

"The Camp, The Bivouac, and the Battlefield
being a history of the Fourth Arkansas
Regiment, from its first organization ~~to~~
to the Present Date: Its Campaigns and its
Battles, with an Occasional Reference to
the current events of the times, including
biographical sketches of its Rebel officers
and others of the "old Brigade." The
whole interspersed here and there with
Descriptions of Scenery, Incidents of
Camp Life, etc."

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was worthy of a better cause, halted the advance, and sent a flag of truce forward, enquiring what troops they were. Gen. Heth immediately deployed a cavalry detachment with the intention of capturing the whole squad, and then sent forward a sufficient force of infantry to attack them. A spirited engagement began, when the bushwhackers retreated. The broken nature of the ground foiled the effort to surround them, but did not prevent the cavalry from pursuing them until they were completely routed and scattered over the country. The loss of the enemy in this affair, I believe, was about 20 killed and wounded, and about the same number captured. Our loss none. This was the first skirmish of the campaign, and had a good effect in cheering and animating our troops, for, according to my observation nothing stimulates and reconciles a Confederate soldier to the hardships of a heavy march, so much as the prospect of fighting ahead. This skirmish of Gen. Heth's near Boston, just alluded to, was the only instance where the home organization in this region attempted any open resistance to our advance; but there was not a day during our stay in the mountains that we were not bushwhacked; in the broad open sunshine,—whilst marching on the public highway,—or when strolling in the woods, in the night, sitting around our bivouac fires, or returning from some neighboring cottage where most likely the victim had just partaken of the simple hospitality of the bushwhacker's wife or mother: no hour or place gave us any security against these hidden foes. Once, whilst camped near Mr. Poague's, below Barbourville, Gen. McNair ordered a detail of about twenty-five men from Company B, of our Regiment, and ten cavalry men, to follow some wagon tracks across the Cumberland river, and make a search for wagons and other property supposed to have been hidden in the mountains by the Yankees when they evacuated Barbourville. We had not proceeded more than three miles, when just as we were marching along close to a deep gorge in the mountain, the sharp crack of a musket rang upon our ears, and one of our cavalry squad dropped from his horse with his thigh crushed by an ounce ball. A glimpse of the bushwhacker was seen as he leaped into the ravine, and fifteen or twenty balls were sent whizzing around him as he disappeared behind the rocks; he doubtless escaped; for, upon a search being made, nothing could be seen. On another occasion, whilst encamped at Cumberland Ford, a soldier of the 1st Arkansas Dismounted Rifles, who had been born and raised in the neighborhood, not more than two miles from our encampment, was on his way to one of his former neighbors when he was shot in the thigh by an unseen foe from the bluff above him, and as he afterwards learned the very fellow who shot him was in former years a playmate and school-fellow. A cavalry man had rode off a mile or two from his command into the neighborhood to

get some milk for a sick comrade, was returning to the highway, when becoming suddenly ill, he got down on the grass to rest. A few hours afterwards, his friends being alarmed at his absence, went in search of him, and found him weltering in his blood, and in a dying condition; the murderer finding him too badly wounded to offer any resistance, had come out from his hiding place, mounted his victim's horse and fled. Numbers of such instances as these might be related, the facts of which were well attested, and doubtless many a poor fellow left on the road-side asleep, or exhausted by marching, or wandering outside of the encampment, or hurrying along alone to rejoin his command after a temporary absence, or on picket at an outpost at the dead hour of the night, or lingering in the rear of the army, has disappeared forever from his comrades—his absence being a cause of wonder and inquiry amongst his old associates for a little while, and then in the ever-shifting scenes of this terrible tragedy of war, his name is forgotten by all but a few; and soon they learn to think of him and number him only as one amongst the thousands of those humble heroes who have fallen by the casualties of war in the sacred service of their country.

CHAPTER 9.

Encamped at Cumberland Gap—The Snow—The Houses that the soldiers built—My Chimney—March to Loudon—Major Elstner's Jeans and what he did with it—Changes, Promotions and Transfers—Retrospection—A Breathing Spell—Sage Reflections—"Cooked Rations"—Camp Jokes—Go to Bridgeport—Field Officers Afoot—Manchester—Reedville—"On to Murfreesboro"—The Battle—Colonel Bunn's Report—"Killed and Wounded"—Scenes on the Battle Field—Our Dead—Song—Review—Comparative Results—The Evacuation—We go to Shelbyville.

