

38th Ind 155
Col. DAN E. GRIFFEN
Christmas Night, 10 O'clock.
SCRIBWEN'S DRUG

My Dear Mollie:

Yet in the old camp, notwithstanding all the Orders of last night. Consequently this letter was held over to tell you of my Christmas in camp. Breakfast at daybreak, all packed and ready to move; the hour for the sounding of the "General" (7,10) arrived and ere the bugle notes had scarce died away, half the tents were down, wagons in the quarters and everything and everybody on the move: just then Orders countermanding the march arrived; the tents again put up; and now we await the arrival of tomorrow morning, when we are ordered again to move, unless countermanding Orders should again be received. The morning was passed in usual duties and an early dinner ordered, preparatory to my going to the city on some business: then arrived Maj. Glover and Q. M. Kelso (having started their wives on the train, north) but too late for me to attend to my other duties and at the same time to partake of the Christmas dinner either at Mrs. Maginness' or with Mrs. Payne. So I sat down, dined heartily on hog and hominy and made every preparation to go to Nashville; when there comes from the front, the sound of half a dozen cannons fired in quick succession and soon Orders for us to be in line preparatory to moving to the front if wanted. Were not called on further, but of course this put an end to all going to town. Col. S. and George, who were enjoying the hospitalities of Mrs. M. were hastily summoned to the field from the table, not however, I presume, until they had their fill. Dress Parade at the usual hour; supper following close and then night closes around us. After supper, a quiet game of whist and all is over; my brother officers all retired and I am now closing the only labor of love performed during the day. Of one important point I forgot to tell; at noon my Christmas gift was received. What was it? You can't guess; 'twas your last letter, the one you thought on such a big sheet: this was my comfort and cheering companion of the day.

You spoke of somebody's heart being broken at our late camp: 'tis news to me; I rather think it exists only in imagination; you know I would not break anybody's heart, even if I could. Which latter is out of the question. I rather suspect the young lady in question ahs her heart in the sunny south and perhaps our Army may have something to do finally with the breaking; but for her sake, I hope not. I wish you were down here, close to camp, I would not hesitate to make love then, nor would I brak your heart, certainly if I could prevent it, but rather by cementing, try to heal any former slight fractures that may have existed. How do you think I could succeed? My candle burns very low, none to replenish without calling the boys, so I must bid you a hasty good-night. Wishing all old friends, the happiest of New Years,

I am with much love,

Ever yours, Dan.

On the Field, Three Miles North of Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Sundown, January 3rd, 1863.

MY Dear Mollie:

Thanks to a Kind Providence, your friends and myself included, are yet well and in full enjoyment of health. Since Dec. 30th there has been much fighting each day, with various results: on the 31st our Regiment was engaged, and lost in killed 16: wounded, 83. Most of the wounded are slightly, only. Amongst the killed, we class Capt. Fouts; his men say, he was certainly killed. He was left on the field and that portion of it is still in the possession of the enemy. On that day, our Right was driven back, losses heavy on both sides. Yesterday the Rebs attacked our Left and were driven back handsomely, with heavy losses in killed, wounded and prisoners.

Today all has been comparatively quiet, although the sharpshooters and skirmishers are continually at work. Now our Artillery are giving them a few shells as a parting salute for today. What may be the result is yet in doubt; we feel confident of success.

In the fight of the 31st, I lost my horse, (Steve) shot in three places. Got two shots in cape of my coat, one of them bruising my arm slightly. All well again now.

George received a shot on his pistol scabbard; the pistol stopping the ball and saving his life.

Doc is unhurt; Robert the same, he was with us in the fray and is now with us. Sam and Kelso are with the train, possibly now at Nashville. Col. Scribner is unhurt. Lt. Martin received a slight flesh wound yesterday from a shell; is doing very well. Major Glover safe.

Please write to Sister if you receive this. No communication open, but I shall start this on a venture.

Be of good cheer; I feel that a Kind Providence will watch over us.

With much love, I am

As ever yours, . Dan.

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Camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn.,

Jan. 9th, 1863.

MY Dear Mollie:

The smoke of battle having fairly cleared away, the enemy gone I know not how far, nor where to, I have a few moments leisure to devote to friends; and a few days to rest after the fatigues of the past eventful week. I wrote you as promised, on Christmas night and started the letter north at the time the line of march was taken up, for this place, early on the 28th. From that date until the 5th of Jan., all but the Army world was closed to us; no line of communication to receive or send away; not even a news-paper to tell us of the weather; but everything and everybody bending in the direction of, and using every means of taking Murfreesboro. How we succeeded, the papers have doubtless long since told you in glowing colors with heavy headlines. On the 4th or 5th I snatched a few moments from duty on the field and wrote you, to tell of the safety of all your friends; and sent it forward to Nashville; I trust it has reached you long since and that the days of anxiety may have ceased to exist with you and others, for the safety of those on the field.

The incidents connected with our life of ten days from Dec. 28th, would fill a volume if well told, but I shall have to defer the telling of much of my experience until an opportunity occurs for me to relate to you the events. Of our march through the rain and mud, over rocky hills and through dense cedar forests, from our position near Nashville to a point four miles south of Murfreesboro, there is much to tell: of our bivouacing through the entire time, no tents and no conveniences for cooking, or in fact doing anything except to live and soldier in the most primitive style. There was much to experience and much to remember, but then all this was as nothing, compared with the time of the five days fighting, when scarcely a moment passed, either day or night, that there was not heard in close proximity to your camp fire, the rattle of musketry, the whizzing of the balls, or bursting of shells: 'twas our reveille in the morning, our taps at night, and the funeral knell of many a brave boy, during the day.

On the evening of Dec. 30th, we bivouaced (our Brigade) about a mile and a half from the lines of the enemy, and before daybreak of the 31st had eaten our hasty meal and with two days rations in our haversacks, started at break of day, for the front. Taking up position there, the enemy soon made their grand dash en masse, upon the Right wing of our Army, driving them from position ere they were well aware of what was going on. We were ordered through a dense cedar forest to the Right-Center, to support our columns, and moved on the double-quick to the rescue. Soon however

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we were ordered back to near our old position, arriving there just in time to see the Rebels advancing and charging on to our very Center, they having driven the Right before them. Here we were almost surrounded, the enemy then pressing us on three side; but in the Center they found things prepared for them, and as they charged over an open field on our Batteries, they were met with such showers of shot and grape, that they broke in disorder and ran pell-mell for the woods. Then part of our Brigade opened upon them and we all advanced; not however, far, until we met another line of our troops almost out of ammunition, retiring slowly before a heavy column of the foe. Only two Regiments of our Brigade being left together, (the others being detached to support Batteries) we moved rapidly into position; opening fire as our forces passed through our lines and completely checking the advance of the enemy. They came into position about 60 yards to our front, and I tell you the bullet's did more than whistle around our ears; 'twas a far hotter musketry fire, than I was under at Perryville; and quite as warm as I care about getting in, soon again.

We held our position for about twenty minutes, when we were ordered to retire some 300 yards to the turnpike, and there reform our line. This was done in comparatively good order, the enemy having met with such resistance as taught them 'twould not be healthy to follow closely. Again we advanced about 100 yards in front of our Batteries, ready to receive the momentarily expected advance of the rebels; but they did not venture from the cover of the woods, deeming it best to stay behind the trees, amusing themselves at firing on us at long range. Here we lay from about two o'clock until dark, unable except with our Artillery, to return their fire; while they would open on us heavily, about every fifteen minutes: 'twas dark and after, ere the firing ceased and then 'twas transferred to the picket lines, who banged, banged away all night.

The night was a very severe one, cold and freezing quite hard; no blankets and no fires, as we still occupied the same position, with pickets advanced, and could only keep from freezing by rapid walking along the lines. One hour before day, we were relieved and retired to the woods, in the rear, to make some coffee and thaw out our numbed bodies. We had hardly performed this, when about sunrise the ball again opened on the front, and we again had to move on the double quick, back to our old position or near it; taking position to support a Battery, we were fortunate enough to have our lines in a wooded thicket and in such position that small fires could be used. Here we lay until Monday morning, when we moved to Murfreesboro. The enemy, after having tried to break through our lines each day and failing, doubtless thought discretion the better part of valor, and decamped for parts unknown.

Although we were not in any of the general engagements after Wednesday, yet we were at all times exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters and the range of their Batteries, who would often open up-

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on us until silenced by ours in return. During the whole time, the anxiety was intense, feeling that at any moment your line might be called upon, for offensive or defensive action. 'Twas War in earnest and on a tremendous scale! At times the scene would arise in such grandeur that you would for the time forget you were an actor therein and become almost lost in attention: then again, the reality of the position would be brought vividly before your eyes in all its dread realities. The elements too, must have their part in the grand drama, and at times the clouds would pour out their torrents upon our devoted heads. Without blankets, with but little to eat, and often no time to eat even what you had, with men in the trenches knee-deep in water not daring to expose themselves to the sharp-shooters, with your daily walks for exercise or to see what was going on around you, to be interspersed every moment with the whizzing of a ball close to your ears; all made one quickly realize the presence and majesty of War.

On one day, corn in the ear, was issued to the men, and many of some of the Commands, would take their morning steak from the finest of the horses on the field; yet amidst all this, the men were cheerful, not a murmur, but ever ready to stand to their posts or move whenever ordered.

