

HISTORY
OF THE
Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer
Cavalry

WHICH WAS RECRUITED AND KNOWN AS

THE ANDERSON CAVALRY
in the Rebellion of 1861-1865

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PHILADELPHIA

1906

FIFTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA (ANDERSON)
CAVALRY AT THE RIVER.

—
ADJUTANT J. C. REW YORK.
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WE received our first morning at Mounisville, Ky., and marched thence to Nashville, Taching there on the evening of Wednesday, Dec 24, 1862. Thursday, December 25th (Christmas) the Regiment remained in camp about one and a half miles from the camp. Details were sent out as escort to a forage train and had to do with the rebels. Friday, the 26th, was cold and dreary with falling rain. The whole army was in motion for the Stone River campaign. About 11 A.M. a detachment of the Regiment, in all about 300 men. A portion was detailed to escort the forage train. The balance, some 200 men, reached General Sherman's headquarters at night on the Nolansville pike, but with few wagons. The detachment was in command of Major Rosengarten, the Senior Major, with Junior Major Franard second in command. Lieutenant-Colonel Spencer was to take the saddle, but occupied an ambulance, while Calmer was still a prisoner of war, having been captured in the campaign in September, 1862, while on a special mission to get information for General McClellan. The report was sent directly to General D. S. Stanley, Chief of Staff, on the staff of General Rosecrans.

We were ordered to be ready at daylight. There was active skirmishing all day Friday, cavalry being well in advance, with some artillery. The rebels gradually fell back and we bivouacked at night near the river. The detachment was highly complimented for its performance during the day, fighting both mounted and on foot.

The special incident of the day extremely exciting and well-nigh mortal combat engaged by a six-foot rebel and Major Rosengarten. I had been with the Major, but had



MAJOR ADOLPH G. ROSENGARTEN
Killed at Stone River, December 29, 1862.

become separated from him. When I found him I was astonished to see him pale, exhausted and bleeding. After leaving me he had hurried into the woods to reconnoiter, meeting a single rebel, who fired at him but missed at twenty yards, to which fire the Major replied with his pistol, and ordered him to surrender. This the rebel, who was dismounted, promised to do, and the Major rode up to receive his arms. When in the act of surrendering the rebel suddenly struck the Major a tremendous blow over the left shoulder with his gun. The man was six feet high and strongly built. The Major was also a very muscular man and a scientific boxer. He sprang from his horse, at the same time aiming another shot at the fellow, but the pistol snapped. He then clutched and struck out with his fist. They grappled, and in the tussle the rebel, being the heavier, got on top, the Major, however, still retaining a good grip on the fellow's throat. Both were becoming somewhat weakened, when the rebel put his knee on the Major's breast, and seizing his saber aimed for his throat. The blow was turned aside by the Major, who at the same time dealt the rebel a couple of good blows on the temple with the butt of his pistol, crying out as lustily as possible for "Anderson! Anderson! Help! help!" Washington Airey, our Sergeant-Major, hearing the cry thought Lieutenant Anderson was being called, therefore, he paid no attention to the noise. Airey had been on the hill and was going toward the left near the turnpike, when looking through the woods, he saw a man on the ground and another apparently helping him. Thinking that a rebel had been wounded and another was getting him off the field, he hurried forward to capture both, when to his surprise he recognized the Major on the ground. He seized the fellow, who was not inclined to loose his hold, by the back of the neck and pulled him off. He was then about to fight both, but on Airey's threatening to shoot, he surrendered.

The rebel said: "I have had hold of some good men, but that one (the Major) is a little bit the best man I have ever had hold of." I neglected to say what caused the flow of blood. When this chap found things were growing tight, he undertook to bite the Major's finger off, and he well-nigh accomplished it; so the Major turned to help himself to a steak from the enemy's cheek, consequently it was a "stand-off."

Owing to the excitement arising following the hand-to-hand conflict the Major was obliged to go to the rear for a rest, and we did not see him the next morning.

Notwithstanding the fact that our chief officer did go to the rear, we skirmishers were for the time still ordered to advance. The artillery now felt their wheeling the front of the enemy at each good position. The Rebels pushed forward, but we saw nothing of the enemy until we were in sight of Triune. We were here ordered to halt, and some reconnoitering, found the enemy—infantry, artillery and cavalry—posted at right angles to the turnpike on the right down, and fully three-quarters of a mile distant. The enemy, on our halt, took courage and threw a few shells at us, all of which fell short.

When Major Rosengarten on the rear we had seen nothing of our flanking parties on the right or left, and being so near the enemy, who appeared in force, we naturally felt anxious for them. Seeing some men posted on our immediate right and apparently resting, sent toward them to find out who they were, and discovered unfortunately our right flanking party was among the number looking to the front from that position we saw a large force behind a stone fence, which could be commanded by artillery from the woods. I was sent to the pike to communicate with Lieutenant commanding the battery there, who asked for information I might have. I acquainted him as near as possible with the enemy's position, and others coming up corroborated my statement. A section of artillery thereupon was sent right to await orders.

Meanwhile, the General had an eminence on the left to reconnoiter. Some eight pieces of artillery were on the ascent, commencing at the pike to the left. Shortly afterward all our guns opened fire and the range splendid, forcing the enemy's infantry back. Under the fire our infantry advanced, and suddenly out of ambush sprang the Third Ohio Infantry and charged the rebel battery. Being no cavalry near enough to aid them, however, they succeeded in limbering up and getting away. We now moved forward, and passing through the town, which was situated on the hill, found it completely deserted. At the bottom of the hill ran a stream, crossed by a bridge which the enemy had destroyed but a short time before. It was now raining

very heavily. We had not gone more than a mile, with General Johnson in front of us, when the enemy suddenly turned their battery upon us at about 600 or 700 yards. This, however, did not accomplish anything, as they quickly limbered up again and continued their retreat.

We moved forward about three-quarters of a mile and took up a position in face of another hill. Scouting parties were sent down the road, but could see nothing of the enemy, although they had crossed the hill not more than twenty minutes before we arrived. There was a heavy wood covering the road on the right, on which side the hill was the most rugged, and in which it was thought the enemy had concealed themselves. We now learned that it was not intended on our part to institute any big or thorough search for them further that day. It was now about half-past three or four o'clock, dull and rainy, and considering everything we had covered a good deal of ground since morning, and men and horses were both tired and hungry.

We reported to General Stanley, Commander-in-Chief of Rosecrans' Cavalry, who ordered us to feed our horses as near as possible to where we then were, and to be on the alert for an immediate move. He said: "Tell the officers and men of the Anderson Cavalry that I am more than pleased with them; that they have been during the entire day and are now just where I wanted and want them." He repeated: "Tell the Anderson Cavalry I am extremely pleased with their behavior to-day."

It is needless to say that we felt proud that we had been enabled to so demean ourselves in the face of the enemy as to merit from such high authority repeated compliments. We bivouacked that night in a field nearby, where we found plenty of excellent forage for our horses, but nothing for ourselves. The only thing we could do was to capture a few pigs and some stray sheep, that would not keep out of our way. So we had a little toast pork and mutton for supper.

Sunday morning found us still resting there, having been undisturbed, but enveloped in a dense fog through which we could not see more than fifteen or twenty yards. About half-past 8 A.M., we received orders to move on, and in less than half an hour the mist suddenly disappeared, driven away by a pleasant breeze, leaving us in a spring-like atmosphere. After proceeding

about three miles we came up to the force in our advance, which was turning to the left toward Murfreesboro. Here we met Major Rosengarten, who had sufficiently recovered to accompany us, and not knowing where we had encamped, had pushed on down the road with these troops, expecting to meet us. We were glad to see him so much improved. We were ordered to keep to the pike, and a few miles further found us on the ground where Hardee's entire corps (the rebel left wing) had encamped the day before. This was at a place called College Grove, and they had told the people they intended making a stand, but Hardee and his men had gone toward Murfreesboro.

After scouting the country for six to nine miles our force was collected where we had first halted. Our own men were alone; no other Union troops were in sight. We halted until about 3 P.M., when we were to meet our wagon train and the guard that had come up from Nolansville. Pushing back we found our encampment already selected and some tents up in the woods on the right of the pike near Harpeth Creek, and here we spent the most happy evening of the campaign. During the evening the woods resounded with sweet sounds from glad voices. The principal party was one which had furnished us frequently with splendid selections. It was a quartette made up of Major F. B. Ward, who sang his last song; Captain A. Vezin, Sergeant Oscar Vezin and H. P. Riehle. Everyone looked forward with bright anticipations to the future of our little band, prompted somewhat by the success of the day previous. We turned in before 9 P.M., as we had already received orders to march at earliest dawn on the following morning.

Monday, December 29, found our line formed and the wagons loaded. After proceeding a short distance, General Stanley ordered us to send our entire train, excepting the ammunition wagon and one ambulance, back to Nolansville, to be parked with other extra wagons that were not allowed to follow us at present lest they should interfere with the rapid movements of the army. Turning to the right, this side of Triune, out of which we had driven the enemy two days before, we found ourselves in company with the division and train of General Jeff. C. Davis, the whole of which we passed by about 10 or 11 o'clock A.M. The road exceeded anything I have ever seen for roughness. It was a per-

fect stone fence—on an enlarged scale, of course—with rocks piled in huge masses, winding first through a deep ravine, then through dense cedar woods, and ever and anon we were climbing steep hills, over which it seemed artillery could not be hauled. Notwithstanding every difficulty, the rumbling of those heavy guns was heard at the front at dusk that evening as we were falling back.

Leaving the infantry and artillery in the morning we joined the cavalry force, consisting of some 3000 or 4000 Ohio, Indiana and Michigan men. On arriving near where the enemy was known to be posted, the force was assigned to different positions from right to left, stretching over about a mile of ground. We were to take the center, supported by Colonel Stokes, of the First Middle Tennessee Regiment. We were ordered to advance, throwing out skirmishers to carefully feel our way. Major Ward commanded the skirmishers and Major Rosengarten the reserve of our little band of 300. After about an hour's movement, on foot and mounted, without finding the enemy, the brigade on our right commenced firing, which told us they had at last met those whom we were seeking. In the center we could see nothing as yet.

Shortly, however, an orderly arrived from the right, telling us to halt and when we again moved to incline to the right, as two regiments of the enemy were said to be waiting in our front to take us in ambush. Consequently our skirmishers were called in, we remounted, and after a time moved on. Soon we saw, at about 800 yards distance, the rebel cavalry drawn up in line of battle. Our line moved forward and the enemy retired. We hurried on, although they halted in a wood some distance off. Our left coming up with a little boldness, they again retreated; but as it afterward proved, it was only to draw us on. We were soon on their pickets and captured some prisoners, including a Brigade Surgeon and a Major, who was Assistant-Adjutant General on General Cheatham's staff. The name of the Surgeon was Lackey and he gave his home as Memphis, Tenn., so he told his captor, John F. Conaway, who took him to the rear. One of his first questions was what Regiment had captured him, and when told and also that his guard was a Philadelphian, he seemed delighted; told of his having gone to the

University here and a whole lot of citizens he knew, and asked: "Is that low house still standing at Broad and Walnut? and adde had many a good time in it."

Meanwhile the dent, under Major Ward, pushed rapidly forward, and soorzed with the enemy. They advanced about 600 yards—re the pike passes through the woods—and halted. Soour flanking parties, following up the retreating cavalry in the woods, came to the fence, and Samuel Jamison, Caldwell and John K. Marshall jumped their horses through, and immediately were in the midst of Company A, Touth Carolina Infantry, who had been advanced from thision, but whose attention had been directed toward tght, where the movements of Ward's detachment could ld but not seen.

It was a surprisrom which the rebels soon recovered, fired on Caldwell arshall, who escaped through the gap in the fence. Jamisoknocked off his horse by the butt of a musket and taken r, but five minutes later, in the confusion of the rebel it coming up, he escaped. Marshall had picked up a prison after his escape, and with him hurried over to where Wd his detachment were halting on the pike. The first oc saw was Lieut. John W. Jackson, and to him he yelleme on, Lieutenant! there's plenty more in there," and the whole detachment, at a gallop, went quickly up to the fehind which the rebels were.

The first shots d been fired had alarmed the rebel infantry in the rear, sinforced their advance; so that by the time Major Wards men reached the point it was to meet a long line of infæcurely posted, with a high stake-and-rider fence protecem from being run over by our men. So sudden had beappearance that it confused them, and although their mufire was heavy, it was not destructive, even when our me up to the fence, firing carbines and revolvers at the enemver ten feet away.

Major Ward warst man hit on our side. He wore that day the ordinary lof a private soldier, and carried a carbine. The fatal baed his left breast near the heart, coming out below his shoalade. His horse was shot at the same time, and, supportwo of the men, he walked to the rear,

out of the line of fire, and then sank to the ground. Our Assistant Surgeon, Dr. Mish, bathed his wound and tried to lessen the excruciating pain he suffered. Even the pain could not quench his martial spirit, for he still cheered on the men in a weak and feeble voice, which a few moments before had been so strong and lusty.

Back at the fence the battle still continued. From the close range it is a wonder that so few were hit, but the rebels had not yet recovered and most of their shooting was too high; so gradually we concluded that it was not possible to drive our foe, situated as they were, and our line fell back further in the woods, but still kept up the firing.

It was then that Major Rosengarten's battalion appeared. They had been following up Ward's party, but had gone farther down the pike toward Murfreesboro, and when the musketry got heavy, indicating a severe engagement, they were faced to the right, details threw down the fence and the battalion went forward on the charge with "advanced carbine." This was done in plain sight of the enemy, who, in addition to being prepared to receive them, was continually reinforced from the rebel line of battle, which was just in the rear. Resting their guns on the third and fourth rail of the fence, their aim was more destructive than it had been, and the losses among Rosengarten's men exceeded that in Ward's. The fact that a large part of the former's line of battle was in the open field, in plain sight, and the rebels being no longer so confused, as they had been at Major Ward's sudden attack, accounts for the greater loss. The first volley killed Major Rosengarten and also Colonel Palmer's horse, "Zollicoffer," a blooded black, known to all the men, which the Major was riding. Seven balls pierced the Major. The horse was riddled with bullets. His fall did not dampen the ardor of his men, who kept up the fight, supported by those of Major Ward's party who were about retiring but advanced again when Rosengarten came on the field. But the odds were too unequal, and gradually all fell back out of range.

The loss of both Majors was a severe blow to the Regiment and a personal loss to me. Since leaving Louisville we had been thrown closely together, and it was not possible to know either of them intimately without learning to love them. When Major

Rosengarten rejoined us the previous day, as we rode together that beautiful Sunday morning, I recall the fact that he was very much depressed. He told me that he could not shake off the feeling that he would not survive the coming battle, and the next night he lay a sacrifice to his country, called for in the suppression of the most unjustifiable rebellion ever incited by wicked men.

By order of General Stanley the Regiment had gone to the rear a short distance. Just as we were being properly re-formed, with Captain Norman M. Smith in command, an orderly arrived saying Major Ward wished me to come to him. I hurried back and found him, as he himself thought, in a dying condition. He was conscious of his condition and expressed himself satisfied with having done his duty, and said he was willing to die.

Just before this the Surgeon had gone, with two other men, under a flag of truce, to attend the wounded, some of whom were raising the most piteous cries I ever heard. I remained under flag of truce, as we were in sight of the enemy. Shortly the General sent word ordering all to the rear except myself. I was to remain with the Major until an ambulance could be procured. As we were in danger of being captured, I sent my saber and pistol back, so that they should not get into the hands of the enemy, even if I did. It was the wish of the Major that I remain with him, he asking for me whenever he woke up from his semi-conscious state. About half-past 4 an ambulance arrived, and we succeeded in getting the Major away and sent him to General McCook's headquarters, some three miles in the rear.

I had become entirely separated from the Regiment, but soon found my old Company B, which had lately arrived, having been left behind on duty. The Regiment, under the command of Captain Smith, had previous to this, in compliance with orders, fallen back, and it then being dark, and we being unable to find them, our Company bivouacked alone that night.

The next morning, Tuesday, we found our boys not more than 800 or 900 yards from us. I found my saber and pistol, and inquiring the way to the hospital, found Major Ward still living, but very low. After he had spoken a few words, expressing his willingness to die and his firm opinion that he could not last more than a day, he requested me to leave him and not to allow anyone else in the room, as the trial of seeing his friends

under the circumstances was too great. All he could say was: "Tell the boys not to be discouraged on account of our misfortunes."

On our way to the rear, the evening previous, the news of our loss having reached the ears of those composing the long columns of infantry and artillery that were pushing forward, we were everywhere met with expressions of sympathy.

When a few of us reached the hospital, General McCook had already gone forward, and General Johnson's division, which was to act as reserve, was just coming up. We were ordered to have our command brought to the Crossroads, as the place was called, supplied with fresh ammunition, and take the rear of General Johnson's division, as General Stanley said enough damage had been done for one day.

We moved about one and a half miles and rested for a time on the road. Skirmishing had already commenced where we had fought the day before. It was determined to send forward a wagon and detachment of six men to secure the bodies of those killed and find the whereabouts of the wounded. The artillery on our right wing was posted where we had been and where our dead lay in the woods. At a distance of about 600 yards in the woods beyond the skirmishing with infantry was very heavy, mingled with artillery fire. It was quite difficult, but McCook finally drove the enemy from their position and advanced about three-quarters of a mile. We were ordered to fall back to a creek, about one mile from where we started in the morning. Our party succeeded in getting the bodies of the killed, including that of Major Rosengarten, who lay with his head between the hind feet of his black horse, "Zollicoffer."

The wounded were supposed to be in a bottom which was in range of our batteries, and consequently we could not get them. We were not able to find out anything regarding them, as the Assistant Surgeon and those who went with him under flag of truce had all been captured and carried off. The bodies secured were sent to Nashville, where some were buried. The bodies of Major Rosengarten and Sergeant S. F. Herring, however, were placed in metallic coffins, to await transportation home.

We lay where we had been ordered until dark, and were preparing for a sleep, and had just laid down at half-past 10 o'clock,

when "to horse!" sounded, and we were off again. We had been in the saddle for two days and two nights and did not unsaddle for two days longer. On our arrival at the Crossroads' Hospital we found that we were to escort some wagons to General Rosecrans' headquarters on the Murfreesboro turnpike. The night was very cold and dark, with the road very muddy and crooked. With the wagons our progress was very slow. We built small fires and warmed up, but soon an order came down the line to make no more fires. We had then to battle against two difficulties, cold and sleep. We had had no rest for two nights and not much to eat. After a pretty rough, and what was a very tedious journey, we arrived at the pike about 4 A.M., Wednesday, December 31, and soon had good fires kindled and snatched a short nap.

Meanwhile rumors came that the enemy's cavalry were in the rear of the army and captured and burned our regimental train, as well as a portion of the trains belonging to General McCook's and General Davis' headquarters. Daylight brought some of the men who had escaped when the train was attacked near Nolansville and several who had been paroled. These men accompanied the train as guard. The destruction had been complete; tents, baggage, provisions, regimental books, papers, etc., had been entirely destroyed. The officers all happened to be wearing their fatigue uniforms, and lost all their dress suits and everything except what they had on. The plunder was not burned, for the rebels put the uniforms on and came out as gay as peacocks. One put on a dress hat, another a pair of trousers, another a dress coat with a major's or captain's shoulder straps, with sashes included. As the commissions belonging to some of the officers were among the private papers in the baggage, they were handed up and taken possession of by different officers. Major Prentice, rebel, son of George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, got a commission belonging to Lieutenant James B. Curtin, and also put on a dress hat, and last but not least, he put on a pair of very handsome boots which I had had made in Louisville. I lost everything except what was on my body, even my dress jacket, which was in the Adjutant's box when taken.

At daylight the Regiment was ordered to escort a train to the rear and also to look after the guerillas who had burned the trains

mentioned above. Being without rations we obtained three days' supply, and were about to start when a new excitement sprang up. Just beyond General Rosecrans' headquarters, about 800 or 900 yards' distance, men were hurriedly forming in line of battle. Reinforcements of artillery and infantry that were just arriving from the vicinity of Nashville were sent forward on the double quick, and we were ordered to the right about. We then heard the rebels had surprised our extreme right wing and thrown it into confusion and captured twelve pieces of artillery, which increased the demoralization.

Our cavalry in the vicinity were very soon concentrated and formed in line of battle. We followed General Stanley down the pike a short distance, when we were ordered to fall back on a line with the road over which we had come the previous night. We had not rested long when one of our ambulances and some stragglers, sick and slightly wounded, arrived from the Crossroads Hospital, where the rebels had appeared in force about 7 or 8 o'clock. The enemy surprised General Johnson's division, which in turn demoralized McCook's corps, so that it was almost wholly useless that entire day.

It was from the hospital mentioned that my messmate, John C. Fleming, was taken with some twelve or fifteen others, and carried to Vicksburg. The enemy threatened to take our Surgeon, but he claimed the immunities of his position, according to the cartel agreed upon by our Government and Jefferson Davis, and although they did take and hold him prisoner for four days, he was subsequently released. Major Ward and some other wounded were not disturbed. The Major lay until Sunday, January 11, when he died, a patriot and a soldier, consoled with the hope that his sins were forgiven and that in the hour of battle he had performed his duty to himself and his country. Even at his early age, just twenty years, he had exhibited traits of military character extremely rare even in professionals much his senior. His body was taken to Pittsburg by his brother, who arrived only a few hours before his death.