We left our command at the foot of Cumberland Gap, on the south side. The other divisions of the grand army of invasion had moved on southward, and already were hastening on to middle Tennessee, to arrest the progress of a large Federal force which was rapidly being pushed on towards Nashville, for the purpose of occupying and holding all that fertile and wealthy country laying between the Cumberland and Tennessee river, which has been aptly termed the granary of the South—but of this more anon. Let us turn to that part of our subject which relates to the history of our own regiment.

We reached the Cumberland Gap on the 22d day of October, and encamped in the valley convenient to wood and water. We were

without tents, except probably two or three to the regiment, and the men were almost without clothes and shoes. In fact most of them had but one suit, and these were nearly worn threadbare from long use. The day we arrived at our encampment was cold, windy and cloudy. On the 26th it began to snow, and for two days and nights it continued without intermission, the earth was covered for eighteen inches, and when the thaw began, all the small creeks were swollen, the roads became so sloppy as to be almost impassable, except on horseback; and the valley where we were encamped being low and flat, was covered with water. The suffering of the men would have been intense, but for an expedient which though novel, was very effectual in protecting them from the intense cold. A citizen near us had collected a large number of cow hides, with the intention of establishing a tanyard. The snow had scarcely begun to fall, when hundreds of men could be seen moving rapidly into their quarters, each one bearing on his shoulders one or more cow skins, or a load of oak rails, of which our neighbor's fence supplied an abundance. The rails were propped up on forks, and the skins converted into walls and roofs. Near these impoverished houses a large fire was made of logs piled together in front of the entrance, and huddling under these rude shelters they were enabled to bid defiance to wind and weather. Having a tent myself, I constructed me a fireplace and rude chimney, which if not so elegant as those neat little tent stoves which the Yankees have so abundantly, was at least as comfortable—it was built in this way: At the back end of the tent a trench was dug about fourteen inches wide and of the same depth, with sides perpendicular, and the whole excavation extending about two feet inside towards the centre. From the wall of the tent over the top was placed a broad flat rock, covering more than half of its extent. A shallow trench running from the outside of the wall and communicating with the fireplace within, was then dug, and a barrel with both heads knocked out and placed over the outer opening for a chimney, completed the job. With the wall of the tent pinned close to the ground, and a few sticks burning brightly in my miniature fireplace, I could sit down and be as comfortable as if I was in a house.

We remained here but a few days when orders came for us to move on to Loudon, which we did without any incident worthy of note. When we reached Loudon, on the Tennessee river, our men got their clothes and blankets that were stored here on our departure for Kentucky, nearly three months before. It was found upon examination that many of the knapsacks had been pillaged, and even some of the best blankets stolen, but those that remained were of great service to the soldiers, for many of them had been reduced to one set of garments, and they none of the warmest nor cleanest.

Major Elstner, Gen. McNair's Brigade Quartermaster, having succeeded in bringing out of Kentucky, in our retreat from there, about ten thousand yards of gray and white jeans, set to work with his usual energy and industry, and had it made up into coats and pants for the men; and although from the extraordinary activity of our movements for the next two months, they did not reach the command until the winter was nearly half gone, they *did come* at last, and were very much needed. About this time some important changes were made in the disposition of commanders in our little army in East Tennessee. Col. Ector, who had commanded the 14th Texas Regiment of McCray's Brigade, in the campaign in Kentucky, having been promoted some time before to a Brigadier General, was now in command of the Texas Brigade, and Colonel McCray with his regiment, the 31 Arkansas Infantry, was transferred to McNair's Brigade. Col. McNair was promoted to Brigadier General, and assigned to his old command, which he had now been in command of almost uninterruptedly for seven or eight months. Gen. Churchill, who had commanded the division composed of McNair's and McCray's Brigade, ever since we moved from Chattanooga in the past summer, was transferred, at his own request, to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and General McCown took command of the Division, whilst Gen. E. Kirby Smith was promoted to Lieutenant General, and commanded an army corps, composed of Gen. McCown's and General Stevenson's Divisions, and some detachments of troops stationed in various parts of East Tennessee.