On Friday evening, a severe engagement on the Left, drove the Rebs in confusion; and on Saturday night, an attack after dark drove them from the Center. This last, a battle after night, was truly grand, the lines to be traced as they advanced or receded, by the steady line of fire. This last seems to have decided their hasty leave, as they commenced at midnight, leaving nothing but a barren town, inhabited only by some 3000 to 5000 wounded, that they could not transport away.

I wrote you that I had lost my horse, Steve. He received three shots, in the fight of the 31st and had just strength to carry me from the field. He was killed next day, not being able to leave the field. Robert's horse received one or two slight wounds; Major Glover's too. The Maj. had quite a hole torn in the shoulder of his coat. My cape was cut twice; one ball striking my arm just below the shoulder, but cutting only through the bapec. My arm is yet blue from the effects of it, but is good as ever. George was struck on the pistol scabbard by a ball entering the scabbard and battering up on the side of his pistol; this evidently saved his life. Sam was with the wagon train, going to Nashville, the guerillas after them pell-mell. He had a happy time, but succeeded in getting through safe.

I am truly thankful that it has proved no worse with us and that so many of your friends have passed thus far unscathed. May it ever be so, is my prayer. The loss of Capt. Fouts is a severe one to the Command, and must be a terrible blow to his poor wife. When I think of this, I cannot but wish that this Rebellion be speedily brought to an end; yet that end must to the Union be an honorable one, or better far have none.

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Your happy letter of Christmas day came to hand yesterday and cheered me much. I join with you in merry wishes for the New Year and in regrets at my inability to visit you. How I should enjoy a few evenings with you, can best be told by referring to some of the past.

Our tents and camp equipage reached us yesterday and we are again living like Uncle Sam's soldiers. Our cook and cooking operations came along and once more we are living at home. On the field all our boys but mine (Joe) and the Adjts. went to the rear with the trains; and these boys saved us from starving during the fight. I don't know what I ever enjoyed more than I did a canteen of hot coffee, they sent me to the field on the night of the 31st, having tasted nothing since before day. Nothing could have pleased me better except indeed, it could have been your cheering presence.

When we shall leave here, or where go to, when we do, are questions I cannot now solve, but hope 'twill be to victory and then to home.

Remember me to all friends.

Ever yours, Dan.

Our losses in the Regiment are,

I Officer, killed;
14 Enlisted men.

2 Officers, wounded;
82 Enlisted men.

Total, 15 killed,
84 wounded.

Dan. F. Griffin.

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Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 11th, '63.

My Dear Mollie:

My fire and light burn very low and the heavy breathing of the Major tells me he has long since gone to the happy "land of Nod". Yet I cannot refrain from writing you: particularly so, because I have an opportunity of sending it by Roger E. Martin, who is here looking after the well-being of his brother, Alex. As he starts in the morning, I think it an admirable chance of at least saying, good-night. Then this is my usual Sunday evening and were I with you, I cannot say that good-night would be spoken quickly, though all the lights and fires in Uncle Sam's dominions, should burn out. Then bear with me awhile and I will bear with the cold while I tell you of today.

Was attracted to the next regiment on my right, this morning, by the singing of hymns; putting aside all books and papers and listened for an hour to a very interesting discourse. Then to dinner, then to one of the city hospitals, to see one of our Lieutenants, who poor fellow, has lost one of his arms. Then back to look over my letter and business files and work off all unfinished matters. In this I have but partially succeeded, but have laid it aside for the night: nothing now being able to keep me up except Orders, or my devotion to one happy little friend, Mollie.

But of what can I tell you! Nothing, I believe; no gossip here to relate, nothing scarcely talked of but what certain Regiments, Divisions or Corps, did in the late eventful fight. But even this is getting stale and we long for something else, and wish a hundred times a day, the papers would come; and along with the papers, letters from those we love, at home. Have written you twice since the battle, but have very serious doubts of their ever reaching you: still I hope for better things and even in my own case, I shall begin to look for letters from you on every train. Early this week it is expected that the R. R. will be finished to this point and then perhaps we may begin to move on our way for Dixie.

You should see Murfreesboro and the country surrounding, to form a correct idea of the results of this War. Desolation seems to be walking steadfast through the land; houses, barns, fences, are being swept away, the charred frames alone remaining to tell the tale. Murfreesboro is one vast hospital for sick and wounded: Federal and Confederate are suffering alike, and yet with all this, we can scarce see the beginning of the end.

I cannot but pity these deluded people, when I see the ruin they are drawing down upon their heads; the desolation they

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are dragging to their once happy homes. But so be it, they must learn by bitter experience, as this alone can teach them the error of their ways.

Today how beautiful it has been! Warm and balmy as the gentlest days of Spring; excellent for the ladies to exhibit their new dresses and bonnets. But not a bonnet nor a dress have I seen today, and I am very sure I would be a happier man tonight, could I but have the privilege of seeing the new dress finished on Christmas Eve; always provided that you were inside of it. But as this cannot be, I must look around, upon the narrow confines of my tent, imagine it a palace of considerable dimensions and peopled with merry friends of my choice.

But this I find, cannot be done so long as the light burns, that plainly shows me the opposite of all this; so I must to my couch of straw, or feathers, as I may choose to call the hard boards in question, and there dream of such happiness as I trust may yet be my happy experience. How large a share you will bear in those dreams of pleasure, I shall relate in due time.

• Meanwhile, with prayers for your happiness, and a speedy closing of this Rebellion,

I am, as ever yours,

Dan.

Favor of Roger E. Martin.

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In Camp, Murfreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 18th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Sunday evening and again thinking of you; you see I do not readily forget, although the absence of all mail matter leaves me to conjecture of your whereabouts and your well-being; this I am ever happy to look upon as when I left you, happy and full of hope for the future, with health for the present, full of promise for the enjoyment thereof. Thus I look upon you and think of you as the same dear Mollie, believing you to be the same as when on the last evening in Sept. I left you for the seat of War. With such thoughts and hopes, you can imagine how well I bear up, under the disappointment of not hearing from you, and what is a far greater disappointment, denied the privilege of seeing you. But as it is decreed otherwise, I still look upon the bright side and am happy in my belief and hopes. I trust this may be your experience, as I doubt not but that the same annoyances and delays are caused in the transmittal of all communications, north. With every confidence in a termination of our unhappy difficulties and firm belief in the over-rulings of an all-wise Providence that all will yet be well, be of good cheer, for the God of Battles is ever with the just, and I trust, will guide us safely through the worst, even unto the end.

No letter from you later than Dec. 25th; yet I imagine that your sweet face looks up as smiling as of yore, and I cherish it with more care, if such be possible, as the distance between us becomes geographically (not spiritually) greater. My last hasty note I sent you by the hands of Roger Martin, Jr. and have hopes that it has reached you in safety. Roger rather thought an apology necessary, because he had come from amongst our friends and yet had brought not a line; but in my case, watching an opportunity just before starting away, told me he had seen you on the street the day before starting, looking well, etc. Asked why he had not imparted the information sooner, when he pleaded modesty, etc. By the way, 'twas a real treat to have him here for a few hours: how many questions were asked and how many answered, none can tell, they were enormous. He could tell me of all the old R. R. boys, and this alone was a fund almost inexhaustible. But all this over, I shall soon expect to hear from you and learn the news you have to tell, which to me possesses more interest than all else besides.

Last Sabbath I wrote you, since which time we have not been idle in our camp. On Tuesday we marched with three days' rations, going to Salem and Versailles, twelve miles southwest of here in search of adventure generally, but Rebel Cavalry particularly. Tuesday night we bivouaced at Versailles, a veritable town of four houses, expecting to start on the morrow in the direction of Shelbyville, where the enemy were in considerable force; ours by the way, numbering several thousands. Morning however, brought orders

that delayed our departure, and about three o'clock there commenced one of the most pitiless rainstorms I have ever witnessed or experienced. For thirty consecutive hours it pelted mercilessly, our only shelters, such temporary rail huts as we could extemporize, covered with straw, etc. Then to add to the disagreeableness of the occasion, it turned cold, the rain freezing as it fell; then a hail storm and finally a veritable northern snow storm, of some hours duration. At noon on Thursday, the nature of the mud roads that we would have had to travel in our advance, the swollen streams, and exhausted human nature generally, all advised a return; and it was with a will and a cheer, that the boys headed for their comfortable camps, arriving before dark, to find loads of rails ready hauled to warm and dry their drenched skins and clothing; while a ration of whiskey was distributed to each that desired it. All this served to renew their vitality and by morning, with the exception of a few colds, a little stiffness, all were in their usual places and ready for duty. The trip and exposure, for a short one, was one of the severest I have ever experienced, but came through it safe and sound and with not cold enough to raise a comfortable sneeze. My boy, Joe, fared not so well; had both feet frosted and has been laid up ever since. Had he followed my example, when very cold, to dismount and walk three or four miles for the purpose of warming and getting up the perfect circulation for the blood, it would have been otherwise. But to live and learn, is one of the mottoes of the day.