After the cavalry had remained in line some time where they were formed along the road previously mentioned, the entire force was ordered forward toward our position of the day before. The cavalry numbered, all told, about 1200 to 1500, under

General Stanley. We were scouting as we advanced. On crossing a fence to approach a stream we found ourselves in a small enclosure and all the fences perfect, leaving no opening. Already some 200 of our boys had collected in this place, while others were taking down the fences, when bang! bang! bang! bang! came from the artillery just on our left. Looking around we found that it came from the woods, and they continued to fire right into our ranks, shattering one man's arm, a fatal wound. Temporary confusion, of course, ensued, as everyone thought we were surrounded and without much hope of escape if the artillery firing upon us was supported, it being so close.

In ten or fifteen minutes we had re-formed, in an open field. In the meantime it was suggested that it might be one of our own batteries. The General sent an orderly over to find out. He discovered it to be, I believe, an Illinois or Ohio battery, whose officers had taken us for rebels. We were separated some distance from the regiment in front of us in order to allow our men to close up, as they became scattered in crossing the fences. The regiment ahead had its colors flying, while our Company guidons were all covered, and as the distance separating us was noticed, they took us for rebels with colors covered to deceive following those who had already passed. Things were soon adjusted and we went forward. When we left our camp at Harpeth Creek, Captain Vezin was necessarily detained until after the squadron had moved, and being misinformed as to the direction we had taken did not find us until Tuesday morning, when Captain Smith turned over the command to him, he being the senior. We finally halted in a corn field about three-quarters of a mile from the big wood we left in the morning, having formed in our march a complete semicircle.

It was now about 1 o'clock P.M., and the artillery fire on our left wing was very heavy. Having marched directly across country, keeping the road as little as possible, we had, of course, but little idea of the real direction of our line, and thought the firing came from our right, instead of which, as we found later, the entire corps of General McCook was resting in our rear, we being again in the advance with the cavalry force which had started from the pike with us. As usual in corn fields through this region we found plenty of corn still on the stalk to feed our horses. We

remained here for some two and a half hours, when we were ordered to fall in line. An hour and a half previous to this the regiment in front of us had been throwing out skirmishers, mounted and on foot, endeavoring to find out what was in the woods in front and on the right of us.

The whole movement was a perfect enigma to us, who had no idea of the close proximity of the enemy. A force was ordered into the woods on our right, and we were first sent to the left and then countermarched to the rear of the center, where we were in position to act independently or aid either flank. General Stanley now dismounted a portion of the force in the woods and they advanced rapidly for a few hundred yards, covered by the trees, when they suddenly became engaged with the skirmishers of the enemy. Reinforcements were sent by both parties and the action became very lively. Soon the enemy appeared in strong force and poured perfect volleys into the men on foot. Thinking we were confronted by a heavy infantry force, and having no infantry or artillery in our rear that we knew of, all our line fell back, as the enemy outnumbered us greatly. We were, however, soon in fighting trim, General Stanley cheering and begging the men not to falter. Our boys were now placed on the right, when the right and center of our little line were ordered forward. We soon became engaged, when the enemy opened with grape and canister, but fired too high, cutting the heads from the trees instead of the men. This excited the horses. We advanced to the edge of the woods, and by hard work dislodged the enemy and charged some distance after them. Their firing being very severe, however, our men fell back a little hastily and soon re-formed, and although the rebels came to the edge of the woods, they soon retired. Instead of being infantry, we found that they were dismounted cavalry, some 3000 strong, with artillery.

We were now moving slightly to the left, when the rebels came out of the woods and formed in line of battle in our front, showing a force of nearly 2000, with their left in the woods. They looked extremely bold, and the red flag was waved in bitter defiance, inviting us to the attack. Our lines extended for some 800 yards in nearly a semicircle, comprising from 1200 to 1400 effective men. General Stanley was everywhere, and in a moment he saw the best that could be done was to order a charge.

The enemy had already brought two pieces of artillery into position and were firing shell, though without much precision.

"Let's charge them boys! let's charge them!" cried the General. The Third Ohio was just to our left and rear, and to its Colonel General Stanley said: "Colonel, give your men the order to charge." All was excitement. The enemy appearing so bold there was a little diffidence on our part. "Where is my Seventh Pennsylvania?" asked the General. The Seventh Pennsylvania by their bravery and splendid conduct had won the affection of the Generals in this department, and especially of General Stanley. They were soon found ready. "Now where is the Anderson Cavalry?" asked General Stanley. He found us exchanging shots with the enemy, as some skirmishing was going on along the whole line. The charge had not yet been made, and we having, by our behavior on the Saturday and Monday previous, gained the confidence and sympathy of the General, he said he would lead our little squadron in person, which excited the pride of our boys. With his sword waving he ordered: "Forward! charge! Use your pistols and sabers, boys!" Then our boys charged at a gallop to within short pistol range and fired volley after volley with carbines and pistols, emptying some saddles. The cavalry on our left charged at the same time. The rebels retreated some distance.

During this time an act of daring was performed by two of our boys which will be remembered for a long time to come. The name of one was Sergeant Henry C. Butcher, of Company B; the other Private L. B. Holt, of Company L. They saw the enemy's flag and coveted it as a prize, but to attempt its capture was to expose themselves to our own as well as the enemy's fire. After deliberating a moment, the prize was too tempting and they rode up, shot the standard bearer, who had advanced some distance in front of his command, and brought the flag into our lines—the two men riding one wounded horse, the other being killed. It was an heroic and audacious act. It was a beautiful silk flag, belonging to the Third Alabama Battalion, and presented by the ladies of Selma, Ala.—the only flag the force carried. It was subsequently exhibited in the windows of Cornelius & Baker, on Chestnut Street, previous to its being presented to Governor Curtin, at Harrisburg.

Finding the enemy re-forming and knowing their superior force, we fell back a short distance and re-formed, the enemy using artillery. The order to charge was given and the whole line advanced at a gallop, when the enemy broke and took to the woods.

It was now sundown, and had we pursued, no doubt we would have been caught in an ambuscade. It soon grew dark and we could do nothing more than hold our position and guard against any further movement. We found afterward that they had seven pieces of artillery, and were just bringing them into position when we made the second charge and frustrated their plan. The movements of General Stanley previous to the first charge mentioned did not take up as much time as it does to write the account of it. We were again complimented by him for our conduct that day. We had only one Captain (Hewitt) and two privates wounded, and they but slightly. The Captain was shot through the wrist with a buckshot. William P. Ellis, in my mess, received a shot through the shoulder of his overcoat. Sergeant Charles Betts got a bullet through his hat and Charley Stewart one through the front part of his boot. One man had his saber bent, another his carbine stock shot to pieces, another the end of his carbine barrel blown off, and another his stirrup shot off. Several horses were also lost. We therefore escaped very well; some of the other cavalry lost heavily.

We found that on the pike, in our rear, McCook had his artillery and infantry covered by bushes, hoping that we might be able to draw the enemy entirely out of their cover, but the thing did not work. We were ordered to take the center of the extreme front for a picket in force, at the same time throwing forward a few skirmishers in advance. It was moonlight, and a heavy frost falling made it very cold. No fires were allowed, and our condition was anything but agreeable. It was not possible to stir around sufficiently to keep warm, lest the enemy should hear us, for they remained within gunshot all night.

Next morning we heard them sounding the advance with the bugle, but it was to the rear. The army in that vicinity did not sleep much that night, their minds being too intent on the anticipations for the morrow, for the report had already been circulated among the men that Thursday, January 1, 1863, was to be celebrated by a terrible battle.

The Sergeant-Major, who was very unwell, went to the rear a short distance between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, and as I had been relieved I went with him. Arriving at the pike we took possession of a fire where only one man lay, and adding a number of rails, lay down on a bed of four rails and slept as best we could until morning; but even then it was mighty cold. The continual passage of ammunition and baggage wagons and ambulances together with the steady tread of cavalry and infantry, with ever and anon a battery of artillery, was clear evidence that the guiding mind of this department was not idle. I was awake at early dawn, and soon saw General McCook, who had suffered so severely the day before, passing with his staff to commence, though with a heavy heart, another day's labor, and at least hoping for better success.

At daylight Airey and I sought our command, which was already in motion near where we left them. I soon found they were going toward the pike, but not even the Captain commanding knew our destination. The officers did not wish to be placed in danger again that day, as our ammunition was all gone; besides our horses had not had their saddles off for five days and the men were overworked. The latter, however, even if offered, would not have been taken as an excuse, as many others were in the same position. Want of ammunition and condition of horses were made known to the Colonel to whom we were that day to report, who immediately had us supplied with fifteen rounds each of carbine cartridges. General Stanley was nearby, having everything attended to. We were then started up the pike, toward Nashville, and had gone perhaps three or four miles ere we found that we were to accompany the Third Ohio in guarding an immense wagon train, some nine or ten miles in length, to Nashville. It soon became known that an attack was expected to be made on this train by the cavalry under Wheeler, which did not at all increase the agreeableness of our position. Our boys, though green at the business, manifested a preference for fair, open-field fighting over bushwhacking. Flankers were thrown out along the train while our boys brought up the rear, which was an important position.

We were then about fifteen miles from Nashville, and the flankers were crossing a meadow, beyond which was a strip of

woods (in fact, the entire road is almost bordered with woods or hills, which makes it most desirable for these attacking parties), when they suddenly halted. Soon one fired into the woods, then another and another, and then they put spurs to their horses and retreated toward the pike. It was Wheeler's Cavalry, but they would not show themselves, although we immediately halted and sent out skirmishers, being at that time certainly not more than half their number. Luckily we had, among several unserviceable pieces of artillery we were taking to Nashville, two pieces that could be worked, and a shell from one of them caused the rebels to come out of the woods. It was only then that our responsibility became apparent. To preserve our train was our first duty, and for us to attempt to leave it in order to attack the enemy was to allow them the opportunity of hurrying forward a detachment to cut the train in the center or some slightly protected portion. After leaving the woods they quickly formed in line, and indeed looked formidable. The great question was to know whether they had any artillery. I suppose they had some with them, but they did not use it on us.

Orders had already gone forward to hurry up the wagons, which is almost equivalent to telling the drivers to run their teams into the ditch, cut the traces, mount a horse or a mule and get away. We wished to keep their attention on us, and not the train, as long as possible, for we knew that when the head of the line was within, say four miles of the city it was perfectly safe, and considering its length, we concluded that it had already nearly, if not quite, reached there; so every moment we could hold them in check here was of immense importance. The enemy soon made a left turn and moved forward at a rapid gait. Meanwhile large numbers were continuing to emerge from the woods. They galloped forward, keeping to the right of us. The train had already gotten from one and a half to two miles from us. Here commenced the destruction of property. With the least mishap—a trace becoming unfastened, a line breaking—or even if a team could not keep up, it was abandoned by the driver, who ran for his life.

Of course, in attacking a train, it is immaterial to the enemy whether they kill any men or even horses. Their first idea is to present a show of force, excite your fears and the fears of the

teamsters, who are almost uncontrollable, and thereby produce a panic, when the wagons become blocked up two or three abreast across the road, each driver endeavoring to get ahead of his preceding friend. If they do not immediately become disentangled they abandon their charge. The main train being of the first importance, the guard pushes on regardless of wagons, ambulances, caissons, ammunition wagons, etc., which are left almost without cause on the road. Therefore, unless a train expecting to be attacked, or which is attacked, is in charge of a cool and judicious man, the loss of property is generally enormous. Our train on this occasion was well managed, so that not more than six or eight wagons were lost, while at one time it appeared that a large portion of it must be destroyed by the enemy.

We hurried forward for perhaps two miles, not knowing exactly where the enemy would next appear as they were all along the road covered with woods, until we approached a descent where the road lies right through a wood of cedar and other small trees. Here they came upon our rear guard of two Companies, who held them in check a short time until word could be sent forward. The train was going along at a trot and making pretty good time, when the yell of the stragglers and negroes—"the rebels are coming!"—startled the teamsters again, and it was here that two small guns and caissons and a wagonload of Sharp's carbines came near being lost. Our force was immediately halted and also a portion of the Third Ohio, the balance hurrying forward with the wagons, while we should check the enemy and then retreat. The enemy came out on the road and charged on our rear, but a line of battle had already been formed, and we advanced and drove them. They rallied and came again. Our advance fell back a little, while a portion of the force forward formed their lines on either side of the road covered by low cedars, and when the rebels were within thirty or forty yards poured into them a galling cross fire, which again halted them. A column now went forward as reserve to a detachment which had charged down the road. They came up in the hollow, when finally the rebels went back to the top of the hill, where they remained, not without some loss, however. We also lost two of our men killed and the Third Ohio lost slightly.

Geo. J. French, of my mess, was ordered to surrender by a

rebel, he having been cut off from us, but as he was not able to see it in that light and knowing there was only one thing to do, he shot the rebel and retired. By hard work while the rebels were being held in check here, some of the men succeeded in fixing harness that had been cut, getting horses that had been turned loose and rigging up broken gun carriages sufficiently well to secure all of value that was threatened with abandonment.

Although in continual fear of being again attacked, we finally reached Nashville just after dark on New Year's night, 1863, a beautiful, clear and moonlight night, hungry and tired and with horses ready to drop. We had been absent from Nashville just one week, but our little party had suffered its full share.

Our losses in the battle were as follows:

Killed and died of wounds.—Maj. A. G. Rosengarten, Maj. Frank B. Ward. Company B: Private Robert Edge; Company C: First Serg. W. A. Kimber, Private Orlando Weikel; Company E: Private Rich. W. Chase; Company H: Private Anthony R. Kintigh; Company K: Serg. A. S. Drake, Private Wm. Brooks; Company L: Private W. Harry Powell, Private Frank Eaton, Private J. Weiler, Serg. S. Fred. Herring; Company F: Private M. L. Hill.

Wounded.—Company C: Saml. Jamison, Edw. C. Smith, Serg. Wm. P. Rockhill, Jr., J. R. Steinmetz; Company H: Jos. Hilty, Serg. J. B. Garber, Jr.; Company I: Capt. J. R. Hewitt, Serg. Jno. Richards; Company L: C. Lewis Diehl, W. T. Nieman.

Captured.—Asst. Surg. Geo. F. Mish, Hospital Steward Chas. P. Sellers. Company B: A. H. Craig, Jno. C. Fleming, Jos. D. Little, Chas. L. Hayden, Wm. K. Rile, Jno. C. Sullivan, Wm. Wagner, Geo. P. Yocum; Company C: Geo. Fisher, H. W. Arnold, M. Baldwin Colton, Fred. Spang; Company D: Frank T. Adams, Horatio G. Snyder; Company E: Jas. H. Cornwell, Harry Paschall, A. J. Buchanan, W. Beverly Chase, Wm. Conard, Rich. Pancoast, Wm. Tarr, M. A. Williamson; Company F: Robt. W. Brownlee, Robt. R. Taylor; Company G: D. Spencer Bates, A. T. Clark, Ed. Pattison, Jr., Alex. Ramsey, D. E. Bigler; Company H: Saml. Trimbrel, Josiah Warg, Geo. Fisher, W. S. Moore, Jno. Pinkerton; Company I: W. H. Baldwin, G. P. Dennis, Francis P. Drinker, J. W. Hall, E. E. Lynch, Abraham Horn; Company K: W. F. Jamison; Company L: Byron O. Camp, Johnson

Hubbell, Samuel G. Curtis, Benjamin Bartram, W. B. Ecky, Henry H. Jacobs, Jno. G. Marshall, M. Olistter, Alex. Robinson, Wilbur Watts, M. L. Jones, Chas. E. Scheide, C. M. Wilson, E. L. Mills.

THE HALT AT OVERALLS CREEK.

A. D. FRANKENBERRY, CO. K, POINT MARION, PA.

SUNDAY evening, December 28, 1862, about 300 of the Anderson Cavalry were in camp near Triune, Tenn. Major Rosengarten was in command of the Regiment. On this Sunday evening I was detailed as orderly to Major Rosengarten, and on reporting to him was sent to the headquarters of Major-General Stanley, then in command of all the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, for orders for the movement next day. General Stanley directed the Major to move with his command in advance of the infantry toward Murfreesboro, on the road via Wilkinson's crossroads. I was sent during the night to each of the company commanders, directing them to be ready to move at daylight. Monday, December 29th, all the Regiment there was in the saddle at an early hour and moved forward. I went with the Major to General McCook and to Gen. Jeff C. Davis; the latter commanded the advance of the infantry. The orders given to the Major were to strike the rebels, push them to the bridge across Overalls Creek, hold the bridge, but not to cross over. Company K had the advance, and the column moved at a rapid rate, and about 2 P.M. we struck the rebel pickets and drove them toward Murfreesboro. The column soon reached the bridge and halted. Up to this moment I rode constantly by the side of the Major. I had on my cavalry jacket; the Major told me to take it off and put on my blouse. I did so while in the saddle.

When we halted the column was not closed up, and the Major directed me to inform each company commander to close up in columns of four. I rode back and so informed each company commander and then reported to the Major that the column was closed up.

What orders, if any, were given to the Major while I was absent I do not know; but in a very short time the command was given by the Major, and we crossed over the bridge and moved

about three-fourths of mile down the pike toward Murfreesboro, when the command halted. Major Rosengarten rode back to Major Ward, and had a few words with him. Major Ward's battalion turned into a field on the right, formed a line at right angle with the pike, advanced and soon opened fire on the enemy.

Major Rosengarten moved to the head of the column in the pike and ordered it to advance.

We soon saw the rebels in force, with barricades across the pike. They were also to the left of us, and we again halted opposite a heavy woods, on the right of the pike. The Major gave the command "fours right!" which brought us in line facing the woods. Numbers one and three were then ordered to dismount and open the rail fence. This done, the men remounted and the Major gave the command "forward, gallop, march!" and when partly through the woods the command "charge!" and in a moment afterward we received a volley of musketry from the rebels, who were behind a fence which ran parallel with the pike. This volley killed Major Rosengarten and many others. I was within five or ten feet of the Major when he was struck, and saw him throw up his arms and fall backward from his horse. He was on the extreme right of the line, next to the enemy. My duty placed me close to his right. Sergeant Drake was close to me on my right and was killed by same volley. Seeing the hopelessness of doing anything, and also seeing a rebel force moving to cut us off, someone gave the order to fall back to the bridge at the creek. Major Ward had led his part of the command through a field and into the woods in which Rosengarten fell, his line being at right angles to ours, when he, Ward, was mortally wounded and died a few days after.

These were the last acts and words of Major Rosengarten as they were impressed on my memory that afternoon, and I can never forget the day and events.

That night we encamped and all our hearts were full of sadness, because so many of our comrades were not with us. They, with thousands of others, had rendered up their lives in defense of Liberty and Union, Right and Truth, and that our country should have but one flag and be but one nation.

MAJOR ROSENGARTEN'S LAST ORDER TO MAJOR WARD.

SERG. SIMEON LORD, COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

DURING our march, in the formation of two squadrons, to the battlefield of Stone River, Major Rosengarten halted the one under his immediate command at Overalls Creek, resting there to hear from Major Ward's squadron that had charged over the creek ford to develop the enemy.

We had not long to wait before we heard heavy firing that indicated that the Confederates were hotly contesting Major Ward's advance. A comrade and I had been riding on the left of our squadron as flankers. On our rejoining it the command halted.

Major Rosengarten gave me a verbal order to Major Ward to "fall back this side of Overalls Creek." Hastily crossing the creek bridge, thence into the timber on the right, I met our men falling back. I inquired for Major Ward, and the reply was, "He is killed."

I hurriedly returned to Major Rosengarten and so reported.

After recalling Major Ward, it comes within our privilege to ask if Major Rosengarten had known the rebel infantry were in position behind the highest kind of a worm fence waiting to repel cavalry, should he have led in a second charge over the same ground, there to lose his own life, so soon after the mortal wounding of Major Ward in the first forlorn assault? The fence itself was an obstacle that would halt any cavalry charge, enemy or no enemy behind it.

In the last charge a trooper, pistol in hand, dashed up to the fence, riding abreast of it, firing into the very faces of the enemy. If he lived to return to his command it was luck and a marvelous escape.

INCIDENT OF STONE RIVER BATTLE.

WM. L. BRATTON, COMPANY A, NEW YORK.

THE Sergeant of old Company H had reported at roll call "all accounted for but two" on the morning that we left Nashville to join the forces that were now moving, with General Rosecrans as their Commander, toward Murfreesboro. The air was chilly, and after marching "by fours", a short distance we swung into a dirt road, and a few of the boys, including Billy Brown, Billy Moore and the writer, getting in a lively mood that was symbolical of our youth, struck up the song, at that time so dear to a Philadelphia boy, "We're All Bound for New York." As we had come from the same school and had practiced it together many times it sounded quite well. The "dough boys" that we passed on the road cheered us. At the same time Major Ward rode down toward us from the head of the column, looking like a youthful General, sitting his horse so proudly. He being a singer himself, joined in the choruses for at least an hour, singing with us various songs that we used to sing round camp fires.

