett, James S. Blythe, George W. Richardson and Harrison Dosssett.

COMPANY B.

KILLED—Private Jasper Blackard.

WOUNDED—Captain James M. Smith. Privates: John Hedrick, Franklin Durham, Robert W. Morgan.

COMPANY C.

WOUNDED—First Lieutenant Augustus Milburn; Sergeants Monroe Key and James S. Kitterman; Corporals Daniel Harrison, Ezekiel Hadlock and Asa Watts. Privates: Emery Burnett and Albert Shreves.

COMPANY D.

WOUNDED—Sergeant Charles C. Montgomery. Privates: Adam C. J. Myers and Matthew Swan.

COMPANY E.

WOUNDED—First Lieutenant George W. Hill, Sergeant A. Mouser, Corporal J. W. Holder. Privates: A. O. Adams, F. M. Boyles, J. C. Corn and Newton Cavender.

COMPANY F.

KILLED—Orderly Sergeant Robert A. Redman.

WOUNDED—Corporal Alfred H. Medcalf. Privates: Edwin B. Hanes, James O. Jones, Martin Small and Otto Wielhelmas.

COMPANY G.

KILLED—Private Irwin Lowe.

WOUNDED—Sergeant Henry Beck, Corporal James Elder. Privates: Perry Amos and William R. Fowler.

COMPANY H.

WOUNDED—Captain Green C. McDonald, First Lieutenant Zachariah Jones, Orderly Sergeant Peter Honey, Corporal George A. Vierling. Privates: Wm. R. Engler, James H. Saulter, James A. Smith, Thomas Moore and Joseph Fregans.

COMPANY I.

WOUNDED—Privates: Wm. H. Doades, Daniel P. Hawkins, Alvin S. Pride, Thos. J. Kinnman, John Nelson, James Jones, Henry C. Wyatt and Josiah Wiley.

COMPANY K.

KILLED—First Sergeant Henry C. Howard.

WOUNDED—Privates: Council B. Wilder, Wm. Smith and John Corr.

RECAPITULATION.

Killed	5
Wounded	61

CHAPTER XVII.

KNOXVILLE CAMPAIGN—AN UNPROFITIOUS BEGINNING OF A TOUR INTO EAST TENNESSEE—CONDITION OF THE TOURISTS — INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH — SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE RAISED — LONGSTREET STILL HOVERS ABOUT—MARCHING WITHOUT SENSE — A FOOLISH PANIC—MORE FOOLISHNESS—SUFFERING FROM COLD AND HUNGER—THE VETERAN QUESTION—RE-ENLISTMENT AS A REGIMENT—RETURN TO CHATTANOOGA.

ABOUT noon, Saturday, November 28, orders came to “fall in,” and our contemplated march towards Knoxville was begun. We wait until the first Brigade of our Division, under the command of Colonel Sherman, of the 88th Illinois, passes. The Regiments look small, but as there are twice the number in a Brigade as formerly they present a strong force, as a whole. We started on after the first Brigade. We did not take along much baggage, in fact did not have much to take. Very few of the officers or men had a change of clothing. One of the most necessary things—the shelter tent—was left behind, which was a great mistake. We have a man in the state prison at Nashville because he refused to take his shelter tent on picket. Now a whole Division is started for Knoxville, more than a hundred miles, in mid-winter, without their tents. These tents will not weigh more than a pound or two, and yet they are a great protection from rain and cold. Is it not strange that our commanders are so thoughtless?

We marched very slowly, as there were obstructions in the way. We did not cross Missionary Ridge, but kept near the river. Our Division (Sheridan's) was followed by that of General Wood.

Just after dark we passed through a wide swamp, where the boys had to wade through mud and water. It was an unpleasant introduction to a long winter campaign, but the boys plunged in, and, with loud cheers and shouts, seemed disposed to make the best of it. We camped for the night just beyond this swamp, having marched seven miles to-day.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29.—We had to hurry our breakfast this morning, in order to take our place near the head of the column. We came to the banks of the Chickamauga, where we found the remains of General Sherman's camps, and the rifle pits constructed by him.

There was a pontoon over Chickamauga, laid during the recent operations, for the purpose of sending our cavalry to the enemy's rear. It was protected by an earthwork for riflemen on the Chattanooga side. The banks of this creek were very steep at this point. The ground was almost a quick sand. The little feet of the mules sank deep in the mire. It was almost impossible to get the wagons across. General Wagner stood swearing on the thither shore. He called Heaven's severest penalties on mules, drivers and wagons. His language was enough to "make the cheek of darkness pale." It is shameful to have such an example set before the soldiers.

We soon debouched into the open country. The roads improved. The column moved briskly forward. About twelve m. we passed through the village of Harrison. It never had been much of a town; even in its palmiest days. The houses were poorly planned, and worse constructed. Now, desolation was everywhere apparent. Here and there "cheap cash store," or some other trite sign was lettered on empty houses. At one corner stood a defunct inn, labeled, "The Alhambra;" as empty, but not as romantic, as the original. A few woebegone specimens of humanity hung about the fences, or peered through the doors. Such is Harrison, the county seat of Hamilton county.

We went but a short distance beyond Harrison, as the bridge over Bear Creek was destroyed. It was torn up by

our retreating cavalry, when they returned from their expedition, spoken of above. Men were detailed to repair this bridge.

After traveling eleven miles we went into camp, not far from the Tennessee, where the wind from the river had full sweep. We hastily collected rails and leaves. Lieutenant Mason, with his Company, was detailed for picket. As I am messing with him, I concluded to go on picket also. We passed over a hill into a pleasant valley. We rested well on a bed of leaves. We were called in next morning before day.

Early in the afternoon of Monday we approached the Hiawassee River, and camped for an hour in the woods. Near dark we went down to the river bank. Here we found the steamer *Paint Rock*, which had come up loaded with rations and towing barges for transporting troops over the Hiawassee. The 58th was soon passed over. I left my horse in charge of Sergeant C. C. Montgomery and went over with the Regiment. We stopped amongst the weeds, rails being scarce.

Rations were issued to the Regiments at night, as it was expected that we would march early in the morning. General Granger had informed the troops that we were to go on a forced march to relieve General Burnside, now besieged at Knoxville. I went to draw rations for my mess. I had to wait until the troops were all supplied. Then I could not get near for the crowd of officers and negroes. The weather was intensely cold. Few nights of more intense suffering have fallen to my lot. It was one a. m. when I succeeded in getting my rations. If I could have spent the remainder of the night pleasantly I might have almost forgotten the early part of the night. But the longest and coolest nights have an end. Morning was exceedingly welcome.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1.—It was noon before all our transportation was over and we were permitted to resume our march. We passed through Georgetown. There was more signs of life here than at Harrison. Here and there a flag

was hung out—a genuine star spangled banner. Some of the people seemed glad to see us. One small boy declared that we looked like “meeting folks.” Our men were very uncouth, but were nice and genteel, as compared with the rebels, whose lank and ragged forms had frequented these parts of late.

We marched thirteen miles and it was after dark long before the march was completed. At last we turned into a dark woods. Soon a thousand fires illuminated the scene, and we were made warm and comfortable.

We camped Wednesday evening, after a twenty-five mile march, on a rich farm. It was old Tom Prigmore’s. The boys went in heavy on straw, hay, oats, rails, chickens, et id omne genus. Alas! for old Tom Prigmore.

We came to the railroad next day. Here we began to see signs of war. Fences were laid down, or entirely destroyed. We soon came to a village called Philadelphia. In the center was a fine spring, bubbling up amongst the rocks. The people seemed poor. Desolation reigned supreme. A few weeks since, Colonel Woolford had been surprised here by some of Longstreet’s forces. The result was of course disastrous to our arms.

We supposed up to this time that we were to go to Loudon. But we left it and turned towards Morgantown. After marching twenty miles we camped on the farm of William Fowler. Near us, on the right, was Sherman’s army. Thus far I had been disappointed in East Tennessee. It was better than I anticipated. Instead of small valleys, as I had anticipated, it was one great valley. The soil is generally good. Springs of fine water and mill seats abound. I never saw such a country for water power in my life.

We remained in camp Friday, December 4th. The rations drawn at the Hiawassee river were out, and, as we could get no more supplies by the regular channel, it became necessary to obtain them from the country. So the mills in the neighborhood were started.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5.—We left camp at seven a. m. We marched to the Little Tennessee, at a point opposite Morgantown. We took a very circuitous route to reach this river. Cause, unknown. The Little Tennessee is a magnificent stream; clear, swift and fordable, for horses. A trestle bridge had been made over the stream. Over this, the army was passed, except the horses, which waded. After crossing the river, we struck out through a range of hills. A few poor people lived here.



MONROE KEY, LIEUTENANT CO. C.*

We came to the most magnificent pine forest I ever saw. It was grand beyond description. The Heaven above is completely shut out. The road runs like an aisle of some grand cathedral, and the columns a long train of worshipers. Sounds echo as in a cavern. From this we debouched into an open country. We came to a broad dirt road, leading to Maryville. On this highway twilight came upon us. Just at this hour we moved into a wood on the left of the road. A large barn furnished an abundance of hay and straw. We were soon prepared to rest well at night. But rations were entirely wanting.

* Was mustered in at Camp Gibson as Sergeant of Company C; was promoted to 2d Lieutenant of that Company, October 1, 1864, and was with the Regiment until its muster out. Since leaving the army, Lieutenant Key has made his home in Gibson county. He was elected Sheriff of the county in 1888, and re-elected in 1890, serving four years altogether. He then retired to his farm near Patoka, where he now resides.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6.—We early resumed the march. We passed through Maryville; a nice town, before war's accursed touch blighted it. To the right lay Sherman's army. We camped about two miles in advance.

We here learned that Longstreet had raised the siege of Knoxville. It was said by General Wagner that the campaign was ended. It was generally believed that we would now return to our camps at Chattanooga.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7.—We received orders to go on to Knoxville. This was very acceptable to me as I had a strong desire to see the capital of East Tennessee. We soon came to Little River. I went up to a ford above Knoxville, while the footmen crossed below the town. The road continued to grow worse. Mud holes were very frequent. The country increased in roughness as we approached Knoxville. Thus far on the way from Chattanooga the land had more than met my highest expectations. Now I was disappointed, as I had always heard that the country about Knoxville was almost a second Eden. I found it a barren waste. Night overtook us amid the rugged hills, damp valleys, and innumerable mud holes. Weariness, such as sinks into the utmost soul, came upon us all. Delusive fires awakened false hopes of camp. Knoxville is left to the sinister. Still the march continues. "Hope deferred makes the heart sick." At last we come to the "desired haven." The 26th Ohio have nothing but officers. The remaining Regiments were very slim. We had marched twenty miles.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8.—Lieutenant-Colonel Moore received orders to take his Regiment to McNutt's Mill, on Boyd's Creek, and run that and any other mills in the neighborhood. We marched at seven a. m. We found the country rough. But after eight or ten miles journey we came to the valley of the French Broad. Before us rose the mountains, some miles away, but the fertile valley spread out at our very feet. In this country our men had been permitted to forage, even during the siege of Knoxville. The country was not entirely exhausted.

On the way up we met a forage train flying in great speed for Knoxville. In one place they left all of one wagon save the tongue, and in another might be seen the bed and hind wheels. They were sadly demoralized by a report of the capturing of two companies of Home Guards at Sevierville, this morning.

We learned that McNutt's Mill was a very poor affair. Hence it was determined to go to Brabson's Mill, on the French Broad.

We passed a number of Home Guards, with their guns and forty rounds. Almost everybody seems to be for the Union.

It was dark when we camped on the hill overlooking the mill and river. A large quantity of flour was found in the sacks, and one Chambers' meat house yielded the shortening. So the 58th Indiana had plenty for once.

Our wagons were sent out for corn and wheat, except two, which were loaded with flour and dispatched to the troops. Brabson's Mill was started. Great plenty was found in the country. We had pork, meal, flour, sorgo, chickens, green apples, etc. All this was very acceptable to hungry men. As I was exceedingly tired I gave myself up to rest.

The Regiment meets with great success in collecting rations for the troops. Company A was sent to run McNutt's Mill. It is said to be owned by a good Union woman, whose husband was a rebel. Nearly all the people here are for the Union. Most of the men are armed with government muskets. It was suggested that we have public services on Sabbath morning, and that the citizens be invited to attend. The announcement was accordingly made, but our anticipations are all blasted by the arrival of a courier, ordering the Regiment to rejoin the Brigade at Kingston. We are to march in the morning.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11.—We took a late start, everybody carrying all the rations possible. It seemed impossible for either men or officers to be satisfied. Every one acted as if rations were never to be drawn again, and life to end with

the present supply. Mr. Chamber's ox-wagon was pressed in to help transport our goods.

We marched slowly, and camped, after dark, about four miles from Knoxville. We stopped in a poor place, too rough for comfortable sleeping, and destitute of water.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12.—We met the 1st Brigade of our Division coming out to relieve us. From them we learned that the orders for our Corps to go to Chattanooga were countermanded. This was one of the first acts of General Foster in taking command.

In the afternoon, our Brigade crossed the Holston on the pontoons and marched through Knoxville. There were great crowds of men, women and children—especially the two latter classes. Negroes, especially little negroes, abounded. The Brigade made a good appearance, considering their rags and dirt. The boys are genuine "bare-footed democracy" now.

Knoxville is situated, like old Rome, on hills. Like Jerusalem, there are mountains 'round about her. Away to the south might be seen the ranges of North Carolina and Georgia. To the northeast there are several peaks, which I suppose to be the Clinch mountains. Knoxville, for many years, has been the center of fashion and intelligence for East Tennessee. The houses never were as stylish as those in more northern climes, but were large and substantial. This must have been a fine little city in days gone by. But war has made its desolating marks. When our men first came to this city they were exceedingly desirous to protect and preserve the city. But when besieged by Longstreet, many fine houses had to be torn down to make way for the defensive works, or to get them out of the range of our guns, or to prevent them from being a protection to the enemy's sharpshooters. Fences were destroyed, and the fine country laid waste for miles. This last was done by the enemy.

We marched out of the city between the East Tennessee University and Fort Sanders. The former stood on a hill

on the left, and consisted of five buildings, built after the ideas of some old countrymen. The central building is of the same order as the old-style court houses of Tennessee, Kentucky and Indiana. It is square, and has a nameless thing, intended for a cupola, on top. The other buildings were of a later date, and on slightly improved models. So much for peace and learning.

Over the way stood Fort Sanders, unfinished, but with a history already written in blood. I did not have time to visit it to-day.

As we passed our lines of entrenchments, there were evidences of the late conflict. Our men had *lived*, and some of them *died*, in the trenches. They had fires to protect them from the intensely cold weather. There were some ingeniously contrived flues in the sides of the ditches. Wires were stretched in front of the works. A number of houses were fixed up as forts for riflemen. We found the advance works of the enemy within ours, showing that they had driven our men.

We stopped amid the filth of an old rebel camp. The weather was raw, and rain was threatening. Some old houses were torn down to make shelters for the men. At night the rain fell, but most of the men were protected. There is much dissatisfaction amongst the men because we are detained in this department.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13.—This is a raw, rainy day. Many went over to see Fort Sanders. I designed having church in the morning, but all things were adverse. So I went, in company with several officers, to see Fort Sanders. We first went into the woods and fields where the enemy massed and formed their forces for the deadly charge. How many a brave man's heart was filled with sad misgivings, on that fatal night, as he took his place in the line! How many fond memories crowded upon the throbbing brain! Home, and all its loved scenes and inmates, come before the mind as Heaven's richest blessings, perhaps never more to be enjoyed.

With many, these painful fears were realized. For here on the hillside are the graves of many of these poor fellows. Their bodies are scarcely hid. Indeed, here is one man with his big toe sticking out of the grave! The profane and thoughtless deliver themselves of many jokes at his expense—"jokes," as they suppose, but blasphemies in truth. "At his expense," as they imagine, but really at their own. Judas thought thirty pieces of silver the price of Jesus. It was the price of his own soul.

But, to return, here is another with his face exposed! The rebels seem to care little about burying their dead, and nothing about their enemies. Farther up towards the fort are seen remnants of clothing, old hats and pools of blood. In the ditch itself these indications of the deadly strife are numerous. We went into the fort. Here we learned some items of the deadly conflict. These belong to history.

At two p. m. we had meeting at the quarters of Companies A and F. The attendance was very poor. I preached about Satan, and gave him no good name.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14.—The weather is becoming raw and wintry. We are tentless, and poorly clad. Some of the men are barefooted. Some have no blankets. But few have overcoats. Some are in their shirt sleeves. There is not, in all probability, a sound pair of socks in the Regiment. The men clamor for Chattanooga.

General Wagner has obtained permission to quarter his Brigade in the East Tennessee University, in Knoxville. He told Colonel Moore that on yesterday, he walked the floor, chewed tobacco, and swore all day, on account of the condition of his men. Well, we marched in to occupy our *winter quarters*—as we supposed. The buildings were very much crowded. A part of the 40th Indiana occupied the third story of the eastern wing, and the 58th were to have the remainder of the building. But many of the rooms are occupied by the sick and hospital attendants. These can not be moved at once. Hence, many of the men can not be quartered in the house to-night. The soldiers clamor for

“the woods, the woods.” So long have we lived in the forests that the men are almost wild. As for the field and staff, they are to stop in a private house. Colonel Neff, of the 40th, and Colonel Moore, of the 58th, had succeeded in thrusting themselves into a house. The owner thereof is a good Union man—so he says. But he is kind enough to take his carpet off the floor, carry away the mattress from the bed, remove the table and chairs, and furnish no wood. To-night I will have the pleasure of sleeping on his dirty floor. This is better than I am accustomed to. But, somehow, I have contracted a kind of contempt for this kind of a “Union” man, from which I fear I will never recover. He says he attended the East Tennessee University six years. But I am certain of one thing—he has not learned the first and simplest lessons of good manners.

About noon, Tuesday, December 15, rumors began to thicken of marching. I believe them, for it is in exact keeping with our destiny. The 58th Indiana are certainly “pilgrims and strangers here below.” Soon the orders came. Hurried, but incomplete preparations were made. All sorts of orders were given and countermanded. Things generally were mixed. Many men were left because they were sick, or shoeless. Finally, near night, we were put on board of the cars. I sent my horse in care of a servant by the dirt road. I took my place in a crowded car. The locomotive could scarcely move the train. About eight p. m. we were put off, opposite Strawberry Plains, about seventeen miles from Knoxville. On one side of the track we found rails. We made a fire and soon had supper. As the night was cold and bedding scarce, we removed the fire and laid down on the hot earth. It is an excellent plan. Try it some night when you are destitute of sufficient bedding.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16.—We did not march early, but we marched. Instead of crossing the river, as I thought we would, we went up the river. I went trudging along, with my two woolen, and one gum, blankets. It is a hard

thing to soldier on foot. The boys seemed to enjoy my walk more than I did. They laughed heartily to see me sweat and hear me blow. But, for my own part, I did not see the joke. We soon overtook our train, which had come through during the night, and I mounted my horse gladly.

We did not advance farther than the bridge on the Knoxville road, when we met a wagon train on the way back to Knoxville. As we passed along this train I noticed an unusual number of men. I soon became convinced that they were stragglers. Somebody was evidently scared in front. Rumors of fighting began to prevail. Longstreet had been heavily reinforced. He was advancing and driving our men. So the stragglers said. We went about four or five miles from the Plains and went into camp. The stream of wagons, stragglers and natives continued to flow by us all day. There must have been two thousand of these miserable skulkers, chiefly cavalry. It did our boys great good to tantalize them.

“Hurry up, hurry up!” our men would say, “we will try and hold them back until you get to a safe place.” “Give way and let the cavalry pass to the rear.”

When the facts all came to light, it turned out that there had been a cavalry fight at Bean’s Station, and our men had run off, leaving a train of coffee, sugar and great coats in rebel hands.

The Regiment remained in this vicinity for several weeks, during which time there was a monotonous scarcity of rations and wearing apparel. But we varied the monotony of this daily lack by an almost daily moving of our camping place. This kept the boys busy fixing up and tearing down their rude huts, and served to make them forget their other troubles. It also served to show a lack of decision and good judgment on the part of our commanders.

Christmas day was spent in camp, about five miles above Strawberry Point, on the banks of the Holston river; we had just moved here the day before,

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26.—The 26th Ohio has re-enlisted as veterans, and Lieutenant-Colonel Young has gone to Chattanooga to complete the arrangements. A few evenings since, General Wagner called the Regiments into line and explained to them the veteran question. There are quite a number of men in the 58th who are anxious to re-enlist. In my opinion this veteran movement is all wrong. I think it would be better for the Government to enforce the draft and bring new men into the service. Let the Government save its big bounties.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31.—Another year has passed away; 1863 is gone. This, to me, has been one of the most eventful years of my life. It opened on the dead and wounded of the first day's fight at Stone River. Next day was Friday's deadly fight. At Murfreesboro we had comparative quiet and good times generally. Chickamauga and Mission Ridge are great events in 1863. My health has been good all year. For this I am very thankful, as I was sick much of last year. God has wonderfully blessed me in every respect. Thanks to the Great Giver of every good and perfect blessing.

Dr. Samuel E. Holtzman, Assistant Surgeon of the 58th, reached the Regiment Friday, the 8th. He was captured at the Wood's Division Hospital, near Crawfish Springs, on September 20th, 1863. He remained there thirteen days, in charge of our wounded. In company with the other Surgeons he was sent to Ringgold and put on the cars. He was taken to Richmond and put in the famous Libby prison, where he remained until November 24th. With the other Surgeons he was released and sent North. He visited Washington, New York, and various other cities of minor importance. He returned with less flesh than when he went away.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13.—Three men, who were wounded at Chickamauga, came up to-day. They are George Gasaway, of D; Hembree, of E, and Rock, of G. They came with a supply train from Chattanooga.

The following men were mustered in to-day as veterans, for three years, from January 1, 1864:

Company B—J. N. Endicott, W. A. Duncan, Nathan Bigham.

Company C—Lewis Field.

Company D—Larkin Montgomery, James M. Cunningham, Albert Brewster, Adolphus A. Floor.

Company H—John W. Vierling.

Company I—Robert Lemmon.

Company K—Wm. H. Young.

This is one-third of the unconditional veterans of the 58th. The remainder are to go home in two future installments. These are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to go home at a moment's warning. This is the first time I ever heard that order given in the army.

Lieutenants Samuel Sterne and Wood Tousey have been commissioned Captains. Both will make splendid officers. Captain W. A. Downey, recently acting as assistant surgeon, now on his way from Libby Prison, having been captured with the hospital at Chickamauga, has been recommended for Major of the Regiment, *vice* Moore, promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14—This forenoon the long expected train came up, twenty-two days from Chattanooga. One wagon came for the 58th, containing a few knapsacks and shelter tents for the men, bedding for officers, and a miserable lot of old trash for Regimental headquarters. Just as the train was coming in orders came to prepare the command to move over the river. The wagons forded the stream. All the Regiments were transported over in two little flats. Our Regiment did not go. About sixty men came up for the 58th from Chattanooga.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15.—The Veterans, spoken of day before yesterday, started for home this morning.

We moved at daylight. The morning was chilly and damp. We passed over the Holston and camped on the other bank. After remaining there until about noon we marched through the hills over a glassy road. We crossed the railroad about four miles from Strawberry Plains. A

short distance from here we went into camp in a woods to the right of the main road. Dr. Holtzman and myself put up a tent, which had been assigned to us. So I slept under a wall tent for the first time since we left Hillsboro, in August.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16.—We marched early, towards Berry's Mountain. The roads were very slick. The horses were so poor and foot sore that they could scarcely stand. We crossed Berry's Mountain, about five miles to the right of Mossy Creek Station. This mountain is about as high as Missionary Ridge. The road is good and free from rocks. From the top the mountains of North Carolina could be seen, rising in grandeur before us. The descent was very gradual. Just at dark we entered Dandridge, twenty miles from Strawberry Plains. As we drew near we heard the sound of fighting before us. Harker's Brigade had gone into camp and then went to the front. We remained on a hillside during the night. Things looked like a battle. There is a great deficiency in ammunition and rations. We are in a miserable condition for fighting. And if we were to fight there must be immense suffering amongst the wounded. We have but few surgeons, and they are utterly destitute of supplies.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17.—This morning opened warm and pleasant. I took a walk through the town. In better days this must have been one of the pleasantest nooks in all nature. Few streams are more lovely than the French Broad. It is clear and pure. The current is fast. Northeast of the town, about ten miles, rises the mountains of North Carolina. They rise before the beholder like an enchanted view. The hills and valleys about Dandridge are fine. I noticed a few good churches and school houses.

Returning from a visit to the 2d Indiana Cavalry, I met one Regiment of cavalry going out. There was increased firing all along the line. My Brigade was falling in as I reached camp. They were formed on an adjacent hill. The firing increased to a roar all around the lines. There

was great confusion amongst the troops. They were moving here and there. Evidently there was a sad need of a *General*. One of our wagons had been placed in the Holston for a bridge. The other could not hold the baggage. We moved off, leaving the baggage to come up under charge of thirty men, detailed, and fifty stragglers. We thought that we were going over the French Broad to take a position still farther to the right. But we went out on the same road we had come in on. We went silently, wonderingly along. Sad surmises and idle rumors were told in whispers, but complaints were loud and often sworn out.

It was a long and weary tramp over the hills and mountains. Night was made for rest, for sleep, and ill betides the man who uses it for other purposes. It is very wearisome to march at night. Instead of stopping when we had crossed Berry's Mountain, we kept on until we were within three miles of Strawberry Plains. Here, we stopped, just at the dawn of day, in an old corn field.

Next day we crossed the Holston at the Plains, on the railroad bridge, which had been finely planked. We went out a mile and stopped in the woods for dinner—it proved for a longer time. Towards night the wagons came up. Some of the tents had been thrown out.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 19.—We remained all day in camp. Rumors came thick and fast of Hardee moving on our line of communications, of Longstreet crossing the French Broad, of our retreating to Knoxville, cannon went down on the cars. The sick were sent off. Rails were hauled and piled on the bridge.

Bob Skelton came in this evening. He was detailed on Sunday, during the fighting, to go beyond the French Broad and run a mill. Two men went with him. He crossed over two branches of the stream, and was overtaken by night on an island. Here he learned that the mill was in the possession of the rebels. Harker and his bridge was gone. A negro took them back over the river. Here they were informed that the Yankees were gone. He was

warned by a negro woman to fly. He heard the clanking of rebel swords. A path too narrow for horsemen had been pointed out along the banks of the French Broad. This was followed until within six miles of Strawberry Plains. They then came across the country.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20.—About the middle of the afternoon, as I lay asleep, I was aroused by the blowing of the assembly in an adjoining Regiment. We were soon on the way, taking the railroad track, towards Knoxville. I was a little exercised by the absence of my horse, which had been sent out foraging, but I was more exercised by the retreat. I was satisfied that to the front might be found victory, honor, safety and abundance.

We went to the twelfth mile post from Knoxville, and then turned off to the right. We unexpectedly stopped. It seemed a fine position for a battle as far as I could see. I was in hope it meant fight, but it didn't. We were not hunting a fight, it seems.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21.—Reveille at 4:30 a. m. Marched at six a. m. Troops took the railroad, and trains the dirt road, to Knoxville. I arrived there in advance of the column. We passed through the city, crossed the river on the pontoon, and stopped near our old camp, two miles on the Sevierville road. Rumor says we go there to-morrow. "Rumor" tells many tales. We hear but little that is reliable, hence "rumors" abound. It is said that there has been fighting to-day at Maryville! It is said that Richmond is taken! There is no end to the thousand idle tales that float through the camps. And no tale is without its believers. I believe that if I were to declare myself commissioned from Heaven to declare a new Gospel there would be some believers.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22.—It had been so long since we had been permitted to send out any mail, that I determined to take the letters to Knoxville this morning, though we march. All was in readiness to march when the orders were countermanded. I determined to go to the city, anyhow. I

accordingly armed myself with a pass from Brigade headquarters, and rode towards the pontoon. The road was very bad. I arrived in town before sunrise. The business houses were not yet opened. Went to a blacksmith shop and engaged the shoeing of my horse at \$3.00—such is an index of Knoxville prices! I then called at the office of the U. S. Christian Commission. There were two men in the rear room. One, with red hair and few words, wore a gown. The other, who did the talking, had the dress and appearance of one of those itinerant good people, who fill the agencies of our various benevolent enterprises. The stock

of reading matter consisted of about one thousand Testaments, a few papers, and some tracts. I took a few for my Regiment.

On Jay street the crowd began to gather. The old places of business were occupied by a set of Jews and other miserable swindlers from the North. I purchased one pair of suspenders for \$1.50, and two knives and two forks



ISAIAH S. HAY.*

for the same money. There was a far greater abundance than when we passed through here going to the front. But prices were just as ruinous to the buyers. No man can trade on that street without falling amongst thieves. I remained but a short time, and made no further purchases than those named above.

* Was mustered in with the Regiment, and was with it in all its marches and battles until Missionary Ridge, at which place he was severely wounded and was not able for further active service. Returning home after his term of enlistment, he entered the ministry in the General Baptist denomination, in which he holds a prominent and influential place. He has served three terms, successively, in the State Legislature, representing Warrick county, where he still resides.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23.—Orders came early this morning to march at eight. We again crossed the Knoxville pontoon. Two Regiments of Wood's Division went down the left bank of the Holston, while Hazen's Brigade and our Division were to go down the right. It afforded us all great delight, as we filed to the left in Knoxville, and turned towards our own glorious Army of the Cumberland, and away from the Army of the Ohio. And now why was this?

1. Foster's army is without a glorious history, such as Mill Spring, Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, etc., have made for our own army.

2. It is insignificant in numbers.

3. The material is very poor. The cavalry are cowardly, and worth but little.

4. The organization of the Army of the Ohio is very lame. The 9th Corps is about as large as our Brigade.

5. They have been stealing our supplies as they passed Knoxville.

6. They are poorly officered. Generals, especially, are wanting.

We were all glad, from General Granger to Sambo. We felt like men going home.

Though Longstreet was threatening Knoxville in the front, I noticed no disposition to occupy the works on our part. Fort Sanders was being completed, but the work went leisurely on. The Yankees were laying the foundation of a new and substantial bridge over the Holston. I hope many may come into these parts from the North, and that the farmers may be encouraged to cultivate their fields during the coming season. The land is too lovely to long remain desolate.

In our march, we got on the wrong road. A by-path led us to Hascal's Mills, ten miles from Knoxville. We camped on a fine stream, long before night. It would have been a pleasant place if there had not been camping here before. It is always more pleasant to stop in a new, clean place.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24.—Reveille at 4:30 a. m. Marched at six. Harker's Brigade was in advance and Sherman's in the rear. The latter took the Kingston road, while the remainder of the Division continued on towards Loudon. We camped at the twenty-first mile post from Knoxville, eighty-ninth from Dalton, Georgia. Weather changing. The spring birds are singing. I never saw such pleasant weather in January. We camped long before night.

MONDAY, JANUARY 25.—We marched at day break, and reached Loudon early in the forenoon. We camped above and opposite the town, near Mr. Blair's. We did not go into winter quarters, for we were informed that we were to cross the river. Harker's Brigade is crossing.

Great numbers of the people of this part of Tennessee are going to the free States. They will make good citizens. The counter-current of population will set in from the North. Thrifty farmers and ingenious mechanics will pour into these parts, and the land will be glad for their coming. Tennessee is a great State, and a glorious destiny awaits it.

This is, without mistake, a spring day. It is such weather as we have in Indiana in the month of May. A farmer is plowing near camp.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26.—All orders in reference to crossing the river were countermanded, and again our Generals are purposeless. Time has proven the consummate folly of our retreat from Dandridge. Longstreet never left his winter quarters on the railroad above there. Whether, then, our retreat was caused by fright, or a desire to "draw out" the enemy, it was a failure. I am very certain that it did not pay to throw away tents, tarpaulins and baggage; destroy rations and forage; boots, shoes and saddles; burn pork and caissons; march the men almost to death and get some captured; tear up the fine bridge over the Holston at the Plains; permit the capture of four hundred beef cattle and a small wagon train; fill the land with panic; shake the confidence of the community in our ability to hold East

Tennessee; yield to the enemy the most fertile portion of this valley filled with rations and forage; and above all incur the disgrace of running when there is none to pursue. I want no more of this Potomac strategy.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28.—In company with Dr. Holtzman, I visited Loudon. We crossed in an old craft, which was by no means safe. The town never was a fine village. Now it is almost in ruins. But few of the inhabitants remain. Generals Granger and Sheridan have their headquarters here. We went up on a high hill north of town. Loudon, like all the towns in East Tennessee, is in a hollow. There are many fine hills about the place, making it a good military position.

In the afternoon the Brigade changed camp. We went about half a mile farther up the river. The men began immediately to erect winter quarters.

The following veterans started home this evening:

Company D—William Davis.

Company I—John Muhr, John Noe, Samuel E. Blair, Isaiah Dearing, Hugh Shaw.

Company C—Henry C. Hill, Jonas Robinson, Ezekiel S. Hadlock, Abraham Cole, Charles K. Fullerton, William H. Hickrod, James T. McReynolds, Albert Shrieves, John Simpson.

Company H—James A. Smith, George A. Vierling.

Company F—James O. Jones.

Company K—James B. Gray, Thomas W. Griffith.

Company G—William F. Thomas, John B. Mitchell, Henderson Shoaff.

Company B—Robert Lucas, Simon F. Utley.

This makes thirty-six, in all, who have gone. The 57th Indiana went as a Regiment.

Having had all night to study over a proposition sent by Colonel Buell, on the authority of General Thomas, the 58th was called into line at nine o'clock, Friday morning, January 29, to decide whether they would re-enlist as a Regiment in the veteran service. The proposition was that the Regiment should be mustered as engineers and mechanics. Major Downey made a speech to the Regiment, explaining the proposition, after which a vote was taken. At first a dozen was lacking to complete the required number—three-

fourths—to take the Regiment as an organization. But soon they came in, and it is announced that the 58th Indiana would re-enlist. There was much excitement and hilarity over this event.

Late in the afternoon orders came for our Regiment to go over the river, draw rations and prepare to march to Chattanooga in the morning.

Well, we got started on our return to Chattanooga about the middle of the forenoon, January 30. We were accompanied by the 51st Indiana, of our Brigade, who have also re-enlisted. The 40th Indiana and 15th Indiana are to come on later. It was raining when we started, but the boys were turning homeward and did not mind the rain.

Passing through Philadelphia, we turned up Sweetwater Valley, then on through Athens, camping the second day near Riceville. The men were very tired when they arrived here, as they had made a Sabbath day's march of twenty miles. Monday night we came to a point in the vicinity of Cleveland and rested for the night. Another day's march brought us near the scene of our old battles. On Wednesday, February 3d, we reached the top of Missionary Ridge, and Chattanooga Valley was opened out before us. It was a grand sight. There was old Lookout Mountain, Walden's Ridge forming the background, with Orchard Knob, Fort Wood, Fort Palmer, and many other familiar objects in the foreground of the magnificent picture. And here we are in our old quarters, which we left last November to go on a terrible cold winter's campaign. Here we found the veterans of our Regiment who had preceded us on their way homeward. Here, also, we found some of our comrades who had been in hospitals, on account of wounds received at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. So we had a kind of Regimental reunion, and it was a very pleasant experience, after so many months of separation and hardship.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHATTANOOGA AND VICINITY—WONDENFUL CHANGES THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE AND ARE IN PROGRESS—A STRONG MILITARY POST—PREPARATIONS FOR ANOTHER CAMPAIGN—NATIONAL CEMETERY—A VISIT TO LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN—RELICS OF THE RECENT BATTLE—THE RE-ENLISTMENT QUESTION SETTLED—THE REGIMENT FINALLY GETS STARTED HOMEWARD—INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY.

WHILE the Regiment is waiting here I will improve the time by making some visits about Chattanooga, and taking note of such things as seem to be of interest, noting especially, the changes that have taken place since our army came into complete possession of the place, and since our hurried departure for Knoxville three months ago.

One of the first places visited, very naturally, was the post-office. Here I marked a decided change for the better. Stamps are sold, and, I believe, letters are mailed. The mail comes and goes every day.

Going down to the wharf, I observed that it was not so crowded as during the siege. The artery to the heart of Chattanooga does not run across the river as formerly. No long lines of sluggish mule teams are seen wending their way over the pontoon. The brisk locomotive sweeps around the face of old Lookout, bearing all that the army needs. But other scenes no less important are enacted at the wharf. A little steamer was upon the ways. Thus Uncle Sam is introducing industry and commerce into these parts. But look! What are those pens of wood being constructed in the

river for? They are the piers for a bridge. Chattanooga, in all her years of peace and prosperity, never could boast of this. Thanks to the Yankees; they are doing some good in this country; even the vile rebels must admit that.

Passing to the other end of Main street we come to the railroad station. Here is an express office, doing an immense business, greatly to the accommodation of the armies and their own profit. The freight depot is full of rations. The magnificent passenger depot, unsurpassed by any I have seen in the United States, and whose tin roof had been torn off by the rebels to make canteens, is now being filled. Other houses in the neighborhood are also being filled. Great preparations are making for the coming campaign. Extensive sheds for horses were pointed out, and I saw a large lot of mules.

In the church yard, near the depot, the dead soldiers were being removed to the new cemetery near Fort Palmer. The stench created was very offensive. Having no desire for such sights, I did not draw near. It is very praiseworthy in the authorities, that they are collecting the remains of our worthy dead, and giving them honorable graves.

Thus far, I had never seen a colored soldier. This afternoon my eyes were gratified by the sight of four companies of the 14th United States Colored Infantry. They are new troops. They are fast becoming proficient in drill and I am convinced they will make good soldiers. They will be more willing to submit to discipline than white men. They will take a great pride in military matters. Having been accustomed to scant food and clothing and severe field toils, they can better "endure hardness, as become good soldiers," than many young men of my own race, who have been reared in luxury. As for courage it is a mere thing of culture. We are all natural cowards. We must learn to be brave. The negro can learn as well as any one, this lesson. The fields on which his valor has been tried, during this war, are proof sufficient of his bravery. There are other fields where his heroism is yet to be seen, and where the persecut-

ing and dominant race will be convinced that he is worthy of freedom. Worthy of freedom—aye, possibly, men may begin to inquire in that day. Are not these colored soldiers better qualified for citizenship, than those trifling white men who have opposed the war and embarrassed the Government? Are not these colored men more entitled to vote under a constitution, and in a Union which their valor sustained, than the secret or open traitors with white skins? Let me write it down here, to-day, that the time will soon be here, when all men will be equal in rights, without distinction of color. Men may say what they please, but “the world moves,” as said Gallileo of old.

The fortifications have been changed in many respects, to suit, as I suppose, the idea of some new engineer. The shovel is still busy, and scarp and counter-scarp, and parapet, and all these things, are slowly approaching perfection. These Yankee rats must intend to remain here, from the way they burrow into the earth.

The Christian Commission should have been named immediately after the post office. A little meeting was in progress when we called. I was called on and spoke a few words. After meeting I had a few moments of pleasant conversation. The shelves were well filled with good reading matter. Long may the Christian Commission flourish.

This being Sunday I attended the 10:30 services at the Baptist Church. Chaplain Van Horne preached. He is tall and slender, has a black beard, intermingled with a little gray. He shaves his upper lip. He dresses very neatly in plain Chaplain's uniform, which is far more appropriate for a clergyman than blue and brass. He wears a pleasant smile while speaking. His sermon was very good. At two p. m. I preached to a small congregation in the open air. I then attended the three o'clock services at the church. Chaplain Ross, of the 13th Ohio, led the services. He is a plain and solid man. He belongs to the United Presbyterian Church. In the beginning he gave out a Psalm for the congregation to sing. In view of the veterans going

home he announced as his text, "Go Home to thy Friends and Tell Them how Great Things the Lord hath Done for thee." Mark v:19.

Amongst the spots which will be visited by pilgrims at Chattanooga, with deep emotion, the National Cemetery will be first sought. I remember well the hill when occupied by our own and the enemy's pickets. The farther side was a deep wood then. The side next the railroad had been cleared away. It was here that Wagner's Brigade was formed on Monday, November 23, 1863, preparatory to the first advance on Missionary Ridge. Here the first gun was fired, on Monday afternoon. On this hill, and in its rear, was the finest pageant I ever witnessed. Before this, it was often under the thunder of our own and the enemy's guns. The hill is about half way between Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, and between Lookout Mountain and Tunnel Hill. Seventy acres have been set apart. The grounds are being surrounded by a rough stone wall. The material for this is abundant on the ground. This wall is to be protected by an osage orange hedge on either side. A small portion of the stone fence is done. There are some hedges near, which it is designed to transplant. The fence runs circularly, or rather irregularly. Just inside of it a main avenue is in process of construction. This is to pass entirely around, next the wall, except on the side next Fort Wood. Here it is turned away from the fence by a large ledge of rock. The portion of the grounds thus cut off is set apart for the negro soldiers. Two of them lay there this afternoon in their coffins, the first fruits of a mighty host of colored warriors who will be buried here. They were from the 14th U. S. Colored Infantry.

There are to be main avenues leading up towards the crown of the hill. A circle including about one acre is reserved on top for some kind of a monument. Chaplain Van Horne, who is in charge of the work, proposes a pyramid, eighty feet square at the base, and eighty feet high. I am not impressed with the propriety of such a monument.

I see no need of being in a hurry about monuments. Years hence the people will seek opportunities to erect monuments to the noble men who have died in these parts.

Besides those engaged in breaking stone and making the fences, there were two squads of grave diggers and one of stump removers. The stumps are being torn up and hauled away from the grounds. One set of grave diggers were burying the dead which are known, and the other the unknown. All the dead which have been buried within the lines since, our occupancy of Chattanooga, are to be removed to this cemetery. Also the dead who fell in the severe battles in this neighborhood are all to be removed to these grounds.

It will take all of the present summer to put things in anything like shape. I am glad to see a disposition on the part of the authorities to provide a decent resting place for our gallant dead. *Requiescat in pace.*

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9.—This day the uncertainty hanging over our going home has passed away. General George H. Thomas writes a letter to Colonel George P. Buell that he designs to place the 58th in the engineers department, when it returns as a veteran volunteer Regiment.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10.—Doctor Holtzman having obtained a pass from the Provost Marshal General, we started early on horseback to visit Lookout Mountain. We passed over Chattanooga Creek, at the same point that we crossed when we first entered last September. A new bridge had been erected since then. We passed over, showing our pass, and stood on what was rebel territory during the siege. We soon came to the rebel works, which are inferior in every respect to those they confront. When we came to Lookout we went up the wagon road, on the eastern side. The whole of the lower parts of the mountain has the appearance of having fallen from the rocky heights above. The stones, both large and small, were evidently torn from the rocky palisades which form the mountain summit. The road passes a mile or two back before it reaches the top. It is

exceedingly difficult to get to the top of the mountain. At several points there are ladders. On the western slope there are not so many rocks. There were guards near the top, but they did not halt us. On top of the mountain we found a number of nice houses, called Summertown. This was a famous resort of the chivalry in the olden time. Troops were encamped on the mountain. Here is a splendid place for a general field hospital, or convalescent camp. I regret that we did not have time to go back southward on the mountain. After arriving at the top, we passed along the eastern edge, going northward. At several points we made lengthy pauses, and "viewed the landscape o'er." There was, standing just upon the verge of the precipice, an old warehouse, which I remember to have seen from Gordon's Mill, seventeen miles away, just before the battle of Chickamauga. We could see the fields of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and Tunnel Hill. But the day was too gloomy to permit us to see distinctly at any great distance. Chattanooga looked contemptible at our feet. I held my hand at full arm's length and hid all the Yankee forts, camps and field works, as they were during the siege. The cars seemed to travel almost at a snail's pace. If the works of man thus look to the eyes of a mortal from a mountain top, how insignificant must they appear to Him, who stands in the highest heavens, and beholdeth all things at a glance! Man building his famous works is as the mouse burrowing in the earth.

We came to the spot where the rebels had planted a three-gun siege battery, bearing on Chattanooga. I call distinctly to mind the time when we used to see the smoke of the explosion, and then hear the sullen report, as Lookout hurled her iron words at us from this point. Farther on, we came to Point Lookout. There are several ledges of rock projecting from the point of the mountain. The soil is gone. Here a magnificent panorama rises on one's sight. Turning towards Chattanooga, we see ourselves as others saw us. On this point the rebels looked down from day to day on the

hateful Yankees. They could see the hurry on the streets, the congregation gathering at the church, the working parties digging on the forts, the drill and dress parade. Cameron Hill, Moccasin Point, Forts Wood, Negley, and all the rest, could be seen from day to day. When these were compared with the long lines of rebel works across Chattanooga Valley, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and Valley, and Sand Mountains, all of which the rebels at one time held, an earnest traitor could but think that the "Yanks" were trapped at last. But the lion arose from his lair, and bade his tormentors away.

But let us pass from the past to the present. That long Ridge on our right was named Missionary, because in early times it was the home of the missionaries to the Indians. Orchard Knob, a little hill that rises between the Ridge and Chattanooga, is so called because it presented to the occupants of Chattanooga, at the time of the siege, the appearance of an orchard. Nearer to us, on another hill, is the new National Cemetery. Over the way from the cemetery is Fort Palmer, named in honor of General Palmer, whose Division occupied these works. We could see our own little camp on Signal Hill, so named because it was occupied formerly by a signal station. Cameron Hill receives its name from an English artist who dwelt on it before the war. Rev. Mr. Smith, of the Christian Commission, tells me that he was in Nashville at the time of the siege, and spoke in a public meeting about having been on Cameron Hill, at Chattanooga, a few days before. After the meeting he was accosted by a gentleman and lady, who proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Cameron.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Smith," inquired the lady, "about those trees of mine? What has become of them?"

"What trees? Do you mean those magnificent forest trees? Well, they were all felled by order of the engineers, to make way for the works."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Cameron, "that neither the ax of the rebel or the vandal has laid them low!"

Moccasin Point is made by the bend of the river. It resembles a moccasin in shape, and at certain seasons of the year presents some of the variegated colors with which the Indians are accustomed to adorn their moccasins. Walden's Ridge, which forms the northwestern gateway to these regions, rises before our eyes like a huge wall of stone—and such it is in fact. Away to the northwest there is a gorge in the mountains, through which the Tennessee makes its exit. On this side is the Sand Mountain, so named from the sand stone, I suppose. It abounds in Lookout, and I suppose does there. The rock in Lookout is a beautiful, milk-colored sand stone, occasionally variegated with brown and red. It makes a fine finish for a road paved with limestone. It fills the rugged crevices in a short time, and looks like a nice white carpet. Colonel Buell, with his Pioneer Brigade, has made a thirty-foot road around the nose of the mountain, part of which has this finish. Nearer than Sand Mountain is Lookout Valley, immediately to our left, and a range of hills farther on along the river side. On these hills the brave men of Hazen's Brigade landed, after floating by Lookout, surprised and captured the rebel pickets, and laid a bridge over the Tennessee. Just there, where the railroad passes between two hills, is a part of the battle ground of Wauhatchie. The roar of this battle was distinctly heard by us at Chattanooga, one night in last November. Up this valley can be seen the very hill and the woods occupied by our Division, on the Sunday before entering Chattanooga. And these are the very rocks on which the women and children of Summertown stood, on that lovely afternoon, looking at the Yankees.

Every spot near is fraught with interest, and the distance is filled with grandeur. It is said that from this point one can see Tennessee, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Mississippi and Alabama.

We found a rugged pathway for our horses down the western slope. When we reached Hooker's battlefield, of November 24, we turned our horses to the left. Here were

the old rebel camps and the rough stone walls thrown up by them. At the turning point of the mountain is a little graveyard, where a number of our brave men are buried. November 26, is the honorable date of their deaths. A little farther on we met Major General Hooker, whom I had never seen before. He is a fine looking man. Here are the ruins of the white house which we used to see from Chattanooga. I took a drink from the hydrant and called to mind the column of men, led by a man on a grey horse, in the battle of Lookout Mountain. It was here that Hooker "fought above the clouds." From Lookout Point it seems almost on the same level as the country around.

We rode down the mountain and arrived at home before supper time. I was very tired. There are other items of interest about Lookout which I would like to see.

Near the headquarters of General Thomas there is a large brown bear, in a cage. It was at Knoxville when we were there. It is large and well trained. At the command of his keeper he showed how he killed men, how he rolled down the mountain, how he lay down to take his rest, etc. He came from the Rocky Mountains.

I walked by some of the guns captured at Missionary Ridge, near the headquarters. There are forty-nine pieces. In the front row there are twenty-seven guns. Of these, about four or five are of Union brand. These are twelve pound Howitzers, captured from us by the rebels, and recaptured at Mission Ridge. The remainder were rebel make. They were from New Orleans, Mobile, Atlanta and Macon. The workmanship of the carriages is very rough. There are two large, roughly finished, rifle iron guns, which were captured at Chickamauga Station.

In the afternoon of Sunday, February 14th, two hundred of the 58th Indiana were mustered in for three years, to date from January 24th, at Loudon, Tennessee. We have a number of recruits who desired to re-enlist, but were not permitted. As their names were called the men answered

“here,” stepped two paces to the front, moved off to the right and formed in single line, Bringing their arms to a “support,” they took, a company at a time, this oath :

“All and each of you do solemnly swear that you will bear true allegiance to the United States of America, and that you will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers, whatsoever, and observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over you, according to the Rules and Articles for the government of the armies of the United States, so help you God.”

Were I an artist, I would paint “The Veterans Taking the Oath.”

At night, to almost the entire Regiment, I preached. The text is, “Go Home to thy Friends, and Tell Them how Great Things the Lord Hath Done for Thee.” Mark 5:19. Introduction: The circumstances connected with the text; the text chosen because appropriate to the veterans.

I. THE GREAT THINGS DONE FOR YOU BY THE LORD.

1. *The things done for you in common with all men.*

(a) The earth created for you. (a) Man made moral and intellectual. (c) Man given dominion over the earth, the beasts, birds and fishes. (d) The gift of the Son; (e) the Holy Ghost; (f) the Church; (g) the Bible, and the (h), means of grace.

2. *The things done for you in common with all soldiers present.* (a) Your life has been preserved amid contagious and camp diseases, in dangers by march and battle. The battles of Stone River, Chickamauga and Mission Ridge commented on. (b) A deeper interest has been awakened in your physical well-being than in any other army. (c) A deeper interest is felt in your spiritual welfare than ever was manifested in behalf of any other army.

3. *The special favors shown.* (a) Some have been convicted of sin. (b) Some have become better men without being converted. The army is not as demoralizing as is generally supposed. (c) Many of you have been converted, joined the church, and received holy baptism. (d) Many of you who were professors when you entered the army have been enabled to maintain your integrity.

4. *The great things done and being done in prospect.*
 (a) The destruction of sectionalism; (b) sectarianism, and
 (c) slavery; the six pounder iron gun. (d) Our nation is
 being qualified to spread liberty and religion amongst the
 people of the world.

II. TELLING THE GREAT THINGS DONE FOR YOU AT HOME. (1) That they may be stirred up in behalf of the Christian Commission, and (2) the Chaplains. (3) Speak of your conduct. (4) During your veteran term maintain your integrity.

Sergeant A. M. Bryant delivered an exhortation after the sermon.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15.—There has been a clap of thunder from the clear sky! When Major Downey reported at the proper office for transportation for his two hundred men, as the Veteran 58th Indiana Volunteers, he was informed that he did not have men enough to maintain the Regimental organization! We lacked sixty men! We have been running along blindly. We did not know what number we had to have three-fourths of. We presumed it was of those present and eligible to go. But now, after the men are sworn in, it turns out that we must have three-fourths of all present or absent, except prisoners of war or absent sick. The men who are now sworn in understood that they were going as a Regiment. Most of them are unwilling to go any other way. Besides this, General Thomas has promised to put the Regiment into the engineers' department, when they return from home as a veteran Regiment. But this promise can not be of any advantage to our two hundred veterans, if the Regiment does not remain organized. Thus our men are badly deceived, if we are not permitted to go North. Great figuring is going on at Regimental headquarters. The numbers are being placed this way and that, to see if we have not three-fourths. Our commanders have received the answer to the sum, but they are not competent to work it out. They seem disposed to "force" the figures a little. I do not mean that they are disposed to do any wrong, but a

refreshing has come upon the minds of some. Perhaps amongst hands a sufficient number may be "recollected," who were incorrectly reported, to make all right. I understand that some of the captured have been reported as absent by authority. By changing this and some other items, all may yet come right. Commissioned faces are long to-night, and non-commissioned are filled with sad misgivings.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17.—The great agony about retaining the Regimental organization passed away. Colonel Buell this morning obtained a promise that we should go.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18.—When I was at the river bank this morning I noticed a new, portable, circular saw mill. They were putting it up to work for the United States. But far more interesting than this was a little side-wheel steamer now used in transporting stone down the river to fill the wooden piers of the new bridge. It can not be more than forty-five feet long and twenty-eight feet wide. It is a curiosity.

We hear rumors of heavy rebel forces at Sevierville. If this be true, there will be warm work in these parts. Rumor says that we are being detained here on this account.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19.—While thinking on the text: "Pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified," it occurred to me to make it and the additional words, "even as it is with you; and that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men; for all men have not faith," the foundation of a discourse at home. The people there need stirring up, that they may better appreciate the wants of the army. Oh! that every Regiment had a Chaplain, and all these Chaplains were delivered from "unreasonable and wicked men," that the word of the Lord might be glorified in the salvation of many soldiers. If I go home, may God make me instrumental in making many to see the wants of the army.

In my wanderings one afternoon I came to a shop, which proved to be the 4th Corps wagon shop. Here was a great

multitude of our broken down ambulances and wagons. A detail of soldiers were repairing them. Worn out timbers and irons are replaced by new, and then the entire work is repainted. Some of these wagons are better than new. The men who do this work obtain no extra wages.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 23.—After dinner I started on a walk with Dr. Holtzman. Seeing a crowd of men collected at the place where our Missionary Ridge dead were buried, we went there. It turned out that a company of men were taking up William Riley Blythe, of Company A, for the purpose of sending him home. Mr. Logan McCrary, of Fort Branch, had come out for him. They were just closing down the metallic coffin, as we came up. I did not see the corpse, but understand that it presented a horrible sight. In view of human decay, I often call to mind the expression of Scripture, "this vile body." What is more disgusting than a rotten human body? And yet this is what we must all come to. Should we not strive to live so that "this vile body may be changed like unto His glorious body, according to the working, whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself."

We passed on next to Fort Wood. There were some camps which were neat and clean. I hope the day may come when we will have tents and a camp. Our last was at Hillsboro, Tennessee, last summer. A glance at the outside of Fort Wood showed that there had been quite an improvement since the last battle.

As we stepped upon the drawbridge we were halted by the sentinel, who called, in most approved style, for "Corporal of the guard." The Corporal needed no calling, for he was standing by the guard. But this is military. The Corporal stepped sprightly forward, saluted us, and informed us that if we were commissioned officers we might walk in, which we did. The inside of the fort is but little changed. A magazine is being constructed. The same six large guns are there.

From here we continue our walk to Fort Negley. This was the first time I had been in this fort since the morning after we entered Chattanooga. It was September 10, 1863, as we were going out after Bragg, that I went into this rebel work, then called Star Fort.

In reading, in the March number of the *Continental*, an article from Mr. Staunton on "The Treasury Report, and Mr. Secretary Chase," I was impressed with another glorious result of this war, a National currency. The Government issues, and the National banks have all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the old National bank. The miserable flood of "shin plasters," for such we may call the bills of the innumerable banks formerly in circulation, will be stopped. The new National bank is a savings bank for the people. And after all that is said about patriotism, there will be nothing more binding than the fifty-two bonds. We have long needed more nationality. I am a lover of liberty, but not of State or local license. We need a strong National Government. We can have this and more freedom than we have ever had. I will prove this so that the reader must admit it. We can have such a Government, and make four millions of slaves *free*. Will not this increase freedom? We can have this kind of a Government, and remove all those laws and lawlessness that has restrained a free press in the South, and often in the North. Will not this increase freedom? We can have a strong National Government, and dispense with that interference with free speech, which has prevailed alarmingly throughout the land. Will not this increase freedom? We can have a strong central power, and yet make it no crime to teach a negro, or for one to be taught. Will not this increase freedom? And so one might go on at great and truthful length. But time does not permit.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26.—Every man and officer going to Main street to-day is arrested. For a long time no passes have been required. General Steadman, having lately been placed in command of the post, has determined to show all

mankind that "*I am running this machine.*" These foolish orders prevail, occasionally, but only for a few days at a time.

About nine p. m., Saturday, February 27, it became a settled fact that we were to start home to-night. Transportation was obtained for two hundred and eighty men and four horses. In reference to each horse, a certificate had to be made that it had been purchased at a distance from the seat of war, had never been the property of the United States, and was actually owned by the possessor. Most of the horses with the Regiment had been "picked up"—I use a mild expression—and could not be taken North. Many of our officers in the army are too stingy to buy horses.

We left our camp equipage and mess chests behind. I rode my horse to the depot and carried my chair in my hand.

Our embarkation was poorly managed. Some of the men, and all of the baggage and horses, were placed on the wrong train. Officers and men were crowded in one promiscuous mass. Some of the cars were overflowing, and others almost empty. I seated myself in my chair in a car principally occupied by Company F and Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, Captain Tousey, Lieutenants Mason, Behm and Torrence and Doctor Holtzman. Unlike an omnibus, there was no "room for just one more."

It was a great sleep we had this night; I found neither ease nor rest. I fell asleep a number of times but a sudden jerk would bring me to consciousness. I fell a time or two on the men lying about my chair.

We stopped before day. When it was light we found ourselves at Stevenson, Alabama, switched off. We lay here until about ten a. m. We then moved off at a slow rate, awaiting on the convenience of all passing trains, as we were behind time.

All of Monday night we were on the road. It was rainy and cold, and as many of the men were on top of the cars there was much suffering. Bob Lemon, of Company I, a

gallant young boy, who was Orderly to General Wood, and the only one of his staff or escort that remained with him at Chickamauga, performed a rare somnambulistic feat. He was missing when we reached Nashville and it was supposed that he had been brushed off the train, and perhaps killed. But he came up on the next train. He reported that, having laid down to sleep, the first thing that he was conscious of, was standing in a stream of water up to his waist. It proved to be Duck river. He had risen in his sleep and jumped off the train, clearing the bridge, and plunging headlong in the river. He met with an exceedingly cold reception.

About daylight we reached Nashville and were quartered in a Baptist Church. Here we remained until two p. m., when we marched to the Louisville depot and took another train for that city. We traveled all night and until the middle of the following afternoon before we reached Louisville. The paymaster visited us the next day and the men were made happy. Much of the money, however, was spent foolishly, and much of the happiness was of a kind that is followed by sorrow and remorse.

Thursday, March 3, we crossed the Ohio River and once more the 58th Indiana was on Hoosier soil. Another all night by rail brought us to Indianapolis. At eleven o'clock of the 4th, the 58th Indiana and 57th Indiana were honored with a reception. We fell into line at the Market house. A big fat man, Blake by name, took charge of us, and marched us down to Little's hotel and then to the Soldiers' Home, where a good dinner was provided for the soldiers. The dinner was greatly enjoyed—not so the marching and parade. Then the big fat man in charge had the band play us a tune.

"I reckon," said he to Major Downey, "that you do not hear much good music out in the bush."

The old man did not know how we were tormented with just such music as this.

After this the Regiments were marched down Washington street to the State House, where a number of addresses were given, by Governor Morton and others.

Next day, Saturday, March 5th, furloughs were made out and the most of the men departed for their homes. And so, for the next thirty days the 58th Regiment, as an organization, is obliterated.

While I cannot follow the history of the Regiment during this time, I can say for myself that I visited my old friends in different places and spent the time very pleasantly. I rode to Martinsville on my horse, preaching there on Sabbath. Then I proceeded to Bloomington, my old home; remaining there among relatives until March 16th, when I went to Greencastle. The following week I went to Princeton, and spent several days among friends here and at Evansville.

Sabbath, March 27th, I preached in Princeton, in the M. E. Church, on "Pilgrims' Life in the Army." The congregation was large and attentive. In the afternoon of the same day I preached at Hight Chapel, and again in Princeton in the evening.

Returning to Greencastle on Monday, I spent a few days there, then went to Bloomington. The time of expiration of our furlough was near at hand and I was busy making preparations to return to Indianapolis, where the Regiment was to re-assemble.

Here ends the record of my first term of service in the army, and the beginning of the second. I am very thankful to Almighty God that my life and health have been preserved. I return to the field with a determination to be more devoted to my work. With my past experience I can certainly be more successful. May God bless our soldiers, give victory to our armies and peace to the land. Amen.

CHAPTER XIX.

INDIANAPOLIS TO CHATTANOOGA—FURLOUGH ENDED—RETURNING TO THE FRONT—LOUISVILLE TO NASHVILLE BY RAIL—"HOOFING IT" TO CHATTANOOGA—INCIDENTS BY THE WAY—FAMILIAR CAMPING PLACES REVISITED—ARRIVAL AT CHATTANOOGA—PREPARING FOR 'AN ACTIVE CAMPAIGN—DRILLING—FATIGUE DUTY—THE PONTOON SERVICE.

ON the morning of April 7th, at nine o'clock, Dr. Holtzman and myself turned the heads of our horses north, and Bloomington was lost to our view. I felt no special pangs on leaving home. I have a proper regard for my parents, brothers and sisters. But years have fled since I first left home. I have become cosmopolitan. The attachments of early days have to some extent been severed, but not forgotten. For near ten years I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth. I have traveled much in my own land. I have been amongst the good and bad, the high and low. I have gazed upon many of the grand scenes of art and nature. I have been present in the din of battle. This varied experience has so wrought upon me that I have but few of those local feelings which many have. I am not unmindful of relatives or friends, nor forgetful of the scenes and circumstances of other years. But I hurry on, hoping to meet the loved and lost in Heaven.

I wish that I could return to the home work. It is exceedingly pleasant to go around amongst the people and enjoy good meetings, and social intercourse with good people.

But the wants of the soldiers call me in another direction. Something must be done to save the army from demoralization. I am, therefore, content to remain a Chaplain. May God help me to be more efficient in the future than I have been in the past.

We rode at a brisk walk, noticing some military positions. One, especially, attracted my notice. It was the range of hills composing the south bank of Bean Blossom Creek. This, from the road, seemed an excellent position to defend against an army advancing from the North. In case of a defeat, there are suitable positions all the way to Bloomington to check the enemy, while the trains are moving to the rear. But I trust these lands will never be used for this purpose, but rather for grain and fruit.

It was two p. m. when we reached Martinsville. We tarried an hour, to receive entertainment for man and beast, and then we resumed our ride. After passing out of the immediate vicinity of the town, we crossed a barren range of hills. But we soon came to the fertile bottom lands bordering on White River. We rode along until near sundown before we began seeking lodging. We were not satisfied with most of the houses, and were rejected at two. I told the Doctor that I was desirous of stopping with a man who was a Methodist and an Abolitionist. Just at dark, when we had gone near thirty miles, and were too weary to ride farther, we came to a nice farm house by the roadside. We hallooted at the paterfamilias, who sat at the door, and were welcomed to a night's lodging. He proved to be an Abolitionist and a Methodist. His name is Alrich. After supper, and a little conversation, we had prayers and retired to bed. Sleep was sweet, after the weary day's ride.

We settled our bills and took an early start from Farmer Aldrich's. Passing by a mile or two of lovely land, we came to the neat village of Waverly. I called a moment at Brother Whithed's. He was formerly Chaplain of the 27th Indiana, and expects to return soon to that Regiment. I used to hear that he acted very disgracefully in the army.

But the strong desire expressed by the officers and men, to have him return to the Regiment, shows that these tales were not true. It used to be common to lie about Chaplains, and is by no means rare now. But

"Error wounded writhes in pain
And dies amongst her worshippers."

A cold rain began to fall soon after we left Waverly. We were very chilly by the time we reached Indianapolis. This led us to reflect dolorously on our exposed condition as soldiers. For a time we even envied the comfortable farmers by the roadside. Our horses, having never been far from home, acted very foolish as we entered the city. They will see worse sights than any here, if they and their owners live.

As soon as we had put our horses in the stable, we went out on Washington street to learn about our Regiment, for, as it was to meet in the city yesterday, we did not know but that we had come too late. We soon met one of the boys, who informed us that the Regiment, or the most of it, was at Camp Carrington. We, therefore, took a room at the Little House, and made ourselves as comfortable as one can at an Indianapolis hotel. We soon met most of the officers, who were generally stopping at the Oriental. It was a miserable concern, and indeed, not very reputable. The city has not a single good hotel.

In the afternoon of the next day I walked with Dr. Holtzman to the cemetery. Since my visit, some years ago, it has been enlarged and improved. We noticed the graves of James Whitcomb, Austin W. Norris, and other leading men of Indiana. My attention was especially arrested by a very strange inscription:

"ALICE.

TO CURIOUS EYES, HER AGE AND BIRTH
AND STATION, ARE NOT GIVEN;
CONTENT TO BE UNKNOWN ON EARTH,
AN ANGEL KNOWN IN HEAVEN."

This is as beautiful as any epitaph I have met. It is retiring, modest, lovely and pious, like her whose grave it marks. This is the resting place of Alice McDonald, daughter of

Judge McDonald. She was the cherished friend of my wife in their girlhood. Often they wandered to school together. They mutually enjoyed the blooming flowers and listened with rapture to the songs of the birds. They were sweet children, as I well remember, and when they approached womanhood they gave themselves to religion. Gifted, educated and highly accomplished; their adorations must have been peculiarly acceptable to their Maker. For a season they separated, keeping love alive by a pleasant correspondence. But they met again. Mary died at New Albany and Alice at Indianapolis.

Like twin sisters they now walk hand in hand, amid the happy scenes of Heaven. Though the sunshine of earth fell softly upon their heads in childhood, and all nature was full of music and beauty to them—though teachers and pastors encouraged and praised them, and all who knew them gave them words of pleasantness and love—yet the happy hours of earth cannot compare with those of Heaven. Here, they had been “children in the woods;” they had hung their swings to the branches of the giant beech, they had gathered the acorns as they fell from the oak, and plucked the wild flowers which adorned the shaded aisles of the forest. But more enchanting scenery now surrounds them; sweeter flowers exhale an aroma about them. Dear girls! we will not think of you as dead and in the silent tomb, but as living, with the angels, in the Paradise of God. Too pure and too good for the earth, the Good Shepherd has taken you to himself. Happy will those be who meet you in that Better Land.

It is the Sabbath day. I would like to have services with my Regiment. But I am discouraged from attempting it because of the confusion of the camp. The hubbub kicked up by new recruits, is unlike anything we meet in the field. They are very poor hearers and poorer heeders of the word. Time and “war’s magnificently stern array” will teach them sense. Somewhat like the evil genius of Brutus, I will say to them: “At Chattanooga, there!”

All who desired, had an opportunity of attending services in the city.

I went to Wesley Chapel, on the Circle, Rev. S. T. Gillett, pastor. A brother from the Northwest Conference, now in session at Knightstown, preached. The sermon was good. At the close I went forward and spoke to the preachers, and went home with Brother Gillett. I enjoyed myself greatly until Sabbath School time. I met sister Gillett and her daughter-in-law, formerly Miss Hettie Conner, an old friend. Brother Gillett's son, Omer, was present, now almost grown to manhood. Miss Kate Jaquess, one of my Evansville Sunday School children, was also present.

At two p. m. I attended the Sabbath School at Wesley. The basement room was well filled and everything passed off pleasantly. They use an excellent little book of appropriate lessons and hymns for opening and closing the school. The lessons are read, alternately, in verses by the superintendent and children. This work is published by the Methodist Book Concern. I delivered a short address to the children. It did me great good to be present once more in a Sabbath School.