We have followed the fortunes of our little command for over fifteen months, over hill and valley, through cold and heat, in the dust and in the rain, we have traced their footsteps; we have seen them cheerful and hopeful and valiant even under disaster; we have seen every encampment where they have lingered only a few days, marked by the graves of our heroic dead, and in the midst of the hot carnage on the battle-field, we have seen them go forth, resolute and daring, sometimes under the leadership of our gray-haired commander, and at others led by her boy Colonel. But, saddest of all, we have watched her brave boys falling out of the ranks by sickness, and the enemy's bullets, never more to answer to the roll call, or turn out with musket and bayonet at the long roll of the drum which calls to arms, until now more than half the number of those who joined at the first enlistment, are either sleeping that last sleep which knows no awaking this side of eternity, or are broken down by disease, or crippled by the loss of a limb for life. Yet the same zeal which animated them in the beginning, urges them onward wherever duty calls, and the same deathless courage which prompted them on the battle-field of Elk Horn and of Richmond, which stimulated them in the long weary marches through the

swamps of Arkansas, over the sandhills of Mississippi, climbing the mountains of East Tennessee, and toiling through the heat and dust along the turnpikes of Kentucky, now urges them forward to yet greater triumphs and nobler achievements. Although about this time, whilst we were resting on the banks of the Tennessee, near Loudon, there seemed to be a breathing space in the history of the war—a lull in the terrible storm which, for near a year and a half, had been sweeping like a besom of destruction over our land, it was a delusive calm which was soon to be followed

“By the clash of arms and the din of battles.”

It has been truthfully and appropriately said by one of England's sagest writers, “That the current of events never stands still; the tide of cause and effect never ebbs, but still advancing with a flood equally noiseless, invisible and invincible, whether it be rapid or slow, overtops the landmarks of the most sage experience, and shakes the bulwarks of the firmest resolution;” and so it was in this instance; for when we deemed ourselves most secure in the quietude and ease which we were enjoying at least for a short season, events of the gravest significance were transpiring, and preparations of the greatest magnitude were being made by both friend and foe for offensive and defensive measures, which was to tell with a powerful effect either for weal or woe upon the future history and the ultimate destiny of our struggling country, and to send up to the heavens throughout the length and breadth of the land—from the St. Lawrence on the North, to the Mexican Gulf on the South—a wail of woe for the dead and dying;—but let us not anticipate the progress of events.

After remaining at Loudon a few days, idle, and uncertain as to our next move, orders came for the usual “three days' cooked rations.” As soon as the order became generally known, there might have been heard all through the camp such expressions as “Lookout boys, there is a fight ahead!” “No such a thing,” some one would retort, “we are going to retreat. Did'nt you hear the other day that old Rosy was in *four hundred miles of us?*” But this badinage and repartee did not prevent the greatest activity everywhere. The hour for taking the cars was close at hand, and the night was far spent. Fires were now built up in every direction, whose bright lurid flames cast a ruddy glow over the whole scene, whilst busy groups could be seen bustling about like shadows in the night, or bending eagerly over the fires engaged in cooking their *three days' rations*. Now and then a courier on horseback could be seen dashing through the masses of men, hurrying them to the right or left, to escape his horse's feet, as he sped swiftly on, bearing some order or message relating to the movement of the morrow; but ere the hour of mid-

night had come, the fires had burned to a bed of embers, and the busy laborers of the early hours had finished their work and gone to their blankets to snatch an hour's rest, and all was still, save the steady tramp of the night guard as he moved forward and backward on his post, or the officer of the night as he went his rounds.

Morning came, and with it the train that was to take us, where?—ah! that was the question—at any rate it was to be Southward. Night still found us moving on, and the next day we reached the west side of the Tennessee river, opposite the little town of Bridgeport, where we encamped for several days, waiting for our artillery and wagon trains to reach Decherd, the point to which they had been ordered by Gen. Smith.

On the 25th day of November, orders came for the division to march on foot direct to Manchester, a distance of about 65 miles, and to the right of Tullahoma some twelve or fifteen miles. As the horses belonging to the field and staff officers of the different regiments had been sent around with the baggage train and artillery, these officers had to march on foot with their men, which fact caused no little sport and amusement to the rank and file, who facetiously said they hoped these officers would now find out how far a man could walk in a day, behind a horse, and not break down.

At Manchester we rested a day or two, and were ordered to move on to Readyville, a little village about twelve miles northeast of Murfreesboro', where we found Stevenson's Division, which had preceded us, and a Brigade commanded by Gen. Tracy. Gen. McCown, at this place, assumed command of Kirby Smith's corps, and Gen. Tracy, whose brigade had been temporarily put in our division, assumed command of the division, he being the senior Brigadier. This arrangement did not last long, for in a few days Gen. Stevenson's Division, with Gen. Tracy's Brigade, was ordered to Mississippi, and Gen. Kirby Smith who had not yet joined us, was sent to command the Trans-Mississippi Department, when Gen. McCown returned to the command of the old division, composed as formerly of McNair's Brigade of Arkansians and Ector's Brigade of Texans.