The next day we had another tale to tell, and Company H did its full share. An incident happened which serves to show the spirit of one of our boys. We had skirmished with some cavalrymen who carried the Lone Star flag. We raced them up and down the different hills. Major Ward stayed at the head of the column of Company H. In charging around the top of one of the hills a ball struck the carbine which "Billy" Brown carried. It twirled over out of Brown's hands and struck the Major's horse. When we formed the line on the top of the hill, the Major said: "Brown, you lost your carbine, didn't you?" Brown said: "Yes, I couldn't help it." The Major replied: "I saw you couldn't; but it's all right; come and be my orderly." Brown replied: "Never mind, Major, we will soon be within pistol shot." Brown died shortly after in the field hospital at Murfreesboro, having contracted a bad fever.

I at that time had a very large, awkward horse, which while strong was hard to manage, and while taking a dispatch from Major Ward to the Captain of Company L, the horse was hurt in such a way in one of the charges that it lamed him very badly. I was ordered to go with the wagon train as one of the guards. When Wheeler captured the wagon train I was one of the fortunate ones who got away, but not on that animal. In the confusion and excitement on the little dirt road where our wagons were attacked I secured a very handsome gray horse, upon which was only a citizen's saddle. On this horse and leading my own I kept up with the few who did escape.

Several of the leading pursuers annoyed us considerably, but we returned shot for shot without any damage being done to us. I think we hit several horses, as the rebels came within a hundred yards of us, but would come no nearer. I rode with several strangers belonging to different regiments into Nashville, and went out to our first camp in that city, where we met and talked with several of the boys who had been left in camp. Among them was Bob Geddes. Bob got excited at the story of our adventures, and we agreed to go out and hunt up the rest of the Regiment.

We started out and rode a long distance, when we found we were lost. Traveling on until about 8 o'clock at night we came across a large cottage. We knocked at the door and asked who lived there, and were surprised to find a gentleman by the name of Ben Johnson. He told us that he was a British subject, and a British flag was flying over his house, but if we were lost he would take care of us until morning. He advised us to hide our saddles and accouterments and put our horses in the barn. We were given something to eat and a very comfortable bed to sleep in. Not knowing what was going to happen, we put our revolvers and carbines where we could easily get hold of them. We slept very soundly until morning and we breakfasted there.

Imagine our surprise when our host told us that in the night a body of Confederate cavalry was there, but knowing that he was protected by the British flag they did nothing but inquire, asking him if he had seen any Yankees. Of course, he was guarded in his answers. We found that we had been inside the enemy's lines without knowing it. We started out, after getting directions as to where we would probably meet our forces. Making quite a wide

detour toward Nashville, bearing toward the left, we soon found ourselves among Union forces again, but were not challenged by any picket. We gained a road, and to our surprise met some of our boys, with a wagonload of our dead, going toward Nashville.

As my Company was supposed to be in the cavalry division, I decided to try and find it. Geddes thought it best, as some of his Company was in the escort, to go back to Nashville. Every place that I inquired I was told to hunt up General Stanley, but as his operations were in different parts of the field and the line of battle was very wide, and as I did not know the country, I stayed all that day with various bodies of troops, making very diligent inquiry for my Regiment. At last I found that it had been so reduced in numbers, the head officers being killed, that it had been ordered from the field, no one could say where, except "probably" Nashville.

I started for Nashville, and when I reached there our camp had been deserted, and I did not know what to do. The horse that I had, had to be taken care of, so, having some money, I left him in a livery stable and stayed at a hotel. The next day I started out to where the camp was and made some inquiries, but did not succeed in finding out anything that was of advantage. As I passed through one of the streets I saw a large cottage-built house, on the wall of which was a painted sign, with "Major Thurston, Surgeon General," marked on it.

I thought there was an opportunity for me to get something to do, and walking into his office told who I was and the circumstances in which I was placed, and asked if he "needed anyone to be of any service to him." He looked me all over and said: "Yes, I do. I haven't a single orderly or courier here. You take this telegram immediately to the office." I think it was at the Commercial Hotel, or near there. I took the message, and in returning passed through the Market Square, and there I saw some 2000 rebel prisoners marching under guard. They seemed very much elated over the prospect that they would soon be free, for they shouted at everybody that "Bragg would take his New Year's dinner in Nashville."

My horse was on a nice gallop, and a double-team ambulance was driving in the same direction. I was looking to the left, and

for some reason or other the driver of the ambulance, who was driving at a rapid rate, turned his team so that the tongue of the wagon was pushed under my horse, and I was thrown with the horse very heavily, the horse's shoulder striking me with force, crushing my left arm, disjuncting it and also hurting my hand so that blood was running from every finger nail. As there was mud in the street I looked considerably demoralized, and as I gained my feet the rebel prisoners, who saw the incident, jeered, hooted and made many nasty remarks.

My horse got up and was apparently unhurt, and mounting again I galloped off, returning to Major Thurston. I told him what had occurred, and he examined my arms and made me take off my boots, then my stockings. He made a ball of the stockings and put it under my armpit, and jerked the arm in place. I felt very much relieved at that, but he told me I "was a fit candidate for a hospital," and it "would come in very opportunely," as he wanted someone to "go to the Methodist Church and make a hospital there." He gave me a requisition for everything that would go to fix up a hospital, and I had my arm put in a sling. I went out to the Methodist Church and commenced operations.

Of course, I was the first patient on the hospital list, and the same time I was appointed Hospital Commissary Steward. We had a Surgeon named Sennett, of some Ohio regiment, as Chief Surgeon. I stayed there some two months, when I received a letter from "Billy" Brown, of our Regiment, who had been transferred to Company L in the reorganization. He told me that out "of the boys that constituted our first mess he was the only one that was left." Stockton, Burr, Henderson and Chadwick had been killed, wounded or taken prisoners, and he asked me when I thought I would be able to get back. I made application to be returned to my Regiment, and the request being granted, I rejoined it at Murfreesboro

WHAT I SAW OF STONE RIVER.

JOHN G. MARSHALL, COMPANY A, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IN narrating what I saw on our Stone River campaign, I am reminded of the fact that no two soldiers will see the same incidents exactly alike, owing to the excitement of a fight. He only sees that which transpires in his immediate vicinity, but he sees that in a way he cannot forget.

The first battle of any magnitude in which I was engaged was Stone River, on December 29, 1862, while a member of Company L. The scenes I witnessed on that memorable day are as plain to me now as they were then, and I can recall the faces and positions as distinctly as though they happened yesterday.

The first day's march, from Nashville on the Nolansville pike, was in company with the trains of the army, and it was not until night that we reached the advance. But the next day early we met the enemy's cavalry, and it was a day of enjoyment. While we were under fire, no one was hurt. The bullets came thick and fast and there were some close shaves; but there is not much danger from a mounted man. It is the infantryman, who has the chance to rest his gun and take good aim, who does the mischief. Our enemy would make a stand at every good position, fire one or two volleys and then retreat. Our boys enjoyed the running fight, comparing it to a fox hunt when at home; but this experience of being shot at so much without getting hit gave us the presumption to feel that a special Providence guarded us and that we could not be hit, which led to disaster to us a few days after.

We were nearing the Confederate army, which was at Murfreesboro, and the enemy was showing in larger numbers. A force of their cavalry appeared in our front, and without waiting for orders we charged. Down the road we raced, yelling in the highest glee; we went through a wood and up to a fence, behind which was their infantry, and then came disaster. In a few minutes

there was distress in a score of Northern homes, owing to our impetuosity. I saw their rifles belch forth, and our leader, Major Rosengarten, and his horse, "Zollicoffer," both fall, pierced by fourteen bullets. Then came a volley right into the faces of our boys, as only the fence separated us from the enemy. It was then I witnessed a sight that can never be effaced from my memory. Men seemed to fade away like frost before the morning sun, and many empty saddles was the sad result. Here I lost one of my dearest friends, a boy without a fault, kind and generous and a friend to every man in the Regiment. I speak of our Sergeant, Frederick Herring. I was next to him when he received a bullet through his head. He lingered in the saddle a moment, then fell with a thud to the ground, and his blood saturated my shoulder. At that instant my gray horse was shot and fell on my leg, and while trying to extricate it I saw J. Weiler, of our Company, dismounted and bareheaded, acting like a raving maniac. He must have been hit on the head, so that his reason was dethroned. Poor fellow! the rebels were around him thick, and I never heard what became of him. I noticed a brave deed done by Al. Coleman right in the midst of the slaughter. He deliberately reached through a gap in the fence and brought out an officer, who proved to be the Adjutant General of the Confederate General Cheatham. We came off the field together, and a more surly man than he was I have never seen.

We went back that night and slept in the woods near Wilkinson's crossroads. Our Lieutenant-Colonel, Wm. Spencer, was there in an ambulance, sick almost unto death. He was worried because of not being able to be in the fight. I tried to console him by telling him that it was lucky that he was not there, as in all probability we would have had one more soldier to bury, and that we did not have enough men in the Regiment to whip Bragg's whole army.

On December 30th General Wheeler got in the rear of our army, among the trains, and burnt up several hundred wagons, near Lavergne. Our Regiment, with the Fourth Regulars, Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth Ohio, all under Gen. David S. Stanley, were sent to find Wheeler and drive him off, and the next day, while our army at the front was in the fiercest kind of a battle, we were scouting the rear. We had just passed through a cedar

forest, with dense undergrowth, when one of our batteries, posted on a hill over to our left, opened on us by mistake. The error was soon corrected, but one of their shots struck Robt. Edge, of Company B, and took off his arm. Serg. Wm. Wagner, afterward Major, ordered four of us to carry Edge to a hut some hundred yards away, surrounded by a high fence. We carried him there and laid him down and left him.

The Regiment by this time had passed on over the hill, where we heard heavy firing, and as we came out of the hut Wagner asked, "What is all that hallooing?" and just then it appeared to me that all of Wheeler's cavalry was on us. We started to run to the woods, but they sent a volley after us and soon had us captured, but having plenty of uncaptured Yankees to look after, they paroled us on the field, the parole being written on paper from a diary which one of the boys had. All we had to do now was to enjoy what was going on, but there was so much of it that one man could not see it all. Our battery quickly got their range and began to knock them off their horses like apples from a tree. Wheeler got his artillery in position, but for some reason did not fire. Then he got his men in line for a charge, but before they got started our line charged and Wheeler was driven from the field badly whipped. I don't think this took twenty minutes. It was in this charge we captured the flag of the Third Alabama Cavalry.

Edge did not die for several days, but lay all alone and unattended. Sergeant Anderson made a visit to the battlefield a few years after the war, and got from Dr. Manson, at whose house our wounded Major Ward died, information of him. Our Surgeon, Dr. Alexander, had been attending Major Ward, and after the fighting was over Manson told him that one of our boys was badly wounded in a house not far off, and suggested they go and see if he had received any attention. When they got there Edge said to Dr. Alexander, whom he recognized, "Oh, doctor, I'm much better. I don't feel any pain at all." Alexander examined his arm and found it all mortified and the stamp of death already on him, and then told him that he had only a short time to live, and that if he had any messages to send home he would see them attended to. The poor fellow broke down at this, but quickly regained his composure, spoke of all those he was leaving, and sent them loving messages.

THE CHARGE ON INFANTRY AT STONE RIVER.

GENERAL WILMON W. BLACKMAR, FIRST SERGEANT, COMPANY K,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry arrived in Nashville, Tenn., on Christmas eve, 1862, having marched from Louisville, Ky.

We had a dreary Christmas, and the next morning, Friday, December 26, 1862, about 300 of us, under command of Majors Adolph G. Rosengarten and Frank B. Ward, started for the front. A cold rain was falling, and we were soon wet, chilled and quite miserable. We marched all day through the mud, the rain falling steadily, and long after dark reached a small village, which proved to be Nolansville, where General Johnson, with a division of our infantry, was in camp. We here turned into a field and went into camp. We were so utterly exhausted that we slept, notwithstanding we were so wet, hungry and cold.

Long before daylight on the morning of Saturday, the 27th, we were roused by whispered words of command, as we were too near the enemy to allow of a bugle call. The rain had ceased, but a dense fog hung over everything. As soon as it was light enough to see a little way ahead we rode out through the town, and were soon beyond our infantry pickets and before long were in contact with the enemy. We had a sharp fight with whom we were told were some Texan Rangers, but as someone else may have been assigned a description of this fight I will pass it by without comment.

After another uncomfortable night, for the cold rain had been falling again during a part of the day and we were still wet and unhappy, the morning, Sunday, December 28th, dawned bright and clear, a lovely Sabbath morning. The sun began to dry and thaw us out, and we made coffee and enjoyed a breakfast of pork and hard-tack, after which we marched several miles toward the front and halted on the grounds of a Mr. Pett. I think I could tell

a good story of our experiences here, but fear again that I may be trespassing upon some comrade's assignment. Suffice it to say that two very pert and impudent rebel girls, one of them flourishing a pistol, stood on the porch of the mansion and called us names and wished us all sorts of misfortune, including our death at the hands of their friends, the Confederates in our front. Here we found several freshly slaughtered hogs hanging in an outbuilding, and the negro servants were soon frying for us choice bits of very fresh pork under our orders and persuasion. In another small building, covering a pit filled with light earth, we found buried many bushels of delicious sweet potatoes. We all had our appetites with us and enjoyed a feast.

Monday, December 29th.—Started out early with orders to reconnoiter as far as a certain bridge over a little stream. Our Majors, Rosengarten and Ward, were ambitious, and did not content themselves with going only as far as ordered, but pushed on and the result was that we followed a small body of the enemy too far and ran into a large force. We charged into a piece of woods, on two sides of which lay concealed, in a corn field, a brigade of Confederate infantry. We were at once exposed to a deadly cross fire, both our Majors were killed—Rosengarten instantly and Ward mortally wounded, dying in a day or two. Eleven were killed, twenty-five wounded and nine missing out of about 250 of us who charged the enemy. My personal experience in this charge was peculiar. When right upon the enemy and after men had fallen all around me, from the terrible cross fire at short range, my horse, charging on the dead run, got his front feet in a hole and turned a somersault. I was under him, freed from my saddle and lying on my back, protected from his full weight by an arch formed by my saddle with my blanket strapped on the cantle and my overcoat on the pommel. I was partially stunned, but remember perfectly looking up and seeing my horse's feet in the air and Jack Horn's horse making a flying leap right over me. Horn was riding right behind me in the charge, and was wounded in the foot while jumping over me. Horn and the other boys behind me supposed that both my horse and myself were killed, but when my horse rolled over, jumped to his feet and started toward the enemy, O. T. McConnell lay down on his horse's neck, rode between the enemy and my horse, grabbed his bridle and brought him to me,

for I had regained my feet and was looking around in a dazed manner upon the dead and wounded men and horses lying in all directions. McConnell is now living in Fullerton, Neb. Seeing my name as Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R., he wrote to me in December, 1904, renewing our old friendship. Major Ward was still standing with his back against a tree, his clothing torn open, revealing a spot on his breast where a bullet had given him his mortal wound. Why I was not shot or captured I never could tell, for I could have tossed a biscuit into the enemy's ranks. I suppose they looked upon me as a sure prisoner or thought our foolhardy charge must be merely a dash to be immediately followed by a charge of a more formidable force of cavalry or infantry.

As my devoted Comrade, McConnell, threw me my horse's bridle, he said, "Get on, quick!" but seeing I did not heed him, he cried, "Well, I can't stay here," and putting spurs to his horse rode out of the woods in the direction the rest of our boys, who were able, had retreated. I deliberately picked up a canteen, seeing mine was gone, and tied it to my saddle, tested my straps, looked around and mounted, just as some of my Regiment came charging back into the grove again with the purpose of getting our dead and wounded, as they declared. Just at this moment a staff officer of Gen. D. S. Stanley dashed in among us and ordered us, in no gentle terms, to retreat, and I quietly rode out with my comrades. In the excitement I did not realize that I was hurt, and if I could have had rest and some care might have escaped serious consequences, but that night I was on picket, got no rest and was chilled through.

The remnant left of our Regiment was pretty well used up, tired, cold, hungry and orphaned; our Colonel, Wm. J. Palmer, a prisoner, captured at Antietam; our Lieutenant-Colonel Spencer was sick in an ambulance; our two Majors just killed in action and Capt. Alfred Vezin in command.

On December 31st, together with the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry and portions of the Third Tennessee Cavalry and Second Kentucky Cavalry, making a small brigade, we started out under command of General Stanley, commanding the Cavalry of the Army. A battery soon opened on us, and one shot took off the arm of a soldier not far from me. It was then discovered that it was one of our own batteries, which made it all

the worse. Pushing on through woods and over byroads we struck a dirt road about 4 P.M. We left this road, throwing down a rail fence near the house of a Mrs. Barrows, and formed in line of battle in a beautiful field. Before long a few horsemen rode out of the woods, our skirmishers fell back, and then appeared a column of rebel cavalry and then another. They formed in line of battle in our front, with some artillery on their left. General Stanley rode along in front of our line, and said to the officer commanding the Seventh, "Major, we'll charge them now." He dashed past us, who were the center of the line, to the Tennessee boys on our right, and said a few words to them, then rode back to the center and called out in a loud, clear voice, "I will take command of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania. Follow me, boys! charge!" and in we went with a cheer. The enemy opened on us with artillery, but on we rode and fired no shot, depending on our sabers. We rode over their skirmish line, but before we reached their line of battle they broke and ran, and we had a horse race. A few were killed, and we captured a stand of colors and over 100 prisoners. Darkness put an end to this fight, but not to our trials, for we had to stand all night as mounted pickets.

We were so cold, sleepy and hungry, having had nothing to eat since early morning, and little then, that we did not know which sensation was the worst.

I remember that I dismounted and led my horse around, trying to get warm by exercise and to keep awake. Three different times I got to sleep and was aroused by falling on the frozen ground. Just before daylight we were relieved by infantry and led our horses back a few rods, and dropped down with the bridles over our arms to get a little sleep. When I awoke it was broad daylight and I was cuddling up to one of my comrades. On attempting to arouse him I found he was not a comrade but a dead rebel. The dead lay all around us, covered with frost.

This was January 1st. We were about used up. We were ordered back to Nashville in charge of an empty ammunition train. On our way we were attacked by Wheeler's cavalry, and some of our wagons were taken and burned, but we got most of them back to Nashville. The drivers on a piece of our artillery, in attempting to cross a field, got their gun carriage stuck in an old stone wall, cut their horses loose and abandoned it. My chum, E. E. Griffith,

and myself tried to dislodge the piece and take it into Nashville with us, after Wheeler had been driven off, but it was too much for us, and finally we had to abandon it, much to our regret. We reached Nashville the afternoon of January 1, 1863. Griffith and I, dead beat out, lay down on the porch of a little house in the outskirts, which sheltered us somewhat from the cold rain which was falling, and thankful for the dry boards and partial shelter, slept like logs, well into the next day.

I began to feel the effects of my injury received in the charge of the 29th ult., and was compelled to give up and go into a church, which was being used as a hospital, and there lay for several days in a pew, getting some sleep, but little else. As soon as I could get strength enough I joined my Regiment, but was taken down with fever, and lay for several weeks in a deserted house in Murfreesboro, in charge of a good-natured, shiftless negro man. Again, I joined my Regiment before I was strong, and had a serious relapse, from which I never should have recovered but for the devotion of my comrade and friend, Harry M. Francis, of the Anderson Troop, who secured permission to take me, in an ambulance, back to the railroad and thence, via Nashville, to Louisville, Ky., where I was taken into the home of Mrs. James Thompson, and tenderly nursed back to life and health.

A homeopathic physician, an Italian patriot (possessed of great skill and a loyal Union man), Dr. Caspari, by name, took an especial interest in my case and tended me faithfully. I was sick and a stranger, but Mrs. Thompson and her family took me in, and from that day to this our friendship has been close and intimate.

As soon as the doctor consented I rejoined my Regiment, then at Winchester, Tenn., and went with it through the battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga, and remained with the Regiment until I was commissioned and transferred to the First West Virginia Cavalry, in the command of Sheridan and Custer.

CAPTURE OF OUR WAGON TRAIN BY WHEELER'S CAVALRY.

ARTHUR O. GRANGER, COMPANY C, CARTERSVILLE, GA.

I WAS detailed with a party of forty-two to guard our wagon train on December 29, 1862. We marched along all that day, without any particularly exciting incident, crossing over from the Nolansville pike to the Murfreesboro pike, on a rather narrow dirt road.

We were well in the rear of the main army and could hear the cannonading and musketry at the front, and thought we were perfectly safe. To relieve us of the weight, we put our carbines and sabers in the wagons, and were thus in light marching order. On the 30th we were going along a hollow in the road at a point about four miles from the village of Lavergne, and saw, just ahead on the left, a rather large farmhouse, with pigs and chickens straggling around over the place, and the boys at once made a break for them.

