EIGHTEENTH U. S. INFANTRY FROM CAMP THOMAS TO MURFREESBORO AND THE REGULAR BRIGADE AT STONE RIVER.

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SIXTEENTH U. S. INFANTRY.

(Read May 13, 1890.)

It is not my purpose to-night to make any criticism upon battles or campaigns; I offer only some personal recollections of the grave, the gay, and the ridiculous incidents of a soldier's life during the late unpleasantness, on the march, in camp, and in battle, as seen by a lieutenant in the fighting regiment of the Army of the Cumberland, in which it served from 1861 until after the fall of Atlanta, when, being so reduced in numbers as to be no longer efficient for service in the field, it was placed in garrison at Chattanooga, Tenn.

This regiment, the Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, was one of those added to the regular army in the spring of 1861. Its colonel was Henry B. Carrington, a native of Connecticut, but for many years a resident of Ohio, and at the time of his appointment in the army the adjutant-general of that State. I was a native of Ohio, but in April, 1861, had been for the past two years living in the South, where I had good business prospects and many friends. I was loath to give them up;

still, when I found that war was inevitable, I returned home to take my place on the side to which my training and inclinations drew me with a force that I neither wished nor was able to resist. I arrived in Ohio too late for the first calls for volunteers, and in July, being in Columbus, there met Colonel Carrington, who was just beginning the organization of his regiment. I was the first man to enlist in it, and it is perhaps due to that fact that I was also one of the first enlisted men promoted to a commission in it.

The lieutenant-colonel, two majors, and three captains were from the old army; the third major was Frederick Townsend of New York, twice adjutant-general of that State, and a most accomplished soldier and gentleman. The other officers were young men fresh from the schools and business of civil life, utterly without military experience, and as they reported for duty were put under the instruction of older officers. Drills and recitations in tactics and regulations were carried on incessantly, and as the officers became reasonably well instructed in their duties they were despatched to all parts of the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, on recruiting service. Men came in rapidly, and in August, having more than could be accommodated in the city, the regiment was established at Camp Thomas, which remained until 1866 as a depot for recruits and convalescent men of the regiment. About November 1 the First and Second Battalions proceeded under command of the lieutenant-colonel, A. L. Shepherd, *via* Louisville to Lebanon, Ky., where they were assigned to General George H. Thomas's Division, forming, together with the Second

Minnesota, N and ThirOhio Volunteers, the Third Bri, Colonel R'ook, Ninth Ohio, commanding.

We had leamp Thomery short notice, were withoutnp equipagnsportation, and all our energvere at oncowards supplying these deficier A few ofers had been stationed at Carhomas andipplied with mess outfits, but nof us had b'd in from recruiting service aere destitutthing of the kind. We unluckys establishmess in a pair of hospital tentie could cong but coffee, and for other par our diet ren the farmers and darkies of tlcinity, whoed irregular supplies of coldst turkey aleather pies. We stood arounc tables, andr cold turkey, hard bread, and c three timewhen we could get it, for nearlynonth; and to say that white roast turkeyl right for sicasions, yet taken cold and wit the usual that belong to it, at every meor a montl it is apt to pall slightly on tnost indiffdate. In my own case, for ten s after Leb smell of a turkey made me ill. the meantidd to our discomfort the wea was wet aland, being young soldiers, we ourse accu all the infantile diseases, anasles, whoogh, etc., were running amuck ugh the coi Shortly after our arrival at Lon we receiallotment of those patient, muoused allies, whose assistance the Rebellionld never in squelched—our mules. There young anken. All the men

who knew anything about driving teams were directed to report to the quartermaster. There were not many men who knew much about the mule, for our people had not then the intimate knowledge of his peculiarities which they have since gained in war, likewise in politics. However, the mules were driven into an enclosure, and the experts, assisted by volunteers, proceeded to halter and drag them to the wagons, where they were harnessed and hitched up. Words fail in the attempt to describe the equine gymnastics, ground and lofty tumbling, the tugging and swearing which followed—the very air was redolent of brimstone. The fence was crowded with laughing lookers-on of the daily exhibition, but at the end of a week or so the mules were pretty well broken in, and dragged the wagons with locked hind wheels around through the mud as if they realized that their destiny was accomplished.