In the evening I attended services in the same church. Of late years a melodeon has been used here, improving the music but injuring the harmony of the church. It sounds good to me. But I am told it shocks the feelings of many of our old fashioned people. A good looking stranger preached a poor sermon. I wish I could have preached. I felt like pleading the cause of the soldiers before the congregation. I could not have done worse than the brother in the pulpit, had I made an entire failure.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12.—We leave the city to-day. We crowded the horses, baggage and guards in one car, and the Regiment in a freight train. It is disgraceful to the state of Indiana, and an insult to soldiers, to transport them like hogs. The Regiment left at eight p. m. I left at nine p. m., on the express. But I was no better off than those on the freight train. I literally "roosted" until reaching Seymour. I have

done many things in my time, but this was my first attempt at "roosting." It was a success, but very tiresome to the "rooster."

A number of men on board were drunk. What a shame that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor is not prohibited by law.

In company with Lieutenant-Colonel Moore and Dr. Holtzman, I reached Jeffersonville before day and in advance of the troops. We wandered along the streets until we reached a hotel. We went in and slept until day. We then found we were stopping at the American House. We took breakfast, paid our bills, and walked to the depot. We were just in time to meet the Regiment. They had been traveling all night and were very cold and tired.

We immediately crossed the Ohio. On the Louisville side of the river we awaited long in a cold, raw wind. Finally, we were marched to the Soldiers' Home—a name given, I suppose, ironically. Here the non-commissioned officers and men were left. The horses were taken to a Government stable. The officers went to the Louisville Hotel, one of the finest houses I ever stopped at.

The people of Louisville care nothing for the soldiers or anything they possess, except their money. The only reason why they are more friendly now, than when we were there in the fall of 1862, is because the boys have some money now. There should be a good anti-slavery paper started here. The *Louisville Journal* is a vile sheet.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14.—We expected to leave Louisville at three p. m., but there was no room for us on the cars. The 23d Kentucky went. The 58th returned to their quarters and the officers to the Louisville Hotel.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15.—The Regiment, under command of Captain Green McDonald, got on the Nashville train at eight a. m. But it was the 40th Indiana's time, and the 58th got off again.

At three p. m. we tried the cars again. This time it was a success. Our horses, after remaining twenty-four hours

on the train, began their journey. The men and officers were furnished much better accommodations than on the Jeffersonville train. We moved lively along the track. I expected a slow move. But the train ran on good time all the afternoon and night. We were not supplied with water. I suffered a little from thirst. But not as I often did during the famous retreat of General Buell. How much more comfortable the present trip than that. We then spent several weeks on the tiresome march. Now a single night suffices for the journey. We were then often hungry, and many were utterly prostrated by the hardships of the way.

The farmers by the wayside seemed determined to go on with their work as if there was no war on hand. The people of Kentucky are intensely pro-slavery. They love slavery better than the National Government. I am impressed that the judgment of God will yet overtake them. Slavery is a sin against man—against God. It is one of the most vile of all crimes. It is not only a sin itself, but hinders all virtue and breeds all vice. It opposes religion, education and virtue. It is the great crime of America. We can not be successful until it is utterly overthrown. Many wrongs have been, and still are, heaped upon the negro race. We must change our course and repent before God, and make restitution, before we can hope for complete success. We must conquer ourselves before we can conquer others. Of all the States, Kentucky seems the slowest to learn.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16.—We reached Nashville before day, but remained on the cars until light. The men were then placed in the Zollicoffer Barracks. This is, perhaps, the largest building in Nashville. It was commenced before the war, but not completed. It was designed as a hotel. The Government took possession of it, added some floors, stairs, etc., and turned it into barracks. It was formerly used for the confinement of rebel prisoners, but is now used for our own men. It will conveniently and comfortably accommodate a large number of men—several thousand. I

learn that an Eastern company has purchased it, and intends refitting it for a hotel this present season.

The horses were placed in a Government stable. The officers stopped at the Sewanee House. There is no better house than this in Nashville, and I assure the reader that it is not good enough for stray dogs to board at. The cooking is poor and the bill of fare light. Everything about the tavern stinks. The traveler experiences great *relief*—when he leaves. The landlord contributes his share to this, by *relieving* his guests of three dollars a day for tormenting them.

A change has come over Nashville since we were camped here last. I remember the city distinctly when I first reached it. It was on a Sabbath day, in the spring of 1862. It was soon after the loyal army had taken possession. There was a great clattering of army wagons about the street. The citizens were very quiet and idle. They were standing about the streets as spectators. The military and the civil did not mix. They seemed to be strangers to each other. All the fences and out-buildings were intact. There were no fortifications. The ruins of the destroyed bridges were fresh. Everything wore the air of "waiting for something to turn up," save the Yankees, who wore blue and went bustling about town.

I came again. It was from the South. The Federal army was on the retreat. A deep, unexpressed feeling pervaded the community. The loyal secretly feared evacuation, and the rebels fondly hoped for it.

I came again. Bragg had been driven from Kentucky. The patriotic army again had faced the South. An air of destitution reigned around the city. But little could be purchased, and that only at extravagant prices.

Since that time a great change has come, as I stated above. The streets are full of people and wagons. Thousands of shops have been opened. A great many buildings have been erected, and many others are going up. These are generally built of ruin brick. They are put up hastily and

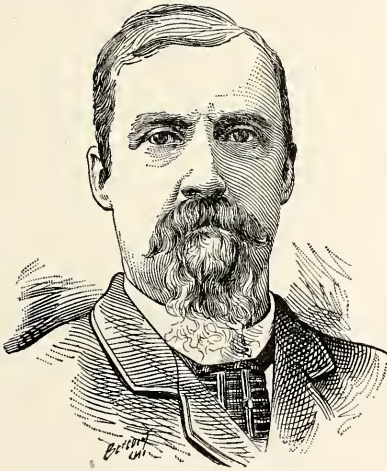
rented at enormous prices. Though the fences in the suburbs, and many of the smaller buildings, are destroyed, yet an air of thrift prevails the community. A feverish state of speculation is abroad in the city. Everybody seems in a hurry. Many of the vile old rebels have sunk into insignificance, and many of the young ones have been killed. Enterprising men, and not a few land sharks and Jews, have come in from the North. Nashville has become a live and growing city. May the chivalry never rule it again. May the cause of slavery be entirely removed. Under the cher-

ishing influence of free labor Nashville will become a great and thrifty city.

I attended services at the Second Presbyterian Church, Sabbath morning. The building had recently been refitted on the inside. The organ and choir made good music. The minister, I believe, is named Allen. He is a loyal man, formerly a resident of Shelbyville. He preached an able sermon. It was on secret prayer. Such sermons can

but be a blessing to those that hear. I went home, refreshed and strengthened.

Some progress is being made toward reorganizing the church in Nashville. But the progress is slow. So wedded



LIEUTENANT JAMES C. KNOX.*

* Was mustered in as First Lieutenant of Company D, November 26th, 1861. Resigned June 17th, 1862. Enlisted in the Fourth Indiana Cavalry, and was appointed First Lieutenant of Company I, February 15th, 1863, and was promoted to Captain, March 1st, 1865. Since the war he has been engaged, principally, in the mercantile business, part of the time as traveling salesman. He is now engaged in the hardware business at Ladoga, Indiana. He is in prosperous circumstances, and has a warm spot in his heart for his old comrades of the 58th Indiana, his first associates in the army service.

had the church become to slavery, that Christianity was much diluted. In the reorganization, the old materials will mostly be laid aside, being unfit for the temple of the Lord. A young Methodist preacher, by the name of Cramer, a brother-in-law of General Grant, is refitting two of the Methodist Churches. The Nashville Methodists are great traitors. Unless some better stock is imported, there will not be salt enough to save the Methodist Church here. There are thousands of loyal Methodists in Tennessee, but they are principally in the eastern part of the State. A few loyal preachers are now collecting these stray sheep into the fold. At Cleveland, and other places, the good work goes on encouragingly.

MONDAY, APRIL 18.—We had orders to begin our march from Nashville at six a. m. But we could not comply, as all the preparations were to be made. Two horses were drawn and shod. One of them was a very nice sorrel, which fell to the lot of Quartermaster Raffan. The other was a very clumsy grey, which Adjutant Whiting was to ride. A wagon and six mules were drawn. Three days' rations were issued to the men. The wagon was loaded with three mess chests—two for the line, and one for the field and staff—three new wall tents, drawn at Indianapolis, the officers' bedding, six axes, and as many hatchets, and three days' forage. We left Zollicoffer Barracks at twelve m.

It is one hundred and fifty-one miles to Chattanooga. It is a shame to make the men walk this distance along a railroad. They have already walked eighty miles, from Loudon to Chattanooga, that they might re-enlist. It is cruel to add one hundred and fifty-one miles more. It is true the trains are crowded with army supplies. But all the men going to the front can be easily transported. There are so many trains each day, that, by putting only a few on each, all can easily be forwarded. It was different once, when great numbers of veterans were returning to the field. But the rush is now over. However, the 58th has traveled this road often, and can do so again.

We moved out on the Murfreesboro pike. I remember well the day we last marched over this road; aye, and the first time, too.

It was a hot September day, 1862. We had encamped the previous night on Stewart's Creek. By daylight we were upon the pike, with leaning forms towards Nashville. It was about twenty-five miles to the city, but we had but half the day for the trip. The air was dry. Water was very scarce. No rest was given to the men. It was on, on! The cedars were white with lime dust from the pike. The sun shone with an August fierceness. But no time must be lost. We reached Nashville by one o'clock. We were with Buell's army. There seemed to be neither beginning nor ending to the stream of soldiers pouring into Nashville.

A change comes over the spirit of my dream. It is December 26, 1862. The army of Rosecrans begins to advance on Bragg at Murfreesboro. McCook, with the 20th Army Corps, is on the right; Thomas, with the 14th, is in the center; and Crittenden, with the 21st, is on the left. The 58th is with Crittenden. We advance on the Murfreesboro pike. Another Division is in front. The rain is falling. The sound of cannon is heard in front, and far to the right. It was a day long to be remembered.

There are not so many fences now as then, but there are more than some months since. A number have been built, and some have been farming without much fencing.

It is spring to-day; it was winter then; everything is now more cheerful. The world then seemed to stand in suspense and listen. Now men seem to be looking forward. A few rebels are still sullen, still hoping for the coming of the Southern braves. But most of the people seem content with the new order of things.

We passed the insane asylum, still looking quiet and beautiful. Here is the place where General Rosecrans passed us, smoking his cigar, December 26, 1863. "Everything ends in 'nigger' these days," said one. "No matter

how it begins, it ends in 'nigger.' ” Rosecrans' staff was dashing by, and he pointed to it for a verification of his saying. The escort was long, and threatened to terminate with white men. But finally the end came. It was negroes. They dash by, giving unconscious verification to the saying of the wag. The fence that we sat on when laughing at this occurrence is gone.

Early in the afternoon we went into camp, on a little grassy plot by the roadside. There was a frame church on the left hand of the pike. Our new horses were hitched up to the bushes. The wagon was unloaded. Being without servants, the officers did their own cooking. I am messing with the field and staff, plus Lieutenant J. G. Behm. Major Downey and Lieutenant Behm acted as cooks for the evening. Such hilarity I had not seen for some time. Men jumped about like boys. “Home again,” was the expression which fell from every one. We soon had supper, of baker's bread, ham and coffee. This was better than at the hotel Sewanee, for there they had neither. Night came on, and I lay down in the tent to sleep. I soon knew no more of this day.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19.—The morning was lovely. We rose, breakfasted, and started at our leisure. We soon reached the spot where Lavergne once was. It was here, on the 27th day of December, 1862, that the blood of the 58th Indiana was first shed in battle. I remember the bivouac in the woods the preceding night, how we waited for the fog to rise next morning; how the 26th Ohio charged on the left of the pike, and the 58th on the right, at twelve m. Here young Reavis, of Company B, was severely wounded, and afterwards discharged. William Witherspoon was injured on the head, which finally resulted in spasms. Several others were wounded. But the 58th never quailed.

The town is now destroyed. There is a fort, and a garrison of two Regiments. We stopped for dinner at Stewart's Creek. We camped before night, on the north bank of Stone River. The old battlefield is mostly under cultiva-

tion. A company has five or six hundred acres in cotton. They hire their laborers at an average price of eight dollars per month and board. The negroes are industrious and contented. They like the system much better than slavery. They are fed on plain, substantial diet. Many of the planters in these parts are paying their laborers. Mr. Wallace, a rebel, is hiring his own former slaves. He says he prefers it to the old plan. Many of the Southerners declare that they never will pay the negroes. Some of them fondly hope that the happy days of lordship over negroes will return. "We will get the power over the negroes again," they say. Vain delusion. Misfortune is sure to overtake all who resist the new order of things. Those planters who are employing hands and cultivating their lands will make large sums of money. Several hundred dollars' worth of cotton can be raised on an acre.

I saw the place where the 58th stood at the battle of Stone River. The graves of our men are there. The little skirt of timber is still standing, the trees being covered with bullet marks. A monument is being erected by Hazen's Brigade, to the memory of their comrades who fell in this battle and at Shiloh. It is of blue limestone—a very substantial material.

Nearly all the men had purchased boots at home. These are made after the usual style of home—smaller than the feet. Consequently, many had sore feet by this time. Hence, a number of army shoes were drawn at Murfreesboro. These shoes are made large, with broad toes, and are excellent for marching. Whatever the United States does is generally well done.

We drew three days' rations and forage at Murfreesboro. We then continued our march, on the Shelbyville pike. We soon entered what was to me a new region of country. We found a good pike, and a fine country. A number of farmers had come from the North, and were occupying some of the deserted plantations. We camped for the night at a little spring, about a mile from Fosterville. The 23d Ken-

tucky was just ahead of us all day. They went several miles farther than we did.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21.—We early resumed the march. The town of Fosterville is entirely destroyed. Instead of turning to the left and traveling along the main railroad, we continued on the Shelbyville pike. This is the road traveled by all the troops marching through to Chattanooga.

We had gone but a little way when I met two women dressed in black, sitting on their horses at the end of a lane. One of them told me that she was John Patterson's mother, and wished him to go home with her. John was along with the Regiment. He had enlisted, but had not been mustered. Major Downey sent him with his mother. He had been constantly saying that his mother was dead. He is the same boy who used to attend to my horse. He went North with Captain Chappel last fall.

In the afternoon we reached Shelbyville. The Regiment had been here once before, in the summer of 1862, when I was sick, in the Huntsville hospital. This was once a lovely town. It lies amongst the hills and cedars, near the bank of Duck River. But war has laid its glory low. The court house and many other buildings are entirely destroyed. This is the most loyal town in Middle Tennessee.

We found the road exceedingly rough as we turned towards Tullahoma. We had no pike. We wound about amongst the hills. We met some cavalry. Among them was a part of the 3d Ohio, who used to be in our Division. They were moving to the rear—as was their usual habit when with us. They knew not what they were going to the rear for this time, however.

We ascended to the table land, but the hill was less steep than on any of the roads north of here, which I have traveled. We entered upon the same barrens, which are everywhere to be found along the outer rim of these table lands. The forests are of scrubby oaks. We camped, after marching about fifteen miles, at a distance of three miles from Tullahoma. It took until about twelve m. to draw four

days' rations and forage. We were then marched ten miles, by two canteens of whisky, to Elk River. We were there by 2:30 p. m. The men were marched very fast, and hardly given any rest. Our commanders were hunting for Estell Springs, but they were not on this road. We encamped for the night in an orchard. Many of the officers and men scattered about the country, whither they pleased. The Regiment is greatly demoralized. It is almost impossible to accomplish any moral reformation amongst men without discipline.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24.—The morning is damp and cold. The Colonel designs marching no farther than Decherd—five miles. As our tents are pitched, the rain is falling, and it is Sabbath, I can see no necessity of marching at all.

We moved from the camp, under command of Major Downey. He did not know the road, and made no inquiries until he was far off the track. We blundered along through the woods until near noon, traveling about ten miles to reach Decherd. We stopped nearly on the same spot that our Regiment occupied in 1862. There has been a great change here since then. The high fence built by General Wood, to check the advance of rebel cavalry, has been burned. Indeed, most of the fencing in these parts has shared the same fate. Dead mules and horses may be seen by hundreds. No effort has been made to bury them. The stench is very oppressive in camp. Otherwise, our camp is very pleasant. We have a little shade and plenty of cold water. The leaves are putting out very fast. The weather has generally been very pleasant since we left Nashville. We have had some showers, mostly at night. The grass is growing finely. Already we can turn our new horses loose about camp. They will graze without straying away. It is astonishing how soon a horse will learn to stay about camp. They will associate with men in the army as they do with horses at home.

At two p. m. I preached to a large congregation. My subject was "Christian Joy." I took occasion to point out

the unhappiness of the ungodly. I can not believe that our meeting was altogether useless. May God bless the services of this afternoon. We labor amid the jeers of many. At Decherd we overtook the 23d Kentucky, the 44th Illinois, the 65th Ohio, and 57th Indiana. All these Regiments are here, keeping the holy Sabbath. The blessings of the Lord will abide upon these Regimental commanders, if they keep all the other commandments.

MONDAY, APRIL 25.—We drew two days' rations this morning. The men having not entirely recovered from sore feet, and not having urgent orders, the Colonel wisely concluded to rest to-day. This rest was very acceptable to me, though I am not so wearied as one who has carried his knapsack, and walked.

There are several sick men in the Regiment. George W. Anderson, of Company F, and James R. Fowler, of Company K, are the worst off. A number of sorefooted men have been sent off on the cars.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.—I took the letters into town this morning. Quartermaster Raffan being sick, rode in with me and remained. He is very ill.

The Regiment began their march at the same time; I soon overtook them. We now began to travel amongst the mountain scenery, which renders East Tennessee famous. We came to Cowan, which seemed in a mountain cove. We soon began the ascent of the mountains. The road was exceedingly rough, but the mountain is not as high as at Pelham or Altamont. As we gain the summit the spires of Winchester, and all the valley, lay at our feet. We soon begin to descend. The road passes over the tunnel. Here on our left is a guard over an air hole in the tunnel. We pass a long train of baggage, belonging to the 19th Michigan. They have every kind of old trash.

We stopped by a gushing mountain stream for dinner. Here in these wilds, where there is little else, are to be found the finest springs of cold water.

The march is resumed after an hour's rest. The roads are exceeding rugged. We passed up and down narrow mountain roads. We camped a mile in advance of Tantalón, on Coe Creek.

Next day we continued the march along the creek. There were some little farms in the valley and mountains on either side. The valley widened. We soon came to the residence of a rich man, owning over twenty thousand acres of land. He had planted over seven hundred acres of corn last year, all of which the Yankees gathered for him. I suppose this man's name is Anderson, as he resides by Anderson Station. Near this station we passed the spot where the 20th Connecticut camped last night.

We camped about two miles from Stevenson, Alabama. We stopped amid many unburied, stinking mules. It is now almost impossible to find a camping place where there are not dead mules.

We soon reached Stevenson, next morning. Some of the same old houses were there which I saw in 1862. The Alabama House, then, was now a Soldiers' Home. A large number of cabins have been erected, chiefly for contrabands. Some field works have been constructed. We paused long enough to draw three days' rations. We then resumed our weary march. The dirt road led us through the valley in almost every direction. And there was not only the road we traveled with our horses, but many others, winding about in almost every direction. The footmen traveled on the railroad—not on the cars.

In my riding I fell in company with the Chaplain of the 20th Connecticut. He appeared to be a man of medium size, both in body and mind. He has been in the field since last September. I have no doubt that he is an earnest, faithful and successful laborer.

We came up with his Regiment. They belonged to the 12th Army Corps, but now constitute a part of the new 20th Corps, under General Hooker. The men wore very neat clothing for soldiers. Instead of hats like our men, they

wore caps. These are not so comfortable, but much neater, than hats. The knapsacks of these Eastern boys are more neatly packed than ours. The blankets are placed upon the knapsack in a very nice roll. The men keep to their places better than Western men. It is no use to deny that they are better soldiers than Western men, so far as discipline, order and neatness are concerned. They make better guards and, indeed, are superior on any kind of detached duty, which requires what is called "style." All honor to them for this. But in one respect our Western men are superior to the Eastern. We are better fighters. This has been demonstrated by the whole history of the war. There is no occasion, therefore, for any jealousy between Eastern and Western troops. I have often been pained during this march at our men for making contemptible reproaches at the Eastern troops. They generally are better bred than our men, and do not retort to the same extent. This belittling of one body of soldiers at another is all wrong, and should not be permitted by the officers.

We camped in sight of Bridgeport. Again we had the perfume of dead mules.

After supper, in company with Lieutenant R. A. Woods, I took a walk about Bridgeport. We passed through the boatyard. The Government has seven steamers in progress of construction. One of these has made a successful trip to Chattanooga. I am no judge of such matters, but the work seemed to be going bravely ahead. The steamers seemed to be substantial and good. We returned to camp with the impression that Uncle Sam was a thorough-going old gentleman. The noble forts which protect the bridge and boatyard, only confirmed us in our opinion.

We were detained some time Friday morning in Bridgeport, drawing forage and getting the mules shod. We passed along the railway to our old acquaintance, Shellmound. We saw the familiar face of Nickajack Cave, but had not time to call. There were many empty huts here, indicating that the garrison had mostly gone to the front.

We went by without stopping, until we came to the large spring that flows from Raccoon Mountain, just above the Station. Here we dined.

The road from this point, for some distance, has been recently improved. There was great need of this, for the road was exceedingly rough last September, when General Crittenden's Corps passed this way. Our way lay along a romantic route. At one place the road lay just above the waters of the Tennessee, while towering palisades of solid limestone rose for several hundred feet above our heads. There was no cessation to the stench of dead horses and mules. They tell the severity of last autumn's campaign on our army.

We jogged along, making most excellent headway. In due time we came to the grand trestlework over Running Water. It was a ruin when I saw it last, by moonlight, in September, 1863. Now, it was a grand sight to see the cars passing over the bridge, more than an hundred feet high.

In our march of April 30th, nothing of special incident occurred. We followed the route the Regiment took in its first advance on Chattanooga; passing the camps of many of the Regiments belonging to the 20th Corps. These camps, as a rule, were very neatly and tastily arranged, and had furnished a very comfortable abiding place for the soldiers during the winter.

Now we came to the point where the road turns around the base of Lookout Mountain. This road has been greatly improved since we last traveled over it, thanks to Colonel George P. Buell and his Pioneer Brigade. The wagon road is above the railroad; sometimes we seemed to hang just over the river. The Tennessee makes a beautiful bend here. When within a few miles of the mountain, the river turns south and hastens to do homage, by kissing the foot of Lookout. Having performed this act of devotion, she turns again to the northwest, and, passing through the Little and Big Sucks, the Frying Pan, and Skillet, (which unclassic names represent the gorges in the mountains,) bids

adieu to these parts. Beyond Lookout, in the bend of the Tennessee, there is a range of rough hills, which terminate in Moccasin Point. Well do I remember how all these grand scenes of nature reverberated with the thunders of our guns on this Point, on the day when Hooker fought above the clouds.

About midway on this road we looked again on Chattanooga. There was Cameron and Signal, and all the hills. There were the same grim fortresses; but most of the tents were wanting, for the grand army had gone to the front.

No sooner had we crossed Chattanooga Creek than we came upon the camp of the 2d Battalion of the Pioneer Brigade. Here, we found several members of the Regiment who had not gone with us, and also about one hundred men who had left us at various points on our return. Some of them were sick, and some of them had "played off" and slipped on the trains.

Arms were stacked and Colonel Moore went to report to Colonel Buell. While he was gone, all the old mail we could find was distributed. Many were disappointed by not hearing from home.

After a weary time, as is usual in such cases, Colonel Moore returned without being any wiser. The Regiment was moved a short distance, arms stacked, and the men left standing without any further orders. This was very un-military, so

"Each took off his separate way,
Resolved to meet some other day."

We are again in Chattanooga. During our travels two of our men have departed this life. If there were others, I can not now call them to mind. One was D. Vanwinkle, of Company D. In company with Edward Mason, of the same Company, he had been left, as we were going north, in the midst of a pelting storm, at Fosterville. The night was dark and cold. They were without fire. Here, he contracted a cold, which resulted in pneumonia. He died at the residence of Willis Howe, in Princeton, Indiana, a firm

friend of the soldier, and a man of solid worth. Vanwinkle was an excellent man. He leaves a wife and three children.

Jesse T. Alexander, of Company E, is the other. Jesse came to the Regiment as a recruit, with Colonel J. T. Embree, in the fall of 1862. He was a licensed preacher in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He was a good helper in our Regiment, taking special interest in tract distribution.

He was wounded in the arm at the battle of Chickamauga. He went north, and I never saw him again. After his recovery from his wound he started on his return to the Regiment. On some account he stopped at Nashville. Here, he contracted the smallpox and died in the pest house. I have received no particulars of his death.

SUNDAY, MAY 1.—Camp was moved in the afternoon. We had no public services, partly because of the move, and partly because I am sick. Our new camp is in front of Cameron Hill, near the river. We front to the south. I am assigned quarters with Drs. Holtzman and Patten, in a wall tent. There are many dead mules about our camp, and along the river. The beef yard is not far off, and the offal of the slaughter pen is by no means agreeable. The water is exceedingly vile. Otherwise we have a nice camp.

Dr. J. C. Patten, of Princeton, has recently been commissioned Assistant Surgeon, in place of Dr. Holtzman, promoted. I have no doubt that he will be a successful practitioner amongst us.

We have been transferred from 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 4th Corps, to the Pioneer Corps, and have been assigned to service as Pontoniers. We have to resume our daily Company, Regimental and Battalion drill. This is necessary on account of the number of new recruits that have been added to the Regiment. Drilling has been practically abandoned since our sojourn at Murfresboro, in the summer of 1863.

CHAPTER XX.

BEGINNING OF THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—CHATTANOOGA TO RESACA—INCIDENTS PRELIMINARY TO THE MOVE—BREAKING STONE—ORGANIZATION OF A REGIMENTAL CHRISTIAN COMMISSION—RACKET WITH COLORED TROOPS—SMALL-POX—PONTOON TRAIN STARTS FOR THE FRONT—OVER FAMILIAR GROUND—CHICKAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD—SOUND OF BATTLE ON THE LEFT—HURRYING THE PONTOONS TO THE FRONT—BATTLE OF RESACA—FIGHT AT LAY'S FERRY—CROSSING THE OOSTANAULA—RESACA ABANDONED BY THE REBELS—SHERMAN'S ARMY IN FULL PURSUIT.

THERE are many rumors in camp now about a forward movement. It is probable some of them are true. It is certain that there is a great stir of preparation going on. General Sherman is now in command of all the troops in this department, and he is concentrating all the available troops from other sections. For several days troops have been passing through Chattanooga, going to the front. Generals Schofield and Howard have come from East Tennessee with the 23d and 4th Corps. General Hooker, with the 20th Corps, has moved up from Lookout Valley. General Thomas, with the 14th Corps, has been in position towards Dalton for some time. With General Sherman in command of this grand army we will be able to accomplish something; and it will not be many days until the work will begin. This army has never been equaled, in size, equipments or valor, by any in the West. I have every confidence in our Generals, and have greater confidence in the Lord. I believe that He will give us the victory; not so much because we deserve it, as a reward for our faithfulness and trust in Him, but because it will be for His own

glory. It is a matter of deep regret that there is so much wickedness in our army, especially among those in high command. It is greatly to be deplored that there is so little recognition of God, in the control of our army, and in national affairs. But I hope that He will hear and answer the prayers of the faithful few.

TUESDAY, MAY 3.—I went early this morning to visit Private William Bennett, who is very sick of pneumonia, at general field hospital. I spoke to the surgeon about having prayers in the tent. He gave his consent, but hesitated, and looked around, as if he thought it might hurt something in the room.

The following table exhibits the full strength of our Regiment at the present time :

COMPANIES.	Veterans present.....	Recruits present.....	Total present.....	Veterans absent.....	Recruits absent.....	Total present and absent
Field and Staff.....	10	--	10	1	--	11
Company A.....	50	4	54	8	1	63
Company B.....	42	2	44	29	--	73
Company C.....	33	10	43	14	4	61
Company D.....	20	16	36	33	--	69
Company E.....	33	1	34	20	--	54
Company F.....	32	11	43	19	2	64
Company G.....	32	10	42	7	2	51
Company H.....	27	7	34	11	2	47
Company I.....	37	7	44	19	1	64
Company K.....	23	2	25	17	--	42
Total.....	339	70	409	178	12	599

I called on Chaplain Whitehead, of the 15th Indiana. His Regiment has but forty-one more days to serve. Many of the officers and men, of the three years' Regiments, will feel badly after they are mustered out of the service, this summer. I am glad I am not one of them.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4.—General Thomas went to the front to-day. Evidences of a pending battle thicken. A number of troops came from the rear, on the cars.

Our brass band, after a long interim of lazy-do-nothingness, is waking up and is now playing a few tunes.

THURSDAY, MAY 5.—We had a meeting this evening and took preliminary steps toward the reorganization of our Regimental Christian Association. We meet again next Monday evening.

For two or three days the Army of the Tennessee, under command of General McPherson, has been passing through town, going to join the army under General Sherman, in front of Dalton. News from the East is to the effect that the Army of the Potomac is advancing. With Grant in command in the East, and Sherman in the West, we will have some effective work.

The 58th has been furnishing a daily detail of two hundred men, to break stone for macadamizing the streets of Chattanooga. This is necessary and useful labor, no doubt, but, to my mind, is a little below the dignity of a soldier. This is the way the boys regard it, too, and express a desire to abandon their job of stone breaking and go to the front. They say they can break stone at home, or in the penitentiary. But we will see enough of the front soon, if I do not miss my guess. The pontoons are all loaded, ready to move at a moment's notice, and we will go with them.

SATURDAY, MAY 7.—Quite a difficulty occurred to-day on the river bank, between some white and negro soldiers. The whites began the row, but the colored troops came out first best. Hugh Shaw, of our Regiment, seems to have been the leader, and there were several others of the Regiment engaged in the fracas. Shaw was badly handled and lost his gun. Six companies of the 14th United States Colored Infantry appeared on the ground to maintain order. In the meantime, the offending fools had been arrested and were put on fatigue duty. The day is gone, forever gone,

when colored soldiers in the United States Army can be insulted with impunity.

SUNDAY, MAY 8.—Attended morning services at the Post Chapel. Rev. Mr. Kincade, of the Christian Commission, prêached a good sermon, thirty minutes long, on Naaman. There was a man in the congregation who responded too often, too loud, and in the wrong place. Responding is a good thing, but can be overdone, and wrongly done. He said "Amen" to the triumph of the devil. He had entirely too much steam for the amount of brains he possessed.

I preached in our Regiment at two p. m. to a large and attentive congregation. There is an evident increase in spirituality in the Regiment. This must be in answer to the prayers of the people at home.

At 6:30 p. m., Monday, May 10th, we met in front of our Regiment and perfected the organization of a Regimental Christian Association. Following is the constitution:

*CONSTITUTION OF THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF
THE FIFTY-EIGHTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.*

PREAMBLE.

We, the undersigned members of the 58th Indiana Volunteers, professing to be followers of Christ, who commanded us not to forget the assembling of ourselves together, and believe it a duty which we owe to each other to meet for prayer, advice, and instruction, that we may grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth, do, for the purpose of obtaining concert of action among ourselves, and building each other up in the faith, establish and agree to be governed by the following constitution:

ARTICLE 1. The Society shall be known as the Christian Association of the 58th Indiana Volunteers.

ARTICLE 2. Its officers shall consist of a Moderator, Clerk, and an Executive Committee of three, who shall be elected at the first meetings in January, April, July, and October.

ARTICLE 3. The Moderator shall open each meeting with prayer, and preside while the Association is in session.

ARTICLE 4. The Clerk shall keep a book in which shall be recorded the names and address of each member of the Association, with the church of which he is a member. He shall also keep a record of the proceedings of each official meeting of the Association, which shall be held at least once a month.

ARTICLE 5. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to look after the welfare of the Society, and if any of the members should be found acting unbecomingly as a christian, to report the same to the Society.

ARTICLE 6. Any person may become a member of this Association by renouncing his sins, confessing his faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and obedience to His commandments.

ARTICLE 7. It will be expected that every member evince his conversion to God by attending our meetings, taking a part therein, and by an upright and holy life. Such persons shall be entitled to a certificate of membership signed by the Moderator and Clerk.

ARTICLE 8. The death, discharge or removal of any member, shall be entered upon the Clerk's book.

ARTICLE 9. The Association may have a meeting at any time the Moderator and Executive Committee deem it expedient.

ARTICLE 10. The Scripture shall be the only rule of faith and practice.

ARTICLE 11. This Constitution may be changed or other articles added, by a vote of a majority of the members, at any meeting of the Association.

ARTICLE 12. Any person who is a faithful member of the society and does not hold a membership with any church at home, may, at his own request, be recommended by the Society to the church of his choice, for membership.

The following officers were elected: Patterson W. Wallace, Moderator; Henry W. Bryant, Clerk; Captain D. L. Cain, Lieutenant Jacob Davis, William Clem, Executive Committee.

It was ordered that any persons desiring to join, hand in their names, residence and church to the Chaplain. The question of erecting an arbor for public worship was discussed, and deferred on account of the uncertainty of the continuance of our present camp. Appropriate resolutions were passed in reference to the death of Jesse T. Alexander.

Larkin Montgomery has been sick for some days and the surgeons determined to send him to the Brigade hospital. When the ambulance came this afternoon, I followed Dr. Holtzman over to the quarters of Company D, to see Montgomery put in the ambulance. When I looked in the Doctor was making an examination of the patient. He has the small-pox. I spoke a few words and came away. The pest ambulance was sent for. Before it came, and while I was writing in the tent, in company with Drs. Holtzman and Patten, in came George W. Johnson, saying:

“Doctor, I have come to see what this breaking out on me is?”

The Doctor made an examination and discovered that he, also, has the small-pox. An hour or two afterwards both are sent to the small-pox hospital. This disease has been spread all through this country by Longstreet's men. They scattered it through East Tennessee. Our men have caught it and scattered it through the North.

Companies C and G, under Major Downey, are ordered to go to Ringgold, Ga., in the morning and repair roads. They take two wagons and an ambulance. No tents or mess chests can go. Dr. Patten will accompany them. The Regiment is to be paid to-night.

I turned over about three hundred Testaments to the U. S. Christian Commission. Five hundred were sent out with us by the Gibson County (Indiana) Bible Society, for our Regiment. It took only about two hundred to supply our men. Many of our soldiers still have the same Testaments which they brought with them from Camp Gibson, when they first entered the service. Others have supplied themselves or been recently supplied.

The Regiment left camp at about six a. m., May 12th, and marched to the depot. We have three wagons, and carry ten days' rations and forage. We take no tents, mess boxes or valises. A large number of men are left behind. Charley Fullerton, the large, lazy and trifling leader of the band, is unnecessarily excused by the Surgeon. The Colonel then excused all the band. This cuts us off from music.

It was about eight a. m. when we left the railroad depot and started on the Rossville road. First was Colonel Buell and staff. Then came Colonel Moore and six Companies of the 58th. Then came the Pontoon train, with several companies of Pontoniers scattered along. Company B, of our Regiment, was about midway, and Company F formed a rear guard.

The Pontoon train was very long. At first I could not believe that there was any pontoon about it, as I saw nothing that had any semblance of a boat. I saw nothing but trestles and boards, as it appeared to me. But then there were two

wagons loaded with oars, and what did they want oars for if they had no boats? We, who were not posted, had considerable discussion about this matter, as is usual with ignorant people. After awhile I learn that the boats were to be made of canvass and were nicely rolled away. The trestles I saw were the frames on which the canvass was stretched.

All the old fencing which was standing when last I traveled this Rossville road (September 21, 1863,) is now gone. We rested a few moments at Rossville, and moved on through the gap on the road to Lee and Gordon's Mill. The trees in the gap were well marked with rifle balls, made on the day last named.

We moved on through the woods rendered famous by the battle of Chickamauga. Different spots call up various reminiscences to the men, and there were constant recitations of tragic events along the line. Especial interest was taken in instructing the recruits in the history of certain roads, hills and fields. These listened with attention, and gazed with marvel on the well scarred trees. In some places the timber was very much torn. A cut fifteen feet long from some of these might be quite an attraction at a fashionable Sanitary Fair, but might not make a good argument for enlisting. I rode off to the left of the road and saw where the breastworks had been, where the 58th stood on Sunday morning of the battle. These have been destroyed by fire. I saw the old fields through which the enemy advanced later in the day to meet our men. And, in the distance, was the hill on which the 58th fought all day Sunday. I rode through the woods where the rebels, by the aid of our bad movements, broke our lines. But in no place were the graves so numerous as where the 58th charged on Saturday afternoon. The little woods was full of them. Here a number of our men were killed and others lost. We could not identify any graves, as strangers had buried them. But the men, in many cases, could point to the very stumps and trees which sheltered them. Captain Cain saw the bones of poor Zeke Boren, just where he died, behind the rail breast-

works. There was a strong smell of decaying bodies in these woods and fields.

We bivouacked just before reaching the mill. We lay about two hours resting and eating. I did not go to Crawfish Springs, as it was too far from the command.

The march is resumed and the Chickamauga is crossed, just below the mill-dam. The mill is running for the citizens, but they have little to be ground.

After we had left the mill a mile in the rear, we came upon ground which the 58th had never trod before. The fences were nearly all standing, and the people were making some efforts to farm. One farmer and his family met us at the gate with buttermilk, and many smiles, professing Unionism. I have no doubt that there are many Union people in Northern Georgia, but it requires a more extensive acquaintance than a single trip along the road to distinguish them.

We bivouacked for the night at Rock Spring, eighteen miles from Chattanooga. We had heard distant cannonading during the after part of the day, in the direction of Dalton. We heard nothing definite from the battle. Strong pickets were put out around our camp, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise.

FRIDAY, MAY 13.—We were up at three o'clock, and an hour later we marched out on the Lafayette road. We were all out on the road before day. There were but few indications of an army on this road. We met a few couriers, and heard heavy cannonading early in the day. Lafayette is a small village, now nearly deserted. There are a few good houses. The scenery about is very fine. To the left is Pea Vine Ridge, and to the right Pigeon Mountains. Catoosa Creek flows by the town.

We turned to the left and went through a pass in Pea Vine Ridge. Passing on, we bivouacked for dinner at the foot of Taylor's Ridge. This ridge is a mountain. It required several hours for the long train to reach the summit. Here were rifle marks upon the trees. Indeed, from this time we saw on every side the evidences of war. We

soon came upon the cavalry videttes of the grand army. It was not long after, passing through some gap, that we came to the cavalry and wagon trains. Colonel Wilder was at a little cross-roads, Bivilla by name. As there was a demand for the pontoon in front, Colonel Buell hurried on. After marching twenty-five miles more, we camped, about ten p. m., in Snake Creek Valley. This was a very hard day's march. It is wonderful that we succeeded in marching so many miles over such roads, and with such a long train.

SATURDAY, MAY 14.—At 12:30 a. m. the camp was aroused, and, in midnight gloom, the march was resumed. Our progress was slow, owing to the roughness of the way and the darkness of the night. As day dawned on us, we came upon large trains parked in the mouth of Snake Creek Valley. Here was a good position and heavy entrenchments. We turned out into a little field in Sugar Valley, by the roadside, about seven o'clock, for breakfast. There was cannonading in front, and an occasional shot from a skirmisher.

After an hour's rest, we were hurried off to lay a pontoon bridge over Oostanaula River. We were ordered to Lay's Ferry, but the Colonel, having no guide, went on the Calhoun Ferry road. Several hours were spent, and our weary soldiers still more exhausted, in wandering about the dense forests. At last we paused, a mile from Lay's Ferry. The pontoons were hastily put together. The 58th and Pontoniers were supported by a Division of the 16th Army Corps.

Soon the storm of deadly battle was heard on the plains of Oostanaula, far to our left. The battle raged northeast of us. It continued far into the night. It was impossible to tell the result from the sound. No couriers bring us any information.

In the afternoon the 58th took the boats and put them in the mouth of Snake Creek. Soon after, they were floated down into the Oostanaula. About four hundred of General Dodge's men were ferried over by the Pontoniers. A charge was made up the other bank. One flag and thirty

prisoners were captured. The rebels were driven from the bank. It was a man in the 66th Indiana who captured the flag. It had been deserted by the enemy. He swam over and took it. He has been promised a furlough to carry it to Governor Morton.

After we had laid down and fallen asleep, we were ordered up to move. It was about nine o'clock. The pontoons were taken from the river. This order awakened considerable misgiving with many of us. We feared that the battle of the afternoon had gone against the left, and we were to move back a little way. But soon the order came to "unhitch, unharness, and go to bed." I suppose that the order for moving was a mistake, originating from an order to take up the pontoons.

In the fight this afternoon the rebels poured in the shells very lively into our ranks. One would have torn off Captain James M. Smith's legs, had he not moved them in time. Alonzo Stewart, of Company B, was severely wounded in the hip by a fragment of shell. I was in exact range of the battery, but sought shelter behind the large pines and oaks. One Pontonier was killed, and five or six wounded.

SUNDAY, MAY 15.—The men were ordered to lay a bridge at the ferry. It was completed by noon. But little opposition was made by the enemy. Our men fired on the rebels, but they made no reply. The battle was not resumed very heavily on the left. There was skirmishing and some cannonading. We all remembered the Sunday's fight at Chickmauga, and expected something of a repetition, but we were happily mistaken.

In the afternoon a severe skirmish occurred beyond the ferry. Our skirmishers moved out and met a strong resistance. Our men were driven to their works, but rallied and charged on the rebels. They were repulsed, and left their dead and severely wounded on the field. We must have had about fifty men killed and wounded in this affray.

After this firing had ceased, I rode down to the ferry. Our men were busy as bees, laying a second pontoon, plant-

ing guns, and throwing up earthworks. This is a very fine point for crossing an army. The river bends on the right and left of the ferry, coming from and going to the enemy. This saves the ferry from being flanked, while our men hold this bank. Just below, Snake Creek empties into Oostan-aula. This affords a fine cover for launching pontoons. Just over the ferry, the country is level, and part of it cleared. On this side the ground rises. Here our guns are placed, commanding the other side. On this bank of the river the ground swells just at the water's brink, affording a natural protection for infantry. Hence, although the 58th was on the ground this afternoon, participating in the fight, not a man was injured. I sat for a time on the bank, watching with interest the progress of the work. War involves every species of labor. Every kind of talent is called into requisition. Every art and science must be practiced. It taxes man to the utmost. Not only does it demand his time, his industry, his talent, his acquirements, his property, but his life.

Yes, for here are the fruits of war, crossing on the stretchers over the bridge—wounded and dead men. It is no wonder that Wellington said to his staff, "Gentlemen, ours is a damnable profession."

Passing over the bridge, I viewed the works which are being constructed for holding the ferry. Another and stronger charge of the enemy is anticipated this afternoon. But it is not made, and could not have been successful.

Many stragglers are passing out even beyond the skirmishers. They are bringing in meal, flour, meat, etc., from a rich rebel's house, just yonder in the edge of the woods. An officer passes with some Greek and Latin works, which tell of the classic taste of the now fleeing Southerners.

MONDAY, MAY 16.—About eight o'clock orders were issued for marching, with our surplus pontoon, to Resaca, eight or ten miles to the left. Companies A and K were left at Lay's Ferry in charge of the two bridges constructed yesterday. By the time the train began to collect at the

cross-roads, a mile from the ferry, the troops and trains from the left were rushing for the river. A new move was evidently on foot. The battle last night was the enemy's last struggle on the north bank of the Oostanaula. His positions are this morning evacuated. General Sherman is making a new disposition of his army to meet the enemy's new movements. Such an occasion is always one of

"Hurrying to and fro,"

as described by Byron. We lay nearly an hour at the cross-roads, awaiting the arrival of the remainder of our train from the ferry. We then moved to the left. The roads were crowded with wagons, going the other way. These were turned hastily out of the way to let the Pontoon train pass, as we have the right of way over everything else. We also met some troops of the 16th Corps coming the same way. These were also turned out of the road. We passed the spot where the men killed at Lay's Ferry were being buried.

We passed General Logan sitting on his horse by the roadside. It was my first sight of him. His complexion is dark, and he wears a heavy, villainous mustache. Now, that I have seen the man, I honor him the more for standing firm by the Union, although it was in opposition to his political faith. It is a wonderful triumph over the old man within and the mean man without. General Logan's record during this war is one that any man might well be proud of. His troops—the 15th Corps—were waiting by the roadside to go to Lay's Ferry and cross. The woods and fields are full of them. The 15th and 16th Corps are under General McPherson.

We now came upon the hosts of General Palmer—the 14th Corps. The guns were stacked and the bayonets gleamed brightly in the morning sun. The men were lively. Several bands were discoursing good music. The tide of battle was now turned the other way. Men were rushing towards Resaca. It was with great difficulty that the Pontoon train was forced through. Colonel Buell displayed great energy and some tact, in clearing the way and hurrying forward the train.

A great change for the better has been wrought in Colonel Buell. He has gained wisdom by his experience in the army. He had faults, but he was free from one prevailing fault, among many army officers—he did not drink whisky. His swearing was only to the extent of saying, “dod dern it,” which was a very mild expression, compared with some used by many officers. But Colonel Buell is now popular with the Generals and with his men. He is an excellent Pioneer commander. He pushes his work through rapidly.

We soon began to pass the fortifications used by our men in the recent battles. Here are two graves in an orchard on the right. We pass a valley where the trees are marked with cannon and rifle shots. We came to the strong line of entrenchments, just in front of Resaca, evacuated by the rebels this morning. The main battlefield is farther to the left. After resting a few moments at the entrenchments we moved through Resaca to the river bank. A large quantity of meal and salt, and some tents, and a few dismounted cannon, were captured at the depot. This is a strong position and difficult to be flanked. There is only one weakness about the position. It is the hill from which our men had command of the railroad bridge. The 36th Georgia was captured here this morning, destroying bridges. The pontoons were destroyed, except a few boats, and they were sunk. A weak wagon bridge, though fired, was saved, and the army was crossing on it. Five men passed over this bridge, when our army first entered the place, and cut the railroad trestles on the other side. This saved a long trestle work.

No sooner did we reach the bank than the men went busily to work, putting together the pontoons. It was twelve m. when the labor began. By the middle of the afternoon the troops and wagons were crossing on it. In the meantime a bridge had been constructed on the ruins of the railroad bridge, just at the water's edge. Two brigades of Stanley's Division went over there.

CHAPTER XXI.

PROGRESS OF THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN—FROM THE OOSTANAULA TO THE CHATTAHOOCHEE—CROSSING THE ETOWAH—JOHNSON'S POSITION AT ALLATOONA FLANKED—ABOUT BURNT HICKORY—SKIRMISHING ALL ALONG THE LINE—REPAIRING BRIDGES—PONTOONS AT ETOWAH STATION—INCIDENTS OF THE FORWARD MOVEMENT—ACWORTH—PINE MOUNTAIN—KENESAW—MARIETTA—FRONTING REBEL RIFLE PITS ACROSS CHATTAHOOCHEE.

GR^EAT activity characterizes every movement of the army, now. pontoons are laid and the troops are rapidly passing over. The telegraph repairing corps is keeping up with the advancing army. A train of cars came up, almost before the smoke of battle cleared away, bringing timbers, already framed, for the repair of the railroad bridge. An occasional gun tells of the presence of the enemy in our front.

The most of the trains, and all of the troops, designed to cross the river at this point, having passed, by noon of the 18th, we moved over the battalion and began taking up the bridge. This being completed by the middle of the afternoon, and a company of Pontoniers having been detailed to construct a permanent pontoon, we move on. A few miles out we came to Calhoun, almost entirely deserted. There were some rail works running through the suburbs of the village. The rebels made a stand here last night. Calhoun has been a pleasant town, before the war. There is a monument to one General Nelson, of whom, perhaps, I am to blame for never having heard. I suppose him to have been

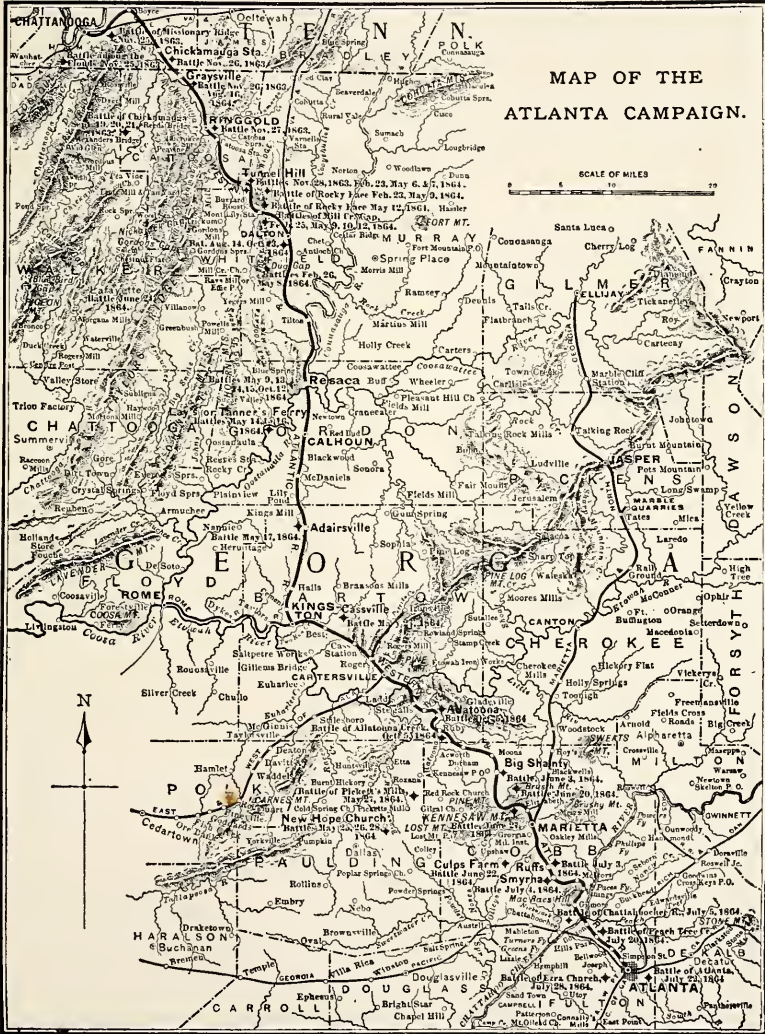
a "cornstalk General" of the old State militia times—"the better days of the republic," as croakers imagine.

Here we overtook Company K and one of the bridges recently laid at Lay's Ferry. A mile from Calhoun we stopped for supper at Bailey's Mills, on Oothcaloga Creek. After an hour's rest we moved on, designing to go ten miles to Adairsville. The moon shone brightly and the night was lovely. But an officer never gains anything by marching his troops at night, when there is no emergency. We have not gained an inch by night marching since leaving Chattanooga. Long before reaching Adairsville we all lay down, exhausted, by the roadside, and went soundly to sleep.

Near Adairsville, next morning, we passed, a point where there were more bullet marks than I ever saw, in so small a compass. On the left, a little strip of medium sized oaks were scarred in innumerable places. On the right, there is the hull of an old shop, pierced through many thousand times. Just beyond, on the left, there is a plank fence, the narrow boards of which are perfectly riddled. The ruins of a fine Georgia mansion are smoking, a few steps farther on. Two lines of temporary field works are still standing. The Loyalists occupied one and the rebels the other. The combatants have passed on, and these marks and desolations, and a few soldiers' graves, are left to tell the tale to the passing Pontoniers. Here the 4th Corps is said to have fought, and some of Hooker's men did noble execution.

We soon came to Adairsville—desolate, like all the towns we come to. The citizens imagine that it is patriotic to leave their homes and entwine their destiny about the pillars of the Southern Confederacy. Many of them will be crushed beneath the ruins, when this house, founded on the sand, falls.

After an hour's rest, we move a short distance from the village and bivouacked in a dirty woods, by the side of a sluggish creek. It was a fine day for sleep, and in its soft embraces, the soldier, that day, forgot his toils and battle scenes. A gentle breeze, soft as a mother's lullaby, fanned



his weary body. Many dreamed of home, but awoke toward nightfall, to find themselves soldiers, in the sunny South. Thus glides the soldier's life. The night is often his day and the day is often his night.

FRIDAY, MAY 20.—This morning we left Adairsville and resumed our march. We soon came to the wagon trains, the cavalry moving to the rear, and the infantry lying by their guns. The grand army seems to be resting on its laurels. After remaining a few moments in Kingston, we move a quarter of a mile out and stop for orders.

I caught a glance of a Major-General, standing in a hall in Kingston. It was only a glance. I had never seen him before. He was tall and slender, and had the look of a classic teacher. At home, with a black coat on, I would have guessed him the pastor of an old fashioned Presbyterian Church, who taught Greek and Latin through the week. Farther I will not go until I see him again. I was afterwards informed that it was General Sherman.

After eating our dinner of pickled pork, crackers, and coffee, we were informed that the army was to rest until Monday, the 23d, by order of General Sherman. Turning east, and crossing the road, we camped about a nice frame mansion, owned by one Clayburne. The house is deserted. The proprietor is banking at Atlanta. The farm is sterile but the water is superior, and the scenery fine, without being grand. The Regiment is placed in the orchard and the horses in the front yard. The house served for Brigade and Regimental headquarters.

SATURDAY, MAY 21.—The Armies of the Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio rest in quiet to-day. I am sick. Have been in bed all day. I felt a little better towards night.

Yesterday afternoon we learned of the death of George Raffan, First Lieutenant and Quartermaster of our Regiment. We had left him, sick, at Decherd, Tennessee, on our march from Nashville. He was taken to Nashville. Was very sick, but recovered somewhat. He afterwards relapsed and died, when or how, I am not informed.

He was a native of Scotland, and "his speech betrayed him." His business qualifications were of the first order. He was industrious, living much of the time in the saddle. He was an excellent penman and book-keeper. Few men could get up a neater or more correct report. He had traveled extensively and read many books. In short, he was a highly gifted young man, with fine conversational powers, rare musical attainments, and polished manners. His was one of the brightest minds in the Regiment.

MONDAY, MAY 23.—The rest of the grand army was broken to-day. We early left our camp, and moved south from Kingston. We crossed Two Run Creek near the town. We travel along a blind path, through a desolate land of tall pines. The soil was covered with a carpet of wild strawberries.

We met the head of the 20th Corps, led by General Hooker. He is a popular man among the soldiers.

We reached the Etowah, at Milam's Bridge. The opposite bank is occupied by a few of our cavalry. One bridge is completed in an hour and twenty minutes. Immediately the 20th Corps began to pour over. The troops are followed by their trains.

The 4th and 14th Corps are passing a few miles farther down the river. While this is going on, the enemy is looking for us in vain, at Etowah Station.

It is very interesting to look on while an army is crossing a pontoon. It is a great place to study human nature. In the military world, everybody is impressed by his own importance. Even mule drivers are highly offended when the guards tell them to drive slow. The guards themselves are impressed with their office. They take peculiar delight in dismounting passing officers.

TUESDAY, MAY 24.—The 20th Corps having crossed yesterday and last night, the 23d began passing early this morning. This Corps is from Knoxville, plus six new Indiana Regiments, under General Hovey.

About the middle of the afternoon, the 23d Corps was all over. Colonel Buell immediately took up the pontoon. Rumor said the position was to be evacuated, and even the railroad given up to Resaca. Sherman designs to swing around to the right, that he may turn the position of the enemy at Allatoona.

It was dark by the time the pontoons were taken from the stream. A furious rain storm prevailed while the loads were being adjusted. I lay on the floor of an old house. Here I found shelter and some sleep. At nine o'clock we moved south. It was dark, and the roads were horrible. After traveling about two miles, we were effectively stopped by the trains in advance. The fields on either side were fallow ground. We put down some rails for a bed. After walking three-fourths of a mile to get a drink from a filthy stream, I lay down and finished my sleep. Fence rails make a good bed.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25.—As soon as the preceding trains moved, we followed. We soon passed beyond the bounds of fertile lands, and entered upon a desolate region of pines. Occasionally we would find a little hut and a patch of cleared ground. Most of these were without occupants.

We stopped an hour for dinner. Soon after this, we came upon a part of the 23d Corps. They had been in camp but were falling in, to march towards Burnt Hickory. We followed them, and encamped for the night near that place. This is on the old Carolina and Kentucky stock road. Forage for the stock was scarce in early times, and is yet. There stood here a hickory tree. At its base the passing travelers kindled their camp fires. Thence the place took the name of "Burnt Hickory." Long after the tree had fallen down and been destroyed, the name is retained. There are a few houses scattered up and down the road, but Burnt Hickory can not even boast of being a village.

About dark the mail came, and the rain began to fall. Before this the sound of battle came from the front. While

the rain fell, and we were trying to open the mail and read our letters in our open tents, the sound of musketry continued. It soon hushed, and all was still.

We occupy a little line of temporary works, constructed by our men last night. We are on the extreme left, save a few cavalry.

The next morning dawned in comparative quiet. Some skirmish firing was all we heard to-day.

In the afternoon we moved about three miles to the right. The road was encumbered with troops and trains, and there was considerable difficulty in getting our people along. Major Downey had quite a difficulty with a Colonel in Baird's Division. The Major says the Colonel was drunk. I know the Major was. The Colonel stopped the train. Colonel Buell reports him to department headquarters.

Some of our high officers are possessed with the strange conceit that their wisdom rises with their rank. I have often known them to be informed of some fact by an inferior in rank. Many of them can not bear this. Many officers study secretiveness, and, by great reserve, pretend to know more of the movements than those below. I am a Chaplain, and am not in the line of promotion. I stand where I did at home. I am sometimes not a little amused at the pretended military acquirements of some men, whom, at home, I knew were not smart, and in the army never study. Some of these fellows, who were not known beyond their immediate neighborhoods at home, can scarcely find room in their bodies to hold their own importance. We have thousands of men in the ranks who have wealth, or talent, or reputation. Most of our officers, however, are worthy, humble and capable men.

FRIDAY, MAY 27.—The march was resumed. At the first road on the right, we were joined by Company A, and the pontoon detachment, left at Lay's Ferry, on the Oostanaula. Lieutenant Behm, in command of the Company, is sick in the ambulance. The remainder of the command is in fine health and spirits.

Company A has had a somewhat different experience from the others, since leaving Resaca. They were left in charge of the two bridges at Lay's Ferry, and, after all the troops had crossed over, they took up the bridges and marched to a point opposite Rome, where they put down another bridge, upon which General Jeff. C. Davis' Division crossed and took possession of Rome. This was a rich depot for the rebel army, and they had not been able to get all their stores away on account of the suddenness of their flight. Large quantities of salt and meal were captured by our men.

When Colonel Streight's command was captured, near this place in 1863, and brought into Rome as prisoners, they were subjected to many indignities, by the proud and haughty rebel citizens. A just and righteous retribution now overtakes them, in the burning of their houses by indignant soldiers.

One-half of the Rome newspaper was found struck off, giving a flaming account of Johnson's success against Sherman. "The sun would not set behind the Catooga hills," the editor said, "ere the whole Yankee army would be captured." But things did not turn out that way. Before the other side of his paper was printed, the editor, himself, found it necessary to flee behind the hills to avoid capture. Our boys took possession of his sanctum and immediately began the publication of a tri-weekly paper, of loyal sentiments.

While in this place, Dr. Patten fell into an argument with one of the natives, an old man, who owned one slave, on the irrepresible slavery question.

"Slavery could not be put down," he said, "because niggers always had been and always would be slaves. For the Bible says of Cain, 'his har shall be kinky, his skin black, and a sarvant of sarvants shall be all the days of his life.'"

"Where is that passage in the Bible?" inquired the Doctor.

"Wall, I cannot exactly tell, but if Mary was here she could find it."

The Doctor got a Bible, and turning to the history of Cain, asked the old man to read it, but discovered that he was unable to read. So the Doctor read the story and explained its meaning. He was making quite a favorable impression on the ignoramus, and was encouraged to believe that he would instill some sense into him, when Lieutenant Murphy, who loves a joke, spoke up and said to the old man that this scripture had been changed by Abraham Lincoln. Of course the Doctor could do no more with his subject after this. The ignorant slave-holder went away horror struck, at the wickedness of Abraham Lincoln.

The people of Rome were much alarmed lest Colonel Streight should visit them. Our men took great delight in spreading the report that Colonel Streight was to be placed in command of the post.

We camped near Pumpkin Vine Creek, after marching about four miles. We are as near the front as is advisable. The sound of the musketry and cannonading can be distinctly heard a few miles in front.

The Pumpkin Vine is a sluggish stream, whose waters look as if they might poison the land through which they pass. There are hills about us. Where the battle is, the ground is rolling, and forest dense.

General Grant is still successful against Lee, and Sherman against Johnson. If Richmond and Atlanta are captured, and the rebel armies driven back, what then? Evidently Lee and Johnson will attempt to concentrate. If they succeed, it would be almost impossible to save one of our armies from defeat. Nothing but a retreat on Chattanooga could save Sherman's army. If this was once accomplished, combinations could readily be made to meet the rebel army. But some time would be consumed in these movements. There would be a great fluttering at home, and "there, now, I told you so," abroad. Gold would go up and greenbacks down. The war would be prolonged. Hence, it is necessary to prevent a concentration of the rebel armies. Can it be done by Grant and Sherman pressing their opponents

severely? No, for the rebels have the railroad, and can leave the Yankees behind. But if, after passing Atlanta and Richmond, heavy cavalry expeditions are sent out to destroy the railroads between Lee and Johnson, and at the same time, and all the time, Sherman flanks to the left, and Grant to the right, rebel concentration can not take place. But it will require great energy and watchfulness. Our rations must be kept up. Our teams must be fed well. Reinforcements must be constantly coming forward. Small expeditions must be abandoned. With the single exception of a vigorous campaign beyond the Mississippi, all else should be abandoned, save these two grand movements now in progress.

What folly to have forces in Florida, or South Carolina, or Texas, when we can gain nothing by staying, and lose nothing by going away. It would be pleasant, indeed, to occupy all our land. But we must first conquer the rebel armies, and then we can occupy the rebel country with ease and safety. To over-run is not to conquer a country. It is the men, not the land, that rebel.

Our authorities are becoming impressed with this fact, and are acting accordingly. Victory, and an early peace, must be the result of this improved policy, provided the blessings of God are upon us. Otherwise, we must be defeated. May He favor the right.

SATURDAY, MAY 28.—The road crossing the creek passes east from our camp. Out on this road, or apparently a little to the south of it, heavy musketry was heard last night. This morning heavy skirmishing is heard along that part of our lines. A general engagement is anticipated. All our army is now in position. On the extreme right is the 15th and 16th Corps, under General McPherson. Then comes General J. C. Davis, 2d Division of the 14th Corps. Next is the 20th Corps, under General Hooker. Then we have the 1st and 3d Divisions of the 4th Corps. Then comes the 1st Division, under General Johnson, of the 14th Corps. Then we have the 2d and 3d Divisions, of the 23d Corps.

The 3d Division, General Baird, of the 14th Corps, and the 1st Division, General Hovey, of the 23d Corps, are in the rear, guarding trains.

The skirmishing of the morning does not increase, but seems to die away. In the afternoon, in company with Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, Surgeon Holtzman, and Lieutenant and Acting Quartermaster Torrence, I rode towards the front. When I heard the first ball whizz I stopped with Dr. Holtzman. As I had no business, nor even curiosity in reference to the extreme front, and had seen fighting and heard balls whizz many a time before, I did not think it necessary to crowd into useless danger, that

I may be called brave. When I die I want to be at the post of duty. Men often expose themselves through sheer cowardice.

We found many graves in the woods. Most of them are Hooker's men, killed in the engagement of the 25th. It seems that there was but one Division of the 20th Corps engaged. They must have fought well, for they drove the enemy and held their ground.



CAPTAIN HENRY TORRENCE,*
Company D.

Our lines have been advanced but little, as Hooker found the enemy's entrenchments on the night above named. Skirmishing is going on all the time. Wounded men are constantly coming back to the hospitals. The number of

* Was mustered in as Quartermaster-Sergeant, November 12, 1861, promoted Second Lieutenant Company D, April 13th, 1863, to First Lieutenant November 4, 1863, to Captain March 1, 1865. After his army service he returned to his old home in Xenia, Ohio, and engaged in mercantile business. He served a term as Recorder of Greene county, and was for some time Chairman of the Republican Central Committee of that county. Captain Torrence was a prominent and influential citizen of his native town and county, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. His death, which occurred September 16, 1881, was a cause of profound sorrow to his many friends and comrades.

men killed and wounded during the 25th, 26th, 27th, and to-day, is very large. Wood's Division was repulsed yesterday. From an inspection of the grounds, and from the statements and opinions of men on the field, I am impressed that we have gone as far as we can, even by charging. A flank movement of some kind should now be made. The works might be taken by storming; but suppose we were to fail, what then? I can not believe General Sherman will try it. We had a good prayer meeting in the evening.

We all anticipated a quiet Sabbath. No assault on the enemy's stronghold, on this day, was anticipated. In this, we were not disappointed. But we were not permitted to remain quietly in camp, as we were ordered to Burnt Hickory, about the middle of the forenoon. As all the trains seemed to have similar orders, it was three p. m. before we began to move. Even then, we passed thousands of wagons standing with the mules harnessed. We have about as much transportation as of old. But there is not so much trash hauled. Still, there are a few hundred wagon loads, chiefly at the various headquarters, which might profitably be burned.

Our march was very slow at first. But, soon becoming disentangled from the long trains, we moved along lively.

After reaching Burnt Hickory we turned out into the Marietta road, and camped not far from our camp of the 25th inst.

Skirmishing is a daily and nightly affair now. Sometimes the firing increases to a general engagement on some parts of the line.

In the afternoon of Tuesday, May 3d, I preached before the 80th Indiana. The men were assembled by a few taps of the bass drum, and by a call from the Major, "Come up to church." The gathering was upon the hillside, under the shade of the oaks. The soldiers were rough, but not criminal, in looks. They gave careful and serious attention to every word. If I can not accomplish good by preaching on "Prepare to Meet Thy God" to such a congregation, under

these circumstances, I can not do any good by preaching. The 80th Indiana was made up in the First Congressional District, and is composed of splendid material. They have seen hard service recently. They have marched from Mossy Creek Station. They were severely engaged at the battle of Oostanaula, losing some of their best men. Among them was William Archer, of Princeton, whom I married to an estimable young lady—Miss Jane King. Recently they have been in the front, and have had a few wounded. They are now resting in the rear. The men are well tanned and greatly fatigued. May heaven smile upon these bronzed heroes.

Major Downey returned this morning with Companies A and F. They have been out about eight miles to cut timber for the obstruction of the road. They report that they cut timber in the roads for a hundred yards or more. The rebel cavalry can not get in now, without one of three expedients being resorted to: 1st, go some other road; 2d, pass through the field along by the side of this fallen timber; or, 3d, cut away the trees, which would take an hundred axes nearly half an hour. I inquired of the Major whether he had left our own cavalry on the outside of the fallen timber. Surely we would be utterly undone if that were so.

The remainder of the Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, who are out in another direction, has not returned. Perhaps they are like the man who stood on the limb and cut it off. They may be on the thither side of the obstructions!

The signs of the political world are favorable. A respectable, though halting, anti-slavery party has been organized in Kentucky. Doctor Breckenridge and Chaplain Bristow took anti-slavery grounds in the convention. But most of the delegates hesitate. Even this much is a triumph. Delegates were appointed to the Republican National Convention. The Radical Convention, of Missouri, which was expected to throw fire-brands into the ranks, has voted to send delegates to the same convention. All things seem to

be working towards the renomination of Abraham Lincoln. He will be triumphantly elected.

The campaign west of the Mississippi has resulted disastrously to our arms. But steps have been taken to retrieve these disasters. In the East, General Grant has been successful, thus far. But his progress has been slow, and every step has been in blood. There is a prospect of the capture of Richmond. General Sherman's advance has been like General Grant's. The fate of the Union is now being decided. If Richmond and Atlanta fall, so does the Southern Confederacy.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2.—Companies A and F marched early this morning, under Major Downey, to repair Vaughan's Ferry. The remainder of the Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, returned from their obstructing tour. They had been some twenty miles on the left, into a fine country. They obstructed roads and cut down bridges. This is preparatory to a movement to the left. At one house a squad of our men were very much taken with surprise, by being treated so kindly. The lady desired them to stay for dinner, but they did not have time. She then began loading them down with every species of good things to eat. Our boys were so little accustomed to kind treatment that they were impressed that there was some mistake. And so there was. The lady mistook them for Confederates! The boys told her they were Yankees. But she had never seen any, and refused to believe them. She thought the boys were only joking. So she continued her deeds of kindness until they departed, leaving her in blissful ignorance.