Friday spent principally as a day of rest, and Saturday chalked out by me for certain business, when lo! There comes at night, an Order for picket for the next twenty-four hours. Starting at nine A. M. the duty was performed without an adventure worthy of relating, and by ten today, I was again in my comfortable quarters; so goes the world and so goes the War. What next, 'tis hard to tell. I cannot see any immediate prospect of getting away from here, although "we know not what an hour may bring forth". Some reports say, the Rebs are leaving Shelbyville and vicinity, going still farther south; others say, they are there in force; so 'tis hard to tell which to believe; and we look upon it carelessly, well knowing that our Generals are at the helm and that all is going well. Suppose you had made a trip to Nashville on or about the Holidays, wouldn't you have had a happy time getting home? I would have taken good care of you though and you could at least have heard the echoes of the cannonading from the field of Murfreesboro. Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Kelso started north on the 25th, the train did not get through and they were compelled to stop at Bowling Green for two weeks or more: so much for having husbands in the Army.

But I must close my labor of love as the night wears slowly away and I must make some allowance for the sleep lost last night by the picket fires. Remember me to friends; write and tell me all you know, and believe me,

As ever yours,

Dan.

Nashville, Tenn., January 24th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Here at Nashville on a hasty visit, or rather a visit on business; having come from Murfreesboro yesterday with the Regiment as an escort to a supply train of 300 wagons, and expect to start on our return at about daylight tomorrow.

How I should love to continue my trip to your city and home, I shall not attempt to express.

My health has been good, as is my usual style. Your friends in the Regiment are also well.

Had a rather pleasant trip down yesterday, but expect a horrible time going back, with bad roads, as it is now raining hard and every prospect of continuing so for the night.

Have had no letters yet; nothing since your Christmas letter. 'Tis too bad, isn't it? The post-master here tells me that they send the mails north daily, but that none come from the north, except those brought by boat.

The Military Sky, I think is brightening and I trust will continue to do so, until a happy peace dawns upon us; and that we may give up the pursuits of the field and return to our quiet homes and anxious friends.

Love to all; and remember me as

Ever yours, Dan.

In haste, as the business hours are pressing to a close.

D.

In Camp, Eleven P. M., February 1st, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Have just returned from an evening call on Sister (Mrs. Payne), and have since partaken of a cup of hot coffee and toast and purpose while sitting by my lonely fire, to while away an hour with you. 'Tis just what I should do were I at New Albany except that the hour would be prolonged into two or perhaps more. However, in these times of war and general troubles, I think I have done well for one evening: two hours with one of the best of sisters; then a ride by moonlight, (Sam my companion) of near two miles; a cup of hot coffee, and last but not least, an undisturbed hour to think of and talk to you. Surely I should feel happy and certainly I do, when I contrast it with other Sabbath evenings: as per example, my last one in Nashville, the rain pouring down in torrents, my tent leaking and muddy, the only fire a few burning rails in front, struggling hard to keep alive under the drenching rain, and with all this, the prospect of arising at four A. M. to get through the mud, a train of 400 wagons. Now that I sit comfortably by my stove, I am thankful my lot has not fallen tonight on the road or on the bivouac.

But again I look still further back and memory recalls the happy, I might say, more than happy evenings at home, a cheerful fire, a happy companion beside me and the coming morrow calling for no anxious thought or care: that indeed was happiness, and when again my lot shall so "fall in pleasant places" as to experience the same, then shall I be happy and then shall I realize true happiness. But since my comparisons bring no relief, I shall cast them aside, partake freely of the pleasing incidents of camp life as they pass, content myself with the lot and fare of a soldier in this hour of our country's danger, hoping that a bright future under the old Stars and Stripes, may amply repay for the hardships of the present. Would that all our North thought as I do; and thinking so, had the nerve to act. We would soon throttle this Rebellion and restore peace to this land.

I am looking for much to be done in the Miss. Valley and think now, if there we have any marked success 'twill go far toward closing the War. 'Twould give us here, more troops to operate with and then our Summer would be spent either in the shades of Alabama's leafy groves or at home, quietly recounting the trials of the past.

On my return from Nashville Tuesday evening, I found your letter of the 4th, a truly welcome visitor. At noon on Wed. we were suddenly called into line to go to the protection of a forage train this we did, but found no enemy. Proceeding with the train some fourteen miles, we bivouaced for the night where corn and hay were plentiful, and next morning proceeded to fill 150 wagons, which

were brought safely into camp. Thus it is, these people have to suffer, but the majority deserve it, as it is only a part of their lost rights, coming home to them but leaving them almost destitute of subsistence to live on. Really I think another year of war here such as we are passing through now, will leave this country nought but a wilderness interspersed with bleak chimneys and brown fields. Such is the fate of nations that rebel against a good government, and I begin to feel that unless they give up their mad project, their whole country will present the same picture throughout.

Returning from our trip on Thursday, I was happy in receiving your letters of the 15th and 21st. So the past was atoned for; I quit blaming the post-masters and returned thanks at thus being favored, even at the eleventh hour.

You wanted to know who the Capt. was, that was disappointed, Christmas; 'twas Capt. Atkinson of Salem; poor fellow had his foot scalded about Dec. 20th and has not been on duty since: is now sick at Nashville, and may perhaps get home from there.

yesterday Robert, who by the way, is very well, wne to the 40th and found George Kent there, in good health, went through the battle without a scratch; lucky boy. Maj. Glover is now sick, has been since the fight and all duties devolve upon me; yet my health was never better and my only wishes now are, that speedily circumstances may so change as to enable me to gratify my most ardent wishes and at the same time, prove a source of happiness to you.

Boys all well. With much love, I am as ever

Yours, Dan.

Monday Morning.

Dear Mollie:

This morning opens bright and clear, the ground slightly frozen, the sky clear and the sun shining splendidly; a cheering day after so many of our cloudy wet ones. Report today, brought in by our "intelligent contrabands" to the effect that the enemy have left Shelbyville, and that part of our forces have already entered there. I know we have an expedition out, but do not know how far they have gone, south: they sent in seventy-odd prisoners yesterday. Do not think however, that we will move from here for some time yet. Have forgotten to tell you of the change in the number of our Brigade, Division, etc. Address should now be

38th Regiment Ind. Vol.

1st Brig., 1st Div., "Center",

14th Army Corps,

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

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In Camp near Murfreesboro, Tenn.,

February 6th, 1863.

My dear Mollie:

Again another Sabbath evening is with us, after a week of but few hardships as compared with others but a short time past. Have been on duty but one day from camp, even missing our tour of regular picket service. But with all this, have not been idle; much work had to be done and yet much more remains to be accomplished to fill up the blank Reports and Records that have occurred during the field campaign of the Summer, Fall and Winter. But now that nearly all are cleared up, we will soon again be in full trim and ready for a move. When that may be, I cannot conjecture, but of course we cannot remain here a great while longer, comparatively idle. True, an occasional skirmish occurs on the front, accounts of which never reach the public; in fact, hardly reach the thousand ready ears of a camp ever on the qui vive for the news from the front. But as a result of these little frays, we daily see passing along the road to Head-Quarters, some of the original Rebs. Squads of them, from five to twenty are daily passed in the lines and to the rear, to help swell the ranks of prisoners for exchange.

But these captures have very little influence on the great issues before us, we must look to something larger: and I think with the reinforcements coming this way, and now here, results may be looked for, commensurate with the strength of the Army. I look with much and increasing interest daily for the news from Vicksburg. On it and on the success of our arms at that point, depends much towards the settlement of our troubles. A decisive victory there, would leave us free to take up promptly the line of march to other victories; and I trust, go far toward closing out the War.

Then too, we are to look for much being done on the Atlantic coast; and in fact, the next month, or three months in my opinion, will either see us far on the road toward the closing out of the Rebellion, or will see us placed in such position as will require another full year of labor and hardships. The die must soon be cast, and I do hope it may bring success to our arms and a speedy return to the old Governemnt, to old homes, firesides, friends, and more than friends, to those we love.

Have lost from here, my friend and sister, Mrs. Payne, and have no longer a place to visit where the happy influence and genial smiles of a woman can be found. On Wed. last, I dined with her and last evening I mounted my horse, about dusk and started to have a pleasant evening talk, when lo! I am made aware of the fact that two days before, she had started for home; sickness of one of her

children at home hastened her departure and I was denied my anticipated pleasure. She used to wish that I did have a wife here, that would be for her a companion either in happiness or trouble, in this land of wars. I always replied by wishing so too; but being amongst the number of unfortunates without the "article" in question have had to sigh and wish for better times during the next War: what say you, shall it be so ?

Your letter of the 1st came to hand two days ago, and as in ly last, I acknowledged the receipt of two others, you will see that with the permission of "John" I have had some happy moments. But I see he is again at his old tricks and I fear he may put a summary step upon our mails, not even allowing us the privilege of an exchange. Still, now that we have both river and rail, I have high hopes that we can dodge his embargo in safety, I felt sure that there were letters for me on the route and was not mistaken. You see I have reason for feeling as I wrote you some time ago, happy even in the midst of my disappointments, because of the firm belief that my sweetheart had not forgotten the absent; but that some where and at some time, I should hear the glad tidings from the North.

Sam and Robert in the next tent are singing their closing hymns for the evening; the doxology has just been finished, but I think they are adjourning without prayer, as they seem to be hastening toward one of the fires to see the darkies take a genuine "hoe down". So goes the world; the wicked world, I might say, and yet time rolls on heedless of it all.

Remember me to all at home, and believe me

Ever yours, Dan.