The health of the command was reëstablished, our messes in good order, and we began to look forward to the more serious times of the service. Our commander had served in the Mexican War, and we youngsters looked with admiring and envious eyes on the gold leaf of the brevet rank which he had then won. On duty he was, as the boys would say, a holy terror; not the slightest delinquency escaped his watchful eyes. Perfectly familiar with every detail of the service, he was everywhere; now showing a teamster how to handle his mules, or a company cook how to utilize the rations; next, a soldier how and with what to pack his knapsack, superintending drills, making of returns, and all the thousand and one things necessary

to the comfort and efficiency of his inexperienced officers and men. At night, in front of his camp-fire, he would melt into the most genial mood, and with his stories and jokes lead us to doubt whether the colonel of the day and of the evening were one and the same person. As I have said, the officers were young men; there was not a captain who was over thirty, the lieutenants were between twenty and twenty-five, while in the ranks were many young men who were to win commissions in the days to come; and when we pulled out of Lebanon in the first week of January, 1862, *en route* for Mill Springs, each man felt himself a match for at least one Confederate, big or little, as the case might be.

This was our first, perhaps our hardest, march. It rained almost incessantly, and the roads, cut up by the heavy trains in advance of us, were well-nigh impassable, so that we did not reach Mill Springs until some days after the battle had been won by our volunteer comrades. The people of the region through which we marched were supposed to be loyal, and the orders against the molestation of private property were strictly enforced in our regiment. Not so, however, in others. Although the ground was wet, we were not allowed to avail ourselves of the straw and haystacks near our camps, sometimes even in them, but were obliged to lay our blankets in the mud, while we enjoyed the felicity of seeing others carry off the straw from under our very noses. Our daily marches were not made in very good order; each company, the men carrying their knapsacks, marched beside its wagon, ready to help it up the hills or pull it out of the mud

as necessity might require. Frequently a wagon would sink to the axle in the tenacious yellow mud, when it would be necessary to unload it and carry the contents to solid ground; the wagon would then be lifted out and reloaded, probably to repeat the operation within half a mile.

The regiment having been recruited from widely separated localities, and the officers representing nearly all the loyal States, we were comparatively strangers to each other when this march began; but it welded us into a homogeneous mass, and laid the foundations of a brotherhood and *corps d'esprit* which will end only with our lives. It brought out the peculiarities and whimsicalities of officers and men. These would fill a book, and I can mention here but a few.

There was a little fellow in my company who was too short for any trousers that the quartermaster could furnish. I can see him now, his trousers dragging at the heel, and plastered with mud to the small of his back. He carried the biggest knapsack of any man in the regiment, and was always at the tail of the company. Our line of march was for some days along a small stream, which we frequently crossed; the men would make footways of rails, and Brown developed a propensity to tumble off of these bridges, which soon drew upon the attention of the regiment. At one of the crossings the ford was deeper than usual, and most of the men removed their shoes and stockings before wading through. Just below there was a log thrown across, about three feet above the water, and many of the men were crossing on that. It caught Brown's eye, but being a little more difficult than he liked, he

hesitated; the men encouraged him. "Go ahead, Jimmy, you can do it, it's easy," etc., etc. So, summoning all his courage, he stepped on the log; every one waited in expectation of the result. Brown carefully picked his way to near the middle, when he stopped, wavered, then dropped astride, and losing his balance, clasped the log with arms and legs and rolled underneath, where he hung wriggling and twisting in a desperate effort to regain the upper side, being aided by the advice of every man within sight or hearing. At last, exhausted, he dropped with an audible shiver into the ice-cold water. The men, although filled with that sympathy a soldier always feels for a comrade in such circumstances, laughed, until suddenly they saw that Brown was in danger of drowning in three feet of water; his knapsack held him on his back, the water just at his lips. A couple of men rushed in and pulled him to the bank.