About noon tents were struck, and the entire train moved out on the Vaughan Ferry road. We crossed the Pumpkin Vine Creek, and submitted to a drenching rain on the other side. After the men had fixed the ferry, and repaired the roads, we camped, near Starns' Creek.

FRIDAY, JUNE 3.—One hundred men from the 58th, and some other details from the Pioneers, all under Lieutenant Huntington, constructed a bridge over Pumpkin Vine Creek,

near Vaughan's Ferry. It is seventy-five feet long. Another detail, under Lieutenant Murray, constructed a substantial bridge over Starns' Creek.

Colonel Buell is ordered to march his command to Allatoona, and repair the roads as he goes, and we march at eleven a. m. The rain is falling, and, as the road lies through a marshy plain, the travel is bad.

Our general course is northeast. Having gone a few miles, we leave the road to Allatoona, and turn off to the inevitable Pumpkin Vine Creek. On the banks of this stream we camp, in a wheat field and pine thicket. A bridge is immediately commenced.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5.—The Sabbath morning was gloomy. I lay until near noon under my shelter, meditating on John 5:24, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth."

About noon the march towards Allatoona was resumed. Companies A, F and D were left, under command of Major Downey, to complete the bridge. After all the trestles were up, save one bent, it fell down, but killed nobody. Cause: The pins had not been put in! A Sergeant in charge declared, "I knew a circumstance just like that once before" "A wayfaring man, though a fool," would have pinned as he went.

The clouds broke away. The sun resumed his wonted splendor. We passed a part of the road where but few of our men had passed. The train dragged heavily. Many of the mules had had no corn for five days. They were very poor when we started. A number of wagons did not reach camp, and some of the mules died.

Allatoona is a deserted village, at the rear of the Allatoona Hills. General Sherman flanked General Johnson out of this position, by moving to the right.

Stopping an hour at Allatoona for supper, we finished our march by night. We stowed ourselves away on a hillside, near the Etowah river, for sleep. Here we experience the disagreeable sensation of trying to sleep while slipping down

the hill. But even this is more pleasant than a conscience ill at ease. For the guilty man there is no rest. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

MONDAY, JUNE 6.—Early this morning we moved our train to the river bank, near the railroad. The men were encamped in an open field and the train parked on the river bank. Under a wide-spreading walnut tree our Regimental headquarters are pitched.

This is a romantic spot. On this side of the river there is a basin, surrounded by the Allatoona Hills. Through this basin the railroad runs, there being a fill of about forty or fifty feet. Into this valley General Johnson attempted to draw General Sherman. But Sherman has been about too much to be thus easily drawn in. On the other side of the river there are two hills, with the railroad running between. The one south of the railroad is the lower, and has some fortification on its summit. It is about ninety-five feet above the river. The hill north of the railroad must be two hundred feet high, and has a fort on its summit. In addition to this there is a long line of rifle works. These hills afford a good protection for the railroad bridge. Though, if I were going to perpetrate a bull, I might add that the bridge which they defend, is destroyed. To-day, Colonel Wright's repairing corps commence the reconstruction of the bridge. The trestle for the bridge will reach sixty-five feet above the river. Two sets of hands—one on each end—are working. Every man has his part assigned him. There is no confusion. No one seems to be in a hurry, yet the work goes rapidly forward.

Three pontoons are put in the river, just below the railroad crossing, during the day. Yet there were no wagons or troops passed during the day, except cavalry.

TUESDAY, JUNE 7.—In the early part of the day there was comparative quiet about the station. But long trains of empty wagons from the front, began pouring in. They were rapidly passed over and moved off to Cartersville, the depot of supplies for the army. Soon troops from the rear

began to come in on the other side of the river. They proved to be a portion of the 17th Corps, under General F. P. Blair. They came up the Mississippi river and landed at Cairo, and vicinity, in March last. Here, they remained until about May 1st. They were then transported up the Tennessee to Clifton. They left this point, on the 9th of the month, and passed through Huntsville, Decatur and Rome. General Blair assumed command at Huntsville.

A few of the troops, and many of the wagons, crossed to-day. The train is very long and the wagons are in good repair. The mules are much superior to those in the Army of the Cumberland. Evidently, they were never about Chattanooga. There were a number of negro women and children in the train. The women are almost, and the children entirely, useless. Women must often be hauled on the already overloaded wagons. And, then they are such creatures to collect baggage. You have noticed them at home, with their trunks, bandboxes, bundles and babies. It takes all their male acquaintances to help them on the train. The negro women in the army have the same failing. They have more baggage than the officers.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8.—Yesterday, Dr. Holtzman went to Chattanooga to take medical charge of the Pioneer Brigade, *vice* Dr. Fuller, whose time shortly expires.

The remainder of General Blair's command crossed the river this morning. Some of the Regiments are very large, and there are quite a number of brass bands in the Corps.

In the afternoon I rode up to the iron works, from three to six miles above Etowah Station. All the workshops have been burned. The families of the workmen are now being removed, preparatory to the destruction of their houses. I am opposed to this arson. I cannot better give my reasons than by a short description of the works.

Passing under the railroad bridge on the right bank, we continue to travel on a good wagon road, along the bank. A branch railroad runs to the foundries. There is a high range of hills on our left, which are full of iron. The

Etowah has considerable fall, affording plenty of water power. There are building spots in the narrow bottoms and on the hills. Stone, for building, of the very best material, is abundant. The ore is rich and plenty, in fact, endless. There were two furnaces, one of them on Stump Creek. Besides these there was a rolling mill, large grist mills, saw mills, cooper shops, etc. Several hundred hands were employed. Munitions of war—shot, mess pans and camp kettles, was all that I have heard of their manufacturing.

I have no means of arriving at the value of these extensive and valuable works. But it must not have been less than one million dollars. Instead of destroying this large amount of property, would it not have been better to have confiscated it, and paid a million of our National debt? And then, why impoverish our land by wantonly destroying its wealth? Especially that which kindles a fire in our manufacturing establishments. But, more especially, why burn down poor people's huts? Can it accomplish any good? If we have any design of evacuating this position, it might be well to destroy as much of these works as might aid the rebellion. But there is no sense in making war on women and children. I learn that the stack, dam, etc., which can not be burned, are to be left standing. There is more sense in destroying these than in burning the houses of the poor. The order for the destruction of this property will demoralize our own men. Already pillaging has commenced. Already our cavalry feel at liberty to burn houses. Soon our infantry will learn the same from their commanders.

THURSDAY, JUNE 9.—The army has been laying quiet for a few days. The order is to march this morning, with ten days' rations. General Sherman acts as if he only desired to occupy the attention of the enemy, and hold him here.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10.—The big event of to-day is the raid of General Wheeler, in our rear. He has taken Calhoun. No trains came in during the early part of the day.

In keeping with these rumors, preparations are making at this post. We have here the 45th Illinois, 58th Indiana, six

companies of Pontoniers, and a few detachments. Small bodies of troops are passing at almost all hours of the day.

Colonel Buell had two little lines of rifle pits constructed. One is in the sand, just at the river bank, covering the pontoons. The other is a few hundred feet in advance.

A Captain came to the right bank of the Etowah river, to-day, with a large drove of cattle. On the opposite bank there is a spring, at which a number of soldiers of our Regiment were getting water. The Captain, desiring to swim his cattle, ordered them away. Either not understanding, or not caring for his order, they did not move, whereupon the Captain fires at them with a revolver, but does not hit anybody. They report to Regimental headquarters, when John Whittlesey, with about ten men, is sent to the spring, with instructions to guard the water, and, if necessary, deploy along the river bank, and hold the position at all hazards. Major Downey mounts his horse, in hot haste, dashes across the pontoon, arrests the offending Captain, and takes him before Colonel Buell. The parties fired upon are called, and their testimony taken. The Captain produces an order from General Sherman, giving him preference on the roads over troops or trains. On this, and the testimony, Colonel Buell acquits and justifies the Captain.

Major Downey returns to his quarter, fired with indignation, and boiling over in words, by no means chaste or complimentary to Colonel Buell. He prepares an inquiry, addressed to the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of the Mississippi, stating the facts of the case, and asking whether it was the design, in giving this order, to authorize firing upon unarmed men, as was done by this Captain, and whether Colonel Buell had not exceeded his authority. Also requesting that the decision of the Colonel be reversed and the Captain be placed under arrest, and an opportunity offered to prefer charges against him. This paper is taken to Brigade headquarters. Here the matter ended. I am not informed exactly how it died, but it is dead. I will not make any post mortem.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14.—This has been a day of exceeding loveliness. The rain is over. The air is pleasant, the breezes are soothing, and all nature is quiet. Cannonading was heard in the morning. We are now nearly twenty miles from the front.

Twenty-five of our Regiment came up this afternoon. They are chiefly men who were wounded at Chickamauga, captured and paroled, and are now exchanged. Amongst them is Sergeant Keeler, of Company B. He is a most excellent man and was always a leading spirit in all our meetings. Some days since, about twenty-five others came up. The arrival of these men is almost like the raising of the dead. Many of them we never expected to meet again in the army. After the fatal battle of Chickamauga, our camp was exceedingly lonesome, because of the many familiar faces which were missing. Most of them had been killed. Some are still in Libby Prison.

Captain William Davis, having been incapacitated for active service in the field, by his wounds, has been honorably discharged from the service by the Secretary of War. He was one of our best officers and men.

I rode two miles from the station to Cartersville, on the railroad. In its halcyon days this must have been a village of 1,200 inhabitants. It is situated in a fertile valley. Even now the surrounding lands seem determined to flourish, despite the ravages of war. But the effort is vain; for the fences are torn down, and the wheat is being fed to the horses and mules.

The time has never been when Cartersville could boast of her architecture. There are a few houses which were once pleasant residences, and there are one or two good churches. There are more residents here than in any village I have seen in Georgia. This is owing, in part, to the fact that the place was taken from the rear, and the people did not have the same chance to run away, as many did in other towns. But it was chiefly caused by bringing the families from the iron works. The people are very poor, dirty, and ignorant,

General Sherman has captured a courier, bearing a dispatch from Johnson to one Jackson, a rebel cavalry General, ordering the latter to capture this point and burn the railroad bridge. Our officers are, therefore, on the lookout. Ammunition was distributed to-night, and we were ordered to be in line of battle at two p. m.

Private Patterson W. Wallace preached us an excellent sermon this evening, on "Learning of Jesus." This is the first time I ever heard him. He took occasion, amongst other thoughts, to represent to us that the school of Christ is free. He contrasted the free school system of the North with the ignorance of the South. He made a very happy illustration, and a very good impression on his audience.

The nomination of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson for President and Vice-President, meets my hearty approbation, and the platform adopted is all right.

The wagon bridge having been rebuilt, the pontoon bridges were taken from the river, and in the afternoon of June 17, we marched from our camp at Etowah. We were reinforced by about fifty pontoon wagons, belonging to McPherson's army, and guarded by the 8th Kansas. The boats are trestles covered with canvass, similar to ours, but the sides are heavier, and have no hinges in the middle. All the balk and chess is heavier. It is a better bridge, but it must be almost impossible to transport it about the country. It is inferior to ours as a field pontoon. This train was reported to Colonel Buell and followed on the march in our rear.

The road through the Allatoona hills is very bad. The almost daily rain, during the present month, and the innumerable wagon trains, have cut up the road very much.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19.—We are now in camp near Ackworth, having reached this point yesterday afternoon. This morning the clouds were light. There was prospect that we would not be visited by rain during the day, so I blacked my boots, brushed my clothing, put on a paper collar, and attempted to look as nice as I could. I do not wish to entirely forget the ways of civilization upon the Sabbath

day. I passed through the Regiment during the morning, and notified the men that we would have preaching at the usual hour—two p. m. But our plans failed, as usual.

During the forenoon there came an order directing the six companies of Pontoniers, who have been with us since our start on this campaign, to return to Chattanooga. The detachment of Pioneers is to accompany them. An engineers' Regiment is being organized there, and this movement is to give them an opportunity to enlist in that organization.

The 58th must take the teams, and attend to both pioneering and pontoniering, and there is great excitement in consequence. A detail of one hundred teamsters, including three Sergeants, was made. Most of them volunteered; indeed, I am not sure but all of them did. This detail marched from Colonel Buell's quarters, amongst the wagons, and snatched for the teams. Now, good teams are exceedingly scarce in the pontoon train, hence there was quite a hustling around.

It is no easy berth to drive a pontoon wagon. The mules are poor, as only four pounds of corn is allowed each, per day. Many of the wagons are very heavy, especially the balk wagons. Most of the new drivers think they will have gay times in their new vocation. But alas! Little do they know of the sorrows of mule drivers. Six bony shadows to feed, curry and water; their idiosyncrasies by day and by night to be borne; the long, muddy roads to be tramped through; the weary night marching; the jeers of everybody, and the orders of officers—all render mule driving not

"A consummation devoutly to be wished."

Lieutenant Wood passed through the Regiment, and made a detail of mechanics, to act as a repairing party. He selected nearly fifty.

About noon orders came to march, and at one p. m. the march began. The Pontoniers are to remain, to give us a start. The old teamsiers harnessed up and drove out for the new hands. We moved on the Marietta road, which was incredibly bad. Not only the old roads, but the entire

woods and fields are cut up. We soon come to the old camps of our men. Our army moved to these parts from the neighborhood of Dallas, and Pumpkin Vine Creek, where we left them a few weeks ago. We soon passed a line of entrenchments, heavy and substantial, made by our men. Not very far in advance of these, we passed another, still more substantial, facing a range of mountains, hills and ridges. A few days ago these latter were occupied by the enemy. On the right is Lost Mountain. Just by us is Pine Mountain. Between are hills. A few days ago there was severe fighting here. Passing through the last named works, we wound up a mountain slope, and camped on the other side. So slight was the ascent, that we were almost unconscious of being on the mountains. Many of the men were ignorant of the fact until subsequent events revealed it to them.

It was after dark, on the 19th, when we pitched our camp, in a wet spot, amid the debris of old encampments. It is always disagreeable to thus camp, as you do not know how much filth is about your habitation.

I spoke about the idiosyncrasies of mules. I might, with much greater propriety, speak of the idiosyncrasies of mule drivers. It requires more patience than the majority of men possess, to follow this calling, successfully. Hence, the profanity of mule drivers has become proverbial. Many of them swear most recklessly. But I have yet to observe the good accomplished by this. I noticed, on yesterday, and during this morning, there were teamsters who would deliberately go and whip their mules. Having none other on which to vent their wrath, they would pour out their pent up indignation, by lashing their mules. Woe betide the unfortunate mule whose master is dyspeptic, or ill-tempered. I am sure, could these animals speak, that many of them would shout, "glory to God," in bidding adieu to their old masters. But not all teamsters are deserving of condemnation. Many of them are exceedingly careful, attentive, and kind, and their mules are fat and sleek.

The Pioneers and Pontoniers left us to-day. Additional details were made to manage the pontoons, and we can get along very well. We have about three hundred and fifty men, which is sufficient for all purposes.

Just before our camp is a heavy line of rebel works. The rebels are learning every day to depend more on such defenses. Were it not for the fact that these works can usually be flanked, I do not know what we would do. All our men would soon be slaughtered. The earth is so large that there is room to pass around the end of the longest entrenchment. So, if rivers or mountains are not in the way, our army usually flanks the rebels.

How fast our people are learning war! At Pittsburg Landing, Grant had no defenses. If he had, it would have saved him from defeat the first day, and saved many from death. After being driven to the river bank he constructed none. The rebels, on that night, might have made works from the river above to the river below, which would have defied the impetuosity of Buell's new levies, for a day or two. But it was then rather thought discreditable. Entrenching was only to be resorted to when your army was smaller than the enemy. I remember distinctly, when in this army, it was thought to be cowardly to stand behind a tree in time of battle. Now, it is considered a man's duty to shield himself all he can without shrinking from duty.

I ascended along the rebel works. The mountain side is thickly set with a growth of oaks, and a pine here and there. Soon I stand upon the summit of Pine Mountain. Most of the trees have been cut from the top, and a rebel fort built. Here fell Lieutenant-General Polk, of the rebel army, on the 14th inst. He was struck in the side by a piece of shell and was terribly mangled. Once a shepherd of the fold of Christ—a Bishop in the Episcopal Church—he laid aside the robes of his holy office, to battle with carnal weapons for human slavery. He must have often been smitten by his conscience. "He, that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

“Do you wish to see his monument?” asks the inscription in St. Paul, London, referring to its builder, Sir Christopher Wren, “Look about you.” Here, over many miles, nature’s wonders commemorate the greatness of Deity. The sun is shining with golden beauty on the Allatoona mountains, though clouds shut him from our gaze. The regions of Etowah are also illuminated. Thus in life, though the present is gloomy, there is sunshine on the mountain and the river beyond. Where I now stand, a few days since, the proud traitors stood, and looked in scorn upon the hated Yankees, in the valley below. They could see them by thousands behind their entrenchments. I imagine the rebels held these Yankee ditches as much in contempt, as Remus did those of Romulus. And perchance the Lieutenant-General, named above, bethought himself another Jupiter, holding in his red right hand the thunderbolt of Divine wrath.

The northern mountain side is torn in many places by the shot and shell fired by our guns. The throne of Jupiter is much battered.

North of the mountain, not only can be seen Allatoona, but many other mountains. Away to the northeast, as far as sight can pierce,

“Alps on Alps arise.”

To the northwest the land is more level. Everywhere the forest seems almost unbroken. Here and there can be seen a cleared field.

On the mountain there are two signal stations. One on the south communicates with Kenesaw Mountain, and another on the west with Lost Mountain. The latter’s flag, swinging against the clear sky, is black; the former’s, having an earthly background, is white. Lost Mountain must be about ten miles to the right. It is well named, for it stands without a fellow.

Southward a grand scene opens upon our view. In front of Lost Mountain there are innumerable chains of hills and ridges. Hid away in some of these, from our view, is the

Chattahoochee river. Ten miles in front of us, on a commanding hill, is the Georgia Military College. It seems, at this distance, a magnificent building. It stands in an open space, with a few shade trees and out-buildings surrounding. This side of the college there are a few house tops, which I suppose mark the site of Marietta, concealed from our view. Just to the left of the college, and apparently six miles from us, is a hill, and then the twin mountains—Kenesaw. The one upon the left is the higher. Each is stripped of foliage at the summit, save a few scrubby brush, and one tall tree upon the left mountain, reserved, no doubt, for a lookout. The sides of these mountains are very rocky. On the tops the rebel parapets may be seen with the naked eye.

Still to the left, and farther away, there are mountain ranges, connecting Kenesaw with the great mountain chains of Tennessee, Carolina, and Virginia. Nearer where we stand, there is a constant succession of hills and valleys. Though heavily timbered, there are some open spots. On the left is the railroad. In front, in a long line of about ten miles, may be seen the entrenchments and tents of Sherman's army. Through the opening, here and there, winds the long, sluggish wagon train, bearing rations or ammunition to the front, or wounded to the rear.

The winds are gently playing in the mountain pines. The fleecy clouds are flying athwart the sky. Now they thicken, and while nature scatters from one hand the sunshine, from the other the baptism of water is poured on hill and valley.

But hark!

“’Tis the cannon's loud roar,”

and the crash of musketry, that falls upon our ears!

“Lo! from the regions of the North

The red'ning storm of battle pours,

Rolls along the trembling earth,

And fastens on Corinthian towers!”

From early morning until night the cannonading increased. During a part of the afternoon it raged furiously. When darkness came the flash of the guns could be

distinctly traced. The musketry was only heavy skirmishing. It is grand beyond any description, thus to look upon the battle, and I sat and gazed for several hours upon this scene. Our army appeared to advance a little upon the right, but no disposition was manifested, upon either part, to press the battle. How strange, that man will thus disturb the beauty and repose of nature!

TUESDAY, JUNE 21.—After the fashion of the times, we have had showers to-day. Though we are on the mountains, we are in the mud.

The fury of the battle increases to-day. It burst forth during the forenoon and raged until dark. Indeed, there was neither beginning nor ending. There is no moment, of either day or night, when there is an entire cessation of musketry.

The fighting is more to the right, and seemingly more advanced. The country is full of entrenchments, constructed by Governor Brown's pioneers for the army. When the rebels are driven from one line, they fall back to another. This makes hard work for our army.

This morning we had pontoon drill, by the four Companies of the Regiment who are to serve as Pontoniers. The various squads of men are numbered in sections, each with a distinct duty. One section carries "balk," another "chess," another ties the "lashings," etc. The men learn very fast, and soon will make excellent Pontoniers. The Pontoniers who have just left us are generally lazy. Our men are American farmer boys, and are naturally intelligent and industrious.

Whisky rations are issued to the men. This is quite common in the army at present. The uncommon exposure of our soldiers has led the commissary department to procure stimulants for them. The idea prevails with many, that men can endure more when they have whisky. This idea is common with those who are the victims of that lassitude which follows intoxication. But men who abstain entirely from strong drink can endure far more than those who use

stimulants. To them, the heat of summer, the cold of winter, the damp entrenchment, and the battle long protracted, are not so trying as to the victims of intoxication. The temperate man retains, undiminished, the force of nature, while whisky shatters and destroys the constitution. As a medicine, it may be useful, but in every other case it is an evil.

Officers and men who are under the influence of whisky are unfit for their duties. Battles have been lost, and men slaughtered, by whisky. There are hundreds of men now in their graves, who have been killed in battle, either because they or their officers were drunk.

I rode down on the battlefield this afternoon. The rebels had line after line of heavy works, and face in almost every direction. Our men seem to have fought from almost every point of the compass. The trees are torn by big and little shot. As one rides through these forests, it seems that no one could pass through such a storm of battle, as lately swept here, without having a charmed life.

I fell in with a scout, who was in Marietta yesterday. He estimates the rebel forces at 80,000, including 15,000 Georgia militia. They are well clothed and fed, for rebels, and are in excellent spirits. They seem to manifest no disposition to evacuate. They do not like the nomination of Andrew Johnson for Vice-President. They regard him as a traitor to the South.

Major Downey, Dr. Holtzman, Lieutenant Milburn, the band, and a few men, came up from Chattanooga on the 23d and joined the Regiment. They had charge of a few valises—among them was mine—and some other items. This side of Dalton a portion of the train, containing this property, was deserted. Major Downey and his crew abandoned his charge, with two guards. The rebels plundered the train, carrying off the valises.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25.—After breakfast, Dr. Holtzman and I mounted our horses and rode to Big Shanty, which is the depot for the Army of Tennessee. The station is said to have been named from the shanty—40x70 feet—built here

by the contractor, who graded this portion of the railroad. This was the biggest shanty then in these parts. There were innumerable trains about the depot. We could see no end to wagons in any direction.

We next rode to General Thomas' headquarters, which we found to be in motion. They were pitched a half mile to the right of General Howard's, and the Marietta and Dallas road. By order of Colonel Buell, we selected a camp a mile in the rear for the Pontoon train, and then returned to camp by a short route. There has been some firing, but no general or special engagements, to-day.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26.—At twelve m. we marched to the new camp selected yesterday. We are now within cannon range of the enemy. We camped near the hospitals of Newton's and Wood's Division. I preached at the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, hospital. I stood by the roadside, and began declaiming on "Prepare to Meet Thy God." A storm was threatening, and as many of the wounded were laying about outdoors, there was some confusion caused by carrying them in. Worse than this, in the midst of my holding forth, two wagon trains met upon the road, and had no little jamming and crowding to pass each other. One teamster, thinking to shine above his fellows, had hung tinkling bells about his mules. He jingled several heads out of my discourse, but what the congregation lost in preaching, they gained in the pretty music of the bells, and the ejaculations of the teamsters.

MONDAY, JUNE 27.—It was early rumored that there was to be a grand charge on the rebel works, on Kenesaw Mountain, at eight a. m. This filled me with misgivings, for I not only feared a repulse, but a counter-charge, in the confusion which must ensue. Our train was close enough to be captured in such an event. Taking as good a position as possible, I waited to see or hear the charge. In the early morning there was considerable cannonading and musketry, preliminary to the grand charge that took place at nine o'clock. Our loss was about 1,800 men; among them was

the gallant General Harker, who fell mortally wounded. We were repulsed, and there was nothing gained by this great sacrifice. It was very disheartening to our troops. The impression now is that we cannot take their works by storm.

In company with Dr. Holtzman and Sergeant Farmer, I rode to Ackworth, ten miles. We turned to the right a mile in the rear of our camp, and passed between Lost and Pine Mountains. There were no troops on the road, but there were straggling Yankees all the way. Here were two or three in a house, talking to the people. Here is another washing himself in a creek. Here are two running a mill. Wandering about the fields might be seen the inevitable mule drivers, hunting cane and green apples. Both are scarce. We stopped a few moments at Widow Hull's. This good woman is poor in spirit. Her eldest son—aged seventeen—went off a few weeks ago, with the Georgia militia. He thought that the task of driving off the Yankees would be short. Then he could return, like a true patriot, to the parental roof. But the tide of war swept by, destroying his mother's farm, and bearing him away. Where he will go and what will be his destiny, none can tell. May God pity all such youths.

Speaking of Dr. Holtzman, I remember very well the morning when he joined the Regiment, soon after the battle of Shiloh. I was the only man in it with whom he was acquainted. He had been laboring the preceding day to reach the Regiment. He had sold his trunk, and sacrificed a can of peaches sent me by my sister, Mrs. Mary Legg. He had drawn a horse from a Quartermaster and came with two carpet bags. He called at several headquarters on his way, hunting for the "58th Indiana Volunteers." It was nearly night when he reached General Buell's, and, with a democratic frankness, in keeping with one fresh from the people, asked for the privilege of staying all night! The astonished and courteous Adjutant, Colonel Fry, forgetting himself, asked: "Who the devil are you?" "I think,"

added General Buell, "that you had better report to your command, sir, *immediately!*" The new Surgeon did not stand on the order of his going, but went. He wandered about, stumbling over guard lines, until he came to a friend, who kindly gave him a bed under a wagon until morning. Such are the trials and tribulations of the innocent. Dr. Holtzman knows more now. He would not think of asking a Major-General for the privilege of staying all night in his tent.

General Harker, whose death has been noted, was an accomplished and gallant officer. In the morning of June 27th, he led his Brigade in the deadly charge on Kenesaw. When in about thirty yards of the enemy's works, there was a slight wavering in our lines. He turned to Lieutenant Zack Jones, of his staff, and gave command for the bugler to sound "Forward!" When Lieutenant Jones turned his head, Harker had fallen, pierced through the arm and into the chest. After much labor he was borne from the field. After leaving some messages he expired. A neat coffin was made by our Regimental mechanics, and his body was embalmed as well as it could be here, and the remains sent to his friends. He was a very brave man and was always at his post.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30.—Our people seem to be pretty well satisfied with assaulting the enemy's works. There was heavy cannonading yesterday. Late in the afternoon our guns made the dust rise in clouds from about the summit of Kenesaw. The popping of guns did not abate at nightfall. I must have heard five hundred reports of cannon, while we were at meeting in the evening. I was awakened at two this morning by the loudest roar of musketry that I had heard during this campaign. Orders were issued for harnessing the mules, and a detail was made of Pioneers to precede the train in case of a march. But the clatter ceased soon. I have not learned the particulars.

Lieutenant Williams, of Colonel Buell's staff, returned this evening from Chattanooga, whither he went to escort

the body of Colonel Bartleston, of the 100th Illinois Volunteers, who was another gallant officer killed in the charge on Kenesaw. At Shiloh he lost his left arm. At Chickamauga he was captured. He returned recently to his Regiment from Libby Prison. When killed, he was Division Officer of the Day, and was in advance of the skirmish line, on his horse. He fell, pierced by the ball of a sharpshooter.

At two p. m. this morning a very strange and interesting occurrence happened in camp. Corporal Vincent McPaul, of Company D, dreamed that we were encamped under some great shelving rocks. He thought they were about to fall on the camp of Company D. He began a most hideous yelling, that awoke everyone in camp. Men who had slept undisturbed in the roar of battle, were aroused. He jumped on Sergeants Benjamin Laswell and Barrett and made strong efforts to save them, and then bounded into "I" street, before he was secured and awakened. By this time, everybody was awake. The news spreading from one to another, there was a great burst of mirthfulness. Loud laughter rang on the still night, until the voice of Major Downey commanded silence. McPaul has been troubled with such dreams since he was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga.

SATURDAY, JULY 2.—A grand movement began to-day, involving, perhaps, the entire separation of McPherson's and Thomas' armies. The former began moving to the right, a part of his forces. General Thomas says that he can defeat Johnson's army. After McPherson and Schofield go, Johnson may attack Thomas in front. If he does, he will be repulsed. He may move on our flanks. Defeat must even then befall him. There is no hope for the rebels but in flight.

Our present camp had been constructed in almost any style. This afternoon orders were issued to straighten up the tents and police the quarters. "We are going to move," said the men. "Whenever they begin to fix up camp, we are sure to move." This is a common remark amongst the soldiers on such occasions,

SUNDAY, JULY 3.—The day dawned on us in genuine July style. Near our camp the Army of the Tennessee was still rolling by in a continual stream. Rumors began to prevail that the enemy was gone, which proved to be true. They could not endure flanking. We soon received orders to march at eleven a. m. I improve the morning hours by preaching a sermon. Most of the men were engaged and could not attend. But a respectable congregation assembled. I felt (as is usual with me in camp) liberty in preaching the gospel. I felt satisfied all day because I had preached. When anything prevents our usual meetings on the Sabbath day, I am tormented by many misgivings.

The march to Marietta was greatly retarded by the long trains crowding in that direction. We passed an intricate labyrinth of field works, constructed by our army. Some of them were strong, and some mere shadows of protection. They were made as our men gained the ground. Our troops had left them and gone forward. But sad memorials were left behind in the graves of our gallant dead. Great was the slaughter of the brave in the battle of Kenesaw. They are usually interred together, fifty or more in a spot. The killed upon the field sleep amongst the works. And then wherever a hospital remains for a day or two there is a grave yard. Each man is laid away as decently as time and circumstances will permit. The blanket which warmed him when living is wrapped about the soldier's lifeless form. The sunburnt survivors place some boards, or sticks, to protect him from rude contact with the earth. The soil is gently laid upon the bosom of the dead, while a few silent tears steal down the rough cheeks of some long-tried comrades. A board—a mere fragment of a cracker or ammunition box—is placed at his head, telling the name, Company, Regiment, and day of death. The Chaplain offers up prayers to God for the far-off household, where the anguish of the sad death will soon intrude itself, and for those who stand about the newly made grave. There was some ingenious carving on some of these headboards. In the long hours of our

patient waiting before the Kenesaw, men had found time to carve most handsomely, not only the name, but also striking devices. These memorials are only a little shorter lived than those of stone, erected at home.

We passed along the lines until we came to the spot where the grand charge of the 27th ult. had been made. Here a sight, such as I had never beheld, presented itself to my view. I had stood upon many battlefields, but never had I seen one where the missiles of death had played such havoc amongst the timber. It was where General J. C. Davis' Division fought. Our works approached within nineteen steps of those of the rebels. The trees were as thick with bullet marks as flies upon a sugar barrel. A little chestnut, five inches in diameter, was chopped to shreds. A large chestnut tree, with the help of one solid shot, had been cut down by bullets. The arms of the ugly abatis—formed by thrusting green sticks an inch and a half in diameter, and two yards long, with sharpened points, at right angles, and at a distance of three inches apart, through thirty-foot green logs about five to ten inches in diameter—were shot into brooms. One would serve to sweep a tent. In the logs, designed to protect the rebel heads, the bullet marks were seen by thousands. The headboards of some poor fellows who had fallen between the works, and had been buried under a flag of truce, were shivered by the balls.

The work of the rebels here is a lunette, crowning the summit of a hill. It is very solid, and was evidently made before the Yankees came. In front it is well protected by a strong abatis, described above. In the rear there is an open way, dug for the protection of the combatants passing in and out. There are all kinds of protections, such as ingenuity or fear prescribed. Still farther in the rear there are other lines of works, made since the great charge.

"A deep tangled wild wood"

hid the rebels from our men. But the deadly charge had been determined. Those who were fated to lead the forlorn hope, ate their morning meal as men are wont to do in the

house of death. The trains are sent to the rear. The charging Divisions are massed. At nine a. m. our skirmish line advances, driving that of the rebels before. Behind it comes the solid lines of battle, with guns uncapped and bayonets fixed. Down the hill, on which stood the supporting lines, and bravely up the next, where death stood ready to welcome them, rolled the wave of battle. Fast and thick upon the hillside fell the dead and wounded. Harker, swinging high his hat in air, and calling to his men to follow, fell, mortally wounded, from his gallant steed. Some faltered, but the bravest pressed on.

The lines were lost in the woods. The abatis checked the advance. The well protected rebels stood bravely at their works. But the race of heroes is not extinct. The banner of beauty and of glory is planted on the enemy's works. A moment more, and the tide of battle would have swept over the rebel lunette, and rolled through their lines, like the waters of the Mississippi through a crevasse. But there is a point where humanity can do no more. God has set bounds to man's endurance. In His providence, He said this day to our battle ocean: "Thus far shalt thou go, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The loyal wave, having lashed its fury on the devoted hill, and left its high water mark of blood, recedes, but not within its former bounds. Ground is gained, and bravely held. By filling pork barrels and cracker boxes with dirt and stone, and crowding them before the sappers and miners, a still nearer approach is made. Already a mine had been dug about fifteen feet towards the rebels. Had they remained a little longer, they would have been blown up.

I have learned the explanation of the terrible firing on the morning of June 30th. Some men in Davis' Division called out aloud, "Forward! Guide center! Double Quick! March!" The rebels, thinking the Yankees upon them, began firing furiously. Our men, laboring under the same delusion in reference to the rebels, responded with much vigor. The firing passed along the line, the cannons

loudly roar, and a great noise was kept up for an hour. Was there ever anything more ridiculous? So completely were both parties convinced of their folly, that there was an almost an entire cessation of the firing from that time to the evacuation.

The fighting was done amongst the hills and woods. Georgia, thus far, is a land of barren oak hills, thinly populated, and generally covered with the native forests.

We found some little evidences of man's presence, as we drew near to Marietta. We soon entered the town, and rode along one of the main streets to the public square. In the suburbs, at a house where we stopped to get a drink at the well, there was a respectable looking, elderly lady, neatly dressed, sitting in the door way, with a a sad countenance. She was now reaping some of the fruits of rebellion. There were inhabitants in some of the other houses.

We camped in the town, in the yard of an ex-governor of the State, but "his excellency" was not at home. A very foolish and abortive effort was made to prevent the men from tearing down the plank fence to make bunks of. They were permitted to tear down, with impunity, the poor man's cabin and fences where we last encamped. "Yes, yes," said the judge, "circumstances alter cases.

After supper I took a walk about Marietta. It is by far the finest town that I had seen in the State. The people never had committed the folly, so common in the North, of felling the native forests. The yards are large, and shaded by trees of native growth. There are several long and beautiful streets, with shady sidewalks. The dwelling houses were not of the highest style of architecture, but large, airy, with large columns in front.

There are a number of respectable churches in the village. I noticed already some of them are appropriated by the medical department. This is right, in times of emergency. But when these pass away, churches should be exclusively devoted to the worship of God. There is a large number of empty store rooms, which will be a great convenience to our folks.

We spent but a single night in this delightful town, and under the ex-governor's fine trees. The men, with commendable zeal, fixed up snug quarters, and busy brooms this morning freshened the green carpet. "We are going to move," said the soldiers. And so we did. About the middle of the afternoon, we moved two miles, and camped near the railroad. I paid a short visit to the military college referred to in a preceding page. From Pine Mountain, it looked like a magnificent building, but when you come nearer you find it quite a tame affair. The building itself is three stories high, but is not constructed after any of the

orders of architecture that I ever heard of. The chapel, halls and rooms are all empty, save a few benches, and an air of desolation pervades the establishment.

By climbing to the roof, I had an enlarged sight of the country. To the rear, I could see the Allatoona and Kenesaw mountains. Pine and Lost mountains, and all the intervening country, were also in view. In front,

a vast panorama of hills and woods spread before my eyes. On the left, an immense dust, and the smoke rising from the occasional discharge of a cannon, told of the whereabouts of



GILBERT ARMSTRONG.*

Sergeant Company E.

* Was mustered in with the Regiment at Camp Gibson, and was with the Regiment until the battle of Chickamauga, when he was severely wounded. After the completion of his three years' term of service, he returned to his former home in Dubois county. His death occurred several years after. The gun shown in the cut is the Henry rifle, presented to him by some of his friends in the Regiment, for bravery shown in the battle of Stone River.

the retreating foe. Still farther beyond, the proud form of Stone Mountain towered above the hills.

We passed through a fine plantation—right through the yard. I never drank finer water than I obtained from the well. The old planter was sitting under the tall columns, viewing quietly the passing cavalcade. The army is moving forward all day. The position occupied by the enemy last night is evacuated. Late in the afternoon we moved near a mile. We had no orders, but the Colonel desires to be doing something.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6.—Near midnight I heard an order come to Colonel Moore to be ready to march at four a. m., and in a few minutes it was changed to one a. m. We were ordered out at midnight. Some made a little coffee, but most did not. The night was dark, and our new teamsters experienced no little difficulty in getting through a dark strip of woods into the main road. By five a. m. we reported to General Woods, near Pace's Ferry, on the Chattahoochee river. Here we found the rebels in strong force, and prepared to resist our crossing. While waiting for orders here, I rode up on a hill, and saw Atlanta, eleven miles distant, and all the surrounding regions. There was a man hanging by a strip of hickory bark, on the same hill. He wore rebel clothes, and had been found hanging there when our men came. There were many rumors about him, but nothing reliable, so far as I can learn. In the afternoon the conclusion was reached that the rebels were too strong to effect a crossing at Pace's Ferry, and we moved three miles to the rear, and to the left, for the purpose of trying some other scheme.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALONG THE CHATTAHOOCHEE—MOVING UP THE RIVER—
SURPRISING THE ENEMY AT PHILLIPS' FERRY—BRIDG-
ING THE STREAM AT SEVERAL POINTS—DRIVING THE
REBELS BACK—SOME SEVERE FIGHTING—NIGHT EX-
PEDITION TO SANDTOWN—CHANGE OF REBEL COM-
MANDERS—PROGRESS OF THE WAR, EAST AND WEST—
A SICK CHAPLAIN—LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

ABOUT daylight of July 8th the Pontoon train, accom-
panied by the 23d Corps, started on a tour of about
twenty miles, up the Chattahoochee river, with a view of
finding a point where a crossing could be effected without so
much opposition.

From all the indications presented, it was evident that the
rebels were going to make a strong opposition to our further
progress. The Chattahoochee river, while not very wide,
was sufficient to offer a strong line of defence on the opposite
banks. They had some very formidable earth works at
Pace's Ferry, and the Pontoniers were not over delighted
with the suggestion of laying a bridge there, while the
rebels occupied those works. There was a very consider-
able feeling of relief, therefore, when the order came for us
to move further up the river.

About the middle of the afternoon we arrived in the
vicinity of Phillips Ferry, at the mouth of Soap Creek. The
troops and Pontoon train are massed behind the hills, while
a reconnoitering party is sent to the ferry to discover what

force of the enemy is on the opposite side. It was found that the position was held by a small force of militia and a piece of artillery. Without attempting to disturb them or create unnecessary alarm on that side of the river, our men went quietly to work putting the pontoons together. About four o'clock the boats are launched, in Soap Creek, a few hundred yards from the mouth. They are loaded with detachments from the 12th Kentucky, and are quietly floated down to the mouth of the creek. While this is going on the rebel cannon is firing away at our troops, who are waiting just over the hill, in the woods. Suddenly, to their great surprise, the canvass pontoon emerges from the thick bushes at the mouth of the creek. The men in the boats open fire on the rebels on the opposite bank and they scamper up the hill. Before they could rally the boats are across and our men are on their shore. Quickly they form in line and charge up the hill, capturing the brass gun, and driving the Georgia militia to the woods in utter confusion. Other troops were ferried across as rapidly as possible and a strong line was formed to hold what we had gained. Meanwhile, the Pontoniers were at work putting the bridge together, and, in a little more than an hour from the time the first boats were launched, the pontoon bridge was completed and the infantry and artillery of General Schofield's command were crossing in a steady stream. Thus was the first crossing of the Chattahoochee accomplished, and thus was given a most effective blow to break the barrier that hindered our progress toward Atlanta.

We laid two pontoon bridges at this place, which served for crossing all the troops in this vicinity. Our mechanics were ordered to build a permanent wagon bridge out of timber cut from the woods, and to have this bridge completed by Wednesday night, which was accomplished on time. The length of the bridge is 480 feet. The pontoon bridges are now taken up by the Pontoniers—Companies A, F, B and G—and they move down to Power's Ferry, where another bridge is laid. Schofield's troops having, in the

meantime, advanced that far down the river, driving the rebels back. Upon the Power's Ferry bridge Stanley's Division crosses and joins the forces on the other side. Our pontoons were then relieved by those of McPherson's Corps, and on July 14th we were under orders to march down the river to Pace's Ferry, where we had first come to the Chattahoochee. The 4th Corps was to move down the southern bank of the river and drive the rebels back, giving us a chance to lay the bridge at Pace's Ferry, to cross the 14th Corps. We were there in time to do our part, but, for some reason there was delay in the movements on the other side. So we went into camp near the river, waiting for developments. I can hear the waters at night as I lay on my bunk. The rebels are just across on the other bank.

Everything has been remarkably quiet along the lines for a few days. Only an occasional gun reminds us of the existence of war.

The pickets at this ferry are very friendly. Conversation is carried on from the banks. Our men took down a brass band one evening and serenaded the rebels. Our enemies have been very honorable. When they have felt it a duty to fire they have given our men warning. A log came floating down, the other night. "Get to your holes, we are going to fire!" cried the rebels. They poured heavy volleys into the log, not knowing what it was. One of the 82d Indiana went over a few days ago and took dinner with the rebels. They had a fine dinner of peas, beans and green corn, which was a luxury to the Yankee. Oh, the nonsense of talking about starving the rebels.

SUNDAY, JULY 17.—We were up at three o'clock. Orders have been issued to lay the pontoon to-day. General Wood's Division is to come down on the other side and drive the rebels from the ferry. General Davis' Division moves out towards the ferry. When General Wood approaches the rebels scamper off in indecent haste. They were greatly surprised, and some, who were in the river swimming, did not have time to put on their clothes.

The Pontoniers were hurried down to lay the bridge. It was a matter of great importance to have the bridge down and troops over to support General Wood, as the rebels were massing troops against him. Their movements could be seen from Signal Hill, just in our rear, and it was a critical situation that confronted us. As the 58th came down to the river bank, to begin their work, General Wood was standing on the opposite bank greatly excited. He said that bridge must be completed and troops must be crossing over to his assistance within an hour to save his division from disaster. It did not need much urging to get our men to work, as they could all realize the necessity of haste. Never did a pontoon bridge take shape as fast as the one put down across the Chattahoochee that afternoon. Men worked as if it was a matter of life and death—as, possibly, it was—and before the expiration of an hour the final lashing was made, the bridge was completed and securely anchored. As soon as the last plank was laid the head of the column of General Palmer's Corps was at the approach ready to begin crossing. Then began a steady stream of troops—infantry and artillery—of the 14th and 20th Corps, which continued for hours after night, and the movement was none too soon. A large force of rebels had been collected on the opposite side, and they opened up a sharp fight, soon after the crossing of the first of our troops. But the rebels' attack had been delayed too long; our men were ready for them and held their position.

MONDAY, JULY 18.—I rode over the Chattahoochee river and a mile or two beyond. Our army is advancing on the left of Atlanta. On this side of the river we have cavalry. On the other there are the 20th, 14th, 4th and 23d Corps, in the order named. It is said that General McPherson is still further on the left. The country, as far as I went, is a succession of abrupt hills, heavily timbered. But little can be seen, except from the hill tops, and then, you only see more hills and more woods. From the mountain near our camp can be seen Lost Mountain, Pine Mountain, Kenesaw

Mountains, Allatoona Mountains, Stone Mountain, and a number of others, whose names I have never learned. We can see where Marietta is, and the steeples of Atlanta are very plain to the naked eye. I noticed large clouds of dust rising in the direction of Stone Mountain. I could see the rebel and Union camp smoke. Down the river one of our guns was throwing an occasional shell over the river.

The Chattahoochee river is about four hundred feet wide. In most places in these parts it can be waded. The bottom is very rough and rocky. It is wider, but not so deep, as the Oostanaula or Etowah. The current is swift and the water is ever yellow, owing to the sandy and yielding nature of the soil. At this season of the year the banks are from six to fifteen feet high. There are level bottoms along the stream, but they are narrow. The knobs crowd close to the river. There is nothing attractive about the Chattahoochee. It is not navigable for boats. Many of our pontoons were injured at Phillip's and Power's ferries, by the sharp rocks in the river. Any number of mills might be erected, for the water has considerable fall. But what is there to grind? There was a paper mill on Soap Creek, which empties into the Chattahoochee, at Phillip's Ferry. I can easily account for the dirty color of the paper on which the rebels print the weekly news, when I see their muddy streams.

But there is water, clear and good, in these hills. Near our camp there are several springs of as fine water as any man ever drank.

In the afternoon of the 19th I rode up on the mountain, where I could see great clouds of dust that were rising from Stone Mountain to Atlanta, and to the left of the mountain. This dust is caused either by the movement of our troops or the rebels. If it is our men there they are flanking Atlanta, and will cut the Augusta railroad. If it is the rebels, they are evacuating Atlanta. In either case the result must be favorable to our armies.

It is rumored to-day (the 20th) that our forces now occupy Decatur, five miles from Atlanta, on the Augusta

railroad ; that General Rousseau, with a few thousand cavalry, has arrived on the West Point railroad, beyond Atlanta, and that McCook's Brigade, of Davis' Division, was engaged in a severe fight yesterday and came off second best, loosing heavily in killed, wounded and captured.

To-day, a permanent wagon bridge was finished across the river and the last pontoon was taken up at Pace's Ferry. A new switch and water tank, a bakery, the general field hospital, of the Army of the Cumberland, a depot of supplies, etc., are now located at Vinings, which is the name of the railroad station near here.

We have additional rumors of the great battle of yesterday. The rebels are said to have made some desperate assaults on the 4th, 14th and 20th Corps, and have been repulsed with great slaughter. Empty ammunition wagons are coming back to-day. A few ambulances loaded with wounded are coming in.

General Johnson has been removed from the command of the rebel army. I suppose the same foolish notions prevail amongst the Southern people as amongst the Northern. Johnson has done all man could do. He has displayed great ability and courage, but then, people who have never been in the army, sometimes think that there is some kind of a magic way of wading through thick and thin, without regard to consequences ; and so there is, but such strategy always leads to defeat. Had General Johnson thrown his army continually against Sherman it would long since have been annihilated. He has made every resistance possible. If his successor, General Hood, acts as public opinion will demand, then in a few days his army will be slaughtered and Atlanta will be ours. We will soon learn whether he is a fool or not. If the reports from yesterday's fighting be true, I am impressed with the idea that he is attempting the dash, such as is demanded by public sentiment, and is productive of public ruin.

FRIDAY, JULY 22.—About ten a. m. orders came to go to a ferry, about ten miles below ; at twelve m. the march began.

We got off the road twice by taking roads towards the river. We had no guide, and none of us had been this way before, and, besides, there was considerable whisky "aboard," as the phrase is. The whisky intended to be issued to the men in rations, was freely used by a few of the men and officers, resulting in several drunks. I was on ahead, in company with Lieutenant-Colonel Moore and staff. By dark we reached a camp about a mile beyond a nameless cross-roads. I suppose we were on the Sandtown road. Unfortunately, headquarters wagon, containing our baggage, had taken off a by-way and went, none knew where; no, not even those with it.

About eleven o'clock the headquarters wagon arrived, but as we were under orders to march at one o'clock in the morning, it was considered improper to waste any more time in putting up a tent, so I unrolled my blankets on the rails and lay down to sleep. By this time Colonel Buell arrived upon the scene of action. Numerous had been his adventures, with his two orderlies, traveling this gloomy night amid the Georgia hills and woods. He lost his way and wandered on, he knew not where.

He was just in that state of mind when he reached his command to do something desperate. Some good influence

"On gracious errands bent,"

inflamed him against the whisky. He sent a Sergeant and squad of men with orders to knock out the head of the whisky barrel, as the women used to do in Indiana, in the days of the temperance agitation. The vile poison gurgled and splattered upon the soil, while the Georgia sand drank greedily, as an old toper. But some equally ardent teamsters, though it was midnight, crowded about with tin cups, sharing the whisky with the dirt. Some Judas, no doubt, asked in his heart, "Why was not this sold, and the money given to the poor?" The Colonel declares that no more whisky shall be brought to this Regiment. Good for the Colonel.

I read in the papers that during the present summer whisky is to be a part of the rations. Already many of the details of the campaign have failed on account of whisky. General Sturgis, with 9,000 well disciplined troops—infantry, artillery and cavalry—is defeated at Tishomingo Creek by half that number of cavalry. Cause: Whisky. I am not posted about the amount of injury in the East by whisky, but there have been blunders which it is hardly presumable sober men would commit.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23.—At one a. m. the reveille brought our brief slumbers to an end. Some had not yet fallen asleep. The morning presented quite a contrast to the gloomy evening. The moon shone; the clouds were gone; the stars are out in their glory. We move rapidly along the road three or four miles, when orders were given to halt. Here we rested until daylight, when we found we were near the Chattahoochee river, opposite Sandtown.

At daybreak the boats were put together, ready to lay a bridge. Soon after, the cavalry of General Stoneman came straggling along on foot, like so many colts going to water. The officers were without swords, but some of them instead carried revolvers in their hands. There were no other troops, except cavalry about. They were far from presenting a bold appearance. They looked as if a Regiment of infantry on the other side could drive off the whole Division. It is far from me to detract from our cavalry, but it cannot be denied that this arm of the service is not what it should be, in the matter of efficiency. Under a dashing officer, our cavalry often performs deeds of daring and brilliancy. We have many instances of such during this war, and I wish we had more of them.

The pontoons were taken a mile below the ferry, and a number of men were transferred to the southern bank before the enemy was aware of the design. Two soldiers, a woman and child, two horses and a mule were captured. By this time, orders had been received, countermanding the order for crossing. The men were transferred to the north-

ern bank and the pontoons taken from the water and placed upon the wagons.

By this time the news was extensively circulated that General McPherson had been killed yesterday. In connection with this there was the most exaggerated reports of the repulse of the Army of the Tennessee, with great loss. The moving of the pontoon and some of the cavalry to the rear, seemed to confirm the disastrous tale. They, who on yesterday, were cheering over the reported capture of Atlanta, now bewailed over an equally false tale of disaster. We did not have Atlanta, nor is McPherson's army defeated.

After leaving the river, we were stopped two miles back, for dinner. This was very acceptable to man and beast. Many of the men had eaten neither supper nor breakfast. The mules had not been fed this morning, and some had not been watered for twenty-four hours. We continued our march about eight miles. Here, at dusk, we met the McPherson pontoon train, under the same orders as ourselves—"lay the pontoons at Howell's Ferry, near the railroad." Now this ferry is eight miles below the railroad. It was therefore inferred that DeFour's Ferry, at the railroad was meant. Both trains went into camp, designing to go to the railroad bridge in the morning.

SUNDAY, JULY 24.—At two a. m. we were up. But the yesterday morning's folly, of hurrying off the battalion without eating, was not repeated. After getting on the wrong road—as usual—we reached the river soon after day. We soon had two bridges over the river, and the Army of the Tennessee Pontoniers had one.

MONDAY, JULY 25.—I am now quite sick, but, having both green corn and blackberries, I expect to soon recover. It is no credit to a man to be sick in the army. In the evening we held a meeting of our Christian Association. We had neglected to meet regularly, as we had lost our constitution, and had to send for another copy. The following officers were elected for the quarter commencing July 1, 1864: Private Patterson W. Wallace, Moderator; First Ser-

geant P. N. Spain, Clerk ; First Sergeant E. Keeler, Sergeant A. Gudgel, Sergeant J. W. Emmerson, Executive Committee. A number joined the Association.

TUESDAY, JULY 26.—The Pontoon train of the Army of the Tennessee moved four miles down the river, to Turner's Ferry, and crossed the cavalry over to the south side. General Stoneman started, with 7,000 mounted men, some days since, on a raid. The movement of the Pontoon train has some connection with Stoneman.

Some weeks since, General Grant's campaign terminated, with the failure to capture Petersburg. Though unsuccessful, so far as the great object of the campaign is concerned—the capture of Richmond—yet it has not been a failure. The enemy have hurled themselves in vain against him. They have used every strategy ; and, when they could do nothing else, they have talked contemptuously about him. He hangs about the gates of doomed Richmond. For some time he has been collecting his energies and laying new plans. He will soon make a new campaign, which can not be conducted more bravely, but, I hope, will result more successfully, than the last. General Sherman is still moving forward, with success, against Atlanta.

We still remain in camp near DeFour's Ferry, on the Chattahoochee. My sickness still continues. All the time I have been able to walk to my meals, however, though I eat but little. Soldiers are seldom bedfast until near death. I have taken blue mass, calomel, opium, sugar of lead, castor oil, quinine, whisky, wine, and the rest of it. Opium made me sleep and the whisky stimulated. I could observe no other results.

Our camp is exceedingly pleasant. Frequent rains have cooled the air. We are in a splendid pine grove. There is usually a pleasant breeze stirring along the Chattahoochee. The bombardment of Atlanta makes music for our ears. The camp rejoices in blackberries and green corn.

During the last week there came into our camp from the North, one Abe Westfall, formerly a conductor on

the E. & C. railroad. Abe is young and healthy, and full of gas. He camped with Captain Voorhees, an old acquaintance. The boys determined to play a prank on him, especially as he seemed to have no business in the army, and talked insultingly about the soldiers' families.

So, one evening, while quietly walking beyond Peach Tree Creek, in company with Captain Voorhees, the conversation turned on the subject of guerillas. He seemed to dread them much. He labored under the impression that deserted houses and barns were full of them. He seemed to think that a soldier was liable to be shot at any time by them.

Suddenly, from the brush, came a voice, commanding "Halt!" "Halt!" repeated the voice, and a pistol snapped. It was enough. Westfall wheeled and fled like a chased stag in the forest. Bang! went a pistol. Voorhees did all he could to keep up, while the "guerrillas" gave pursuit. Westfall's desires ran ahead of his legs and down he came to the earth. "Oh! oh! oh!" came in most pitiful accents from his lips—aye, from his inmost soul—as he went down. Bounding up again, he fairly flew towards camp, while the crack of a pistol told of the coming of the "bloody guerillas." When he reached Peach Tree Creek, where a number of our men were bathing, he ran into the bushes and fell down, exhausted. A moment after, Captain Voorhees came up and called him out. In attempting to walk a log over the creek he fell into the stream. From this, he was rescued by a soldier. Just on this side of the creek, and near camp, there are some breastworks. Westfall, when he reached these, panting, said, "Let—us—hide—here!" and down he sat. But no sooner had he reached the ground than he jumped up again, "O, Jake," he cried, "lets go farther, we are not far enough yet." So on they came, Westfall panting and almost dead, while Voorhees was ready to burst with laughter.

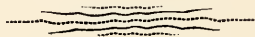
When the Captain's quarters were reached Westfall threw his hands about a little pine tree and began to vomit like a sea-sick mariner. He sank exhausted on a cot, while Cap-

tain Voorhees ran over to the doctor's for some whisky, to keep the man from dying.

As soon as Westfall recovered and realized his safety, he began to recount his adventure, "The balls whizzed by me," he said, when, as a matter of fact, the pistols were loaded with paper wads. The boys got a good joke on Henry Hill, of Company C. He was beyond the creek, but not in the secret. Seeing the race, and hearing the firing, he ran, too, full tilt, into Peach Tree creek, and over to camp. Next morning Abe Westfall left early for the North. But he was neither a wiser nor a sadder man. He never dreamed of the guerilla affair being a farce. He verily believed that they were after him, and that he was the hero of a tragic story, to be repeated to wondering admirers when he reached home.

During my sickness, our meetings went on just as well as if I had been able to attend them. Private P. W. Wallace preached a time or two. Several prayer meetings were held. We have a number of good men in the 58th Regiment.

On Saturday afternoon our baggage came up from Chattanooga. There were several tents, a number of flies, the desks, valises, etc. Quartermaster Sergeant A. M. Bryant, and a number of men, came up with it.



CHAPTER XXIII.

ON FURLOUGH—A CHAPTER PERTAINING TO PERSONAL MATTERS—DELAYS AND DISCOMFORTS OF TRAVEL BY RAIL—AT CHATTANOOGA—AT NASHVILLE—AT LOUISVILLE—AT HOME—HOW THE TIME WAS SPENT—WHAT I SAW AND HEARD—HOW I GOT BACK TO MY REGIMENT.

WITH deep regret on Sunday, July 31st, I applied for a leave of absence. This was granted on August 2d, and was received on the 6th. I prefer going home well. It is something of a disgrace to be sick in the army.

The following is a copy of my request for leave of absence, with the surgeon's certificate annexed :

HEADQUARTERS 58TH INDIANA REGIMENT, }
DeFour's Ferry, Ga., July 31, 1864. }

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WHIPPLE,

A. A. G. and Chief of Staff.

SIR: I would respectfully ask for a leave of absence, to visit my home in Indiana, for reasons set forth in the appended surgeon's certificate.

I am respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN J. HIGHT,

Chaplain 58th Ind. Vol.

I hereby certify that I have carefully examined the said officer, J. J. Hight, Chaplain 58th Indiana, who has been under my care for the last (4) four weeks and find him suffering from diarrhœa and general debility, and, in my opinion, a change of diet and climate, is, in a great measure, essential to his recovery. I would, therefore, respectfully recommend that a leave of (20) twenty days be granted him.

I am respectfully your obedient servant,

SAMUEL E. HOLTZMAN,

Surgeon 58th Ind. Vol.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 7.—I rose at day, and made my preparations for going North. Dr. Holtzman accompanied me as far as Marietta, and Sergeant Solomon Reavis to Chattanooga. We left camp about eight a. m. I was hauled in an ambulance, lying on my back. It was very rough riding. It must be exceedingly unpleasant for the wounded to travel in these wagons. When we reached Marietta we were informed that we were too late for the morning train, and must wait until two p. m. But this proved to be a mistake. I found a place in a dirty freight car, and, unrolling my blankets, I lay down upon the floor. Here I was hammered and battered until one o'clock next morning. I stood the trip very well, getting along much better than I expected.

At one a. m. we got out of the train at some point in Chattanooga, which we were unable to recognize; but, after a little time, I found the Crutchfield house. All the rooms were full. One man left on the three o'clock morning train, and I took his place. Room and bed very dirty. Such is the disposition to steal about Chattanooga, that it is almost impossible to keep hotel. Fifty cents must be deposited at the desk before they furnish you a towel. Sheets cannot be left on the bed, for fear of being stolen. All things must be paid for in advance. When you eat, you must hold your hat. I have known commissioned officers to steal little articles from a hotel, and then laugh about it, as if it were smart. These fellows are thieves, and will not do to trust anywhere. I would not think of leaving my pocket book where one of them could find it.

We had a very good breakfast. Feeling better, I attempted to walk out, but found that I was too weak, and returned. At one p. m., by virtue of my papers, I secured a seat on the Nashville train. It was only a hard board seat and back; really, it was inferior to the floor of the freight car. How am I to sit up while we are going 152 miles? Our train traveled slow, and stopped often. We waited on all the outcoming trains; I suppose the trains for the front have the right of way. Midnight found us on the way, mak-

ing sad efforts for sleep. It was a great trial for the flesh, and spirit, too. At seven a. m. we reached the Nashville depot. I went immediately to the Sewanee house. On the way we were jostled by the early crowd, hurrying to and fro. Nashville is alive with activity. The Sewanee has greatly improved since last spring. I lay abed in a warm room until car time in the afternoon. The authorities had seized the train for hospital purposes, but still I obtained a place on the train. The seizure gave me more room than we otherwise would have had.

I rode to the depot, in company with General Palmer and Johnny Clem. Palmer is going North on some account, I can not tell what. He does not impress me as being a very great man; he is utterly devoid of any military look, tone or habit, and is evidently a citizen, though wearing an army garb. One can but think, while looking at him, that some political influence must have made him a Major-General. You can easily approach him. I noticed that he spoke very pleasantly to a guard at the depot—a very unusual thing for a Major-General to do; the man was evidently an old acquaintance. Johnny Clem is a pleasant child of some twelve summers. He is a noted person in the army, and a crowd is nearly always about him wherever he goes. He came out as a drummer in the 22d Michigan. He is reputed to have killed a rebel Colonel at the battle of Chickamauga. He usually stays at General Thomas' headquarters, but is now with General Palmer. He wears the badge of a Sergeant.

The country about Nashville has wonderfully revived since we were here in 1862. Fences have been rebuilt, a great breadth of land has been planted, and the crops look fine. The country all around wears a peaceful look.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10.—We reached Louisville at four a. m. After breakfast I visited the paymaster, and then crossed over to New Albany, where I met several of my old friends. Leaving New Albany at nine a. m., I reached Bloomington in about two hours. Here I am at home again.

During the few days of my visit in Bloomington, I heard a great deal of discussion of the war, and the war measures. Those with whom I associate are usually ardent supporters of the war. But there are many who are not altogether favorable to the policy of the administration. Political matters are very bitter—more so than ever before in my day. At least a strong minority of the people are fiercely opposed to the emancipation of the slaves. Altogether, it seems to me the national prospects are gloomy. The war is unsuccessful in the East, and but little is being done in the West. Not only is the rebel capital not taken, but there seems to be no prospect of its ever being taken. The condition of

society is deplorable. While there is an increase of some of the virtues, everywhere may be seen demoralization. Thousands are ready to put their hands to their neighbors' throats.



QUINCY A. HARPER,*
Lieutenant Company I.

To me nothing seems more clear than that slavery is a great crime, that it has called upon our heads the judgments of Almighty God, and that repentance and proper vigor would soon end the war, and restore the

Union without slavery. But alas! The majority of the people are far from repentance, and the Government is without vigor. Our nation is a hot bed of hatred, envy, pride, rebellion and oppression. The land is red with blood. If only rebels were malignant, we might have more hope. But all

* Was mustered in at Camp Gibson as Sergeant of Company I. April 15, 1862, was commissioned First Lieutenant of the same Company and served as such until his muster out, April 1, 1865. Since leaving the army he has engaged in various occupations and is now living at Algiers, Pike county, Indiana. He is an ardent friend of every enterprise that will promote the interests of the old Regiment.

through the North there are secret organizations against the government, incendiary speeches, and accumulated preparations for war, arson and murder. Even the supporters of the administration turn in bitterness on their chief.

If God does not lay to, his helping hand, we are forever undone. The Union never can be restored; war, pestilence and famine, fire and flood will sweep over the land, making it desolate. Spring will not revisit us, and day will not dawn on the night of our shame.

Almighty God, our only hope is in Thee. Save our people from this madness. Help us to turn from our sins. Give us an early victory. Give us a united country, wherein shall dwell no slave. May days of peace and prosperity yet be ours. May America yet carry liberty and religion to all the nations of the earth. Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 28.—Great interest is felt in the National Democratic convention, which meets at Chicago, to-day. Democrats are hopeful and excitedly enthusiastic. It must be confessed that the Republicans are a little fearful of the result of the presidential election. It is supposed that General McClellan will be the nominee of the Chicago convention. To me, all things look gloomy. May results be better than my fears. The dissolution of the Union seems inevitable; then, farewell, all my cherished hopes for my country. The preservation of slavery seems probable; then, good-bye to peace in Church or State. Shall strife never end? Oh, for universal freedom and eternal union.

After several weeks' rest at home, my health had so far recuperated that I was in condition to return to my Regiment. The time of my departure from Bloomington was Thursday, September 1st. On my way to New Albany I had the company of quite a large number of delegates returning from the Chicago convention, from whom I learned that McClellan had been nominated. There was great enthusiasm among the returning delegates, and they were very confident their man would win in the November

election. It is my hope that these predictions will not be fulfilled.

Arriving at Louisville, I put up at the Louisville hotel, and was assigned a room in which there were some half dozen others. As it turned out, my room mates were all Democratic politicians, mostly of the cross-roads calibre, with a liberal supply of the Kentucky platform. Late in the night, and early in the morning they were engaged in discussion of the political questions of the day. They were very bitter against President Lincoln, calling him a tyrant for making arbitrary arrests, the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and many other things. These men are vile traitors at heart, but have not the courage to take up arms with their friends in the Southern Confederacy. Of course, they are all for McClellan. If there was no other reason for me not supporting him, the fact that he is the choice of traitors, north and south, would be enough.

The news from beyond Nashville is that Wheeler is on the Chattanooga road. So I concluded to wait another day in Louisville.

Just before night I was sitting near the main entrance to the hotel, where two men were talking. A third man came up and communicated some important item, which I did not catch. They doubted, but he assured them that it was true, for the dispatch had come by way of Knoxville. The whole party seemed filled with profound regret. Somebody's conduct was severely condemned. "It was worth twenty thousand men. If he is going to give up that way, he might as well give up all." At supper I learned that the news was that Atlanta had fallen. These miserable rebels were condemning Hood, and deploring their misfortune.

In the evening I went to the court house to hear Hon. Horace Maynard deliver an address on National politics. He is an anti-slavery man, hence no hint of the speech could be found in either *Journal* or *Democrat*. The bills brought to the hotel were soon trampled on the floor. Every effort is made to keep the notice of the meeting from the people.

If slavery be dead, as many say, its spirit still lives. The assembly was small, considering the fame of the orator, and the excitement of his theme. Louisville is the same traitorous Sodom it was when, in 1862, I, with many other soldiers, marched more than 200 miles to defend it, and received not a single welcome, but made our beds on streets and out lots.

At length a slight demonstration of applause ran through the crowd. A soldier near me rose and said, "Yes, there's Maynard, certain." I had never seen Mr. Maynard before, but I recognized an unmistakable East Tennessean in the person on the stand. His form was tall and slender. His hair was long and lay behind his ears. He had a black mustache, and a little patch of hair on his chin. His head hung, like one catching ideas, at an angle of forty-five degrees. There was a pleasant expression on his countenance. You would not feel abashed to approach him. Such were my impressions of Mr. Maynard, as he stood for a moment, and then was seated among the magnates on the stand.

A small man, with a sorry looking coat, seemingly of bed ticking, rose and moved that somebody take the chair, and the motion prevailed. The gentleman came forward, holding a paper in his hand, and announced the fall of Atlanta. The dull crowd seemed at once inspired with life. Even phlegmatic conservatives felt a little of the glow of patriotism. Caps and hats were swung high in the air; cheer after cheer rose wildly from the multitude, and still the house rang again, and yet again. When order at length was restored, the president read the telegram, and again there were cheers. Mr. Maynard was now introduced, and in a distinct voice, and a manner that promised rich entertainment, he announced that we were in a momentous crisis. He then proceeded to discuss the various phases of National affairs. His manner was usually good. Sometimes he was a little tedious in reading some lengthy question. He has a peculiar and emphatic habit of dashing his white handkerchief on the table, at the

end of an emphatic sentence. He has a solemnity of tone. He is logical, and gives us some fine thoughts. Patriotism breathes through every sentence. Traitors and peace men receive many hard hits. A glowing tribute is paid to the gallant men who have died for their country, and the prospects of the nation are pictured in glowing words.

The speaker was often applauded, but many of the audience felt but little interest in the speaking. At almost every thrust at slavery, some could stand no more, but would leave. I was much benefitted and strengthened. The world moves. There is free speech in Louisville. Freedom will triumph.