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Murfreesboro, Tenn., February 15th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Everybody has retired and I have rolled up and put away the Muster Rolls that have been coming in today for examination and signature; I shall bid adieu for an hour to soldier life and soldier duty and think only of you. But I do find it hard to shut out thoughts of the fact that we are under orders to go out with a forage train tomorrow at 7 A. M., with two days' rations. Think of it, to get up at 5,30 and start on a march of from sixteen to twenty miles, bivouac for the night and then return next day. Always provided that we find corn enough to fill our two hundred wagons; a pleasant anticipation for opening the week, isn't it? But then 'tis a mere nothing, an almost every day occurrence; something that a year ago, would be spoken of and written about, but now to old soldiers, 'tis as nothing.

But to come back; I am yours very truly for your good long letter of the 8th and 9th, which came to hand but yesterday. Have just reread it and after retiring, shall redream of it and its writer. But then I fear that bugle will cut short my dreams in the morning, leaving me not half the time I should love to dispose of, in that way.

Am inclined to believe that Spring has really opened upon us, with her treasures of beauty and sunshine, if the croaking of an hundred frogs is to be taken as any indication of the seasons. They already "make night hideous" with their noise; but if with them come dry roads and fine weather, I shall not complain. Tonight is clear and I anticipate rather a pleasant trip on the morrow, as compared with many we have but just passed through.

A letter from Sister today, telling me of her going to start for Memphis to condole with Tom for a while. No doubt she will see you if time will permit. I hope she will be fortunate enough to meet him after going there, as 'twould be a disappointment of some extent to find him gone to Vicksburg.

Now that I can hear daily, the R. R. whistle, it increases the old desire to jump aboard and take a hasty trip to the North, but as I look around me and see the many circumstances to prevent it, I have but to sigh for the good old days and pray for their speedy return. Of such will I dream.

With much love, I am

Yours, Dan.

In the Field, Murfreesboro, Tenn.,

Feb. 19th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

No news to write you, but methinks of a statement made in my last, that I would relate you the incidents of our forage trip, then about to be commenced; and true to all promises as I am, I shall proceed to relate the adventures by "Flood and field".

Monday morning at 7 o'clock, we moved from the camp, taking position in the center of a wagon train of 140 teams: 3 regiments were placed in the wagons, whose duty for the privilege of riding, would be to load the wagons on the ground, while the others of us did the guard duty. Four regiments and one Battery moved to the front; while 2 regiments remained for rear guard; making altogether a considerable force. But then the enemy were reported in the vicinity of where we were going and there was every prospect of their disputing with us, as to the title of the corn in the neighborhood.

The line was fairly in motion by 6,30 A. M. and moved down the Salem pike, a road familiar to us for many miles, we having traveled it twice before. Soon the clouds that had been gathering, began to show signs of rain and that too, of such a character as might prove continuous: this was much to be dreaded, for the roads already badly cut up, would soon become impassable after once leaving the pike and entering upon the outrageous dirt roads of the country. But from every sign of the times, we were in for it. At 1 1/2 A. M. the rain commenced, not in a hard showering deluge, but in a quiet easy manner which seemed to indicate no hurry nor signs of speedy abatement. Nine miles from here we left the pike; then raining and plunged into the mud and mire of cedar thickets, hills and swamps unequalled by the knobs of Hoosierdom. But we plodded cheerily along, selecting as far as possible, the paths where mud would not go over boot-top, raining all the time. Five miles of this brought us to a beautiful and fertile valley that showed every sign of plenty of forage, and the road as we were told, led down to the Jordan plantations: truly I discovered that to "Jordan's, was a hard road to travel": but once over, we found a delightful country, and I might say, a delightful people, away off in the wilderness almost, as it was

But I hasten. When our Regiment arrived, we were assigned a position not far from the house, and Col. Scribner, who commanded the expedition, coming out, says, "Dan come up to the house as soon as you get your pickets out, they tell me there is some dinner there for us". Accordingly I hurried through, dismounted and made for the house; when 10: I met the Col. on the verandah and "allow

me to etc, Miss Jordan". After attempting to touch my chapeau as best I could from under cover of my rubber blanket, I passed the compliments of the day and passed in, to find the dinner. There it was, a good comfortable dining room, a large fire, with on one side of it, our Adj. dancing the baby on his knees; near by, Q. M. Kelso chatting with another Miss Jordan; while at the table, sat Col. McCook, (the others having eaten) and at the head thereof, still another Miss Jordan, the eldest of the three. To all of these and to the lady of the house, (no gentlemen at home) I was duly introduced and seated at the table, soon partaking of the country hospitality; which to a hungry soldier who had eaten nothing since daylight (it was then 2 P. M.) was particularly good, especially the freshly churned butter and buttermilk. I think I inwardly thanked goodness that there was such a place as Jordan's and I so lucky as to have traveled th at much abused road.

Dinner over and having but little to do, the others being busy loading the train, I with several others, passed a very pleasant hour around the huge fire, chatting with the girls, teasing them about their rebel sweethearts, one of whom, the Adj. averred, we had taken prisoner ten days before. Fire was made in the sitting room or parlor and an adjournment made there; presently Doc came up, was introduced around, enjoying himself immensely until called on to make a Detail, which Detail, I have no doubt he wished were forthcoming without him. In the meantime I went down and hunted up Sam, my volunteer aid on this occasion; told him I had some young ladies to introduce him to, took him along, gave him a start and then retired from the field. Meantime, the train was fast loading, the rain fast falling, and all hands generally wishing we would stay there or thereabouts all night; we having much shelter for the men in the many stables and outhouses around. Just then Joe called my attention to the fact that he had some hot coffee, and I claimed my portion then, of what I anticipated I should lose for supper if we moved on the return. This done, I made a forward movement on Sam, who was closely besieging with his handsomest talk, the prettiest of the sisters, and informed him that his coffee was awaiting and that he had better surrender and leave the field. This he did, but since declares, the coffee business was a masked battery used to move him from his position.

So things worked when the Div. Q. M. arrived and said, all were loaded but eight wagons and that they must be loaded there, the corn at other places having given out. This had commenced, when the old lady was seized with a fear that we would not leave enough for home consumption; and really this, through a mistake, came near being so, the Q. M. mistaking two cribs of corn of corn husks to be filled with corn. However, the mistake was discovered soon enough to prevent the balance from being taken, and some of the wagons were driven off to be filled at some other unfortunate man's cribs. Before all this was done however, the old lady had succeeded in shedding a few tears, helped along amazingly by the discovery that

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two of her negro boys were missing, and the girls, hastening to learn the cause of her distress, were soon all in an uproar of tears and sobs and confusion; the youngest of the three setting up a regular howling and would not be pacified by the entreating mother, who now became alarmed at the storm that arose from her anxiety, (Terror-anxiety). The young girl declared she never wanted "to see another yankee so long as the Lord would let her live", etc, "such work would never force them back into the hated Union", etc. Amidst all this, to the honor of the oldest girl be it said, she exhibited none of the weakness of her sisters but bore her trials like a soldier. But such a scene! This occurred on the open porch, the soldiers within hearing, looked on in wonder, the negroes and dogs in astonishment, while the chivalrous beaux retired faster than they would from a Battery of six pounders. The Q. M. had urgent business with the train; the Col. would hasten at once to see that the matter of leaving them a sufficient supply was complied with; while Aids-de-Camp and Orderlies flew around in haste and some confusion. Your humble servant being at the outbreak, on the aforesaid porch, took the matter as coolly as possible, but inwardly wished he were somewhere else, even though it were out in the rain. But I stood it through, occasionally complimenting the older girl for her composure and heroism as contrasted with the others; until the joyful tidings soon came, to prepare to move at once, in the rear of the train.

This settled all troubles and as I left Sam and Doc at the house for a while to protect the chickens and potatoes from the stragglers of the other Commands as they passed, they tell me since that the troubled waters were soon quieted, particularly when they learned the contrabands had not "joined the army" but were at home. And before they left, the young ladies sang for them, a "secesh" song and seemed quite as happy as before the "last scene in the first act". But so goes the world; it is hard no doubt, to have taken from you almost everything you have to sustain life with, but then this is but one of the fruits of secession; and but serves the most of them right; although many good people must suffer in consequence.

This family was by far, the most intelligent I have met in this country, two of the girls educated at the Winchester Academy, and altogether different from the majority of the natives of this section. But enough of Jordan; if ever I travel that road again I shall want to be told of it.

But we had started back with the train, then 4 P. M. and still raining; moved about 2 I-2 miles and found the train at a dead stand-still; moving forward we discovered the center of the train fast in the mud, with no speedy prospect of a forward movement: it was now after dark and still raining. The 2nd Ohio, being the advance of our Brigade, detailed 100 men, and turned in to driving mules and hauling wagons generally. That hill where the mud ranged

anything from 3 inches to 3 feet in depth, seemed to be the great obstacle in the path, and all worked with a will; but to little purpose. Finally they begin to pass pretty freely; then comes news from the top of the hill that they were sticking up there; so the 2nd Ohio and 10th Wis. were ordered forward, while we were left on the hill-side; 10 o'clock and still raining. Fires, meantime had been made all along the fence, so that our men were at least partially warmed. Fifteen teams came forward and one by one, we passed them up the hill, with a due amount of work, hard yelling, and harder swearing. 'Twas an excellent school for the last mentioned, and teamsters, on this memorable occasion, generally outdid themselves.