There was another youngster, about nineteen. I enlisted him in central Ohio; his mother, a widow, came in with him, saw him enlisted, and sent him off to the war with her blessing. He was a country lad, and the men for a while imposed on his good-natured simplicity. When Bagley found this out he went on the war-path. He would fight at the drop of a hat, and cry all the time, but the other fellows always had enough before Bagley. I remonstrated with him once, having some interest in him, and told him he would get awfully licked some day. He slyly dropped the corner of his eye, and said, "Lieutenant, I never begin it, and I never make a fight I can't get away with."

Another character was Walsh. He was an excellent

soldier, but he had a desperate fondness for applejack, and a nose that was constantly leading him into difficulty, for it could scent that insidious liquor out though concealed at the bottom of the deepest sink-hole in Kentucky. Applejack was not plentiful along our route; we were in the rear, and most of the supply seemed to have been absorbed. It was noticed, however, that Walsh frequently had more than was good for him or the discipline of his company, and many unsuccessful attempts were made to cut off his supplies. One day his captain, who was not averse to a little applejack himself, called at a house and tried to buy some. He was turning away, when he espied Walsh, who, loaded with canteens, was slipping along the back garden fence. The Captain called him. Walsh came up. "What have you got in those canteens?" "Water, sir." "Let me see." The Captain tasted canteen No. 1—water; and so on to the last, all water. The Captain, disappointed but suspicious, sternly eyed Walsh, who had an air of mingled innocence and impudent triumph. The Captain, telling of it afterward, said, "I knew by the glint of the rascal's eye that he was getting the best of me in some way; I told him to go to camp, and as he turned away a smile spread over his face. At that moment I noticed a suspicious-looking protuberance under the tail of his coat, to which I applied my toe; it struck a canteen of applejack concealed there. Walsh stopped, looked over his shoulder, and with a sickly smile said, 'Ah, Captain, how did ye guess it was there?' He'd got it at the house where they'd refused to sell it to me; the old man had but a gallon, and Walsh had talked him out

of a canteenful. I bowed on the spot to Walsh's genius. I know it's not discipline, but in this beastly weather a man must have something to sustain him, so I made a bargain with Walsh: he is to keep me supplied in future; I furnish the money to pay for it when he can't get it otherwise, and he says it will be a cold day when my canteen is empty." The Captain was fond of his toddy, but he was never known to lose his head; his natural politeness and suavity of manner increased with the number he imbibed. They tell of him that on one occasion, when Walsh had been uproariously tight himself but had neglected to declare the usual dividend on the joint-stock applejack company, the Captain gave Walsh a severe lecture upon his conduct, closing somewhat in this way: "If you must drink, why the devil don't you do so reasonably, like a gentleman, as I do?" To which Walsh replied, "Sure, I'd like nothing better than to drink like the Captain, but 'twould kill me in a week."

After the battle of Mill Springs our division was concentrated at Somerset, Ky., and in February moved towards Munfordsville, with a view to an advance upon Bowling Green; but the enemy having withdrawn to Nashville, we proceeded by forced marches to Louisville, where about the last of the month we took boats and arrived at Nashville in the first week of March, 1862. Up to this time the army had been scattered by brigades and divisions from Donelson to Cumberland Gap; it was now mostly concentrated at Nashville, and near the middle of March started on its first campaign as an army, under the immediate command of General Buell, to take part in the operations