I left Louisville September 3d and arrived at Nashville without noting anything of special incident. At the Sewanee House I saw little indication of an improvement in the fare, from what it was when I was there before. It is very far from being a paradise.

On account of the break in the railroad I am compelled to remain here several days, and I will spend the time in visiting old friends and places of interest. I could enjoy this much better, if it were not for the fact that I am paying four dollars per day at the hotel, and my pocket book is not very flush.

Among the places visited was hospital No. 9. Here I found Wesley Webster, of Company C, sick. He has been here for a long time. I also met S. V. Hay, of Company A. He left the Regiment, wounded, at the battle of Stone River. I also saw Samuel Ledgerwood, of Company E, now in the Veterans' Reserve Corps. He is acting as orderly at this hospital. Wheeler, formerly of Company C, is here also, in the Veterans' Reserve Corps. He is a guard.

One night I went to the capital, to hear speeches from L. C. Houck and others. These Tennesseans are very earnest in defending the Administration, opposing slavery, and advocating the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. Many of them having suffered great wrongs, are bitter against rebels. They are for "war to the knife, and knife to the hilt."

They are attempting to get Tennessee back into the Union without slavery. May they succeed.

I also called on Lieutenant Lee Yaryan, at his office, on Cherry street. He was formerly Adjutant of the 58th Indiana, and for a long time aid-de-camp on General Wood's staff.

After a week's stay in the capital city of Tennessee, a chance was offered me to go on my way. I took passage on one of the military passenger trains for Chattanooga.

A few miles out from Nashville we came to where Wheeler had destroyed the road. The ties had been burned with the rails on them. This effectually destroys both. Not less than ten miles were destroyed. The little garrison at Lavergne had kept him at bay and preserved a mile of the road. Farther on, at Smyrna, General Wheeler had attacked the block-house, with artillery. Three were killed and seven wounded of the little command of thirty men. But the block-house did not surrender. The garrison at Stewart's Creek acted less honorably—they surrendered. No raiding party can capture those block-houses if defended by brave men.

Arriving in Chattanooga next morning I found there was no chance for a train to the front before next day, so there was nothing to do but wait. While waiting, I took occasion to visit, among other places, the new stone fort, which is in process of construction near the depot. It is called "Fort Buell," in honor of our Colonel. It seems to me that it is very foolish to be spending so much money and labor in building this fort, as it does not appear to be needed, with so many other forts about this place.

In due time we got a train out of Chattanooga, and after a long, tedious journey we arrived in Atlanta. As I had never been in this city before, I was entirely ignorant of the whereabouts of my Regiment, or any other Regiment. "I didn't know nothing." So I remained in the cars until morning. With the earliest dawn of light I pushed out in search of knowledge. From the multitude of know-nothings

I examined, I learned the direction to General Thomas' headquarters. Placing my baggage in charge of a guard, I started in that direction, and soon stood before the headquarters, located in a magnificent colonade building. I was met by an orderly, who conducted me to the mounted orderlies. From them I learned that my Regiment had returned to their old quarters, at DeFour's Ferry. I regretted then that I had not known this last night, as our train stopped a long time about the bridge. I could just as well have gotten off. The query is, how am I to get to my Regiment this morning. But breakfast must first be sought. A hotel has been opened in Atlanta. Thither I turned my footsteps, giving a negro a quarter to carry my valise.

The breakfast at the Trout house is a joke. We had many waiters, fresh from their Southern lords. These, in



GEO. W. GASAWAY,*
Sergeant Company D.

their anxiety to please their new Yankee masters, were flying about with the agility of squirrels. We had to take their attentions as the chief item in the entertainment. Besides this, we had the pleasure of dirty table linen, and the duty of holding our hats to keep each other from stealing them. To eat, there was beef-steak, bread, molasses, and coffee.

With this diet I was soon satisfied. After breakfast I took a more extensive walk about the city. Many of the houses in the northern part of the city were much torn, by shot and shell. In no place have I seen such evidences of destruction.

During the forenoon I came upon a train from my Regiment, which had come in for forage and clothing. I placed my baggage in one of the wagons and borrowed a horse and

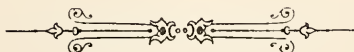
* Was one of the original members of the 58th, started in at Camp Gibson and followed it through. He was promoted to Sergeant, and served as such until the Regiment was mustered out. Since the war he has been engaged principally as carpenter and contractor. A few years ago he removed to Tullahoma, Tennessee, where he is now living among scenes familiar in army days.

rode to camp. The flies are exceedingly troublesome, and it is almost as difficult to ride as to walk.

Just in the edge of the city I passed through the works of the enemy. There were forts on all the hills, connected by field works. These were well protected by abatis, *chcvaux-de-frise*, and palisades in front. But a short distance from these are our works, which are not so strong.

On my way to camp I met a drove of seventeen hundred cattle, just from Chattanooga. Amongst the guards were three men of the 58th—George Davis, Catlett, and William Bennett.

I soon came to the camp of the 58th, and was very cordially welcomed by my friends in the Regiment. It was like getting back home again.



CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EXPEDITION TO SANDTOWN—CROSSING KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY—A RAID TO THE REAR OF ATLANTA—STIRRING UP THE ENEMY—FOLLOWING OUR CAVALRY—A CRITICAL SITUATION—PREPARATION FOR DEFENCE—THE REBELS DO NOT COME—MARCH TO JONESBORO—ATLANTA EVACUATED—CAMPAIGN ENDED—BACK TO CHATTAHOOCHEE—OUR REGIMENTAL CAMP—OTHER MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE.

DURING my absence the Regiment participated in an important campaign, a short account of which should be noted here.

A few days after I left them the Pontoon train was ordered to move again to Sandtown, about ten miles down the river. This was their second journey over that road, as the reader will remember. The object of the move this time was to afford a crossing for General Kilpatrick's Brigade of cavalry, the other time it was for the accommodation of General Stoneman's cavalry. There was a considerable difference in the push and energy of these two bodies of cavalry, as we shall presently see. It will be remembered that Stoneman's cavalry came and looked over on the other side of the river, but, for lack of courage, or for some other cause, they did not go over and take possession. So we had to take up our bridge and beat an inglorious retreat. With Kilpatrick it was different. Shortly after daylight one morning we arrived again at the river, opposite Sandtown. The few rebels on the other side immediately became impressed with the notion that their presence was not wanted, when they

heard the balls from our guns whistling about their ears. Within a very short time we had a bridge down and Kilpatrick's force began to cross. When they were all over on the other side they formed in column and immediately started in pursuit of the enemy. A sharp skirmish was encountered, a few miles out, but it did not last long. The rebels gave way and Kilpatrick followed fast after them.

For two days our Regiment was encamped at the bridge on the south side of the river. We had not heard anything from Kilpatrick. We only knew that his mission was to make a raid around the rear of Atlanta, and destroy the railroad and stir up the rebels in every way possible. And we knew that whenever Kilpatrick started out to stir up the rebels he generally succeeded in his undertaking. So we were not very much surprised when, one evening about sundown, the head of the cavalry column was seen coming back in considerable of a hurry. The whole Brigade was soon in our camp, and we soon learned that a much larger force of rebels was not far behind. It seems that Kilpatrick had made a success of his enterprise, but in doing so had attracted a strong force of rebel cavalry, who had followed him on his retreat. So we were now all confronted with a superior force of the enemy, and our position was not the most fortunate. Here we were, one Regiment of infantry and a Brigade of cavalry against about all the available cavalry in the rebel army. Then we were on their side of the river, with only a single pontoon bridge on which to cross in case of retreat.

In this condition there was only one thing to do—that was to make such preparations that retreat would not be necessary. This we at once set about doing.

A line of battle was formed in the shape of a semi-circle, each flank resting on the river, the 58th Regiment of infantry being in the center of the line. There were a number of log houses in the little village, known as Sandtown. These were torn down and the logs utilized in building rifle pits. The men worked like beavers in constructing these works of

defense, and it was not long until we were in shape to have given the rebels a warm reception. A strong skirmish line was kept well out to the front, with a stronger force in reserve. For some reason the enemy did not press our retreating cavalry, but contented themselves with skirmishing with our advanced lines.

This disposition of the rebels, and their delay, was a fortunate thing for our little force at the river. If they had pressed their advantage, our men most certainly would have had a hard time in holding their position. We waited and worked all night long, making all the noise we could, meanwhile, but the rebels come not. With the exception of one or two little brushes with our outline of skirmishers, there was no evidence that there was any rebel force near. Soon after daylight a reconnoissance was made, developing the fact that the enemy had retired. Of course our men breathed easier after this was known. Weary with an all night watching, they betook themselves to rest and sleep.

The Regiment remained here for several days after this, but there was no further demonstration by the enemy. Our boys, being several miles from the main army, had access to the fruit, fresh meat, and other articles in which this vicinity abounded; and, in consequence, were enjoying life.

On the 25th of August orders came to march, and a short time before sundown the Regiment started, marching in a southerly direction. The roads were bad and the Pontoon train was long, so that there was slow progress at first. Some time after dark the Regiment went into camp, about eight miles from the starting place. The camping ground here was in a large, open field, and it was discovered that other troops were there ahead of our Regiment. These were found to be the Fourth Corps; and the further fact was ascertained that this was a movement of the largest part of Sherman's army around Atlanta, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of Hood from that beleaguered city. The Pontoon train was to go with the army in this expedition, hence our movement from the river.

On the morning of the 27th, the march was resumed, but it was even slower than that of yesterday, and only five miles were covered. The country over which they marched was aptly described as utterly "God forsaken." A camping place was found near a large rebel hospital that had been abandoned.

On Sunday, the 28th, the Regiment prepared to march at six a. m., but did not start until nine. An hour after, they



DESTROYING A RAILROAD.

caught up with the army. The West Point railroad was reached this day, after a march of four miles. Here the Regiment remained until Tuesday, the 30th. This time was spent by our army in the destruction of the railroad. Some fifteen or twenty-five miles of the road were effectually destroyed. The ties were burned and the iron bent by the heat.

An effort was made to move about eight a. m. on Tuesday, but it was eleven when the train got under headway. About eight miles were made without finding the long sought "garden spot." The land was desolate, as in all these parts. The camp was three miles from Jonesboro.

Next morning, the 31st, the Regiment had orders to fix up camp, but about an hour afterwards orders came to move forward. They moved two miles and went into camp. Here, they remained until Friday, September 2d. While they were in this camp the battle of Jonesboro was fought, which decided the fate of Atlanta. That city was evacuated by the rebels in order to save themselves from being cut off. Thus was Sherman's flanking methods again successful.

On Friday the Regiment moved into Jonesboro. This is a pretty little town and there is considerable evidence of wealth. Only a few women and children remained of the former population. The court house and some other building, had been destroyed by General Kilpatrick, in the raid which has been mentioned. On the march to the town a part of the battlefield was passed over. Some of the rebels were still unburied. The march was continued down the railroad about six miles, the road being destroyed as the army advanced. In the evening, there was heavy fighting in front, at Lovejoy, in which our troops were successful.

On Saturday, the 3d, orders came to cease tearing up the road and return to Atlanta, and, on Sunday, the 4th, the countermarch began. The Regiment came back to Rough-and-Ready—sixteen miles—while the main army remained in front, to follow on at leisure. Monday, the 5th, Atlanta was reached about ten a. m. Passing through the city the Regiment camped, after a march of fifteen miles, at the old spot at DeFour's Ferry. Next day, the work of fixing up the camp, began, and it was not completed until after I joined the Regiment.

A brief description of our Regimental camp may be of interest. The front of the camp faces almost to the east.

The field and staff line has three wall tents, one of which is occupied by the Lieutenant-Colonel and Major, another by the Adjutant and Commissary Sergeant, and the third by the Surgeon, Chaplain and Assistant Surgeon. They are shaded by pine boughs laid on poles. Behind these are two huts, occupied by the Colonel's white and black servants. The former include the orderly and cook, and the latter two negroes.

To our right, on this line, are the quarters of the non-commissioned staff. They have two huts, covered with shelter tents. We have a larger staff than most commands, for ours includes the butcher and color bearer. The mail is under the care of the Ordnance Sergeant. We have received but one mail since my return from the North, though we send out one every day.

To our left is the quarters of the brass band. They are without a leader, but they play several tunes very well. But their noise is not entertaining.

A short distance to the left, and near the band quarters, is the Regimental chapel. This is about 30x40 feet, with a single aisle through the middle. There are good seats, of two-inch pine plank, without any backs. There is but one entrance. The roof, which is about ten feet high, is supported by poles, and is covered with pine brush, which keeps off the sun, but not the rain. There are branches of pine suspended from the outer edge of the roof, and reaching almost to the seats, which make a wall enclosing the chapel. A very neat camp table has been made by the mechanics for the Bible and hymn book.

The line officers usually have huts, covered with condemned boat canvas. This is dirty, from long use beneath the surface of the water, but it is water proof. The line also has a number of cook shanties. Usually, there are from four to six officers in a mess.

The quarters of the men are placed by Companies, in the usual manner, and are dry and comfortable. There is not a large number of men on duty in the Companies, on account

of the numerous details. Sometimes a Company has but a single private, with a half dozen officers to command him.

In front of the color line is a line of substantial field works, made by the 20th Corps, when they fell back from Atlanta to the Chattahoochee, during Sherman's flanking movement to Jonesboro. The ground of our camp is elevated, and overlooks the surrounding country. We are shaded by a growth of oak, which makes it very pleasant.

To the left of the Regimental camp, about one hundred yards, is the camp of our cattle guard. They have two or three huts, very much like those in the camp proper. In a pen, near by, are our cattle, which have evidently seen better days, as they are becoming very bony. They are taken out to graze every day, but there is little for them to eat. The butcher's rule is to kill the poorest, lest they die before the next issue day. A Sergeant—Dan Harrison—commands the cattle guard.

To the right and rear of the Regimental camp are the Regimental teamsters. We have three ambulances and three wagons. There are the usual number of private horses. A shed has been made for the horses and mules, but it is too high to do much good when it rains. Sergeant Armstrong, the old sharpshooter, is the ranking man in this squad, and may be considered the commanding officer.

An hundred yards in the rear of the teamsters is the Regimental commissary, presided over by Sergeant C. C. Montgomery. Here a moderate supply of rations is sheltered and guarded.

Fifty yards in the rear of the commissary is the pontoon corral, embracing about an acre, inclosed by sheds of cedar branches. Here are the wagons and mules of the train. There are about one hundred wagons and five hundred mules. The wagons show signs of a long campaign, and the mules are very poor. A small supply of shelled corn or oats is all they get at this time. Near the corral, the drivers are living in some huts, called, from their arrangement, Scattertown. The public horses, near fifty in number, are kept about Scat-

tertown. Near this, also, are stored the pontoon materials. The chess, balk, and boat frames, are nicely arranged in what we might call the boat yard. The canvas, ropes, etc., are stored in houses.

In the same neighborhood, the mechanics, under Lieutenant Wood, have built a row of shops, with a yard in the rear, and their quarters behind the yard. At any hour of the day the carpenters, blacksmiths, wagon makers, harness makers, etc., may be seen working at their respective trades. Their labors are performed with great cheerfulness. There is no bossing, nor is there a need of any. The work is light, and much easier than idleness. Much time is spent in making tables, stools, boxes, etc.

A magnificent swing hangs from two giant pines in the mechanics' yard, and is free to all who wish to use it.

Across the road is the Regimental bakery, which is run by Sergeant Armstrong and Privates Joseph Wilson and Benjamin Clayton. The greatest embarrassment connected with it is the want of flour.

After paying our respects to the headquarters, on the hill, to the right of our Regimental camp, we are through. Colonel Buell has for his staff, Lieutenant Williams, of the 100th Illinois; Lieutenant Daniels, of the 17th Ohio; Captain Tousey, and Lieutenants Jones and Torrence, of the 58th Indiana.

In company with Dr. Holtzman and Lieutenant Mason, I visited Atlanta, Monday, September 19th. There are still a good many citizens here, notwithstanding General Sherman's order of banishment. Some harsh criticisms are made by many on account of Sherman's action in this matter, But, I think, under the circumstances, the order was a wise one. It is true, there is not much humanity about it, but there is not much humanity about war measures of any kind. As soon as our army moves on, then these citizens should be allowed to return and make a living for themselves.

Among the places visited was the city cemetery. In the ordinary condition of things, the cemetery is not the most

cheerful spot one could find when making a pleasure ramble. But the condition of things around Atlanta was not in the ordinary line, and the cemetery was about as cheerful as the other places around the city. A part of the fence around the cemetery has been torn away, and some of the ornaments destroyed. There was abundant evidence that this was once a beautiful burying ground, but the ravages of war has affected the resting place of the dead, as well as the habitation of the living.

In one place, I noticed a splendid gothic monument over a vault, which is now open and the coffins exposed. This is a sickening, loathsome sight. When I die, I want to be buried in the ground. I want no vandals to gaze on my dead face, nor do I wish to have my mummy hawked in the markets of future generations. I prefer to return to mother dust.

The works on the eastern side of the city resemble those on the northwestern, and are very close to the city. Near them are the fragments of many cars which were burned by the rebels. The ground about the cars is covered with the fragments of shells and other ammunition. This must have been loaded on the trains, or destroyed with some houses in the neighborhood.

It is difficult for one from the populous North to realize that a city, no larger than Atlanta, could have been accounted of such importance. But when one calls to mind how thinly peopled this country is, he can appreciate that this was a great city to them. There are a few good churches, a few squares of solid business houses, and a number of foundries. The population before the war may have been nearly 4,000. It is said to have greatly increased during the war. Here many materials for the conflict were prepared, and many refugees from North Georgia and Tennessee found shelter.

Many houses are being torn down, and the materials transported to camp to shelter the troops. There can be no objection to this. It seems a pity to destroy the houses, but the men are better than the buildings. Our people have long been exposed, and must now have protection and rest.

For two years, Captain Cain has been trying to resign. He first made the attempt during the pursuit of Bragg, in Kentucky. He has also sent up a number of applications for leave of absence, all of which have been returned disapproved until now. But the long continued suit has at last been successful. To-day his offered resignation has been returned, "Accepted on account of expiration of term of service, and family affairs." I have often spoken of Captain Cain in these records. We all regret to part with him. He is one of the chief supports of the Christian sentiment in the Regiment. A good singer, gifted in prayer, and faithful in his attendance on the means of grace, we will greatly miss him from our little circle of Christians. The contemplation of the loss of many of our leading Christian men, by the expiration of their terms of service this fall, increases our sadness in parting with the Captain. We can but feel desolate in parting with those who have long been our associates in camp and march, in storm and battlefield. The friendships of home life are tame, compared with the attachments of those who have stood together amid the battle's rage, who have been wet by the same storms, and endured hunger of the same sieges. Around our plain camp tables and cheerful blazing fires, or on the long marches, our hearts become knit as those of David and Jonathan.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.—The Sabbath dawned most beautifully. At 9:30 a. m. our little chapel was crowded by an attentive congregation. A few citizens were present. There is no special difficulty in preaching before soldiers. At two p. m. we met and organized a Bible class. It went off a little dry. Perhaps we will make it interesting in the future. The lesson to-day was Matthew, 1st chapter. In the evening the congregation was large and attentive. There is a good, religious feeling in the Regiment.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.—This has been a beautiful autumnal day. The air is exceedingly bracing. The repairing and repainting of the train is going on rapidly. Many trains crowded with troops of the 4th Corps, passed to the

rear to-day and yesterday. There are many rumors and surmises. Some think the 4th Corps, and, perhaps some other troops, are going to Virginia, either by the way of the north, or through Bull's Gap. Some think the movements of this Corps are only to check a rebel raid, now said to be progressing around our left flank. Of course, I have no means of knowing the exact truth. But, I am satisfied, that if a part of this army does not go to Richmond, it should. Now is the time to overturn this slave-holding empire.

The rumors of the day are all encouraging. Gold has fallen. The rebels are badly defeated in the Shenandoah Valley. Our people are greatly encouraged. Now if Richmond falls, and Lincoln is re-elected, the work will soon be accomplished. And what a work—the Union re-established and slavery destroyed. God hasten the day. May the days of our watching and waiting soon end in glorious triumph.

The regular monthly meeting of our Christian Association convened this evening, in the chapel. Moderator Wallace opened with prayer. He then encouraged the members to take part in the business. The constitution was read and a number came forward and enrolled their names. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: John A. Everett, Moderator; Jacob Davis, Clerk; Ebenezer Keeler, Andrew Gudgel, John Emmerson, Executive Committee. Captain Cain asked for a letter of dismissal. He made a few very feeling remarks, in taking leave of us. We would never all see him again; but we would not be forgotten by him. He exhorted us to prepare for Heaven. A paper was then adopted by the Association, and in conclusion, an appropriate song was sung and the parting hand was given to our departing brother. He prayed with and for us. The benediction was then pronounced.

The 1st Michigan Engineers came from the rear, with a long train, and encamped near us. They have an endless supply of baggage.

Our camp is daily visited by women, children, and a few men. They are nearly all lean, lank, cadaverous people. They sell butter, butter milk, green beans, chickens, tomatoes, muscadine grapes, etc. They exchange these things for our rations. As we cannot buy for cash, we cannot purchase very extensively. The people in these parts are pretty well starved for the necessities of life. It is this that drives them to this trade. Some come in begging, and they tell most pitiful tales. We cannot give them much, as we do not care to feed the women and children of men, who are lying in the bushes and attempting to cut the railroad which brings the food. Can anything be more ridiculous than for these women to come snubbing about our camp, while their lantern-jawed lords are lying in ambush to shoot us? Oh, that these people had known when they were well off.

Many of the country people call on Dr. Patten for medicine and medical attention. It is unsafe for him to be riding about the country, hence he refuses all calls for visiting outside of camp. He gives out medicines, although his supply is small. All the native physicians have gone south. The rich and great have fled and left these poor women to the tender mercies of the detested Yankees.

The men sent several days ago to Chattanooga, for mules, returned, to-day, without them. They report that General Newton's Division is at Chattanooga. One Division from here passed on through that post. One Division of the 15th Corps has gone to Rome. There has been no connection between Nashville and Chattanooga for some days.

Major Downey went to Marietta, Saturday, October 1st, for the veterans of the 10th Indiana, who have been assigned to our Regiment, but he did not get them. There is more red tape about the affair than can be unwound in one day.

We have had frequent rains lately, and the Chattahoochee has risen rapidly during last night. Before daylight this morning, a large amount of drift was massed on the upper trestle bridge, across the river at this point, and the bridge was torn away, without leaving a vestige to tell where it

once stood. Sweeping down the stream, it carried away the next trestle bridge by the help of the accumulated drift. Next, a span of the great railroad bridge was carried away. It fell into the river with a great crash. Lieutenant Jones, at once, was sent to communicate the tidings to General Thomas' headquarters, at Atlanta.

Thus, the rest of the Sabbath is to be broken, because the Chattahoochee must be bridged, and our Pontoniers must do the work. Early in the morning they were called out and began the work. The river being very much swollen, and very swift, and there being large quantities of drift, it was a difficult undertaking to lay a bridge. Twice the end swung around before the two shores were connected. In the latter part of the day there was not so much drift, and by the middle of the afternoon the bridge was completed. As soon as the way was open troops and wagons began to cross, going to the rear. A Brigade of the 20th Corps crossed last night on the trestle bridge just before it was swept away. General Garrard's cavalry, sixteen hundred strong, came from the left of the army and camped near us, this afternoon. The 17th Indiana is in this command and several of the boys visited friends in our camp.

There are many rumors afloat. Certain, it is, that our communications with Chattanooga are severed. The rebels are crossing the Chattahoochee and moving north, and there are rumors that some of their forces are in middle Tennessee. Sound of cannonading was distinctly heard late this afternoon, down the Chattahoochee, and it is evident that war is beginning again. During the month of September there has been almost an unbroken rest, by the two armies.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 3.—One of the pontoons on this end, and two on the other, were on the ground this morning, caused by the river falling during the night. After a breakfast job, lasting until eight o'clock, the bridge was shortened to suit the present size of the river. General Garrard's forces crossed to the northern bank. A small wagon train was passed to the south side. General Kilpatrick's train of

two hundred wagons had come up from the Sandtown regions to cross here; the bridge there had been washed away. The 1st and 3d Divisions, of the 4th Corps, then came up from Atlanta and crossed over. The 2d Division had gone some days ago on the cars.

Our Regiment laid a second bridge during the forenoon. The Tennessee Pontoniers put down one. The trains and troops continued to cross all night.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4.—The repairing corps is removing a large drift, collected about the abutments of the old railroad bridge. Here, recently, was a wagon bridge, and another is to be built. This corps is repairing the railroad bridge.

The most of the armies of the Tennessee and the Ohio have been crossing to-day. The wagons are still rolling over as I write—eight p. m. The 20th Corps remains at Atlanta.

I have no definite information of the movements of the rebels. They must be moving northward in force, or General Sherman would not be sending all his army in that direction. Camp tales assign Longstreet, or Beauregard, to the command of the rebel army. After entrenching on the West Point railroad they are said to have crossed the Chattahoochee in force, and are now moving for the Allatoona Mountains. Our people moved out from Marietta to the Kenesaw Mountain, this morning, and occupied the rebel works. There is a prospect of a battle in a few days.

We hear more idle tales afloat, when our communications are cut, than we do genuine news when the papers come regularly to camp. We now hear great tidings from Richmond, chiefly brought by the "grape vine" line. These rumors are all encouraging; showing at least that the army is in good spirits.

Our army has been very much rested by their month's quiet. Nearly all the articles needed for the good of the soldiers have been procured. The men almost look like new men. Many of the gun carriages have been repaired

and repainted. The Army of the Tennessee have the best horses and mules. Those of the Cumberland and Ohio never will recover from the severe East Tennessee campaign.

The men are full of life and in good spirits. We have plenty of rations for several days. But the forage is about exhausted. Something must be done immediately to open our communications.

We have orders to get ready six hundred feet of our bridge, for marching. The Army of the Ohio is over, with all its transportation. The transportation of the Army of the Tennessee is not all over yet. The Army of the Tennessee pontoons are poor affairs. They now have down but the fourth bridge of the campaign, and it is badly in need of repair.

Monday, the 3d inst., the veterans of the 10th Indiana, 136 strong, joined our command. They are quartered on the left of our Regiment. They seem to be very good soldiers.

The grand army is gone. One Brigade of the 20th Corps remains at this point as a garrison. The 58th Regiment is encamped on a hill which commands the railroad bridge. Yet the brilliant genius in command of this post wants this hill evacuated. If the enemy had it, our other works on this side of the river would be completely enfiladed. The Colonel commanding—I have not seen him—must be a burning and shining light, in the military galaxy.

Rumor this evening (October 5th) places the rebel army at Dallas. They are rapidly advancing, occupying our old works and fortifying. There is said to have been skirmishing at Big Shanty, and in the neighborhood of Lost Mountain, this morning. It is probable that Selma will be the new base for the rebel army, and the railroad to Jacksonville the line of operations. This is a splendid movement for them. May its splendor be dimmed in the first contest. This may come to-morrow, or next day.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6.—It has rained nearly all day. We seem to be in the midst of a rainy season.

The garrison here is putting up field works. These command the approach to the bridge, when the enemy comes up the river. But no provision is being made to meet an enemy coming down. There are already works which are suitable for this, but they are not yet occupied. General Slocum has orders to be well on his guard, in reference to this point. There is a rumor that a strong force of rebels are within three miles of here, to-day.

The enemy is said to have made a dash on our men at Allatoona to-day. Result unknown.

The great railroad bridge is being slowly repaired. There is still another span to build.

Six hundred feet of our pontoon bridging is loaded and on the other side of the river, ready to move at a moment's notice.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7.—An attack on this post is expected. Additional ammunition has been issued. New field works are being constructed.

A barrel of whiskey was brought to-day from Marietta by the commissary. Some officers and men are drunk and acting the fool.

Sickness is on the increase. This is usually the case when the Regiment is lying in camp. There are several cases of scurvy and two of typhoid fever.

The forage for the horses and mules in the entire army is out. We must now depend on grazing. The stock can live but a few days on this. Many have died of starvation, and many more must shortly die. The army is on short rations. No trains are running. No mail goes or comes.

The timber, on the hill, to the left of our Regiment, has been cut down, to prevent it from sheltering an enemy, in case of an attack. Not having men enough to hold the line to Peach Tree Creek, our left would be greatly exposed.

Ours is the only command in the army not on short rations.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 10.—All has remained quiet to-day at DeFour's Ferry. The enemy have not made their appear-

ance. Re-enforcements have been received by our people. There has been no passing or repassing, except some trains of railroad iron, to the rear. Our communications with the rear is still severed. Mails never come. The stock is without feed.

The news with us, to-day, is that some days ago the rebels made several unsuccessful assaults on our works at Allatoona Pass. They were repulsed, and retreated under cover of the night, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Their loss is said to have amounted to 2,000. We hear nothing of the movements of the troops who crossed our bridge a week ago. From the East we hear that a desperate battle has been fought. The rebels were defeated. They evacuated Richmond. This came by signals from Resaca to Kenesaw, and was seen on the bulletin board at Atlanta. We do not know whether to believe all this or not, but we note it down as the sum of to-day's rumors.

Speaking on this subject I am led to say that Sergeant Wm. Kendall, of Company H, now in charge of the pioneer tools, is our most famous grapevine operator. I must do him the justice to say, that he is one of the best posted in reference to the current news, of the Regiment. He reads all the papers we get, and is always making inquiries amongst passing troops. But he is famous for giving circulation to a thousand false tales. No sooner is it known that a story came from Bill Kendall, than men begin to laugh at it as preposterous. He is a prophet, also. He is now offering to bet freely that we will not leave this camp until peace is made.

One drummer and two fifers, of the 10th Indiana, took up their quarters with our band. They played the retreat to-night.

A parade ground was cleared out to the left and rear of the Regiment. Dress parade was held at 4:30 p. m. This is the first one we have had in this camp. Our men are so scattered that it is inconvenient to have parade.

Several women were in camp to-day, begging. They did not get anything to eat. Indeed, it is the greatest joke of the season, for these women to come begging food from soldiers, who are themselves on half rations, because the husbands of these women are in our rear, cutting off our supplies. If the men can stop one half, and the women beg the other, we may say our shortest prayers and die at once.

This is an exceedingly lovely night. The air is bracing. The moon is shining lovely. The earth has been dried by recent rains. The leaves are still green upon the trees. Men are sitting about their camp fires. There is no whisky in camp to-night. A spirit of cheerfulness and hilarity prevails. Some are talking and laughing. Some are singing. Some are playing on some instrument of music.

I am trying to learn a few lessons in German. I wish that I could speak it. Here I close my rambling records for to-day.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11.—The momentous event of to-day is the election in Indiana. I dreamed last night that I voted. It was late this afternoon. I voted—just as I would have done had I been at home—for all the Union ticket, State and county, except Colonel Conrad Baker. He once insulted me in a small matter, and has never made any apology. I bear him no malice, but I cannot vote for him under present circumstances—even in dreams.

I feel a deep interest in the election in Indiana. I hope our State will not be handed over to Mr. McDonald, and his faction of disappointed and unpatriotic men. He has no appreciation of the great struggle we are now engaged in. He and his people are devotedly attached to the institution of human slavery. Their success would only prolong the contest. It must continue until slavery falls.

The news of the evacuation of Richmond is not confirmed to-day. A dispatch from General Slocum, containing yesterday's news, has been in circulation this afternoon and the Regiments have been hollowing about it. I had rather have a confirmation for to-day, than a rehash of yesterday's tale.

I find many men in the army who won't believe anything until they hear it several times ; on the same principle of some people who tell a lie until they begin to believe that it is true. The news from Allatoona Pass is confirmed. It will do to tie to.

Indiana is full of fools and traitors. Between the two there is some danger that Joseph E. McDonald has been elected governor. My trust is in God. I cannot think that He would permit such a calamity to overtake the State. Surely there are enough righteous men in Indiana to save it.

We had a good meeting this evening. Private Henry W. Bryant preached on "The Fullness of Christ." One young man came forward for the prayers of the Church.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12.—We are still without any communication, by rail, with the rear. Telegraphic communication was restored yesterday. I have not heard a single addition to our stock of news from Sherman or Grant. In our immediate vicinity, I can only record a slight skirmish on the picket line at Atlanta, the passage of 2,000 beef cattle towards Atlanta, and the exit of a large drove of convalescent horses and mules to the rear.

Work is still progressing on the fortifications. A short line has been constructed to-day, to protect our left.

Our lives are now almost as monotonous as those of men in prison. Entirely cut off from all communication with the rest of mankind, and with nothing to attract our attention, we are thrown entirely upon our own resources for happiness.

An election was held yesterday and to-day in the 58th Indiana, merely to ascertain the sentiments of the men on political questions. The soldiers of Indiana are not allowed to go home to vote, nor to have their vote, cast in the field, counted. In other words, there is a large portion of the loyal element of Indiana disfranchised, by the decision of the last Legislature, which was largely disloyal. This voting in our Regiment, therefore, was only to show how we would have expressed ourselves if we had been given a chance. Following is the result :

THE REGIMENTAL VOTE FOR GOVERNOR, 1864.

SECTION.	Present	Total No. Votes Cast	Morton	McDonald
Field and Staff	10	10	10	--
Company A	61	58	36	22
Company B	59	49	49	--
Company C	48	44	43	1
Company D	51	36	36	--
Company E	34	34	32	2
Company F	48	45	44	1
Company G	49	34	33	1
Company H	41	39	39	--
Company I	49	36	36	--
Company K	28	27	20	7
First Detachment, 10th Indiana	50	50	50	--
Second Detachment, 10th Indiana	41	41	41	--
Total	569	503	469	34
McDonald vote, 34. Morton's majority, 435.				

There are more McClellan men than McDonald men in our Regiment.

We have no current news to-day, nor confirmation of previous rumors of the fall of Richmond. We have no trains, mail, or telegraphic dispatches. The mules and horses are still without any feed, except a little wild grass from the woods and old fields. The weather is exceedingly beautiful and pleasant. The nights are cool, but there is no frost.

Our Regiment is now reporting to the Brigade commander, of this post, for orders. He belongs to the 3d Division, of the 20th Corps.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN CAMP ON THE CHATTAHOOCHEE—SOME EXCITING INCIDENTS TO VARY THE MONOTONY—DESERTION OF SHAW, FULLERTON AND PIERSON—CAPTURE OF OUR MULES—EXCITING BUT FRUITLESS CHASE—COMMUNICATIONS WITH THE NORTH SEVERED—NEW RECRUITS—WATCH PRESENTATION—NON-VETERANS RETURN HOME—PREPARATIONS TO JOIN SHERMAN IN HIS MARCH TO SAVANNAH—LEAVING OUR PLEASANT CAMPS.

SOMETIMES it seems that His Satanic Majesty is in full control of our Regiment, and that his emissaries are especially engaged in creating trouble in camp. To-night (October 13th) was one of such times. When I went to bed, about ten o'clock, George W. Howard, of the band, was making considerable noise, in his quarters, on our line. The Major made him go to bed, which was not only the best thing that could be done for the boy, but it also saved him from being engaged in a first-class row, which was then brewing.

It seems that a few rowdies, in our Regiment, have a society of some kind—probably devoted to whisky and lewd women. After I lay down, this evening, I heard a great noise in the distance. Soon, the Major was on his feet, commanding the guard to arrest the party making the noise. The guard started to perform this duty and soon returned, bringing some one who had been badly beaten. It was McAllister, of Company A. He was recruited last spring by Captain C. C. Whiting. He has been in at least one Regiment, other than ours, from which he was never discharged. He says he has been in the rebel army, and was

an orderly to General Hardee. He has a bright and intellectual countenance, but a most villainous eye, and is without education. He has peculiar talents for singing and kicking up all kinds of gymnastic feats. To-night, he has been out, in company with some members of his "society," serenading. By this employment, they got enough whisky to make the entire company drunk. Some mules and horses were to be taken from the corral. On these they were to ride, I know not where; but the brethren fell out by the way. McAllister was badly beaten by one Hugh Shaw, the most desperate man in the Regiment. Shaw was just from the State prison, when he enlisted in the 58th Regiment, in 1861. He comes of bad stock. He knows how to behave, and can even assume some of the refinements of good society. He is smart enough to get along in almost any occupation, and is a man of many good impulses and traits. He has once been sentenced to death* since he has been in the Regiment. He attempted to escape, but was recaptured. The man who was with him has never been heard of since. In company with Shaw, in the fracas last night, were Charles Fullerton, leader of the brass band, and James Pierson, alias "Turnips." They were all arrested and tied up.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14.—This has been another beautiful and quiet day. We received a mail, but the latest dates were the 15th and 16th of last month. At that time communications with the North were open. So this mail has brought us nothing new. The rebel army is reported on the railroad, between Resaca and Chattanooga. The capture of Richmond is still unconfirmed. I am, therefore, satisfied that there is no truth in the rumor. I hear again, to-day, that Sheridan has again defeated Early, in the Shenandoah valley. I suppose that this is the same old story, repeated for want of something else to tell. If we must have lies, I prefer new ones. I hear also hear that Buford has defeated Breckinridge, in Kentucky. This is the first intimation to

* This was for a breach of discipline at Decherd, Tenn., in 1862. See page 84.

me that either of them was in the bluegrass commonwealth. There is great danger that Breckinridge may carry off some of the more enthusiastic McClellan men into the rebel army. With these brief rumors and surmises, and this old mail, ends our communications with yonder world. We cannot see as much of it as the inhabitants of the moon, for to them it appears as a large, beautiful orb. We see a few yards of a dirty river, and the adjoining hills. Meanwhile, the stock of rations is getting smaller, and the mules and horses are starving.

The young rowdies of last night's debauch are on fatigue duty to-day, except McAllister, who has not sufficiently recovered. Howard was released at noon. In the forenoon, they worked on the entrenchments, and in the afternoon they buried mules and dug up stumps.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15.—Charles Fullerton, Hugh Shaw and James Pierson deserted last night. They are notorious rascals. Everybody seems glad that they are gone.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16.—We received a mail this afternoon. There were no dates later than the 1st inst. There is great rejoicing in camp, as the men read the names of the drafted.

It seems that Hugh Shaw, Charles Fullerton and James Pierson, who deserted us Saturday night, have joined a band of rebel marauders, who are now infesting the surrounding regions. As we have no mounted men, our forage parties are almost entirely at their mercy. Early this morning, as usual, the mules and horses, under the drivers, protected by only thirteen guards, under Lieutenant Robert Cromwell, were sent out to graze. The mules were taken two miles up Peach Tree Creek, and crossed over on a bridge, into an old field, where they were grazing. This is the second bridge on the creek; the first one is near the mouth. In several places between these, footmen can cross. But in most places the water is deep enough to drown a man or mule. Just above the place where the mules were feeding there is another bridge, on a road leading from Atlanta to Pace's Ferry. A short dis-

tance out this road it is crossed by another bridge, leading from the mill, near our camp, to Buck Head. These two roads and the creek form an angle; in this, the mules were feeding, as stated above. Lieutenant Cromwell posted his men in the neighborhood of the road that crosses the creek, but left the Buck Head road unguarded. At the same time, Captain William E. Chappell, with seven men and three wagons, went out hunting for lumber. He left two of his men on this side of the creek, and went with the other five to the Buck Head road for lumber. He posted Henry C. Wyatt and George W. Martin, out in advance, on this road, as videttes.

In the meantime, an old citizen, passing by, on his way to mill, called Lieutenant Cromwell and cautioned him to be on his guard, as there were rebels about. To this, it seems, no attention was paid by the Lieutenant, as it was not believed there were any rebels near. Three men, two in Union uniform and one in citizen's dress, came by Sergeant Berry, of Lieutenant Cromwell's command. The men carefully kept their hands on their guns, as they approached. They said: "Hello, boys! what are you doing here? Where do you belong? At Gain's Ferry?" They then further asked, "Have you seen any rebels about here to-day?" They then passed on. After they were gone, the Sergeant spoke to a man on duty near, about these three fellows. They all agreed that "they looked at us suspiciously." The Sergeant, at first, thought that they were scouts, but afterwards concluded that they were rebels. The other man said, "they are scouts, and are suspicious that we are rebels." The Sergeant was impressed that if they were rebels, it would not do to arrest them, for said he, "when the first gun was fired they would all be on us, and what could thirteen men do?" It was afterwards discovered that two of these men were scouts, and one a spy—all belonging to our army. They had seen the rebels a short time before. Why they did not tell our boys of this, I am unable to say.

Wyatt and Martin left their post and wandered along the Buck Head road, at least a mile, to a house where some women live. The women told them that the rebels had been there, that morning, and would soon return, and that they had better leave, but our boys paid no attention to this advice. Soon the rebels came from the direction of Buck Head. Wyatt and Martin were made prisoners. The scouts had seen them shake hands, and heard one say, "How are you, Shaw?" The scouts did not belong to our command here, but to Atlanta. Thither they went, immediately, carrying such news as they had picked up.

Captain Chappell looked down the road and saw about twenty rebels, mounted, and charging on his little party. His three men were loading boards. He commanded them to get their guns, but the rebels were too close on them. They fled into the timber, followed by Edward Mason, of Company D, the hostler for the field and staff officers. The rebels called aloud for a halt, and began firing. Mason obeyed and was marched off by the rebels, on double quick. The remainder of the party trusted to the brush and escaped.



LIEUT. S. F. UTLEY,*
Company K.

In the head of a little ravine, under some green briars, Captain Chappell sought shelter and found safety. The rest of the party also escaped. A short distance farther on, the road leads by the field, where the mules were grazing. Into this field, the rebels, some twenty strong, charged with a loud yell. They had passed by the left flank of the guards. One man of the thirteen—Henry Beck—fired on the rebels. The remainder of the guards fled, seeking safety for themselves. Several of them state that they

* Was mustered in with the Regiment at Camp Gibson, and served in the ranks until November, 1864, when he was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company K. He was mustered out with the Regiment as First Lieutenant. Since the war, he has been engaged, principally, in farming, and now resides near Waterloo, Kansas.

might have delivered efficient shots, but they thought such a course would endanger their safety.

Other bands of rebels, besides the twenty above named, dashed into the field; accounts differ as to numbers. As they came in, they shouted, and some discharged their pieces. They seemed more bent on making a noise than on hurting any one.

The teamsters displayed a most astonishing ingenuity, and alacrity, in fleeing from the marauders. Some fled up the creek and some down; some flew rapidly over the bridge, like Mohammedan going to Heaven; some plunged into the stream, as Leander did the Hellespont; others, less classic, hid in the bushes. The rebels captured but two men—Caleb Andrews, of Company E, and William H. Roberts, of Company F.

My gallant mare caught the spirit of the hour. She thought, in imitation of Job's war horse, she would "smell the battle afar off." In a moment she was over the bridge, and soon came dashing by headquarters, with reeking sides. She reported at the stable, with the Major's saddle and with the horses of the Surgeon and Assistant.

But an earlier messenger than my mare—but not from the scene of action—came to camp. The rebel charge and the guns were heard at the picket line. Robert Steel was dispatched to carry the news to Colonel Moore. A few minutes after, Aaron Cloin came dashing into camp, yelling as he came: "The rebels are taking the mules as fast as they can. If you want to save any you had better hurry."

Now ensued a scene like that "In Belgium's Capital at Night," save the poetry and women. Major Downey laid aside the hammer and nails, with which he was working, and buckled on his sword. Captain Smith, at the head of Company B, led the van, and Captain Evans, with Company G, followed. Then came the remainder of the Regiment, in pell-mell order. Afterwards, the detachments of the 10th Indiana, came on as re-enforcements.

A swift messenger bore the tidings to Colonel Smith, commanding post. He sent out parties in all directions. I afterwards saw one of these, having failed to find any rebels, paying their attention to persimmons.

Away went the dashing cavalcade, on foot. In one respect, I am much like other men—not afraid when there is no danger. So I went along. Up the first hill we went on double quick. Here is a mule driver minus his hat. Here are two men mounted on mules. Still we meet them, coming from all directions. Some are without hats, and some are wet from swimming the creek. All brought us some news, but their accounts did not agree. The time which had elapsed since the rebels left was stated at from five to thirty minutes. All the mules were gone, except a few which were ridden off by the drivers, and a few more that were wandering about, loose.

The pursuit was continued about a mile. At the house where Wyatt and Martin were captured, the column was halted, the enemy being thirty minutes in advance. Captains Smith and Evans, who were in advance, thought it useless to continue the pursuit, as the rebels could not be overtaken. The Major accordingly marched the Regiment back to camp. I thought at the time, that we should have gone farther. I believe many of the mules might have been overtaken before dark. Our losses were five men, one wagon, three hundred and eighty-five mules and four horses.

The adventure was a complete success—for the rebels. They did not lose a man killed, and, perhaps, none wounded. Everything worked in the most charming manner for them. They captured more than \$50,000 worth of property. Upon our part, there is scarcely a creditable item connected with the entire affair. From beginning to end, there was an utter want of judgment and energy; but I refrain from comments, as the case is bad enough on a plain statement of the facts.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19.—A party, under Captain Voorhees, went as far as Buck Head, to-day, to gather up strag-

gling mules. The expedition was unsuccessful. Information received confirms the fact that Shaw, Fullerton and Pierson were guiding the rebels in their raid yesterday.*

The wagon bridge is being repaired by a lazy set of fellows, called 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. I went to see how they were getting along, this morning. They are, principally, engaged in doing nothing. It would have a wholesome effect to send them to the front a while. Their places could well be supplied by men who have been exposed to bullets for a campaign or two. When men realize that "they have a good thing of it," as it is expressed in the army, they are too prone to become careless and indifferent. This is true at home as well as here.

There is an order this evening "to be ready for an attack, momentarily expected." It seems the rebels had burned a train beyond Vining's Station. An order came for three commissioned officers and one hundred and fifty men to report at the pontoon bridge. The Colonel called

* These rebel raiders were known as Graham scouts, and were, at this time, in command of Captain Harris, who is now (1895) a successful physician in Muskogee, Indian Territory. By request, Captain Harris writes the following, as his recollection of this exciting event, from a rebel standpoint:

"Our Graham scouts were bivouacked twenty-five miles above the bridge, on the river, resting our horses, after some hard marching and a fight, two days before, at Marietta.

"One afternoon a picket came in in charge of three deserters from the 58th Indiana Regiment. I think their names were Shaw, Pearson and Fullerton. They informed us that the 58th Indiana grazed, every day, five hundred mules, near the camp, and urged us to go at once and take the mules in, reserving to themselves, not only the honor of piloting the scouts, but of leading the charge. After assuring them that if any trick or misrepresentation developed they would be shot, instantly, the scouts, about fifty in number, were off, with 'our pets,' as we called them, at the head of the column. In four hours the five hundred mules were thundering along at a break-neck gait up the river, with 'our pets,' who, a few minutes before, had led us on to victory, now bringing up the rear. Knowing the country thoroughly, and by a circuitous route, we soon make good our escape, with both mules and prisoners. Shaw and Fullerton remained with the scouts, and rendered good service to the rebel cause, until the end. Still, I think the part they played was prompted more by a spirit of revenge than love for the 'lost cause.' They received an insult (real or imaginary, I cannot say) from a superior officer, which led them to the desertion, as I remember it.

"In the language of the immortal Lincoln, 'With charity for all,' I am,

"Very truly yours,

"C. HARRIS."

out the Regiment and counted off one hundred and fifty enlisted men. It took all the Regiment, except Company B. They were marched off with all their officers, and no rations or blankets. Old soldiers only take what they are ordered to take.

The inspector of the 20th Corps has been here, to-day, inquiring into the capture of the mules, yesterday. It won't bear investigation.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20.—Early this morning the detachment sent out last evening, under Major Downey, returned, tired and hungry. Many of them had had neither supper nor breakfast. They went up the railroad, last night, to the wreck of a train destroyed by the rebels, a few miles beyond Vining's Station. Darkness soon came upon them. They went straggling along the track, sometimes having out skirmishers. On the march, some of the men in Company K saw the signal light on Kenesaw Mountain, more than five miles off. They thought they saw men about the fire, and, imagining that it was near, and was the burning train, with rebels about it, did not wish to advance.

Our men did not know whether the train was in the possession of friend or foe. They, therefore, approached cautiously. A volley was poured into them, by an unseen enemy, who immediately fell back. Many of our men returned the fire. One man fired, threw down his gun, and fled towards the rear, carrying several thoughtless men along. It is easy to communicate a panic, especially when in the dark. These men were rallied by Major Downey, and soon the firing ceased. A cautious advance was made, when the supposed enemy was found to be some of our own people, from an Illinois Regiment. Fortunately, nobody was hurt. Our men remained all night, and returned this morning, on the cars.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24.—Dr. Holtzman returned, last night, from the North, having walked twenty-five miles, where the railroad was not repaired. Lieutenant Behm got a wagon,

and we went out to where Mr. Howell's house had stood, for brick to make a chimney. The Regimental provost guards went along. We came to the ruins of a once splendid mansion. Nothing was left of it, save the remains of the cooking stove, and some piles of bats. Fences and all were gone. Several lines of entrenchments were dug where the house and garden used to be. While we were engaged in digging amongst the bats for whole brick, my mind was busy, comparing the past with the present. Here lived a rich southern planter—a rank rebel. When the war began, no doubt, he rejoiced. He sent his sons into the army. Often the war news was dispatched in his mansion. Here there was rejoicing, again and again, when the Yankees were defeated. Little did these people suppose that the tide of war would roll all the way from the Kentucky border to their very doors; little did they, in their haughty pride, imagine that hated Yankees would dig up their fields, burn their fences, and tear down their houses. Now, they fly, while a Yankee preacher is digging up the foundation bricks with which to build himself a chimney to his cabin in camp, near by.

And why all this? Why does God permit these things? It is because they are the champions of slavery, and we of freedom. The story of the war is long, but the moral is short. "In such a contest," said Jefferson to the South, "there is no attribute of Deity that can take sides with us."

While eating supper, this evening, I thought I heard a church call. But, as I knew there was no meeting, I supposed that I was either mistaken, or it was in some other Regiment. After eating, I noticed lights in the little arbor we call our chapel. There was also singing, and a crowd about the door. Lieutenant Behm suggested that we go down. I told him I would not, as I did not know what was going on, and I had not been invited. I began to feel that my dignity had been, in some way, compromised. Now, said I to myself, some humbug of a fellow has come along, has

had the church call sounded, and has gone into the chapel, without telling me. I thought to myself, I will give the bugler some further instruction not to sound the church call, without my request, or the order of the Regimental commander. I went into the Colonel's tent to hunt a newspaper to read. I saw Orderly Spain, as I entered the tent. He looked like he was hesitating about going to church. He seemed to be looking to see if I was going. When he saw me enter the Colonel's tent, he came in, and said, "Chaplain, they want you down at the church." "Who?" I inquired. "The 58th," was his reply. I asked, "Had I not better black my boots, and brush my clothes?" "Oh, no," said he, "that is no use." He then walked out. I went into my tent, combed my hair, changed coats, and brushed the brick dust off my boots. I then went with Sergeant Spain to the chapel, without speaking a word to him. Seeing a vacant seat behind the stand, I went there and sat down. They were singing some hymn, as I entered. The house was full, and there was a crowd outside. As soon as the singing was over, Private P. W. Wallace offered prayer. He then asked me to stand by the side of the table, while he uncovered a neat gold watch. He told me that it was designed as a present for me, from the Regiment. It was a token of their esteem. I cannot call to mind all he said. I got along very well, until he gave me the watch, and sat down. I was greatly at a loss, to know what to say. I made "a few broken remarks," as preachers sometimes say. I attempted to express my gratitude, but my effort was a failure: As Dr. Daily used to say, "I was not competent to the emergency." After all was over, some collected around me, and expressed their satisfaction that they had surprised me.

I am very proud to receive this watch. In itself, it is a gem. It is a beautiful American watch, eighteen karat fine, purchased by Dr. Holtzman, for the Regiment, in Newark, N. J. It cost \$206, and it is just such a watch as I have long desired to possess.

But, then, the best of all is, it is a present from my Regiment. I treasure it chiefly on this account. If I live, I desire to carry some memorial of my soldier life. I desire something to remember my fellow soldiers by. Some of our officers have received swords. These must be laid aside when peace returns. But I can carry this watch while life endures. It will not only remind me of the happy days of my soldier life, and of the comrades of my campaigns, but also of the coming night when no man can work. I am encouraged and strengthened by this testimony of the love of my parishoners. May these bonds of love never be broken.

Formerly there stood somewhere about this ferry, a large pine tree. It had been partly burned, and the pitch ran out of the sides and hung in large lumps. It long stood in this condition. From it, the place received the name of the Standing Pitch Tree. The neighboring stream was named Pitch Tree Creek. The place has now lost this name, and that of the stream has been corrupted to Peach Tree Creek. There is a street in Atlanta called Peach Tree street, from this creek.

The name Chattahoochee means in the Cherokee tongue, "blossoming rocks." I have read in some of the papers that this name refers to some beautiful rocks, somewhere about the stream. I have never seen them. Any one acquainted with the bed of the stream would understand the propriety of the name. The stones seem to blossom at the bottom of the stream. The bed is so rough that, even where fordable, a horse can scarcely walk, and canvas pontoons are badly cut up.

But little has been said by me, in these records, of the horrors of the slave system of the South. Our campaigns have been so active, and our conveniences for writing so poor, that many thrilling accounts have not been written down. I hope, shortly, to place in my Journal some items of interest in reference to the negroes. I expect to live to see the end of the accursed system and all its defenders.

Posterity will never be able fully to comprehend the abominations of slavery. I was deeply impressed with the language of Coheleth, when reading it yesterday :

"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power: but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun."—Eccles. 4: 1-3.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28.—We now receive a small mail every day. We are getting a few papers, and we will soon catch up with the news. Five carloads of forage reached Atlanta to-day. This is the first that has come since the destruction of the railroad bridge by the great freshet.

We are under orders to be ready to march. Our Quartermaster, Lieutenant Torrence, drew four hundred and sixty mules, to-day, to supply the place of those captured and starved. It is a sorry lot.

Lieutenant Williams, of Colonel Buell's staff, arrived to-day from Chattanooga.

A number of through trains came in to-day from Chattanooga. Our communications are once more open.

We have been hearing from the elections in Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania for some days. All loyal men in the army are greatly rejoiced at the result.

We expect to move in a few days. The 20th Corps is ordered to send all surplus baggage north, to be stored.

Colonel George P. Buell arrived, October 30th, from a furlough of twenty days, outside of the department. He has added much to both ends of it. He is in excellent health and spirits. He has been laboring with his usual earnestness in his absence. He has procured three hundred drafted men, who will be on in a few days. This will be a valuable addition to our numbers. If the 10th Indiana can only be assigned to the Companies, we will have a pretty full Regiment.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31.—The most of the mysteries about our rumored march are to-day solved, by rumor. It is said the 20th, the 14th, 15th and 17th Corps, under General Sherman, are going on an expedition to Savannah, Ga. Our Pontoon train goes with Sherman's headquarters. We will start in a few days.

An order was to-day (November 2d) received by Colonel Buell, to assign the 10th Indiana detachments to our Companies. Colonel Moore will do this by letting each man go to the Company of the same letter, as that to which he belonged in the 10th. This will give satisfaction, and will be eminently just and proper. I am told that this will add one hundred and sixty men to our Regiment.

A dispatch was received, informing the Colonel that General Sherman will not need us. We then began to give up all hopes of going. If we are not permitted to go I will be greatly disappointed. I have seen as much of the country north of us as I desire. I have spent two winters campaigning in Tennessee. I would prefer wintering farther south; I would like to see something of real Dixie.

But in the afternoon, when Colonel Buell came back from Atlanta, he brought word that we were to accompany Sherman. Preparations to march accordingly go forward. Our baggage is to be cut down, the Company books must be boxed, and the papers put in the valises.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3.—I enter the following statements, gathered from our Adjutant's monthly return for October. Total number of officers, twenty-six, all are present; enlisted men present, four hundred and seventy-seven, absent, one hundred and six—total five hundred and fifty-three; sick and present, seventeen; sick, absent, sixty-one. These numbers are included in the present and absent above. The aggregate is five hundred and eighty-four. This exclusive of the non-veterans.

According to the instructions of our Regimental Christian Association, letters have been prepared in these words:

R. R. BRIDGE, CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER, GA., }
 November 4th, 1864. }

To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that —, of Company —, is a member in good standing of the Christian Association of the 58th Regiment Indiana Volunteers, infantry, and as such, we commend him to the brotherly regard of all christians, of whater name, wherever his lot may hereafter be cast.

By order of the Christian Association.

H. W. BRYANT, Moderator.

JACOB DAVIS, Clerk.

Approved: JOHN J. HIGHT,

Chap. 58th Ind. Vol.

This certificate was given to Abner M. Bryant, Quarter-master-Sergeant; Sergeants Andrew Gudgel and Jason H. Crow; Corporal A. R. Redman, and Privates Frank Broadwell, Henry Beck and Charles Poorley, of Company A; Sergeants Ebenezer Keeler, W. B. Crawford and Solomon Reavis, and Privates J. R. Roseborough and P. W. Wallace, of Company B; Sergeant Pleasant N. Spain and Private N. Smith, of Company C; Corporal Samuel Sly, of Company F; Private John A. Everett, of Company H.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4.—Colonel Moore has been to Atlanta to see the Paymaster about paying our Regiment. There seems to be a difficulty somewhere about paying us. The families of many soldiers are sadly in need of funds. We read in the papers that the money has been provided. and it is a pity red tape cannot be cut and the men paid before they start on a new campaign.

The non-veterans, whose term expires on the 12th inst., went to Atlanta, to-day. In their departure we lose a number of good men from our christian community.

I can almost realize the sorrow of Rachel over her children, in parting with these members of my army flock. I can find but little to comfort me. The wind howls dismally about my tent, and the campaign before us looks dreary in their absence. I never felt more lonely since entering the army, save after the slaughter of many of my friends, at Chickamauga. I am better able to appreciate the love of David and Jonathan, than ever before. They were soldiers;

their hearts were knit together by common trials and fatigues. Their love was stronger than the love of woman. Thus, soldiers are attached. Such partings as that of to-day, recall home and all its joys, and bring before us all the toils, still to be endured in the field. But let us button our soldier coats up to the chin, and be like John Brown's soul—"marching on."

Seventy-six of our drafted men came to us November 6th. They have been led hither and thither by various ignorami, yclept commissioned officers. The last one they were following, passed on. If they had kept on following their blind guides they might, perhaps, have put in the remainder of their term. One of our men happened to be on the road where the drafted men were passing, told them where the Regiment was. So they came up, while their officers passed on. They were divided amongst the Companies for the night. The boys treated them very cleverly; they took them into their houses and made them comfortable.

The next morning our new recruits were marched in front of the headquarters. There are only a few weakly men among them. Upon the average, they are larger men than those now in the Regiment. They are furnished with clothing, knapsacks, and tents. They are deficient in shelter tents and gum blankets. Some of them desire great coats. But this is an article that will not pay soldiers to carry in this climate. It cannot be worn on the march. The drafted men express themselves as agreeably surprised at the kind treatment they receive in the Regiment. Thus far, they have been herded, like so many mules, but now they begin to receive courteous treatment. Usually, they are astonished to find so much good breeding and morality in the Regiment. They have shared the usual ideas, entertained at home, that the army is a bedlam, and the soldiers heathens. They now find that men are as good here, if not better, than at home. The great courtesy of our old soldiers towards their new fellows is a matter of pleasure to me. I took occasion to urge this course upon the men, a few Sab-

baths ago. But, I suppose, it would have been the same, anyhow. I have not heard of a single taunt. Not a man has been heard to say, "How are you, conscript? How are you to-day?"

I have not learned exactly what proportion of them are drafted and what substitutes. One man was pointed out to me who had received \$1,000 for coming in some other man's place. A little, hardy, German came up this morning. He had served three years in the 24th Wisconsin. He has come out again, for one year, as some man's substitute, for \$1,000. It is astonishing to me, that a man in ordinary financial circumstances and good health, will be so foolish as to sink a thousand dollars to keep from going to war, for one year. They must think it an awful thing to go to war. It would make men of some of them, to serve a twelve-month in the army. But so it is—they won't come. The consequence is, that much of the wealth of the country will be transferred from those "who will only talk," to those "who will fight."

Many of our new men are Germans. These make the best of soldiers.

After asking their names, and ascertaining whether or not they were mechanics, the following assignments were made:

To Company A.....	7
To Company B.....	10
To Company C.....	1
To Company E.....	18
To Company G.....	10
To Company H.....	23
To Company K.....	9
Total.....	78

Most of this number are from the 2d Congressional District, but some are from the 11th. No choice of Regiments was given them. It would have been more pleasant, if men from the 1st District could have been assigned to the 58th. Lieutenant-Colonel Moore consulted their wishes, as far as he could, in assigning them to Companies.

The 10th Indiana, having been assigned to the different Companies, was, to-day, ordered to change their quarters.

They are distributed, according to their letters in the 10th, as follows :

To non-commissioned staff.....	1
To Company A.....	22
To Company B.....	11
To Company C.....	17
To Company D.....	30
To Company E.....	13
To Company F.....	25
To Company G.....	11
To Company H.....	6
To Company I.....	16
To Company K.....	12
Total from 10th Indiana.....	<u>164</u>

Telegrams were received, to-day, by Colonel Buell, informing him that the other drafted men had been started from Dalton. We will soon have a large Regiment.

The excitement about the march has passed away. The remainder of the army has encamped a few miles in our rear. Their wagons are passing to Atlanta to draw rations. It is said that we will not march until the election is over, and the men paid.



THOS. J. HADDOCK,*
Private Company K.

This afternoon a small squad of rebel cavalry crossed the Atlanta road, capturing a few mules and a wagon or two, and mortally wounding the vidette. Our Regiment fell in in great haste and ran towards the scene, recruits and all.

Colonel Buell, not understanding the nature of the country, made a bad disposition of his forces. Instead of immediately possessing the bridges and fords on Peach Tree creek and the Buck Head road, he ran after the rebels. Of course, we did not overtake them. They crossed the bridges before we got to them. I returned from the chase, very tired.

* Was mustered in December, 1861, and served three years. He is now (1895) living in Lowndes, Wayne county, Missouri.

An election for President was held, this evening, as a test. Company E did not vote. The following is the result :

THE REGIMENTAL VOTE FOR PRESIDENT, 1864.

SECTION.	Lincoln	McClellan	Lincoln's majority
Field and Staff	10	--	--
Company A	43	21	--
Company B	33	11	--
Company C	40	3	--
Company D	31	7	--
Company F	35	4	--
Company G	33	16	--
Company H	36	--	--
Company I	25	1	--
Company K	17	13	--
Band	3	--	--
Total	306	76	230

The recruits do not seem inclined any more for McClellan than the old soldiers.

The detail who went to Atlanta to-day (November 8) report that all citizens are ordered to be out of the city by to-morrow morning. The last train of cars leaves Atlanta for the North, to-morrow, at twelve m. The city is to be evacuated and burned. I cannot vouch for the truth of the rumors. I do not know what they indicate, if true. My opinion is that Sherman designs to pretend retreat, and then turn upon and invade the South. One thing is certain: He can only deceive the enemy by misleading us all. He now has us all pretty well befuddled in our ideas of his designs.

We have not received any mail for about two weeks.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9.—I rose, this morning, a little after day. While dressing, cannonading began, in the direction of Atlanta. This was a strange sound to our ears. After a few guns, the firing ceased. But after breakfast it broke out afresh, and continued for an hour or more. Our

train, with guards, was ordered back, after having gone a mile on the road towards Atlanta. When the firing ceased, they were again sent forward. This evening, they returned, bringing word that the firing of the morning was caused by a rebel reconnoissance. Perhaps they desired to know whether the place was evacuated or not. They are too fast, by a few days. Have patience, my rebel friends; the Gate City will soon be yours—that is, what's left of it.

A telegram, dated November 8, came this evening (Nov. 10) giving some rays of election news. It is favorable to the re-election of Mr. Lincoln by overwhelming majorities. I am much pleased to hear that he is running well in Kentucky, and has carried Missouri. The doom of slavery is now fixed. Thank God for this.

Special Order, No. 115, from the headquarters of the 20th Corps, dated November 2, directs the assignment to Companies in our Regiment the detachment of the 10th Indiana and the recruits. Fifteen more recruits came up this evening, ten of which were assigned to Company K, and five to Company C. The size of our Regiment is increasing very rapidly.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11.—Our last mail for the North left to-day. I have sent off my Journal up to last night—the latest hour. This is fortunate for me; I did not know at the time that our last mail was gone. I became aware of this when I saw the order for the destruction of the railroad bridge, to-morrow.

The remainder of our recruits, except fifteen, came up to-day. They were assigned as follows: Eight to Company A, fifteen to Company F, thirteen to Company G, and twenty-eight to Company I.

There will now be about eighty men for duty in each Company. This gives us a large Regiment. Colonel Buell has recommended a full complement of officers. Several of these men are very poor excuses, put forward, to the exclusion of better men, who stand in the regular line of promo-

tion. But most of them are meritorious soldiers, and richly deserve promotion.

The drafted men have had sorrowful times getting to the Regiment. They have known, since leaving Indianapolis, where the 58th was, but the officers in charge seem to have been fools. After various delays the men were brought as far as Dalton and stopped. After a time, a hundred were sent to Atlanta; the officers in charge of these did not then know where to find the 58th. Twenty-five were detailed and sent off as a train guard. Several of these latter have, in various ways, found the Regiment and straggled to it. But most of them are still "at sea." The other seventy-five came up, as has been already related, some days since. The two hundred at Dalton remained there until Colonel Buell sent a telegram for them. They were then shipped on the cars and came as far as Kingston. It so happened that our non-veterans, in going North, stopped here and drew rations. From this, a rumor prevailed, that the 58th Indiana had gone to Chattanooga. The recruits were accordingly shipped for the North, with a design of sending them to the 4th Corps, somewhere in middle Tennessee, or north Alabama. It was supposed by the officers that the 58th Indiana was there. Several officers were greatly shocked, and used profane language, when the conscripts hinted that the 58th Indiana was at Atlanta, instead of in General Thomas' new army. In keeping with the policy which sent some of our men to Vicksburg, in 1863, it was determined to send these men to the 4th Corps. Fortunately, some of our non-veterans at Chattanooga came upon the drafted men, and reported their case to Captain Voorhees. He interceded for the conscripts, and our new braves were once more on their way to the front. They came through yesterday, on the last section of cars that came to Atlanta. These men were drafted in September, for twelve months, and more than a month of their time has been consumed in reaching the Regiment. We came near losing them entirely on this campaign. When I see business done in

this style, I can but regret that the Governor, in conferring commissions, is unable to give brains, also. The lion's skin does not alter the nature of the ass. I often hear these men attempt to roar, but it inevitably results in a bray.

The conscripts, on the average, are larger and older men than the volunteers. There is not as much life and enthusiasm depicted on their countenances. They are not the men to be carried away by the music of a fife and drum, or the flapping of the star-spangled banner. They are men who have fully meditated on bullets and chronic diarrhœa, and remained at home. Some of them are as warm blooded as anybody, but more urgent duties detained them at home. They look to me, as they stand in line, as men of more standing in the community than our volunteers. Here are more fathers, more men of property, more churchmen. I anticipate that they will be a valuable acquisition to our Regiment.

There stands father and son—the boy in the front rank, and the man in the rear. “This is all the family,” said the father, “except the mother and the little ones.” Perhaps, in the same neighborhood, there were entire families of grown-up boys, not one of whom was taken.

Amongst the number, is a man of fifty or sixty years, who, for the sake of winning a wife, represented himself as being only forty years old. He won the lady and “drew a prize in Uncle Sam's lottery.”

There is a Mr. Evans, a brother of Joel L. Evans, of Company G, who was wounded at Chickamauga. He was mustered, in as his brother was being mustered out, at Indianapolis. He desired to come to this Regiment, but the privilege of choosing their commands was not given to the men. It so happened that he was assigned to the 58th, by mere chance, and got into Company G—the very Regiment and Company he desired to join.