Presently word comes from the rear that the balance, thirty teams, being fast in the mud, unable to see or haul out, had unhitched, fed and gone to bed on the fence rails around. Then came news from the front, that fifty teams had reached the pike, the balance were in the cedar woods; some with tongues broken out, others ran afoul of trees, while not a few were stuck fast in the mud. This combination of affairs rendered further progress out of the question, and we were ordered to the center for the night; plodding through ploughed fields, where the bottoms had fallen through; or if there were any, 'twas so dark they could not be found by ordinary soundings with boot leather. But such cannot last always, though the rain continued, and we halted at midnight in an orchard, close to a cedar rail fence, and soon cheerful fires cast their light over the countenances of tired and jaded men. However, 'tis wonderful how men adapt themselves to circumstances; in less than half an hour, we had a bed of rails, close to a blazing fire, a few bundles of fodder served to cover the sharp edges; then wrapped in a blanket, with my red smoking cap, (a present from Mrs. Richie,) accouterments and overcoat on, I lay down, my feet encased in heavy boots, close to the fire; my saddle for a pillow, and Joe to spread carefully, my rubber blanket over all. In less than ten minutes I was enjoying quiet, refreshing sleep; only to be awakened at Reveille, though the rain continued to patter the entire night. Strange as it may seem, I awoke refreshed and almost as dry as if in my tent, thanks be to the attention of Joe and the rubber blanket.

But we must move: I will not tell how many wagons had to be lifted from the mud during the passage of the next two miles; suffice to say, at 12 M., the train was all safely on the pike, the rain just ceased, and at 4 P. M. we were in camp: at 4,30, a jolly good dinner and all was well.

Strange as it may seem, through scenes like these I often pass and yet my health remains perfect; not even a cold can I call to recollection this Winter, although our service has been of the hardest character. Truly I should be thankful and am so. But I fear I have tired you, but if so, console yourself with the idea

that you are not half so tired as if you had once traveled the road to Jordan's.

Robert was not with us; his curiosity having all vanished with his trip with us to Versailles last month, which in point of exposure, was very similar to the above, except colder.

Your letter of the 15th at hand today, am glad you met Sister and assisted her so effectually in getting started. I fear her diffidence unfits her for traveling alone, but then she can learn if she lives in camp for a while, to take care of herself.

You think I would not advertise for packages, I believe you are right there, but I would not hesitate to take you along; should be more than happy to do so. So Matt and Miss Holland are having good times on the prairies, and "send love"; that is real kind; I am only too happy to reciprocate. How of Miss H's. ;over that was wounded, have you heard?

You guess right when you thought me writing to you on Sunday evening. I do not often forget the recurrence of an evening that used to be so full of pleasure for me, and with bright anticipations of their return,

I remain as ever yours,

Dan.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Feb. 22nd, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

For the last hour have I been seated alone by my stove thinking of the past and wishing for the power to shape the future to my wishes. Need I tell you where and to whom my thoughts most constantly recurred, and how often during that brief hour I wished myself with you that I might enjoy an evening of unalloyed happiness? You see I cannot if I would, forget the past, but that in my meditations your form always appears, and as I turn from the cares and scenes of camp life I feel that for the time I have entered a different sphere, where in place of the strife and contention of the field, I find quiet peacefulness: happiness of a different nature from that which is the mere result of success; and really feel that I have much to live for, to pray for and even to fight for.

An hour ago I laid aside "Fantine" with all its attractions with a feeling that there was yet something wanting to fill the heart and satisfy the mind. Though the characters painted by the gifted author were of every type and form, yet none could fill the ideal of my mind. I turned from it and in my lonely meditations, I supplied that want; I wandered with you in imagination through the shaded walks to your quiet home and there lived over the hours of the past; lost in admiration; with that confidential innocence and sweetness, a more than sister's love, who can wonder that the lingering hours should wear fast away and seem but minutes when measured by the unit of the world; who wonder that the good-night would be repressed, and yet a little while longer, remain to dwell in light, when parting would bring with it but the darkness of separation.

And this is love, strange feeling of the heart; and yet the most exquisite of all earthly joys; once felt, to never be forgotten. Thus have I been musing; thus living over some of our happy days and then coupling the hopes and prayers that a Kind Providence may again restore them. But how soon? Of that we can hardly think with satisfaction, and yet I look for and expect much, ere another four months pass away. True I may err in judgment, yet I can hope and while hope is radiant, can still be happy.

My reverie if such it can be called, was followed by searching to the depths of my side pocket and bringing therefrom, one envelope containing your photograph, and the longer I gazed upon it, the more I thanked you for this remembrance. 'Tis an oasis in this desert soldier life, a beacon of love that lights the task of duty, and a souvenir of affections that are priceless. With it were two of your letters of old dates, on one of which was written my Official Report of the late battle; this was done while lying on the front in close proximity to the enemy. Little did you think your

leaf would ever be used in such a record when you wrote me. Another of later date accompanied it, and still another, your last, of the 15th; these furnished me reading and thought for some time and transported me once more to your presence. But they have passed away, consigned to the flames; not for want of appreciation, but you know my habit of retaining no correspondence while living in this uncertain way, where the upsetting or capture of a wagon would at times, give correspondence of the most sacred kind to the eyes of the multitude. Better I think by far, to impress the sentiments contained upon the tablets of the heart, in unfading characters, and then consign the mere writing to the flames. Am I not right in this; does it not meet your views?

But time wears on; I wonder now if perchance you have not joined me in my reveries of the evening and that in spirit we may have passed the hour. If so, I trust it may be but the precursor to a more congenial meeting.

Today the Anniversary of our great Washington's birthday; how many can I look back upon, and with what different feelings! Remembers of one, say two years ago, when together we had a most delightful drive; when we witnessed the homage paid a man, who but a few months later, proved a base traitor to that Flag he on that occasion seemed to honor. But the pleasure of that day is not soon effaced and I recall it all now with no small feeling of joy. One year ago, my Commission for Major dated and I too have changed in rank, but in so changing have not changed from what I was when my first Commission as Capt. of the Anderson Rifles was given me; not in feeling, not in sentiment toward you. Possibly a few more wrinkles, and strange as it may seem a few more grey hairs; but for all this, you will think none the less of me, will you? Today has been passed quietly, our Parson who has been sick for some time not being able to minister to us of holy things.

This afternoon, Gen'l. Rosecrans issued a short address to the troops and ordered a National Salute from each Div. of the Army, at sundown. At the appointed hour, the thunder of artillery opened on every side in honor to the Nation's great chief; long may they thus revere his memory.

But I must close. Have not a word of news to tell you; no gossip, no nothing but my hearty and oft repeated wishes to see you, and to accomplish which I cannot do. 'Tis too bad; but then while the country calls, I suppose I must wait.

Your friends here are all well. I wrote you a few days ago, relating our trip to Jordan's, but not to "the other side".

With much love, I am

As ever yours,

Dan.

Murfreesboro, Tenn.,

Sunday Evening, March 1st, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Your last, of date Feb. 22nd, reached me several days since; and this being the regular evening for corespondence, I cannot let it pass without a call; although we are under orders to go on a forage expedition at six o'clock with two days' rations; toward the Jordan country that I wrote you of. However, I cannot anticipate partaking of their buttermilk and other hospitalities, as I fear the absence of all corn from their immediate neighborhood will force us from the paths. Since I wrote you last, we have been on a forage expedition fifteen miles north of here and as our usual good luck would have it, we had a slight sprinkle of rain. At daylight and in fact at sunrise, everything bid fair to smile upon us, but ere we had gone ten miles, the rain came down in torrents; a genuine, hard spring rain; continuing all the day and until midnight, when we reached camp, in what condition I shall not attempt to describe. Now content with this, it rained the balance of the night and all next day, flooding this entire country. But although the rainbow of promise has not yet made its appearance, nor the dove of peace seen in search of the olive branch, yet the waters are subsiding, the earth again shows forth from the troubled waters; and in fact we entertain now, high hopes of a good time coming. How strange it does seem, when I reflect on last Summer's march over these same roads for days almost, without a drop of water for either man or horse; now the country floats.

Tonight the sun shines brightly, I have just returned from Brigade Hdqtrs.; after partaking of their bountiful supply of good things and in my walk across the fields, how my mind recurred to the past; thinking were I only in your city, perhaps now I should be returning from Church, admiring the same bright moon and talking with the same person that then engrossed my thoughts; or perhaps, the walk over, seated by the fire we talked of the past, the happy present, and pictured the future. How often do I have such reveries, in all which your form accompanies me through sunshine and shade.

No news to relate; our R. R. is again in operation and we have daily papers in a very reasonable time; the letters, the bright links that chain home and friends to the Army, are nit infrequent visitors. May it ever be so.

I await patiently, yet with not a little anxiety, the next few moves on the Military Chess-table, and have high hopes that all

will yet be well. I rather think the Butternuts have outstepped the public opinion and now find themselves in hot water: I trust it may be made hotter ere they escape from it; and that many of them may have the pleasure of handling a gun under the new law. I hope Congress will have the nerve to pass the bill now before it, and that Uncle Abraham will have the nerve and strength to enforce its every provision. You are about to "ship them to the front and put them on double duty". Send them along, I will see that your wishes are complied with. I think that yet the women of the country will have to give tone to the War feeling and teach these skulkers by their treatment of them, that they deem them unworthy of the country they live in and of the Government they seek to destroy.