I was near the rear end of the wagon train. I threw my bridle over a fence rail sticking up from an old-fashioned snake fence, and was chasing a pig, and had driven him into one of the corners of the fence and had my knife drawn, expecting to have some good fresh pork for the next meal, when suddenly there was a rifle volley from the top of the hill and rebel bullets were flying around thick. I looked up and saw a large body of cavalry that far outnumbered us and that we afterward learned was Wheeler's entire brigade. Fortunately I was right where my horse was, and, again fortunately, he was not tied, so I quickly mounted and galloped back down the road, firing off all the loads in my pistol at the rebels, who were getting very close. I had a good horse, and escaped with a few others. One or two of our men were killed and the rest captured and afterward paroled.

We made our way back to Nashville, where the Regiment arrived the day after we did, and we learned that it had also been

Capture of our Wagon Train by Wheeler's Cavalry. 117

detailed to guard a wagon train, which was similarly attacked and burned.

I especially regretted losing my saber, as it was a particularly small one that had been secured for me because I was the youngest man in the Regiment. If either we or our officers had been more experienced, we would have retained personal possession of our carbines and sabers.

WITH ROSENGARTEN'S BATTALION AT
STONE RIVER.

SERG. WM. MCGEE, REGIMENTAL SADDLER, TOLLGATE, W. VA.

I AM writing this on the forty-second anniversary of that desperate charge we made, under the command of Major Rosengarten, at the battle of Stone River. The other battalion, under Major Ward, was acting independently of us, but both met disaster at the same fence, behind which stood a line of rebel infantry. It was the bloodiest situation I was ever in, but my head was clear through it all, and my recollection of it is as vivid now as it was the next day after it was all over.

Our advance halted for a few moments at the bridge over Overalls Creek, probably because that was as far as we were ordered to go; but over to our left Major Ward's battalion started after some of the enemy's cavalry, and then we were ordered forward "by fours" down the pike toward Murfreesboro. Soon the order came to trot, and when heavy firing took place from Ward's party it became a very fast trot. Then Sergeant-Major Washington Airey came running through the woods from our right and hailed Major Rosengarten, when the command came to a halt. Airey told the Major that Ward was badly wounded and liable to fall into the hands of the enemy, and "would he charge up and get him away." The next command was "fours, right wheel!" and the next "charge!" and away we went at "advance carbine," yelling like madmen, and thus we went until we reached a high stake-and-rider fence, on the other side of which were swarms of rebel infantry. I halted about thirty steps from the fence, and luckily my horse was standing in a depression, and so the bullets all went over my head.

Sergeant Alexander Drake, who had ridden beside me all day, then a few feet from me on higher ground, was shot and fell from his horse dead. I fired two shots at the men behind the fence, but all the time looking to the left and right to see what was to be

With Rosengarten's Battalion at Stone River. 119

done next. Over to the left I saw Major Rosengarten going at full speed a few feet from the fence, and my thought was that he was hunting a gap through it, so as to lead us into the field. I saw him fire one shot down a ravine that ran across his path and turn his horse to the left, when a volley was fired from the ravine. The horse turned a half somersault and fell on his back, with the Major underneath. We all then turned, without orders, and got out as fast as we could.

On going back we came to where Sergeant Rockhill was lying on the ground, shot in the thigh. There was one comrade with him, who begged for help to carry him out of danger, as we were still under fire. I dismounted and turned my horse over to someone to lead out, and soon got two others, and the four of us carried him in a blanket, each man holding a corner, back to within a short distance of the bridge, and then laid him down beside the road where the ambulance could come and get him. I did not get my horse till noon of the next day, although I started on the hunt for him at once.

If a Frenchman had been there he would doubtless have said: "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre" (the charge was magnificent, but it was not war). The mistakes we made were, first, in attempting to charge at "advance carbine." To do it a soldier should have three hands, one to manage his horse and the other two to fire and load his carbine: The other was in making the charge. If we had followed Sergeant Airey to the right oblique, instead of going straight up through the woods, we would have come to where Major Ward was lying, comparatively out of danger, and the only excuse I heard of for making our charge was to save him. But it is easy after the thing is over to discover reasons why we should not have done what we did. We had had such an easy time with the enemy, up to this time, that our heads were swelled with the idea that we could do anything we wanted to, and the result was a lot of dead and mangled comrades.

During the afternoon of the following day our command, which was only a small part of the Regiment, was posted in a field to the left of the above-mentioned bridge, facing the enemy. I had a strong desire to get back to the woods where we had charged, it being only half a mile away. I explained to my company com-

mander, Captain Hewitt, that I had not been able to water my horse, as I had just found him, and asked permission to take him to the creek and do so, which he granted. I went across the field and down the steep bank into the water, and, after my horse had all of it he wanted, I continued to ride down the bed of the creek and under the high bank till I was out of sight of Captain Hewitt, and then crossed the pike and up to our fighting ground. Several regiments of infantry occupied the ground, and some artillery was in the open ground, throwing shells into a woods about half a mile further on. Our boys lay where they fell, but the rebels had stripped them of part of their clothing, and I don't think any of them had boots on. Some of our boys, under Lieutenant DeCoursey, with whom was Corporal Kirk, Al. Coleman, and John Gulden, were there to take charge of the bodies, and before I left the wagon they had waited for arrived, and they started for Nashville and I to join my Company.

STORY OF A TYPICAL CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT AND EXCHANGE.

M. B. COLTON, COMPANY H, PASSAIC, N. J.

IT was New Year's day, Thursday, January 1, 1863. The battle of Murfreesboro or Stone River was raging, and our Regiment had taken part in the battle for several days, losing Majors Ward and Rosengarten and a number of men.

On that morning part of our Regiment was detailed to escort a wagon train to Nashville. Thirteen rounds of ammunition were issued, and with a part of the Third Ohio Cavalry we set out. It was the expectation that we would be attacked by the rebel cavalry, as they were known to be operating in the rear of our army, and we were not disappointed. One company was scattered along among the wagons, with orders, if attacked, to prevent a panic among the teamsters and mules.

About noon the rebel cavalry, Wharton's brigade, made their appearance from the west side of the pike. They had been in hiding in the woods, and had allowed the head of the column to pass and get some distance ahead, when they charged on the train. As they came down we commenced firing, but did not check them in the least, as they were twenty to one. We were placed in squads of four or five among the wagons.

Only those who have been in dangerous positions at such a time can realize the difficulties in which we were placed, hemmed in by ditches and fences on each side of the road, mules and wagons inextricably mixed up, and the enemy firing into us, a hundred against a squad.

Many of the teamsters, seized with panic, abandoned their wagons, and the mules, left to themselves, turned off and some were soon in the ditch. All was in confusion, and nothing could be done to prevent. The road being blocked up, there was no chance to join the main column ahead.

The enemy were among us in a moment, and as we were doing

what we could to prevent a general stampede of the train, several of us were captured, and as our men at the head of the column were giving the rebels volleys; the latter retreated, carrying with them a few wagons and some of us who were prisoners.

We were hurried away, and our men opened with a gun on the retreating column and shelled us as we disappeared in the woods.

As we left the road I saw Weikel, of our Company, old Company C, lying with his head hanging over a small bridge, and just gasping, evidently shot through the heart.

We were rushed up rapidly through the woods and were soon out of gunshot. We found they had with them 150 prisoners whom they had picked up in other places, most of them infantry.

We were well treated during the night march of some sixteen miles. Some of the rebels during the night gave us their horses to ride while they rested themselves walking.

We halted about 1 A.M., pretty well exhausted, and lay on the ground until near daylight, when we footed it into Murfreesboro.

The enemy were burying their dead in trenches, and we passed General Cheatham's brigade marching through the woods to commence the day's battle; the men cheering as they caught sight of us.

We soon arrived at Murfreesboro and were placed in the town jail, where we could distinctly hear the volleys of musketry. From the windows we could see the body of our General Sill, lying on a piazza of a house opposite the prison, stripped of trousers, coat and boots.

We had flour and sugar issued, and we cooked the mess the best we could.

More prisoners were brought in during the morning, their faces covered with powder from biting cartridges. They were jubilant, and reported that our army were driving the rebels in great shape, and we were in strong hopes of being recaptured before night, as the sound of the musketry became more distinct; but such was not to be our luck.

On Saturday, January 3d, we were loaded on open flat cars and started for Chattanooga. It rained hard all day and night, and was miserably cold. We had no cover, and traveling very slowly, we were all well soaked and nearly frozen. How we stood it I do not know, but we were young then.

The locomotive was evidently in need of repairs. Frequently the train would stop for an hour, and shivering all over and soaked to the skin, we would try to make a fire out of the wet wood, picked up by the side of the road. We were a miserable lot and longed for daylight, which came at last, and with it the blessed sun, distributing its warmth where it was greatly needed. There was probably more real suffering that night than we experienced during the whole war.

We arrived at Chattanooga at midnight and were marched through the town to the prisoners' camp, where we dried our clothing and slept soundly until morning.

Sunday, the following day, was a beautiful one, a great contrast to the preceding day and night.

Rations were issued of meal and sugar. It was a regular grab game. I secured two cups of meal, but no sugar.

Flour here was \$50 per barrel, sugar \$1 per pound, corn meal \$4 per bushel, and coffee \$4 per pound.

On January 6th we left Chattanooga and arrived at Atlanta early in the morning, and marched out to camp in a heavy rain. Here rations were issued; a loaf of good bread and pork.

The cars we occupied from Chattanooga were filthy hog cars. Upon arrival we found all of the stores in town closed and business suspended.

We left Atlanta and arrived at Montgomery, Ala., at 1 A.M., January 8th. The nights were cold and frosty. By the light of the camp fires we found a few more of our Regiment: William T. Niemann, wounded, shot through the shoulder—a bad wound; Jeff. Denis and Sam Jamison, the latter wounded in the head; Garber, shot in the neck; Alex. Ramsey and Ned Patteson.

The wounded suffered much from exposure, being constantly on the move, but they received good attention from Dr. Mish, who was a prisoner and was with us all through.

We left Montgomery at 9 A.M., going north, and bound for Richmond. At dark we arrived at West Point and changed cars for Atlanta, where we arrived at 1 A.M., Friday, January 9th.

The guards at this time were quite lax, and we were allowed to wander about town in search of bread, and were brought up at last at the camping place of the prisoners, where were issued corn and beef.

We left Atlanta at 8 P.M., passing over the ground which was soon to be made historic by the series of battles between Sherman and Joe Johnston for the possession of Atlanta. Every foot of the way from Chattanooga to Atlanta was fought over.

We arrived at Dalton early in the morning of January 10th, and left at 10 A.M. for Knoxville, traveling very slowly.

There was some recompense for our hardships in the magnificent scenery through which we passed, along beautiful rivers like the French Broad and the Watauga, and the majestic Smoky Mountains—the range dividing East Tennessee from North Carolina. We little thought, then, that in two years' time we would be climbing those same mountains with Stoneman's Cavalry into North Carolina, to form a junction with Sherman's army to operate in the rear of Lee's army.

On January 11th we arrived at Knoxville. Often the men would climb to the top of the cars to get some fresh air, and ride that way in the biting wind.

Of course we had very little to eat. Those of us who had a little money could occasionally buy some corn pone or tough pies from some friendly darkies or poor white trash.

At one point, while passing through Alabama, a couple of girls sold some pies, and every man who had eaten was taken deathly sick. The pies were no doubt poisoned. Evidently too much poison had been administered, and that saved them.

We were held up at Knoxville all day and drew rations—bread, crackers and pork.

All along the road through East Tennessee the people turned out to see the "Yanks" and gazed on us as if we were part of a circus menagerie. We bandied words with them, and really had a pleasant time chaffing them. Many of them were Union men and women, and when the train stopped, which was quite often, we had some quiet talks with them.

A common question with them was: "What did you'uns come down here to fight we'uns for?"

We left Knoxville January 12th, at 4 A.M., traveling slowly all day, and arriving at Owensville at dark. We found the bridge burned, and had to lay over there until morning. At Henry Bashor's some of us had a good breakfast.

The majority crossed the Watauga in a flatboat, and some

waded the stream. We then marched ten miles to the Goshey River, where we found another bridge had been burned.

We took the cars again and rode ten miles to Bristol, on the Virginia line. Here we built fires, and rations were issued—flour and pork. We passed some fine scenery, and the Paint Mountains with their tops covered with snow.

We arrived at Lynchburg at 7 A.M., Thursday, January 15th, drew rations and started for Richmond at noon with two engines, as there were some heavy grades. We arrived at the junction, and changed from freight to passenger cars for the rest of the journey. During the night the writer wandered about the car to find a soft place to sleep, and laid down on the floor, with his head pillowed on one of the men, who was sound asleep. It being dark, he was unable to distinguish who it was, and on awaking at daylight found he was using one of the rebel guards for a pillow. Awaking first he avoided any unpleasant consequences.

On Friday, January 16th, we arrived at Richmond at 7 A.M., crossed the James River by bridge, entered Richmond, and marched through the rain to the quarters assigned to us, a large tobacco factory.

Quite a crowd assembled to inspect the Yankees. One man informed us that the place had been used as a smallpox hospital, and he hoped that we would never come out of the building alive. This was encouraging. The building, however, had been thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed.

It was very tedious and tiresome to be held there a prisoner. We had rations issued twice a day—half a loaf of fresh bread, very good, mule meat or soup, which was sometimes wormy.

To the south close by ran the James River, and on the opposite side is the town of Manchester.

We fell in to be counted every morning, the roll being called by a little fellow by the name of Ross, and he would yell: "Fall in, Yanks!" Some of the prisoners would mock him and he would get into a terrible rage.

On the morning of January 17th Dr. Mish left us for the flag-of-truce boat, with the understanding that if it appeared at City Point he was to proceed to Fortress Monroe. Many forwarded letters by him, which had to be inspected before they were allowed to go through the lines.

About 1000 men were quartered in this building. On our floor were 238 men, who at night slept in rows.

Much of the time of the men was spent in looking over their underclothing. Stripped to the waist they were a ludicrous sight, turning their shirts inside out, and ever and anon, especially ever, picking out some small things, looking like seeds, which were designated graybacks.

Should you put your head out of the window to get a breath of fresh air, the guard below in the street would bring his gun to his shoulder and threaten to shoot.

If any man incurred the displeasure of the officer of the day, he was placed on one of the stair landings and compelled to mark time for an hour or two as a punishment. The guards were generally good-natured, and our men would only mark time when an officer was approaching. And so time passed, the same thing every day. The principal topic of conversation was: "When should we get out of this and be off to God's country." Rumors flew thick and fast, and the wish was often expressed that this would be only a "temporary arrangement."

On January 19th Dr. Mish returned, the flag-of-truce boat not having put in an appearance at City Point. Seven hundred prisoners from Libby Prison we learned had left, and it seemed pretty certain that we would all go soon.

We heard that the flag-of-truce boat was to take 1100 prisoners at once. This news was considered reliable.

The men on the upper floor of the western wing of the building were paroled on this date. This was encouraging.

On January 26th, 800 men from Libby Prison having left to be put through the lines we were transferred to that prison.

We then all left the quarters we had been occupying for the past ten days, blankets and tins being taken from us. We marched through the muddy streets carrying our rations in blankets furnished us for that purpose, one man at each end of the four corners of the blanket—a singular sight, and it attracted a great deal of attention from the citizens. We arrived at Libby Prison and were soon installed in that filthy building.

The walls were smeared with filth that had run down from the upper floors. No attention of any kind evidently had been paid to cleanliness, and our hearts sank within us at the thought that

we might remain here for months, or perhaps until the war was ended. Some of the men were already ill. But we were agreeably disappointed, as we remained there only one day.

We were all paroled in the afternoon, and from what we could learn from the guards, were to leave at once and be put through the lines at City Point.

On Tuesday, the 27th, we left Libby at 3 A.M., and walking through the thick mud, took the cars for Petersburg, where we arrived at 8 A.M. Here we waited for the balance to come. We learned that a sad accident had occurred. The footbridge over the canal, over which we had just passed, had fallen in, and several were drowned and wounded.

We arrived at City Point at 11 A.M., and were overjoyed at sight of the old flag flying from the flag-of-truce boat "New York." We knew that we would soon be in God's country again. As soon as we went aboard rations were issued, and we filled up for the first time in many days.

We moved down the James River. In the afternoon we passed the blockading fleet, consisting of several large steamers and two of the new monitors. Arriving at Fortress Monroe before dark, we anchored, a tug coming alongside for the report.

On January 28th we weighed anchor at 3 A.M., and after a cold and stormy passage, arrived at Annapolis, remaining on board all night. Two men died on the boat as we came up the Chesapeake, and their bodies were allowed to remain on their cots among the sick all night.

We landed and marched through the town to the parole camp, two miles out.

Our party was assigned to a Sibley tent, floored, and with a stove. We had nothing to do here but cook, eat and keep the fire going.

We drew full new uniforms, and it was amusing to see the men burning their old clothing, cremating all the life there was in them.

Here we remained for some time, leading an idle life, wandering about aimlessly and hoping against hope that we would be soon regularly exchanged and rejoin our Regiment at the front, in Tennessee.

There was a company of cavalry patrolling the country out-

side, picking up men who were wandering away from camp, and every day men were captured and brought before the Commandant and required to give an account of themselves. The excuse generally was that they were out fishing.

For the next four months our experiences were varied. The usual lot of soldiers whose parole prevented their customary duties until exchanged. About the 1st of June that formality had been gone through with and we rejoined our Regiment again. Since our capture we had traveled 1376 miles, principally on freight and flat cars.

AMONG THE KILLED AND WOUNDED AT STONE RIVER.

C. LEWIS DIEHL, COMPANY L, LOUISVILLE, KY.

FROM September 12, 1862, the day of my enlistment, to January 26, 1863, the day on which my discharge was handed to me and I departed from our regimental hospital at Nashville, is but a short span of time. Yet it was to me the most momentous and the richest in the experience of my life—so rich and varied that even at this time, after more than forty years, I cannot realize that the few short months passed as a member of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry were not in reality years; for had I not in that brief time practically experienced all that makes up the sum of a soldier's experience?—the drill under most favorable conditions and by expert drill masters; the discipline of the camp, with its attendant duties of guard mount and policing; the breaking up of camp and the re-establishment of the same, even to the extent of preparing for winter quarters; the march to the front on horseback through Kentucky and Tennessee, with attendant guard and picket duty and reconnaissance in force; then, at last, joining the army, foraging, advance toward the enemy's lines of defense, skirmishing and battle; wounded, prisoner, parole, convalescence and discharge. So it is that all subsequent experience would probably only have been a repetition of what had gone before.

It will be remembered that when the Regiment departed from Bowling Green (December 21, 1862), on the march to Nashville, Company L was detailed as escort for General Smith, and therefore did not leave before noon of the day following the departure of the main body. I have always associated this with the beginning of our active service, notwithstanding that I had a foretaste of what cavalry service meant on the occasion of the night reconnaissance to Glasgow, in search of Morgan. Rumors of the close

proximity of Morgan and of the crossing of the Cumberland by the enemy in force to cut us off were so persistent that we felt sure to be attacked before we could safely join the main army at Nashville; and when, on the early morning of the 24th, before daylight, our bivouac was invaded by a party of troopers unchallenged, we thought surely our time had come. They turned out to be some members of our advance who had been sent back to find out the cause of the conflagration—it was the night of the burning of Tyre Springs—and to assure themselves of our safety, and here we were, like the babes in the woods, sound asleep and innocent of all danger, without so much as a sentinel to keep out intruders.

Little wonder that, as we continued our march that day, we felt we were looked upon with derision by the veterans who began to be in evidence all along the pike—now a battery of artillery, then a regiment of infantry, a train of army wagons or a jumble of all sorts, all bound for the one objective point—for in their eyes we had an appearance of newness which they, as veterans, very naturally associated with inexperience, not to say verdancy. As we neared Edgefield the road was so congested that considerable delay was occasioned, and our contingent frequently came to a dead halt in the midst of troopers, teamsters and infantry, who soon singled us out as proper objects of sympathy, which I need scarcely say was abundantly and gratuitously distributed. "Sorry for that fine uniform you are wearing; it won't stay that way down here." "Sonny, think of me to-morrow, when you are out cornshucking." "Say, Jim, I believe they are all officers. I wonder who is to command them!" and much more to the same effect and not much to our comfort. But by 3 o'clock we reached the pontoon bridge and soon crossed the Cumberland River, marched through the rocky streets of Nashville, and about two miles beyond reached our camp on the side of one of the beautiful hills that surround the capital city of Tennessee. Here, thanks to an advance contingent of our Company, we found the tents up and ready for our reception.

The weather was beautifully clear, mild and pleasant. With the approach of night the lights of the camp fires of the army camps began to appear, and, after darkness had set in, the surrounding hills appeared as though illuminated for some celebration, an effect

which was the more realistic because of the frequency of signal rockets ascending in various directions. It was the eve of the natal day of the Redeemer, and it required no great stretch of the imagination to conceive that all this was in celebration of the announcement of "Peace and good will among men" rather than an incident of a cruel, fratricidal war.