Every day the booming cannon could be heard announcing to our eager and expectant troops the early prospect of a great battle. Already heavy skirmishing between the advance of both armies was being reported to us from the front, and every indication pointed to the early prospect of a great and a bloody battle. The disposition of our troops under Gen. Bragg, was such as to enable him to concentrate them at any point the enemy might choose to menace, our lines extending from Shelbyville to Raedyville, with a large force of cavalry in front, impeding the progress of the enemy, and occasionally

making a dash in his rear, capturing his wagon guard, dispersing their cavalry, and burning or otherwise destroying their wagon trains.

On the evening of the 27th, orders came for us to be ready to move at a moment's notice, and at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 28th day of December, our entire division had filed into the road, and was *en route* for Murfreesboro', which place they reached about the 1st of the same day, having traveled the entire distance exposed to a drenching rain. Here we found the whole army bivouacked in line of battle, "*with their faces to the foe.*" The enemy was reported moving down upon us slowly, but stealthily, with a force more than double the strength of ours. Nothing daunted, our gallant old iron-hearted Gen. (Bragg) seemed determined to meet the marshalled hosts of the enemy, and trust the result in the hands of the God of battles. Our division to which Gen. Raines' Brigade was attached, formed on the right of the Lebanon Pike, about one mile northeast of the town, and lay on their arms all night. The morning of the 29th of December opened bright and clear and beautiful. Every sound that was borne upon the wings of the wind from the north, was caught up by the eager listening ears of the expectant troops. Now and then the deep sullen roar of a single cannon came booming upon the morning air. Then another and another followed in quick succession, and then filing down the turnpike from the direction of the town, came a long line of infantry at a double-quick, their gay parti-colored battle flags flaunting in the breeze, and their bright musket barrels flashing and reflecting back in many a dazzling line of light the bright sunshine. Having passed our encampment they formed in line of battle just in our front.

Next came the rattling sound of heavy wagons, and in a moment a battery of light artillery dashed into the road and passed on towards the front. They were followed by a squadron of cavalry in a canter, and as they approached us it could be distinctly discovered that the foremost group was composed of distinguished officers and their respective staffs. They halted a moment and seemed to be in earnest consultation, when they dashed forward, followed by the troop of cavalry, and were lost to sight. We soon learned that Gens. Bragg, Hardee, Polk and Breckinridge were amongst the number. A few more minutes of eager expectation, and orders came for us to move forward and file to the left, which we did, halting some hours on the right of the Nashville Pike, and then marching over to the Triune road, crossed Stone river and occupied the ground to the left of that road and about two miles and a half from Murfreesboro', near a large frame house owned by Mrs. Smith, a widow lady, in which house Gen. McCown took up his quarters. Our command lay in line of battle all night in the open field. On the morning of the 30th the sun was obscured by clouds, and during the day oc-