Shelter tents, great coats, ponchos, and rations were issued to the conscripts. In some of the Companies, shelter was found for them in the quarters already constructed. The

remainder pitched their shelter tents. They declare themselves greatly rejoiced at their reception in the Regiment.

While we were all interested and talking about the conscripts, a great smoke rose in our rear, all the way from the river to Vinings, and I soon learned that it was the 17th Corps, tearing up and destroying the railroad. Farewell, North, "and the rest of mankind." We are now at sea until we reach Savannah, or some other port.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13.—Early this morning our eyes once more beheld the grand army. Parts of the 15th and 17th Corps came pouring over the bridge, and moved on towards Atlanta. The part of the 16th Corps which participated in last summer's campaign, has been assigned to the 17th Corps.

I preached to a good sized congregation at ten a. m. Two old and thirteen new soldiers came up and joined our Christian Association. Amongst them, is a Mr. Corey, a local preacher in the M. E. Church. At two p. m. the Bible Class met. We were examining the 8th chapter of Matthew, when the assembly was sounded. We brought our recitation to a sudden close. The Regiment fell into line, without accouterments, and marched toward the river to destroy the great railroad bridge.

After services I walked down to the bridge. The plan adopted for destroying the bridge, is to cut each end, knock off some of the braces, which are fastened with railroad spikes, fasten a rope to the end of the bridge and swing it in the same direction that the road runs. It is a trestle work, and it would be almost impossible to pull it over, either up or down the stream. The rails are not removed, as they will be servicable in holding the structure until it loses its equilibrium. To cut down the bridge or tear it to pieces would be an almost endless task. After remaining for an hour or more for the preparations to be completed, I went to supper.

Just after dark, when the moon was shining brightly, I returned to the bridge. Before we came in sight, our ears

were saluted by a long, loud, rumbling, splashing, which echoed over hill and valley; this was followed by a boisterous cheer. We thought all was over, and hurried forward to see. Soon came another crash—long and loud—and then followed another cheer. By this time, we were crossing the wagon bridge. Both ends of the bridge had fallen, but there were still several spans, of middle portion, standing. The men who had been operating on the right bank, now cross over to the left. The cable was made fast to the end of the part of the bridge still standing. It was stretched along the railroad, and the men took hold. Altogether, they draw on the rope—again, and still again. The great mass of wood and iron swings with the rope, with many a crash. “Pull away boys—altogether! Again, and again! He-o-heave! He-o-heave! He-o-heave!” The fire flashes from the rubbing irons. The whole mass threatens to fall into the stream. It shakes like an aspen leaf; it trembles like Belshazzar of old. “Now! Now! It will come—look—listen—see!” A loud laugh amongst the Pontoniers—the rope has broken. Again it is adjusted, and again all pull together, until the whole bridge catches the swing. Finally, the timbers begin to tumble, like men in battle; they dash madly against each other, and amid flashing fire and splashing waters, the bridge comes thundering down, like Satan and his hosts, when hurled from Heaven to hell, save two spans, which stand trembling and rocking in the channel, like the stones of the Druids—which a child can shake, but a strong man cannot overturn. The fall is followed by a loud cheer from the Pontoniers. I noticed, particularly, that those who had not pulled did none of the cheering. The men of Colonel Smith’s Brigade, who looked on, stood in silence. It is man’s nature to believe that what he don’t help do, isn’t worth hollowing about.

Here, the work was suspended for the night. The men were amply repaid for their labor, by the grand and lofty tumble, and thundering noise. Joking and laughing, they return to their quarters.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA—MOVING OUT FROM CHATTAHOOCHEE—BURNING OUR QUARTERS—DESTRUCTION OF ATLANTA—A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE AT NIGHT—PATHETIC SCENES—THE GRAND ARMY MOVES OUT IN THREE COLUMNS—THE PONTONIERS DIVIDED—A HISTORIC BATTLEFIELD—MILLEDGEVILLE—BRIDGING THE OCONEE—BUFFALO CREEK—SANDERSVILLE—OGEECHEE—ROCKY COMFORT—REFUGEES—HEARTLESS CONDUCT OF GENERAL JEFF. C. DAVIS AT BUCK HEAD CREEK—ALSO AT EBENEZER—PLENTY OF VARIETY AND EXCITEMENT TO SUIT EVERYONE.

ON Monday morning, November 14, we completed our arrangements for leaving the Chattahoochee. Up and down the banks of this stream we have been campaigning for several months. Here we have had our abiding place since our return after the fall of Atlanta, and the time has passed away rapidly and pleasantly. We could easily make up our minds to remain here for the remainder of our term, if our personal comfort was all that is to be consulted. But this is not soldiering. A soldier is not to remain idle, but must be active in the vocation to which he is called. We will, therefore, cheerfully, abandon our pleasant quarters and go where duty calls.

It was about eight o'clock when the finishing touches on the destruction of the railroad bridge were made: It was a complete wreck. After this was done our comfortable quarters were burned. The impression amongst officers and men, is, that we are to pass through the country, burning as we go. Hence, a commencement is made on our own quarters. These shanties could do the enemy no

good. They may be worth something to some future Yankee army, or to the poor people residing in these parts. Finally, all things were ready and the command given, "Forward." As the Regiment moved out, it presented the appearance of a Brigade, so largely had the Companies been recruited.

We remained several hours by the roadside, awaiting the passage of the army; but the Tiber still rolls on. General Sherman and staff pass. He had new clothing, and looked neater than he ever appeared to me before. But, at his best, there are no outward signs of greatness. He appears to be a very ordinary man.

Towards noon, we moved off, by a road that leads by the place where our mules were captured. This is a better route to Atlanta than the one traveled by the army, and it is but little longer. The country is sterile. There are a few little, poor farms; most of the way is an unbroken forest. There is but one article to be found in abundance—wood—and that of an inferior quality; the timber is generally scrubby oak.

As we entered Atlanta we saw in various directions, burning houses. The work of destruction has commenced. We pass through the city and encamp in the southeastern suburbs, where there is no wood, except houses.

It is now settled that our men are to get no pay, though the money is, and has been, for some time, at hand. This is bad on the families of the poor.

We are ordered to march with twenty days' rations and four days' forage. We all think that we are destined for Savannah. Only a few of the more timid anticipate any difficulty from the enemy. If Lee evacuates Richmond to meet us, the Southern Confederacy is undone. Even though he should destroy Sherman's army, Richmond falls, and the Confederacy falls soon after. Grant will be as strong as ever, and Thomas will soon be as strong as Sherman has ever been in these parts. But Lee cannot destroy Sherman, nor even defeat him. We have sixty thousand

men, as brave as ever trod the face of the earth. They cannot be defeated by any army which Lee can bring against us. I wish we had an hundred thousand; but sixty will suffice.

It seems to be the general impression in the public mind, that this expedition is undertaken because Hood, by his flank movements, makes it impossible for Sherman to hold Atlanta. But this is a mistake; this advance was determined when Hood was south of us. It would have been executed had he remained there. Now, since his removal north, Sherman can get along better. Hood is playing into Sherman's hands very nicely.

We lay down to-night on the ground. This goes a little tough, after enjoying so long, our pleasant quarters on the Chattahoochee.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15.—Late last night I was awakened by Colonel Moore coming to the tent door and saying: "Well, we divide in the morning; I take the four right Companies and half of the train, and march at daybreak, with the 20th Corps, on the Decatur road. Adjutant, you will go with Major Downey. Chaplain, you can take your choice." I lay awake an hour or two discussing the advantages of each detachment. I thought of my tent going one way and my mess another. I called up in my mind the probable direction of each party. I thought the 14th Corps would be likely to march south, and visit Macon and Milledgeville. This, with other considerations, inclined me to go with the left wing of the Regiment. So I fell asleep, with my mind only partly made up.

We were up before day. My mind was fully made up to accompany the left wing, which goes with the 14th Corps. Colonel Moore and Dr. Patten exchange messes with Adjutant Behm and myself. At eight a. m., they left us. We are to remain in camp until to-morrow. Accordingly, the opportunity was improved to have our washing done. Colonel Buell had a pontoon drill during the forenoon, and also reorganized some of the squads to suit the division of the Regiment into two detachments.

I have spoken before of the fact that the rebels burned many houses, in the outskirts of the city, when they occupied it. When they evacuated, they destroyed some buildings containing supplies and ammunition. Many houses were badly torn by shot and shell, during the siege. Some buildings were burned at the same time, by us, to give free range to our guns, or uncover the rebel sharpshooters. After the capture of the city many frame houses, especially in the suburbs, were torn down to make huts for the soldiers. They were in need of houses, and in no other way could these have been easily and quickly constructed.

Since that time, a house has occasionally been destroyed by the torch of the incendiary. Of late, it has been known to all the army that this city was to be evacuated. Now, when conquerors give up a city, there is a spirit within man which says, "Leave not one stone upon another." People, under similar circumstances, often destroy their own cities, but, usually, the love of property prevents this. A notion has possessed the army that Atlanta is to be burned, but I suppose the wish is father to the thought. This idea has been strengthened by preparations, which are being made by the authorities, to blow up some of the more substantial public buildings. Hence, fires have increased of late, and drunken men have destroyed whole blocks. As we entered the city, yesterday, many houses were on fire, some of them being storehouses and shops, burned by order. The city was illuminated all last night, by the lurid glare of the conflagration. This morning, a large cluster of frame hospitals in the eastern part of the city were simultaneously given to the flames, by men detailed for that purpose. First, there was a hammering and banging within, as the kindling was being prepared; and soon the flames began to rise from the numerous small buildings. The lumber used in the construction of the houses was pine, hence the flames spread rapidly. They present a brilliancy, the equal of which some old firemen had never seen. While this grand sheet of flame and smoke, and flying cinders, rolled up into the

heavens, lesser fires were glowing in all parts of the city. At the same time, the army, in heavy columns, was moving east and south from the city. Eastward marched the 20th Corps, the best equipped of the army. The 15th and 17th moved south. Long trains of wagons accompany each wing. In the camps, deserted by the 20th, in the city, there was no end to the trash, some of which is of some value. Chairs, camp stools and tables lie in confusion, and there are old pots, dishes, fragments of clothing, corn, etc.

Here are a company of poor people, huddled together in an open lot. They are collecting their scant property from their houses, either now burning, or soon expected to burn. Some of the women were crying, some wringing their hands in agony, and some praying aloud to the Almighty. How far these people are deserving of pity, it is hard to tell.

A little house, near our camp, was burned. Another fine frame residence, near by, was soon in flames. The fires continued to burst out in all parts of the city, most of them being the work of incendiaries. It was the design of the authorities to destroy many of the buildings which would be of use to the enemy—how many, I never learned. But, even these were not, in most cases, fired by orders, but by stragglers. This work of voluntary incendiarism spread, in spite of the guards, and resulted in the destruction of a large quantity of clothing and salt meat, belonging to the 14th Corps.

The compact business blocks, in the center of the city, were spared until the afternoon. In the morning, some of the depots and machine shops were blown up, and in the afternoon all were given to the flames. In some of the buildings were shells, which favored us with frequent explosions, thus adding the sound of war to the exciting scenes. At last, night, which usually puts an end to battles, came, but it only increased the conflicts of the flames. Such a picture as now presented itself to my gaze, I had never seen before. The fires in our cities at home sink into insignificance. Atlanta seemed a very pandemonium. In all hues

of glory and terribleness, in all forms and fashions conceivable, the flames and smoke surged amongst the burning buildings, like ocean waves, and struggled upward like a thousand banners in the sky. How many years of toil and frugality were, this night, reduced to ashes. How many loved homes exist no longer, save in memory. The sun set upon a man wealthy; it rose, and found him a beggar. The beautiful city has become a desolation. How terrible are the retributions of rebellion. How wondrous the judgments of an avenging God against the crime of slavery.

The work of destroying the railroads was carried on very busily to-day. Our people are making a thorough wreck of them. The rails are torn from the ties, which are then piled, and laid across them. The ties are then fired, and the rails, while red hot in the center, are twisted. A rail, simply bent, can be used again, without being taken to the shop for repair, but a twisted bar cannot. The instruments for twisting are two—one is a handspike, a green piece of timber about six feet long, and three inches in diameter; the other is a substantial iron hook and ring, fastened together. The hook grasps, with an iron hold, upon one end of the flat, lower surface of the rail, and through the ring is placed the end of the handspike. At the other end of the bar, there is the same arrangement, only for twisting in the opposite direction. While one set of hands is twisting one way, the other holds steady, or twists in the contrary direction, and the center of the rail, being softened by the heat, gives way under the pressure, and twists. Occasionally, an end will bend or break. This is hard, hot work; but strong hands and willing hearts make it easy. The boys all like the fun.

During the day, the 14th Corps came in from the rear, and went into camp, east of the city. Only Kilpatrick's cavalry are behind. His train went south with the right wing.

We learn that the new organization is called the Army of Georgia. There is an expression used by passing troops, "Same old Regiment—only we have drawn new clothes." So this is the same old army, with a new name.

I cannot speak for other organizations, but in the 58th Indiana there is a general regret at parting with General Thomas and the Army of the Cumberland. But all have confidence in General Sherman, and are enraptured at the prospects before us.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16.—While preparations were going forward for leaving, I rode over into the central parts of the city, to see how things appeared, this morning. There were still houses on fire, here and there. All the compact business blocks are destroyed; only the tottering walls are standing. Provost guards were promenading through the desolate streets, to prevent further incendiarism. But the cavalry are yet to pass, and, how much they will leave, I cannot tell.

The following extract from a rebel paper, published at the time, will show that the Yankees were not the only vandals who visited Atlanta. The written invitations sent into the country are a myth:

*REBEL EVIDENCE AS TO HOW THE GEORGIANS
ROBBED EACH OTHER.*

[FROM THE AUGUSTA CONSTITUTIONALIST.]

Previous to leaving this city, the Yankees sent out written invitations to the people living in the counties surrounding it, to come in and get ashes at cheap rates, in any quantity. The people, however, did not accept the invitation at that time. But soon after the Yankees left the country, people flocked by scores, from all parts of the country, some coming over one hundred miles. Every description of vehicle, drawn by mules, horses, stallions, jacks, jennies, oxen, bullocks, etc., could be seen upon the streets. The scene beggars description. Iron, salt, bacon, flour, sugar, coffee, hides, and everything else, left by the Yankees, were unceremoniously deposited in wagons and carts and carried off.

But our country cousins did not stop at that. They entered the dwelling houses of those absent and gutted them of all their furniture. One lady, who left her house for a few hours to attend to pressing business, was astonished to find, on her return, all her furniture and wearing apparel gone.

Fully one hundred and fifty pianos were carried off by the hoosiers, many of whom were unused to any "concord of sweet sounds," save that produced by the jewsharp or fiddle. One of them, an illiterate backwoodsman, who resided in a humble hut, ten by twelve, was seen carrying out a magnificent piano in a small cart, drawn by a two-year-old bullock.

A venerable dame was observed trying to haul into her cart a fine piano by means of a rope attached to the legs. When asked what she was doing, she replied that she had found a "mity nice table in thar, and was trying to get it in her keart."

One man alone carried off over \$50,000 worth of dry hides. Steps have been taken to secure all the articles carried off, as well as the offenders. Already much property has been recovered.

To Major William H. Lemmon, Surgeon of Colonel Hunter's Brigade, of General Baird's Division, the country is indebted for firing the famous Bull Pen. Nothing is left of this vile prison, except ashes. Having suffered incarceration there, the Doctor sought and found revenge.

At ten o'clock, Wednesday morning, November 16, we left Atlanta and its ruins. We marched east, following the 20th Corps, and immediately entered upon ground new to me. Between Atlanta and Decatur, the country is similar to that towards the Chattahoochee. There was nothing attractive about the land or timber.

Intense interest clustered about the historic battlefield of July 22, 1864. It was here that Hood attempted to show to the world that he was the man to hurl back the Yankee invaders. It was here that McPherson, the pride and glory of the Army of the Tennessee, fell. The graves of our brave boys make these woods sacred and dear to every patriotic heart. Here sleep the heroes of many a bloody battle; heretofore they escaped, but here they fell. Headboards are formed of pieces of cracker boxes, or ammunition boxes. On one side of these, we sometimes read, "Pilot Bread," or "Watevelit Arsenal," and on the other the name, the Company, and the Regiment, of the fallen. Among those who fell here was Jacob Behm, of the 48th Illinois. I knew him, some years since, at Princeton, Indiana. He is a brother to the Adjutant of our Regiment. Jacob was a brave and gallant soldier, and fell, as such would desire to fall, with his face to the foe.

Decatur is a dilapidated old village. The wooden houses are marked with age, and the commons are thickly set with grass. Only a few of the citizens remain, and they are

“poor white trash.” One pretty little girl, with bright black eyes and glossy curls, gazed upon us, from a window—a beautiful picture in a decayed frame—recalling to us “gladiators” our “young barbarians all at play,” and causing the tear to steal, unbidden, down the bronzed cheek. These little episodes, seemingly unimportant in themselves, often call our minds afar from the scenes of war. We dream, but we are awake. I often see a picture, “The Soldier’s Dream;” it is of home. We are not always asleep, when these visions come. Happy the remnant of us, who shall enter the promised land of a restored Union.

Between Atlanta and Decatur, there are many hastily erected field works. Eastward of Decatur, there are some splendid works, constructed by the 23d Corps, after the fall of Atlanta.

Leaving Decatur, we turned off to the right of the trail of the 20th Corps. They continued along the railroad, destroying as they went. We left the road and Stone Mountain to the left. I had desired a close view of this remarkable mountain, and expected my desires would be gratified, when we were approaching it in the morning. But I was disappointed. Night overtook us on the road. We drove out in the dark, and camped on a rough piece of ground, near Snap Finger creek, having marched fifteen miles to-day.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17.—We were up before day. The sky is clear, and the stars are brightly shining. It is a most charming morning for marching. We roll up blankets and tents, and eat our breakfast of coffee, biscuit and bacon, before day. At dawn, the march began. We follow the 1st Brigade—Colonel Hunter’s—of Baird’s Division.

I learn that our people are neither to encourage nor to discourage the negroes in their desire to accompany us. Were I issuing orders, I would direct:

1. All women and children, and old men, to be urged, but not forced, to stay at home. Tell them that the army is no place for them, and that they had better remain on the

plantation, getting along as best they can, and afterwhile they can be free and happy in this, their own, country.

2. All able-bodied men invited, but not forced, to accompany us. Promise them employment, as soldiers; if they do not want to fight, tell them to go home—make them leave:

3. Organize each hundred negroes into a Company, and each thousand into a Regiment, and set good men over them. Distribute all the tools in the army among them, and make them pioneers; let them gather up the cast-away clothing in deserted camps; forage one blanket for each; have every man to construct a temporary haversack; send out forage parties daily, and procure sufficient supplies for the command. As the soldiers become disabled, turn their arms over to the negroes, and arm enough for forage guards. Explain to them that they must fight for their liberty.

4. When the campaign is over, organize them into an army.

With all due modesty, I venture that there is more wisdom in this than in Sherman's orders. He has been a pro-slavery man, and is unwilling to take high and manly ground on the slavery question.

We came upon the railroad again, at the little town of Lithonia, where the road makes a curve to touch Stone Mountain. As we passed through the town, several houses were on fire; but they were old, and had long been unoccupied. General Sherman and staff were resting, at a house by the roadside. Captain Poe's headquarters wagon, which was drawn by four splendid horses, attracted great attention. The 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics were busy, destroying the railroad. My attention was especially drawn to a peculiar feature of the country. In many places, rock rises above the surface, forming rounded knolls, which are smooth, and, at a distance, have the appearance of soil. Stone Mountain is the largest and roughest of these.

We now came to a fine country, and the men began to find forage of various kinds, which is something new.

Conyer is a very respectable village, on the railroad, and the people all seemed to be at home. This was also a new experience for us. For a long time, the towns through which we have passed have been almost entirely deserted. Our men helped themselves to anything they desired to eat. No effort was made by the officers to restrain them. Rumor says that one of the soldiers was shot by a woman, whom he was attempting to outrage. May all such villains die the same death.

Here we passed a great many troops, destroying the railroad. We hurry on towards Yellow river. The men had an exceedingly hard march. The country continued good, and plenty of hogs and sweet potatoes were found. Dark came upon us, on the march. The fires of the camp, and burning ties, presented a sublime sight. After a while, we reached our camp. Wagons and men were all jammed together, in a grassy field, a ravine preventing us from taking plenty of room. I soon lay myself down to sleep. While I was resting, a detail from the Regiment laid two pontoon bridges over Yellow river. We marched twenty miles to-day.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18.—When I awoke, in the morning, the grand army was crossing the pontoons. This is always an interesting occasion, as it affords an opportunity of seeing the army in detail. With us, there is the 14th Corps, and one Brigade of the 20th.

About our camp, there are many fine plantations, and some rich planters live here. The ladies, at some of the houses, are represented as intelligent, beautiful, and rebellious. A pretty traitor is no better than an ugly one—male or female. Many of the officers are boiling over with sympathy for these pretty female rebels, but I have none, and have a great contempt for all officers who have.

There is a nice little frame Methodist church, standing on the lawn, near the river bank. By looking into the Sunday School books, I find it was once called the Oak Grove Church. Again, it was called Oak Lawn Church; and,

lastly, it figures as Shiloh Church. As this last name figures only in rebel times, it was, perhaps, given it in honor of the famous battlefield. There was school here on last Sabbath. We appointed a meeting for this evening in the church. Orderly Clem, and some others, fixed up the house, but we were all gone before the appointed hour came.

Yellow river is about one hundred feet wide, where the pontoons are placed. The banks are steep, and the stream deep. One bridge is used for trains, and the other for troops. The cattle cross by swimming below, and wading above.

Two hundred yards above the pontoons are the pillars of the railroad bridge, destroyed by some of our cavalry raids last summer. This bridge was three hundred feet long, and forty-five feet above the water. The stones in the pillars must have been of the secession school, for they early manifested a disposition to separate. Hence, many of them are bound together by iron bands or staples. Holes being drilled in two adjoining stones, they are clasped by thrusting the respective ends of an iron bar into these holes. Nearly thirty years I had lived, without seeing such a contrivance as this; hence, I came not in vain to Yellow river. A mill had also been destroyed, with the bridge.

The negroes are beginning to flock to the army. Many men, women and children crossed the bridges to-day.

There was quite a large number of bales of cotton on each bank. These were burned as well as they could be, by the rear guard.

At 4 p. m. Colonel Buell, with Companies B and E, and half of the train, went forward to the Ulcofauhatchee. The remainder followed at dark. One pontoon was taken up in thirty minutes. The 20th Corps Brigade, which formed the rear guard, after crossing the river, went into camp. For several miles we moved along through the dark, without seeing or hearing man or beast. After all the threatened bushwhacking, we could but feel uncomfortable. It would have been easy and safe to fire into our column. After a

while, two men, mounted, and leading a mule, passed. Perhaps they are spies; nothing is said to them.

We soon after entered a little village, in which there does not appear to be an inhabitant. Here, the column halted to let the train close up. The mules are still very weak from the Chattahoochee fast. Some shots being heard in advance, Lieutenant Hadlock is sent forward with a small advance guard. The drums could now be distinctly heard in our distant encampments, and a row of fires, afar off, told of railroad destruction. We lost our way, immediately after leaving this village. We were apprised of this fact by Lieutenant Hadlock, calling out to us from the other side of a creek. Some time was spent in getting into the right road again. We crossed a creek on a long, wooden bridge. We had a man or two killed here, when our men first advanced. We now have pickets here. A short distance farther on, we entered Covington. Here, we found a Regiment encamped. This is a large country town; there are many fine buildings on the streets we pass through. I would have been glad to have seen Covington by daylight.

I became very tired and sleepy to-night. Night marching is exceeding trying. I went to sleep sitting on the fence, and slept so soundly that I had to be called when the Regiment started.

We soon began passing camps, but there was no camp for us yet; we must unite the command at the river. We pass through a strip of the road covered by water. At last, about midnight, the Ulfauhachee is reached. It is a deep, sluggish stream, with almost no banks. There is a crazy old bridge standing; built on one trestle, in the center of the river. The river is about seventy-five feet wide. A pontoon has been made, by Colonel Buell, by the side of the old bridge. We pass over and camp in the first open ground. So, at one o'clock in the morning we had a cup of coffee. The eight mile march with the train, after night, had worn us all out. We were all soon asleep, except some gluttons, who sat up all night to cook and eat.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19.—We arose late this morning and ate a poor breakfast, provided by our unthrifty servants. Our negroes can do but one thing at a time; they cannot have all the meal cooking at once. If you increase the number of your servants you only multiply your sorrows. There is no remedy but to possess your soul in patience.

We had an order this morning against incendiarism from General Davis. The order contained some slanders on the command. It berated our people after the manner of the rebel papers. The motive of the General was, perhaps, good. He condemned house burning. Colonel Buell, who is ever ready to reflect the wishes of his superiors, came out in an echo. The officer who could not enforce his order in any other way, was commanded, in this puerile paper, to shoot down the offender. Just think of shooting American soldiers for the benefit of rebels. No man, who really loves our cause and our soldiers, could issue such an order. If an officer desires to shoot our men, let him join the rebel army at once.

We march in the rear of all the army, save the cattle guard. This makes our movements slow. If the enemy were only enterprising, they might capture the pontoon train. A small squad was seen, to-day, by the preceding troops, but they did no mischief. The cattle are driven entirely on either side of the road. They are permitted to occupy no part of the way. The drivers have great times, wading through the bushes, mud and water. The droves are large and increasing. Plenty is found in the country to feed them, but often there is no time for them to eat. But few cattle are being slaughtered, as the men prefer fresh pork.

The number of refugees is increasing. I advised several women to remain at home. They will see hard times with the army; freedom will dawn on them, soon, in the present homes. But liberty is sweet, and they seem to think it is now or never; so they are falling in with the army by the

hundreds. Nearly every one has an irregular bundle of bedding and clothing. This is usually carried by the women, on their heads.

After a slow and tiresome march of ten miles, we camped—no one knew where—at ten p. m. It has been a damp day, and the roads are bad.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20.—Reveille at four a. m; marched at 5:30—ordered to follow Carlin. Marched by him and attempted a piece of smartness. Of course, we had to move off the road, and await our time. Colonel Buell is very anxious to get to the front with the Pontoon train, and sends forward a staff officer to General Davis to report our condition, so far in the rear, and to request that we be permitted to take a forward position. General Davis “can’t see it,” and we have to wait our time.

The country through which we pass is splendid. It abounds in cotton, hogs, sweet potatoes, chickens, horses, mules, corn and fodder. We got plenty of everything except stock. We failed to send out for this.

We stopped forty minutes for dinner, and fed from a field of standing corn. Cotton presses and gins were burned along the route.

I saw a slave one hundred and seven years old. Negroes have been praying for us for four years. These prayers will save the expedition.

We passed through Shady Dale. It is an extensive plantation, owned by an aged planter. There are 8,500 acres, and were 250 slaves when the war began. There is a nice frame church by the side of the road. Thus, one man owns the village and all the people in it.

At seven p. m., after a march of thirteen miles, we camped in the woods. By this time, the rain had begun to fall. None but muddy water to use. Supper of fresh pork and sweet potatoes. Men all in excellent spirits.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21.—Rain has been falling most of this day. In the afternoon it cleared off and became very cold. The roads are becoming almost impassable.

Lieutenants Behm and Torrence went forward with a detail to forage for horses and mules.

We moved along very slowly, through mud and rain. The country is very high, rolling and open. Away to our right we could see the advance of our column. We continued on the Eatonton road until four miles of that place. We then turned to the right, to make room for the 20th Corps, which marches by Eatonton. At this point, our rear guard—a Brigade of the 20th Corps—left us and moved on to Eatonton.

After our rear guard left us “out in the cold”—literally, for the wind was piercing—Colonel Buell became greatly exercised, lest General Wheeler might swallow us up. But this latter gentleman, being no where in these parts, is quite innocent of any such intentions. Mud bound, we stopped in the woods about dark. In a few moments, in obedience to orders, we start out and attempt to rejoin the main army, but the effort fails. We camp a half mile farther on, in a high open field. This was the highest spot in these parts. We marched seven miles to-day, by the road. It was about three or four on a straight line.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.—Marched at daylight; came to the rear of the army before the train was pulled out on the road. Stopped often; collected in little squads around fires made of rails.

We came to Murder creek, about two miles farther. It is a small stream, and, although swollen by recent rains, is still fordable. There is an old dilapidated bridge, over which the infantry cross. It is full of holes, but I led my horse safely over.

We descended quite a hill to cross this creek and went up a rise on the other side. I sat down by a house and fell asleep. The train moved off, and, when I awoke, I found myself lost. Colonel Buell, without orders, ran ahead of General Carlin's train. Of course, he had to stop and take his proper place.

General Davis issued an order, stating that we had gone about as far as we could expect to go in peace; ammunition

must not be wasted. Hereafter, all foraging must be done without firing a gun. For the last three days the rattle of musketry has almost equaled skirmishing.

In the afternoon we were met by our mounted foragers who went out yesterday morning. They brought in five good horses. We crossed Cedar creek, a deeper stream than Murder creek. The bridge is good. We here passed a Division in camp. We hear the news of the capture of Milledgeville.

After a while we went into camp. After quarters were put up we were ordered not to put them up. I wish that the order had reached us sooner, as my tent was frozen stiff. After supper we rolled up and went two miles farther, and camped about midnight. Night marching is not so hard when one has had a good supper.

We marched, in all, ten miles, to-day, and camped fourteen miles from the State capital.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23.—We pass through a high, rolling country. Extensive views open up before us. Most of the country is open; the soil is red, sandy and clayey. The rains cut ditches on the hillsides. Many fields are turned out and overgrown by wild grass and pine trees. The houses are out of repair. The country looks barren. We passed through the farm of Howell Cobb, but there is nothing attractive about it. Everything that can be, is being destroyed. The negro huts—most miserable hovels—are an exception. We enter Milledgeville and camp, after a fourteen mile march, near the Oconee river. I called to see Colonel Moore's part of the Regiment. They moved over the Oconee with the 20th Corps.

We had a good, undisturbed night's rest—the first since leaving Atlanta.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.—We marched this morning at eight o'clock; following Carlin's command. Milledgeville is a pleasant town, and but little injury is being done to it. The people are all at home except the men. The State prison and cotton factory were burned. The State House

is being sacked and also the Governor's house. The Governor left Saturday for southwestern Georgia. Forage is plenty in the city, and we are well supplied. The Oconee river is crossed at ten a. m., the bridge having been preserved.

After we were about two miles out of the city, forage parties began coming in on the roadside, with hogs, potatoes, corn, fodder and cattle.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25.—Ready to march at daylight. Closed in after Morgan's—2d Division, 14th Corps—at 10:30 a. m. Carlin's Division remains in camp. Baird is in Milledgeville. He has orders to see all stragglers out of the city, move over, and destroy the bridge.

We soon came to a halt, on account of the destruction of the bridges over Buffalo creek. This is a stream some forty or fifty feet wide, bounded by extensive swamps. Thus far, our march had been without hindrance by the enemy. Neither our front, rear, or flanks has been assailed; but Wheeler's cavalry, by rapid marches, had passed around us, and have now reached our front. The bridges here are the first the enemy have destroyed in front of the left wing. A few rebels beyond, called forth some shots; and in front of the 20th Corps there is a little cannonading. A pontoon bridge, consisting of two boats, and a trestle bridge, was finished, by Lieutenant Hadlock, by eleven p. m.

Two men of the 22d Indiana were killed to-day while foraging for horses. The foraging details from our Regiment bring in plenty of hogs, sweet potatoes and sorghum.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26.—We were not ready to march at daylight, as we were ordered to be; but we were hurried off, leaving the ambulances and baggage wagons to do the best they could. They joined some of the succeeding trains.

There is a nice country between Buffalo and Kegg creeks. The latter is a sluggish stream, bounded by swamps. The bridge was not destroyed. After crossing Kegg creek, we came to the best country we have seen since crossing the

Oconee. We marched eight miles and camped at Sandersville, at twelve m. The mile posts on the road to this place have notches to mark the number of miles, small ones to note half miles.

The court house stands in an unfenced yard. The design of the building is good enough, but it is of sham stone. In the public square there is a monument to the memory of Governor Irvin. He was a Captain and Colonel in the Revolution. He was afterwards made a General; was a member of several conventions, and was Governor of Georgia for two terms. Sandersville is a dilapidated old town. Our troops were fired on, from houses, by Wheeler's men, as they entered the town. We passed the graves of two men, of the 108th Ohio, who had been killed in this skirmish.

The army comes to a halt, here. The mules and horses stand with the harness on. Sherman is in town.

Colonel Moore came in, with his detachment, and camped in the same field, having laid nine bridges over Buffalo creek. The men are in excellent health and fine spirits. The 20th Corps is here also.

Major Downey, with Companies B and E, and one hundred and twenty feet of bridging, marched before day, with Generals Baird's and Morgan's Divisions, light, on a forced march to Louisville, by way of Fern's Bridge. This move is designed to drive the rebels off the main road, and, if possible, secure the bridge over the Ogeechee. Colonel Moore moved out soon after.

The rest of us lay in camp until two p. m., and, when we marched, we found the roads clear of rebels. They were flanked out.

During the morning, the court house and jail were pulled down and destroyed. Moved on Davisboro road, through a fine country. Camped, after marching seven miles, in some old, abandoned fields, grown up with sage grass.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28.—Column began moving before day. We started at nine a. m.; crossed a swampy creek,

over bridge and corduroy, leaving main road; came to it again, and, there being nothing in the way, we hurried on. Saw, for the first time in my life, Spanish moss, hanging on the trees. Came to the railroad, and passed on, while the 20th Corps was tearing it up. We passed the remainder of the 20th Corps near Ogeechee river, and went into camp, after a march of eighteen miles. The men were out all night, making roads through the swamp. Many sick in the Regiment, but none were lost or abandoned on the march. Few dying in the army. Major Downey has a bridge and command at Rocky Comfort creek.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30.—There was no march yesterday nor to-day. There was a useless alarm, during the forenoon. A messenger, in great haste, reported, "Rebels advancing in column." Tents were struck, and the Regiment fell in. I did not learn from which direction the rebels were coming—they didn't come. There were a few hanging on our flanks. They captured three men.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1.—Ordered to be ready to march at 8:30 a. m. We took up the bridge, and moved out on the road, and lay until one p. m., when we moved on a road leading ten miles north of Birdsville. We camped in a field, closely huddled together, having marched about ten miles. During the day, we crossed Big creek, and some smaller streams. We went into camp at eight p. m., having passed over good country, though rendered pretty destitute by cavalry and other troops. For the third day in succession, our foragers got on the wrong road; and the men suffer, in consequence.

The troops are moving on right and left roads, all moving along finely.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2.—Moved out on the road, early in the morning, but did not march until noon. A mounted foraging party has been sent out. Convalescent horses and mules, and refugee slaves, have accumulated in immense numbers. We crossed several small, swampy streams. I saw a dead man, of the 17th Ohio, brought out of the bushes,

on a gray horse. He had been killed while foraging. Just as the party emerged from the woods, they were fired upon. This man's leg was broken, and he was captured, and afterward murdered. It is getting to be a dangerous business to forage.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3.—We moved out at daylight, but stopped an hour to let troops and trains pass, which the commanding General knew must soon halt for the Pontoniers. We turned due north, and marched rapidly. We saw no white citizens, but the blacks have increased to an immense multitude. We soon came to Buck Head creek. The bridge has been destroyed. There are extensive swamps on the margin, as there are along all the water courses in this country. The main channel was not more than forty feet wide, but very deep. In thirty minutes, the bridge was completed, and the swamp corduroyed. Immediately, Captain Smith goes forward, with a detachment and material, and makes a bridge over Roseberry creek, a half mile from this stream. The old bridge was burning. A new one is made by placing balk and chess on the remains of the old bridge.

At Buck Head creek, a scene, disgraceful to American history, occurred. It was the abandonment of the large crowd of colored refugees, who had been following the army. The bridge was taken up, and these people were left on the other side, without any means of crossing. This meant their capture, and probably their murder, by the rebel cavalry, who were following close in our rear. At least, it meant, for these poor people, a return to slavery, which was dreaded as much by them as death outright. This was done by the orders of General Jeff. C. Davis, who was in command of this part of the army. I have spoken of Davis before, and will have occasion to do so again. He is a military tyrant, without one spark of humanity in his make-up. He was an ardent pro-slavery man before he entered the army, and has not changed his views since. The officer who was charged with the execution of this order was Cap-

tain Remington, of General Davis' staff. He was a man with a small soul and a big hat. He was, in all respects, well adapted to do the heartless and despicable work assigned.

After all our troops were over, and the Pontoniers began taking up the bridge, then the full realization of their fate came to the poor refugees. They could understand now that they were to be abandoned to the tender mercies of the rebels. Then there went up from that multitude of men, women and children, a cry of agony that ought to have melted the stoniest heart. There were mingled prayers, tears, groans and imprecations, that was most heartrending. The scene made an impression on my mind that will never be forgotten. When we had our bridge loaded, and was starting on after the army, there was a shout on the other side, "The rebels are coming." This was all that was needed to turn the grieving refugees into a panic-stricken mob. Without reason, or concern as to the consequences, they made a wild rush for the river, and attempted to cross. Some of them at once plunged into the water, and swam across. Others ran wildly up and down the bank, shrieking with terror and crying for help. It was too much for our humane officers and men. They threw pieces of plank and timber into the water, and rendered every assistance possible to the frantic refugees. Many of them succeeded in reaching our shore. They came up the bank and through the bushes, dripping wet, but happy in the thought that they had escaped. There was a shout of triumph among our men as they saw the refugees successfully stemming the current. But all did not get over. Some were drowned—how many is not known.

At the next stream, these scenes were repeated, to some extent, but as the channel was not so deep as at Buck Head, there was not so much risk in the refugees getting over. Moreover, they had learned by this time to trust less in our army and rely more upon their own efforts and ingenuity. So nearly all of them got through.

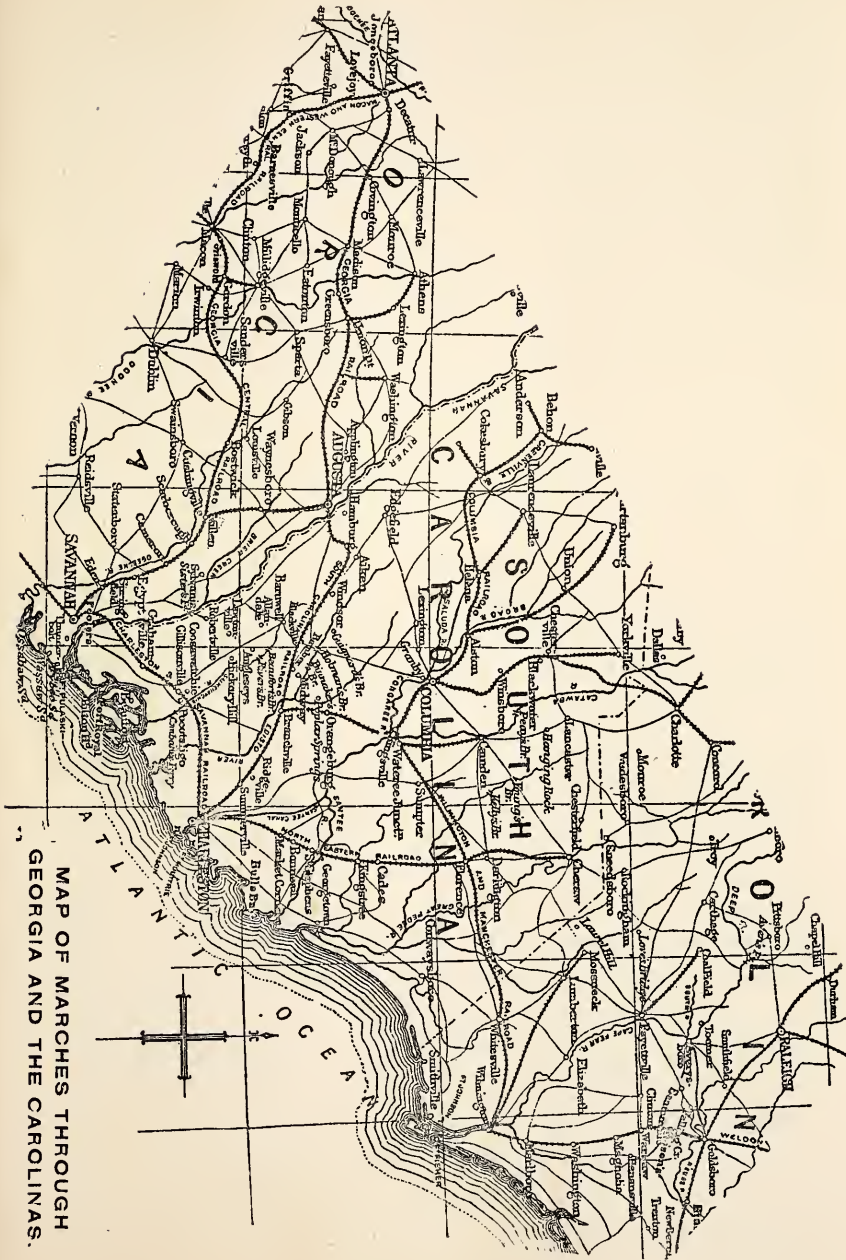
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4.—While eating breakfast this morning, we heard cannonading and musketry. It is Kilpatrick and Baird, towards Waynesboro. We marched to Lumpkin, one and a half miles distant, then turned to the right and passed through Haddam. Here our advance was fired on this morning. Marched fourteen miles, in all. Camped, just at dark, by the side of a swamp.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 5.—Marched ten miles, and camped, at three p. m., on the banks of Beaver Dam creek, sixty-six miles from Savannah. Kilpatrick and Baird are on the other side. Built a bridge during the night for these troops to cross.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6.—Yesterday, Morgan's Division was in our advance, and went on, five miles, to camp. This morning we moved, just as day was breaking, to catch up. Carlin's advance came in, as we went out. Bugles sounding over Beaver Dam. We had a free road until we came to Morgan's camp. The road through the swamp had been obstructed.

We waited until eleven a. m. for Morgan to get out of camp. Marched by country roads to Haley's cross roads. Marched seventeen miles to-day; camped at dark, but I am not able to locate the place, as I am completely lost.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7.—Brief memorandum for this day: March at 5:45 a. m. Went by Davis' quarters before day—band playing. Unobstructed march to Morgan's camp—eight miles. Open country on left; woods on right. Country somewhat poor; no houses. Raining during forenoon; roads good. Reached Morgan's camp at nine a. m. His troops and train not out until eleven a. m. The swamp just in front of them is almost impassable, for cattle, as they are not allowed to march in the road. Davis swears. Buell carries axes many miles—hunting a job—but finding none. Passed some trains; bad gulch; good roads for miles; rumors; Beauregard at Augusta; Longstreet at crossing of Savannah river; Breckinridge coming from East Tennessee. If we fight, it must be before we cut the



MAP OF MARCHES THROUGH GEORGIA AND THE CAROLINAS.

railroad ; forced march ; officers and men mad ; Buell can't find a mud hole ; corduroying good roads ; come near river ; some of the boys go to Sister's Ferry and are fired on. Camped at the twenty-sixth mile post from Savannah ; two miles from Ebenezer ; marched twenty-three and one-half miles. This has been a hard march. Very foolishly, our men who had come eight miles farther than the preceding Division are expected to repair roads and work to-night.

Immediately after reaching camp there came a hard shower, before our tents were up, thoroughly wetting us. We were aroused at 11:30 and ordered to "fall in." Four Companies were sent to Ebenezer creek to make a bridge. Remainder of Regiment ordered to march at day-light.

We did not march until about ten o'clock next morning. Dr. Holtzman and I rode forward to Ebenezer creek. There was a causeway for considerable distance, and the road was narrow. Consequently, there was a great jam of troops, and slow progress. There was some sharp fighting, yesterday, with Wheeler, who is pressing our rear. After a march of two miles and a half we camped at Ebenezer Church. This is a brick structure, built in 1769, and is still a very beautiful piece of architecture. The frame church which formerly stood here was built in 1738, and was used during the Revolutionary war as a hospital.

Ebenezer Creek is a dark, impassable stream, with swamps on either side. It required much labor to repair the road and bridge so that the troops could pass. But our men labored hard all night, and by noon of December 8th the column commenced crossing. All afternoon and night the troops continued to cross ; hurrying forward towards Savannah. Part of our Pontoon train was sent forward to Lockland creek, a few miles further on, to make a crossing on that stream.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“AND SO WE MADE A THOROUGHFARE—FOR FREEDOM AND HER TRAIN—SIXTY MILES OF LATITUDE—THREE HUNDRED TO THE MAIN—TREASON FLED BEFORE US—FOR RESISTANCE WAS IN VAIN—WHILE WE WERE MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA”—CLOSING IN AROUND SAVANNAH—NEWS FROM OUR FLEET—THE CITY EVACUATED—OCCUPYING THE PLACE—SOMETHING OF ITS HISTORY—PLACES OF INTEREST VISITED AND DESCRIBED.

WHILE waiting at Ebenezer creek, we were treated to a genuine surprise from a rebel gunboat. Like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky, a loud explosion was heard a short distance down the stream, and a sixty-four pound shell came whizzing over our heads. The visit was so unexpected and we were so unprepared, that we were very much embarrassed, to say the least. There was a natural disposition to “shell out,” and give these huge iron monsters plenty of room, but the natural inclination was overcome, and we resolved, each for himself, to take our chances at dodging. The ordeal did not last long. After firing about half a dozen times, the gunboat retired from whence it came. But this was only part of the disturbance that was going on all around. There was cannonading in all directions, and it began to sound like old times around Atlanta.

The sound of cannon was very heavy, in the direction of Savannah. It was evident the rebels were not going to let Sherman get into that place, if they could prevent it.

We left Ebenezer on the morning of the 9th, and marched eight miles by twelve o'clock. There was another disgrace-

ful abandonment of negro refugees at Ebenezer, but I did not witness it. Those who were there describe the scene as heartrending. I cannot find words to express my detestation of such cruelty and wickedness. May God Almighty save the Nation from the responsibility of General Davis' acts!

In the afternoon of the 9th we resumed our march, and went nine miles further toward Savannah. We went into camp, near the river, about a mile and a half from the railroad bridge. Company E, which had been left to take up the bridge over Lockland creek, came up soon after we went into camp.

Marched at 8:40 a. m. on the 10th, but we did not make rapid progress. We reached a point eleven miles from Savannah, and there stopped for the night, in a swampy ground. All of Sherman's army is now concentrating in front of Savannah, and the impression is that we will have a general engagement soon.

We received copies of Savannah papers, of December 1st and 3d, to-day. This is the first news from the outside world we have had, since leaving Atlanta. It is not as favorable news as we would like, but it is from a rebel source, and is, most probably, not true.

Sunday morning, December 11th, we were up early, and were ready to move out by seven o'clock. But we did not get started until ten o'clock, and then could only move slowly, on account of the swamp roads over which we traveled. The land all around us is swampy, not a hill, or elevation of any kind; but by the energy and perseverance, and good management, of Colonel Buell, the roads were made passable, and the army pushed on toward Savannah. This day we marched six miles, and camped within seven miles of Savannah. We went into an old field, within half a mile of the railroad, and put up temporary quarters. It was a cold, windy night, and we were anything but comfortable. We fed our horses on sheaf rice, and ourselves on fresh pork and potatoes.

We are now in camp opposite Argyle Island, seven miles from Savannah. A rebel gunboat and two transports came up the river and opened fire on our forces, at the railroad bridge. The firing was pretty lively for a time, some of the shells from the rebel guns passing over our heads. But, finally, our guns silenced the rebels and they retired up the river. Nobody was hurt on our side.

We are now in the midst of rice plantations, and we have all the rice we want to eat. We can see Savannah in the distance, and it appears to be a very beautiful city. The river winds about, among islands, and its banks are lined with groves of live oaks; many of the trees being ornamented with garlands of Spanish moss.

Military operations are suspended, here, to await developments on the right. The 17th Corps has gone to open up communications with our fleet. Rations are about out. Our foragers went out on the morning of the 13th, but came back empty handed.

Our forces are crowding the rebel works, and entrenching close to Savannah, and the siege of that city has begun.

OPPOSITE ARGYLE ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14.
—As there were no pressing duties, I lay in bed until seven o'clock. There had been some cannonading during the night; but as we were out of range we slept undisturbed. The morning dawned beautiful and pleasant. Such weather as this would be a marvel in Indiana, at this season of the year. Yesterday I saw lettuce and some other plants growing in a garden.

About the middle of the forenoon our camp was moved a half mile nearer to the river. We are now about three-fourths of a mile from the Savannah river, on a plantation, said to have been owned by a wealthy man, by the name of Given, from New Jersey. Our new camp was properly laid out, and the two battalions are united. Colonel Moore and Doctor Patten, who had been messing with Captain Whiting and Lieutenant Mason, of the right wing, return to headquarter mess, and the Adjutant and myself returned to

that mess, also. So we have a united command once more, and I am glad of it.

As there is a prospect of remaining here some time, the Adjutant and myself took pains to fix up our tent. We filled up between two rice rows and made a level, sand floor. We carried timber from some negro quarters, a half mile off, and made a cot. We made a good and comfortable bed of rice straw. The Adjutant put up his desk for the first time since leaving Atlanta. I found a nice, dressed board in the famous live oak grove, which will serve for a writing table. While making these preparations, some shells fell just in front of our camp. We are in easy range if the rebels attempt the passage of the river. Some shots fell near the steamer *Resolute*, to-day.

I have not been writing any items since leaving the Chattahoochee river. I have only made brief notes in pencil, but I now resume the pen, designing to keep up my journal from day to day, and bring up the records of our march from the Chattahoochee, at leisure.

Our camp is in an old rice field; but many years have elapsed since it was cultivated. In the meantime, cedars, thirty feet high, have grown up, and wild sage grass covers the fields. Our color line fronts to the south. A short distance in the rear of the encampment is a road leading from the river to the main highway, running into the city. There are many of these cross-roads, made by throwing up the earth.

We learned that the 15th Corps had stormed and captured Fort McAllister, yesterday, thus opening communications with General Foster and our fleet. General Sherman has sent a dispatch boat to the President. We are all living in hopes of receiving mail, and the men who have little to eat except beef, are hoping for rations. If our horses could speak they would rejoice that corn and oats will soon supply the place of rice. The latter article makes their tongues sore. By the way, almost all the horses we had when we left the Chattahoochee, are either diseased or dead. Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Moore thinks it was caused by eating the turpentine in the pine timber. My mare is very much diseased.

We hear no news from the North, or elsewhere. A large number of negroes are being collected on the adjoining plantation. As soon as I can, I will find out more about them.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, TEN A. M.—I am tired and sore from yesterday's exercises, one of which was a boat ride, in a yawl, on the Savannah. It seems like getting home once more to be in regular camp, writing at a table. The weather is exceedingly fine. The tent is thrown open and we write without any fire.

There has been much firing around the line this morning. It has now nearly ceased. On the right there was heavy cannonading and skirmishing, in front of and beyond Argyle Island.

A rebel gunboat began throwing shells from a heavy gun about eleven o'clock. They were directed chiefly at various objects on the river. Several were thrown beyond our camp. A number burst near the negro quarters, a half mile on our left flank, and a little to the front. This shelling was continued until the middle of the afternoon. One shell went into the earth, and bursted under a man sitting on the bank of the river. He was thrown upon the beach below, uninjured. The practice to-day, demonstrates that the rebels could shell our camp and train, if they know our location, as we are in range.

At dark I preached to a large and attentive congregation, collected about a pine tree, in front of our quarters. The new men seem generally disposed to attend divine services.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16.—A great treat happened to me this afternoon. A copy of the New York *Tribune*, of the 8th inst., was procured by Colonel Buell, at General Slocum's headquarters. I had the pleasure of reading it. It contained an account of the battle of Franklin, the report of the Secretary of the Navy, and the general news of the day.

Our old "comrades in arms" in other Regiments, were engaged in the battle, hence, the account is peculiarly interesting to us all. This is the first paper, from the North, I have seen since leaving the Chattahoochee.

Rebels have been throwing some shells to-day, but they fall short of those of yesterday. I felt a little uneasy on account of their firing, yesterday, but I am undisturbed, to-day. We soon get accustomed to these things.

Our artillery is inferior to that of the rebels, as we could not drag heavy guns over the country through which we have come.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17.—Two sacks of mail arrived at ten a. m. Everybody is intensely delighted. It was very much mixed. Most of the wrapping paper was gone. Many of the letters for the new men were without the name of their Company. We received many letters belonging to other commands; but almost everybody received letters. In addition to these, there were many papers, which gave us all the news up to about the 25th of last month. I read letters and papers from the time of the distribution of the mail until night.

None of us are uneasy about General Thomas, at Nashville. The rebels are reported before that city. We all know the old lion and his legions.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18.—Preached at 9:30 a. m.; Bible Class at two p. m.

The Regiment began the construction of fascines. They are seven and a half feet long and fifteen inches in diameter. The material used is rice straw; no other kind of straw can be procured here. Some of it has the rice in it and some has not. Through the center of the facine there is a center pole, from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, and protruding from either end. On the outside there are from six to eight poles, smaller than the center pole, and of the same length as the facine. These are adjusted lengthways, and bound compactly about the bundle by six hoops of wire, rope, or withes. Wire is principally used. Rebel tele-

graph wire, taken from the line along the Charleston and Savannah railroad, is used. It looks very romantic this evening to see the men making facines by candle light. It would have made a splended picture for the illustrated papers. The wagons, accompanied by a detail of men, haul the rice from the river bank, whither it is brought in boats from the islands of the Savannah. Another detail is cutting the poles in the woods. Cane is preferred, but enough of this cannot be procured. Another detail has gone for wire. The materials are collected in front of Colonel Buell's quarters. Some of the men are engaged in carrying the different articles to the exact places they are needed. One cuts the rod the exact length, and another the wire. Six wires are laid on the ground, parallel with each other, and six or eight rods are laid across these. The straw is then nearly all laid on. The center pole is then laid on top; a little straw is laid on it; a man takes hold of each end of the wire, and the ends are brought together and fastened without lifting the bundle from the ground. The center rod adjusts itself to the center of the facines, and the outside rods come to their places. The wires are then tightened by a ratch-stick, and the facine is done. Seven hundred are being made by our Regiment. Rumor says they are to be used for filling up the ditches in front of the rebel works. Rumors farther say that General Sherman summoned Hardee to surrender. The latter replied that he yet had one hole through which he could escape. It is said our people are going to make a charge. As a general rule, charging will not pay. Savannah and all its garrison can be captured by stopping up the South Carolina side of the Savannah river. Still, if a charge is made I think it will be successful, on account of the comparative smallness of the garrison. Only a Brigade and a half of rebels confronts the 20th Corps.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20.—There has been cannonading all day around the lines. The rebel gunboats came higher up the river than ever before, and sent some shots whizzing

by our camp. It makes a fellow feel a little uncomfortable in spite of himself. A number of men were killed and wounded by the rebel shells, last night. Our people have been very busy, for some days, constructing forts in front. Some heavy guns are now being placed in position. Thus far, our men have borne the rebel cannonading without scarcely returning a shot. In the morning our guns are to open and our columns are to advance. Several loads of balk and two hundred fascines were taken from our camp to the front, to be used in making bridges in the morning. The rebels continued firing until a late hour in the night.

Orders came, just after dark, to throw a pontoon over the channel, beyond Argyle Island. Colonel Buell and most of the Regiment went to obey the order. Some difficulty is anticipated in putting down the bridge. The rebels will certainly shell it from their gunboats. It is to be hoped that they will make no discoveries until morning. Then, they may have something else to attend to.

Mail sent out this morning. No news from the North. Second Lieutenant Endicott, of Co. B, has been mustered in. Others of the new officers are also being mustered in. Those persons who were recommended for office, and were not in the line of promotion, have not received their commissions. It will be a shame if some of them ever are commissioned.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28.—At 8:30 a. m. news came that Savannah is ours—by evacuation, I suppose. All night has been spent by our Regiment, in getting the bridge materials to the place where it was designed to use them. The order now is to bring the pontoon train into the city. It will be some hours before we can get off. There is a distant sound of heavy guns.

Major Downey ordered the call for "strike tents" to be blown. It sounded very foolish, at the time, as there was no order to march, and the pontoon was beyond Argyle Island. He had only heard that there was an order extant for marching. It rained soon after, and the Regiment did

not march for more than twenty-four hours. A little common sense is an excellent thing in the army.

Attempting to bring over the boats was a dreadful day's work for the men. The weather was cold, and the wind blew a perfect gale against the boats. The task of taking up the part of the pontoon which had been laid down was very small. They were soon loaded, with all the material, on two old scows. The remainder of the day and night was spent in the bitter cold wind, trying to get the boats over on this side. Many of the men did not get anything to eat during the entire day. Many sunk into the quicksands up to their waists. They were fired on by the rebels on the other shore, but nobody was hurt.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22.—It was announced, this morning, that the men, after toiling all yesterday and last night, had made the landing. Some had worked two nights and a day, without rest or food, in the water, mud, wind and cold. This is what I call hard service. Those who had been thus engaged came in and got a little breakfast. Our commissary department is very weak. Hence, no rations have been drawn for the men from the new supply from the East. Other troops have been drawing for some days. Our A. A. C. S. has never been to see about getting rations. Our men occasionally get a hardtack or two, but the usual issue is beef—

“Only this, and nothing more.”

Our Commissary has drawn a little rice; but, where there are thousands of tierces, he should have gotten plenty. We still have some sugar, coffee, hominy, etc., which are occasionally issued in homeopathic doses. If the soldiers were not thrifty, they would suffer for food. This is not considered a land of plenty; but the men manage to get a little to eat. The chief article they collect is rice, which they beat off the straw. It is then encased in a hard husk, which is pounded off, after much labor, after the manner of beating hominy. One mill has been constructed, by sawing “mill-stones” off a pine log, the upper one being moved around

by means of pins driven into it, and the lower "stone" remaining stationary. The grain goes in through a hole in center of the upper block, and comes out through a horizontal groove in the upper surface of the lower block. Some of the men were proposing improvements on this, but the move, to-day, renders them unnecessary.

It must have been ten a. m. when our march for the city began. The five hundred rice facines, which our men had made for the assault, were loaded on the wagons for forage. We moved out by the same cross-road we had come in on. We passed the grave of Taylor, of Company K, who died on the 12th, leaving him, as we had left many others, to sleep, solitary and alone, in a strange land. But his rest will be as quiet here as anywhere, and the power of the resurrection will be as effectual here as anywhere; nor will it militate against one's eternal interests to rise in Georgia.

After reaching the main Savannah road, we turned towards the city. We continued, for some time, to pass the remains of camps. There were no fields, and the men had encamped in the woods. Here are the remains of a commissary, under guard; and, here on my left, are the graves of twelve soldiers, principally killed by rebel shells. We passed several trees which had been cut in two by cannon shots. I noticed where a shot had passed through two large trees. Our line of works was a little over three miles from the city. Our forts were just completed, and ready to open fire, when the enemy left. The works of the rebels were not more than three hundred yards from ours, and the intervening space is covered with water. It is a tangled swamp, and is almost impossible to pass through it, even when not under fire, and to charge through it would be an impossibility, save along the road; and two large, smooth-bore siege guns commanded this, with grape and cannister, ready for use. There may be some more vulnerable points on the line than this. The rebel works are strong, and the heavy guns are still standing where the rebels left them. They were

spiked, but our people had removed the files. They have heavy siege carriages. A derrick, which had been used in mounting the guns, was abandoned by the rebels, who also left a quantity of ammunition. A little farther on, we found some of the rebel quarters. Soil, laid on timbers, with their tops joining, makes their tents. They seem to lie on the swampy ground.

There are no splendid plantations near the city, on this road. The ground is low and swampy. There were some nice residences near the city. On our left is a large brick house, and near it, on a pillar, stands a reservoir, which, I suppose, answers the same purposes as a cistern in other lands. There was also a windmill for pumping water. We soon came into the city. It was not made to be a slaveholding city—the streets are too narrow; the houses are small, and not surrounded by any grounds. It was, at first, designed, no doubt, for poor refugees from Europe, and, to this day, there are great swarms of foreigners here. We went into a part of the city between Farm street and Ogeechee canal, where the houses are small, dilapidated, and forlorn; and nearly every house is full. The ground is very uneven, and a part is open sewers from the city. A large part of our camp is covered by rice chaff and burning filth. It is rather a vile place to come a thousand miles to camp. The wind was blowing a gale, as we entered, mixing up sand, chaff, and various stenches, to suit the eyes and noses of such as love these things. The Companies were placed here and there, as ground could be found to camp on. Regimental headquarters took the best place, of course, after Brigade headquarters were suited. It is no place, however, to brag of, being in a gale of dirt, behind an Irish bagnio. All eyes and noses were full. This is the brilliant feat we read of in the Northern papers, called “Capturing Savannah.” If these lines fall into the hands of any of my unborn posterity, after I am dead, I hope they will remember that, although this may be a matter of fun to them, it was death to their fathers who “fit.”

Our men began working at the rebel pontoon, immediately on entering the city. It reached from the city to Hutchinson's Island, and is constructed by placing scows end to end. There are docks on either side, so the rising and falling of the tide does not lengthen or shorten the bridge. The farther end was cut, and the bridge swung around. Ropes were put on, preparatory to drawing it up.

In company with Adjutant Behm and Dr. Holtzman, I took a short walk about the streets, late in the evening. The guards on Farm street did not wish to let us pass, but when they learned that we belonged to the Pontoniers, they withdrew their objections and permitted us to pass on. This, and the neighboring streets, is closely built up with small wooden houses. They are usually one story high, and come out to the street. The streets are usually narrow and short.

We walked down the wharves, to the lower portion of the city. The steamer *Resolute*, which was captured above, lay at the wharf. The *Canonicus*, from Hilton Head, was there, with General Foster on board. This inefficient officer wore a cap and a blue overcoat. He is a large and fine looking man. He was hobbling about the boat on a crutch. Having served under him in East Tennessee, I can testify to his incompetency as an officer. He may be a man of ability, but he is now an invalid, and, hence, unfit for the field. He may have been a lion, in his day, but his day is past.

There are several other little steamers, a part of which were captured. The rebels destroyed their gunboats, and one ram, which was in process of construction when they left.

We did not go to the city limits, but turned to the right, and walked out into the heart of the city. Here we found some wide and beautiful streets, which I hope to find time to describe in the future.

After dark we returned to our uncomfortable quarters. This has been a day of great sights, and I have not now time to do justice to them.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 23.—After sick call was attended to, I walked out again into the city, in company with Dr.

Holtzman. We went down the wharves to the gas works, and then still on to the ship yard. Everything about the yard had been destroyed by fire. We then visited the Pulaski monument, which I will describe, in the future, if I have time. We passed along some fine streets and squares, some of which I must describe in my notes, in time to come. We returned to our quarters at 11:30 a. m.

After dinner, I went out into the city, in search of a church, as a place of worship for my Regiment. I soon found that all the churches near us belonged to the colored people, and they were all at home. The first I came to was a Baptist Church. Several of the people were cleaning it out. Some guards had spent a day or two in it, and had done a little damage to the house. As soon as General Geary was notified of the fact, he, very properly, put them out. There are three colored Baptist Churches in the city, and all of them are getting along well. There is only one colored Methodist Church—Asbury Chapel. It is against the laws of Georgia to ordain a colored man as a deacon or elder. Now, God Almighty, in His laws, has provided for this thing. The question is now being settled, whether the State of Georgia or the Almighty is in command in these parts. There may be some in this city who are not yet satisfied as to the result; I have no doubts, myself. The Methodist Church, above named, has seven local preachers, but they had to take a white pastor, from the Georgia Conference, to administer the sacraments amongst them. Now, he has run off, and they are inquiring what to do. I advised them to send North, and get an ordained colored pastor. He can preside over the church, and give them a start. I am resolved to see them again. While I was there, a pompous Captain, by the name of Taylor, came strutting up, with a design of taking the church for his own use. When told that it was in use as a place of worship, he remarked to one of the colored people that this "thing" must be stopped for a time. He imagines that Captain Taylor is of more importance than the worship of the Almighty. I gave the negroes

a hint, which will save their church from desecration. I hope they will act on it.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24.—Hutchinson's Island is about eight miles long and a little over a half mile wide. It is owned by different men; is low and flat, and has often been flooded. At one time, it was covered to the depth of six feet, when there were prevailing winds from the sea. The cultivation of rice is prohibited, as flooding is essential to its growth, and this would render the city unhealthy. Forty-five dollars per acre was paid by the city as damages to the owners, on account of this regulation. Yesterday morning the channel, between the city and island, was spanned, by restoring the rebel pontoon.

There are three torpedoes, of the old pattern, attached to some kind of a wooden frame, on the other side of the river, near the bank. They do not seem very dangerous, nor do I think they are. This torpedo is of cast iron; it is about a foot in diameter and two feet in length. On the bottom, which is flat, there is a cross-bar, with holes in the ends, for fastening to a raft or other anchor. The torpedo is a cone, closed everywhere, except at the top; here, there is a two-inch hole. How it is charged, or what with, I cannot tell. I am told that there is a torpedo of a later and better pattern.

We moved from our disagreeable camp to one but little better. The train was taken over the river and parked on a field below high tide. Companies B and G were placed in camp on Hutchinson's Island, at the end of the pontoon. They are kept out of the mud by a large quantity of sawdust. They have a shed which gives them shelter, in part. They have plenty of lumber and shelter tents to complete their camp.

Companies A and F camp at this end of the bridge. Their chief embarrassments are "wharf rats," and passers by. The remainder of the Regiment is camped here and there, along the wharf, above the pontoon. Most of the officers have houses. Regimental headquarters is at Mr. Day's, on Indian street. After we had gone into these

quarters, the officer on provost duty in these parts—Colonel Slaughter, of the 29th Pennsylvania—put a guard across the street, between Colonel Moore and his command. This is another example of “man clothed in a little brief authority,” etc.

To-day, I resumed my search for a church. I saw a Marine Church, on Bay street. Supposing it unoccupied, I began hunting for authority to preach the gospel there. I called on one of the provost guards, and from him learned who was officer of the guard. He sent me to the officer of the day. He went with me to the church. There is a high and heavy iron fence in front. The gates are spiked, the padlocks being lost. We scaled the fence and looked in at the window. It appeared to be a nice church, inside. I determined to continue my pursuit. I went to Colonel Wood, provost marshal of the eastern part of the city. He sent me to a Quartermaster, at the Exchange. He had moved his office into a building occupied by a number of consuls. I went there and obtained the following paper:

CITY OF SAVANNAH, Dec. 24, 1864.

Chaplain H. G. Hight has permission to use the Mariner's Chapel until required for other purposes.

By order of Brigadier-General J. W. Geary.

G. D. PARKER,

Captain and Assistant Quartermaster.

This is not my name—I suppose I must have mouthed my words, or else he must have been deaf. As for the signature of the Assistant Quartermaster, I have guessed at it. Many officers take a silly pride in signing their names so no one can read them. I suppose it is the same notion that causes boarding-school girls, when very young and tender, to mince their words.

After getting this permit, I hunted up the keys. It was some little time before I got on the trail, but, after calling on a number of citizens, I at last succeeded in getting the keys of Mr. Thomas, or Thompson, who keeps an insurance office on the corner of Bay and Bull. I was very courteously treated by Mr. Duncan and Mr. Thompson.

After putting a notice of preaching to-morrow at 10:30 a. m., I returned to my quarters. I passed the Pulaski monument, which stands at the intersection of Bull and some other street. The sidewalks of these streets, neatly paved with bricks, form a square of about fifty feet. On the center of this stands the monument. There are several other little squares of the same size. The whole constitutes a very pleasant park of shady walks and cherished memories. The monument square is surrounded by an iron fence. On each side there are five panels. Each panel has twelve spears, bound together by four wreaths. The posts are cannons, with ball on muzzle, and a flame above this. The fence is painted green. This is all very beautiful and appropriate. The guns, the shot, and the spears are emblematic of war—the profession of the gallant dead. The wreath represents the reward of those who perish in the cause of liberty. The flame and the color of the fence call to our minds the immortality of the deeds of those who give their lives that man may be free. Within, springing from the green sod, are four bushes whose leaves are green in winter, just as time never effaces the memory of the good.