After more than forty years since the events described and about to be described, it may be interesting to give at this point the verbatim account of the happenings during the next few days leading up to within an hour or less of the memorable charge into the woods in which Major Ward received his death wound and Major Rosengarten and others were killed outright. I kept a careful diary of daily events from November 28, 1862, to the day of my return to Louisville, January 28, 1863, with a few days' interval after I was wounded. This abstract is the more interesting because it gives an absolutely truthful account of the happenings and impressions experienced by me. That the trooper who requested us "to think of him when shucking corn on the morrow" had a true insight into what was likely to happen will appear from the following:

December 25th, Christmas.—Was detailed with twenty-four others of my Company to forage for corn. Went out on the Hillsboro pike about eight miles, then turned into a side road to the left for a short distance and found plenty of corn in the fields. While the wagons were being loaded, I, with others of the escort, passed the time eating some hackberries, small fruits that at this season were shriveled and tasted like dried cherries. The trees also resembled cherry trees. About 3.30 P.M. the wagons and escort were called in. We had hardly gotten to the pike when we heard sharp firing and shouting, and shortly a party of our men came running in along the pike, followed helter-skelter by the loaded wagons, scattering corn in all directions in their hurry to reach shelter. They reported an attack by about 500 rebel cavalry. Confusion reigned supreme. Our squad of twenty-five remained and formed in line of battle. When the last wagon had passed we were ordered to cover the retreat slowly; but were soon thrown into confusion by those retreating from behind us. Soon the rebels were visible on the brow of the hill and fired volley after volley at us. We rapidly formed in line of battle in a field facing the hill,

when the enemy retreated. One man was killed on our side. Arrived in camp by dark.

December 26th.—This morning the Regiment was ordered off without baggage on a three days' march. Companies L and I started off, followed afterward by the other companies, on the Nolansville pike, bivouacking near Nolansville over night. During the day heard firing along the road; there had been slight skirmishing ahead.

December 27th.—Started about 7 o'clock. Shortly thereafter we deployed as skirmishers to attack a party of rebel skirmishers. The rebels came on tolerably heavy, but were driven back by our superior number. Saw one man (rebel) fall. Advanced into a hollow, where we were exposed to a cross fire of cannon and shell. Had to retreat a short distance. When we advanced again, after a half hour's fighting, we drove the enemy from his position. Went about a mile to our left to outflank the enemy. Olin, Curtin, Burchinel and I were ordered on a knob in our front to scout, and on our return, about half way down, we were invited by a sesesh, whose property we had protected from the vandalism of some army bummers, to dinner. We did not dismount, but had hoe-cake, sparerib and buttermilk while on horseback. On our return it began to rain hard, but we again started and scoured the country until nightfall. Captured two rebel stragglers on the way. Major Rosengarten was attacked by a rebel, and would have been killed but for the timely assistance of Serg.-Maj. Wash. Airey. Cannonading was kept up the entire day, with intermissions. Encamped in a field. Night clear.

December 28th, Sunday.—Advanced again about 8 A.M. After marching several miles came to a small stream, which we forded, the bridge having been destroyed by the enemy. After passing some Federal soldiers drawn up in line of battle, we halted at a plantation about a mile from the bridge. A handsome mansion stood on a slight ascent, and seemed to be occupied exclusively by ladies, who amused us, and possibly themselves, with sesesh talk and rebel songs to the music of a piano. They seemed to be particularly excited because one of our men had captured a horse belonging to one of the ladies, but upon her earnest entreaties it was returned to her. One of the ladies went so far as to flourish a pistol (a very small one) in the face of some of the men sur-

rounding the porch, but she was given to understand that her play was dangerous to herself only. After staying here about half an hour we resumed our march, returning whence we came, but leaving a picket near the plantation (Dr. Webb's). Soon some of the pickets came along with the report that some rebels had shown themselves at the house we had just left. Major Ward returned with a portion of the men, but failed to find the rebels. We came to our bivouac for the night, about three miles along the road (the Huntsville pike), early in the afternoon, and rested for the balance of the day and night in a fine grove of trees.

December 29th.—Resumed our march back on the Huntsville pike; turned off into the same road where we had our skirmishes. On the way we passed through the bivouacs of numerous infantry regiments and the headquarters of several general officers. After marching several hours, much of the time through cedar scrub, we came to an open plain, where we saw our cavalry drawn up. We can now hear the report of rifles of our's and the enemy's skirmishers. Directly ahead we can see the smoke of some building or bridge which has just been fired. Infantry appear to be ahead.

Within a short hour after the last word of the above was written I was wounded and a prisoner, a number of my comrades, including Major Rosengarten, were dead, Major Ward was mortally wounded and others of our Regiment were severely wounded or prisoners. I cannot do better than to let my diary speak again:

January 2, 1863.—I am now wounded and a prisoner of war. On the 29th of December, shortly after making my last entry in this diary, we moved on until we reached the pike, after having forded a small stream. Going along the pike we met some of our men in charge of some prisoners—among them several officers—and finally came to a patch of woods on our right, into which we charged after our advance had signaled us to "come on." We dashed into these woods until we came to a rail fence separating the woods from a corn field. Here we were received with a sharp volley, though we could see nothing of the enemy. The horse of one of our men—not of my Company—was shot before me, and in falling the man was caught under the horse. I dismounted to help him, and when I remounted I found the fence lined with rebels, while most of our men had retreated. I had hardly mounted when I was struck by a ball in the face, the ball entering

my left cheek and passed through the nose. I allowed myself to drop from the horse and lay still until the firing ceased, when one of the enemy came up to take my arms. As he came up to me I thought it about time to give signs of life, which I had carefully avoided up to this time, because I had been shot at when making a movement shortly after I received my wound. On turning around he motioned to shoot me, holding the muzzle of his rifle to my face, but was prevented by the remonstrance of his comrades. Pretty soon one of our regimental surgeons came up under a flag of truce, and I was ordered to go to a neighboring farmhouse. On my way saw poor Fred Herring laid out (among others). There were about nine men killed and probably as many wounded—a great many for one company. Weiler and Eaton, both of my Company, were at the farmhouse when I came there; both were wounded in the hip; Eaton mortally. He died at 5 o'clock A.M., January 1, 1863. Weiler is doing well. My wound is painful, but not dangerous, I trust. One of my eyes is closed, and I may lose it; the other is weakened considerably. There has been a battle going on for three days. Our men have been thoroughly repulsed. The wounded have been coming in numbers into this church (at Murfreesboro) in which I was the first occupant. It is a terrible sight.

January 4th, Sunday.—We were visited to-day and yesterday by a lady from Allentown, Mrs. Chandler, which was a great comfort to us. There was a report that the Union forces would occupy the town to-day, as the rebels have evacuated this place. I hear our forces retreated at the same time. My wound is much more comfortable to-day. We were paroled this morning, but did not get our parol passports. I suppose they wanted to have us exchanged even if they could not hold us. This evening we received our parol passports. Our men have not yet come, although they are still expected.

January 5th.—Our men took possession of the town to-day. Several have been here to see us. They are passing through in large numbers in pursuit of the enemy. Mrs. Chandler was here again to-day. I gave her a letter for father and one for Lew, which she promised to mail. Suffered severely from colic during the night.

January 6th.—Colonel Tanner, of the Twenty-second Indiana,

who was wounded on Wednesday and brought to our hospital, called to-day. He manages to get along tolerably well with a cane. Nothing of importance has taken place. The nurses and attendants had to go to the courthouse to-day to be paroled. Wound felt tolerably comfortable and the doctor says it is getting along finely.

January 7th.—Had my wound dressed to-day. Spoke with a Federal surgeon, who told me we would probably be sent to Nashville to-morrow. The wounded at this hospital were paroled to-day. Affairs as usual. The United States Commissariat supplied this hospital with stores to-day. The weather has been cool, but not nearly as cool as we have it in the North about this time. The railroad to Nashville will be finished probably to-morrow or the day after, when, it is said, the Union soldiers will be sent to Nashville. Have not heard anything from our Regiment. The hospital in which we are is an old Presbyterian Church and might be made very comfortable, but as it is we have nothing except straw ticks to lay on and a thin blanket for cover, with corn fodder for a pillow. The surgeons (rebel) treat us very kindly and are doing as much for us as they do for their own men. The ladies (rebel) who visit this hospital generally slight us. Some few will attend to our wants. There was a general apprehension by the rebels that our men would not treat them kindly; but since they have received our stores, with permission to help themselves to whatever they need, they think differently.

January 12th.—Dr. Alexander called in the afternoon with an ambulance to have us taken to Nashville. Weiler was too sick to be moved, so I was taken alone as far as the crossroads, where, at the house of Dr. Manson, Dr. Alexander had some of our wounded men. Here I found Powell, shot through the knee. Had supper with Dr. Manson, a very cordial sesesh.

I remained in the regimental hospital—a small church edifice situated on one of the side streets near the capitol—just thirteen days, when (on January 26th) I received my discharge, having been pronounced by Dr. Alexander unfit for further service in the field.

My recollection of events at this hospital is not very clear. Most of the time I was ill, having contracted camp diarrhea, from which I was not entirely well until months after I returned North and

was again engaged in business. The hospital was well filled, mostly with members of the Regiment from the camp, where reorganization was in progress. I was made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances and jollied by visiting comrades from the camp, who wished me, if possible, to remain in service, the more particularly since my name had been mentioned for promotion. Little luxuries in the way of food were also provided, through the exertion of my comrades, from kind housekeepers in the neighborhood, who, for a consideration, prepared nourishing soups, pancakes and the like, which under the conditions of my wound, involving the mouth and jaw, were very acceptable. Providentially, I was able to pay for these luxuries with money realized during my imprisonment in the hospital at Murfreesboro. One of the young surgeons took a fancy to my spurs, which I sold to him for \$25, and a wounded Confederate relieved me of an old silver watch, paying me \$65—all this, of course, Confederate currency. It is almost incredible at this period to believe that at that time there were speculators who had sufficient confidence in the future of the Confederacy to offer 75 per cent. in greenbacks for this Confederate script; but that is what one of my comrades, who had negotiated the transaction, brought me. In consequence, I was well equipped financially to leave the hospital, which was the more desirable since the sanitary condition of the hospital was in a deplorable state—gangrene, typhoid and chronic diarrhea prevailing. So, having by the kindness of a member of the Regiment—mentioned in my diary as Mr. Stein—secured shelter for the night at a neighboring house, I started at 8 o'clock A.M., on January 27th, with a transport of wounded and convalescents for the North, and after a very rough and painful trip in box cars, which were not heated, though the weather was intensely cold, I reached Louisville on the afternoon of the 28th of January, 1863, and thence, after a few days to recuperate, comfortably continued my journey home.

MY CHARGE AT STONE RIVER.

FIRST LIEUT. CHAS. H. KIRK, COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

I WAS a Corporal in Company E at that time, and had been selected to carry the Company guidon. For doing this I was not required to carry a carbine. We had forded Overalls Creek and were grouped around a large house. Major Ward was with us. There was a level stretch of country for a half mile to the front and then woods. Animated by a boyish spirit I waived my guidon, and immediately saw a puff of smoke from the woods, then the sound, and lastly, with a vicious thug, a bullet went into a tree at my back.

"Take care, Corporal!" said the Major. "That was a close shot."

At this time a party of Confederate cavalry was seen in our front, making good time for Murfreesboro, and instantly the boys took up the cry, "There they go! Charge them! Go for them!" Major Ward, who was close to me, yelled, "No, don't go! My orders are to go only this far." Still the yells continued. Some of the men advancing, the Major said, "D—n you! if you will go, I'll go too—charge!" and then all started, without semblance of formation, most of them down the road and others through a gate across a corn field, where the stalks had been cut and put in shocks.

I was yelling as loud as anyone and waiving my guidon like I had seen in pictures, but had never done the like of it before or since, when, somehow, I don't exactly know how, the stick of the guidon got caught in a corn shock, and my next recollection was lying on the ground trying to remember what had happened. My horse stood by me, and I soon concluded to get on him and continue the charge. I got in the road, but the detachment had passed in the woods, out of sight. I saw a few men, down a lane to my right, on which was a frame house, and I went down it to join what I supposed to be some of our own party. As my horse still kept up

his run, it did not take long to cover the ground between us; but what anxious moments they were, for the four men in the road carried muskets, while all of ours carried short carbines. Then, as I got nearer, I saw they had a butternut-colored uniform, instead of the blue we wore. I was too close to them to stop my horse, and doubt if I could have done so anyhow, but in a flash came to me the drill with lances I had seen when I visited my brother Will in his regiment, Rush's Lancers. Down came my guidon to a "charge lance." My first adversary sat stolidly on his horse, fingering the trigger of his musket; his comrades were in the rear of him, but all my thoughts were on him and I think his were on the peculiar weapon I carried, and his ignorance of its effectiveness magnified its power, for when I got within a dozen paces of him he dropped his musket to the ground and raised his right hand in token of surrender. The others followed his example at once, and for a few moments I had four prisoners on my hands. Soon some of our men came up, only one of whom I now recall, Joe Rue.

Captain Norman Smith now appeared with his Company, coming in from the right, and some firing took place in front. The Captain ordered us to advance as skirmishers, across a cotton field, and in the forward movement I divided my attention between the enemy we expected in front and a new Confederate uniform, which a colored man told me had been dropped off the saddle by the rebel officer who had just gone on ahead. I did not find the uniform, but found the enemy behind the fence just in front of us. They reached it first; two of them occupied the panel just in front of me, while in the next panel I saw a bareheaded man crawl through, who came running to us. He had no hat or accouterments, and his head was smeared with blood from a wound, and as he came nearer I saw it was Sam Jamison, of Company L, who, in the mix up over to the left, had been batted over the head by a rebel, was captured and escaped, all within a few minutes.

The skirmishers in front were making it hot for us now, and all on our end of the line moved for the woods, from which came yells and heavy firing. I passed Major Ward coming back, supported by a man on each side, a deathly pallor on his face, but telling us in feeble tones to "go on." I went to within twenty-five yards of the fence, from behind which came shots at irregular intervals. I saw my friend Wash. Airey, dismounted and with

saber drawn, calling to the boys to "come on!" and I remember thinking what a dangerous position that was, for he was not over ten yards from the rebel line of battle and looked every inch the gallant officer he was. I saw several of our men lying on the ground and horses rearing; one seemed to me to spin around on his hind feet. Just near me were Lieutenant De Coursey and Serg. Will Kimber. "This is pretty hot here; let's get out," said De Coursey. "Just one shot more," returned Kimber, and gave it, but got one in return square in the forehead. We were all getting out now, and a little depression in the ground gave us cover and the chance to retreat in good order, and all firing from the front ceased, and was succeeded by some horrible, agonizing cries from some of our wounded back on the field.

We fell back to near Wilkinson's crossroads and slept in the woods all night. It was a quiet bivouac, and many silent thoughts went out to those of our comrades who lay stiff and stark on the field of action, toward Murfreesboro.

WITH OUR CAPTURED WAGON TRAIN.

WM. ANDERSON, COMPANY F, WILKINSBURG, PA.

WHEN our Regiment was ordered on the march which ended, a few days later, in the battle of Stone River, I reported for duty with my Company, but because our teamster was sick I was detailed to drive our Company wagon in his stead. As this part of army life was new to me I was given the privilege of selecting two others to help me, and I chose John McFarland and J. F. Turner, of my Company.

We fell into line with the other wagons, got on to the Nolansville pike and got as far as that town when we stopped for the night. Up to this time I had been driving six mules and had my horse tied to the foot of the wagon, but during the night someone stole one of my mules, and the next day I had to get along with five, and did it very well as long as I had anything to do with them.

Sometime during the day we reached a ravine, and were resting at the time General Wheeler's men captured most everything in the shape of wagons. I was sitting in the front of mine, and very pleasantly occupied just then eating hard-tack, with plenty of sugar on it, and John McFarland was on his horse up on the bank above me, when I heard a yelling which somehow reminded me of old times in Pennsylvania, and I said to John, "There's a school just out. Don't you hear the children?" Just then John yelled to me, "Cut a mule loose, Andy, for the whole rebellion is coming!" My belt and side arms were in the front end of the wagon and I tried to get them, but they had got fastened in some of the boxes on the wagon, and just then I had no time to stop for them. I ran to the hind end of the wagon where I kept my horse, but our Company cook was ahead of me, and going off like a streak, and the horse he rode had been mine.

There was terrible confusion now. The rebels were yelling and the rifle balls were thick, but I ran along the line of wagons till I

With Our Captured Wagon Train.

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came to the end of them, and then on up a little hill. Turner, who was behind, yelled to me to keep on running over the hill and he would take me on his horse. Where we were was too dangerous a place to stop, but as soon as sheltered from the fire of the enemy I got on Turner's horse, behind him, and we joined in the running race to Nashville, where we arrived in safety.

BRINGING OUR DEAD BACK TO NASHVILLE.

LIEUT. A. B. COLEMAN, COMPANY I., PHILADELPHIA.

IT was the day after our fight at the battle of Stone River, where we had dashed headlong against the Tenth South Carolina Infantry, posted behind a fence, and been driven back, with a score of our small force killed and wounded. Our Company Commander, Lieut. John W. Jackson, detailed Corp. Chas. H. Kirk and four men, of whom I was one, to go up to where we had our fight the afternoon before, impress a wagon from some farmer in the neighborhood, and load up our dead on it and take them back to Nashville.

We started and soon reached our field. The infantry had already arrived, and their skirmishers were busy popping away at the enemy just off to the left and in a different direction from which the heavy attack came early the next morning. Farmers and country wagons were scarce, and while we waited for our wagon to come we could watch the movements of our infantry, which was all new and interesting to us. The rattle of the skirmishers never stopped, and to add to the entertainment we were treated to the sight of an artillery duel between two of our guns and two of the enemy's, posted off to our left and front. They fired round shot at us, which ricocheted across the fields but hurt no one. This kept up for quite a while, till one of our Generals came up and said to the batteryman, "Why don't you stop those fellows? Where's Ed?"

Then a young fellow of about twenty stepped up smiling, and saluting said, "Here I am, General."

"Ed, put a shot into that battery and stop them."

Ed carefully sighted one of the guns—a Parrott—and pulled the lanyard. There was an explosion over in the rebel battery, then a cheer from our lines, and the last seen of the enemy they were going like wild for shelter.

Our wagon came at last, late in the afternoon. Our dead were

piled in it, and we pulled out as far as Wilkinson's crossroads, where the night was spent. A little after daylight the next morning a terrible infantry firing took place quite near to us in front, accompanied by some cheers and a larger volume of rebel yells. Some artillerymen with led horses stopped long enough to tell us that their battery had just been overrun by the rebels, and then some officers ordered us to "light out" as fast as we could, as the rebels were coming.

Our team had been hitched up at the first noise of battle, and pulled out at once down a road for 100 yards, and then took one to the left. Just at the turn we met Alex. Ramsey and Ed Pattison, on guard over a lot of ammunition, and told them to come along, but they declined, and in about three minutes the rebels had them. Our wagon kept jogging along, the mules at a sharp trot. We joined the wagons, all anxious to get away, and the yells and firing of rifles and artillery seemed greater than ever, while the peculiar whiz of the rifle ball was ever in the air. We had left the road by this time, cutting across fields, and all the time at a jog trot. The tailboard of our wagon got loose and the body of Major Rosengarten commenced sliding down from the pile of bodies. There was nothing to do but stop our wagon, crawl in over the bodies and lift the Major's body back to its place, then start off again. This happened so often that the other wagons all passed and we were left to follow alone. A line of the enemy's cavalry came up in our rear, about half a mile away, and occasionally sent a shot after us, and the only reason I could think of why they did not send a few men and capture us, was that they thought our wagon, off by itself, was only a decoy to draw them on. Even the stragglers from the broken infantry, who had been keeping us company, had passed on. This kept on for an hour, when we reached Lavergne, where some of our troops were and where the other wagons had assembled. The Michigan Engineers had had a sharp fight here only a couple of hours before, defeating Wheeler's cavalry. All about the place was an air of subdued excitement, for while they had won the first round in the battle, it was not yet determined who would be the victor in others that might come.

After a short halt here our wagon started off alone to Nashville, fifteen miles distant. It was an anxious trip for us, as the enemy's

cavalry had all been thrown to the rear of our army and we were continually hearing of them all around us. Besides this, the stragglers from the field of battle were almost as bad, as they told such terrific tales of what they had done and how much more terrible the rebels were; of "how their regiment was all cut to pieces—not twenty-five men of it left alive"—until one felt almost as craven and disheartened as the cowards who had run away from their command. The rear of an army is the worst place to judge how the battle is going in front. At one point in the road an infantryman, mounted on a mule, galloped by us. He had all his accouterments with him, and as he passed he yelled to us, "Look out, boys! the rebels are just behind!" Five minutes later he came back, without mule, hat, gun, haversack, and told us that the rebels were on that little knoll just in front, in plain sight; that they had captured him there and were waiting for us. But we passed in safety and saw no sign of an enemy. It was a weary, hard, anxious day, and there was no let-up to it until near dusk, when we passed within the line of our pickets and soon after reached our old camp.