against that of General A. S. Johnston, then at or near Corinth, Miss. As the movement began the rains came also. Our progress was slow, delayed as we were by bad roads, high water, and broken bridges, until on April 6, near Waynesboro, Tenn., we heard the booming of the artillery at Pittsburg Landing. How we pulled through the mud that day, leaving our train behind us, not to see it again for a month! We passed wagons, guns, and caissons stuck fast in the mud and abandoned for the time, and at last, about ten at night, bivouacked by the roadside, so tired that we could hardly step. The rain poured down all night, and the darkness was like a wall. Our rations had been left with our wagons, but we found a commissary train, and it fell on me to issue rations to the companies. It was nearly morning when I finished, and I slept the rest of the night in the tail end of an army wagon which was loaded with blacksmith tools and horseshoes. It was not a couch that a Sybarite would have delighted in, but it was a bed of roses to me, for I was tired enough to have slept on the edge of a fence-rail. I was alone when I went to sleep, but on awaking I found that two men had joined me, one of whom had his feet in my bosom, while the other was lying across my legs, which were paralyzed to a degree that rendered me almost incapable of marching the next day.

We arrived at Pittsburg Landing on the 8th of April. The condition of things at that place for some days after the battle will be remembered by all who were there. Description fails me as I recall the scene. There was a general field-hospital at the point where we landed, and the ground was simply bloody mud. The

first sight that met our eyes as we reached the top of the bank was the ghastly pile of arms and legs bleached to a chalky whiteness by the rain, and which was being constantly increased in size by the surgeons, who, with blood-stained hands and clothes, were busy under canvas sheds close by, while frequently arriving wagons and ambulances were discharging their loads of wounded and suffering men, who were carefully laid down or hobbled to a convenient resting-place to await the attentions of the surgeons; and that no element of discomfort might be lacking, there poured from the lowering clouds a heavy, chilling rain. It was enough to weaken the stoutest heart, and we gladly hurried to the front, where we bivouacked in the mud and rain, and in our own misery soon forgot the sufferers we had left behind. The situation was so absolutely wretched as to be laughable, and my memory of it is that I was water-soaked by the rain, and tortured nigh unto death by the woodticks. In the campaign which followed we took our first lessons in engineering, fortification, and ditching, varied by the almost daily skirmishing as we advanced. I was at an outpost during the last night of the Rebel occupation of Corinth, and was so close to their lines that we could hear distinctly all that was going on, and all were certain the place was being abandoned; but our line was held back until late in the morning, and when we finally advanced we met our troops, who had entered the place some time before. We marched upon the trail of the enemy for some time before we were recalled to our camp, where we had something to eat, and had just begun to celebrate the arrival of our sutler when we

were ordered to march. In half an hour we were on the road, and we stumbled along through the darkness until all hands were completely exhausted before a halt was made. The enemy was beyond our reach, and in a day or two we were ordered to march to Iuka Springs, where, amid the shady groves and sparkling waters, we enjoyed a welcome rest of some weeks. While we were at Iuka Bragg was at Chattanooga preparing for his advance into Kentucky. In July we began our movement northward, crossing the Tennessee at Eastport, and until well into August marched and countermarched in rear of Altamont and McMinnville, in the expectation that Bragg would offer battle somewhere between those points and Murfreesboro, it being supposed that Nashville was the object of his movement.

Quite an exciting episode occurred in one of our camps about this time, in which another character, or I might say two of them, came to the front—McNally, the Colonel's striker, and the Colonel's mare. The Colonel had peculiar ideas about the points of his saddle-horse: in the first place, it should not be more than fourteen hands high, as, having short legs, he could not easily mount a taller horse; next, the back should be short, to prevent the turning of the saddle; and lastly, the back should be long, as an infantry field-officer rode generally at a walk to secure an easy motion at that gait. It was not an easy matter to find an animal which combined all these qualities, but the Colonel, having found them in his mare, valued her highly, and after trying a number of grooms had found a suitable one in McNally, who until this un-