A plain slab of gray limestone, a foot high and perhaps twenty feet square, is the foundation of the monument. On this is laid another of the same material and hight, perhaps seventeen feet square. Next is a base of the same material, about eight or ten feet square and three feet high. The remainder of the monument is of white marble. There are four cannon carved in the four corners of the square, resting on the base. There is no inscription on the eastern or western sides of the square, except, overhead, on either side, is the sufficient and expressive words :

PULASKI.

Over the northern panel there is this inscription in baso-relievo :

SAVANNAH, 9TH OCT., 1779.

In the panel there is a representation of Pulaski receiving the mortal wound. He is mounted on a gallant horse, who

seems to feel the sad blow that is falling upon the cause of liberty. His nostrils are distended, and every vein is plainly visible. The rider, with uncovered head, turns towards his wound in agony, and yet, firmly maintains his seat and holds in a firm grasp, both reins and sword. With his right hand he holds his sword, and steadies himself by resting it on the horse's hip. His left hand grasps the reins, and presses upon the wound on his thigh.

In the southern panel there is this inscription :

PULASKI,
THE HEROIC POLE,
WHO FELL MORTALLY WOUNDED
FIGHTING FOR AMERICAN LIBERTY AT
THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH,
9TH OCT., 1779.

Over these panels, there is, on each side, a spread eagle, resting on the shields of Poland and Georgia, and holding in either talon the olive branch. The insertion of the shield of Georgia instead of that of America, for which Pulaski fought and died, is a manifestation of that sectional pride, which has finally led the people of this State to ruin.

Above rises a marble shaft, of more than thirty feet. It is square and girted by alternate bands of stars and wreaths. Over all, stands the statute of liberty, by some strange chance, facing the north, the home of liberty. In her left hand she holds the pole, and cap, and wreath. In her right she holds out the wreath, as if to crown with immortality the hero who, fighting, falls in her cause.

The monument must be more than fifty feet high. It is exceedingly creditable to all the parties concerned in its planning and execution. It bears the imprint of "Robert E. Lunitz, New York, A. D., 1854."

At all hours of the day a crowd of soldiers stand gazing at this monument, not simply in admiration of it as a splendid work of art, but rather in veneration of him who left home and country, and forgot his noble birth, to cast his lot with a people few and unknown, struggling for independence.

His death was not in vain. His memory shall never be forgotten. His example shall be a stimulant to noble deeds while the world stands. Not only this monument, but the numerous towns and counties named after him, attest the profound respect with which he is regarded by the American people.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25.—I had some work this morning, to prepare the Mariners' Church for worship. The gate had to be forced open and the house cleaned. I preached at 10:30 in the forenoon and at six o'clock in the evening, to small congregations. There is no arrangement for warming or lighting the house. Yesterday, the first number of the *Loyal Georgian* appeared.

I had announced a meeting at the Mariners' Church on the night of the 26th, but an order to move prevented me from attending to it.

We left the wharf and went over on Hutchinson's Island; Colonel Easton, chief commissary, desires all the wharf for rations. He came, drunk, to Companies A and F and told them to move or he would send two thousand men to drive them off. There is more wharf room below the pontoon bridge than can be filled in a month. By that time it is expected that the grand army will be in other parts. Whisky is a great fool maker. The President of the United States should entirely exclude it from the army, except for medical purposes.

It was after dark before we got our tents up. The ground is very soft; a rail thrown upon it shakes the ground for a distance. We got some old hay to keep us out of the mud. The island is very damp.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27.—Yesterday it rained, but to-day it has been very pleasant. Hutchinson's Island seems to improve.

The entire Regiment—except Companies B and G, which remained at the end of the pontoon bridge—labored earnestly all day, putting up quarters. Never has there been so much building done in one day by the 58th Indiana. The Adjut-

ant and myself made a good bunk and laid a pine floor. Fourteen sick men were sent to the hospital in the city.

The old members of the 58th were paid to October 31st. Many of the men were sadly in need of money. Some of the money will be sent by express and by private parties, but most by allotment. We have received a general order requiring immediate preparations for another campaign.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31.—Lieutenant Samuel L. Snyder, of Company K, and forty-eight non-commissioned officers and men were mustered out of the service of the United States, to-day, on account of expiration of term of service. One man, who is to be mustered out in the North, accompanied them home.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 1.—Yesterday an effort was made to throw a pontoon bridge over the other channel of the river, but the effort resulted in a failure. The 3d Division, of the 20th Corps, General Ward commanding, came over on this Island, to cross into South Carolina. In the evening all returned to the city, except one Brigade. Several men were wounded in the attempt. The work has been renewed to-day. Our Regiment has been working all day, with more success, as the wind is not blowing to-day. Troops are moving around on steamers.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3.—The Regiment has been busy all day, pontooning. After having more than half completed a canvas pontoon over the channel, beyond Hutchinson's Island, they were ordered to place the canvas pontoon in Back river, a channel still beyond. The remainder of the day was spent in carrying out this order, and in making a pontoon of scows beyond this island. The weather is pleasant; the sun is shining.

The 3d Division, 20th Corps, is being transported by steamers from Savannah to the South Carolina shore.

This morning I went up town with Adjutant Behm. We called at the postoffice, in the Government building, known as the custom house. The post office is in the lower story, and is large enough for a city of this size. The office is

open to the citizens to-day, and stamps, in any quantity, are for sale. Mail goes out at five p. m. Corporal Woodworth, Company E, has been detailed to carry our mail.

We went to the express office and sent our money North, paying one and one-fourth per cent., and taking all risks ourselves.

Bay street extends from Ogeechee canal to the gas works, a distance of about one mile. At the upper end of the street, there are some small streets between it and the river, but, in the main part of the city, it is the first street. There is a row of storehouses between it and the river, but the space between these and the river is not dignified by the name of a street. These buildings are "under the bluff," to use the common expression. From the wharf, there are several winding ways for wagons up to Bay street, which have been constructed at great expense. There are great walls of stone, laid in cement, on either side of these streets, and there are also steps for foot passengers. The level of Bay street must be sixty feet above high tide. There is a fine view from the lower end of the street—Hutchinson's and adjoining islands; the different channels of the Savannah; the South Carolina shore; the windings of the river; the steamers lying at the wharf, and gliding up and down the stream; the distant forts, with floating flags; the schooners sitting quietly on the river, and ocean steamers farther down towards the sea; the masts of the fleet, lying at anchor around the bend, where the hulls are hid from view; and, on the right, an endless panorama of low lands and intermingled forests. Perhaps, upon this very spot stood the founder of this ancient city, and, looking at the scene of beauty at his feet, beheld, in a vision, the future city, rising in glory on the bluffs and increasing in wealth and renown through endless generations. This ground was certainly made for a magnificent seaport.

There are some earthworks at this place, and also a magazine, covered by a carpet of grass. A heavy siege gun, lifting high its muzzle towards the sea, stands like a faithful

watch dog with eager gaze, ready to "bark" at any approaching enemy. At the side of this stands a lighthouse—a lamp post forty feet in high. This is for our friends—that for our enemies.

On the lower end of Bay street, there are some very ancient one-story frame houses, the roofs of which are covered by a thick, heavy moss. One of them is labeled "Washington Hall." I should judge, from its appearance, and the use of the term "hall," that it was a hotel far back towards revolutionary times. The people residing in these parts are a sorry looking set, chiefly foreigners.

The Exchange stands on the left side of the street, and about the center. From the Exchange, Bull street leads off to the south, dividing the city into two districts, the eastern and the western.

This street has been the theatre of several magnificent reviews. Kilpatrick's cavalry was advertised to appear to-day, but they failed, for some reason unknown to the writer.

A motly crowd was collected on the street to-day. At the upper end, there were large squads of negroes, in the Government's employ. Along the center, the crowds were composed chiefly of soldiers. Here and there might be seen a spruce naval officer: There was a goodly number of citizens, and some ladies. At present, trade is dull, except a few apples and the Savannah *Republican*—the latter a dime each, and the former "three for fifty cents." Army wagons are almost the only vehicles to be seen. There were many horsemen, dashing over the boulders, like Jehu of old. The soldiers are generally ragged and dirty, as they have not drawn a supply of clothing since the campaign began; and, besides that, they have been doomed to sit over smoky, pitch pine fires. The officers are, many of them, "dressed to kill." The stars of the 20th Corps prevail in numbers and pomposity. The little fellows from "down East" go strutting up and down the street, pregnant with their own importance and superiority. What a pity there are not more

women to smile approvingly upon them. Oh, for the perfume of cambric handkerchiefs.

General Geary's Division does up the provost business. At first, they were very annoying to the whole army, casting good men into prison. But so many complaints have been made that they are growing more moderate. That hateful sound, "Show your pass, sir," is not heard so often.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6.—In the afternoon I walked over the bridge between this and the next island, which was completed on last night. I also went over to the South Carolina shore. The bridges are all complete, and a corduroy road is being made over the island.

The South Carolina shore is below high tide, and is protected by levees. These lands are devoted to the cultivation of rice.

The negroes cannot speak English distinctly, neither do they seem to fully understand what one says to them. They use a foreign twang and speak very rapidly, often repeating "sir." The women were dressed with the usual gaudy cotton handkerchiefs, wound about their heads, a good, substantial pad round-a-bout, without fastenings in front; a cotton dress, reaching half way between knees and feet, and pants of some kind of cotton stuff; many of them are shoeless. I did not see many men. These people are allowed one peck of unhulled rice per week, and nothing more. By their extra labor they usually add something to this. They are very ignorant of the merits of the present crisis. Some of the soldiers treat them badly—stealing from them their bedding and scant supply of rice.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7.—I had the pleasure of seeing a review of the 15th Corps, on Bay Street. By chance, I was just coming, at about two p. m., into the street a square from the Exchange, when the cavalcade, headed by some Generals, came up and took positions just under the portico of the Exchange. Foremost among these is General Sherman; he rides a fine but quiet horse. His bridle and saddle display quite an amount of brass. He is tall and slender.

He wears a Major-General's coat—blue, double-breasted, and two rows, of nine buttons each, placed in sets of three. He wears an old fashioned, "sideboard" shirt collar, the only one, I suppose, in the Army of Georgia. It looks very odd and out of place. His gloves are without gauntlets, dingy and old. His hat is low crowned, sorry looking, and destitute of any ornament. When he saw the boys coming he twitched himself this way and that, tugged at his collar, pulled at his coat and made sundry adjustments of his apparel, by way of preparation for the coming ordeal. But he failed to make any improvement in his appearance. He returned the salutations of the Division, Brigade and Regimental commanders with a gentle wave of the hand, which seemed to say, "All hail—Avaunt!" He uncovered his head when saluted by the colors.

Amongst others present, was Brigadier-General Williams, a full, fat man, with legs thrust straight out. He wore claybank, corduroy pants, stuffed in big boots, a Brigadier's coat, buttoned to the chin, a private's hat, turned down before and behind, an officer's wreath for a band, yellow belt, full whiskers, liberally mixed with grey, and a face like a dull old doctor, who loves good whisky, with a disposition to the gout.

General Ousterhaus was by the side of General Sherman, managing the review with a lynx eye. At one time, when the column clogged up, he sent an aide with orders for those in front to double quick; at another time he stormed at a band, "to play on," when they had stopped; and again he charges on the bystanders crowding within the prescribed limits. He looks like a man of thirty-three.

General John A. Logan, who has just returned from home, is also present, on a large grey. He has glossy, coal black hair and mustache. He impresses one as a man of talent.

General Howard was present—known to all by being one-armed, and honored for his firmness as a christian. There is nothing peculiar in his dress or appearance to me, at a distance.

There were several other Major-Generals, and quite a number of Brigadiers. Most of them are strangers to me.

The review impressed me more by recalling the heroic deeds of the past, rather than by present display. As a pageant it was splendid; the music was good, the marching fine. But I was more impressed by what was wanting than what was present. The thinned ranks, the Regiments commanded by officers of the line, and the tattered and torn flags, recall the bloody battlefields of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattahoochee, Atlanta, and many others, where as many men died as march by us to-day. If they are on review, to-day, it is before the gallant McPherson, in the land beyond. The 15th Corps has many equals, and some superiors, on a grand review, but on the battlefield, and in history, it stands unsurpassed. May its banners never wave but in triumph, and may its dead rest in peace.

The 17th Corps has departed to parts unknown—to me. I presume it has gone to Wilmington. Our people seem to have made a failure there, and need help to renew the contest.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8.—By some mishap, a gate was left open, and we awoke to find our camp flooded. The water did not cover all the ground, but it put out many fires and came into many of the tents.

Mail received at ten a. m. It was just two weeks ago, to-day, when the last came.

Companies A, F and K moved out to the other island. I am much discouraged about my duties. My way seems almost entirely hedged up. How am I to attempt meeting this morning? Three Companies are moving, the camp is flooded, the weather is cold; many of the men were working last night, and the mail, for the first time in a fortnight, comes just at church time. Were this the only time, I could bear it with resignation. But this is now happening, time after time. However, I did preach to about a dozen men in the quarters of the mechanics. This was all the service I held during the day.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 10.—I made another visit to the city to-day, and took note of some other places of interest.

The monument to General Green is on Bull street, one square from Bay, in the city of Savannah. It occupies the centre of Pulaski Square, a shady little park. Christ's Church and the Pulaski house face the square. It is in the business part of the city. The monument is a plain, square shaft, about fifty feet high. The material is granite. There is no inscription. The foundation was laid, with Masonic honors, by Lafayette, during his visit to this country in 1825. It was not completed until 1832 or '33. It never gave satisfaction to the public. Hence, the work was neglected and no inscription has been put on it. It is, indeed, an unsightly pile of large, square stones, laid one upon another. It resembles more an abutment for a bridge than a memorial of a hero of the Revolution. It was erected by "The Green and Pulaski Monument Lottery Association," chartered by the State of Georgia. This at once accounts for the wretched execution of the work. Just think of covering up rascality with the names of the honored dead, and professing to appropriate the proceeds to the erection of a monument to their memory. How would "The Green and Pulaski Monument Horse Thief Association" sound? What an appeal the lottery could make to the people: "Just send us one dollar, and you will have the noble satisfaction of contributing to one of the most sacred and praiseworthy works of art, that ever engaged the attention or animated the hearts of a grateful people, and at the same time may *draw a prize of fifty thousand dollars.*" I would propose this inscription:

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY OF THE
GREENHORNS
WHO
BOUGHT TICKETS
AND
DREW BLANKS
IN
THE GREEN MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

Forsythe Place is a splendid little park of several acres, at the farther end of Bull street. It is surrounded by a strong, high iron fence. There are many tall, straight pines, and other shrubbery, which gave shade for the walks and green carpet of grass. In the center there is a pool which was once a fountain. In these war times the waters have ceased to flow, and the four old satyrs, from whom the water played in many a fancy jet in other days, are without occupation, naked, and dirty as a rebel soldier. Indeed, one of them has turned heels over head into the muddy pool. Thus, Savannah is attempting to wash herself in the muddy pool of her own sins.

Chaplain Pepper is a very nice man, and would not offend the devil, knowingly. He called on the rebel Methodist pastor in this city, Parson Wynn.

"Brother Wynn," said Chaplain Pepper, "can I pray for the President of the United States, in your pulpit?"

"Oh, brother," said Parson Wynn, "pray for *both* Governments."

"But," said the Chaplain, "I do not recognize but one."

"Well, I am afraid it will offend some of my people if you pray for President Lincoln, and I prefer that you should not."

So, Chaplain Pepper sat behind Parson Wynn and concluded with a "good Lord—good devil" prayer, about as long as one's little finger and about as strong as sage tea. What is *Pepper* when it has no *strength*? Wherewith shall it be *peppered*?

THURSDAY, JANUARY 12.—The grand sights of this afternoon shall never be blotted from memory. In company with Dr. Holtzman, I attended the grand review of Kilpatrick's cavalry. It was advertised to take place at twelve m. It must have been about fifteen minutes after this time when we arrived on the ground, where an immense throng was already collected. The crowd continued to increase until the end of the ceremony. About 1:30 p. m., Secretary Stanton drove up to the Exchange in a carriage. He went

upstairs, and soon appeared on the upper floor of the porch. I had never seen the Honorable Secretary before, and can give no accurate description, at the distance I was from him. I occupied the outside of the nearest lower story window in the custom house. At two p. m., General Sherman rode up, and took position, on horseback, in front of the Exchange, fronting towards the street. On his right were the following general officers, in the order named: Brevet Major-General Meigs, Q. M. G.; Major-General John A. Dix; Brigadier-General E. D. Townsend, A. A. G.; Major-General John A. Logan; Brevet Major-General J. C. Davis; Brigadier-General Baird; Brigadier-General Corse.

General Meigs, the Quartermaster-General, had just arrived from Washington. He presents a fine appearance, on horseback. His hat was pulled down in front, and two buttons of his coat were unbuttoned.

General Dix, the famous New York Democrat, and the man who wrote "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," looks like an old man with a young heart.

Brigadier-General Townsend is a thin, spare man.

Logan has immovable features, almost without expression. He turns down the upper corners of his double-breasted coat, hiding two buttons, and buttoning the turnover on the lower button of the upper set of three. He seems unmoved by anything about him.

General Baird has a good name, amongst his troops. He presents a pleasant appearance.

At two o'clock the head of the column appeared. General Kilpatrick rode a beautiful little horse, well equipped. The General is a little man, and looks young. His head and face are small, and he seems to be a little hunchbacked, and has a fashion of moving his head downwards. He wore brand new canary gauntlets, and his yellow sash looked like it was just out of the shop. His pants were sky blue, with golden cord on the outside seam. This cord, half way below the knee, widened into two, with an imitation of buttons

between. Kilpatrick, blushing, saluted Sherman, passed to the rear, and took position to the left of him.

The troops were about forty-five minutes in passing, and they made as good appearance as any mounted troops in the field could. But there were many jaded steeds, and the ranks were much reduced by hard service.

After all was over, three cheers were given for Secretary of War Stanton, three for General Sherman, three for President Lincoln, and so on, until the cheering fizzled, as usual.

The 15th Corps is embarking on transports, and going to Beaufort. A forward movement is rumored to take place from this point, in eight or ten days.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14.—Three or four volunteers, as many conscripts, and two or three old members of the Regiment, joined us to-day. Some of them have been in the late battles in middle Tennessee. Amongst these is Zingu Parks, a boy of thirteen or fourteen. Zingu was recruited in 1862, by Lieutenant-Colonel Embree. General Wood and Colonel Embree were sitting together one day when Zingu passed. The General was attracted by his youthful appearance, and inquired, "My son, what brought you into the service?" "Two dollars," said Zingu.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15.—I was much surprised this morning when Captain Milburn came into my tent and told me that two men had died in our Regimental hospital last night. They are J. Purkiser, of Company C, and Jenkins, of Company E. The former had the measles and the latter the typhoid fever. We buried them this afternoon in lot Number 1,549, in Laurel Grove cemetery. We found here the graves of three other men of our Regiment. One was buried yesterday and his name was not on the grave. The other two are Owen W. Sales, of Company B, died January 3d, and James Rhoades, of K, died January 1st. These were all new men, and I was not acquainted with any of them, except Mr. Purkiser. Three died at some hospital in the city.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 17.—Part of the 20th Corps passed to-day, and the 14th will follow to-morrow. We are to go to-morrow or next day. Some Regiment is to take charge of our three pontoon bridges over the Savannah. We move on with the field pontoons.

We have many sick and disconsolate men. Drafted men lose heart quicker than volunteers. Many of them have never heard from home since leaving there, last September. There is shameful neglect somewhere, or we would get more mail.

Colonel Buell has been commissioned Brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers, to date from the 12th inst. He is much better than many we already have.

No movements of troops about the city, to-day. A part, at least, of the 19th Corps has arrived here from the Shenandoah Valley.

This afternoon, a section of the pontoon was floated around and the gunboat *Pontiac*, and one transport, went up the river.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19.—Two Divisions of the 15th Corps passed to-day. The rain began to fall about the middle of the forenoon, and continued until after dark. The road across the second island became impassable and many of the troops had to return.

A salute of thirty-nine guns was fired this afternoon, in honor of something—no one in camp knows what.

The news of the capture of Fort Fisher came yesterday. It is as fatal to Ben Butler as to the rebels.

We have just received orders to march at 9 a. m., to-morrow. We accompany the 14th Corps on the south bank of the river to Sister's Ferry. Here we cross the river. This is all I know, certainly, of the movements. Poor South Carolina must suffer now. None of the soldiers are storing up mercy for her. Her deluded people will now reap the full reward of all their folly and crimes. Charleston must soon fall.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LEAVING SAVANNAH — MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA
QUICKSANDS — STUCK IN THE MUD — AT SISTER'S
FERRY — TORPEDOES — PREPARATION FOR CROSSING
THE RIVER — DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY — A FLOODED
COUNTRY — PONTOONS AND PERSEVERANCE NEVER
FAIL — INTO SOUTH CAROLINA — NO LENIENCY FOR
THAT REBELLIOUS STATE — INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH.

WE moved from our camp about nine a. m., Friday, January 20. By order, our huts were left standing. It has been customary to destroy all we could not carry, but this is now wisely reversed. Our huts will be serviceable to those who take our places.

We recrossed the Savannah, and moved out the same road by which we came. When we reached the railroad crossing, we marched on the Macon, or, as it is called, the Louisville road. Generals Morgan and Carlin preceded the pontoon train. General Baird moved on the direct road leading up the river.

The general impression in the army is that we are beginning a campaign against Charleston. The movement on this side of the river is supposed to be a feint. It is generally presumed that the army will concentrate at Branchville. Augusta is a rich prize, and, if it is at all possible, I think it will be captured, en route.

It was cloudy in the morning, and the roads were bad, from recent rains. About ten a. m. rain began to fall, and there was but little cessation up to midnight—the hour of my retirement.

We moved very slowly, and with difficulty the train could "drag its weary length along." Night overtook us among the mud holes, about five and a half miles from the city. It was designed that we should advance eight miles. Bad roads in this part of Georgia means a very different thing from bad roads in Indiana. There we stick in the mud; here "the bottom falls out," as it is called. Mules and wagons sink into the quicksand. Nothing but corduroy will remedy these holes. Our officers and men labored all night trying to get the train along. Nearly every saddle mule and many horses fell, plunging the riders headlong into the mud. Many wagon tongues were broken. Officers and men waded to their waists in the slime. Not a few oaths were sworn, and some bad whisky was consumed. In the catalogue of terrible nights, let not this rainy night, amongst the Georgia swamps, with a Pontoon train, be forgotten. Before day, all the train, except a few wagons, was got off the road, about six miles from the city. Lieutenant-Colonel Moore's and Major Downey's headquarter wagons went a mile farther and stopped in a muddy, pine woods.

At seven I found a shed in which there were many stragglers from our Regiment. Here, I remained until near midnight. The soldiers gave me coffee and crackers; for on such an occasion, they are better off than officers. The officers came often to this shed to rally the men for duty, but as they took no steps to enforce their orders, many of the men remained.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21.—The rain was not falling when I arose at day, but the waters were still upon the face of the earth.

Lieutenant Colonel Moore received orders from General Davis, informing him that the march had been suspended on account of the weather, and directed him to go into camp as near General Carlin as possible. As there was dry, sandy ground a mile back, where most of the train had stopped, he sent us thither. We got there about noon and

the remainder of the day was spent in fixing up quarters. As the weather does not seem to improve, we expect to remain here several days.

We hear that between the freshet and the cutting of dykes, by the rebels, the central column, composed of the 20th and half of the 15th Corps, is being compelled to return to Savannah. Some wagons are being washed away and mules drowned. I fear this will thwart our General's plans for some days.

We received some letters this morning—the first in answer to letters sent North from Savannah. In one letter, received



DR. S. E. HOLTZMAN,*

by me, came the information that a young relative of mine, who was captured in the McCook raid, has joined the rebel army. His motive was to escape the rigor of imprisonment. If he succeeds in escaping from the rebels to our lines, there may be the end of the matter. But if he is captured he may be hung. The experiment is dangerous, and sinful—almost beyond pardon.

Better die and rot, as many noble men have done, than swear allegiance to the sinking cause of the enemies of the country.

On the day before yesterday we heard of the capture of Fort Fisher, the key to Wilmington. Ben Butler said it

* Dr. Holtzman was commissioned as Additional Assistant Surgeon of the Regiment by Governor Morton, in 1862, and joined the Regiment after the battle of Shiloh. He was promoted to Assistant Surgeon, and served some time on detached service. March 26, 1864, he was made Surgeon, and served with the Regiment until its muster out. After the war, he returned to his old home at Bloomington, and resumed the practice of medicine. He afterward removed to Pontiac, Illinois, where he established himself in a good practice, and where he still lives.

could not be taken. I am no General, but I knew it could, and so expressed myself in my letters. Now it has fallen, but no lower than Mr. Ben Butler. I wish he were here, to rule Savannah, as he is a splendid Provost Marshal, though a poor General.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24.—I spent all day reading the numerous stray papers which came in last evening's mail. Most of these were for 10th Indiana men, now out of the service. After a hasty reading, they were distributed among the Companies.

Our hopes for a few days' rest were blasted, by an order, which came in the evening, to march in the morning at seven. More letters were written to-day than during any day, since leaving the Chattahoochee.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25.—Reveille at five; marched at eight. For several miles, the road was a causeway, with some bad places, on account of recent rains. Here and there, the roads had been improved by corduroying—some of it recently made. After several miles, the roads were good. Passing Eden, we came into a desperate swamp, and broke down in it, and camped just at nightfall.

Morgan's and Carlin's Divisions are in front, and only the reserve artillery of the 14th Corps in the rear.

We saw but few people, in our march to-day, and they were poor enough to disarm all hatred, had we borne them any. One family was about moving to Savannah, where alms were more plentiful. At another house, a woman sat shivering by the mule pen, guarding the last mule. The old man trembled with the palsy. A young man, thinly clad, stood shivering, while an armless slave told a tale of rebel service, which I did not feel at liberty to draw from his lips by Yankee questions. No people reside in any of these parts, save the poor. As for slaves, there never were many, and still fewer now.

The houses were few, and far between. They are made of nice pine poles, stripped of their bark. The chimneys are made after a pattern common in these parts—of sticks and

mud. They are much inferior, and not so safe or durable as the stick chimneys in the North.

Just as the head of the train reached a little run, near Eden, we heard, near by, a dozen or more shots, in rapid succession, followed by shouts. This was an infallible indication of the presence of the enemy, but no effort was made to get our men into line. Such things always agonize me almost beyond endurance. This is not the first time that I have seen such unpardonable slowness. A moment more, and an orderly came galloping down the road, reporting the rebels "right up here." Had they been disposed to attack the train, they would have been upon us in a minute, and the Regiment would not have been in line. As soon as the Orderly presented his report, some attempted to form a line, and some tried to load their guns. A part of the officers were very prompt, while some were as dull as stumps; they were not afraid, they weren't. But there was hurrying to and fro. The new conscripts at length formed an indifferent line; skirmishers were sent forward; the train was ordered to park, and Captain Smith was ordered to defend it with four Companies. It proved, in the end, that a battery post master had wandered a little from the main road, and had been fired on by a squad of six rebels. When he ran, they halloed, and then scampered off. Such is the battle of Eden.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26.—We left the main road, yesterday, at Eden, and did not regain it to-day. We wound about through the swamp, where much of the road was almost impassable. General Buell's Brigade spent the afternoon making corduroy. We marched about six miles, which was as far as we could go. We camped in a sand field, about three miles before reaching Springfield.

In the afternoon, while several Companies were cutting small pine trees for corduroy, one fell on Thomas Feeler, of Company H, and broke an arm and a leg. It is a wonder more accidents of this kind do not happen. The soldiers are very careless. When a tree is cut, warning is seldom

given until it begins to fall. It is considered great fun, to make the men scatter and run. And then, many soldiers will hardly attempt to get out of the way of a falling tree. Some permit it to brush them, and some stand behind a tree while it strikes the other side. The woods are usually full of men, and there is a clatter of a hundred axes. Trees are falling here and there, and men are busy carrying out the cuts. It is a wonder more men are not killed.

We followed General Morgan's Division this morning, and passed Carlin's and Baird's Divisions near Springfield. When we started, we hoped to reach Sister's Ferry, on the Savannah, by night. But we soon came to a dead lock, and lay for a long time by the roadside. There was a stream ahead which defied the passage of the trains.

We marched about four miles, to-day, through a better country than yesterday. There were several swamp creeks, some plantations, and the ruins of a village. Springfield is the seat of justice for Effingham county. The court house is a two-story frame. There were but few houses in the place before we came; there are fewer now.

The weather is clear and cold, with a sharp wind blowing. The fire runs through the wood in all directions, burning the leaves.

After spending most of the day at the creek above named, the pontoons were moved forward, with a design of putting down some balk and chess to make a bridge. But General Davis ordered none of the material to be placed in the stream. We then went to camp, and the men went to work. Poles and logs are cut and piled one upon another, until they rise above the surface of the water, and at ten p. m. the treacherous road is completed.

After four miles travel, on Saturday, January 28, we came to the river road, on which we had advanced to Savannah. It must have been five miles above Ebenezer creek, and about thirty from Savannah. We turned into this road, and went two miles farther, to Sister's Ferry, where we went into camp, on the bluff, by the river side. At this point, the bluff is

about seventy-five feet above high water mark, and there is a gap in it, made by a ravine. Here is the ferry road—a deep cut, now full of brush, concealing torpedoes. The South Carolina shore is low. The river is now very high, and the other shore is overflowed. The rebels have a long line of works there, but the water is up to the top of the port holes. The prospect of pontooning such a flood is not flattering.

The gunboat *Pontiac* lies anchored under the bluff.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29.—This is the day I was to have preached on intemperance. But I am not prepared, and must, therefore, decline. Having been smoked all week by pine fires, I have been unable to even collect a few poor thoughts. I am sorry of this. Whisky rations are issued to our men, and many of them are going to the dogs. I would that I had the power to issue a general order, excluding this vile stuff from the army. At present, all my labor seems to be in vain. My way is hedged up; what am I to do? May God help me to do something.

I preached a sermon which I had prepared last Sabbath. The morning was cold and the attendance small. The work of the Lord is under par, and His servant is neglected. When will a brighter day dawn? May God send it soon.

About twelve m. the men were put to work. A large detail began digging a new approach. "I had rather," said General Slocum, "work the entire command two weeks than have one man killed by the torpedoes." This is a noble sentiment.

The putting in of pontoons was delayed by unloading two transports, which came up with forage. At dark, the work began in earnest, and the bridge was completed in the course of the night.

Ward's Division, of the 20th Corps, is on the other side of the river. The 14th Corps and Geary's Division are on this side. One other Division of the 20th, and some of the 15th Corps are also said to be on this side.

MONDAY, JANUARY 30.—The roads are being cleared and prepared on the other side of the river. It is almost impossible to get out to the main land on the South Carolina side, on account of the flood. The water is falling to-day. The road on the other side is full of water. We learn some new ideas almost every day in road making. To-day, in certain places, where the water is deep, a causeway is made of brush and poles, above the surface of the water, for the infantry to cross. Several transports came up, loaded with supplies. We have no mail coming in, but it goes out regularly.

We hear that some of Hood's men have reached Augusta. It is probable that the rebels will make a stand at or near Branchville, South Carolina. Many of the planters above here are so firmly convinced that our army will cross into South Carolina, that they are sending their corn and other valuables across into Georgia. An expedition will go some miles up on this side to get some of this corn.

Supplies are now landed on this side at a point just below the pontoon. A wharf and a road are being made on the other side.

I learn that nearly all the negroes, abandoned by General J. C. Davis, at Ebenezer, by the good providence of God, passed over the stream. A few were drowned. A few were captured by the rebels, unmercifully whipped, and sent back into slavery. Such would have been the fate of all had the will of Jeff Davis anything to do with it.

A Sergeant of the 79th Pennsylvania, while engaged, about ten a. m., to-day, a mile up the river, on the other side, in clearing up the road, stepped upon and exploded a torpedo. It was buried under the road. Our people knew nothing of its existence. The Sergeant had his left leg torn off below the knee, requiring amputation above the knee. At the same time, another soldier was dangerously injured. The men were removed to their Division hospital by Doctor Holtzman. After this explosion our men began searching for the torpedoes. They removed some twenty or more. Their presence is indicated by a peg by the roadside, just

opposite the torpedo, with a number on it. The torpedoes usually have the appearance of an ordinary shell. They are buried under the road and entirely concealed from view. They are connected with the surface by a tin tube, a few inches long, and about two inches in diameter. When the dirt is removed from the top they present the appearance of the lid of a five-cent blacking box, with the hollowed side down. A Captain stepped on one, to-day, and slipped; he lifted his foot, and lo, a torpedo. It was removed and found to be spoiled. Otherwise, he would have been blown into eternity. Amongst the pins removed was one numbered "fifty," so we may presume that most of them are still undiscovered.

What is the remedy? We should get a detail of rebel prisoners and make a chain gang of them—officers are preferable. Let them remove all they can find, then, let them draw heavy wagons before the advance of our army. This will effectually cure the rebels. They will soon become tired of blowing up their own people. It is their privilege to put the torpedoes in and ours to make them take them out.

I have been sadly mistaken in our conscripts. I had supposed that as a class they would be better men than volunteers. I supposed that many men of standing, whose families or business did not permit them to volunteer, would be drafted. All in all, I thought there would be fewer wild young men amongst the drafted people. True enough, there are many good, substantial citizens, but the mass of the conscripts are below par. We have amongst them deserters from the rebel army, refugees from the South, bounty jumpers, men who have been in the army before and "played out" of the service, shirks, butternuts and substitutes, many of whom are the scrapings of society. The three hundred added to this Regiment, together with the whisky rations, have demoralized this command to a shameful extent. I no where meet the encouragement I once did. But few of the elements of the old 58th Indiana remain, and I seem destined to outlive my usefulness in the Regiment.

All this, tempts me sorely to return to private life at the end of my term of service—March 5th, 1865. There is more profanity and card playing in the Regiment than ever before. There is fiddling and dancing even on Sunday evening.

Several cargoes of sutler's goods have been brought up the river to this point. Apples are sold at \$2.00 per dozen; potatoes at \$13.00 per barrel; butter \$1.00 per pound.

The road is not yet prepared for the passage of the army.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3.—The river has been steadily falling, and it is now about ten feet lower than when we first came here.

The road was completed over the swamps and bayous, beyond the Savannah this afternoon. Kilpatrick's cavalry Division began crossing at two p. m. and continued until late at night.

The crossing of the army was completed on the morning of February 5th. We will now follow on and will again be cut off from our base of supplies.

I anticipate a spirited and successful campaign. Battles may be fought and defeat may result to our army. But I anticipate only victory in the end. The Confederacy is on the decline. I believe that by next autumn the war will be over. May God grant an early and successful termination of this deadly struggle of freedom against slavery.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6.—Remained in camp all day, expecting orders to take up the bridge and go on. Only the 34th Illinois and five Companies of the 58th are here. Our people are very circumspect. A few rebels came near our skirmish line, yesterday and to-day, being led by the inevitable man on the grey horse. They only desired to know whether the Yankees were gone or not. Call again, gentlemen.

After dark, the long expected orders came, to take up the bridge and go to the landing on the other side. It is two miles above here. Immediately opposite here is a swamp, and directly opposite the landing above, there is a swamp on this side.

Our baggage wagons pulled over first, and went on up the road, along the river bank, through the swamp. Some rain had fallen during the day, and the bridge and corduroy was very slick. In all my travels I never saw such a road. I was compelled to lead my horse, and it is a wonder the army ever got through such a place.

It was only half-past ten o'clock p. m. when myself and the front of the train reached camp. The rear did not arrive until 5:30 next morning. The officers and men had an arduous time taking up the bridge.

Early on the morning of the seventh, there was hurrying to and fro, preparatory to our departure. Orders came to lighten our baggage. Our wagons are ordered to haul all the forage they can. A part of the supply train is left with Captain Tousey, A. C. S., to get rations. This is what the army has been waiting here for, during the last day or two.

We march after the reserve artillery of the 14th Corps, at seven a. m.

There is a growth of scrubby oaks about Sister's Ferry, on the South Carolina side. The soil is sandy. We marched out through a swamp. Here, in addition to gum and cypress, there are numerous pines. The road is made by cutting, parallel, two ditches, about fifteen feet apart, and throwing the dirt together. There is very little in this land for man or beast.

About one o'clock we came to Brighton, St. Peter's Parish, Beaufort district. The village has nearly all been burned. A sign post stands yet in the center of the village with a board marked, "To Orangeville, 76 miles." There are about two dwelling houses remaining. The air is chilly and damp. I stopped by the embers of a building destroyed by fire and eat my dinner, which I had put in my saddle bags the day we came to the Savannah river. It had kept well, for it was bacon and crackers. Very unexpectedly to me, our train stopped and went into camp about the ruins of the village. Our tents were soon up, and we were com-

fortable. Abundance of clear water was obtained from a well in camp. This is a rare circumstance in a soldier's experience. Wells seldom afford sufficient water for the many soldiers that collect around them. It is equally rare to see a pump, or any facility for drawing water. In fact, at this season of the year, and in this country, the brooks give us more palatable water than the wells. The soldiers are not annoyed by the thought that there may be a dead cow a mile down the stream from which he is drinking. Indeed, dead horses and mules above do not injure the water. At Chattanooga, last spring, we drank from below hundreds of them, and the water was just as sweet as that which came from above these carcasses. It is difficult to corrupt the waters of the great Tennessee. Many things which people taste and smell only exist in their imagination.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8.—We marched this morning at seven o'clock. Companies A and F, with a short train, moved with the light column, composed of Baird's Division, on the main Augusta road. The remainder of the trains and Carlin's Division went on the Orangeburg road. Morgan's Division is back at Sister's Ferry, with the supply trains, awaiting steamers with rations.

Our progress was very slow to-day. Our road led through the swamps. We came to many quicksands, made worse by recent rains. The pine is almost the only growth. Here and there was a miserable plantation, where, in other days, the poor inhabitant eked out the struggle of pride and poverty. How hard it must have been trying to keep up chivalric dignity on such poor dirt. "St. Peter's Parish, Beaufort District, South Carolina," sounds very large in print. But, when you come to look at it, it is very flat and much of it under water. When these swamps are drained the soil soon filters through the sand.

We camped, in the afternoon, at Lawtonville. This was a small villiage, now all gone but the church and a hut or two. The church is a large frame structure, painted white. I did not visit it or learn to what denomination it belonged.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9.—We marched at nine o'clock, following Carlin's Division. Our supply train joins us, having obtained rations and the mail.

We marched north eight miles, to Beach Branch Baptist Church. This stands at a noted cross roads, and near Beach Branch Swamp. It is a frame house, near the roadside, and unfenced. Just across the road is the cemetery, or "garden," as it is called on a tomb. This is surrounded by a plank fence. There are but few graves here and still fewer stones. The largest is in memory of a Baptist preacher by the name of Webb, who, in days long gone, probably discoursed the words of life through the various associations amongst the swamps.

Thus far, the road has been good, and the country the best this side of the river. We are still in the sandy, pine land.

In illustration of the strait to which the chivalry are coming, a soldier told me about seeing an old planter, whose house had been burned, and who is now living in the negro quarters, gathering up a few sweet potatoes thrown away by the much despised Yankees. His feelings must have been akin to those of the widow of old, who was gathering up two sticks, preparatory to baking her cake and dying. Whether the Good Being will bless and preserve these people here, as he did her, remains to be seen.

We are marching on the trail of Kilpatrick's cavalry. Though they passed several days since, and a heavy rain has intervened, the trail is not yet cold. Many of the houses are still burning. Amongst the tales of the camp is one that "Kill," as he is familiarly called, filled all his boys' saddlebags with matches, before leaving Savannah. Nearly all the dwelling houses along our route were burned before we come up. Here and there can be seen two or more magnificent two-story chimneys, left standing to tell the story of departed joys. Terrible are the judgments of the Most High on South Carolina.

At Beach Branch Church we turned west and maintained this course for seven miles. We came almost to the Savannah. The *quid nuncs* put their wise heads together to answer the question: "Why did we not keep straight on? Perhaps we are going to the river, lay the pontoon, and go for Augusta." The true explanation is that the direct road is through swamps; it is easier to go around.

After passing Beach Branch Church the country was pretty much the same, but the road was bad, on account of our close proximity to the swamps on the right. The day was raw, and many little fires were kindled by the men to warm themselves. A very convenient fire—such as I often make on marches—can be constructed by laying down two rails for dogs, then lay a half dozen rails across them and set them on fire. In addition to this, a comfortable seat can be made, at a convenient distance, by building up several rails. Here, you can sit and roast your shins until you must up and away.

Some distance—a mile or two—this side of Mathew's Bluffs, we turned to the right, and went one mile north. Our march was sixteen miles for the day. After dark we camped at King Creek Church. We could hear the drums, at King Creek postoffice, of the column that moved on the Augusta road from Brighton. They had moved on the hypotenuse, while we were describing the other two sides of the triangle.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10.—We remained at the church until nine o'clock. "King Creek Church" sounds Baptist. The painting black of the doorsteps is a strong confirmation, but within there is an altar railing, which tells a Methodist tale. It must belong to our people.

We marched, to-day, as we have every day for some time, in the rear of all things. This is usually our fate, when marching with that mismanaged institution, the 14th Corps.

After a march of eighteen miles, we camped, at seven p. m., at Fiddle Pond. I could learn nothing of the pond,

Nearly all the dwellings along the route of this day's march had been burned.

A peculiar old negro came into our camp, after night. He had followed us many miles, to pick up any old clothing, which might be left in camp to-morrow morning. He gives no flattering account of the beauties of slavery.

We passed three churches, to-day, the first of which was Smyrna Baptist Church. This is a large frame structure, intended to be nicely finished within, and there are two melodeons and a baptistry. The second was the Savannah M. E. Church, which is a substantial frame building, and there is a cemetery near by. The last was Mt. Arkon Baptist Church, frame, and smaller than either of the others.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11.—We marched at eight o'clock this morning, and soon came to Morgan's Division, lying to the left of the road, and waiting for our column to pass. The 14th Corps concentrates in front of the Salkehatchie, a swampy stream, or rather two streams, where we crossed. The rebels had constructed a line of earthworks, to defend the crossing; but, as usual, their hearts failed them, just before the Yankees came up.

From Salkehatchie to Barnwell, a distance of two miles, the soil is fertile, and under cultivation. We reached the village at twelve m., and pulled out to one side for everybody to pass. This gave us an opportunity to feed the stock, sleep, and view the town. Most of the business portion of the town, including the court house, is burned, and other houses are burning continually. Hence, the soldiers call this "Burnwell." No effort was made to guard property, and the soldiers are permitted to take anything they desire. They are not slow to improve the opportunity thus offered them. The rebels are now reaping the just reward of their long oppression of the slaves.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet, they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all,

Adjutant Behm, noticing some small children, with blue pants on, playing, inquired where they got the pants; and, in childish simplicity, they told him that their father pulled them off of dead Yankees. He is a soldier in the rebel army.

About dark, we left Barnwell C. H., and marched three miles by 7:30 p. m. We went far into the brilliantly illuminated camps before stopping. The Major had one of his peculiar fits on him to-night. He arrested and "bucked" the commissary guards, who had stolen whisky and sold it to a train guard, who had gotten drunk, and permitted some mules to be stolen. They deserve it, but why not "buck" the officers who draw the vile stuff. "Ah! Ah!" said the judge, "circumstances alter cases." While the Major was charging around, attempting to restore long neglected discipline, the Adjutant was engaged in the more peaceable occupation of making "souse." It was splendid—the souse, I mean.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12.—Marched at 7:30 this morning, following the reserve artillery, which follows Morgan's Division. We marched seven miles north to Williston, and seven miles northeast to the South Edisto river. There was a lake district about our camp, but some of the lakes had been partially or entirely drained. Before reaching Williston, we came up an elevation of twenty or thirty feet. Here was an entire geological change. The loose sand gives way to red clay and gravel, and we have a greater variety of timber. At Williston we found Captain Whiting and his section of the train, waiting to join us. Here General Davis' headquarters were put up. Our cavalry had reached the railroad on last Wednesday, and are now gone to the left. The 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics are destroying the road east of here. All the remainder of the road is to our right. Williston seems to have but one street, and it runs along the railroad. The army seems now to be moving on Columbia.

It was eight p. m.—long after dark—when we camped, in a dirty little field, exposed to the chilling river wind, and

destitute of firewood. Many staff officers were young boobies, hanging to their mothers' apron strings, before the war, and have no more sense about selecting a camp for a Pontoon train of one hundred wagons than a child. Such must have been the case to-night.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13.—Remaining for some hours in camp, this morning, we have some time for rumors, news, and opinions. Rumors say the 23d Corps is at Beaufort, and coming up. Thomas is coming through, and we are going into North Carolina. The news is that Kilpatrick was repulsed at Akin, and that Orangeburg has been captured. My opinion is that the rebels are going under.

We marched at 12:30. Crossed the South Edisto on a trestle bridge made by the army. The main channel is about thirty yards wide. Beyond this, there is corduroy for three-fourths of a mile. After passing this, we went into camp, within forty-five miles of Columbia, from a misconception of orders. Moved on Columbia road, at two p. m. Crossed Dean swamp and camped on a ridge—the highest we had seen in South Carolina. I suppose it to be the dividing ridge between the North and South Edisto. We have a good camp—protected from winds—rails to burn—good water—sand beds. We got snugly into quarters before dark.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14.—Before day, all the troops were out of camp, and moving rapidly towards the North Edisto. We follow the 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. We moved rapidly for eleven miles to the river, arriving at eleven o'clock. The river is eighteen yards wide, and the bridge mostly destroyed by rebels. The mechanics repaired it in an hour, and the army moved on. Camped about dark at the eighteenth mile post from Congaree river, and near Little Cedar Swamp.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15.—Moved rapidly back two miles to cross-roads. Speculations rife. Are we going to Charleston? Is something the matter on ahead? At the cross roads, we moved to the left. The general direction is

north. Country barren—white sand, looking like snow; beautiful little bushes, resembling pine; cross Congaree creek at Clark's Mill, the owner of which is said to be a Union man. Rebels are plentiful hereabouts. We camped at Boozer's Cross-roads, one and a half miles from Lexington C. H., at four p. m., having journeyed twelve miles to-day. The assembly sounded in many camps, just after we got in, and Morgan's Division moves on.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16. — Ready to march at six. Orders came to divide the train. Colonel Moore and Captain McDonald go with the right wing, and half of the train accompanies the 14th Corps. Major Downey marches to the right with the remainder. We came, in a little way, on the camp of the 20th Corps. While the Adjutant has gone to report to General Williams, I notice, with admiration, the promptness, precision, and soldierly bearing of the men of this Corps. In these respects they out-shine all the Corps of this army. Hence, in a great measure, the jealousy of the 14th Corps.

The Adjutant soon returned and we moved on slowly. There were some rebels in front. We seemed to be going directly to Columbia. Our Battalion is received with marked courtesy by the officers and men of the Corps. Diligent inquiry is made into the wants and desires of the Major. Men are offered in such numbers as he desires for guards or mule foragers. A place well up in the column is assigned to the train.

After marching through a poor country for five miles, we camp, about two p. m. There was evidently some change in the programme. Knowing nothing, rumor supplies the place. It is said Columbia is evacuated and Colonel Moore is to come up with his section and we will bridge the Congaree, which is too wide for half the bridge. The Colonel is on a left hand road, a mile or so from us. Some of our boys were out there foraging this afternoon.

We had just gone to bed, expecting an undisturbed night's rest, when marching orders came, at eight p. m. We

moved down the Columbia roads, about two miles. We then turned northwest. We rejoined Colonel Moore, after a march of seven miles, at Zion's Church, on the Saluda river, at one a. m. There was a nearer road through. I do not know why it was not traveled.

We had been passing through sand pine and stunted oak land. But during the night the soil grew solid beneath our tread, the sand disappears, we came to rocks, and the flickering lights revealed new species of trees. A part of the

way was lonesome, and to us, uncertain, as there had been considerable skirmishing yesterday.

When we came to Colonel Moore's camp, we were very coldly received. Nobody got up to show us a place to camp. "Anywhere" is the Colonel's usual camping place; so we groped about in the dark, and finally settled down on the stones, which covered the hard ground. But a harder fate than this awaited Companies B and G. They



REV. WILEY KNOWLES,*
Private Company A.

are sent directly on to General Howard, with twelve sections of pontoon—120 feet.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17.—The order of march for this morning is Carlin's Division, Morgan's Division, baggage of troops, reserve artillery, 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics, lastly, the battalion of Pontoniers. The Pon-

* Was mustered in at Camp Gibson, and served with his Company until the battle of Stone River, where he was severely wounded. On this account he was discharged, April 22, 1863, and returned home. Since the war, he has turned his attention to the ministry, and after some years removed to the Pacific Coast. He is now residing at Newman, California, and is actively engaged in the Master's work.

toniers were Major Downey's party. We passed Zion's Church, near the river bank. An old citizen near here began a wonderful bellowing and praying over some misfortune befalling him. General J. C. Davis, who was on his porch, made him hush, and told him to think himself fortunate that his house was not burned. At the river we saw genuine mud, which we had not seen before for many a day. We had met much quicksand, but here is genuine clay mud. The river is two hundred and fifty feet wide. There are twenty-one boats in the bridge. Colonel Moore's battalion laid it. An army wagon had turned over from the bridge into the water and some of the mules had been drowned. The wagon is still in the edge of the stream. The Saluda is a mud bottomed stream, with mud banks and muddy water. I looked in vain for the picturesque.



CHAPTER XXIX.

CAROLINA CAMPAIGN CONTINUED—LEXINGTON DISTRICT—
—AN ABUNDANCE OF FORAGE—WAR'S DESOLATION—
THOUGHTLESS DESTRUCTION—CROSSING BROAD RIVER
UNDER DIFFICULTIES—BAD GENERALSHIP—AT WINS-
BORO—COLUMBIA—CHARLESTON EVACUATED—GEN-
ERAL SHERMAN—OFFICERS OF 14TH CORPS—A ROAST
FOR GENERAL DAVIS—CROSSING THE CATAWBA—DIS-
ASTER TO THE PONTOON BRIDGE—THE BOY THAT
STOOD ON THE BRIDGE—IN NORTH CAROLINA—FAY-
ETTEVILLE—EVENTS CROWDING UPON EVENTS.

WE moved out through a very muddy bottom road, but soon reached higher ground. We came into a high, rolling country, which has a good soil, laid upon a substantial base of red clay. This portion of Lexington District is superior to any part of South Carolina yet visited by us. We expected to pass over the neck of land to Broad river. But it soon became evident that we were to strike that river higher up. We came to a land of plenty. The troops and trains could not use the thousands of bushels of corn and hundreds of stacks of fodder. The wagons are all loaded. The men get plenty of bacon, poultry, and other eatables. Many houses are given to the flames. Sometimes, not only the whites, but the blacks are burned out, by accident or otherwise. Many are houseless to-night. Thousands of bushels of corn, in roaring heaps, are burned by thoughtless soldiers. This will cause suffering amongst the stock of the many trains yet to come. The winds began to rise. The fires spread in many places. Sometimes, the world seemed

to be on fire. We were almost stifled by smoke and flames. Oh, that the planters of Lexington District had considered what they were doing when they invited war, to desolate their land. Men will persist in foolishly imagining that there is some way of making war simply on armed men. It cannot be done successfully. The fields and houses, the women and children, always suffer. It cannot be otherwise in war; therefore let all people labor for peace. When they invite war, they invite pestilence, fire, famine, flood and death in all its most horrible forms. No land can prosper save in times of peace. When we came to the Fleshley's Mill road, Carlin's Division continues on up the river, for the purpose of destroying the railroad between Columbia and Abbeyville. Morgan's Division moves to Fleshley's Mill on Broad river. The trains park on a hill, about the middle of the afternoon. Here, we remain until near dark. In the meantime, Major Downey and Lieutenant Wood go forward to see the place where the pontoon is to be. It was dark when we got started again, and we were behind everybody, although we were expected to make the bridge over which the others cross. The roads were very bad for four miles to the river. The reserve artillery detained us until one a. m. We passed a pine deadening, through which the fire had been carried by the winds, during the day. It was now splendidly illuminated. We had supper at two a. m. Moving a Pontoon train in the rear of all things, on the day a bridge is desired, is an exhibition of folly; but only such as is common with weak men, like General J. C. Davis. Then there is talk of "the unaccountable delay of the pontoons," and all such stuff. Poor little Davis, he expects to march in triumph over Broad river in the morning. Yet he keeps the Pontoon train back until near morning. But he is not the only Jeff Davis doomed by folly to disappointed hopes.

Our men who had traveled nearly all last night, who had carried their heavy burdens eighteen miles, to-day, who had tramped over the hills, and rolled wagons through the mud,

who were stung by the injustice of requiring them to do impossibilities, are required to work all night. But I have already trespassed on to-morrow. I must cease my writing under this date. I will add one statement. The stock of the train is almost worn out by heavy loads, night traveling and bad treatment.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18.—There was no bridge, at daylight this morning—in fact, there are not enough boats to make one. The river is six hundred and forty feet wide. General Sherman has played off on the left wing. If we had our twelve sections here, which were sent with Companies B and G to General Howard, we could complete this bridge. Sherman favors the right wing; Slocum favors the 20th Corps. There are some things which a blind man can see.

Fleshley's mill is torn down, to furnish balk and chess for the bridge. Generals Davis and Morgan came down, to help matters on. They fume around no little; they hurry men and officers; they hurry in boat after boat, and urge up the work. They never seem to consider that after all the boats are in there will be still two hundred feet unbridged. They hurry away building a piece of a bridge, and never seem to ask themselves what good all their hurry will accomplish. Nothing is done towards making the last two hundred feet. If they had exerted themselves to prepare some kind of material for the last two hundred feet, they might have at least made a little exhibition of sense. Our people could not do anything more than they were doing. We had only one Company of Pontoniers—F—and they, and all our men present, had been up two nights. To tear down houses, and cut and haul poles from the woods, and make a bridge over a swift-running stream, is no small task, to men who have been up two nights in succession. The men were falling asleep continually, the moment they had any relief from duty; and they necessarily felt dull and stupid all the time. Yet the Generals were hurrying, hurrying, all the time. Many were the reflections they cast at the officers and men.

The Pontoniers are in great disrepute to-day. Generals Davis and Morgan are well convinced of their inefficiency.*

This has been a day of vexation. All the army is waiting on the pontoon, and the pontoon, having not been made of India rubber, cannot be stretched two hundred feet longer than it is. We must await the coming of Captain Smith or Colonel Moore, or make a trestle bridge. Generals Davis and Morgan busied themselves about what could have been better done in their absence; and at nightfall went to their quarters. Davis ordered Major Downey to put his men to work immediately, and complete the bridge, by making two hundred feet of trestle, by morning. Why did he not do this, by some other party, during the day? Is the man crazy? Our men had been up for two nights in succession, and had worked hard for many days. Now they are ordered to work the third night; and, more than this, the work cannot be done in a night. It cannot be completed before Colonel Moore will get here, and then the trestles will be in the way. Major Downey, like a sensible man, went to bed, and paid no attention to the foolish and unreasonable order of General Davis. I feared, at the time, that we might suffer for this.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19.—I forgot to say, under the date of yesterday, that it was then generally known that Cheatham's Confederate Corps was fording Broad river, above us. We cut them off from Columbia, and crowded them from the railroad bridge above here. They are endeavoring to concentrate, with the rebels from various parts, in our front.

Colonel Moore came last night. Ten more boats were put in, and the bridge is done by daylight this morning. The 14th Corps crossed by day, and Kilpatrick's cavalry is crossing to-night.

* How different the opinion entertained by Major-General George H. Thomas, commanding the Department of the Cumberland. In his report of operations of the army under his command, from September 7, 1864, to January 20, 1865, he says: "I would here remark that the splendid pontoon train properly belonging to my command, with its trained corps of Pontoniers, was absent, with General Sherman."

We had no meeting to-day, although we lay in camp. The men were tired and sleepy, and there was constant confusion, made by passing troops.

An order, of which I had never heard, had been issued, some time since, from Sherman's headquarters, confining the use of wall tents to one for the headquarters of a Brigade or Division, and none to a Regiment. A circular is sent around, calling attention to the disobedience of this, and requiring compliance. It is also ordered that the trains be lightened as much as possible. In consequence of this, there was a great destruction of baggage in our train. Many old pieces of canvas, etc., were burned, but the tents ordered to be destroyed were usually hid in the wagons. This was the case in our camp. The allowance of tents is very limited, and they are very light. It is a very poor plan to burn tents—it takes but little from the loads, and much from the convenience and comfort of camp. At the very time orders are issued to destroy tents, there are hundreds of pounds of old and useless articles hauled by teamsters, guards, and others. Men in this train are hauling tobacco by the box, for purposes of speculation.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20.—The 14th Corps crossed yesterday, Kilpatrick's cavalry last night, and the 20th Corps to-day. Fleshley's mill is a large, frame building, and near it is a cotton press. When we came here, there was a supply of corn, wheat, and cotton. Broad river resembles the French Broad, save there is no mountain scenery here. The stream spreads out to a great width, flows gently and smoothly along, and has many islands. Our pontoon is six hundred and forty feet long.

Cheatham commenced fording the river above here, on Saturday, and now has the start of us. Some of our men have been in his camp—I mean column.

All ideas of going to Charleston have now vanished. We have prevailing rumors of going to Bull's Bay, Newburn, and Wilmington. None of us know certainly as to our destination.

At six p. m., the last of the army had crossed, the small-pox train being in the rear. It took two and a half hours to take up the bridge. We were supported by five Regiments of infantry and four guns—pretty good backing.

At nine p. m. we marched to Little river, where there was a long delay, on account of the steep hill. While awaiting the coming of the train, we sat shivering about little fires. We passed a negro who had the small-pox, lying in a fence corner. We always have this disease along.

We now came to solid roads, of reddish brown soil. The country appeared to be open and cultivated, and the soil seemed good. The timber was of a better quality than usual. Many fences were burning, as we went marching along. Midnight found us still upon the move.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21.—We reached the camp of the 20th Corps, after a march of ten miles, just as reveille was sounding, at four a. m. It was broad day light when we camped, after marching all night. I lay down, but slept none. I was fearful that we would lose our place in the column, after marching all night to gain it. Only those who have tried it know the difference between marching near the front and in the rear. We stopped for breakfast, near the twenty-third mile post from Columbia, and the eleventh from Winsboro.

At eight a. m. we moved off, with the 20th Corps, on the Winsboro road. We passed through a hilly country. The soil is thin, resting on red clay. The land is very solid, and better than common for South Carolina.

Chaplain John McCrae, of the 33d Indiana, used to live in these parts. He visited his old neighbors and neighborhood, and found the people in a very sad plight. He had not the heart to go to see all his acquaintances. Soldiers were everywhere, pillaging. Our men are robbing all the houses as we pass along. Not so many houses are burned as formerly, for all are tiring of the work. Orders are against house burning, or robbing, save for edibles.

We came into a region where there were many magnificent granite boulders, which can be easily split into slabs, convenient for building purposes. The people make free use of these, except that I saw none used in house building. We passed Black Jack Baptist Church, a dingy old frame building, enlarged, at some time past, by adding a side shed. It is as it was thirty years ago, when Chaplain McCrae used to preach in it. Near this is the Furman University, a brick building of three or four stories, and a most unsightly pile. It is without fence, or ornaments of any kind, and the glass of the windows is broken. The building is now used for a receptacle of "tax in kind." It contained only cotton and fodder, to-day. The men took the fodder for the teams, but left the cotton. The Furmans are great men, among the South Carolina Baptists.

The 14th and 20th Corps moved on Winsboro, by roads which came together just at the edge of the village. The foragers and bummers of each command preceded the columns, and entered upon indiscriminate plunder of the village. General Geary, commanding the advance Division of the 20th Corps, arrested them, and took their forage from them, which gave great offense to the 14th Corps.

The 20th Corps entered Winsboro in great pomp—banners unfurled, and music by the bands. The 14th Corps left the town to the right. We found a pleasant town, but most of the people were gone. A few houses had been fired by the bummers, but the flames were extinguished by the advance guard, and provost guards were put on duty. We moved on through the town, and camped, three miles out on the Rocky Mount road, having marched thirteen and a half miles, and camping before night. General Sherman joined us at Winsboro.

The rebels are continually massing in our front, and a battle may be fought before many days.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22.—The orders, which were given yesterday, to divide the train, were countermanded, and we marched with the 20th Corps, on the Rocky Mount

road, only one Division and short train being in advance of us. The 14th Corps moves up the railroad, to destroy it, and make a demonstration on Chestertown and the upper fords of the Catawba. *Chestertown*

House robbing has become universal. I do not mean all the men rob houses, but all the houses are robbed. Burning forage has become so frequent that it has become necessary to put on guards, to save the stock following in rear of the army from starving. We are not only playing smash with the enemy, but also cutting off our own supplies. In the regions about Columbia and Winsboro, many valuables, sent from Charleston for safety, were found, and appropriated by the finders.

Rocky Mount is a rough ridge, about two hundred and fifty feet high, forming a bank for the Catawba.

At four p. m. we reached the river, which is a rapid, clear stream, dashing over innumerable rocks. It was with difficulty that a sufficient depth of water to lay the pontoons could be found. There are high hills on either side, forming, perhaps, the most difficult approaches of any river yet bridged by us. When we reached the river, none of our men were on the other shore, and the enemy was momentarily expected to dispute the passage. The pontoon is rapidly pushed, until completed, and a Brigade moves over and secures the crossing. Our Generals declare that they have outwitted the rebels. While they were looking for us above, on the usually traveled route, our army came suddenly here, and secured this ford. The right wing is crossing somewhere below. When we first came to the river, General Williams was very anxious to get a few men over, "to keep off Cowans and eavesdroppers," as he expressed it. These were soon followed by the Brigade named above.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23.—We remained in camp while the 20th Corps was crossing. General Sherman came up, and stopped a while in our camp, talking freely to some of the soldiers. He informed them of the fall of Charleston, and told them that he knew that "they" (the Charleston-

ians) "couldn't stand when you boys were coming up here." Taking up some Carolina beans, he asked the men how long they cooked them. When they told him, he said, "You can make money by cooking these beans an hour and a half." He inquired of the soldiers how these compared with the regular army bean; when they said they were inferior, he replied, "That's what I thought. But we must forage off the country, even if the supplies are not so good." The boys were much pleased to have the General make himself so common among them, and speak words of encouragement. Sherman is very popular, among his officers and men. He is a man of brilliant genius, and those in his army can best appreciate the strategy of his movements, which he is constantly making. The General has but a small staff, and a slender escort, and has few tents. He goes about quietly, making much less pomp than becomes his position.

There are pretty well authenticated rumors that some of our foragers have been put to death by the rebels. Some steps have been taken towards retaliation, by our people—I am not informed of their nature. "War is no child's play."

Our people drive in all the cattle in the country, and shoot such as cannot travel. They are the most miserable stock I have ever seen. The largest are but little larger than dogs, and all are mere shadows.

Affairs seem to be culminating towards a great battle in eastern North Carolina, or northwestern South Carolina. In all probability, all the rebel armies will come together, and there will be one grand battle, decisive of the fate of the Confederacy.

I took a walk about the ferry. On this side may be seen the ruins of a canal, built, perhaps, in early times, around the rapids. On the top of the hill beyond there is a singular tomb, strongly enclosed by stone pillars and an iron fence.

It began raining early, and increased towards night. The passage of the army is delayed because of the roughness of the approaches. Indeed, there seems to be no hurry. Many troops might have crossed last night. Gen-

eral Williams, commander 20th Corps, and Captain Whittlesey, his Quartermaster, are on hands at the end of the bridge, pushing over the trains.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24.—The cavalry completed their crossing last night. The 20th Corps resumed and finished by 11:30. There was nothing then to cross except the 14th Corps. The right wing is crossing somewhere about Camden. The rain is falling and it is no easy task to get the trains up the hill on the other side. General Morgan takes the place of General Williams, and Captain Remington that of Captain Whittlesey. Morgan commands 2d Division, 14th Corps. He wears a glazed cap and an anxious face, to-day. He is always plainly dressed and carries his hands behind him. He has some kind of a nervous twitching which he attempts to conceal in this way. He has the appearance of a modest, retiring, unassuming man. Many a joke is perpetrated at the expense of Jimmy Morgan, but I believe him to be a good officer. I cannot learn anything definite of his origin. Some one told me that he was formerly an ice packer, at Quincy, Ills., and came out as Colonel of a Regiment from that State.

By dark only the 2d Division baggage and 1st Division supply train were over. It was still raining and the river is rising, yet all hands quit and go to bed. The stream may soon become impassable.

There is a marked inefficiency amongst many of the officers of the 14th Corps, which stands out in painful contrast with the 20th Corps. Captain Remington, Chief Assistant Quartermaster, wears a broad brim hat, apparently picked up in the country. There are none such now in the market, or worn by decent people. His boots are old and rough. His pants are such as are issued to common soldiers, perhaps "left on hand" at some issue and hence cost nothing. His coat is old. This plainness of dress is not caused by poverty—then one could respect it. It is not caused by the nature of his labors, for when he has nothing to do but ride along it is the same. The Government pays

him a large salary, and requires, among other things, that he should wear a certain kind of dress; this is in part what he is paid for. Still, out of a sordid, mean, and avaricious spirit, he wraps himself in "cast off clouts." Just as we might expect, he has no refinement of language or manners. He swears in any company. He is always ascribing the very worst of motives to his fellow men. He feels no interest "in king or country." He is a poor Quartermaster. He seems to be without care. He was one of the dirty tools of Jeff Davis, who stood at Ebenezer creek and kept innocent poor people from crossing. He seemed to think that turning women and children back to slavery, suffering and death, was humanity. When the work was done, he declared that it was the hardest day's work he had ever done, and that long since he had called on General Davis to perform this act of humanity. Davis, himself, is a tyrant. In the march one day there was a narrow place in the road; it was blocked up by a wagon, and a man on a mule. The latter was coming to meet General Davis, who wished to send an orderly for some purpose. The man on the mule could not get out of the way, Davis swears he can, and without waiting for things to untangle, which they would in a moment, he kicks the mule, which falls and throws its rider. The orderly is now made to jump his horse over man and mule.

There are many excellent officers in the 14th Corps, and the men are as good as any. But the Corps is mismanaged, and a spirit of jealousy has possessed the command.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25.—It is raining hard, this morning. The river is rising and the waves are becoming wild and impetuous. The bridge is extended at each end. Too much time was consumed by this. Crossing was not commenced until two p. m. The steep approach, just at the end of the bridge, has been overcome by the rise. The bridge heaves like a ship in a storm. Ballast is placed on the lower ends of the boats. The water threatens to sweep away the bridge. No great effort is made to secure the bridge or hurry over the trains. The latter move slowly until dark

and then ceases. The pontoon trembles and heaves; the waves dash madly against the sides and over the chess. Deeply impressed with the great misfortune that threatened us, and stung by the shocking dullness of those in charge, I walked over the bridge and about camp until late. I then lay down, but could not sleep, as I knew that all the army might have been over. We usually cross within two days—we have been here three. There are difficulties, but they might have been overcome. The bridge might have been made secure. I lay asleep until midnight. There came a loud crash, and then the tidings, “the bridge is gone.” The Pontoniers were on the bridge at the time it gave way. Those who could, rushed to the shore. What became of the others they could not tell. Nor could it be discovered how many boats were gone, amid the darkness of the night. As the crisis was over, I fell asleep.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26.—Daylight revealed twelve boats gone. No one had been lost. Bob Steel, of Company K, was the last one to rush from the bridge to shore. Some wags in camp composed a parody on the occasion, somewhat as follows:

THE BOY STOOD ON THE PONTOON BRIDGE.

The boy stood on the pontoon bridge,
 Whence all but him had fled;
 The waves dashed madly on the boats
 Which trembled 'neath his tread.