THE CHASE BROTHERS.

SERG. SIMEON LORD, COMPANY E, PHILADELPHIA.

THE Chase brothers I shall never forget. I can see them now, arm in arm, sauntering around camp, just as affectionate as two sisters—indelibly marked with gentleness and refinement, giving an insight of the cultured home and gentlefolk they parted from when they pledged their services to their country.

I would look at them and contrast their past with their present life and doings, and thought—how will they meet it and what will be the end?

It came quickly, sad and pathetic. Richard, the younger brother, in the charge at Stone River went gaily into the fight and met his death. But an hour before he had been reading from Homer's "Iliad" and giving its translation to those around him as they rode forward, and the first knowledge that many had of his death was seeing his riderless horse, to whose saddle was strapped the book from which he had so lately been reading. In the charge he had ridden right up to the fence, behind which the rebels lay, and when driven back was one of the last to leave, going at a slow trot, with body bent and face to the foe. The ball that killed him entered his right cheek and passed up into his brain. His friend John K. Marshall, going by a moment later, seeing him lying on the ground, dismounted and tried to raise him up, but his Lieutenant, John W. Jackson, called to him to "fall back," as all were retreating. This occurred within fifty yards and in full sight of the rebel line of battle, but not a shot did they fire. Such a record of death tells of his courage and culture.

Beverly, after the death of his comrade and brother, gave evidence that his heart was bleeding, lonesome and ever flooding with grief over his great loss.

After the battle of Stone River I was stationed at department headquarters as Courier Sergeant, and for a time lost sight of

Beverly. Often I would think of him. Later on I was told he was taken prisoner.

After the capture of Atlanta, and while stationed there, Comrade Balmar reported to me to be cared for. He had just gotten to Atlanta after his escape and perilous, winning flight from Andersonville prison. I instantly thought he might know something about the captured Chase brother. From him I got the story. In the charge at Dandridge, Beverly's horse was shot, and he with thirteen others was taken prisoner, and went through with them to Andersonville. He was one of the most cheerful among them and did much to keep up the courage of some who were downhearted. Although not yet of age, he had taken one voyage at sea and been shipwrecked, and gleefully told the others that the hardships in front of them were not equal to those he had passed through. His was a lovable disposition, and all his Comrades were drawn to him, but his stay was short. He entered Andersonville on the 10th of March, 1864, and eleven days after he died of rapid consumption.

The Chase brothers gave to their country "the full measure."

FROM STONE RIVER TO LIBBY.

ASSIST. SURGEON GEO. F. MISH, MIDDLETOWN, PA.

THE Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry broke camp at Nashville, Tenn., on the afternoon of December 26, 1862, and started for the front. This was a novelty to inexperienced men who had only backed their horses at Louisville, Ky., three weeks before, and ridden across the State of Kentucky to Nashville, Tenn., being between two and three weeks on the way. It was a gloomy outset, in mist and rain. However, the Regiment, anxious to be engaged, displayed fine spirit, and cheerfully and boldly moved on in the darkness. After a march of seven or eight miles they encamped near a small village and halted for the remainder of the night. After a few hours rest the march was resumed. This continued until we approached Stone River, when we were apprised by the distant roaring of artillery that a battle was imminent. The set and determined faces of the men indicated that they were alive to the impending struggle, and that they were resolved to do or die. I myself was deeply impressed—perhaps battle-fright or something akin to awe and dread of conflict between the two vast armies clashing in fire and thunder of cannon. My own war experience was *nil*, and being at a loss to know how to proceed, I inquired of Major Rosengarten, in command. He replied, "Keep to the rear and follow us." After a short rest and inspection and instruction to the men, we moved on toward the front. Soon our march became a run and charge into the thick of the fray. At this stage it was difficult to keep up with the body of wild and excited warriors, and I lost some ground, but followed as fast as I was able. Not having the same incentive to distinguish myself as a combatant, with no arms either to attack or defend, I was only useful when it was the misfortune of another to suffer. My turn, however, soon came.

The road lay between woods, and I observed a group of our men on the right of the road in the forest, and riding up found the

situation I dreaded. Here, in the midst of the squad, was Major Ward, and I saw by his features that he was mortally wounded. I told the men to lay him upon a blanket which I had unrolled from my saddle, which being done, I carefully examined his wounds. They consisted of a ragged, gaping laceration of his right breast, several ribs shattered and the lung mangled, attended with copious hemorrhage at every breath. Whatever was possible under the circumstances I did to relieve him, but it was a useless service. I was called off to attend others in the neighborhood who were suffering, and while engaged in this duty, accompanied by three or four of the boys whose names I cannot recall—I think Jeff Dennis was one of them—I was interrupted by several coming up and telling me that I was wanted by an officer. I inquired, "Who? What does he want? Tell him I am engaged." "Come on! it is a rebel officer." In a moment or two I met the officer. (It is necessary here to make some explanation. While treating Major Ward I had a number of wide, white bandages, which were unrolled, and for convenience had wrapped them on my arm and carried others in my hands, which unrolling and fluttering in the breeze might have been mistaken for a white flag; at all events giving me a marked appearance.)

The officer introduced himself as Colonel ———, of a South Carolina Confederate regiment, and demanded an explanation of my white display, which he said "he supposed was for a truce, and whether it was so?" Replying, I stated that I was a U. S. Surgeon attending to my duties, and what he judged was a flag of truce were bandages and dressings for the injured. He instantly recognized my green sash, a Surgeon's insignia, and my regulation U. S. medical cap, and said, "Well, doctor, I mistook you for a bearer of a flag of truce. Proceed with your work—recognize your dead;" grimly remarking, "There they lie; secure their valuables—be active!" This was in the face of a thousand rifles leveled toward us, over and between fence rails, their muzzles gaping at us, and the men behind the guns ready to fire at the least provocation or by accident. It was anything but a pleasant situation. I hastened, under the circumstances, to perform my gruesome duty; my sensations were overwhelming. In a few short moments—Major Ward, dying; here, lying stark dead, Major Rosengarten, Sergeant Herring and a number of others—I sup-

pose ten or fifteen; their names I cannot remember, but they are all known and their memories honored for their gallant charges, exhibiting wonderful bravery. After hurried, speedy work, we were called off and ordered to the rear.

I told the Colonel that I wanted to return to my men. He quickly replied, "That cannot be; you are within our lines and must remain with us." I saw that it was useless to protest, and with a heavy heart joined my comrades; then I realized I was a prisoner of war. We fell back, under guard, through the Confederate lines that had slaughtered the brave boys lying where we saw them. I wondered then how any of them escaped, for as far as I could see in either direction the fence, which served them as a barricade, was lined with troops. After being pressed by our guards for about an eighth of a mile, we reached a planter's house. Here was shown an instance of how our boys exhibited their ability to take care of themselves. The guards took us into the kitchen, where a number of men—Confederates—were taking their supper. I don't know whether we were asked to take part or not, but we all took seats, and at that board we partook of a hearty meal of hog, and corn pone and rye coffee, the last square meal we had for many days after that.

After leaving the table the planter took us into his parlor and made a request that astonished me. He said: "Doctor, my family must leave this place or they will all be killed. Will you give me a pass through your forces?" This was piling on the agony. How could I give a pass that would be recognized by anyone? I told him so, but still he persisted: "Give me one, and I will risk the chance." At length, to satisfy him, I wrote him one, thus: "Guards and pickets of the U. S. forces: Pass Mr. Masten, planter, and family through your line to a place of safety." Strange to say, the following summer, while at Camp Garesche, I visited the plantation, and met Mr. M. and family. I inquired how the pass I gave him answered. He replied that it took him through to Nashville. He was most grateful for the service. I suppose he was harmless, and both sides were relieved by his removal.

In a short time after this my Comrades were taken away, it was said to Murfreesboro, and I was ordered to get into an army wagon and take the same course. On arriving at Murfreesboro

I was taken to a room in the courthouse. Here, after protesting strongly that I was not a prisoner, an orderly was sent with me to General Bragg's headquarters in the town, to inquire what disposition should be made of my case. It was too late to see the General conveniently, I suppose—and what difference, anyhow? one poor Yankee doctor didn't count—and we returned. On the way back to the courthouse the orderly quizzed me about my home. When I mentioned it was in Pennsylvania, near Harrisburg, he was quite struck, and said: "Why, I am from Pennsylvania, too. I lived at Cornwall, Lebanon County." He said he was anxious to get out of the Confederacy, but they had too tight a hold on him, then, but that he would get away yet. He seemed to be much dissatisfied with the situation. Feeling too uncomfortable myself at my own unfortunate situation, I did not press my confidence; and indeed the South was full of such characters as I met later on my travels—stranded, poor and yearning for "God's country." Their existence in Dixie was intolerable, for they were not fully trusted.

Next morning I was ordered up by a guard to accompany him to the Chattanooga Railroad. Here I found a long train of cars, cattle and freight, loaded with prisoners. I was placed in a car, something like a baggage car, among officers and guards—no accommodations whatever for seating; just standing room. Their eyes were all turned upon me, and I felt I was an intruder and out of place. They subjected me to many remarks and queries. About this time my sword and belt were noticed. They went for me—"Give up that sword; you have no right to wear it," and approached me to seize it. I told them I was a Surgeon, and that I wore the regulation staff sword not as a weapon, but as a customary adjunct to my position. This availed nothing. They were determined to have it. I said: "Gentlemen, I will not give it to you; I am not a prisoner. If I part with it you must take it yourselves." I was crowded upon and they unbuckled the belt and took it. I threatened to expose them to the Provost Marshal at Chattanooga when we arrived there. They were cross and ugly. I got in a corner of the car, and sat down on the floor. I followed my property to the Provost Marshal's office in Chattanooga, and gave a statement of the affair. He pointed to a shelf in his office, and said: "There is your sword, but I will take care of it and re-

turn it to you another time." That's the end of the sword incident. I never saw it again.

I was told to quarter at the hotel and stay there, which I did. All this sounds well, but the reality was different. So many incidents were crowded in my experience during the four or five days of our detention there that I am unable to recount them in limited time and space. After my hotel experience I was sent to the hospital to mess with the Surgeons. This was a very pleasant period of my captivity, and continued for several days. Most of them had been students in Philadelphia at the University of Pennsylvania and at Jefferson, and we were soon on congenial professional ground. We harmonized on medicine, but sometimes violently differed on politics. The Anderson boys were in camp beyond the town and I visited them often.

Hearing that all of the prisoners were to be transported to Vicksburg, for exchange, I called on the Surgeon-in-Chief of the district, Dr. Stout, explained to him that among the prisoners—over 1200 or 1500—were many wounded and sick, that they required a Surgeon, and that if he would give me an order to accompany them it would save the supplying of one of their own. He at once appreciated the situation, and gave me an order to that effect and also to draw supplies from the medical posts at the various points we stopped at—Atlanta, Montgomery and Knoxville. I received on the strength of this order many articles needed for the sick and wounded during our trip. When we reached a small village, south of the Florida and Alabama line, orders were received to return, and doubling on our tracks we headed north, our destination being Richmond. This whole journey was severe, but useful and instructive. We passed through the heart of the Southern Confederacy, and discovered its hollowness and weakness. There were few able-bodied men in sight, they being in the front about Richmond and Vicksburg and other threatened points. Women, old men, worn-out men, crippled negroes and children constituted the population. Wherever the train stopped we were welcomed by choice uncomplimentary epithets and bold-faced chaffing. The boys were ready in answering, and returned with interest these denunciations. I was fearful lest they would go too far and some violence be offered, but beyond cuss words they escaped.

Our trip occupied about three weeks before we reached Richmond. The train stopped opposite the city and the prisoners marched over the long bridge and up to Libby Prison front, where they were counted, checked off and assigned to different points. All of my Comrades were taken to Mayo Prison. I was assigned to the Libby Prison Hospital, and found myself among Confederate Surgeons, who treated me very well.

My detention in Libby was of short duration—five or six days only—when, with released soldiers, several U. S. Surgeons and some citizens who had been detained for various causes, principally their loyalty to the Government, we were forwarded to City Point, near Petersburg, to take the U. S. flag-of-truce boat to return to our country, via Annapolis and Washington. While promenading on the deck of the flag-of-truce boat, after it had got well under way, I was approached by a citizen stranger, who inquired if I had been a prisoner, and when and where captured. I answered at Stone River battle, near Murfreesboro. He asked me to walk to the bow of the boat, that there was a gentleman there who wished to see me—surprising me very much. I went with him, when he introduced me to two others—one calling himself Jackson, a tall, slim man—of about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, as near as I could judge. He seemed very much interested in the news of the engagement, and at once asked if the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry were engaged and as to the casualties. I gave my version of it, and how I got into trouble. I was asked if Colonel Palmer was in command, and if not, whether I knew anything about him. "I did not. I had never met the Colonel; that since I joined the Regiment at Carlisle he was a mystery, and all my inquiries concerning him elicited the only reply, 'We don't know.'" "Well," I was answered, "you may possibly meet him in Washington." Then we separated. In due time the boat reached Fortress Monroe and Annapolis, and we disembarked and took the train to Washington.

On the first day after our arrival there I was strolling down Pennsylvania Avenue with a friend, and passing Willard's Hotel, then a great military officers' exchange, we went in, hoping to meet some acquaintances or friends. As we entered the saloon we came face to face with my flag-of-truce acquaintances. The recognition was mutual, and we pledged our meeting in some

champagne. Mr. Jackson asked if I had met Colonel Palmer yet. I answered I had not, but I would like very much to do so. He then told me that if I would be in the telegraph office at 12 P.M. I would see him. That evening I waited around the office until after 10 o'clock, and being very much fatigued, sat down on a chair near the operator's window, determined to perform my part of the appointment. But sleep overcame me, and I did not awake until 1 A.M., too late for my engagement. I felt very much disappointed, but dismissed the matter from my mind.

After securing a leave of absence I returned to my home in Middletown. Many of my friends and acquaintances were astonished to see me, believing I had been lost and would never return. When my leave had expired I left home to rejoin my Regiment, then encamped at Murfreesboro. On arriving there I met some of the members of the Regiment quartered near the town, who invited me to stay with them until morning. While there, on the following morning, one of the company shouted, "There comes Colonel Palmer!" The Colonel and staff rode up, saluted, and seeing me he at once cordially greeted me. It was instant, mutual recognition—"Mr. Jackson," of the flag-of-truce boat. No allusion or explanation of the past was made. We knew each other.

WILL WARD'S HUNT FOR HIS BROTHER, THE MAJOR.

W. W. WARD (DECEASED).

[The following was written by Major Ward's brother Will, a short time after he returned from Murfreesboro with the body of his brother, and has never been previously published. Will Ward died in 1870. Major Ward's brother, Charles, was in the Confederate Cavalry service, and while his brother lay wounded to death in Dr. Manson's house, Charles' regiment was only a short distance away; but they never got to see each other, although the Confederate officers made the effort to bring it about. The constant shifting of commands prevented their finding Charles until their forces were driven back. Will's experience in hunting his wounded brother had its counterpart in many families, both North and South, and is a sad history of the trials which many households passed through.]—*Editor.*

ON Friday, January 2, 1863, on my way to dinner, I met a friend, who, with a serious face, said: "Do you know that your brother, Major Ward, was killed?" "No," I quickly answered. "How do you know it?" "A big fight is going on at Murfreesboro, and Frank was one of the first killed. You will hear soon enough," was his reply. I turned back and was soon in the telegraph office. The face of my friend, M. C., the superintendent, was anything but encouraging. In reply to my inquiry he said: "Your brother is no doubt killed; read this," and handing me a copy of a telegram East, the following passage left me no hope: "Majors Rosengarten and Frank B. Ward, of the Anderson Cavalry, killed." There was something positive about the message, and with heavy heart I wended my way home to break the sad news to my parents. A bitter task it was—to tell them that their youngest son, the pride of their hearts, the hope of their declining years; the boy who had enlisted to fight the battles of his country for the preservation of the Union—and that, too, with an elder brother in the rebel ranks—to tell them that he was no more. I will not dwell on the sad scene which followed. Its counterpart has been witnessed in thousands of



MAJOR FRANK B. WARD

Mortally wounded at Stone River. Died January 11, 1863

family circles in the past two years. That night I watched the telegrams closely, but found not a ray of hope.

On the 3d I got my friend Mr. Bradley, of the Fort Wayne Railroad Company, to telegraph to Louisville in regard to sending for the body. The answer came from Col. J. B. Anderson: "Major B. is intrusted with sending for the body of Major Rosengarten. Shall I send metallic coffin for body of Major Ward?" I answered, "Yes." On Sunday, the 4th, I searched every paper I could get, but without any encouragement. At the telegraph office I was told that there was no doubt of Frank's being killed, as a number of messages had gone over the line in which it was repeated, but just as I started to leave the office the operator called me and read the following:

NASHVILLE, January 4th.

W. W. WARD:

Your brother, Major F. B. Ward, was seriously wounded on December 29th. You had better come on.

DE COURSEY.

Knowing the author, I did not hesitate a minute. It was well on to 11 P.M., but I found my partner, arranged business and, without luggage, started to the depot. I left Pittsburg at 1.40 A.M., on the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Through the kindness of Mr. Augustus Bradley, the superintendent, I had a state-room, and one just as comfortable as on a steamboat. These sleeping cars are very heavy and consequently run much smoother than an ordinary passenger car. Putting my boots outside to secure a dime's worth of blacking, I pulled the door to and retired, but not to sleep, for the excitement I had been under and was still under prevented my enjoying that luxury. About 6 A.M. we were called for breakfast, and after a hasty wash we entered the breakfast room at Alliance, where in the short space of twenty minutes an amount of food was disposed of that would have scared a Southern landlord. The cry, "all aboard!" soon cleared the room, and we were soon under way again.

At Crestline I parted with my kind friend Mr. Bradley, and took the train for Indianapolis and Louisville, where I arrived on the 6th instant, at 5 A.M., and proceeded to the National Hotel. Refreshed by a bath, I got the morning papers, but found in them

no comfort for my particular case. Shortly after breakfast an incident occurred which cheered me a little. A reporter for the *Philadelphia Inquirer* went up to an officer and shook him heartily by the hand, saying: "Why, Adjutant! We have had you killed a month ago. I wrote a sketch of your life and particulars of your death, as given me by the best authority." The officer said he had heard himself that he was among the dead, but to the best of his belief and feelings he was a mighty live man yet. Surely, thought I, there is hope for me yet.

Finding that I could not leave Louisville without a pass from General Boyle, whose office was not open until 11, I sauntered up to the depot and called on Colonel Anderson, the Military Superintendent of the L. & N. R. R., who told me he had sent a colored man on with coffins for Majors Rosengarten and Ward. When I told him that my brother was alive at last accounts, he seemed much pleased, and said he hoped he might not need the coffin for many years. Leaving the depot I wended my way to General Boyle's headquarters, and was soon in possession of that important slip of paper styled a "pass."

How little we in the North know of the inconveniences the people in the border States have to suffer under military law! In the North the only thing we see that resembles a pass is somebody's check filled up for so many dollars, and, like the pass, the value is in the signature. As there was no train until the next day, I walked around, saw many friends, and bought a leather haversack and some medicines for gunshot wounds, for, having been shot once myself, I knew from experience what to take in case hospital stores were scarce. Before going to bed I got a servant to fill my haversack with eatables to be ready for my journey.

The next morning, January 7th, I found crowds at the depot waiting to pass the guards at the doors of the cars. Only those showing the military pass could enter the cars. Having no one to care for but myself, I was soon seated and could observe the many trying scenes. I noticed a lady crying bitterly, and on inquiry found that her husband was among the wounded. He was Colonel of an Ohio regiment. She had arrived in Louisville at daybreak, breakfasted and hurried to the depot and bought her ticket, but was dismayed, on trying to enter the car, to find that a

pass was necessary. A gentleman who appeared to know her husband took the matter in hand, and by his exertions she was provided for, as I afterward noticed her among the passengers. The efforts made by some parties not having passes to get aboard were novel and somewhat amusing. A Hebrew came to my window, which I had hoisted, and said in a very bland tone: "Mister, will you be so kind as to go to the other side of the car and raise a window, that I may crawl in?" Knowing the severity of military law I respectfully declined.

Another party with a clerical look approached, and with a bow said: "Sir, I wish to ask a favor of you." "Go ahead," I said. "Will you let me look at your pass?" "Why?" said I. "I would like you to loan it to me, so I may pass the guard at the door, and will return it to you as soon as I get in." Now, while I felt a heartfelt sympathy for all who wanted to go, I could scarcely suppress the contempt I felt for this individual, but I declined to trust my pass to him.