lucky day had been all that could be desired. We were camped in an old peach orchard: the mare was tied with a heavy rope around her neck to a dead peach-tree; she had a trick of pulling back, and nothing less than a cable would hold her on such occasions. The men were lying about in the shade, and the camp was quiet as the grave, when the Colonel, coming out of his tent and looking about, saw his mare very restive, stamping and switching her tail, and, although it was blazing hot, covered with a blanket. "McNally!" he called. "Yis, Colonel." "What is the matter with the mare? Why have you put that blanket on her this hot day? Go and take it off immediately." "Yis, Colonel, but I put the blankit on her because them little yaller flies doos be bitin' her widout it." As they talked they moved towards the mare, who was now plunging madly, and just as they reached her gave one tremendous pull, tore the tree up by the roots, and went tearing through the camp, dragging the tree with her. The Colonel stood speechless with astonishment and dismay; but suddenly he clapped his hand to the back of his neck. The situation dawned upon him with painful distinctness. He turned upon McNally. "You howling idiot," he shouted, "you've tied her in a yaller-jacket's nest!" Meanwhile the poor mare, leaving a trail of the "little yaller flies" behind her, and having knocked down about half the tents in camp, had brought up near her starting-place, got astride the tree, and was squealing and kicking like an insane mule. The camp was in an uproar; the men, who had turned out under the impression that we were receiving a charge of cavalry, were laughing and shouting,

fighting yellow-jackets, and dancing about generally in such a manner that a stranger to the reasons of their conduct might have supposed himself among a lot of escaped lunatics. McNally had disappeared. The Colonel, beside himself with rage and anxiety for his mare, was performing a war-dance, while the yellow-jackets, whose nest was in a hollow of the tree near the roots, were still at home to all callers. At last, a man wrapped in a blanket ran up, cut the rope and set the poor animal free, and the camp gradually resumed its quiet.

To return to Bragg's movements: We soon learned that he had planned a larger campaign than for the possession of Nashville, and that his purpose was to clear the "sacred soil" of a Federal army by carrying the war north of the Ohio. But the high hopes of the Confederate general were doomed to disappointment. The results of the campaign are matters of history, and I will hasten on with my story, as did the armies in the celebrated race which now began for the Ohio River. Suffice it to say that we beat him there by arriving at Louisville on the 29th of September. So here we were again at our starting-point of the year before. We had wrestled with Kentucky mud and had been chilled by her winter rains; had withstood the attacks of woodticks and graybacks in the old Confederate camps around Corinth; and had broiled beneath the summer suns of Mississippi and Tennessee. Like the boy who was kicked by the historic mule, we were not so handsome as we had been, but we had learned a heap. While we had done no hard fighting, we had interviewed our friends the Rebels

often enough to have learned the difference between the *spat* of a bullet that hits and the *zip* of one that misses. We had found the application of Tille's apostrophe to his legs on the morning of his first battle: "You tremble now, but if you only knew where I intend taking you this day you would run away if you could." Our men no longer slept in the mud when there was a convenient straw-stack; they didn't burn green wood when there was a dry fence handy. In short, they had learned the high art of living on the country, and the region must have been pretty well cleaned out where a man of the Eighteenth Regulars could not find something in addition to his hard-tack and bacon. We had also learned what a blessed thing is water. All through Tennessee and Kentucky we had found springs, streams, and wells nearly dry. I recall one day especially, between Murfreesboro and Nashville, where I saw at least five hundred men with their cups and canteens crowding to a little trickling spring that would not have filled a canteen in half an hour; and yet these men pushed and strove to reach it as if each could have drunk his fill the moment he arrived. The glare of the sun on the limestone pike was dreadful. My tongue was so swollen that I could scarcely articulate, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the men were kept in ranks. We camped that night near a stagnant pool; the men, barely waiting to stack their arms, rushed into the water, which they swallowed in great mouthfuls.