Everything in the indication of the weather looks to a rather pleasant trip tomorrow; and I shall soon retire, hoping my wishes may be realized by a pleasant and successful trip.

I must now close for the night. Duty kept me up nearly all last night and tonight I must court some sleep. So with much love, I will bid you a happy good-night.

Ever yours, Dan.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 8th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Three days ago I received from you, your two last letters of the 22nd and 1st. This, after a long and fatiguing march with forage train during which time we had the Rebels to skirmish with instead of the Jordan girls to talk to, was so pleasant a welcome back to camp that I decided the next evening to write you a small history of our last trip. But unfortunately, a slight indisposition prevented it, and the next day I suffered from fever, until I succeeded in swallowing quinine enough to check anything. Yesterday well enough to read novels and today some business calling me out, mounted my horse, went to the city, back in the rain, ate a hearty supper, a big apple and now feel in my usual health; able to sit up, write, and if need be, march in the morning. So much for quinine, good nursing and a determination to get well. George says 'tis no use trying I can't get sick enough to go home.

Then you have a variety of amusements in your usually quiet town; parties, dipping exercises, gun-boat expeditions and gunnery. Am glad old Hoosier is having something to awaken her to a realization of her true position; and I know of nothing now, better adapted to the bringing back of the people to their senses than a few of those very big guns: they must feel the dangers at home ere they can realize that to be expected from abroad.

It seems that my old friend Mrs. Israel is more than out-doing herself these times, and all no doubt, to lend her influence to the cause. I believe she is perfectly patriotic and does much for the promotion of her country's good. I would that all women could be even so, and drive the laggards to the rescue: I have no pity for them and believe the conscript (taking into consideration the exemptions it makes) as eminently just. All men who live or prosper only because their Government does, should be made to sustain it in the hours of peril.

So 'twas friend Harry and the corner house then, the papers referred to; that must have been rich: I shall expect to hear all about it, some of these times. By the way, has Ed Bryant cleared out entirely and given up all claims in your little city? That would be strange, but not unexpected to me, to whom Ed used to tell much, of his trials and tribulations. Nothing I believe, but the over-anxiety of the maternal party interested, broke it off. However, I cannot say I feel sorry for, or pity the young lady unless she was really and heartily in love, for I believe she is worthy of a better man.

Monday, 7 O'clock, A. M.

Dear Mollie:

The lateness of the hour and a little fatigue after my afternoon ride, caused me to suspend the finishing of this, until today. Now I receive Orders at 6,30 to march at 7 o'clock. We go with three days' rations, leaving tents and everything else behind. Will write you on my return, if facilities offer.

The morning opens bright and clear; the sun shining brightly. It having rained for the past three days, I now have high hopes of having three good, spring days.

But the time is now up and past and I must close. Remember me to friends; and believe me

As ever yours,

Dan.

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Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 15th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Again in camp after a rather fatiguing week at our country residence, Versailles. Have come to the conclusion that 'tis altogether too early to go to the country to rusticate and with the permission of our Commanding General, will defer - further visits until the "craps" are all in. Wrote you last Sunday evening and strange to say, was hardly well enough to finish the letter; and being under Orders to move at 7 A. M. on Monday, I had no time to conclude; however, I sent it along and doubt not, you have received it long ere this. Monday, fortified with a box (a large one) of quinine pills and comfortably wrapped in my overcoat, I made up my mind to accompany the expedition as long as able fully believing that the fever being broken, the exercise would benefit me much.

Monday marched only five miles and bivouaced near Salem, while Davis, Division, on our arrival, moved to Versailles. The day was pleasant and the roads, aside from some mud holes, in passable condition. Bivouaced on a nice green sward that two years had been cultivated and yet retained the furrows nicely rounded off, making altogether, not a bad place to sleep. Everything passed quietly, no enemy heard from and we lay down in comparative ease, under Orders to move to Versailles at 6 o'clock in the morning. But how fleeting the moments of fancied security! Ere midnight passed o'er us, it commenced raining furiously and ceased not even with daylight. Fortunately I had one of my tents with me and from the beating rain felt quite secure; but not so from the streams that came pouring down through the smooth furrows, stopping not at the sides of my tent, but in the absence of ditches, passing right through, on its floating career. However, although occasionally feeling the dampness I did not allow it to disturb me much, and by taking advantage of the ridges to lie on, passed a tolerably comfortable night; far more so than many of my men, who had no other shelter than that constructed from their rubber blankets.

My morning pill was taken, followed by a cup of coffee and the yetes, consisting principally of hard bread and bacon; and soon we mounted and en route for the city of Versailles. Arriving there, my Regiment having to go on picket, kept me moving in the rain until dark. Thus finished Tuesday; and Wednesday morning the sky was clear and the sun came up in splendor. During the day I visited the summit of a high hill in our vicinity from which we get a magnificent view of the surrounding country; looking even into the famous Jordan country, distant about seven miles. Too far however, to venture from camp unless you had made up your mind to spend some time in the south, as many roving bands of Rebels were all around us.

Nothing of importance occurred on Wednesday nor on Thurs. nor Friday. Our boys built shelters of their blankets; and thus we lived in the wind, smoke and ashes, for the week: papers came to hand occasionally and our mail daily, which on Thursday brought me yours of the 10th; that was one of the bright spots in the campaign and was, if possible, more than usually appreciated. Friday night I was ordered with my Command to be in readiness to move on a little expedition at 3 A. M., the purpose of which was, to hunt up a little brush with the Rebs in the direction of Shelbyville. Two o'clock aroused the boys, had a hasty cup of coffee and in line at three, guns loaded and awaiting the Cavalry that were to accompany us. Just then came an Order suspending the move, and an hour later, another that we move to camp at eight A. M. This was hailed as good news, as we were all heartily tired of the stay: we arrived yesterday afternoon and again feel quite at home.

Tomorrow we move camp to another road leading from Murfreesboro, which I hope will prove rather more agreeable than our present location; we will get, too, close to the town. I cannot say how long we may remain in the vicinity, but suppose the condition of the roads and movements of the Rebels at Vicksburg will have much to do with it. But I forgot to tell you tha I had quite recovered from my little indisposition of last week and that my trip to the country had a very beneficial effect. I regret to hear of your being sick and trust it may have proved of no longer duration than mine, and that long since, you have cast aside the shadows of this life and again enjoy your wonted good health and spirits.

Had a visit yesterday from Mrs. Maginness and Mrs. Williams; again today they were over this way; and really I do enjoy the presence of any of my lady friends. I do not know how I should behave myself should I ever meet with you down in this forsaken land. Don't know what you will do for excitement now that the gun-boats are finished and gone; and doubtless ere this, all the sinners that have repented have been "dipped". Then what next? Possibly the conscription; this will set matters in a ferment. I hope old Uncle Abraham will make his call speedily, so that all emergencies may be provided for. Poor girls! All your beaux will have to march this time: I fear the effect on the dry goods trade will be immense, how will you ever get along shopping when there are no good-looking gentlemen to talk to! But then let them come and at the close of the War they will be men.

Am glad to hear cheering news from the old Hoosier state: to know that the Copperheads have had to crawl back to their holes. I only regret that some of their heads had not been bruised ere they were allowed to return.

But for tonight enough. On Wednesday I shall expect to hear from you and meantime will think of you as being happy and well. Love to friends and remember me as of old,

Yours, Dan.

Near Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 20th, 1863.

Dear Mollie:

Another mail in today but the long yellow envelope marked "Official Business" that the post-boy thrust into my tent, bears no resemblance to your looked for missives. Then perhaps the ever vigilant guerrillas of Ky. have laid their unholy hands upon it, and may perhaps now be highly elated thinking of the love you sent them. How is it; did you send them much? The rascals will have to be taken in hand for their misdeeds; they had better steal the rations than the soldiers letters. But as this is only a part of the War, I presume we will have to submit with the best grace possible. It may be our time next to retaliate; but then I would not give a fig for the love letters of the entire Confederacy, the Jordans included.

See by the papers today that the train that left Louisville on the 19th is reported captured; and on this train, Col. Scribner was looking for his wife. I do hope she has not fallen into such a dilemma; although I do not think the guerrillas would in any way injure the ladies of the train, but the inconvenience attending being set down in the woods and the close proximity, perhaps to a fight, would not be the most agreeable place on the universe for a lady. But it only goes to make up a part and parcel of the life of a soldier's wife; they too, must see as well as read of the wonders perhaps, the horrors of the field.

No stirring news to tell you of, from the front. My last gave a slight history of our memorable week passed amid the crowded thoroughfares of the city of Versailles. Monday last, we moved camp; the entire Div. broke up house-keeping, sold off all surplus furniture, exchanged our old carpets for new, burned up our mahogany bedsteads, strapped the beds to our saddle and bade adieu to the Salem pike and our highly improved farm thereon, leaving the frogs in undisputed possession of our duck ponds. We traveled, but not far; finding ground better suited to our ideas of cultivation, we located on the Woodberry pike, one mile east of Murfreesboro. Our Regiment being on the Right of the Brigade, brought our home just on the outside of a wood, on a nice rolling corn-field, the earth soft and rich and in very good condition for packing smooth.