The cry, "all aboard!" followed by a puff from the engine, put a stop to the rush, and we were soon leaving Louisville—a mixed crowd. There was a delegation from Philadelphia, one from Illinois, and one from Indiana, besides many from the Western States in parties of from three to five, and some, like myself, going alone, but all on anxious errands. There were four ladies in the party—Mrs. General Stanley, Mrs. Major Slemmer, Mrs. Colonel Moody and the lady before mentioned. All were quiet for a while, communing with their own thoughts. Gradually conversation sprang up on various topics. Behind me sat some farmers from Indiana, who were looking at the land we were traveling over, making remarks not at all complimentary to Kentucky farming. At one place, where it was somewhat swampy, covered with low bush, one sang out: "Look there, Aleck! what would you be doing with that land in Indiana? Let it lie idle, eh?" "Why, I would clear, drain and ditch it and raise a crop of corn." "Raise—! you couldn't raise a crop of frogs," was the remark made by a rough fellow standing close by. Politics, war, religion—all were being discussed. Quite an exciting discussion was going on in the center of our car between a Kentucky officer and a big, rough Hoosier, on the everlasting "nigger," in which the officer got much the worst of it, in the opinion of the crowd.

We soon arrived at Colesburg, the terminus of our steam conveyance, and here we got the first sight of the bandit Morgan's work. The depot had been burned, and from that point for thirty miles below he had destroyed everything that would burn. We rode two miles farther on a construction trestle which is about 400 feet long and 120 feet high. Here we got off to foot it, and having no baggage to encumber me, I started down the hill on a run, determined to keep the advance. I soon overtook a young man who was alone and asked him where he was bound. He replied: "Nashville." On my inquiring if he knew the country, he said he had run as conductor on this road for eleven months and knew it well. I told him I was alone, and if my company suited him we would foot it together and leave the crowd. He cheerfully assented, and we struck off at a gait which was difficult for the balance to follow. Crossing the valley we had a fine view of the gap made in the road by Morgan, and, ascending the opposite hill, we took the railroad track and, turning round, our eyes fell upon a beautiful but strange scene. In the valley through which we had just passed were stationed a large number of soldiers, many of them on picket duty, while the smoke curling from their tents and huts told of life within. Hurrying along through the troops was a mixed throng which with the soldiers produced a combination of colors, suggestive of Joseph's coat. It was our company of fellow-passengers who were not so fast in starting off as we. We followed the track for about a mile and came to the tunnel. Now, it may seem a very simple thing to walk through a tunnel without a lantern, but just try it once, before you make up your mind. This tunnel is three-quarters of a mile in length and perfectly straight and level. As we entered the one end, the other end appeared but a short distance off, and the glare of light served only to blind us. There are three shafts for air-holes. We could not distinguish the ties, but by keeping our eyes fastened downward we could distinguish the rails, our only guide.

On gaining the outlet we found we had left the rest of the passengers far behind, excepting an old fellow from Indiana, of at least fifty years, who, with a carpetsack weighing not less than forty pounds, was hard after us. After him was a stoutly built young Ohio chap, and a Major of the Eleventh Ohio, who seemed determined to be as fast as we were. A party of five, we hurried

on to Elizabethtown together. While footing it we had ample evidence of how thoroughly that outlaw, John Morgan, had done his work. Every culvert that had a beam to it was burnt, and here again we made time, for we walked across the rails, while many of the party, as we afterward learned, crossed the ditches. About a mile this side of Elizabethtown my young friend proposed that we should take a clay road that crossed the track. Old Indiana and young Ohio objected, and said, "The track is a sure thing;" but the Major and I stuck to our guide, got into Elizabethtown, had dinner and were ready to start on to Nolin Station before the wagons with the other passengers arrived.

Having ample time to look around we here saw the damage done by Morgan to the town. A number of houses showed marks of his cannon by extra ventilators, put in on short notice. At the John Hill House, where we dined, Morgan forgot to pay his bill, when he made it his headquarters. On looking round for a conveyance for the ten miles we had yet to go, we asked one man what he would charge a passenger. "Only five dollars," was the answer. Now had we been staunch rebels we might have gone for less, I thought. After looking farther we found a farmer who was going to Nolin Station. The Major, our young guide and I chartered the wagon for five dollars, and we were on our way before our party had got to town. On the way we overtook some tired soldiers, who asked to ride. "Have you any money," asked the farmer. "Oh, yes." "All right, then," was the answer. About two miles this side of Nolin Station all of our soldiers but one got out to join the wagon train from which they had straggled, and on the farmer asking for his pay he was told to charge it to Uncle Sam. He laughed in spite of himself. Having a creek to cross this side of Nolin Station we left the wagon, and the soldier who was still with us, paid his fare. He had about seventy pounds of baggage, as he was carrying that of a comrade along with his own; so, volunteering to help him, I took his carpetsack, and we all started across the foot log or rather tree that was felled for the purpose. It was a ticklish job for a man unencumbered, let alone with baggage. My comrades got over all right—so did the soldier; and, soldierlike, they all kept advising me to keep away from the water. Now, in all probability if they had let me alone I should have got over dry, but, just

as I thought I was safe, in I went "ker-souse," over boot top, and then, didn't they laugh at me? Once again on terra firma I struck out in the lead, and we were soon at one of the few (not more than six) small houses in Nolin Station. As there were about 200 people to be accommodated, after engaging supper, bed and breakfast, we congratulated ourselves on being in the advance. As the passengers continued to arrive until midnight, they slept in the car or wherever they could.

On the 8th we were all at the cars long before they were ready to move, and crowding in got started at 10 A.M. At the next station we took on a colored man who had two coffins in charge, one marked "Major Rosengarten" and the other "Major Ward." This certainly looked like death, but, knowing the circumstances, I tried to keep up a good heart. I saw the colored man at once. His name was Andrew Trabur, and when I told him I had strong hopes of finding Major Ward living, he wished me success. I arranged to meet him in Nashville. At Bowling Green two officers got aboard who had left Nashville that morning. On inquiring of one of them, Captain R., he told me that Major Ward was undoubtedly dead. He had heard so officially the day before. With a sad heart I took my seat, and the silence of my companions told me, stronger than words could express, that they shared my sorrow. We arrived at Nashville at 7 P.M., and hurrying to the Commercial Hotel I soon had a room engaged—the last one to be had in the house. We were told that we would have to go to a restaurant for supper, which I did. Eating a very frugal meal at a very luxurious price, I was soon out to hunt the Major.

I first started to the St. Cloud Hotel, thinking that some of the officers there could tell me something about him. I met with no success, and was crossing the street to go to the Medical Directory, when I heard a familiar voice call my name. I had not heard that voice for more than a year, and although it was dark and 600 miles from where I last heard it, I at once recognized it as the voice of my old chum Will, now Lieutenant McClure. From him I learned that my brother was alive, and from all accounts had a chance of recovery, but, strange to say, he could not be found. "Come along with me and see Mrs. B.; she is a great friend of Frank's, and knows more about it than anyone

else." In a few minutes I was in Mrs. B.'s parlor, listening to her story, which ran thus:

Dr. Kelly, one of our army Surgeons with whom she was well acquainted, had dressed Frank's wounds on the second day after he was shot. He was then at a house near Murfreesboro. Although so badly wounded as to be thought mortally so by some, Dr. Kelly thought with his youth and powerful constitution he might get through. Only two days ago a Surgeon, who was out in front and had brought a lot of wounded into Nashville, told Dr. Kelly that he had dressed the wounds of a Major out in the front, who was shot through the left breast; that the young man had given him directions where to send word to his friends, in case he died, and in corroboration handed Dr. Kelly a slip of paper with the following directions: "Dr. W. A. Ward, Pittsburg." He further said that the Major had been brought into Nashville with other wounded, and that he was put in a private house where he would receive all attention, but he could not give Dr. Kelly the location of the house. Dr. Kelly had searched for him at the request of Mrs. B., but had not found him.

I was satisfied that Frank was now in Nashville, and started off on the hunt. Before I started Mrs. B. told me to let her know as soon as I found him, and she would fix a place for him and see him properly attended to. I said to myself as I left her door: "God bless you for a true-hearted woman." In the street in a large city, my brother lying seriously wounded in a private house. Where? Echo answered "where?" With Lieutenant McClure I commenced my search—first to the Medical Directory office, then to the hospitals where officers were, and every place I could think of where I might get a clue. Every now and again I would pass up the street where the principal undertaker had his store, and there on the pavement two rough coffins, each containing a metallic case, would stare me in the face—one marked "Major Rosengarten," the other "Major Ward." Oh, how those gruesome boxes worried me! I cannot describe my feelings every time I looked at them. There was my brother's coffin, and, beyond a reasonable doubt, he was alive and in the city, but where? At midnight I had to give it up for lack of chances for information. It looked as if all the principal buildings were illuminated, all in use as hospitals, and every time I would pass

one of them I would naturally inquire of myself: "Can he be there?" and then reply: "No, at a private house."

About 1 o'clock I retired in a room where were two wounded men, but long before daylight I was out again on my search. I will not attempt to describe my hunt on the 9th instant, nor how many and various were the rumors in regard to my brother. One man said he had seen a man who told him he saw my brother's coffin marked and shipped in the express office. Straight to that office I went and found that they had shipped no bodies yet, and on tracing the story up, I found that it originated from that box in the street that fairly haunted me—a coffin marked "Major F. B. Ward," but so far empty. In fact so strong was the evidence that my brother was in the city (circumstantial evidence strong enough to convict a man for murder) that we traced him to Cherry Street and, finding no other course, we commenced knocking at the doors of private houses and asking: "Are there any wounded here?" "Yes." "Who are they and where are they wounded?" The answer in all cases was against my hopes. There were Lieutenant McClure and four others besides myself hunting the Major, but darkness came on and still no success; but the evidence was so positive that he was alive and recovering that I sought the colored man who had the coffins in charge and told him I would not detain him longer—that he might go right East with Major Rosengarten's body, which was already in another coffin. So, giving him a draft for the two coffins and expenses, I let him go. I could have sold the coffins at a handsome advance, but I felt it would be invoking a judgment on me, in my trouble, to try to profit on the misery around me. At the request of Lieutenant McClure and the others, I walked out to the camp of the Anderson Cavalry, to stay all night with my brother's companions in arms. After arriving at camp, and while passing up one of the streets of the tents, we heard some one say: "Well, I saw our Major to-day, and he is doing first rate." I was in that tent in less time than it takes to tell it and soon learned all. Captain Smith, of the Anderson Cavalry, had the day before gone out to Murfreesboro to look after the wounded, and had just returned. He found my brother at the house of Dr. Manson, near where he first fell, where he was first carried and whence he had never been removed. Dr.

Kelly had dressed his wounds there, as also the other Surgeon must have done, but how he came by the slip of paper I have never learned. The Captain told me that the Surgeons said my brother would recover. He had now lived eleven days. His voice was firm and he had sent in for some delicacies. He had asked if I was coming, and his Comrades had told him I was, although they had not heard so. Just as the mercury in a thermometer, taken from the outside of a house on a winter day and hung above the kitchen fireplace, rises, so did my spirits rise. I rode back to town and turned the coffins over to the undertaker. I was glad to get rid of the sight of them, and hurried back to camp again to make an early start for the front in the morning.

That night was one of the most pleasant I ever spent in or out of camp. There were about ten soldiers in the party, all warm friends of my brother, who had served with him both as private and officer. Lighting our pipes, all the anecdotes of the fight and how nobly their two Majors had acted were discussed, and joke after joke was told. One I well remember. Lieutenant Sproul asked the party if they knew that I had gone into business in Nashville. In answer to the question, "how?" he said I had gone into the coffin business, as he had seen me buy and sell two coffins that evening. Such is human nature! While on the hunt for twenty-four hours for the Major, every man seemed as anxious as myself, but now that he was found living and likely to recover, no joke was spared that would keep alive the spirits of the party. About 11 o'clock I "turned in" with one of the party, with gum blanket on the ground and a good warm one to cover us. The last time I had slept in that way was with Frank at Camp Carlisle. It had been raining all evening and was now coming down in torrents, and every now and then the wind would rise and break with such force against our tent as to give cause to fear we might be unroofed. After breakfast we started into town in an ambulance. We spent some time in search of delicacies, and then could not get what we most wanted—lemons. We met with so many delays that it was 12 o'clock ere we were fairly started out of the city. There was not much of interest until we were five miles out, and then a dead horse here and there, with occasionally a grave or two on either side of the road, told of the commencement of the skirmishing. Not a fence was left to show

that the residences along this pike were once well improved. Those that were not removed for cavalry fighting had been used as fuel for the soldiers. The same scenes were apparent all the way to Murfreesboro, only increasing in magnitude with every mile of approach. We caught up to a wagon train about seven miles out from Nashville, and it seemed impossible to pass it, as the other side of the road was taken up by empty wagons returning and ambulances filled with wounded. We had twenty miles farther to go, and our time must be made on the pike, for the last seven miles was a wretched mud road. Captain Smith told me not to be uneasy, for the soldier who was driving was as anxious to get to the Major as I was. Also that he was a capital driver, and if the team would stand it we would pass everything on the road.

The driver was a man who, when at home, filled a position in society equal to any. That's the kind of men we have fighting for our country. I was soon satisfied of the truth of the Captain's remark, for we did pass everything. Now and then some of the soldiers, escorting the train of 400 wagons, would swear and look defiantly, but our driver proved an excellent judge of human nature, for sometimes he would sing out: "Give away there!" "Stir yourself!" "Do you want to be run over?" "Clear the track, will you?" Then noticing the stubborn, determined look of some of the party not to be moved in that way, he would, in the blandest tones, say: "Will you oblige me by making room to pass? Am in a great hurry to get a wounded officer out front." Without a word the escort would move, bending to his request like an easy, good-natured judge to an oily-tongued lawyer. And thus, driving and pushing through intricacies that might have balked a regular jockey, he worked on, and we did pass everything on the road. At Lavergne we stopped at the little creek and watered our team. Here they showed me where some of their comrades fell when the enemy attacked the wagon train in the rear, and right at the bridge one of their number, Mr. Weikel, is buried. When started again I opened a box of sardines, and with some hard bread we made a good luncheon. All this time Lieutenant McClure was accompanying us on horseback. Passing out the sardines to him, he took his dinner at a full gallop as comfortably as we did inside, and riding up to the ambulance we handed him the flask, which he attended to just as easily, if not

more so, than the eating part. I wanted no better evidence of how men learn to live on horseback than the ease with which my friend stowed away his dinner while on full gallop.

Here at Lavergne was a true picture of war—houses burned, dead horses in scores, and graves in abundance of both Union and rebel soldiers; while the tires and ironwork of sixty of our wagons, burnt by the rebels, completed a picture which has to be seen to be conceived. So many accounts of the fight have been written that I will not attempt to go over it again, but from here on to Murfreesboro was one continual battlefield—every foot of it fought for and won by the most stubborn fighting. None of the accounts that I have since read relates half the victory that here showed itself. Three miles farther out we overtook the conveyance that had started two hours in advance of us. We had now passed everything, and at the twenty-mile post from Nashville we turned to the right into a corn field. We all got out but our good driver, as our team was pretty nearly played out, and, to make matters worse, our best horse began to balk; but, by dint of a good whip and language more emphatic than classical, we would get him started again, until he would take another notion to play the stubborn mule. We made the next seven miles by dark, through miserable roads, and when only half a mile from the house where my brother was, we came to a large mud puddle. Our driver held his team at rest for a few moments and then started at full gallop to go through, for, as he said, "if I cannot get them through that way we shall have trouble; the bay will balk and the gray mare is played out." When about half way through they stuck, the hind wheels in water above the hub. As nearly everyone has seen such situations, I will not go into details of the strong language used, the sticks broken in trying to beat the poor brutes out of it, and the many efforts with rails, etc.; but after spending half an hour uselessly, we all, excepting our driver, got into the water and took hold of the wheels. I happened to be at the right hind wheel, and although the water was over the hub, where I stood it was not over boot top. It never occurred to me that if the team did start out I might go in the hole. It did start and I went in up to my knees, but what did I care? I would soon be with my brother, and I would have laid down in it rather than lose an hour. We were soon at the front

of the house, where a big negro, a slave, was waiting. He had heard of me from one of the men who arrived before I did, and he it was who was nursing the Major.

He was all anxiety. "Has the Major's brudder come? Is he coming? I wants to see him." Telling him who I was, he shook my hand and was out of sight in an instant. One of the men who was in the room with Frank when old Martin, the slave, came up said he did not think Martin took more than two steps up the whole flight of stairs to tell the good news. He stepped up to the bed and said: "Major, your brudder's comin'. He'll soon be here. Ise so glad." The host, Dr. Manson, met me at the gate, and to my inquiry, "How is my brother?" said: "Very feeble just now. I have just dressed his wounds and he has had a sinking spell, but is now recovering, and I am glad you are here." He further said that he still had a chance of recovery, but that he must not be allowed to talk. I might talk to him and tell him all about home, but he must be kept quiet. He said he was shot through the left lung, the ball passing through the pericardium (the sac that holds the heart), and the water from about the heart had run out through the wound. The ball made its exit under his left shoulder blade, making a ghastly wound there. When they brought him to the doctor's house it was thought he could not survive the night, but he rallied toward morning, and now, having lived twelve days, we had good grounds for hope. The doctor told me to go up and see him, and I was soon beside his bed. He stretched out his hand, and, with a good voice, said: "How are you, Will? I'm glad to see you. How are they at home?" I told him not to talk and I would tell him all about home, which I did, giving him an account of my trip, etc. Poor fellow! When I last saw him, not two months before, he weighed 175 pounds, and being six feet two inches in his socks, was as fine a specimen of the physical man as could be found anywhere; but twelve days of bleeding and suffering of the worst kind had altered him until he looked twice his age. I told him I had come to stay with him, and when he was able we would talk over old times and home; so, hanging my coat on the bedpost and drawing off my wet boots, I sat down before the fire. For the first time since I left home I had time to meditate. I had found the boy alive, but that was all.

My other erring brother was not many miles off, for shortly after the Major was brought to this very house I was now in some rebel troops came up and took prisoners all that were in it, excepting my brother Frank and a comrade who escaped by a little strategy. Among the rebels was a Captain of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, the same regiment to which my brother Charlie belonged. Mrs. Manson, the lady of the house, sent word by this Captain to Charlie that his brother was in a dying condition in her house, but before he had time to respond to the call, our troops were in possession again of the house, and this prevented a meeting of the brothers who were fighting against each other—the one for the cause of liberty and the preservation of the Union, the other for a cursed aristocracy. Poor, blind, misguided man! May he soon leave a hopeless and wicked cause, and by some means retrieve his acts!

I sent the nurse to L. A., after getting directions what to do. Frank wanted to talk, but I would stop him, and every now and then he would ask for water. Two full canteens were kept hanging at the head of the bed, and inserting a rubber tube in the canteen he would take the other end in his mouth and drink, although every swallow was a painful one. He now commenced to doze, and when half asleep would dream and be delirious. Sometimes he would imagine himself in camp with his old comrades down in Huntsville, Ala., and then he seemed happy. To stop his talking, which was injurious, I would have to speak to him, and, knowing my voice, he would be quiet for a while. Sometimes he would imagine himself on the field where he fell, and would give orders again. He was talking to his brave cavalry leader, General Stanley, whom it was plain to see he had learned to love; and thus, until 3 o'clock Sunday morning, he kept on, when, thinking he was worse, I awoke his comrade, John Skillen, who was his nurse at present, and told him I thought he was more delirious than when I came in, and that he, knowing his case, had better take charge, which he did. Through the night I had written a long letter home, encouraging them there, for now that my hopes were raised, I thought he would get well. Folding the letter up I put it in my pocket to send the next day, and lay down beside the sick soldier, who occupied the other bed.

About 6 o'clock I got up, and Mr. Skillen told me that he had

not been so well for the past three hours, but that he would no doubt soon rally. I did not fear anything immediately, as I knew from experience that the hours from 2 A.M. until daylight are the hardest on sick persons. So, after speaking to him occasionally, I went downstairs to breakfast. We were seated but a few moments, and I was just putting my cup of coffee to my lips, when a hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned round and met the gaze of Dr. Manson, who said: "You had better come upstairs, your brother is dying." For the first time I felt crushed. Just after I had left his bedside he turned to his faithful comrade, Skillen, and said: "John, I am going now." Mr. Skillen called the doctor, who found it too true, and came at once for me. I was soon at his side, and reaching out his hand to me he grasped mine and said in a calm, clear voice: "Will, I am dying. Say good-bye for me to all at home." Completely unmanned, I was like a little child. He threw his arms around my neck, and kissing me, said: "Cheer up, Will! Don't cry! Cheer up! Tell Charlie I died like a man." I said: "Frank, are you afraid to die?" A sweet smile spread over his face, and with a firm voice he said, "No, sir," in a tone that made all feel it deeply.

The same self-possession that was his in private life, that attended him on the battlefield when he felt he was mortally wounded, attended him now in his dying hour. Every other person in that room was overcome. He bade each of his comrades good-bye, as though he were going away on a visit, and seeing old Martin, the faithful slave who had nursed him, he held out his hand and, taking Martin's, said: "Good-bye, Martin;" then bade the doctor and his family farewell. In a few moments he rallied a little and, folding his hands on his breast, he said: "Our Father, who are in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen." While everyone in that room joined in that beautiful prayer, his voice alone could be heard, and this too while suffering intensely. Internal hemorrhage had set in. He asked me to sing, but I was so powerless I could not, and he began to the tune of "Old Hundred," and sang:

"Be Thou, O God, exalted high!
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed."