We lost no time at Louisville. Our brigade, increased by the addition of a new regiment, was put in the Third Corps, and in a day or two we again started

South, this time to stay until the war was over. The day was more than warm; the new regiment, which in the morning was nearly as large as the rest of the brigade, shod in brand-new boots and shoes, with overcoat andblanket neatly rolled on their well-filled knapsacks, took but a corporal's guard into camp that night after the march of twenty miles. They melted away like wax before the fire, and filled fence-corners, where they were greeted with cries of "What'll you take for them boots? Do you want to sell that overcoat?" Whilst another, thinking of the large bounties then being paid, would shout, "Get up, you thousand-dollar warrior!" or, "You gilded patriot, come into camp; you cost too much money to be lying around loose." To these taunts they seldom replied, but their faces spoke volumes of indignation and suffering. They came out all right, though, in time; they were passing through the same experience with ourselves, only in our case there had been no yearling veterans to jeer at us. We came up with the enemy near Springfield, and kept up a running skirmish until we reached the vicinity of Perryville. We took small part in the battle; although in hearing of the musketry, we remained quiet until late in the afternoon, when we were ordered up to repel a last assault on McCook's right. After some apparently aimless marching, taking Harrodsburg, Danville, and Lancaster in our route, we moved through Bowling Green towards Gallatin, Tenn., where General Thomas, to whose command we again came, had fixed his headquarters. General Bragg had gotten around to Murfreesboro, and had apparently gone into winter quarters; General Buell had been relieved; and

our new commander, General Rosecrans, was accumulating men and material at Nashville. Morgan's men had been busy on the Louisville and Nashille Railway, and among other mischief had destroyed the tunnels near Gallatin. Our brigade camped there while they were being repaired. I was sent with a strong detachment to bring a herd of cattle and other supplies from Bowling Green. I returned in due season, having orders to put the cattle where forage was plenty, and report my whereabouts to the division commissary at Gallatin. The country was bare, and I had about despaired of being able to comply with the forage part of my orders; but having arrived within a few miles of Gallatin, I was riding in advance of my party, looking for a camping-place, when I met General Steadman, our brigade commander, who asked me what I was doing there. I told him what I was looking for. He turned in his saddle, and said, "You see that house down there? It belongs to one of the worst Rebels in this country; he has had a safeguard all along, but it has just been withdrawn, so take your cattle there and turn them in." I went to the field, and wishing not to destroy the young wheat, which was just nicely above ground, I rode to the owner's house, a short distance away. I met a darkey coming out, who told me that his master was at home, but he thought I would not be able to see him. I went on, and after knocking at the front door several times without answer, tried a side door, which after a few moments was opened just wide enough to allow a very pretty face to peer out. With my best bow and sweetest tone I enquired if Mr. D. was at home. "No, he isn't." "Can you tell me how soon he will return, or where I could find him?" "No, I can't." Slam! went the door. I rode off, and coming up with the darkey, who had been watching my proceedings, I asked him if there was no mistake about his master being at home. "Yessir, boss, he's home. He hides hisself when you was come round; he don't like Yankees nohow." And then he went on to say that the old man's son and a son-in-law were in the Rebel army; that there were frequently Rebel scouts at the house, and that the neighborhood generally wasn't a healthy place for men of my stripe to be found alone. By this time my party had come, and the cattle were turned into the field; they rushed for the fodder, and in a very little while the shocks that were standing could have been counted on one's fingers. I posted my guard and went to report at headquarters, and was told to remain where I was until further orders.