The afternoon saw our tents all up, the ground swept clean, our streets in order, large, wide and roomy. Next day the premises were nicely ditched, an impromptu harrow made and the rough ridges of the field nicely combed down: then a huge brush from the woods, drawn by four mules, smoothed all the uneven earth, and today we

have the handsomest camp in the vicinity; good water close at hand; in fact, all the modern conveniences except gas lights. Don't you wish you were here to enjoy it? I do, certainly. But then how long shall we remain to enjoy it, is a question that looms up before me at all times. How long?

Yesterday this entire Div. was Reviewed by the Major General Commanding; the day was fine, the ground good and everything passed off pleasantly. Although tiresome you should once see a Division of 6000 or 10,000 men pass in Review, to realize the grand pageantry of War. But doubtless you think you see quite enough of it at home. I am in hopes that they will very soon fill up the entire ranks of the Army by conscription or otherwise; and I shall then entertain hopes of certainly closing out this Rebellion by, or before the Winter months of 1863.

Your friends are all well. Maj. Glover arrived Wed. night, looking remarkably well after his trip home. Am of opinion that a trip of the same kind would be of immense advantage to my health, but don't see that any of the powers that be, are at all inclined to coincide with my opinion.

Hope that you are enjoying your usual good health, although I remember your last letter was written while sick; yet I hope for the best and only wish as I hope.

With much love, remember me as of old,

Yours, Dan.

Near Murfreesboro, Tenn., March 22nd, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Today your long looked-for letter of the 15th came to hand; much to my surprise, as I had about given up the idea of ever receiving it, thinking it had gone as Capt. Lenau's store clothes went, I. E. with the Rebs. Your kind sympathy for me while sick, and kinder proposition of "sitting up with me" should I make my way to your town, were received altogether too late to be made available and I shall have to postpone an acceptance until overtaken by the next spell, then I shall remember your offer and will be only too happy to accept. Your supposition that I would go with the Command on the Monday following was correct. Armed with a full box of quinine pills, I made the journey successfully, improving under the treatment; but of all this, I wrote you before; also of our change of camp and of our now pleasant location and surroundings. Everything goes on smoothly and pleasantly, but how long it may continue, I cannot pretend to guess. I certainly look for a Summer Campaign that may be commenced at any moment; then again if the Rebs are massing on our front, as rumors say, we may remain here for some time, to meet them. Should they attempt an attack upon us here, woe be unto them, for they will get but little mercy at our hands. But enough on this subject.

Of the N. Y. marriage I heard something; George having handed me his last letter from Andy. It was considerably on the romantic order; the sequel yet remains to be told, I presume and will go towards making up the history of the times. George is highly pleased with your receipt of that picture and accompanying remarks. He says he wishes you would destroy the old one in your possession, as he is heartily ashamed of the appearance of it; that is, the one with the cap on, that so much resembles the appearance of "one of the boys". He tells me however, that he is in trouble about a duplicate of the picture you recently received; he has sent several to his friends at home. This afternoon Mrs. Scribner, Mrs. Toogood and George came over to Dress Parade, after which I returned with them to tea and spent most of the evening; but remembering other friends, I closed my visit ere taps and returned to complete the evening with you. The ladies were on the train recently captured and had a little experience of guerrilla warfare: seem too, perfectly satisfied with the knowledge and express no desire to have it repeated. The cars were fired into several times but no damage done; I am told however, that the screaming was tremendous. A speedy arrival of troops drove the Rebs off ere they had succeeded in plundering but little of the baggage. The ladies lost nothing.

Doc and Robert have donned their shoulder straps and Sam as Sergt. Maj. buckled on his sword and has gone to soldiering in earnest. I cannot remember when I heard the last sermon and see no speedy prospects of ever hearing another; not a Chaplain present in our Brigade and I doubt "if there is one at present in the Div., but perhaps the good weather may bring some of them out from their comfortable holes and they may again venture upon a campaign. But I must close for the night. Yours, Dah.

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Near Murfreesboro, Tenn., Mar. 29, '63,

My Dear Mollie:

Another Sunday passed and the hours of evening now speeding swiftly by, will leave it soon only to be classed amongst the things that were. What a cold blustery day it has proved: from early dawn until now the wind has rushed from the north in pitiless blasts, much to my discomfiture as being Officer in charge of the pickets for today, I have had occasion to test its qualities on making the rounds. Nor does my heart beat any faster at the prospect before me, of making a Sunday evening call, well on to the "wee sma' hours o' the night", to the same picket front. I can imagine ten-thousand other positions that would be attended with more pleasure; amongst which I might enumerate, a call upon you. Though the distance were twenty-odd miles, and duty stood not in the way, methinks I would see you in a few hours at farthest. But 'tis only a realization of the saying but "a step from the sublime", and I find it but the thought of a moment to quit scenes of joy and pleasure even to think of, and look out upon the cold, cheerless waste in front and think of the tour of duty soon to begin. But then why think of it thus; an hour or two at the farthest will relieve me and I return to a comfortable tent, while on the front I leave men for the night, and that too, for hours at a time without a spark of fire. But such is soldiering, and when you think seriously of it, I am of opinion, you would hastily doff the "neat uniform" and again cling to old home and its associations.

But the day has had its pleasures and bursts of sunshine, one of which was the receipt of your letter of the 22nd. I had almost come to the conclusion that surely the good luck that has heretofore attended my speedy receipt of letters, had signally failed. But I again renew my hopes, and like you, have an abiding faith that sooner or later I shall be sure to get them.

This gleam of sunshine was followed by another of a somewhat different character; going soon after, to Brig. Hdqtrs., I found the party engaged in discussing the merits of hot peach pies, and an invitation, gladly added another to the number; Mrs. S. seated at the head of the table; Mrs. Toogood on one side; the Col., George and another good-looking young man and Mrs. T's. husband (a Capt.) completed the group. 'Twas not like my usual camp scenes and the novelty of the thing, the home-like feeling which seemed to pervade all, to say nothing of the pies, went far toward making it one among the pleasant hours to be remembered. Another hour after dinner whiled away in conversation, then the countersign and away to the front; to return in time for my sassafras tea and hot cakes, in my own camp. Thus passes the day and now the evening goes swimming

on, 'tis now nine o'clock and within the next hour, you can think of me as answering to the challenge of "Halt! Who goes there?" Were you here I would propose an evening ride and initiate you in the mysteries of the "Grand Rounds": then too, I should make the way as pleasant as possible; point out by moon-light (if the moon would only shine) the many beauties of the torn-down fences, destroyed gardens etc; and too, would be only too glad to experience the pleasures of our first and only horse-back ride by moon-light.

But the time wears away and I must to the front, as I take out Orders to the boys that they may have small fires at Station, this cold night; then every two hours, at least, they can be warm. So for the present, good-night and happy dreams.

Ever yours, Dan.

Monday Morning.

The rounds last night were accomplished in quick time; everything quiet on the front and twelve o'clock found me back, safely seated by a comfortable fire. This morning I have nothing to relate; all seems quiet in the Army. The wind has ceased to howl and the sun peeps forth, in doubt however, apparently as to whether its day of brightness has yet arrived. Two days more and then it will assume the scepter, giving us showers and sunshine in abundance. Even now the peach trees are almost in full bloom, the apple trees leaving out, the gardens, where gardens remain, are putting on their prettiest appearance and altogether the country once more assumes the garb of Spring. But O, what wastes of fields, gardens, houses and once happy homes all around us! Truly you have but to ride for a few hours to fully realize the desolating influences of the War. Last year these people did not feel it in the least; fiercely they turned upon us; feted and made great joy over the return of the Rebels: today the War in earnest, is upon them and they fully realize it and will continue to do so until the last secure their "rights". But once returned to their allegiance, their old enmity will end and I can again welcome them back to the glorious Sisterhood of States.

But enough. Remember me to all friends.

I am as ever yours,

Dan.

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Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 4th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

What shall I say of your surprise letter, for such it proved to be. "Official Business" indeed, such as I am not often intrusted with in this Department, but such as I have no hesitancy in saying is most acceptable. But as all "Official Business" has to be transmitted through the proper channels to the source having power to act thereon, I shall feel constrained to forward the Document to Department Head-Quarters, as it contains a wish therein that your "beau should come and take you to the Poly-" something, and as he can only do so by receiving the proper authority, he has determined to hurry the matter along. True it will take some four or five days to make the rounds, as it has to pass through the hands of A. A. A. G. Devol, Col. Scribner, Maj. McDowell, Gen'l. Rousseau, Maj. Flynt, Gen'l. Thomas, Col. Goddard and Gen'l. Rosecrans; and back through the same channels. Of course they will all approve it; you can have the Polyanna hold up a few days certainly; and then what a time there will be. But let me see what if they should disapprove? Nothing left then to be done but commit suicide; crash into one of the 10-inch mortars, the cartridge held by the teeth, and touch it off. That would be a quick way of settling the matter, and effectually. And in the Second Edition of the Polyanna they could have the painting of a certain individual crawling into a mortar; and still another with an indescribable number of arms, hands, heads, etc, flying through the air at a tremendous rate. That would be capital, wouldn't it? Make a fortune for the showman certain; and then the recital would be so thrilling; and all because the General wouldn't let a soldier-boy go with his sweetheart to the Polyanna. Sha'n't I endorse your communication notifying the General of the dire calamity likely to follow the refusal of the request? But we shall see, and if he don't approve, I will write you. Have notified Robert that his "Official Business" must pass through these Hdqtrs. He promised to send it up soon: but to save unnecessary delay in future, you will notify his business correspondents to send direct through these Hdqtrs. For non-compliance with the above, I fear I shall have to send his Document forward "Disapproved": and that word once upon it "four pages of fools-cap" will not save it. The young man can't see the Polyanna; am sorry, but such is discipline; and a breach of etiquette in forwarding Official communications cannot be overlooked. Those "shoulder straps", well that is good, "will be in the way", and of what, pray? Can you tell me? They never interfere with any movements here; a man can eat as well; sleep as well; talk equally well; in fact, do everything within the sphere of a soldier as well. Then pray, what can be the objections thereto; do enlighten me?