His calmness and resignation overcame everyone in the room. His song seemed like the song of the dying swan, strong in death. Shortly afterward he released his arms from about my neck, and his lower limbs were then icy cold. Beckoning to Lieutenant McClure, who was on the other side of him, he said: "Straighten my legs." His knees had been drawn up in bed and he had not power to straighten them out. He made a motion for us to get away from before him; he wanted air and light. So drawing the curtains and hoisting the window, a stream of strong sunlight beamed in on his suffering form, and lingering thus for nearly half an hour, between life and death, we hardly knew when he ceased to breathe, until Captain Smith took down a little round shaving glass, and holding it to his lips it showed no moisture. Thus he died—another victim to the plots of the disunionists.

We were far away from home, in the enemy's country and in the house of a secessionist, but how beautifully was Christ's command, "love your enemy," here obeyed; for if Frank had been their own son the doctor and his wife could not have used him more kindly. I asked Lieutenant McClure to ride to Nashville and, if possible, to procure one of the coffins I had sold two days before, and also to telegraph his death home. The doctor and the soldiers who were present told me to go down to rest and they would do all that was necessary for the body. I went out in front of the house and found a man putting the horses in the ambulance and preparing it for the body. Looking out on the road I saw four men approaching at full gallop. In a few minutes they were at the gate, and I recognized Lieutenant Maple, of General Rosecrans' bodyguard, and three of his men—all old comrades of the Major. When I told them that he had died only twenty minutes previously, the eyes of every man of them filled with tears. Dismounting, they entered the house to take a farewell look at their old comrade. While they were upstairs I called the doctor aside. As he attended Frank as physician, I fully expected a bill for professional services as well as for the bed, which was ruined. I asked him what I owed him. "Nothing," was the reply. I could hardly believe it, but he would accept no compensation. Hunting up old Martin, the kind, faithful nurse, I made him a present, and then was ready to leave.

In a short time they brought the body down, dressed only in drawers and shirt; everything else was gone. I would not wait to make a box, so, wrapping a blanket around him, after binding the jaw and limbs, they put him in the ambulance. I felt a repugnance to riding in the ambulance, so John Skillen told me to take his horse and he would ride in my place. When mounted Lieutenant Maple proposed that I should ride over the ground where he fell, and then go to Rosecrans' headquarters, to which I gladly assented, and we started off at full gallop. In a short time we were on ground that told of severe fighting, and after wandering over field after field, and seeing corpses that had lain unburied for ten days, we came to the spot where the brave Andersons made their fearful charge. The men first recognized the spot by the black horse Major Kosengarten rode. This horse had been in service since General Buell first took command in 1861. He belonged to Captain Palmer, the founder of the original Anderson Troop, and the present Anderson Cavalry. Major Kosengarten rode him in the fight, and the horse was killed first, he afterward, "Here's the spot! Here's old Zolllicoffer" (the horse). Sure enough, every man knew him. Just beside a tree that a shell had pierced, and someone, cutting a smooth surface, had put Kosengarten's name there, with the date of his death. The ground seemed to be sacred. Here my two brothers had met, not to know each other, for the last time on earth. After picking up some relics we rode over some more of the field and proceeded on to Murfreesboro.

While fording Stone River I noticed hundreds of brick chimneys standing, and asked Lieutenant Maple if that was the ruins of Murfreesboro. He laughed and said: "No; they are the chimneys the rebels had in their tents. They did not intend leaving here, and consequently made themselves comfortable." Murfreesboro was soon in sight. We were soon at Rosecrans' headquarters, a nice-looking, well-furnished, two-story house. John Morgan, the bandit, had taken to himself a wife two weeks before the fight, and this was the house, fitted up for the bride and groom. Sending in my card, I was soon in the room with General Rosecrans and staff. He shook me cordially by the hand and expressed such deep sympathy for the loss of my brother, and spoke so highly of his heroic conduct, that I felt that my sorrow had

something to lighten it. Sitting down by my side, he conversed with me on the affairs of my brother's Regiment, frequently alluding to "the gallant conduct of the two Majors—the noble Rosegarten and Ward," as he styled them, "whose heroic conduct would long be cherished by their companions in arms." He several times referred to the noble example they set by leading their comrades as they had done—an example which was not lost, for after they fell, their comrades fought equally well. Every man of those 300 fought as though all depended on him.

Their commanding officer, Colonel Palmer, was a prisoner in Castle Thunder. Their Lieutenant-Colonel was low on a sick bed. Their Majors, who led them, both shot, and still they fought like heroes. General Rosecrans sent messages to Frank's parents, and after bidding him "good-bye," I rode with Lieutenant Maple to the headquarters of the General's bodyguard.

After supper, finding it would not be safe to ride to Nashville that night, I turned into a comfortable bed, which the boys made for me on the floor. About 10 o'clock I heard quite a stir, and rising I found that an orderly from General Rosecrans had come for a detail of his bodyguard, for the purpose of sending a new counter-sign to the whole army. As near as I could learn, the General had not the utmost confidence; and now, in the darkness of night, these men started to headquarters, from there to proceed to the different divisions as directed. The detail had left but a short time when a bright light shone through the window, and on going to the door we found that the next house to us, about forty yards off, was on fire. It was set on fire and was the eighth house burnt in Murfreesboro that night. Many were the speculations as to who did it. Some said it was the East Tennessee boys, as they swore revenge; others thought it was some scoundrels doing it for pure devilment; while others thought it was done by secessionists as signals to their friends. As some spies had been arrested and brought in that day, it did not seem unlikely. Some of our men got on the roof to keep the sparks off, and after the house had fallen in, we all turned into our blankets and were soon asleep again. How comfortably one can lie down to sleep when a strong military guard is posted around the house!

Feeling very sore and not able to ride horseback to Nashville, I had made arrangements to ride in the military mail, and left instructions to call me early; so about 5 o'clock I was awakened, and found Lieutenant Maple had made me a cup of coffee and fried some bacon, determined that I should not go away empty. After breakfast I started off with one of his men who was to accompany me up to the post. The moon was shining brightly, and riding out of the gate we struck through a patch of woods for a short cut, when, after going a short distance, we were stopped by a clear voice singing out: "Halt! who goes there?" "A friend." "Advance and give the countersign!" "I don't need a countersign," said my companion, who appeared used to such things. "I am one of General Rosecrans' bodyguard, and go where I please." "Not at present, I guess. If you can't give the countersign, you can go to headquarters of the guard." My guide tried to bluff him off, but it would not do. The guard called some of his men and sent us under a file of loaded rifles to the headquarters of the Captain of the pickets. He was a Pennsylvanian, of the Seventy-eighth. I produced my pass and papers showing my errand—the taking home of my brother's body. My papers were fortunately of a very high order, and after a closer examination than I had hitherto undergone I was allowed to proceed. We soon arrived at the post office, and after waiting about an hour, the mail wagons—two army wagons without springs, and drawn by four horses each—made their appearance.

Bidding my guide good-bye and delivering the horse to him, I got into the first wagon. There were the mail agent, the driver, myself and something that looked like a woman, for she was dressed in a wrapper. Her hair was cut short like a man's, and her features were very coarse. She was a spy—a woman who had been captured in men's clothes and was being sent to Nashville. Fixing her a comfortable seat on the mail bags, I made myself snug, and we soon started. After fording Stone River we took the pike, which, fortunately, was pretty clear of wagon trains. Shortly after we passed Lavergne some rebel cavalry appeared in the road, but we were not aware of it until we were safe in Nashville. There were only about twenty-five of them, and they did not succeed in doing any damage. We had a pleasant ride,

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except the losing of a linchpin and the wheel coming off, which detained us for a short time.

Arriving at Nashville, at noon, I went at once to the undertaker's and found my brother's body in the coffin I had at first sent for him. Lieutenant McClure had ridden back, after Frank's death, in less than four hours and secured the same coffin that I had sold when I heard that he was recovering. His comrades had shaven him and put on a clean linen shirt and collar, so that he looked much more like himself than when he died. After giving orders for the shipment of the coffin, I went, in company with some friends, to the levee, to see about going to Louisville by boat. We found the "Parthenia" advertised to leave positively the next morning at 7. I asked the Captain how long he would be in going around to Louisville. "Five days," was the answer. Having had some experience in that line myself I knew that five days meant at least seven, and although I needed rest, I determined to take the railroad, and wagon where that was gone. That boat never reached Louisville. She was attacked and burned by the rebels on the same day she left. We went from the levee to camp, where I again stayed all night. How different was this evening from that of the 9th, when we were all in high spirits at the prospects of the Major's recovery! I saw all of my friends, and after bidding them good-bye, retired. I was awakened early and had a cup of coffee.

Although I was not a novice in camp life, yet I had never made coffee without a mill to first grind it in, but I learned that morning how it was done. One of the men took a clean, coarse towel, and putting the coffee into it, drew it through his hand until the coffee in the towel was in a little bag, quite tight. Laying this down on a piece of cord wood, he proceeded to beat it with a stick, until it was ground quite fine, and better coffee I never drank. We walked into town to the depot, where I found my brother's body as well as that of Colonel Housen, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, which I had agreed to take home to his friends. The cars were so crowded that they put on a cattle car without cleaning it, for the accommodation of passengers. Seeing the coffin put on safely, I took my seat in this car, and was soon leaving Nashville at the rate of twenty miles an hour. We arrived at Elizabethtown at 4 p.m. The depot and bridge having

been burned, we stopped about a mile out of town, where a number of wagons were waiting to take passengers to different houses to stop over night. I soon made a bargain for myself and charge, but it was dark before we got them out of the cars and into the wagons. It was raining and we had to get them up a steep bank. It was a rough, ugly job—the coffins were metallic—but willing hearts and hands accomplished it.

While we were looking after the dead, the other passengers had been making arrangements for the night, and in the confusion a fight had occurred between two men who lived in the neighborhood. They were allowed to fight it out until one cried "enough!" Judging from his appearance, I should certainly say he had had enough. His eyes were closed and his face covered with blood. We rode about a mile and pulled up before quite a substantial-looking farmhouse. We laid boards over the coffins to protect them as much as possible from the rain, and hurrying into the house were soon before a comfortable fire. The host was a well-to-do farmer named Kurtz. Part of the house was one of the first forts built in Kentucky when Daniel Boone and other early settlers had to protect themselves from Indians. On the same ground that Boone and these brave pioneers had to defend themselves, stockades are now built to keep off a foe almost as destructive as the Indians. There were seventeen of us who stopped at this house. We could not all be accommodated with supper at once, and while those at the first table were putting themselves outside of corn bread, etc., the rest of us were entertained before a good fire by our host, who gave us a history of their present troubles. It seemed as if those at the table were a long time getting enough to eat, but when our turn came I ceased to wonder. I took my seat next to the hostess, who poured the coffee and sent it around by the little darkies in white bibs. We had roast turkey, stewed chicken, and a dish of stuffing, which was served up like mashed potatoes. The cooking was excellent. The conversation turned on Morgan, and as this was one of the points on the railroad where he had done the most damage, there were many anecdotes of interest. Our hostess told, with a good deal of animation, her experience with one of Morgan's gang.

Said she: "We had a horse that looked first-rate, but wasn't

good for anything much, for after going a few hundred yards he would fall down on his knees. Well, he was standing hitched up right in front of the door, when one of Morgan's fellers rode up on a first-rate bay horse, but he was played out.' You see when they get near a settlement Morgan gets some of his fellers that's smartish about horses, and takes all the horses in the command that are used up, and puts these fellers on 'em, and they ride to wherever there is any good stock, get the best, and then leave the used-up stock in place. That's how he rides, so he's always got good stock. Well, you see when we heard that Morgan was going to take the town we sent all the stock but this poor horse down to my son's, who lives kinder out of the way. Well, this feller of Morgan's rode up and very politely asked me to exchange horses. I refused and made a great deal of fuss about it, but all the time I was wanting him to take the old horse away, for I liked his one. Well, he stripped the riggin' off his animal and soon had it all on mine, and he might have got into town without finding out he was fooled if it had not a' been for one of them little niggers, who began grinning and hollered: 'I say, Mister, you'll get your head broke, you will; he falls on his knees,' and he had a practical illustration of it, for, putting spurs to him, he started off at a trot, but did not go far till he came down on his knees. He turned round, and coming back to the house, put the fixin's on his own horse and left."

I was among those who were fortunate enough to have arranged for a bed. About half of the party slept on the floor, but all slept soundly. We were called before daylight for breakfast, which was as good as the supper. It still rained hard with no prospect of stopping very soon. The old farmer and his darkies were hitching up. The first wagon had four horses and was full of seats, and carried fourteen persons. The next one had three horses. There were two coffins in it—one of a young soldier named Piper, and the other of Colonel Housen. The last wagon had my brother's coffin in it, and was drawn by two poor-looking horses, but much better than they looked. After we got through Elizabethtown we met a great many teams of all descriptions, hurrying along to Colesburg. The road was an awful one. About four miles of it lay in a ravine, and the rains had raised what was only a little run to quite a respectable creek. It was rough, rock

bottom, and I feared a breakdown. The darkies who drove the wagons with the coffins were very careful, and drove slowly but surely. We came upon a large spring wagon that was hauling passengers. The rough road had been too much for it, and the spokes had said "good-bye" to the felloes, and the passengers were now footing it. Fortunately they had only a mile to walk. We took their baggage in our wagon and were soon at Colesburg Station, which consists of one house, all else having been burned. Here all was confusion—the ground full of teams; the rain pouring down in torrents; passengers going east hurrying their baggage from wagons to cars; passengers going west hurrying from cars to wagons. Getting help I soon had the coffins safe in the baggage car, in which I was also obliged to ride, although quite sick from my drenching and nausea. We reached Louisville in safety at 2 p.m., whence I shipped the coffins by Adams Express and felt greatly relieved. After getting dinner and drying my clothes, I went to see Joe McCann, an intimate friend of both Charlie and Frank, and stayed with him until it was time to take the omnibus for Jeffersonville.

It began to snow as we left Louisville on the 14th, and before I reached home we met snow thirteen inches deep at Crestline. We arrived in Pittsburg on the 16th, just eleven hours behind time. I expected the bodies by the next train, but they did not arrive, and on telegraphing to Cincinnati I learned that they had not arrived there yet. They finally reached here on Monday evening, the 19th. We opened, at the depot, the rough box and took out the metallic coffin. On removing the covering from the glass plate I found that Frank looked even more natural than when first put in the coffin. While in the snowstorm the body was no doubt frozen and had that appearance. We put the coffin in the hearse and took him home, but how unlike the return for which we had hoped!

We buried him the next day, in the afternoon. It was a rainy, sleeting day, horrible under foot. The military turned out, and the first notes of the "Dead March" from a full band made us more mournfully realize than before that we had seen him for the last time on earth. When about half way to the cemetery we passed the railroad depot where Frank was employed at the breaking out of the war. The flag was at half-mast, and quite a

procession of the workmen who knew him, and had worked there under him, joined the cortege at this point, and notwithstanding the dreadful weather, walked the whole distance. These men had left their work to show their respect for him, and it was a tribute that his friends appreciated more than any other shown his memory. The ceremonies at the grave were, like all other military funerals when well conducted, very impressive. The last salute, fired after we got back to the carriages, told us that all was now over.

Frank Biddle Ward was born December 1, 1842, in Pittsburg, Pa. From school he went into the employ of Clark & Company, the great railroad shippers, where he had been about three years. When the war broke out, he enlisted immediately as a private in the Duquesne Grays, Captain Kennedy, for the three months' service. At the end of that time he re-enlisted as private in the Anderson Troop, better known as Buell's Bodyguard, in which he soon became Orderly Sergeant. When the troop was raised to a Regiment, he was promoted to a Captaincy and afterward to Junior Major. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Stone River, December 29, 1862, and died January 11, 1863, as true and gallant a soldier as ever rode to death.

Requiescat in pace!

AT NASHVILLE.

JOHN M. DAVIS, COMPANY B, PHILADELPHIA.

THE peculiar circumstances surrounding the organization of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry furnished some occasion for discontent. Enlistments were made under assurances that the Regiment was to be used as a bodyguard and for special service as orderlies and couriers, though just what sort of service this term implied was by no means clear to any member of the Regiment. These assurances, however, by the acting officers, who were non-commissioned officers and privates of the Anderson Troop detailed by General Buell under charge of Capt. W. J. Palmer, were offered as a special inducement to enlist in a Regiment to be under the immediate eye and direction of the Commanding General of the Department.

It was unfortunate that so much emphasis was placed upon this inducement by the recruiting officers. Governor Curtin subsequently remarked that it was bad policy to take 1000 young men out of the State, each of whom presumably possessed the requisite qualifications to be a commissioned officer, and put them into one Regiment. It was with this understanding of special headquarters service that all enlistments were made.

The Regiment arrived at Nashville with former non-commissioned officers and privates of the original Anderson Troop temporarily in command. Captain Palmer was detained in Richmond, having been captured during the battle of Antietam. The chronic unrest which sometimes breaks out among volunteers manifested itself, and the Regiment, animated with a patriotic and warlike spirit, looked on its arrival at Nashville to its promised assignment to special headquarters duty. When it arrived there, December 24th, General Rosecrans, who had only recently superseded General Buell, was busily engaged with his plans for the movement of his army toward Murfreesboro, and the Regiment was ordered to the front on December 26th.

Immediately a spirit of "wanting to know" what they were to do, whether the specific understanding given at enlistment was to be observed and respected, manifested itself. The boys were totally unaware of the military situation or of the purpose of the rebel commander to make a stand at Stone River and fight. They merely knew they had arrived at the place where they were to be fully officered and assigned to special duty under the Commanding General. The regimental officers, knowing of the promises made to the Regiment and knowing the discontent existing, did nothing to reassure the men of the Regiment or calm its restive spirits.

The organization of the Regiment had been ordered by General Buell, not by General Rosecrans, and General Rosecrans was probably unaware of the special conditions under which the Regiment had been enlisted. A portion of the men conceived they had been deceived and misled by false assurances, and when the Regiment was ordered forward the crisis came. Captain Palmer was not there to say, "It's all right, boys; come on!" Had he been there he would probably have expressed such a sentiment, and the boys would have followed, but there was no one among the commissioned officers to speak the right word at this critical hour. The boys wanted the word spoken. Most of them were eager for battle. They were patriotic and wanted to distinguish themselves and make a proud record for their Regiment—a Regiment of men, as Governor Curtin said, "each of whom was fit to be an officer;" and the Governor was not far wrong, in the opinion of not a few military men who followed the course of the Regiment in its later glorious career.

A division of sentiment arose when the order to march was received. The order was discussed from tent to tent and Company to Company, and the outcome was that when the forward movement began a large part of the Regiment remained behind, waiting for some assurance from someone that they were to be assigned to specific duty, whatever that line of duty was. A day or two later about one-half of the remainder, under the command of Captain Atkinson, Assistant Adjutant General on staff of Brigadier-General Smith, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, Tenth Illinois Volunteers, marched forward. Meanwhile all the officers, except Lieut. Geo. S. Fobes, Quartermaster, and a detail to guard the

camp property, had gone forward, leaving the remainder of the Regiment without officers—an unfortunate matter.

Had one or a few officers remained with the boys, had they told them a battle was imminent, the result probably would have been that every man of them would have seized his carbine and belt and marched to the front. Two-thirds of the Regiment in two detachments—the first, under the command of Majors Ward and Rosengarten—did so; the second, under the command of Captain Atkinson and Colonel Wood, as stated. The remaining one-third being without officers, or a calm word of encouragement or assurance, were provided with temporary quarters in a large building, then known as the "smokehouse," where they were provided with rations until the affairs of the Regiment could be straightened out.

The boys, for boys they were, were not yet soldiers. They had been gathered from farms, countingrooms and colleges in July, August and September, and after drilling at Carlisle and participating in the battle of Antietam were hurried to Louisville, where they were mounted, and then took their long, weary ride through Kentucky and Tennessee without their regimental commander. Had the Regiment not been composed of 1000 men "fit to be officers," possibly the spirit of "wanting to know" might not have developed into a refusal of one-third to march until told a battle was being fought and of the remaining third to not march at all.

It was an unfortunate incident, but it was not cowardice that animated them. They were brave, and proved their bravery in many an hour of peril. Alone and unsupported, the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry during the remaining thirty months of enlistment rode through Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, within the enemy's lines, most of the time scouting and fighting and acting as the eyes and ears of the Commanding General, who never in his long subsequent life ceased to speak in the highest terms of eulogy of the valiant, fighting Fifteenth.

After the battle of Stone River the two detachments, constituting about two-thirds of the Regiment, returned to the vicinity of Nashville. In February, 1863, Colonel Palmer, released from imprisonment, returned and took command, and removed the entire Regiment to Camp Garesche, near Murfreesboro, where reorganization followed, and when the Regiment was mounted and

entered upon the career of activity and independent scouting in which it earned a name and fame that made it known throughout the Army of the Cumberland for bravery, fearlessness and for its achievements along the front and flanks of the Army of the Cumberland.