They wrapped the bridge in waters wild,
 They tore the balk and chess,
 Dragged the anchors, snapped the ropes—
 And made a perfect mess.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy! Oh! where do we “diskiver;”
 Ask of the waves, which far around
 With fragments strew the river.

Racksticks, frames, and canvas fair,
 That had ever been strong and stout;
 But the noblest thing that perished there
 Would have been that boy—if he hadn't run out.

This hasty version may not bear the criticism of poets, but it will do for Pontoniers.

There is some plain prose about our present situation. We are in the presence of an enemy, and our army is divided. We have only two Divisions on this side, and the rebels have a railroad from Richmond to our rear. If they do not improve this opportunity they are blind.

The spirit of the Pontoniers is "can't." The debris of the bridge is taken from the stream, and General Davis gives orders to attempt nothing farther. The army "hangs fire" at the Catawba.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27.—Adjutant Marshall, of the 51st Indiana, was captured during the famous Streight raid. He has remained in "durance vile" from that time to the present. At one time he escaped as far as Northern Georgia, but was brought back. He escaped again, recently, and has been staying some days with us.

We had ten wagons captured to-day, in a most disgraceful manner. They were out foraging. The Lieutenant and guards deserted them, save Doades, of Company I, who desired to do his duty. We might have recaptured them, but "can't" rules the day.

General Buell was sent for, to lay a new bridge. River swift. Smooth bottom. Generally said to be impossible. Sherman orders guns spiked, wagons burned, horses and mules swam, and men brought over some way. Army in deplorable plight. Bridge commenced in old place. Material taken down to a place thought to be more favorable. Water terribly swift. Not enough ropes or anchors. Latter wont stick. Amid the sneers of many, General Buell pushes on the work. Anchors are made of the forks of trees. Hundreds of fifth chains are collected from the trains. Great stones sink the wooden anchors. The work goes bravely on. By eleven p. m. the bridge is done. Perseverance has triumphed over "can't." Our guns and trains are saved. Disgrace to Sherman's army is prevented. This is one of the magnificent triumphs of the war. It

almost equals the damming of Red river to save our fleet. I told some of the boys that here was a lesson for young men.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28.—Crossing continued during the remainder of the night and until completed, at 3:30 p. m. The rebels are pressing on the rear. I remained all day a spectator of the crossing. The 69th Ohio are rear guards. Rebels come up in sight on the other side, and there is banging. The rebels were mounted, and made a brisk attack, but our men hold their ground, and taking up the bridge goes on all night. Our camp is about a mile from where it was last night. The night's work was dreadful on the men, many of them having been up for several successive nights. The mud, here, is ahead of anything I have ever seen in my warfare; it is almost impossible to get the wagons up the hills; and when up, the horses and mules sink in almost up to their bodies. It is impossible to ride, or even walk, through many places. We have no feed for the stock, and but little for the men. "Hard times" are here.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1.—We are committed to the charge of General Buell and his Brigade. This is humiliating to our officers; but we have so completely played out that we cannot complain much. We certainly need a guardian.

General Buell's Brigade is the rear of the army, and we are behind it. There is a short small-pox train about a quarter of a mile behind us.

Our general direction is east. We were warned of a few rebels on the right, and arrangements were made accordingly; but we did not see them. Almost all the road is corduroyed. Whole Divisions and Corps are engaged in the work. The land is desolate. Fences are thrown into the road for corduroy; many houses are burned; nothing eatable for man or beast is left. The 20th, 17th and 14th Corps are ahead of us.

We marched fifteen miles, and camped, at eight p. m., near Hanging Rock. It was then after dark. Men and mules are entirely worked out.

We are now on Revolutionary grounds. The battle of Camden was fought not far from here. Hanging Rock, which I did not see, is famous as the place where General Marion captured some British officers while playing cards.

During our march next day (March 2) we passed over some horrible roads and some desolate country. We only advanced ten miles, but it took all day and part of the night to make it.

March 3, we crossed Flat Creek, passing through Tixiho, or Hickory postoffice. We came to a place eighteen miles from Lancaster, and twenty-seven by one road and twenty-eight by another, to Camden, and twenty-eight to Chesterfield. We went the latter road. We are on a forced march. Camped two miles beyond Big Lynch, after dark. Ordered on to save us from capture, or something else. Stopped from 7:30 to nine o'clock to feed, and then marched on, over good roads, to Carlin's camp, at Blakner's cross-roads—seventeen miles in all, reaching there by twelve, midnight. Some of the bummers were captured by rebels to-day. We have rumors of the capture of Petersburg, Wilmington, and Richmond.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4.—To-day, we moved in advance of Carlin's 1st Division. It is rare for us to go in advance of anything. The rebels are posted about our place in the column and are hovering on the flanks, attempting the capture of the pontoon. General Wheeler made a dash on the road yesterday, between the 1st and 2d Divisions. Early in the afternoon a column of rebel cavalry was seen passing toward our rear, on the left. There was sharp musketry and cannonading a mile or two to our left, where Kilpatrick's and Wheeler's forces were engaged.

Moved east on the Chesterfield road to Mt. Grougan; we then turned north and took the Hailey's Ferry road, stopping one hour for dinner by the way. Roads pretty good until we neared Thompson's creek. Here we had to abandon Miles Ragsdale's ambulance, as it turned over, and we could get it no farther.

Soon after crossing Thompson's creek we enter North Carolina. The soldiers all say that they will not destroy property here as they did in South Carolina; accordingly house burning ceases.

About eight p. m. we camped in Anson County, North Carolina, about ten miles from the Great Pedee, famous in the times of Marion. The distance marched to-day is seventeen miles.

SUNDAY, MARCH 5.—We marched early, over good roads, along the State line, ten miles to Pagues' Ferry, about eight miles above Cheraw; arriving there at twelve m. We find the Pedee about nine hundred feet wide and eight feet deep. As we only have eight hundred feet of boats the question comes up, "How can the stream be bridged?" The remainder of the day was spent in an attempt to give a practical solution to this problem.

There is cannonading, explosions and fires at Cheraw. We hear of the capture of guns, small arms, and materials of war. Some of the pontoon materials were sent up to us. We received some oars, anchors and ropes.

MONDAY, MARCH 6.—The construction of the bridge goes on slowly, as almost insurmountable difficulties must be overcome. Says Morgan to Buell: "This work goes on slowly; I have people who could do it sooner." Buell: "You had better do it then." Morgan: "I know nothing about it." Buell: "Then I would say nothing."

Two pontoons are made by stretching tents over wagon beds. Two trestles are put in, the ends being sunk with stones. At last, after thirty-six hours of arduous and thankless labor, the bridge is completed, after a manner. Kilpatrick's command commences to cross at five o'clock p. m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7.—As the 20th Corps went to Cheraw to cross, we have only the cavalry and the 14th Corps to cross here. There is trouble with the pontoons during the day. The wagon bed pontoons, invented by Jimmy Morgan, sink, and one had to be removed and a trestle made in its place. Davis curses our officers for imbecility. Buell

relieved and moves on with his Division, which now takes the advance. Carlin's Division is over by eleven a. m. Baird comes next, and is over by 3:30 p. m. Morgan's Division and train is over by dark. The front of our train reached camp, about one mile from the river, at ten p. m. The Regiment worked all night. It is a thankless job to be Pontoniers. After connection was severed with the other shore three men came and called for a boat. They represented themselves as belonging to the 2d Division, of the 20th Corps. They plead long and vigorously for a boat to be sent over. But when they found that no attention was paid to them, they fired on our men, and no more was heard of them. They may have been rebels, but our men did not return the fire.

There was a semi-idiotic boy in Company F, sent out last fall, by some mean man in Indiana, and with the connivance of other men, to save himself from the draft. This boy had not sense enough to take care of his food or clothing. He was lacking in sufficient vigor to stand the service, and has dragged out a miserable existence, until to-day, when he died, in the ambulance. We brought the body over the Pedee, and buried him, about ten or eleven p. m. A grave was dug, evergreens were thrown on the bottom; he was then laid in and covered with evergreens, and, on these the soil was laid. The moon's mild light gave a peculiar sadness to the scenes as we offered prayers about his grave. A high crime was committed by those who sent this boy to the army. There are too many such cases. Our good people are *too good* to trust their hides in battle.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8.—The advance troops are to strain every nerve until Cape Fear river is reached. One of the questions discussed by us, is, will communications be opened when we reach there? A rumor reached General Sherman, when we were on the Pedee, that our men were already at Fayetteville.

Marching this morning at seven, we moved, at first, very slowly. As we have received fifty good mules from

each Corps—20th and 16th—our teams are much improved. Our men had come over the Pedee and collected a large quantity of forage, and Lieutenant McMahan had started a mill on Mark creek. For eight or ten miles we passed through a splendid country. We passed New Hope M. E. Church in the Pagues neighborhood. We cross Mark creek and turn north, towards Rockingham. We then turn east and enter a banner pine country. It is an almost endless turpentine orchard. Rained hard all day.

Camped at 9:15 p. m., after a march of twenty-four miles. This is very hard on men who were up all last night. The men who slept last night were asleep to-night, when our boys got in.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9.—We were all made glad by an order this morning to report to the 20th Corps, which camped in the same place we did. We moved in the rear of the Corps—2d Division being in our immediate front. Began raining in the afternoon and continued until night.

About dark we got into a quicksand swamp. Here, the front of the column camps at 6:30, the rear at ten. Horses and mules fall, wagons sink to the hub.

Lee sends a dispatch to Wheeler, to hold Sherman in check at all hazards. Wheeler replies, that he cannot even hold the "bummers" in check. Sherman, riding one day at the head of the column, came to a fork in the road. After looking about a few moments he took the right hand road. The "bummers," coming up a few minutes after, took the left. When Sherman saw this, he came over to the left-hand road and fell in behind the bummers. Such are the stories afloat about the bummers. Some of them have been captured and killed during the last few days.

We marched through swamps and over bad roads, next day (March 10th) covering a distance of ten miles.

Early next morning (March 11th) when we came within eleven miles of Fayetteville, we struck a good plank road. The people might have such, everywhere in these parts, as pines cover the land. All the 14th Corps has passed on.

We moved east nine miles and camped two miles from the river. Marched eighteen miles. It was late at night when we stopped. There was no wood about camp. The bummers had taken the town at ten a. m. ; eight were killed.

SUNDAY, MARCH 12.—Marched at eight o'clock ; moving down the principal street of the town. The splendid United States arsenal—which makes the town all it is—stands on the right. Little, or no injury, had been done to the town. We moved within a quarter of a mile of an old bridge which was burned yesterday. Rebels are said to be on the other side. Our guns fire over at them. Went down to see, and learned that a little tug had just come in, opening communications with Wilmington. This is the first communication since leaving Sister's Ferry. Saw some boys of the 13th Indiana, who had come up in a tug. I could not get any papers, but the boys told us that Lincoln had been re-inaugurated ; Schofield had landed at the mouth of Cape Fear river ; Wilmington was captured and our troops were now moving towards Goldsboro.

Orders came around that we could send mail out at three p. m., and everybody went to writing, so that by the appointed hour a large number of letters were written. These will be the first letters received from Sherman's army for a long time.

Our people make a bridge of seventeen boats—three hundred and fifty feet ; Buell ordered by Davis to superintend, but does not get there in time ; place, just below the old bridge. We captured a nice yawl, and might have gotten several more. Several old steamers were burned. The bummers captured an old steamer loaded with baled fodder. The Army of the Tennessee pontoon is laid one-half mile below us. Fayetteville is finely fortified, especially beyond the river. The rebel army was all here, and went off on the Raleigh road, and is now just over on the other side of the river.

We had a little prayer meeting at night. After this was over, Morgan's Division came drumming down street, the

first troops to cross. The bridge was completed at three p. m., and it was now eight p. m. Our people are slow to commence crossing, but afterwards get in a great hurry. As I knew the rebels were on the other side, I went over with Morgan's men, thinking that they would stir the rebels. But the Johnnies know what they are about. They quietly withdraw, and give the Yankees room.

There are some items of interest about Fayetteville, which would bear repetition, if I had time to collect them. This was formerly Cross Creek, and is an old Scotch settlement, as the names on the tombstones indicate. It was here that Flora McDonald lived. This is the head of navigation on Cape Fear river; there is slack-water navigation to the Deep river country above here, and there is a railroad to Egypt, on Deep river. Here are extensive coal fields, which supplied the blockade runners from Wilmington. Many heavy supplies were sent from here to Egypt. There are many cotton factories here; they were burned this afternoon, after giving their contents to the poor. The proprietors offered to give all the proceeds to the poor, if they were spared; but Sherman wisely determined to destroy them. They burned beautifully in the evening shades.

I visited the U. S. Arsenal—an institution designed as a Southern pet. Cannons are being dismantled, and injured all that is possible, and thrown into cisterns and wells. Walls are being leveled by the 1st Michigan Engineers and Mechanics. In the end, all that is combustible is to be given to the flames.

Private property is being respected and guarded. Perhaps the people of Fayetteville will not be so anxious for the next war. I hope our Government will never rebuild this, or any other public edifice, that has been seized by the people. Colonel M. C. Hunter is Provost Marshal for the town. There is some beautiful scenery here.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14.—The destruction of the arsenal and cotton factories happened to-day, instead of yesterday. Troops continue to cross all day.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15.—Kilpatrick has orders to use the bridge when he chooses. He “chooses” to use it now, thus cutting off the 15th Corps train, and hindering the Pontoon train. But he is over by twelve m., and we follow. We have had beautiful weather, during our stay at Fayetteville. No mail or supplies have reached us from Wilmington, but our wagons are ordered to remain for some expected supplies. When we came here, we did not know but the campaign was ended. The general impression now is that we will go on to Goldsboro.

We move on with all the spare material, leaving Captain McDonald to bring up that in the river. Night came upon us marching. We were on the Raleigh plank road, traveling north of east. Midnight found us still attempting to travel in the swamp, as we had turned off the plank road. We found quicksands and mud holes, innumerable. Roads almost impassable.

Still we pressed foolishly on. The woods were on fire in some places, and many burning trees fell. I attempted to get a nap of sleep, occasionally; but as horse stealing was the order of the night, I could not indulge much. Captain Smith's saddle was taken, while he was holding the halter. We worried along all night, making about three miles, when we should have been in camp. Day, at length, dawned on our weary command. We pulled two miles farther, to General Geary's camp, reaching there at eight a. m., March 16. The troops were already off, and the trains were moving. Our mules had not been fed, watered, nor unharnessed, since yesterday morning; they were now fed and watered, with the harness on.

Most of the troops have moved on the Raleigh plank road, spoken of above. The 20th and 14th trains are on this road, guarded by Geary and Baird. In three miles, we come to Black river, which we crossed on a trestle bridge, with a corduroy floor. Moved three and a half miles farther to camp, making a march of ten miles by nine p. m. There were many rumors when we got to camp. The rebels were

reported 30,000 strong in our immediate front. They had attacked the 15th Corps, and been repulsed. A battle may happen to-morrow. We have various rumors of fighting to-day, and fighting to be.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17.—The 15th Corps, which joined us on the right, moved out a short distance and camped. General Geary's Division, and all the trains of the 20th Corps, including the Pontoon train, remained in camp all day, which afforded us a good rest. Fighting, to-day, on Raleigh plank road; four Divisions of the 14th and 20th Corps are there. The 17th Corps is on the right. Just before night, the remainder of our Pontoon train came up. Fifteen hundred boxes of hard bread, which arrived at Fayetteville, after we left, was brought up for the army.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18.—Ready to march at six. Geary rides by the train, and swears because the mules are not harnessed. He assigns us a place farther in the rear. Moved northeast, across the headwaters of the Little Cohera. Camped at eight p. m., after an eight miles march, at Raner's Mills. Forage and rations are found in greater quantities.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19.—We are preceded this morning by the 15th Corps. All troops in light marching order. Fodder, corn, bacon and sweet potatoes are plentiful. Cannonading in front. Rumor says Goldsboro is ours. Camped at eight p. m., after a march of ten miles, at Pleasant Union Church, Sampson county, North Carolina. Rumors of war thicken. None of us expect to reach the new base without a battle. Many of us are anticipating a concentration of the rebel armies in our front, but none anticipate any danger. When the worst comes, we can retreat in safety to Wilmington. But the rebels cannot cause this, unless they evacuate Richmond; and, when they do this, we have gained our point, and can afford to fall back to Wilmington.

MONDAY, MARCH 20.—A staff officer came to our tent at one a. m., and said there had been a battle, yesterday, on the left, the 1st and 2d Divisions of the 14th Corps, and the 1st and 3d Divisions of the 20th Corps being engaged. We

lost three guns, and the rebels held their own. The 15th Corps is in our advance, and Generals Geary and Baird had gone, with two Brigades, each, of their Divisions. "To-morrow," said the officer, "may usher in the day of dreadful things." He came for men to relieve the pickets withdrawn. Our people made several blunders. The pickets did not get to their proper posts until daylight. I lay awake several hours, thinking about the probable contest. Our men are not well prepared—the supply of rations is too small, and we haven't enough ammunition for more than one or two days' big fighting. Soon after day, we moved all the trains into a large, open farm, to the right of Pleasant Union Church, and began entrenching. We hear rumors of the near approach of the enemy, but no tidings from the great battle which was to be. We hear various rumors of yesterday's fight. There is but little cannonading to-day. The work of entrenching went bravely on, until one p. m., when orders came to move on to Goldsboro. We moved slowly, through a three-mile swamp, and, after going about five miles, we camped, in a field of deep sand, near Dick Raynard's Mill, in Wayne county, North Carolina. Rumor says our people hold Goldsboro and Cox's Bridge.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21.—Marched at six, and were preceded by a small baggage train and the 1st Michigan Engineers. Our march was delayed by a miserable man trap, at Falling creek, where we remained an hour or more. The great military problem now begins to unravel, to the delight of every soldier. We come on to General Terry's column from Wilmington. We are coming out of the wilderness, thank God. It is principally the 25th Corps (colored troops) passing. They are splendidly equipped, and march in good order, in marked contrast to Sherman's troops. Some of our people were a little disposed to twit the negroes, but, getting as good as they sent, they soon hush. You can say anything you please to an unarmed negro; but when you commence on a colored soldier, he will "answer a fool according to his folly"—and the fool cannot help himself.

Our men almost universally commend the soldierly appearance of the colored troops.

The 20th Corps trains stop, and go to making hospitals. We are ordered to go on, and report to General Terry, at Cox's Bridge. Cannonading, and continuous roar of musketry, towards Bentonville. We receive the impression that an extensive engagement is going on; but I have no fears of the result. After considerable delay, caused by General Terry's train, which does not understand the art of getting over bad roads, we report to General Terry, who is represented as a model man. We reached Cox's Bridge just at dark, and find that the bridge has been destroyed. A Brigade of colored troops is encamped on this side of the river. We camp in the midst of the rain and darkness. The Pontoniers are called out, and soon have a bridge of twelve boats—two hundred and fifty feet—across the river. There was no hindrance or difficulty encountered, though the enemy was on the other side. The colored troops, not understanding matters, did not send over a force of men to protect our men during the construction of the bridge. Colonel Moore did not name the matter, as he thought some one would suppose that he was afraid to lay the bridge. After the bridge was completed, the colored Brigade crossed. Heavy cannonading continued until late at night—I believe, all night.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22.—Cannonading continued until daylight, and then ceased entirely. We found the timber much cut by shot and shell. The negro troops are fortifying, using paddles, for want of entrenching tools.

We have rumors that the rebels have gone from the front, where the fighting has been. It is also said that our people captured five hundred feet of pontoons.

Our lines beyond the river are extended and strengthened by additional entrenchments. The rebels have a mounted force near; and, by wearing our uniform, they have succeeded in capturing several of our men, when they came upon them. Among these is Baker, a German, who says,

“If all der men in dis Regiment would hang togeder as I do, the officers would have h—1!”

THURSDAY, MARCH 23.—General Order, No. 35, from General Sherman, announcing the defeat of the enemy, was read to the command. It also stated that the campaign was ended. So the 14th and 20th Corps cross the bridges and move on towards Goldsboro. We are to remain here until General Terry re-crosses his troops, when we are to go to Goldsboro. We had more foragers captured to-day.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24.—The early part of the day was dull and drew its weary length heavily along. The 14th and 20th Corps are all over. Nothing seems to be going on. The negro troops are quietly camped within their entrenchments on the other side. Our boys are growing impatient to take up the bridge and be off. During the forenoon there was an occasional musket shot in advance of our lines. About noon there were several distant cannon shots. I went out into the woods, shortly after, to meditate on a sermon that I designed preaching in the evening. There were, by this time, occasional volleys of musketry, and an increase in the cannonading. As the four Corps of Sherman were all gone to Goldsboro, and Schofield's troops had come no nearer, Terry's command of a Division or two was exposed to the onsets of the whole rebel army. General Order No. 35 will not prevent the rebels from making an attack. We are nine miles from Goldsboro. What the rebels are able to do at all, they are able to do before any reinforcements can come up. I would not be surprised at an attack made on us here at any time.

The musketry continued to increase, with an occasional lull. About four o'clock it broke out in great fury, nearer than ever. The rebels opened with their guns from a nearer point. The rebels were operating against our lines, in front of our works. Thus far our guns were silent. The uproar of battle increased, and several shells fell within the works beyond the river. One shot plunged through our works there. Another fell just upon the other bank. Now they

are coming over to our side. Whiz, goes one over the camp. Crash, goes another, amongst the timber, over our heads. Another and another, fly here and there. The shrill assembly calls the 58th Indiana once more into line of battle.

The uproar of battle increases. Some cheers are heard, indicating the earnestness of the combatants. In our camp, there was the usual rattle of ramrods and snapping of caps. The tattered banners were unfurled and men stood ready for action. Louder, nearer came the tide of battle. Couriers and staff officers were hurrying to and fro. Still our cannon were silent. I expected every moment to hear the rebels charge on our entrenchments. Then showers of musket balls would fall about our camp. There is now nobody between us and the rebels, except the colored troops, and six guns, manned by white men. On came the rebels. The auspicious moment had come. Our fine, brass Napoleons are rolled out, and bang! bang! bang! went their reports. This gun makes a most infernal noise. Immediately, the rebels began to draw off. Soon all was silent. All waited for the renewal, and for an assault on the works. But it was not renewed. Perhaps they were making a reconnoissance preparatory to a thorough attack in the morning. Meantime, the busy ax and spades pile up the breastworks, from behind which death is to be meted out to the rebels.

When dark came, the troops were crossed to this side, and we moved about one mile and camped. The bridges were taken up. It was a late hour when all reached camp.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT GOLDSBORO—CLOSE OF A CAMPAIGN FULL OF EXCITING EVENTS—SOME SEVERE FIGHTING—IN COMMUNICATION WITH HOME AND FRIENDS ONCE MORE—PREPARING FOR THE FINAL CAMPAIGN—NEWS OF THE FALL OF RICHMOND—LEE'S SURRENDER—GREAT REJOICING—MOVING ON TOWARD JOHNSON'S ARMY—NOW FOR A COMPLETION OF THE WORK OF CRUSHING THE REBELLION.

AFTER a day of anxiety and excitement, and a night of weary watching, the soldiers were not in the best condition for further duty, on the morning of March 25th. But the orders came to move to Goldsboro, thirteen miles distant, and we were soon on the road. We arrived at our destination about twelve o'clock, and camped to the right of the artillery of the 14th Corps. Here, we met the 23d Corps, who had come around by the way of Wilmington; we had not seen them since leaving Atlanta, and it was a joyous reunion of old friends. Here, also, we received the largest mail that ever came to the Regiment. It is a great satisfaction to be in communication with home and friends once more.

General Sherman issued an order for a general re-organization of the army, preparatory to another campaign, and, as it appears now, the final campaign of the war.

While at Goldsboro our Pontoon train was repaired and recruited. We made new balk and ches, repaired the can-

vas, and received an addition of twenty wagons with twenty sections of bridging. The work of preparation for another campaign was vigorously pushed all along the line. Our orders are, to be ready to march by April 10th.

GOLDSBORO, APRIL 6.—This has been a day of wonderful excitement in camp.

General Sherman, this morning, received several telegrams from Major-General Carl Schurz, and others, at Newbern, stating that Petersburg and Richmond were captured, with five hundred guns and 25,000 prisoners. During almost the entire forenoon this news was being read to the several Regiments. All believe, and each Regiment gives three cheers. Great hilarity and excitement was produced by this news. The noise continued all day. In the evening the bands played the National airs, and at night there was great freedom in the explosion of gun powder. The great question everywhere asked, is, "How long do you think the war will last now?" There are different opinions on this question. I indulge a hope that by the time the leaves fall, next autumn, the slaveholders' rebellion will be over.

FRIDAY, APRIL 7.—We have received no confirmation of the capture of Richmond, to-day, but we still believe it to be true. Our Pontoon train was strengthened by the addition of ten boats, of the Tennessee pattern, with twenty feet of material, for each boat. We also got ten pontoon wagons. In addition to this we received twenty new army wagons, with six mules, and everything complete. This, with the six hundred feet of balk and chess—six hundred feet of bridge—which our people have cut, and now have in the kiln drying, and the various repairs going on, will add much to our train when next we "go forth to glorious war."

SATURDAY, APRIL 8.—Received orders to march next Monday. News of the capture of Richmond is confirmed to-day, by the appearance of an "extra" of a Goldsboro paper. It creates the wildest excitement in camp. The following is a reproduction of the paper:

Extra!

By Telegraph
FROM NEWBERN

GLORY!

RICHMOND

AND

PETERSBURG
ARE OURS.

25,000
PRISONERS

AND

500 GUNS.

NEWBERN, April 6, 1865.

Major-General SHERMAN:

Richmond was occupied by Gen. Wietzel, at 9 o'clock, on Monday morning.

Gen. Grant took Petersburg the night previous.

I have just arrived from Washington.

CARL SHURTZ, Major General.

NEWBERN, April 6, 1865.

Major-General SHERMAN:

I have just arrived from Roanoke Island. Norfolk papers state that Richmond and Petersburg are ours. We took 25,000 prisoners and 500 guns. That Lee is marching toward Danville.

Gen. Schurtz corroborates this entire statement, having left Fortress Monroe after it was accomplished.

Gen. Schurtz goes to Goldsboro on the first train.

Our forces marched into Richmond on Monday.

Gen. Hill was killed.

Gen. — is in our hands a prisoner.

Gens. Grant and Sheridan are following Lee.

T. T. STARKWEATHER,
Capt. and A. Q. M.

NEWBERN, April 6, 1865.

Major-General SHERMAN:

The boat is just in from Roanoke Island, and brings information that both Richmond and Petersburg have fallen, and that Gen. Grant has taken 25,000 prisoners and 500 guns.

W. W. WRIGHT, Col.,
Chief Eng. and Gen. Supt. M. R. R.

We attempted to hold religious services in the evening, but the shooting and shouting over the fall of Richmond was such that we could hardly hear our own songs. There was reason in this rejoicing, and it was music in our ears. After our meeting the noise increased in every direction. Rockets were sent up, cheers were given, anvils were fired, canteens were bursted, muskets were discharged, and everybody shouted himself hoarse. It was a beautiful night. It was a great and glorious time, and it did not cease until the jubilant soldiers had utterly exhausted themselves.

MONDAY, APRIL 10.—Marched out of camp at seven. There is always an unusual amount of labor to march after



REV. ABNER M. BRYANT,*
Company A.

remaining for a time in camp. We accumulate many new things, from most of which we must part. There is always no small amount of fussing and fuming. Morgan had the advance, Baird followed, and our train came next. The 20th Corps moves on the river road toward Smithfield. The 14th Corps, followed by all the baggage, moves on the next right hand road.

Several officers of our Regiment, whose time has expired, were mustered out March 28th. Among these, were Captain Smith, of Company B; Captain Evans, of Company G;

* Started in with his Company at Camp Gibson and remained his full three years with the Regiment, serving as Quartermaster-Sergeant during the latter part of his term. After leaving the army he returned to Indiana, and was, for several years, engaged in teaching, while completing his studies for the ministry. Moving to Nebraska, he continued his work in the same line. He served a term as State Senator, of Nebraska, and made an honorable record. Later, he moved to Oregon, where he has been preaching and lecturing for several years. His home is now in Falls City, Oregon.

Lieutenants Wood and Harper, of Company I, and Captain Tousey, of Company D. These all started for their homes April 2d, accompanied by Lieutenant Jacob Davis, of Company B, who goes on a thirty days' leave.

My first term of three years' service expired March 5th, and on March 29th I was remustered into the service for the unexpired term of my Regiment; so now I may properly style myself a veteran.

By mistake, we began moving before Baird. After getting a part of our train over the little run in front of our camp, it was cut in two by Baird going ahead. We had nearly a half day's delay before we were assigned to a place in the column. Headquarter train for the Army of Georgia came by us with splendid teams, newly equipped, and wagons lettered on the covers, "Headquarters Army of Georgia." It is only since coming to Goldsboro that the left wing has come to the full dignity of an army, with all the departments represented. A number of hospital trains came by, glittering in new "rig." The 1st Division, of the 14th Corps, whom we found with guns stacked by the roadside, moved off also in our advance, except a rear guard. They have a new commander, General Carlin having resigned. His successor is General Walcott, whom I saw for the first time, to-day. He is neatly dressed and makes an excellent appearance on first sight. This Division is better supplied than I ever saw it before. The men seem to have been supplied with everything they needed or desired. When they marched off, the ground was covered with their old garments, and some new ones. I saw General Green, an old man. He has taken command of a Brigade in the 14th Corps.

At eleven a. m. we found a place—far in the rear of the one assigned us, yet, still in front of many trains. It is a matter of great importance to get near the head of the column; then we pass over the roads before they are cut up, and get into camp in good season. The rear trains have reveille just as early, and often travel until a late hour of the

night, sometimes all night. If the pontoon is far in the rear, and a bridge is to be made, it is cursed for not being up.

We began the march by crossing Little River on a trestle bridge, made by our people some time since. It is about fifty feet wide and its banks are set with a growth of such trees as marks a fertile soil. Amongst them is the beach, an old friend and favorite of my boyhood days.

Heard cannonading in front before leaving Goldsboro. Heavy musketry skirmishing heard several times during the day. We had several men killed. With some, there is an impression that Johnson will give battle at Smithfield. If he does, Sherman will accept it immediately. The rebels knew that our army was going to advance to-day. Wade Hampton so informed a citizen, a few days since, and the citizen told Dr. Holtzman, to-day.

I should say in general terms that our entire army is better equipped than ever before. Supplies have been poured upon us with Potomac profusion. We are better off than when we began the Atlanta, Savannah or Goldsboro campaigns. The men are in better health and spirits than ever before. The army has been largely augmented, not only by the addition of the 10th and 23d Corps, but new Regiments and detachments have been added to the old organizations. Captain Remington, Quartermaster of the 14th Corps, told me that the 14th must be three thousand stronger than when leaving Savannah. The Army of the Tennessee is marching on our right. About the Army of North Carolina, I am not informed. The 23d Corps is at Goldsboro, and has marching orders for noon. The 10th Corps is not there, and has not been, so far as I know.

There has been quite a moral reformation in the army during our stay at Goldsboro. Many soldiers have been converted. Could we have remained a while longer, I believe God would have given us a glorious revival in Sherman's army.

Camped, before dark, near Boon Hill, after marching twelve miles. We killed a hog in camp and had fresh pork for supper. The army train was coming in nearly all night.

TUESDAY, APRIL 11.—Marched past Walcott's Division, in camp, at daylight, this morning. There was skirmishing at that time. Came up with rear of Baird's Division, moving out of camp. He is moving past Morgan and is to take the advance. As we are to reach the Neuse at Smithfield, to-day, the Pontoon train should have followed the advance Division. But there is no such wisdom in the 14th Corps. Morgan closed in after Baird, and then we follow. While we lay here Major-General Blair, commanding the 17th Corps, rode up, followed by a dashing staff. An officer inquired what troops were passing on this road. When informed that it was the 14th Corps, the General dispatches an orderly to turn his own column in on a left hand road.

We reached Smithfield at 4:30. We found the town and vicinity occupied by Baird's Division, and the advance of the 20th Corps. General Sherman's quarters were being put up at the court house, and General Slocum's were already up at the Methodist Church.

The village is surrounded for a little distance by a tract of fertile land. The streets are wide. The walks are nicely shaded by elms and hackberry. The latter are the most beautiful specimens of this tree I have ever seen. There is an indescribable beauty about the young green leaves, just coming out. All the houses in the town are wooden except two—the jail and court house. The population once, must have amounted to seven or eight hundred. Most of the houses are now deserted. Many of them have long been. The doors are open and the window glass broken. There are several churches and school houses. But the glory of Smithfield has departed, and that, too, before the war.

I notice with pleasure, yesterday and to-day, that bumming has decreased. I have seen no houses burning. The rebels destroyed the bridge at this place, to-day. They began leaving these parts yesterday.

The river is from fifty to sixty yards wide. Our people began laying a bridge and completed it within an hour. This one is above the old bridge, and just at the end of the street above the Methodist Church. Another was laid below the old bridge. A Brigade or two passed over about dark.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12.—This has been a morning of most wonderful excitement and enthusiasm. I was awakened by loud cheers, and many bands, playing in all directions. A dispatch is being read to each Regiment, from General Sherman, announcing the capture of Lee's entire army by General Grant.* The dispatch is official, and there can be no doubt. The soldiers are intensely pleased, and have stronger hopes of an early peace than ever. During the entire forenoon this dispatch was being read to the Regiments as they came up. Such a serenade of bands Smithfield never had before, and never will have again. In all the streets and from all directions comes the swelling strains. The troops move rapidly over the Neuse—the 14th Corps at the lower bridge. The design is to push on towards Raleigh and bring Johnson to an engagement, if possible. Sherman is confident, this morning, of being able to capture him and his entire army.

We spend the day in camp, at Smithfield, awaiting further orders. The trains stick in the swamps and come in slowly. None but the Army of Georgia is crossing here.

We yesterday passed a house where there had been skirmishing. The woman declared that the shooting almost scared her to death. "Was it infantry or cavalry?"

*[Special Field Order, No. 54.]

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI,)
IN THE FIELD, SMITHFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA, April 12, 1865.)

The General commanding announces to the army that he has official notice from General Grant that General Lee surrendered to him his entire army, on the 9th inst., at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia.

Glory to God and our country, and all honor to our comrades in arms, toward whom we are marching.

A little more labor, a little more toil on our part, the great race is won, and our Government stands regenerated, after four long years of war.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General commanding.

inquired some one. "Oh no, nothing but 'peekits,'" said the old lady.

I took a walk about the town. The Masonic and Odd Fellows' Halls have been rifled. In the latter there is a skeleton, in a coffin. Saw an old dismantled gun lying near the river bank. It must date back to as early as the Revolution. I found none who could tell its history, except that it was brought from Newbern, to fire on gala days. At the court house I noticed the shelves, in the offices, are emptied of their contents on the floor. The archives of Johnson county lie in confusion amongst the dirt. Many of the documents date back to the old colonial times, when



JOHN W. EMMERSON,*
Lieutenant Co. F.

legal proceedings were done in the King's name. The churches are open, and the books scattered about the pews. At the graveyard I noticed the graves of a number of rebels, bearing ominous dates—about the time of the Bentonville fight. In the same yard there is blood, seemingly where one of our soldiers was killed yesterday.

A crowd of men, women and children came in to make application for guards, and most of the applicants were accommodated. The 58th Indiana is the only Regiment remaining here.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13.—The remainder of the trains of the Army of Georgia crosses this morning. We still remain, expecting some part of the Army of North Carolina. But it does not come; rumor says it is crossing above, and crossing below, etc.

In the evening we had meeting at the Methodist Church. It was not announced until just at the hour for meeting, yet

* Was mustered in with his Company and remained with it until the muster out. Was promoted to Second Lieutenant of the Company in 1865. A false report of his death, at Shiloh, reached his friends and a nice coffin was sent to bring the body home. [See page 72.] But he got home in better shape after the hostilities were ended, and still lives to enjoy the fruits of the victory, on his farm near Owensville, Ind.

the soldiers came flocking in, until the house was full. Two or three ladies were present. I ascended the high pulpit, and, sweating, preached earnestly to the people. The soldiers sang with a will. We had a good meeting, and hope for a revival.

FRIDAY, APRIL 14.—While returning from a walk, I noticed that the men were rolling up their tents and blankets, and soon learned that marching orders had been received. General Slocum writes, from Raleigh, to Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, to leave one bridge and a sufficient guard, and come on to Raleigh, with the surplus material, then follow the 20th Corps to Cape Fear river, by way of Jones' cross-roads. It was 9:30 when we marched. Companies B and G remain behind, with Captain McDonald commanding them. I hardly expect to see them any more during the war. If the army moves on, and they remain here, we will be in different departments.

We marched out on the right-hand road. The way was much improved by the sun, since the rear of the train passed, yesterday. We came to the railroad, about one mile from Clayton, where we met Captain Smith, of General Davis' staff, with a mounted escort. He had been sent by General Sherman to conduct the train, by a direct road, to Jones' cross-roads. This point is west of Raleigh, and a little north of west from Clayton, and it is, therefore, out of the way to go by Raleigh. We moved by a road, over which no army had ever passed, in a southwest direction, for about seven miles. The country was rolling, and the people had corn, fodder and bacon. The men "helped themselves," to use an army expression. Captain Smith made diligent inquiry for Jones' cross-roads; but nobody had ever heard of it, and he pronounced them all fools. It seemed strange to me that we were moving southwest in search of a place that is north of west. But I was not much exercised for a time. We crossed Little and Swift creeks, at the latter of which we found a most beautiful camping place. It was near night, but as Colonel Moore hoped to camp with General Davis, at

Jones' cross-roads, he moved on. We now came into a plainer road, but still going in the same direction, and came out on a Raleigh road, running east and west. Here the command stopped. Captain Smith had been making inquiry about Jones' cross-roads, but no one could give him any information. He came back, swearing and blustering, and began to look at the map, as wisely as the learned hog at the spelling book. The question was, which end of the road shall we take? He evidently had no idea of the points of the compass. Just think of moving southwest for north of west, and then debating whether to turn east or west! When he arose to mount his horse, all mystery vanished, for he flourished a bottle of whisky, calling, with language most profane, on those about him to drink. The rear of the 10th Corps had just gone west on this road, and we follow, our whisky bottle dashing here and there. Being a little interested, I rode ahead about a mile and a half, and found a northwest road that led to Holly Springs, and I thought must lead to Jones' cross-roads. This is the right direction. No attention is paid to the discoveries of a sober man. Our whisky bottle, dashing about in the woods, turned the train out into a blind path, about three-fourths of a mile before coming to the Holly Springs road. This road turned south of southwest, and led through a swamp. It was now dark, and the men had to go to corduroying. After traveling about a mile, we came to another east and west road, on which we traveled west. Here we found marks of troops having passed to-day. A short distance brought us to the main Wilmington and Raleigh road, running north and south. We were near Mr. Moore's, on Middle creek. It was about eight o'clock, and we went into camp. We are entirely out of the lines of our army. The rebels captured a train near here this afternoon. The men have the remains of forty rounds each, but we are not very well prepared to defend ourselves. After a journey of twenty miles, we are only ten miles from Smithfield. After traveling twenty miles, we are only five miles nearer Raleigh. We are

twenty miles southwest of the capital. Such is the result of following a bottle of whisky in search of Jones' cross-roads. And yet they tell us that whisky is a very good thing. The "vulgah" soldiers might abuse its use, but "refined" staff officers need their spirits exhilarated, by its electrifying effects. We are at least twenty-five miles from Jones' cross-roads to-night. We are in Johnson county, while our guide imagines that we are in Wake county. Whisky drinking is a great curse in the army, as it is everywhere else.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15.—This morning I was speaking of the folly of following a bottle of whisky about through the counties of Johnson and Wake, when, turning my head, Captain Smith came riding up. I hope he heard me. I meant *him*. We soon came to where the rebs had burned the wagons captured yesterday. They were loaded with supplies. We saw the remains of eight. The rebels had turned them around.



R. M. MUNFORD,*
Company D.

We pass by the end of the Holly Springs road, referred to yesterday. We go about two miles on the Raleigh road, to which we first came late yesterday afternoon. We now begin to find people who are posted about Jones' cross-roads. We leave the main Raleigh road and go west to Shiloh Church. This is a General Baptist Church. It is an unpainted frame building. There are two houses near, in one of which is a woman about to be delivered of a child. Stirring times, these, for one's birth. From Shiloh we

* Began his services with the Regiment at Camp Gibson. Was made Hospital Steward soon after the Regiment went to the field, and served as such until the early part of 1863, when he was discharged. In the beginning of the Stone River fight he was captured, with the Regimental hospital, and taken to Murfreesboro, where he remained a prisoner during the battle. He was, however, permitted to minister to the wants of our wounded who fell into rebel hands, and thus was able to render efficient service to our cause, though a prisoner. Since his army service, he has been farming, near Princeton, Ind., where he still resides.

march southwest to the Holly Springs road, referred to yesterday and this morning. We have gone more than four miles this morning, but we are only three from our camp last night. "When the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch."

During the day we met several men in blue and several detachments, whom I afterwards concluded to be rebels. One man said he belonged to the 20th Corps, which is nowhere in these parts. The others claimed to belong to the 10th Corps, but were not disposed to go towards it.

They could not tell where it was, nor when they left it. One squad was rather overdoing the "Yankee forage party." An officer with an umbrella commanded. The men were straggling along. They had a cart and several negroes. But in two respects they failed — they looked green, and had no forage. One little squad met in the woods were much alarmed. But they were all permitted to pass on.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM DAVIS,*
Company A.

In the midst of these "wanderings through the wilderness," three Orderlies came, bringing a dispatch to Colonel Moore, to come on to Holly Springs by the shortest and best route, without regard to Jones' cross-roads, and then to follow on to Avent's Ferry, on Cape Fear river. The

* Was mustered as 1st Lieutenant of the Company October 9, 1861, promoted Captain June 21, 1862. He was severely wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, on account of which he was honorably discharged May 23, 1864. He returned to his farm in Gibson county, and remained for several years. He then removed with his family to Nebraska, where he died a few years after. He was a brave man, a faithful soldier, and an honored and upright citizen.

Orderlies also brought the rumor that Johnson had surrendered to Sheridan, and all our army was halted. Our men are disposed to believe this, as they commonly are, what they want to. Some reflections are cast on Johnson for surrendering to Sheridan. Some one had heard that Johnson said in Raleigh that he would never surrender to Sherman.

In the midst of these rumors and confabs, dark came upon us, with the front at Mr. Wiley Carrol's, four miles from Jones' cross-roads. Wiley, burning with martial ardor, went off to the big wars, and last August lost an arm at Petersburg. We camp on his little farm, burn his rails, eat his chickens, and make ourselves at home, generally. Poor Wiley; how can he restore the rails, with only one arm and no negroes! Truly, in the South, "this is the rich man's war and the poor man's fight."

In our march of the 16th we came to a sign board that said, "Smithfield, 22 miles." We had traveled forty-five miles. The sign board lies; it should say about thirty. We came about fifteen miles out of the way. We did not make much by the "short cut." It would have been better to have come by Raleigh, than to have wandered as we did.

A mile farther of good roads brought us to our goal—Jones' cross-roads. One dwelling house, with two women on the porch, attest the reality of our having reached the long desired haven. The Colonel, believing the story of Johnson's surrender, and anticipating peace in a few days, was storming at the soldiers for going into houses and yards. At Jones' cross-roads, his better nature so far prevailed as to cause him, on the suggestion of Major Downey, to have a dead horse, lying at the gate, hauled off. Surely something is going to happen. We continue to hear of the surrender of Johnson. Most of the Regiment believe it; I do not, because we have nothing but rumors.

We now turn southwest and go to Holly Springs, about two miles from Jones' cross-roads. It contains a number of wooden houses for dwellings, and a church and school

house. Most of the people are at home. The village receives its name from a spring below the church.

Here, we overtook the train of the 14th Corps, which is moving on towards Cape Fear river. The troops are encamped on ahead. The belief is general that Johnson has surrendered. No dispatch has been sent around to the troops, but many reasons are given by those who hold to this faith.

After remaining at Holly Springs long enough for the 14th train to get out of sight, and our mules to eat and drink, we move on. We pass Baird's Division in camp. They believe that Johnson has surrendered.

We pass through a rolling country, medium in fertility. At one place we could see the hills "far away," beyond the river. We saw several citizens at home. All thought the war about over, and seemed glad thereof. The army is doing less damage to the country than common.

We come to White Oak creek; just beyond is General Davis' headquarters. Passing by these we camp, a mile from the creek. We march sixteen miles and camp, just before dark, in a grassy field. It is Sabbath evening and singing can be heard in some of the camps.

We expected to remain for several days, as the army seems to be halted, but orders came to go on down to Avent's Ferry and lay a bridge, so we moved out early on the morning of the 17th. Afterwards the order for making the bridge is countermanded, but the march is continued. We find General Morgan camped at Avent's Ferry. His Adjutant-General tells us that Johnson has surrendered to Sheridan. "It shows a mean principle in him," said the Assistant Adjutant-General, with an oath. He appeared much disgusted with Johnson for not surrendering to Sherman. When Dr. Holtzman began to ask how he got the news, where Johnson surrendered, etc., we all saw that he knew no more about it than we did.

Cape Fear river is much wider here than at Fayetteville. There is evidence of the rebels having had two pontoons

here at some period recently. We camp in a wheat field, just upon the river bank. Our Generals are clearly at a stand. The army must wait until "something turns up."

TUESDAY, APRIL 18.—I spent this morning in writing, bathing and resting. After dinner I lay down for a short sleep. Lieutenant McMahan came into the tent and told me that President Lincoln had been assassinated at a theater in Washington. He said that there could be but little doubt of the truth of the statement, for it came directly from General Morgan's headquarters. I was shocked—thunderstruck.



HENRY HUDSON PHILLIPS,*
Company A.

Have we come to this? Then there is no additional step in degradation and shame for our nation to take. We are undone, and eternally disgraced. What better are we than Mexico? But it cannot be. Too many earnest prayers are offered up for the life of Abraham Lincoln; his life is precious at this time, and he is the purest and ablest President we have ever had. I do not believe the report, simply because I do not think God would let

him die at this time. Late in the day it became certain that a dispatch was being read to the troops, that the President was dead. I was compelled to yield a reluctant belief. The story of Johnson's surrender, lacking all shape or confirmation, is now generally rejected.

* Born March 7, 1837; died April 17, 1880. Served three years with his Company, following the Regiment in all its campaigns from '62 to '65. After leaving the army, he returned to his occupation as a farmer, which he followed until his death. He was a faithful soldier, and an honorable, upright citizen.

The assassination of President Lincoln makes a deep impression upon the soldiers, who speak of him with profound reverence, and swear vengeance on all rebels. Regiments are already speaking of inscribing "Lincoln Revengers" on their banners.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19.—All doubts in reference to the death of the President were put to rest by the reading of the following to the Regiment :

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }
 IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C., April 17, 1865. }
 SPECIAL FIELD ORDER, }
 No. 51. }

The General commanding announces, with pain and sorrow, that on the evening of the 14th inst., at the theatre, in Washington City, His Excellency, the President of the United States, Mr. Lincoln, was assassinated, by one who uttered the State motto of Virginia.

At the same time, the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, whilst suffering from a broken arm, was also stabbed by another murderer, in his own house, but still survives; and his son was wounded, supposed fatally. It is believed by persons capable of judging that other high officers were designed the same fate. Thus it seems that our enemy, despairing of meeting us in open, manly warfare, begins to resort to the assassin's tools.

Your General does not wish you to infer that this is universal, for he knows that the great mass of the Confederate army would scorn to sanction such acts, but he believes it the legitimate consequence of rebellion against rightful authority. We have met every phase which this war has assumed, and must now be prepared for it in its last and worst shape—that of assassins and guerrillas. But woe unto the people who seek to expend their wild passions in such a manner, for there is but one dread result.

By order of Major-General W. T. Sherman.

Signed: L. M. DAYTON,
 Assistant Adjutant-General.

OFFICIAL:

ROBERT P. DECKERD,
 Assistant Adjutant-General.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20.—During the forenoon an order was read from General Sherman, stating that an armistice had been agreed upon between himself and Johnson, and that something of the nature of a peace had been concluded, which if ratified, we might go home in a few days. In the meantime, a line is announced between the two armies, and the armies go into permanent camp. I will get a copy of this order, if I can.

A great deal of harm could now be done, by giving terms to the rebels. I do not care how much mercy is extended to them, but any other concessions would only smother the fires of civil war. It is now within our power to end this war by a very short campaign. I hope, therefore, that no favors will be granted. If we reinstate these rebels, in all their property and former civil rights, and leave the negroes out in the cold, there can be no peace. God will not permit it. The oppressed must go free; they must not be sent empty away; they must have schools and churches, houses and lands; they must, in proper time, be admitted to all the privileges accorded to white men. Then we may hope for Heaven's blessings, but until then, never. Hostilities may, and will stop short of this, but the land will not, and should not have any quiet until all these things are accomplished. I fear this cry of peace. I fear concessions to rebels in arms. The Nation now has peace within its grasp. I am afraid it is about to drop it for the shadow.

We had drill, forenoon and afternoon. In the evening, I preached on "Strength in Weakness." II Cor. xii, 10. The congregation was large and attentive.

We expect to move back in the morning and encamp, and await peace negotiations. General Morgan goes to Holly Springs.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.—Got ready to march before orders came. Morgan's Division moves off early and we follow soon after. Many citizens come in, seeking mules and horses, and they get many. All of the citizens think the war over. We have orders against foraging, except for horse feed. Marched three miles and camped near White Oak creek, in Chatham county. Put up nice quarters to await peace.

We receive no late papers. We have more rumors than ever before. The death of President Lincoln is confirmed. There is a universal distrust of Andrew Johnson—friends and foes are agreed. I confess that my confidence in him is far from strong. We are all greatly in the dark, away

out here, twenty-six miles from anywhere. We go from one to another, asking: "What's the news?" "Do you think the war is over?" "Do you think Lincoln is dead?"

SUNDAY, APRIL 23.—We have had nothing of a general or exciting nature in camp, to-day. We have had no news from Sherman's and Johnston's peace agreement. We are ignorant of what the terms are. There is a general impression that the war is over. I am much exercised lest our usual tomfoolery will ruin us at this critical moment. We received a mail this afternoon. In one of the papers we read that the negro guard in front of Mrs. General Lee's residence is replaced by a white man, out of respect for her feelings. Also, that the negro troops at Richmond were not reviewed with the white soldiers, recently, for fear, I suppose, of offending white rebels. There is a call for the leading rebels of the State of Virginia to come to Richmond and set up shop again. Think of the Almighty sending for the devil to reorganize Heaven. A special train is sent to Burksville for General Grant and staff and General Lee and staff. Wonder if some people won't want to give Lee a public reception in the North. There are down-trodden Union people in all the seceded states. Into their hands let the power be given. If there are whites let them run the civil government until the blacks go to school and get ready to help them. Where there are no loyal white people let the blacks try it. A loyal negro is better than a Caucasian rebel. The day is fast dawning when men will vote without regard to color. To this end education should be disseminated amongst all the people.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CLOSING EVENTS OF THE WAR—JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER—
PEACE DECLARED—ON OUR HOMEWARD JOURNEY—
RALEIGH—RICHMOND—BULL RUN—ALEXANDRIA—
WASHINGTON—THE GREAT MILITARY REVIEW—
FAREWELL TO THE PONTOON TRAIN—ON TO LOUIS-
VILLE—IMPATIENTLY WAITING THE ORDER TO GO
• HOME—AT THE DEDICATION OF THE REGIMENTAL
MONUMENT—MUSTERED OUT—HOME AGAIN.

ORDERS came for us to march this morning (April 25th) greatly to my surprise. We were accordingly up before day, and by six were ready and marching. There were, at first, many surmises as to the direction we were going—whether to the rear, to be mustered out, at Harper's Ferry, or to the front to fight Joe Johnston. All this was quieted when we moved towards Avent's Ferry once more. Then began earnestly the discussion, "what does this mean?" Generally, it was admitted that it meant more war. The prevailing rumor was, that President Johnson had declined to approve Sherman's and Johnston's peace propositions. I am much pleased this morning. I am anxious to get home, but I have been much exercised at the prevalent disposition, seen of late, to smother up matters. I care not how much mercy is extended to men after they are caught, but the turning loose of Lee's army, by pre-agreement, was folly. Permitting his officers to keep their horses, and sell them to our men, is an outrage. Many of these horses were captured from our people. The rebels never favor our officers in this manner. There is too much talk about pardoning Jeff Davis.

They say "catching comes before hanging," so ought pardoning. Better catch him, first; try, condemn, and sentence him, then he is ready for pardon or hanging, as may then be thought best.

We laid a bridge across Cape Fear river, and troops and trains were crossing by the evening of April 26th. In the afternoon of the 27th orders came to move back to our old camp at White Oak creek, preparatory to the concentration of our train at Raleigh. During our March to that place

we learned, definitely, that Johnston had surrendered to Sherman. We also read, for the first time, of the terms first made by Sherman and rejected by Secretary of War Stanton. I am glad that these proposed terms were repudiated. It would have been the culmination of disgraceful blunders on the part of our Government. There has been a change of sentiment in regard to the treatment



CAPTAIN J. E. VOORHEES,*
Company E.

of rebels. The people who were in favor of pardoning everybody engaged in rebellion a few days ago, are now in favor of hanging them. I hope public opinion will settle down to a happy medium—let us have mercy, tempered with justice.

There have been very strict orders issued against foraging, and the occupation of "Sherman's bummers" is gone.

* Was mustered as Second Lieutenant, Company E, at the organization of the Regiment. Promoted to First Lieutenant May 31, 1862; to Captain June 2, 1863, and was mustered out November 11, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service. He returned to his home in Terre Haute where he engaged in business as contractor on public works of various kinds. He is still engaged in this business in connection with his son, and seems to be prospering.

One of these was heard to remark, on hearing a rooster crow, "Oh yes, you can crow in our faces now, you know Uncle Billy has prohibited foraging."

SATURDAY, APRIL 29.—We reached Raleigh and camped near town, waiting orders to start on our homeward march, via Richmond. These were orders for which we had waited and wished for more than three years, and we are now near the consummation of our wish. The war is now over and we are to start for home in a few days. Peace, glorious peace is to resume its place in our country.

In the afternoon orders came to divide the Pontoon train, one-half to go with the 20th Corps, the other to go with the 14th. Captain McDonald joined us in the evening, with Companies B and G, which we had left at Smithfield.

All day, Sunday, April 30th, troops were passing through Raleigh, with banners flying and sounds of martial music. It was a grand sight.

I follow the right wing of the Pontoon train, which is with the 20th Corps. We are well up in the advance and march rapidly until we reach Dickenson bridge, on Tar river. We meet many soldiers of Lee's army, making their way homeward. They are completely whipped, and some of them did not appear to be sorry of it. We are all glad the war is over.

We started early on the morning of May 3d, and, after a hurried march, reached Taylor's Ferry by nine o'clock. On the way we crossed the State line and entered Virginia, the ninth State in which our Regiment has been. At this place we come to the Roanoke, and bridge it; the width is six hundred and seventy-five feet. Over this, the 20th Corps begin to cross. This is a fine stream and a nice place to camp, but we do not stop here long. We press on, passing through Boydtown, thence on to Greensboro, in Mecklinburg county, and, after a march of twenty-eight miles we go into camp, at eight o'clock p. m. It is the general talk that there is a race between the 14th Corps and the 20th

Corps to gain the advance at Richmond. Hence, our hurried marching.

In our march of May 4th we came to the falls of Nottoway river, covering a distance of thirty miles by ten o'clock p. m. Here we came to a camp of part of the gallant 6th Corps, of the Army of the Potomac, from whom we received some of the latest papers and much courtesy. After another hard march on the 5th we reached the Appomattox, late in the night. But General Davis had learned that the 20th Corps were taking their time, and were far in the rear, so he did not order a bridge laid that night; we were permitted to rest.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 6.—We were out early, and soon came to Goode's bridge crossing, where it was necessary to lay a bridge. It was here that General Lee crossed his army when on his recent retreat from Richmond. We soon had the bridge completed, and troops began to cross; while we go into camp.

About nine o'clock, May 7th, we take up our march, following the other troops, some distance in our advance. After a march of twenty miles we came to Falling creek, ten miles from Richmond. Next morning we came on to the city and found a camping place, two miles out, at Branch Church.

Here, we remain until the 11th, when we move on, crossing the James river on pontoons. There was a fine display of military, as Sherman's army went marching through Richmond. We had a chance to see but little of this famous old city, as we did not stop. There were evidences on every hand of the demoralization and destruction of war.

Our march from Richmond was by way of Hanover C. H. to Littlepage's bridge, on the Pamunky river. A severe storm of rain came upon us late in the evening. In the midst of this we were called to the river crossing, where a bridge was to be laid. Our boys worked in the rain and mud until late at night, to complete their task, but the troops did not begin crossing until next morning.

On the 13th we passed Concord Church, where Meade's army had camped a few days ago. Went into camp near Mt. Carmel Church, about nine o'clock p. m., having marched twenty-five miles.

Next day we move in rear of Walcott's Division and leave the great battlefields of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania C. H. on the right. We cross the 20th Corps at Childsboro.

On the 16th our column crosses the Rapidan at Raccoon Ford, the men and horses wading the stream. In the afternoon of the same day we cross the Rappahannock, in the same style.



ANDREW M'MASTER,*
Company A.

On Thursday, May 18, we came to Kettle Run, camping near the famous Bull Run battle ground. Here is where the first great battle of the war was fought, and it was a point of much interest to us. Bull Run is a very insignificant stream, but it is very famous. We stopped for dinner at Centerville. Passing through Fairfax C. H., and other places of inter-

est, we found a camping place, ten miles from Alexandria. Next day we moved to within three miles of the town and halted. We camp in a low, swampy place, but such are about the only kind of places to be found hereabouts.

* Was mustered in as private in Camp Gibson. Served as Orderly at Regimental headquarters for some time. In 1864 he re-enlisted, and in 1865 was promoted to Sergeant-Major of the Regiment and was mustered out as such, July 25, 1865. Returning to his home at Princeton he learned the blacksmith's trade. After this, he removed to Portland, Oregon, and engaged in business, in which he has been quite successful. He still resides in Portland, and from that distant port sends kindest greetings to his old comrades of the 58th.

The great event of our stay here was the Grand Review of the army in Washington. On May 22d it was my good fortune to witness the review of General Grant's Army of the Potomac. In company with Dr. Holtzman, I got to Pennsylvania Avenue, just as General Sheridan's magnificent Cavalry Division began to pass in review. We took our stand near the Treasury building and witnessed the grandest military display the world ever saw. It was worth all our toilsome march through Georgia and the Carolinas to see this sight.

On the 24th this grand spectacle was repeated, with General Sherman's grand army as the actors.

On the 26th, our Regiment moved camp, to a place near Mt. Olivet cemetery, in the suburbs of Washington. We moved to Alexandria, and, in passing through that town, gave the spectators a review of our Pontoon train. We then moved up the Potomac, and crossed over the Long bridge. Marched past the Smithsonian Institute to Pennsylvania avenue, thence east, passing around the Capitol, and on to the hill opposite Mt. Olivet, where we found a beautiful camping place. Here we are to remain for a few days, and the boys improve the time in sight seeing. There are many places of interest about Washington, and every place is thronged with soldiers. It is easy to distinguish the soldiers of Sherman's army from those of the Eastern army. The Western soldier is, as a rule, taller, and not so careful in his apparel, as is the one from the East. There is also manifested more of a free and independent air in the Western soldier. But there is no difference in the fighting qualities of the two.

May 31st we turned over to the Government our famous Pontoon train. We bade farewell to our mules and wagons, without a tear. On the 6th of June we moved our camp, to a place near Glenwood cemetery, where we were assigned to 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 14th Corps. On the 9th of June we took up our line of march to the Baltimore and Ohio depot, where we boarded the cars for our homeward

trip. The accommodations are not first-class, but the boys are patient and cheerful. Along the route the people greet our train with cheers, and waving of flags and handkerchiefs. The demonstrations of joy are more apparent in West Virginia. At every station there is a great crowd of men, women and children, who greet us with wild delight.

On the evening of June 11 we reached Parkersburg, where we disembarked, and went into camp. We were to take a boat here for Louisville. Next morning we all go on board the steamer *Commercial*, and are soon on our way down the



LIEUTENANT ZACK JONES,*
Company H.

Ohio. It is a delightful change from box cars to this elegant steamer, and the boys duly appreciate it. But there is one element of uncertainty that makes our happiness incomplete. There is talk of sending part of the army to Texas, and we are uncertain whether we are of that part. The boys contend that the war is over, and the term of their enlistment has expired, and I think they are right. If there are still some fragments of the rebel army in Texas, there are enough soldiers in the regular army to attend to them.

All doubts and apprehensions were, in a measure, relieved, when it was learned that Louisville was to be the end of our

* Was mustered as First Sergeant of Company H, December 16, 1861. Promoted to Second Lieutenant June 17, 1862, to First Lieutenant November 7, 1862, and was mustered out by reason of expiration of term, June 20, 1865. He served part of the time as aid-de-camp on the staff of Colonel Buell, commanding the Brigade, and was also, for a time, on the staff of General Harker. He was on that duty at the time of the bloody charge on Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864, and was by the side of the gallant Harker when he fell mortally wounded. Since the war he has been engaged in business in Washington, Ind., and seems to be prospering.

journey. We arrived at that place after night, June 13, and remained on the boat until next morning.

After breakfast, on the 14th, we went ashore. We marched up 4th street to Main, down Main to 5th street. Here we met the 100th Illinois, with music and banners, marching to the Jeffersonville ferry, on their way home. Three years ago we made their acquaintance at this place. They had just entered the service then, and were assigned to our Brigade. Now they are going home, while we still remain.

After marching about, this way and that, for the greater part of the day we finally went into camp, near the Brunersburg pike, four miles and a half from Louisville. We remained here for about ten days. During that time the paymaster visited us. Several of the officers and men were granted furloughs, and we were visited by several friends from Indiana. But there was still a growing dissatisfaction in camp, on account of the seeming indifference of the officers in command, as to our muster out. I was charged with having encouraged this feeling of discontent among the soldiers and was called to General Buell's headquarters to make an explanation. I informed him that the reports were false, and that instead of lending encouragement to this feeling, I was rather using my influence to prevent any outbreak among the soldiers. But, at the same time, I will not be a party to holding these soldiers longer than their services are needed, and I think that time has passed now. I plainly told General Buell this, but assured him that I will discourage all discontent and open riot.

About dark, Sunday evening, June 25, orders came for the Regiment to march to Louisville and report to General Watkins for provost duty, and we were soon on our way thither. Provost duty was a new kind of service for the 58th Indiana. During all our time we had been at the front, or near enough to be engaged in active service. But now, that the war is over, the place for active service is in the rear, as provost guards, and we are sent thither.

Moving into the city, we camped at the foot of Broadway, about 16th street. There is only one tree for shade and, of course, Regimental headquarters must use that. The main body of the Regiment is camped in a dog-fennel common, in the hot sun. The 42d Indiana is to assist in provost duty. There is nothing desirable about this kind of service, and the boys are not slow about expressing their disgust. There is only one consolation—it will not last long.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27.—Rev. Mr. McMaster, of Princeton, visited our Regiment to-day.

I have accepted an invitation to deliver an address at the dedication of the monument to the memory of the dead of our Regiment, at Princeton, on the 4th of July.

In the evening I preached to a small congregation. Spiritual matters are not flourishing. Men are thinking of home; many of them are gone on short furloughs.

THURSDAY, JUNE 29.—Our camp looks quite deserted, since the discharging and furloughing of so many. We are all impatient to go home, and prospects of our going soon are brightening. Several soldiers ran off last night, without permission. I permitted myself to be persuaded not to hold meeting to-night.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30.—I have sent up an application for a ten days' pass, to enable me to attend the dedication of the monument to our dead, at Princeton, on the 4th of July, but no answer has been given to it. I am very anxious to go.

Several of our officers are giving but little attention to business, but spend their time running about the city.

SUNDAY, JULY 2.—Went over to New Albany to attend church. Services commenced; went to cemetery; dined with Rev. Heath; called on Brother Noble; attended sacrament at my old church—Roberts' Chapel. I was treated very coolly by the old preachers. I suppose this was owing to my mustache, Sherman medal, the herring bone stitch on my coat, etc. Fortunately, I am independent of these good old men.

In the evening I preached in my Regiment. The sun shone too hot to have meeting during the day. We are waiting a few days, "to see what will turn up," before making a comfortable place for worship. Thirty-two of Sherman's veteran Regiments, including the 38th and 42d Indiana, are to be mustered out; our time may come next. Our men are in good spirits.

Having received my permit, I left camp at seven a. m., July 3, for Princeton. Went down 15th street to the Portland street cars, by them to Portland ferry and crossed over

to New Albany, thence by the L., N. A. & C. R. R. to Mitchell, and by the O. & M. R. R. to Vincennes, thence by the E. & C. R. R. to Princeton, where I stopped with Brother Slack.



GEORGE W. SHOPBELL,*

Company D.

TUESDAY, JULY 4.—
Hottest day of the season. Meet innumerable friends. Monument not up; will be a splendid structure when done. I am much pleased with it. Music, and speeches by Revs. Jenkins, Meredith, McMaster,

and myself. My address was delivered under embarrassments. Fireworks in the evening, and a gala day altogether.

* Was mustered with the Regiment in Camp Gibson and served his full term of enlistment. Was made Sergeant of his Company, and for some time served as Forage Master for the Regimental Pontoon train. After his army service he returned to his home in Princeton and began working at the carpenter's trade. Subsequently, he became a contractor, and has been engaged in that line of business ever since, having been employed in the erection of some of the finest residences and business blocks in Princeton in recent years.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5.—Spent until five p. m. in Princeton, and then went on the train to Vincennes. Attended prayer meeting at the church, and remained over night with Rev. John H. Ketcham, whom I came to visit.

Went to Terre Haute on the 6th; next day to Greencastle, and thence to my old home in Bloomington, on the 8th. Sunday, the 9th, I attended church at my old place, and heard a sermon by Brother Gillett. I was very much pleased with the Sabbath school, which met at two o'clock p. m. The music has been much improved, by the introduction of a cabinet organ. This is not yet used in the church services, as there is some opposition. The organ has come into use in many of the churches in Indiana, since the war began. Truly, "The world moves."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12.—Left Bloomington at two p. m. and arrived in camp at Louisville, at ten p. m. Orders were issued on the 3d inst. to muster out this entire army—the Army of the Tennessee—and were read by me, in the papers of Greencastle, on the 7th. I found our people working on their rolls. Colonel Moore has returned. The veterans are in great spirits. I put up quarters with Colonel Moore. I have much writing which I am desirous of doing before we are mustered out.

Our men are on what is called "provost duty"—in plain English they are affording protection to the whisky sellers and disreputable houses. This kind of "duty" is demoralizing.

Chaplain Chapman preached to us in the evening. One man—old General Jones—was drunk and "talked in meeting." I improved the occasion to tell the congregation what a fool a drunk man is. I referred to the Spartans, who made their servants drunk, that their children might be disgusted at the sight. I told them of John Bunyan, who, when profane, was disgusted at a still more profane woman. We have had two sermons this evening—one by the Chaplain, and the other a temperance sermon, by the drunk soldier.

SUNDAY, JULY 16.—Rain began falling this morning and continued until about two p. m. We had meeting in the evening. My text was: "Better is it that thou shouldst not vow than that thou shouldst vow and not pay." Eccles. 5:5. The subject was "Vows."

MONDAY, JULY 17.—Many Regiments of this army are going home. Our time will soon come. Attended a meeting of the officers of the Army of the Tennessee, at the east room of the court house. They have formed an association and are endeavoring to perpetuate the attachments of the army. General Logan made a speech but the echo was such that I could not hear him. The privates are excluded from this association, and yet, all that gives some of the officers prominence will disappear with their straps. Many of the privates are mere boys; many of them design completing their education at college. Thousands of them will rise to eminence as politicians, lawyers, merchants, physicians and clergymen. Ten years from to-day the great men of this army will be former privates, while many of the officers will long since have eaten their peck of dirt and will pass into obscurity.