Have detailed Robert as Acting Quartermaster. All well. Love to all friends. In haste, yours, if not blown out of the mortar,

Dan.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 7th, 1863.

Dear Mollie:

Last week how fortunate I was; three good letters in almost so many days; 'twas more than I could have hoped for, and was I assure you, an agreeable surprise acceptable at all times and appreciated whether April fools or not, I mean "Official".

So you had a note from my ever anxious sister on hearing that I had been unwell. Don't know what Sis would do were I to be taken real sick; suppose if it could be done, I would find her down this way looking up the lost. But I do not anticipate troubling her in this way and trust occasion may never call for it, as I have an idea that to be sick would be anything but agreeable. Then you doubtless quieted her fears on the subject; have not heard from her direct, although she writes Doc that she had written me since her return.

Another party at Mrs. Israel's; well it seems to me that the old house, I might almost say, is becoming quite gay under such circumstances and yourself a participant. I should more than ever have loved those hallowed walls. But it may not be too much to promise myself some such happy times when we close up this slight Rebellion and decently thrash our wayward brethren. A month or more ago, Doc asked me if some gentleman who had visited us here had told me that he had seen Mr. Compton at Nashville in company with two young ladies and that he had talked of coming to M. but did not have the time; told Doc. I had not heard of it, but it flashed across my mind, what if it had been you, and then to have gone back without an opportunity of seeing you; it made me feel real bad for several days, until I again heard from you and was then satisfied it could not have been you. Now should you ever visit the Capital City, don't fail to write me several days before of it and if it can be done, I shall be there sure. It would give me the blues for a month to think you had been there and that I had not seen you.

Those clothes you thought 'twould be so nice to come home for, have already come to hand and are now sported around the Parade Ground of the 2nd Div. where young ladies are a thing unknown; and I have to console myself with the thought that at least, they are comfortable. Why didn't you tell me sooner, I might have come home sooner to purchase them; another golden opportunity slipped away; but if that could bring me for a few days, I should lay aside this paper and make out an Order tonight. But everything in time, and since Horace Greeley says we shall celebrate the next Fourth of July as a United Nation, I have high hopes that our days of happiness are close at hand. Have nothing to write you of here, one day follows another without apparent change, and were it not for the Drills and occasional meeting of Officer friends, 'twould be decidedly monotonous and lonely. Your friends are all in apple-pie order, ready for anything, even were it an Order to go home for ten days; in fact, I really believe they would obey with much alacrity. Love to all, and believe me to be, Ever yours, Dan.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 12th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Your letter of the 5th came to me several days since, laden as usual with good news, kind wishes and high hopes of a happy future. Would that instead of fears I might wreath around your pathway, streams of sunshine and happiness; and yet after all come the reasons of our being unworthy of the country, the government and those who gave us both. Should we stand still and allow the foe to bind us hand and foot while vainly pleading for the safety of the old and honored ship of state? No, it cannot be; to be worthy of this, nay to be worthy of the love our sisters and our sweethearts bear us, we must press on to crush this monster that would engulf us all in one general ruin. Our task once done, may we not look for approving smiles from those sisters, sweethearts and wives, who during long absence have proved true to the highest and noblest of causes; and proving thus true, have at the same time blessed with their love and remembrances, the men battling thus for their country, their flag and homes. 'Tis a sweet thought and the highest consolation to be thus able to think and look forward to the day when such hopes may be realized.

Thoughts like these cheer me when I think of the absence and of how long it may continue: and I pray that it may not be long; and although at times my desire to visit you and my old associates, becomes so intense as to cause a forgetfulness almost of duty, and I wonder how and in what way I may consummate my wishes; but hopes like these are vain and I will hold out none such at present. Still not ceasing to indulge, I will continue to look towards such a happy consummation. I look to the future as to the realization of my thoughts of the past, on a more extended scale and wish a thousand times, that today they may be consummated. This denied me, I have but to fall back on my assurances of your affection and in that I am, to say the least, happy indeed, and truly thankful that thus much of goodness is left me. You don't know but may guess at, the hours passed in happy thoughts because of this feeling that pervades me; and to you my heart goes out a thousand times in thanks.

But from matters of thought let us come to those of fact. Today Sunday and our Chaplain with us, Divine Services were held under the shade of stately cedar trees, set out a few days since, close to my tent door. As part of the congregation, were Mr. and Mrs. Scribner, Mr. and Mrs. Toogood, Maj. Glover, George and myself in my tent. Sermon over, my guests must stay to dinner and our camp fare served up in Bill's best style, was soon before us. Dinner over, the day was passed much as Sunday afternoons are in the cities, a due portion of which, I believe is devoted to napping.

Thus goes the world, day after day, Sunday after Sunday, following quickly upon the traces of the past.

You should come out to see our camp; situated as we are in the open field, close to the edge of tall timber; we have sent to the cedar woods and now our camp presents almost the appearance of a forest of evergreens; each tent nicely shaded, while in front of this line of tents, a row of trees the full extent of the encampment, with still another row of smaller cedars making between, a walk sufficient to promenade in very comfortably, even counting the hoops.

'Twould do you good to see how nicely we are fixed and would do others that I know of, the same vast deal of good to see you in these walks. How long we shall retain them, is a question to be determined only by our Commanding General, long or short, but the more likely to be short.

Have not been out of camp since I wrote you last; am I not good; you used to think me so and doubtless yet do? Not a word of news, except that occasionally our Rebel brethren make a dash upon the R. R., the particulars of which, you no doubt see in the prints of your city. Am glad to see the Ledger again coming around to sensible loyalty to the Government.

My regards to all friends; and with much love, remember me

As of old,

Yours, Dan.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., April 17th, 1863.

My Dear Mollie:

Two days ago your letter of the 12th reached me, and I do believe you had the "blues", you said you had and then I knew it else your letter would not have been in the blue strain. Methinks I shall have to come home and talk to you for a while about the folly of the blues and how they grow on a person, etc. You will take it all in good part will you not, if I come? But then should I, 'twould not be for that purpose alone, and I would not be surprised much if I forgot all about it, on seeing you and in place, would tell you all else I knew, first.

Really I wish I could be with you for a while and then perhaps I could persuade you to come soldiering with me this Summer. Don't you think 'twould be nice? I do indeed, and regret my fate exceedingly when I think how much happiness we might have enjoyed were you only with me. When thinking of it, I almost decide in my mind to go north and see if you will not come now; but then the opportunity of getting away, what can I say of that; when I think of it, my heart fails me for I know of cases, almost daily where applications are returned not granted; and aside from my desire of seeing you and being with you, I have naught else to call me north; and these excuses they will hardly think of, should they be presented. But I will do the best I can and if I cannot go to see you then we shall have to be content with the fortunes of war; think how much worse matters might be, and after all decide that we ought to be happy, for I do think I have much to be thankful for thus far during our campaigning. Let us believe that there is a bright side to the picture and if perchance 'tis now obscured, perhaps ere long, 'twill reappear and then shine forth the brighter. Let us be of good cheer, for we must carry our Government safely through this crisis ere happiness of a very stable character can be counted upon as in store for any of us. Then let us turn our attention to this future which I trust may not be far distant; nor let misgivings of the present haunt us till they drive all peace and quiet from our minds.

Am on picket duty tonight and while I await the hour to roll around when the "grand rounds" shall be made, I indulge in the pleasing pastime of writing you. Today have been on the lines twice, and another trip will complete my tour of service. 'Tis not so hard as formerly; so many troops together makes this duty light, so long as they remain stationary; and our front now being small, it takes not much more than an hour to make the rounds. Sam has promised to go with me so I shall have good company, to say the least; without doubt friend Anna would think so and doubtless would gladly take my duty off my hands for tonight. Were you here would you go?

I could have you act as Sergeant, advance and give the countersign, etc; in fact, initiate you into the mysteries of soldiering, right soon.

Today on my return from the field, I was agreeably surprised on finding a handsome bouquet on my table; a real, genuine bouquet, the first of the season; sent me, not by one of Tennessee's fair daughters, for such don't live in this vicinity that I know of, but from my friend Mrs. Scribner, from whose front garden that is not surrounded with any vestige of a fence, such things seem to grow in a luxuriance not common to your northern yards at this particular season.

Robert is luxuriating in the Q. M. Dept. Doc, in his Dept. with Sam as his right hand man, while George officiates at Hdqtrs.; all in good spirits, but like some of the rest of us, terribly anxious to see home and friends once more.

Remember me to friends; returning much love to Millie.

Ever yours, Dan.

NOTE

PAGES 193-194-195 SKIPPED.

NO LETTERS APRIL 17 TO JUNE 25-1863 - MARRIED.