On my return to camp I saw talking with the sergeant a little man dressed in an old-style silk hat, long-tailed shiny black frock-coat, who was introduced to me as Mr. D., the owner of the field—in fact, of almost everything else in sight. He accosted me very politely, saying that he was sorry I had turned the cattle in before seeing him, that the fodder was all he had to carry his stock through the winter, and that the wheat was the dependence of the neighborhood for next year's bread, and that it would now all be destroyed. As you will observe, he ignored my visit to his house, and sought to put me on the defensive. However, I was not to be outdone in civility, especially as I was in possession; so I expressed my

regret that I had not found him at home, but as no one seemed to know where he could be found, and the case was urgent, I had nothing to do but turn the cattle in. I would put them in another field now if he would have the fodder hauled to them. He thought it was too late to save anything now, and so in fact it was. I was really very sorry for the old gentleman, and consoled him all I could by saying that the tramping would make the wheat stool out more heavily, and that I would give him a receipt for the forage. He grew more cheerful, and invited me to stay at his house while in the neighborhood. I declined with thanks, thinking he might be laying a trap for me, but I therein did him an injustice. My supper of bacon, hard-tack, and coffee was ready, and I asked him to share it with me, but he bade me good-evening and went home.

I didn't sleep much that night, it was cold; I had but one blanket, and besides, I was fearful that the bush-whackers might rout me out. It passed quietly, however, and I was in a good sleep, the sun having got high enough to thaw me out a little, when my sergeant called me, and, looking up, I saw a darkey with a tray, and something covered with a snowy napkin on it. "Mars D.'s compliment, and some peach and honey, and brekfus'll be ready soon's you come to de house." The peach and honey was delicious; it took all the aches and pains out of my joints and warmed me up, until I felt like a new man, and so, after making as careful a toilet as was possible under the circumstances, I went to the house. My host met me at the door and led the way to the breakfast-table, where he

presented me to his married daughter and two of the prettiest girls I had seen since I left Ohio. I was received as graciously and entertained as cordially as if I had been a welcome and anxiously expected guest. The young lady who had come to the door was especially cordial, probably because of our longer acquaintance. I suggested to her that my first impressions of herself had not been so agreeable as I had found her in reality to be; she turned the tables on me very neatly by asking if I thought my own appearance captivating. The point of this will be more apparent when I explain that I had been sleeping in fence-corners for about ten days, with a very limited supply of baggage—in fact, the trousers I then had on, my only pair, were in such a condition as to render it impossible for me to turn my back upon a lady. When I recall the strategy I practised during the several days I was there, to get out of that house without betraying the weak spots in my harness to my fair enemies, I feel that I never reached the rank in the service to which my skill in retreating entitled me. They were Rebels through and through, but I spent some very pleasant days with them, and when my orders came, as they did much too soon for me, and I bade them good-by, they invited me to call again—when the Confederacy should have been established. I replied that it was clear they hoped never to see me again, and so left them. I saw them some weeks later on the street in Gallatin, and was about to greet them, but they sailed by, their pretty noses in the air, and any tender feeling that might have been swelling in my susceptible bosom was blighted on the spot.

When I rejoined the regiment it was at Belote's Fort on the Cumberland River. While there we drilled diligently, and shortly after my arrival all the regular infantry in the Army of the Cumberland, consisting of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Regiments, and Guenther's Battery of the Fifth Artillery, were put in one brigade, to be known as the Regular Brigade. About the 30th of December we started for Nashville to join them, and as we marched through Gallatin were received by General Thomas. The sidewalks were filled by officers and men of the old division, and as the column, with our fine band at the head, swept by in perfect alignment and cadence, we were greeted with a continuous round of applause. We had served a year with the old brigade, and although at first our relations were somewhat strained, we parted the best of friends. As we passed through their camp we halted for an hour to say good-by, and their hospitality was such that when we resumed our march there were a good many of us for whom the road was scarcely wide enough to travel in.