The first muster-out rolls were examined in part to-day. We are to be mustered out on the twenty-fifth inst.

Shaw and Fullerton have been released and sent to the Regiment. They are the men who deserted to the rebels and captured our mules, at the Chattahoochee, last fall. They are both scoundrels of the first order.

FRIDAY, JULY 21.—The 42d Indiana has been mustered out, to-day. Shaw and Fullerton, the great operators in mules, have been re-arrested. They are to be tried. They deserve hanging.

SATURDAY, JULY 22.—The work of making our muster-out rolls is going on rapidly. All are very anxious for their completion. I am busy making out a list of postoffice addresses of all who have ever been in the Regiment.

SUNDAY, JULY 23.—Visited New Albany and preached at Wesley Chapel in the forenoon. About dark I preached to

my Regiment, which proved to be my last sermon to them. The text was: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this, thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes." Luke 19:45. I endeavored to show that while we have labored under some disadvantages in reference to moral cultivation in the army, that army life is really conducive to moral development. The hypocrite is unmasked; the really worthless is shown to be such. He who can be spoiled by camp corruption is



JOSEPH N. DAVIS,*
Company A.

hardly worth saving. He is but a poor weak thing at best. A holy war, such as this, makes men better, physically, intellectually and morally. I spoke at length on several virtues which were strengthened here. Those who have become worthless may blame themselves.

I pointed the boys to the future and bid them be up and doing, for there will be sublime triumphing for the successful.

MONDAY, JULY 24.—The remainder of our rolls were completed and sent to the mustering officers.

Captain Davis and myself went up town to make inquiries about iron fences. We found there two magnificent lions, carved in Italy. We each offered fifty dollars towards purchasing them for our monument at Princeton. The price is \$850.00. Nobody seconds our efforts.

We had a Regimental monument meeting at two p. m. It was determined to fence the monument, and an assess-

* Was mustered in with the Regiment and remained with it until the close of the war, being mustered out as Sergeant of Company A, July 25, 1865. His father was Captain of the same Company. After the war Sergeant Davis returned to his home in Gibson county, subsequently, he removed to Weston, Nebraska, where he has been living for several years.

ment of five dollars per officer and ten dollars per company was made to defray the expenses. The following board of trustees was elected: Colonel Joseph Moore and James T. Embree, Drs. W. W. Blair and James C. Patten, and Captains C. C. Whiting, William E. Chapell and Green McDonald.

There was a meeting of the Christian Association at night. Important resolutions were passed and the Association was dissolved.

TUESDAY, JULY 25.—The 58th Indiana Volunteers was this day mustered on muster-out rolls. The rolls were sent in charge of Lieutenant Hadlock to Indianapolis. We are ordered to the same place for discharge and final payment. Many are excited. Some are drunk. I am busy.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26.—Turned over camp and garrison equipage. Crossed to Jeffersonville and left on the train. Arrived in Indianapolis about eight p. m. The only accident was the knocking in the head of Clark Kirk. He butted a bridge and the bridge knocked him down, but he still lives. Some men are proverbially hard to kill. I stopped at the Little Hotel. The Regiment is at the Soldiers' Home.

We were publicly received. We had dinner at the Soldiers' Home, and speaking at the State House Square. Governor Morton made a few remarks and excused himself on account of health. Lieutenant Governor Baker, General Hovey and Meredith made speeches. General Buell made a few remarks, as did also Major Downey. The affair passed off pleasantly.

Regiment at Camp Carrington. Some have gone home. Paymaster Martin is working on our rolls and will pay us to the 31st. There is much restlessness amongst the men. There is a great desire for citizen clothing.

Men all paid except a very few, and have gone home. Farewells were hurried. The soldiers, as soon as they get their "buzzards," as they call their discharges, hurry off home, like children released from school.

The Government settles with the officers, and many of them are off for home. I am still in Indianapolis.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3.—At 5:50 a. m. I left the city of Indianapolis, and at two p. m. reached Bloomington—“home from the wars.”

My campaigns are ended and my “Field Notes” are finished. These jottings have been hurriedly penned; I have not paused to correct mistakes. I have been compelled to use such materials as I could get. Let no one

“View me with a critic’s eye
But pass my imperfections by.”

My army life has been pleasant. The scenes of glorious war will live in my memory forever. The comrades of my campaigns have a warm place in my affections. But happy peace has come again to our land. May she abide with us forever.

To Almighty God I give thanks for my preservation, Him do I beseech to still guide our people, and most tenderly care for the poor, the oppressed and the suffering. Amen!



CHAPTER XXXII.

FROM CHICKAMAUGA TO RICHMOND—HOW SERGEANT W. B. CRAWFORD WAS COMPELLED TO MAKE THE JOURNEY—SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES OF A PRISONER OF WAR—TAUNTS AND JEERS BY THE WAY—THIEVING PROPENSITIES OF THE CAPTORS—LIKEWISE THEIR INHUMANITY—THEIR UTTER INDIFFERENCE TO THE WANTS OF THE PRISONERS—SICKNESS, HUNGER AND STARVATION—INCIDENTS IN PEMBERTON PRISON—AT DANVILLE—TUNNELING—IN HOSPITAL—EXCHANGED—UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES ONCE MORE—AN ENTRY INTO THE BETTER LAND.

THE story of the experience of Sergeant William B. Crawford, of Company B, as a prisoner of war, while it may not be materially different from many others, will serve to illustrate the privations and hardships of the soldiers who were so unfortunate as to fall into rebel hands.* He was captured in the second day's fight in the battle of Chickamauga. He was sent, with other Company Orderlies, about a mile to the rear, to draw rations for the Regiment. When they returned to where they left the Regiment, they found it had moved up to the front line of battle, and were, at that time, engaged with the enemy. As it was not practicable to distribute the rations then, and as rations were very valuable to the soldiers under the circumstances, it was wisely determined to guard them until such time as they could be issued to the men. It was thought there would be a lull in the battle soon, when this

* This account was written by Chaplain Hight, from Sergeant Crawford's own statement soon after his return to the Regiment, at Chattanooga river, in 1864. It was evidently the intention of the author to have the story appear in that part of the Regimental history, but the compiler has thought best to leave it for the concluding chapter.

could be done. But, instead, the fight grew hotter, and it was not long until there was a break in our lines. It was the result of our men trying to execute the fatal order of General Rosecrans, directing General Wood to "close up on Reynolds' left." In the confusion that ensued, Sergeant Crawford, with his squad of men, attempted to save the rations. They started with them to the rear, as they supposed. Soon they were caught in the mass of our broken columns, and each man had to look out for himself. Sergeant Crawford was separated from the rest, and in trying to find them he found himself in the presence of a squad of rebel cavalry. They were a Company of Texas Rangers, and were picking up "Yankees" without much ceremony. Crawford was halted, and relieved of his gun and equipments. He was then rushed off a mile or so to the rear, and turned over to another squad of rebel cavalry, who had a lot of other prisoners. They moved on over the Chickamauga, crossing on the dam at Lee & Gordon's Mills, taking the road to Ringgold. On the way, they met a number of rebel soldiers going to the front. There was great rejoicing among these soldiers, over their victory, and they were very insulting in their language to the prisoners.

Late at night the Union prisoners, now about fifty in number, were placed in an old house. Next morning they were sent, on foot, to Tunnel Hill. Here their number was increased to about 1,500, and the appearance of things was very discouraging to our men. They were marched through a gate into the road. At each side of the gate stood a rebel officer, who ordered our men to give up their canteens, knapsacks, gum blankets, etc. Those who refused to do so were relieved of these things by force.

The prisoners were then sent to Dalton, under guard of the Georgia militia. At this place they remained on the night of September 21, 1864. Here the rebels pretended to issue rations. Some of our men received a cup of flour, and a few little pieces of bacon, but most of them received nothing. Sergeant Crawford found, among his fellow prisoners,

several of our Brigade, whom he collected together as far as he could. They were put on the cars, which were very much crowded, and started for Atlanta. The people were everywhere very insulting—the women especially so. They would put their handkerchiefs about their necks, and make gestures, to indicate that, in their opinion, the Yankees ought to be hung.

When Atlanta was reached, the prisoners were formed in line, near the depot. While they were waiting here, a great

crowd of people filled the streets, curious to get a sight of some real, live Yankees. A little girl, standing by the side of an old woman, was heard to remark, "Why, grandma, I do not see any horns."

One of the prisoners, who heard this remark, said to the old lady, "These are all young Yankees, and their horns have not grown yet. Just wait until the next lot of older ones come along,

and you will see the horns." With great simplicity and wonder, the old woman asks, "Is that so?" She was, evidently, ready to believe the ridiculous myths that had grown out of the ignorance and bitter hatred that those people bore toward the Yankees. The prisoners were



REV. WILLIAM B. CRAWFORD,
Company B.

* Was mustered in at Camp Gibson as Corporal, and served his full term of enlistment with the Regiment (except the time he served in rebel prison) and was mustered out as Sergeant, November 11, 1864. After returning home, he prepared himself for the ministry. He has for several years been one of the prominent and influential ministers in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and has held some important pastoral charges. His present home is in Oakland City, Indiana.

marched to the Bull Pen, where they were deliberately robbed of their pocket knives, great coats and woolen blankets. The weather was exceedingly cold, and the men suffered all night. Every man who was accustomed to swearing poured out oaths loud and deep on their heartless captors. Even the prayers of the righteous, if answered, would not have been very beneficial to the rebels. Five days' rations were issued to the prisoners, which consisted of eighteen small crackers and a piece of bacon—altogether, about as much as is our regular rations for one day. Next morning they were crowded into box cars and started for Augusta. At all stations there were crowds of people to see the Yankees, and the same insulting remarks were repeated. At Augusta the prisoners were marched into the court house square, and guarded all night by the Georgia militia. This militia was composed of the young blooded aristocracy of the town, and was most contemptible.

Resuming their journey next morning, they went to Charlotte, S. C., thence to Weldon, N. C. Then they passed on, through Petersburg, and, on the 1st of October, they arrived at Richmond. Thus, eleven days had been occupied in getting from the battlefield to this place, and the hunger and hardship had told severely on the men. Many of them were sick. But this was only the beginning of their sorrows.

The prisoners were placed under charge of the city Battalion of guards and marched down street. Passing Libby Prison, the officers were marched into that building, while the men were placed in Pemberton Prison, near by. The latter was a large three-story building, which was turned into a prison for this emergency. They were marched in, two hundred at a time, and assigned separate apartments. There was only space enough allowed for each to lie down on, and there was a great scramble for the most desirable location. Sergeant Crawford was fortunate in being among the first of the crowd to get in, and secured a comparatively comfortable location.

Soon after the 1,200 prisoners had been located, a rebel officer came into the room and called on all who had money to come forward and give it up. He stated that he would record the name, Company and Regiment, and the amount, and when the prisoners were exchanged their money would be returned to them. If any declined to comply with this request, the officer stated that they would be searched and their money would be confiscated. On the advice of some who had been prisoners before, and had received back the money which they had given up, nearly all came forward and handed over their change. Quite a large amount was collected by this rebel officer—and that was the last the men ever saw of their money.

After these "preliminaries" had been attended to, and as the prisoners had nothing more in the way of personal property that was worth stealing, they were permitted to rest for the night. They were without blankets and had nothing but the hard floor on which to sleep, yet they had been so long without sleep, that they were not long in sinking into unconsciousness. Next morning the men were divided off into Companies, with a non-commissioned officer in charge of each, to facilitate the issuing of rations. Sergeant Crawford's squad fell in with that of Sergeant-Major Potter, of the 22d Michigan, which made a Company of thirty-four men. This was about the average size of the Companies. Rations were then issued to the men. One pound loaf of bread was given to every two, and about as much cooked beef was given to thirty-four men as one man could eat. This was cut up into small bits by the Sergeant of the squad. One man then turned his back and answered the question propounded, in reference to each piece, "Whose is this?" Thus, the scanty rations were divided, but there was not enough to satisfy the appetite, and the rations of bread grew smaller all the time. After two weeks only corn bread was issued. It was made of unsifted meal. A slice about four inches long, two inches and a half wide and one inch thick, was a day's rations of corn bread. There was no coffee

nor any other item of diet save bread, meat, and occasionally a few grains of rice. The meat was a thin slice, usually of beef, not more than three bites to the man; sometimes they would take it all at one bite. Often the meat would be tainted and full of maggots, but it was not thrown away on that account. Some days there was no meat, and a few dirty, rotten sweet potatoes would be substituted. Under such diet it is not strange that the men were fast wasting away. Sergeant Crawford says he was so weak he could scarcely stand alone, on account of this process of starvation. Many of the men became sick, and when they became very bad they were removed to the hospital. Many were dying from actual starvation.

The first Sunday morning a minister appeared in the prison for the purpose of preaching. It was rumored among the boys that he was a rebel preacher, and they declined to hear any gospel from that source. But when he stepped into the middle of the room and announced himself as Chaplain of a New York Regiment, a change came over the feelings of the boys. They listened attentively and joined in the service earnestly and reverently. He came from Libby Prison, and there was much interest in hearing from our officers confined there. He promised to come back and preach again, but never did. It is said the rebels would not permit him to do so.

The days wore on and the men continued to wear out. They occupied themselves in various ways to pass the time. From the bones of beef and other material, many of the men made rings, charms and various other ornaments.

An addition was very unexpectedly made to the stock of materials for rings as well as to the rations. One day some rebel officers came in, followed by a dog. In the great crowd the dog was separated and forced into the sink. While some kept him from making a noise, one cut his throat. The officers soon passed out, thinking, perhaps, that the dog had gone home. No sooner were they gone than the dog was divided and called off by a man with his

back turned. The meat was cooked by the men, and eaten, and was pronounced good. Those who had it, were begged, by all passing, for some. The bones of this dog were quite an addition to the materials for making rings, etc. Very few of the canine species ever were put to such good use. Sergeant Crawford regretted that he did not get any of this dog.

At first the prisoners did not think that the rebels would take greenbacks; but soon they discovered an inordinate desire, on the part of the rebels, for this currency. The officers had robbed them for two reasons—they wanted to steal the money, which they did, and secondly, they could not trust the guards. But still, there was considerable money in the prison.

It was soon found that the guards would trade when there were no officers present. The guards were watched very closely. But between twelve and four o'clock in the morning the officers would be away. Most of the trading was done through a hole in the back wall, in the lower room. There were loose bricks, which were kept in this in the day time. The guards would come from their quarters on the outside and trade with the prisoners. At first, our men gave one dollar for four loaves of bread. Some of the men had rebel money, but they (the rebels) did not want it. They refused their own money. Our men soon found that such was the thirst for their money that they could get thirteen loaves for a dollar. At the same time, two dollars per loaf, was the smallest price in rebel money; and five dollars per loaf, was often paid. The rebels could not be hired to go and get bread with their own money. It was only when they had bread at the hole, and there were no greenbacks, that they could be induced to take their own money. The rebels soon learned to be tricky, and would often run off with the money without giving anything in return. Sergeant Crawford lost a watch in that way. It was a partnership watch. A guard offered him one hundred and twenty-five loaves, but he asked one hundred and fifty. He asked him to let him

see the watch, and then he ran off with it. As often as the guards were caught they were punished. The prisoners were also closely watched. One night, when a great crowd was collected about the scuttle hole, an officer came in. There was a great rush for their beds. The officer of the day was called in; all the prisoners were ordered to get up. It was one o'clock in the morning. They were formed in four ranks, on each side of the room. The guards were ordered to walk between the two ranks. They were ordered to require the prisoners to stand without uttering a word until day. This cruel order was not strictly enforced; some of the men were allowed to sit down. But no sooner was a noise heard on the stairs than the sentinel would motion with his hand for them to rise up. Such, was the despotism exercised over these poor, ignorant men. When any of them were detected trading with the Yankees, they were sent to Castle Thunder, or punished in some way.

Up to this time the cellar was *terra incognita*. The prisoners, having much leisure time, concluded to press their discoveries in that direction. A hole was cut through the floor, by the aid of saws made out of case knives. Through this they lowered themselves into the cellar. Here was found a large quantity—perhaps four hundred two-bushel sacks—of fine table salt. As the meat given to the prisoners was not salted, this was a pleasant addition to the rations. The prisoners on the other side of the house were less enterprising. But when they were informed, through the cracks cut in the partition doors, of the discovery of the salt, they concluded to examine their part of the cellar. They found about fifty hogsheads of sugar. Immediately, after the manner of men, commercial relations were established between the two departments. Holes were cut in the partition doors, and salt exchanged for sugar. Only a spoonful could be passed at a time, owing to the smallness of the holes. This was slow work for the salt men. At the end of two days, they determined to make an advance on their neighbors' territory, according to the custom of nations unsatisfied with

the products of their own soil. A hole was battered through the brick partition wall of the cellar, and soon our side was in the land of sugar. Salt sacks were ripped, the salt poured out, and then filled with sugar. Large quantities of this sugar was eaten by the hungry men, without producing any injury. But the men were too noisy and greedy. An examination was made into the cause of all this confusion, and the purloining of the salt and sugar was discovered. The bird that laid the golden egg was dead. The carts ran all day, removing the salt and sugar, which were the property of speculators, who had it stored for the day of enormous prices. They got but little sympathy from even the rebels. It was a big event in the history of the prison. When those who had been in this prison meet now, the question is often asked, "Were you on the salt or sugar side?"

About this time a North Carolina soldier shot two Virginians. There was great jealousy between the soldiers from these States. The North Carolinians were accused of having too much sympathy for the Yankees.

Sergeant Crawford's residence at Pemberton Prison ceased November 15. On the plea of being better able to feed them, many of the prisoners were removed to points farther south. Another, and perhaps the chief reason, though not publicly assigned, was the deep-laid plot of Colonel Streight and others in Libby Prison to overpower the guards, release the prisoners, sieze the armory, capture Richmond, and escape to our lines. But the men in Pemberton Prison knew nothing of this plot. It failed, on account of the treachery of some officer in Libby.

Sergeant Crawford was taken sick on the night preceding his removal, and continued ill for two weeks. Seven hundred prisoners passed out, in single file, each receiving a small corn cake for his day's rations. The men, gnawing their corn bread, were formed in four ranks, presenting a very pitiful spectacle. Some were barefooted, and many without hats; some were without coats, and some without

shirts. The citizens who chanced to pass along the streets manifested no sympathy. As the men passed Libby, where the officers were, hats, blouses, shoes, boots and shirts were thrown out to the men. This was very creditable to the officers, as they were but little better off than the enlisted men. They were marched over James river, and put on a train bound for Danville, Va. The train started out about nine a. m., and at midnight they reached Danville. Crawford saw some of the prisoners escape on the way, but he was too ill to make the attempt.

At Danville the seven hundred prisoners were placed in a tobacco warehouse, which was called Prison No. 3. The prisoners were marched in and counted off. There were about two hundred and thirty to each floor.

The rations for ten days was only bread, but the quantity had increased a little. Then the bread was cut down, but a better ration of beef issued. About three weeks after coming here they began to get some soup. The rations were better than at Richmond. In December some rations from the Government reached them. On Christmas day about ten crackers, in addition to the usual rations, were given to each man, and about the same time some clothing was received; it was regular army clothing, and a full suit had been sent for each prisoner. Some was issued to those who were worst off, and the rebels stole the remainder. Crackers were issued twice after this, five to each man. At one time they got some vinegar off of pickles, which were issued extra. Some beans and bacon, sent from the North, were cooked and issued, as if furnished by the rebels. Most of the food sent from the North was stolen by the rebels. Most of these rations were issued to the citizens of Danville. How fallen the F. F. V.'s must have been, to feed on the rations stolen from starving prisoners! Before leaving Richmond, the prisoners had been informed that they might have anything that they chose sent them from the North, and these packages began to arrive. The rebels kept most of them, and broke open and robbed many others.

Just after the clothing from the North arrived, a rebel sutler was permitted to set up a shop in a little room adjoining the prison. He had tobacco, rice and salt to exchange for clothing or money. He would pay \$20 in rebel money for a pair of shoes, \$4 for a cap, \$40 for a great coat and \$20 for a blanket or a pair of pants. He purchased only new clothing. He would exchange his little stock in trade for these articles. This Shylock, who carried on this trade, retailed the articles procured from the suffering prisoners to the citizens. There are no words to express the immeasurable meanness and the inconceivable littleness of the soul of a fellow who could engage in a traffic so contemptible. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with him, for he, after selling his Lord, had conscience enough to hang himself; but this scoundrel continued in the trade.

Thoughts of escape continued to enter the minds of the prisoners. They had lost all hope of being exchanged. Shortly after arriving at Danville some of the men cut through into the cellar, and then crawled under a small building adjoining. Here, they began a tunnel. It was designed to run it under an adjoining alley and come out under a house, and hence the exit would be in another yard. This yard was surrounded by a tall fence, made of planks, standing on the end; the guards could not see them. All the prisoners might have escaped by this means, but some traitor revealed the plot. They were caught digging and were bucked for a few hours.

After this, another tunnel was commenced under the sutler's shop. The exit was to have been in a stable, on the adjoining lot. It would not have been more than twenty-five feet long. At this same time a lengthy tunnel was being dug from Prison No. 4. It was to have been at least eighty feet long, reaching under the street and into a garden on the other side. Some traitor betrayed this. A search was then ordered about all the prisons. The floors of all the adjoining buildings were torn up. In this way the tunnel commenced under the sutler's shop was discovered. It was

about half done. The men detected in digging were not punished.

It was now thought that all efforts at tunneling were at an end. Every place seemed to be watched; some other plan must be adopted. An organization was then effected. There were some of the prisoners who were brick masons, and were doing some repairing about the different prisons. Through these, notes were sent from prison to prison, and all the details of the plot were thoroughly arranged. In each prison the men were divided into Companies of ten. These were commanded by a Sergeant, then all the men in each prison had a commander. An Irishman, from the regular army, commanded in Prison No. 3. He was a smart and intelligent man. Being a boss at the cook house, he had an opportunity of seeing men from other prisons. He said there were some Union citizens of Danville engaged in the plot. There were four prisons near together, and two in a distant part of town. A break was to be made simultaneously when the signal—three lights, to be placed at the window—were removed, overpower the guards and take their arms. Each prison had its work. No. 3 was to capture the guard house and guards, another was to take the armory, another a battery, and another the bridge. They would then go to our lines in force. If they could not, they would scatter. About the time the arrangements were completed, all the prisons were emptied, except Nos. 3 and 4. The guards were also strengthened. Some person had probably betrayed the plot. It is impossible to keep a secret if many men know it. There are always traitors who will tell.

Some other plan must now be devised. Sergeant Crawford thought of the sink, which was the only place that was unwatched. He, Sergeant Kimmel, of the 51st Ohio, and Color Sergeant Rodgers, of the same Regiment, went into the sink one day to make an examination. The sink was about six feet wide, eight feet deep, and twenty feet long. It was boxed over the top. The Sergeants found this an

exceedingly vile place to push their investigations. But they were amply repaid for their trouble. There was a drain at the bottom of the sink that conducted the filth into a sewer in the street. This drain had to be enlarged. The sewer, itself, was large enough to crawl through. In about thirty feet the sewer became an open ditch. After coming out of the sink from their labor the men would wash themselves in tubs of water. The prisoners, by standing around, would conceal them from the guards. On one occasion the Major in command, and some other officers, came around on an examination, while some were down in the sink laboring. They examined everywhere, but their suspicions were not excited. A difficulty existed from the fact that the prisoners could not escape in day time, and at night but six could go to the sink at once. They might have gone, a few every night, for a long time before being discovered. But liberty is sweet and men are greedy for it. The first night, after all things were ready, Sergeant Crawford and his fellow laborers packed up their traps and were ready to leave, but they were in the third story, and there were men just as eager to escape in the second story. The guards were not careful to count those going to and returning from the sink. But on this night there was such an eager throng desiring to go to the sink, and so few came back, that the attention of the guard was called to the fact. Sixteen men had passed quietly and successfully through the sewer into the street. But the seventeenth man stamped his feet and made a noise as he emerged. He was challenged by the sentinel, but ran off. The escaping was detected, a sentinel was stationed at the sink, and Sergeant Crawford was among those who did not escape.

Thus, by over effort and eagerness, but seventeen men escaped, when many might have done so by carefulness. This ended the tunnel campaign, in the month of February, 1864.

The next day Sergeant Crawford was taken sick; two weeks afterwards he was taken to the hospital. Here, he

received better treatment than in prison. He designed to escape from the hospital, but a comrade, desiring popularity with the rebels, informed them of his design. He was therefore returned to the prison, though not well. After remaining a week in the prison he was again returned to the hospital, and in about five days he was sent to Richmond to be exchanged. He was then barely able to sit up. This was April 23d. Only sick men were sent from the hospitals, and all were very happy when the announcement was made that they were going.

At Richmond they were placed in a hospital, and informed that the exchanging of the sick had ceased. He remained under this impression until the 29th of April. During this time the prisoners were dying off very fast, and Crawford gave up hope. But on the day named he was selected to go North, and the next morning he marched down to the boat, and after a few hours' floating down the James they came to the *New York*, the regular flag-of-truce boat, with the stars and stripes floating from the flag staff. The "banner of beauty and glory" never looked more glorious than that April afternoon. As Crawford stepped on board, he thought, "Home again." Here they lay until next morning. About twelve m., May 1, the boat steamed down the river. Just at this time, the summer campaign was commencing, and several gunboats were met, whose crews gave the newly released prisoners rousing cheers, but the emaciated men were able to make only feeble replies. A sight of indescribable grandeur opened on their vision as they neared Fortress Monroe. As far as sight could reach might be seen vessels of war, with "helm and mast and pennant fair," and transports loaded with thousands of troops, just starting on the grand campaign against Richmond. At Fortress Monroe they were detained six hours. They then continued the journey to Annapolis, where they arrived May 2, at twelve o'clock.

They were taken to College^{*} Green Hospital, where they washed themselves and put on new clothing. They were

then taken into a ward as fine as a parlor, and partook of a splendid dinner. The passage from rebeldom was like entering into the better land. The skies never looked so blue, nor the billows never rolled so grandly. The dashing of the waves against the hull of the steamer, and the whipping of the sails of shipping was like the clapping of angel hands. Those they met seemed like brothers. The grass resembled a carpet of brilliant green. The works of man and of nature, and every living creature, seemed to rejoice with the prisoners; it was like the hour of one's conversion, or the quiet grandeur of the eternal Sabbath. But many had long sustained life on the hope of freedom and home. Now, that they had escaped, exhausted nature could endure no longer. In ten days one third of those who had escaped the horrors of rebel incarceration were lying beneath the sod. We can but drop a tear to the memory of those gallant men, who perished, just as they were prepared, by a long baptism of suffering, to enjoy home and freedom. Sergeant Crawford was taken worse, but survived his illness. On May 20th he left the hospital for Camp Parole, and on June 20th he started for Chattanooga, arriving there June 25th, and soon after (July 19th) joined the Regiment, while we were at Vining's Station, on the Chattahoochee.

Such is the brief record of the captivity of a Union soldier, and his horrid treatment at the hands of a heartless foe. Others less fortunate lingered longer in loathsome prisons, and many sleep in exiles' graves. Many an account, more thrilling than this, will never be written, many a sad tale will never be told, until the revelations of the great day.

APPENDIX.

ONE OF SHERMAN'S BUMMERS *

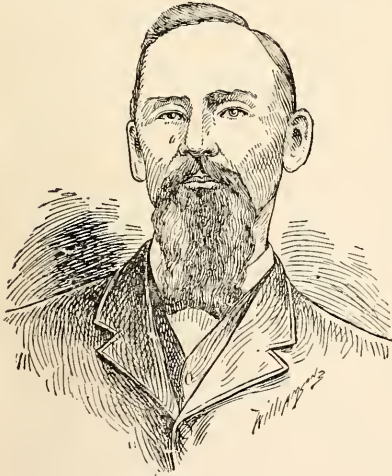
RELATES AN UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE WITH WHEELER'S
CAVALRY, WHILE OUT FORAGING IN NORTH CAROLINA
—CAPTURE AND ESCAPE—PERILOUS JOURNEY THROUGH
SWAMPS—THROUGH REBEL CAMPS—BACK TO THE
UNION LINES.

BY W. J. REDBURN,
CORPORAL COMPANY B, 58TH INDIANA.

The morning of March 5th, 1865, found part of Sherman's army camped at Cox's Bridge, on a river in North Carolina. While our colored troops were engaged in a skirmish with Wheeler's rebel cavalry, on the Bentonville road, on the north side of the river, Alonzo Stewart and the writer saddled the horses we had captured a few days previous and crossed the pontoon bridge into the enemy's country, in search of forage. We wanted food for our horses, and whatever would satisfy a soldier's appetite, for at that place Sherman's army had to live on what they could get, and the soldier who was not afraid to risk his life for something to eat fared the best, providing he was not picked up by the "Johnnies." We had ridden several miles and visited a number of houses and hen-coops, but got nothing, because the rebs had been just ahead of us, and it is always dry picking after they have been through the country. On our way we fell in with a man from an Ohio Regiment, whom I will call "Ohio," having forgotten his real name. He cheerfully joined us in our expedition, and we had proceeded together but a short distance when we came upon

* This article was first published in the Princeton *Clarion* in 1885, and is a true account of a thrilling adventure of the writer. It is re-published here to illustrate the great risk taken by the foragers in that memorable campaign. Very many did not escape so well as did those in this narrative.

some men digging sweet potatoes near the roadside, while ten or twelve mounted soldiers awaited the filling of their ready sacks. We rode up to them, supposing that they were some of our cavalry, but before we had time to dismount we discovered our mistake. Four navy revolvers were leveled on us, accompanied by the familiar words, "You d——d Yanks surrender, or we'll blow your brains out." As the rebs were dressed in our uniform, the reader will readily understand why we were surprised. I had previously met the rebs in the field, in lanes, houses, and in the woods, and had always managed to give them the slip, but this time the first glance convinced me that I had better lay down my trusty old gun and become a prisoner of Wheeler's scouts. "Ohio" was placed on a horse behind one of the rebs, and we were all hurried through fields and briar thickets, and



W. J. REDBURN.*

over fences, as fast as the horses could go. We were going down a lane, when I saw, at a distance, some of our men, who were also out foraging, and I yelled at them as loud as I could. They heard me, and quickly took the hint and run. The rebels fired on them without effect, but I was ordered to keep my mouth shut, under the penalty of being shot.

We were taken to Wheeler's headquarters, dismounted, formed in line and searched. From me they took a watch and \$116, and they even took the clothing from the other boys. Guarded by a Company of rebs, we were marched out, with a number of other prisoners, to be shot. Stewart, who stood at my side, punched me with his elbow, saying, "We are gone up." I told him to be easy; that they knew better than to shoot us. An order came from Wheeler to send some of the prisoners to his headquarters, and I was

* Was mustered in at Camp Gibson and was with the Regiment until the close of the war. After the war he returned home and engaged in farming. He died March 10, 1891.

among the three selected to appear before him. He told us that he had ordered us to be shot, but had countermanded the order and would send us to Libby prison, and that we would soon be paroled. He asked me what force we had at Cox's bridge. I answered that we had enough "niggers" there to whip him.

Shortly after this we were started to Smithfield under a strong mounted guard, armed with Spencer rifles and navy revolvers. After we had marched about ten miles, "Ohio" and I arranged to get a prisoner to walk alongside of each guard, with a view of disarming them at a certain signal, shooting them and then making our escape, but not enough of our men would take the risk. Our next plan was to make as slow progress as we could so that night would overtake us, when we would run, under the cover of darkness, and take our chances. This was agreed to between "Ohio," and myself. We complained of being tired and foot-sore and walked as slowly as they would permit us, hoping that darkness would come before we reached Smithfield, where we were to take the train for Richmond. I thought the sun would never go down that day, but it did. When the dusky shadows began to fall around us, we were within a mile and a half of Smithfield, and we must soon make a break for liberty, or it would be too late. "Ohio" kept close to me, and when we came to an open place in the wood I gave the signal to run. We started, and made some fearful leaps in the darkness, while the bullets whizzed around our ears at a lively rate. We kept going until we were a hundred yards away. Stewart and the rest of the prisoners did not run, and we heard the guards cursing them and ordering them into line. We resumed our travel and selected a star to guide us toward camp, which we conceived to be twenty-five or thirty miles distant. With the rebel army, infantry and cavalry, between us and the Union lines, surrounded by a strange and desolate country, we realized the unpleasantness of our situation and the extreme danger we were in. It seemed like the whole country was full of rebs; almost every direction we took we would run into them. We took our course through an old field which had grown up in briars. In that field we heard a squad of rebel cavalry, who were hunting us, but we escaped observation by hiding in the briars. We heard them say, as they passed us, that if they "got hold of those Yankees they would never run again." We then knew our only safety would be in keeping to the

woods. We thought that by going to the south we would strike the Neuse river, once on the other side of which we would be safe, but we soon struck a swamp of such deep water that we could not reach the river. Changing our course, we went down the river, wading the swamp for about five miles. After leaving the swamp, we came to a creek, which "Ohio," not being able to swim, crossed on a log, and we traveled until we reached the rebel picket line. "Ohio" volunteered to crawl up to the pickets and see where the sentinels stood. I followed him, and we crawled between two pickets standing not over thirty steps apart. Getting through safely, we walked a short distance and came to their camps, in an open field, with a narrow ravine running part of the way through it. We followed the line of the ravine as far as it went, then passed through their camp, amongst the tents of the rebels. They did not know us from their own men, for that would have been the last place the rebs would have looked for the runaway Yanks. We passed through to their front line of pickets, when I crawled up cautiously and discovered that it would be a dangerous undertaking to pass it, the line being in zig-zag or rail fence shape. Listening intently for a short time, I learned where three of the pickets were posted, and went back and told "Ohio" to follow me, crawling cautiously so as not to break even a twig. The pickets sat against the root of a pine tree, and we got through without them noticing us. After going about three miles we came to the cavalry pickets, whom we passed with little difficulty, and we now began to feel comparatively safe. We had wandered around so much hunting for gaps in the lines, dodging fields and roads, and the rebel cavalry, that we did not know where we were and how far we were from our lines. We had been so long without anything to eat, and so long soaked in swamp water, and so excited in making the run through picket posts, that now, being out of danger, we began to realize our condition. We braced up, however, and started out, coming to a house pretty soon. "Ohio" engaged in a fight with a savage dog, while I approached the house and knocked. A woman's voice asked who was there. I replied that we were Confederate soldiers who had been captured at Bentonville by the Yankees. We were lost, and wanted to know how far we had got from Cox's bridge. She told us it was eight miles to the bridge, and pointed in the direction, at the same time warning us to watch out, for the Yankees had been there

that night. She gave us a corn dodger, and wished she could do more for us. Thanking her, we took the road, and traveled to within four miles of Cox's bridge, where we parted, "Ohio" going to Goldsboro, where his Regiment was located. I got to my Regiment, which I had left about twenty-four hours before. I got to camp about nine o'clock in the morning, sleepy, tired and hungry, having traveled about sixty miles in a day and night.

The Army Poet.

Almost every Regiment had one or more poets. In the 58th Indiana, Stephen J. Lindsey shone most conspicuously. He wrote rhymes on a great variety of subjects, many of which were printed and sold among the boys in camp. The following, copied from the original print, is one of his most popular productions. It is headed "Second Edition—3,000 Copies Sold," which is evidence of the favor with which it was received among the boys.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA, STATE OF GEORGIA.

COMPOSED BY S. J. LINDSEY,
COMPANY A. 58TH REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

The Army of the Cumberland again has met the foe,
Down in the State of Georgia, a dozen miles or so;
On the stream of Chickamauga, there on that Southern plain,
The fighting, though not ended, but many thousand slain.

General Wood, with two Brigades, was down at Gordon's Mill,
On the banks of Chickamauga, in the old Georgia hills:
Ordered now to hold this point, or hazard all his men,
Entrenchments soon were thrown around in Chickamauga bend.

Now, gathering for the onset, the rebel legions came,
With overwhelming numbers, across that bloody plain.
To see the serried columns come with glittering steel;
It was now such awful grandeur to hear the cannon's peal.

Bragg and Longstreet united here; Buckner and Johnson too
Massed their force in column deep, intending to go through.
They came on now with savage yells, in legions marching on,
Hurling on us leaden hail, seventy thousand strong.

Crittenden, Thomas and McCook were in command that day,
The lines were changed from right to left, to keep the rebels at bay.
The gallant boys of each command, like tigers, stood the ground
Till overwhelmed by numbers, before they'd wheel around.

The flower of the rebel host was pressing on in haste;
Annihilation, their intent, we had no time to waste.
Our gallant boys, two columns deep, at the foot of Mission Hill,
They sent their deadly volleys through, which always went to kill.

But, now alas, the Loomis guns, all but one left behind,
The terror of each battlefield against the rebel lines.
The bold Van Pelt still at his post, his men and horses slain,
He drew his sword and stood his ground—he leaves a gallant name.

Noon on Sunday, on Mission Ridge, one effort more must dare,
To gather up our gallant band, and concentrate them there.
Their dozen cannon planted now with belching thunders roar,
While volleys of loud musketry continuous did pour.

A shell came whizzing through the air, and burst upon the hill:
The signal for the rebs' attack, now under Polk and Hill.
Longstreet, too, with a heavy Corps, and Johnson from Mobile,
Came rushing on our gallant band, there on that bloody field.

The gallant Turchin made a charge, and lead on his Brigade;
He cut his way here through their lines, an awful gap he made.
This sudden move shocked the rebs, they could not understand;
He took three hundred prisoners here with his gallant band.

This day now fifteen thousand men such daring deeds did brave,
They fought here almost five to one, our gallant flag to save.
With deadly aim we sent our balls in volleys through the plain,
The rebels falling by the score would rally back again.

Now Rosecrans, like Washington, in military skill,
Was ever watchful at his post, most dangerous to fill;
He foiled the rebel legions in every move they made,
With the loss of many comrades, that cold in death are laid.

In three days' fight, what dreadful loss. The truth begins to glare,
Ten thousand of our brave boys fell, killed and wounded there.
The enemy, with heavy loss, much more than that of we,
Though we checked their onward march back to old Tennessee.

Whitaker, Garfield, Steadman, Wood and Granger by their side,
Their flag they nobly did maintain, the Nation's hope and pride.
With officers of every grade, no flinching here was seen,
The soldiers of the Cumberland—their laurels ever green.

October 1st, 1863.

Chaplain Hight's Report to Conference.

The following letter of Chaplain Hight to his brethren of the M. E. Conference, in 1863, was found among his papers. It is submitted as his own review of his work in the army up to that date :

CAMP AT THURMAN'S, SEQUATCHIE VALLEY, TENN., }
August 22, 1863. }

To the Bishop and Members of the Indiana Conference:

DEAR FATHERS AND BRETHERN: Again I am deprived of the privilege of meeting you in Conference. It is with much regret I deny myself this pleasure, annually enjoyed since my entrance upon the ministry. But the exigencies of active war detain me on the field. A short communication from me may not be inappropriate, as there is no superintendent over me to report my case.

While pastor of Simpson Chapel, Greencastle, Ind., in March, 1862, I unexpectedly received notice of my appointment as Chaplain of the 58th Indiana Volunteers. Being anxious to enter the army in that capacity, I did not hesitate long about accepting. I entered upon duty at Nashville, Tenn., on the 24th of that month. I have continued with the Regiment from that to the present day, except one week spent in a hospital, sick, and twenty days on furlough, during most of which latter time I was doing duty for the men.

When I entered the service I met many difficulties in the discharge of the duties of the Chaplaincy:

1. Myself and all about me were entirely without experience in religious labors in the army.

2. But little interest was manifested by the public at home. We had no suitable hymn books; we had no Christian Commission; we had none of those ample arrangements for the spiritual good of the soldiers, since put in operation.

3. The soldiers had come out for a "big spree;" they generally seemed a rollicking set of "bold soldier boys," who had adjourned piety until "a more convenient season."

4. That opposition which is kept down by public sentiment at home broke out unrestrained in the army. Obstructions were thrown in the way of the Gospel by those in high and low places. Every tale that scandal could devise was set afloat against the followers of Christ, whether Chaplain

or not. "They played cards, drank whisky, and swore," were the common representations of these revilers of the people of our God. Strange to say, many good people lent themselves to a repetition of these slanders.

5. Our people seemed to think that this war was a very small matter, and could be finished by human power in a very short time. But little attention was given the Providence of God. We marched and fought as frequently on Sabbath as any other day. No conveniences for religious meetings were afforded us. In short, religion was almost wholly ignored in the army.

In the midst of these discouragements, I have labored, with the satisfaction of seeing each of them growing, less day by day. By the help of many friends, our Regiment has been supplied with reading matter since about the middle of June, 1862. The U. S. Christian Commission has been foremost in supplying our wants in this department. The soldiers have been very liberal in purchasing good reading matter and in contributing to the various societies for the diffusion of religious knowledge. Last spring two hundred copy books were distributed in the Regiment, at the expense of the men. An instructor in penmanship was appointed in every Company, and nearly all who could not write have learned, and many others have improved in penmanship. The American S. S. Union sent me four hundred and forty copies of the *Bible Reader* and seventeen sets of the accompanying charts. I used these in instructing soldiers to read. We had about seventy-five in the Regiment who could read but little, all of whom made some progress, and some have become good readers. Having given my attention to them for a long time, I have latterly opened a school for the benefit of the negroes in camp. Previous to our present march I had a class of fifty or more, some of whom learned to read within two weeks. By this process the institution of slavery is surely being overthrown. The accursed laws of the South against the education of the blacks are annulled, the bitter prejudice against negroes is being rendered still more causeless, freed are being prepared for freedom, and all the advantages of knowledge are brought to a long neglected and oppressed race. With eagerness they improve the opportunity thus presented to them. They cling to their books during our weary marches through the mountains, and spend their spare moments in conning over their lessons.

In spiritual matters I can report great progress. When in camp we hold five services each week—two sermons, one conference, and two prayer meetings. All of these are well attended and deeply interesting. We have a large and growing Regimental Christian Society. Since the battle of Stone River, I have baptized nineteen, and received thirty-four applications for membership in the churches at home. Many have professed religion, and many backsliders have been reclaimed. Our meetings are attended by many from beyond our Regiment, from Major-Generals down to camp followers. Many officers manifest a deeper interest than formerly in religion, and have given up profanity and other evil habits. These happy results have all been accomplished by the amazing grace of God, who can and does work even in the army.

Two motives have urged me forward in my labors. One is the uncertainty of life with the soldiers. They fall by thousands in battle and of dis-

ease. We leave them in every valley, and upon every hill and mountain side. They give their lives for their country, and shall they perish without the ordinances of the Church? Should we not make their privileges greater than the ancient people of God, who could not "sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Again, I am deeply impressed with the truth, "Like army, like people." There is no escape from the fact, the army rules and will rule the nation. Upon the success of the army depends the success of the Government; they stand or fall together. It is manifest to the observation of all, that the unanimous and unflinching stand of the army has saved the country, politically, within the last year. Demoralization of the army would demoralize the Nation. If our soldiers become corrupt, the whole Nation will go backward. Then must ruin overtake our fair land, "for a demoralized people, spring never revisits, and day never dawns on the night of their shame." I am glad that I can hope, that the soldiers of the 58th Indiana will return to bless, and not blight society.

Of course I meet hindrances, but they "are trifles, light as air." On the other hand, I have been much encouraged by my fellow soldiers, by every Regimental, Brigade, Division, and Corps commander I have had, by the words of cheer and prayers of friends at home, and especially by the blessing of Heaven ever bountifully bestowed. Much, therefore, as I love home, and cherish the pleasures of Christian society, I am content to remain in the field. If it be my lot to fall in the conflict, I shall bear with me to the grave the sincerest consolation of having died for the extinction of slavery, and for the establishment of freedom, unity, and the glory of our Nation. I earnestly ask the prayers of the people of God for myself and the army.

I ask to be continued as Chaplain to the 58th Indiana Volunteers, and member of Simpson Chapel Quarterly Conference.

Wishing that the blessings of God may rest upon you in your deliberations, that yourselves and families may enjoy health and happiness, and that Heaven may abundantly smile upon and crown your labors with success, I subscribe myself,

Your brother in Christ,

JOHN. J. HIGHT.

Dr. Andrew Lewis.

Dr. Andrew Lewis, under whose direction the 58th Indiana was recruited and organized, was born April 19th, 1813, in Lewisburg, New York county, Pennsylvania, and died in Princeton, Ind., March 10th, 1877. He was the fifth son of Doctor Webster Lewis, a physician of great eminence in that state. After completing a common school education the subject of this sketch turned his attention to the study of medicine. In 1839 he left Lewisburg, intending to settle in Iowa, but, getting out of funds, stopped in Gibson county, Indiana, to recruit his finances. Here, he engaged in manual labor on the Wabash and Erie canal, then in the course of construction. Afterwards he resumed the study of medicine, with his brother, in Boonville, Ind., and in January, 1841, began his first practice in Winslow, Ind. In April, 1843, he removed to Princeton, Ind., where he continued the practice of his profession until 1850. At this time he became a candidate of the Whig party for County Clerk and was successful. In 1855 he was re-elected and served to the end of his term.

Dr. Lewis was a man of great energy and enterprise, and devoted his time and means very largely to the promotion of the public and private interests of the town and community in which he lived. He took an active part in the incipient steps that brought into existence the first railroad through this town—now the Evansville & Terre Haute. It was mainly through his efforts that the main line of the Louisville, Evansville & St. Louis railroad was located through the county of Gibson and town of Princeton. He was interested in the construction of the road and it was largely through his energy that this railroad enterprise was sustained through its primitive struggles, and was kept in a condition for others to push to ultimate completion. Unfortunately, this enterprise did not prove profitable to Dr. Lewis. His large fortune, which he had amassed in other enterprises, was shattered in this. He was left largely involved, and was never able to recover the loss.

But it is more within the province of this sketch to speak of the loyalty and patriotism of Dr. Lewis. As has already been intimated, he was in thorough sympathy with the war for the suppression of the rebellion. It was through his suggestion and influence that the order was secured from Governor Morton to organize the 58th Indiana Regiment at Princeton. He was appointed to recruit the Regiment, and at once began the work. A camp was established in the Gibson county fair grounds in the latter part of September, and several Companies were entered as a nucleus for the Regiment. Within four weeks the organization was complete. Dr. Lewis was appointed Colonel, but his business was such that he could not go to the field, and he had to decline the appointment.

Governor Morton subsequently appointed him Commandant of the First Congressional District, and as such he recruited three other Regiments, namely, the 65th, 80th and 91st Indiana Regiments. The service of no one in the State was more highly prized by Governor Morton than was that of Dr. Lewis. He devoted his best energies to the cause of his country at a time when it was in a struggle for its existence. His contribution to this cause was not alone in labor, but also in money, clothing and food for soldiers' families. He was known at home and abroad as the friend of the soldier and the soldier's family.

GENERAL GEORGE P. BUELL.

General George P. Buell was the second son of George P. and Ann Lane Buell, and was born October 4, 1833, in Lawrenceburg, Indiana. His early life was spent on the farm in Dearborn county, of his native State. He attended school in the country, and town, until old enough to be sent to Greencastle college, where he remained some years. Afterward he went to Norwich Military Institute, at Norwich, Vermont, for a scientific course, and graduated in civil engineering. When the war broke out, he was in Colorado, pursuing his profession. He resigned his position, returned to Indiana, and entered the volunteer army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 58th Regiment Indiana Infantry. He was promoted to Colonel, and in a few months had command of a Brigade. He was a Brigade commander during the remainder of his army service, and near the close of the war was made Brevet Brigadier-General.

He entered the regular army July 28, 1866, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 29th Infantry. Was transferred to the 11th Infantry, March 15, 1869. He was breveted Brigadier-General, U. S. A., March 2, 1867, for gallant and meritorious service during the war, and on March 20, 1879, was promoted to the Colonelcy of the 15th Infantry, which position he held at the time of his death.

His service in the regular army was, with the exception of two or three years, on the frontier in Texas, Dakota, Montana, New Mexico and Colorado. During these years he was engaged in a great many Indian campaigns, commanding large bodies of troops, and often in the field months at a time. Such continued hard service greatly impaired his health, and, in 1882, he was forced to take a leave of absence, hoping that complete cessation from all duty might restore him. But his constitution was so broken that neither rest nor the best medical skill could save his life. After months of great suffering he passed away, May 31, 1883, at his country home near Nashville.

During the war General Buell formed the acquaintance of Miss Rochie Brien, near Nashville, Tennessee, and on December 27, 1865, they were married. One son, Don Carlos Buell, was the result of this union. Mrs. Buell and her son are still living near Nashville at the time this sketch is written (1895).

The following editorial notice appeared in a Nashville paper the day following his death :

DEATH OF GENERAL GEORGE P. BUELL.

General George Pearson Buell, Brevet Brigadier-General of the United States army, and Colonel of the 15th United States Infantry, died at his home near this city yesterday afternoon at 3:10 o'clock. He was born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, October 4, 1833, and graduated from Norwich Military University, Vermont. He entered the volunteer service in December, 1861, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 58th Indiana Infantry, was in all the battles of the western army, except the battle of Nashville, and rose to the rank of Brigadier-General of volunteers. Was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 20th United States Infantry on the 28th of June, 1866, and Colonel of the 15th United States Infantry March 20, 1879. He was breveted Brigadier-General, United States army, March 2, 1867, for long, faithful and most valuable services.

After the war General Buell was united in marriage to Miss Rochie Brien, only daughter of the late Judge John S. Brien, by Rev. Samuel D. Baldwin. General Buell leaves surviving him his wife and only son, Don Carlos Buell. General Buell was a gallant and faithful soldier, sterling patriot, a gentleman of high culture, a pure and good man, whose warm heart and generous disposition endeared him to all his acquaintances. He is a loss to the army and the nation. His deeply affected and distressed family have our sincerest sympathy and condolence.

ACTION OF THE CITIZENS OF NASHVILLE.

A meeting of the citizens of Nashville was held to take action on the death of General Buell, June 2, 1883. It was made up principally of men who had served in the late war, some of whom had worn the gray. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of their sorrow, in the death of a loved comrade and a brave soldier.

Pending the action of the committee, a number of persons gave personal testimony of their respect for General Buell, as a citizen and a soldier. Among these expressions were the following :

Captain John Ruhm said he knew a great deal about General Buell's character. He commanded one of the finest Indiana Regiments. He was a gallant soldier and a noble and generous one. He referred to his reputation as an Indian fighter on the frontier in glowing terms.

Major A. W. Wills said: I am unable to add words expressive of the great worth of the departed, to the noble sentiments embraced in the resolutions. I would say, however, that I have known the General long and well.

I was by his side as his groomsmen in the happiest hour of his life, unless he may have been happier when on the field of battle, for I never knew a man who seemed to crave the field of carnage, as he did. So great was his ambition, so determined was he to reach the summit of the ladder of fame. He was a brave and true patriot and soldier. He knew well his duty—he cared not for trials and hardships. He was called by some a martinet. Yet he only asked of his subordinates and his soldiers to do what he did. He never said “Push onward,” but always “Follow me.” As a father and loving husband, none ever excelled him. Brave, daring, and almost savage on the battlefield, at the fireside as gentle as a child. The nation has suffered almost an irreparable loss, and ere the setting of many suns I doubt not the wild Indian of the far West will join the war dance in rapturous delight over the death of the great Indian fighter whom they have cause to know so well, the late General Buell.

General W. H. Jackson said it was a sad pleasure to pay a tribute to the worth of General Buell. He knew him well. He admired him because of his gallant soldiership, but best on account of his high regard for his duties as a citizen. In the territory in which General Buell gained his distinction he (General Jackson) had traveled and fought over the same ground. Therefore, it had been a pleasure for them to meet and converse together. General Buell had the highest regard for his duty as a father, making his son a companion.

General G. P. Thruston said there were gentlemen present who knew General Buell better than he, but so well were his characteristics known throughout the army that he could speak. General Buell was made Brigade commander at the battle of Stone River. At the battle of Chickamauga he fought a fight that earned him a national reputation. In Georgia it was through his instrumentality that many a bridge was built so rapidly as to attract the attention of the world. These enabled the army to achieve many noble victories. General Buell was a soldier and a friend. On either side we are ready to honor such men.

The committee reported the following memorial, which was unanimously adopted:

In the few words that can be written upon an occasion like this, it is impossible to pay a just tribute to the life and eminent services of a character like General George P. Buell. His personal history is blended with many memorable events in which he bore a conspicuous part. His military title was not the gift of chance or friendship. It was fairly won upon many fields during the late war, through years of faithful service. It was the reward of his own personal gallantry, intellectual force and ability to command. This is already recorded as well in many historic papers as in the memory and hearts of his comrades and those who admired him. Early in the war he rose to be Colonel in one of the finest Regiments in the Army of the Cumberland, and soon afterwards one of its Brigade commanders. At the battle of Murfreesboro, at Chickamauga, at Atlanta, in the March to the Sea, at Savannah, and at the last noted battle of the war, at Bentonville, North Carolina—the honorable part he bore has found its way into published military records. Distinction also followed him since the war. In his Indian campaign in the West, and in the varied relations in civil life, as citizen, neighbor and friend, he has won the esteem and affection of all who knew him.

He was an earnest, decided character, but just and modest, considerate and generous. In the family circle he was beloved beyond expression in words. We can only offer our deep and tender sympathies to those suffering friends he loved so well.

Years of campaigning and exposure in the far West, as Colonel of his Regiment in the regular army, finally impaired his health and caused his untimely death.

His family and army comrades and grateful country cannot but feel the profoundest sorrow that this brave spirit has thus been borne down in the very prime of life and hope. Be it

Resolved, That a copy of this report be furnished to the daily papers at Nashville, to the *Army and Navy Journal*, and to General H. M. Cist, and to the family of our friend, General Buell.

J. P. THRUSTON,
W. H. JACKSON,
W. P. JONES,
HORACE H. HARRISON,
ALBERT AKERS,
Committee.

The chair, at the request of the family, appointed the following pall bearers: Governor W. B. Bate, Honorable A. J. Caldwell, Postmaster W. P. Jones, General W. H. Jackson, General G. P. Thruston, John Ruhm, Colonel W. M. Woodcock, J. P. Drouillard, General J. F. Wheless, Major Hugh Gwyn, Captain J. W. Morton and Major A. W. Wills.

Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Moore.

Lieutenant-Colonel Moore spent most of his early life in Gibson county, Indiana. At the commencement of the war he was in the mercantile business in Francisco, Ind., but he decided to abandon civil pursuits and offered his services in defense of his country. A call for additional volunteers being made in the summer of 1861, he started out to recruit a Company, which was soon accomplished, and at the organization he was elected its Captain. This Company was ordered to rendezvous in the fair ground, at Princeton, and was designated as Company B, of the 58th Indiana Regiment. After about six months' service as Captain of the Company, he was promoted to Major of the Regiment, and about a year later to Lieutenant-Colonel, which rank he held at the close of the war, when he was finally mustered out with the Regiment. At Mission Ridge he was in command of the Regiment, and led it in the charge on the rebel rifle pits. He was also in command of the Regiment in the Atlanta campaign, and on the "March to the Sea," and through the Carolinas, and had charge of the Pontoon train, bridging all the streams crossed by Sherman's army on that memorable campaign. For his ability and faithful performance of this duty, he was highly complimented by his superior officers.

Soon after coming home from the army, Colonel Moore removed to Missouri, where he was engaged in business for a few years. Then he returned to Indiana, and located in Indianapolis, where he was engaged in the claim and pension business for about twenty years. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was a true and brave soldier, and an honest, upright citizen.

He died at his home in that city, May 7, 1894, aged sixty-five years, after a long illness from disease contracted in the army.

Lieutenant-Colonel James T. Embree.

Lieutenant-Colonel James T. Embree was born in Princeton, Indiana, January 27, 1829, and was a member of a family distinguished for ability in the legal profession. His father was Judge Elisha Embree, a pioneer in the profession of law in Gibson county, Indiana, and ranked as one of the ablest members of the bar in the State. He served as judge of the Circuit Court and also as a representative in Congress from his district. James T. was educated in Asbury University at Greencastle, Ind., graduating in 1850, read law with his father and graduated from the law department of the State University at Bloomington in 1852. He associated himself with his father in the practice of his profession at Princeton, Ind., and was soon in possession of an extensive business. In 1861 he was regarded as one of the ablest advocates in Southern Indiana and had brilliant prospects for a long and successful career.

But he was an intensely loyal man, not only by instinct, but by inheritance. In the stormy years of discussion and debate, preceding the war, his voice and influence was in behalf of measures that would perpetuate liberty and more firmly establish the Union. He was a Fremont elector in 1856, and was in thorough sympathy with the sentiment that was opposed to the extension of slavery and the aggressions of the slave power, and, as a matter of course, was an ardent supporter of Abraham Lincoln, in the memorable campaign for the presidency in 1860. As a further natural sequence, when the Southern slave oligarchy resorted to arms for the purpose of breaking up the Union his patriotic blood was aroused. With the great mass of the loyal, union loving people of the country, he realized that the time for argument and discussion was at an end. President Lincoln's call for volunteers found a ready response and a hearty endorsement among the people, but only a small proportion of those who offered their services could be accepted. In the first months of the war the two younger brothers of Mr. Embree enlisted, but it was not until October, 1861, that he found opportunity to enter the service himself. When the 58th Indiana Regiment was being organized he was tendered the position of Major, which he accepted and went with the Regiment to the field.

In a few months after entering the service he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and during the greater part of the time was in command of the Regiment, the Colonel being in command of the Brigade. On account of the death of his father and also his wife, he was compelled to resign in the latter part of 1863, and return to urgent business cares at home. He became greatly attached to the men of the Regiment and was held in high esteem by them, and there was mutual regret at the parting. He was a kind hearted officer and entered into the sympathies of those under his command—an official characteristic somewhat out of the ordinary.

After his return home he resumed the practice of law and began to gather up his business that had been interrupted by the war. But the seeds of a deadly disease had been implanted in his system during his army service and he did not live long to enjoy the blessings of a peaceful and united country. He died August 3, 1867, honored and esteemed by all, especially by his comrades. He had been instrumental in organizing the first post, Grand Army of the Republic, in Princeton, and it was his fortune to be the first comrade to be buried under the auspices and with the honors of the Grand Army.

Colonel H. M. Carr.

Colonel H. M. Carr, who first commanded the 58th Indiana Regiment in the field, was born in Montgomery county, Indiana, where he spent the earlier years of his life. When the war broke out he enlisted under the first call for volunteers, serving three months in the 11th Indiana Regiment as Captain of Company G. At the expiration of his term he re-entered the service for a term of three years in the same Regiment. November 14, 1861, he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the 58th Indiana, and at once entered upon his duties with that Regiment. He remained with the Regiment until June 17, 1862, when he resigned and returned to his home at Crawfordsville. But he did not remain long out of the service. A call for additional volunteers in 1862 gave him the opportunity to engage in the recruiting service. He assisted in recruiting the 72d Indiana Regiment, which was raised in the counties comprising the Eighth District, and was organized at Lafayette. It was mustered into service August 16, 1862, and Carr was commissioned Captain of Company B. In a few months he was promoted Major and continued as such until June 28, 1864, when he resigned on account of disability. Soon after the war he located in Louisville, where he engaged in the claim and pension business. He died in 1884, aged 54 years, of heart trouble, and his body rests in the beautiful Cave Hill cemetery, at Louisville. His widow and two daughters are still living; two sons preceded him to the grave.

Colonel Carr was a man of fine military appearance, and had a strong, commanding voice. He was in every way well adapted for handling a body of troops in the field. He was a genuine patriot and gave his best service to his country at a time when such service was most needed.

In civil life he is spoken of by one who knew him best as "a splendid, noble, generous, upright man, affectionate, and true as steel, yet as modest and sensitive as a woman." He was most highly esteemed by those who knew him and his death was universally regretted.

Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park.

NOTE.—The material facts in this article are obtained, partly, from articles written by General H. V. Boynton, a member of the National Commission, and partly from information obtained by the writer on a recent personal visit to the battleground. One of General Boynton's very excellent descriptive articles was published in *Harper's Weekly*, June 22, 1895, and another in the "Official Souvenir Program" of the recent International Epworth League Convention, in Chattanooga.

In 1889 a movement was begun that resulted in the establishment of a National Park, embracing the battle grounds of Chickamauga and Chattanooga. The originators of the scheme were from both of the armies who had fought upon these grounds, and the underlying idea was, that nowhere was there a better exemplification of American bravery and courage than upon the battlefields of Chickamauga and Chattanooga. It was the opinion that the battles here fought, ranked among the most notable, in many respects, of the greatest war of modern times. It was here that there was displayed the greatest strategy in military movements, and it was thought, by the originators of this enterprise, that here was the place and the opportunity for an impartial examination of a battlefield by both sides, purely as a military study, to the end that the important details of this historic event might be accurately preserved as an illustration of the achievements of American citizen soldiery.

This project was put into formal shape and made effective by an act of Congress, approved August 19, 1890, and under direction of the Secretary of War a commission, composed of representatives of both armies, was appointed to carry out the provisions of the act. For the prosecution of the work Congress made an appropriation of \$725,000. It required two years more to secure title to the lands, but the commission has finally succeeded in completing the

purchase of the entire battlefield of Chickamauga, and has options on other lands adjacent, which will eventually be included in the Park. The main body of the Park is traversed by the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, which passes through Rossville Gap at Missionary Ridge. The main roads have all been rebuilt in the most substantial manner, and all the old roads of the battlefield have been restored and improved. There are now on the battlefield about twenty-five miles of the finest roads to be found anywhere. In the plan of improving and restoring the field all the old roads, that were in existence at the time of the battle, have been reopened and improved and any new roads that have been opened since the battle have been closed. The underbrush and new growth of trees have been cut out, so that it is easy to trace the lines of battle, and one may drive through the woods over any part of the ground. Such buildings as were landmarks of the battle, and have since fallen into decay, have been rebuilt or repaired, or the site of such buildings designated by a tablet. The methods of marking the lines of battle are by monuments, tablets, and actual batteries of artillery.

There are steel and iron observation towers so placed at prominent points as to enable visitors to ascend above the tree tops and observe all portions of the field. Two of these are on Missionary Ridge and three on Chickamauga battlefield.

In addition to the tablets and other markers erected by the National Government, each State has taken measures to erect monuments to mark the position of all its Regiments and Battalions that were engaged in the battle. Some of these monuments have already been erected, and most of them will be completed by the time for the dedication of the Park, September 19 and 20, 1895.

Historical tablets, constructed of iron, each 3x4 feet, have been erected at different points on the battlefield. These give a condensed history of the movements of each organization and the part taken in the battle upon that part of the field. There are also staff tablets bearing the names of every general officer's staff. The tablets are numbered, consecutively, on the upper left-hand corner, and on the upper right hand corner appears the letter "U," or "C," indicating the army to which the participants belonged. There is no distinction in the treatment of the Union and Confederate armies, except in this particular.

The following is a copy of the tablets for General T. J. Wood's Division, located in the position held by that command on the Brotherton farm, Sunday morning, September 20th:

NO. 67.

U.

WOOD'S DIVISION—CRITTENDEN'S CORPS.

During the night of the 19th Buell's and Harker's Brigades (Wagner's Brigade on garrison duty at Chattanooga) withdrew from near Viniard's to the slope of Missionary Ridge west of Dyer House and beyond the Crawfish Springs road. Early in the morning Wood was directed to relieve Negley on this ground. This was not accomplished until after 9:30 a. m., when the last of Negley's Division passed to the left and Wood's line, with Barnes' Brigade, of Van Cleave's Division, which had come forward with Wood, was closed to the left on Brannan's Division. Upon the supposition that Brannan had responded to an order sent him to move to the support of the left, Wood was ordered, at 10:45 a. m., by General Rosecrans, to close rapidly on Reynolds and support him. Brannan being under attack at the moment of receiving the order held his line. Wood obeying literally, drew out of line and moved to the rear of Brannan, towards Reynolds. Barnes' Brigade at the beginning of the movement was dispatched to Baird's support on the extreme left. Just as Harker's Brigade, moving next in rear of Barnes, had gained the rear of Brannan, Longstreet moved with a column of three Divisions of eight Brigades upon Wood's late front at the Brotherton house, penetrating the line, and dispersing Buell's Brigade, which was following Harker, and taking Brannan in reverse. Harker's Brigade promptly moved back into the Dyer field and attacked the head of the enemy's column with great vigor, which gave Brannan a chance to rally his command on Snodgrass Hill, where Harker soon joined him and held the left of the line on that part of the field until night. Fragments of Buell's Brigade rallied on Snodgrass Hill, where General Wood in person established his headquarters and co-operated with General Brannan in the defence of that position. The loss of the Division (two Brigades) for the two days, was, killed 132, wounded 744, missing 194, total 1,070.

NO. 67 A.

U.

WOOD'S DIVISION.**BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. J. WOOD.**

Sept. 19-20, 1863.

STAFF ON FIELD.

CAPT. MARCUS P. BESTOW, U. S. V., Assistant Adjutant General.
 LIEUT. JOHN L. YARYAN, 58th Indiana, Aid-de-Camp.
 LIEUT. GEORGE SHAFFER, 93d Ohio, Aid-de-camp.
 LIEUT.-COL. THOS. R. PALMER, 13th Michigan, Inspector.
 SURGEON W. W. BLAIR, 58th Indiana, Medical Director.
 CAPT. L. D. MYERS, U. S. V., Assistant Quartermaster-General.
 CAPT. J. McDONALD, U. S. V., Com. of Subsistence.
 CAPT. WM. McLOUGHLIN, 13th Michigan, Topographical Engineer.
 CAPT. JOHN E. GEORGE, 15th Indiana, Assistant Com. of Masters.
 LIEUT. PETER HOLDMAN, 3d Kentucky, Ordnance Officer.
 CAPT. MICHAEL KEISER, 64th Ohio, Provost Marshal.
 CAPT. LUDLOW BRADLEY, 6th Ohio Battery, Chief of Artillery.
 PRIVATE ROBERT LEMON, 58th Indiana, Orderly.

Other tablets for Wood's Division are located on the Lafayette road, opposite the Viniard house, where the hard fighting was done on Saturday evening.

Indiana has appropriated \$40,000 for the erection of monuments to the several organizations from this State that participated in the battle of Chickamauga. The position selected for the 58th Indiana Regiment is a few yards east of the Lafayette and Chattanooga road, opposite the Viniard house. This is where the Regiment did its hardest fighting on Saturday evening, September 19th, and it was here that it suffered the heaviest loss of the two days' battle.

The 58th Indiana monument is constructed of Bedford limestone. It is $8\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ feet at the base, and will stand 15 feet high. On the second base, which is 5 feet 10 inches by 4 feet 2 inches, there appears the inscription "58th Regiment Indiana Infantry." On top of this is a third base, 5 feet 3 inches by 4 feet, one foot thick. This supports a die 4 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 10 inches and 6 feet high. On top of this is a cap, and the whole is surmounted by an eagle, $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ feet. In front, on the upper part of the die, is the State seal of Indiana, in bronze. On the opposite side of the die is a bronze tablet which contains a brief history of the Regiment in the battle, as follows:

FIFTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT INDIANA INFANTRY.

This Regiment, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Embree, went into action at this point about 2:45 p. m., September 19th, charging the enemy across the road; left of Regiment penetrating a woods, where a severe engagement ensued. Loss heavy in killed and wounded. On morning of 20th moved to new position at Brotherton farm. When lines were broken, by movement of Brigade to the left, the Regiment was severed, but rallied again on Snodgrass Hill, and assisted in holding that point during the remainder of the day. On night of 21st the Regiment formed part of skirmish line, in command of Major Moore, which covered the movement of Rosecrans' army to Chattanooga. Loss in two days' battle: Killed, 16; wounded and missing, 155; total, 171.

Stone markers, about 4 feet high and properly inscribed, are placed at the position occupied by the Regiment at the Brotherton farm on the morning of the 20th, and on Snodgrass Hill, in the afternoon of that day.