At Nashville the army organization underwent a change. Thomas was put in command of the centre, composed of the divisions which afterwards became the Fourteenth Corps; the Regular Brigade was in Rosecrans' Division. We moved out from Nashville on Christmas. A party of us had gone to the city in the morning and had ordered a sumptuous repast at Bassett's restaurant, and had just seated ourselves to dispose of it when an orderly appeared at the door saying that the regiment was about to march. We were in our best uniforms, and hurried out, hoping to

find time to change, but we found the line formed and wagons loaded. My striker had kept out my sword, rubber-coat, and haversack, with three days' rations, and with this equipment I started on the campaign. Our wagons did not reach us again for ten days, and before the end of that time parched corn had become a luxury. We moved by the Franklin Pike, threatening the enemy's left as he retired to the line of Stone River; we crossed in the rear of McCook to our place in the centre, and reached the Murfreesboro Pike shortly before daylight on the 30th, where we remained until the afternoon, when we moved up and bivouacked near Rosecrans' headquarters. Soon after we reached the Pike. Negley's regiments began to move out, and one of them had reveille just as we were lying down. There was a fife and some snare-drums. The fifer was an artist: he played Bonaparte's march, and never shall I forget the piercing melody which filled the air of that frosty starlit night; it floated out away above the drums, and seemed as if it would reach the ends of the earth. We all sat up to listen, and it lingered in our ears until, tired, cold, and hungry, we fell asleep.

Being near headquarters and acquainted with the staff, we learned the result of operations to date, and the dispositions made for the battle, which, as is well known, was planned with the precision that a tailor fits a coat, and singularly enough was the exact counterpart of that of Bragg. In such a situation the advantage would naturally lie with the attacking force, and so it proved in this case. Bragg opened, and our right, the pivot on which our army was to swing, was overwhelmed early in the day. Our left, which was to

have swept all before it, was halted and then depleted to sustain the centre. Rosecrans' plan was overthrown in almost the twinkling of an eye, and from an army marching to victory we seemed to have become a mass of inextricable confusion, in imminent danger of being cut off from our communications and driven from the field. Such, briefly, was the situation when the Regular Brigade, which up to this time had been held in reserve, was ordered to the front. As we moved in double time to beyond the intersection of the railway and turnpike, General Thomas went up to Colonel Shepherd, and, pointing to the cedars on the right, from which were streaming the broken remnants of McCook's Corps, he said, "Colonel Shepherd, put your brigade in there, and for God's sake keep those devils back for twenty minutes." We formed right front into line, and scarcely had McCook's men cleared our front than the Rebels with a yell were upon us. Their yells were silenced by the volley of musketry which met them full in their faces. We advanced and met another line, where for twenty minutes or longer we stood and fired at pistol range, at the end of which time the lines in our rear had been established and we were withdrawn. As we approached our new line I noticed with astonishment the change that had taken place: where but a short half-hour before all had been dismay and confusion order now reigned supreme, and the eye fell upon dark lines of infantry with their glistening muskets, while on the knoll behind were the unfired guns, double-shotted with canister, the cannoneers in place, and all prepared to meet the enemy in a deadly grapple, on the result of which hung victory or defeat; and among them all there was not a soldier who did not know that, situated as we were, defeat meant almost irretrievable disaster. As we entered our lines we were greeted with a cheer, and we had been in our position some minutes before the Rebels followed, with three extended lines; and in perfect order they advanced, the western sun falling upon the faces, while the dark cedar forest behind them formed a background from which the men, their colors, and sloping muskets stood out in high relief, the whole making a picture never to be effaced from the minds of those who, with set faces and nerves of steel, were watching their approach. It was a moment in which the blood rushed upon the heart, which throbbed as if to burst its walls, when from our line burst forth a flash of flame and smoke and roar. In a few minutes all was still, the smoke cleared away, and we saw the field before us bare of life, as if swept by a hurricane. The enemy had disappeared, but not for long. Behind the curtain of the cedar thicket their lines were re-formed, and again and again, and yet again, they came, to meet the same reception and the same repulse, until at last, disheartened, they came no more. The Southern wave of victory broke and receded at the foot of the knoll where is now the National Cemetery, and the truthful historian of the battle will write that it was saved to the national arms by the Regular Brigade.

The tremendous losses which they sustained in the cedars and in the subsequent assaults broke the spirit of the Rebels; and had the results of the battle been as marked and important as were those which followed

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