casional light showers of rain fell. Irregular and scattering musket shots from the skirmishers, in the forenoon, announced the approaching conflict. Towards noon, heavy cannonading on our right and frequently rapid musket shots, amounting sometimes to volleys, suggested a possibility of the engagement becoming general. About the middle of the afternoon, or perhaps it might be a little later in the day, a battery of the enemy opened on our Brigade whilst they were laying down in the field, and the shell went whizzing through the air just over our heads. Every man fell to the ground until they passed by, and burst into a thousand pieces. Then they rose to their feet and clutched their guns. Gen. McNair rode along our lines encouraging the men in something like such language as this: Keep cool my men—do not get excited; if they charge you, hold your fire until you can see the whites of their eyes, and then give it to them: aim low—be sure you do not pull trigger too quick—pick your man out before you fire. Boom! boom! boom! went the Federal cannon again—a half dozen 12-pound shell came gracefully curving through the air and burst, some in front, some in the rear, and it pains me to say others just over the column of men. Eighteen were wounded, and one killed, but the wounded were quietly carried away, and the dead laid to one side, and all was still. Gen. McCown and his staff, whose quarters were rather in advance of the brigade, rode leisurely and calmly out into the field in front of us, and in a few minutes was joined by Gen. McNair. At this moment the bursting of shell over head and the blue wreaths of curling smoke which gracefully floated in the air, with the whizzing by of the little leaden messengers of death, made the scene one of painful and fearful interest. A hasty consultation took place between the two Generals, and then as quietly as they came, and as indifferent to the dangerous proximity of cannon balls as if it was only a pyrotechnic display gotten up by Gen. Rosecrans for our amusement, the two Generals parted, each returning to his quarters. A little while before night, orders came for us to move to a bunch of timber about two hundred yards in front, and lay down in line of battle. It was now getting dark, and all was still, save here and there the sharp crack of an Enfield rifle from the picket lines, some three or four hundred yards in advance. I got between two rocks, in the bushes, built me a fire, and in company with ten or twelve men, spread my blanket for sleep. All the night long the tiresome watches of the sentinel who kept guard over his sleeping friends was enlivened by an occasional shot from the enemy's pickets. At last the night wore away, and an officer just as the gray dawn began to steal in upon the darkness, came silently and quietly along the lines on foot, with the word *be quiet*—get your men in line—see that their guns are in order—let there be no talking or laughing. The hour which decides the fate of

the army is nigh at hand. Silently and quietly, like shadows in the dim gray of the opening morning, they move forward all in a line, those gallant fellows from Arkansas and Texas, and Georgia, and Louisiana and North Carolina and Florida. Here and there a sentinel fires a stray shot, but they heed it not—a fence is scaled—the Federal sharpshooters have opened upon us, a battery of the enemy is in front, and with one wild loud simultaneous shout, the word goes forth from right to left, and all along the line, charge my brave boys, charge the vandals: then with a yell like ten thousand demons, turned loose from "Hades," they rush, like an avalanche upon the foe, and the battle rages—at first the firing is scattering, then gun after gun is fired until it becomes a volley, and from a volley to one continuous roar of musketry, the earth reverberates to the sound of cannon, and the sky is one blaze of bursting shells. Everywhere on that glorious day, as far as the eye could reach, the fields and woods were in a blaze, with the bright lurid flame of bursting shrapnell and round shell. I reckon you never saw a shell burst?—it is a pretty sight, but it is a great deal prettier to read about it than to be close by when they burst, and the little shot and bits of iron go whizzing and singing close to your ears. But to my story. The day wears away, high noon has come and gone—but neither the cries of the wounded, nor the shouts of the victors are heard, for the thunder of great and small guns mock even heaven's artillery. The shades of evening are closing in upon the victor and the vanquished, but the work of death ceaseth not. Now darkness hovers over all, and the stillness of death creeps over the face of the earth, in all things save the pattering of horses' hoofs as some courier hurries over the blood-stained field, or the groans of the wounded, startle the passer by, as he gropes his way amongst the slain. Shall I draw the veil of silence over the rest, or will you ask to see more?—go to the hospitals, where hundreds, nay thousands of wounded are gathered together, some begging for water, some crying for help, others begging for God's mercy to let them die and be relieved from their suffering—but no, it is enough. The scene is too harrowing, after the work of carnage, comes the last sad scene which ends this terrible tragedy,—the burying of the dead,—here and there may be seen small squads of men with pick-axe and shovel or spade, marching in silence now and then stopping in groups to gaze on some lifeless body a moment, then a hole is made, a blanket wrapped around the dead soldier, and the dirt covers him, and this sad ceremony is repeated until all have been put away in their last silent home.

But, it was not my purpose to write a history of this battle, any further than to show how gallantly the "Old Fourth" did its duty

upon this bloody field. I herewith submit the official report of Col. Bunn, who had recently been promoted to Colonel of the regiment:

CAMP NEAR SHELBYVILLE, TENN.,
January 10th, 1863.

Captain:

I have the honor to make the following report of the action of the 4th Arkansas Regiment, in the battle of the 31st December, before Murfreesboro'.

At 6 o'clock in the morning of the 31st ult., in connection with the Brigade, I moved my Regiment forward to attack the enemy in position, about six or eight hundred yards in our front. It is unnecessary that I should go into detail; suffice it to say, after driving in the enemy's pickets, we attacked his main force in a dense thicket of cedar and undergrowth, and routed him without making a halt. We pursued him to a creek something near a half mile beyond, but seeing our lines far in advance of the main line, and hearing that another force of the enemy on our right had closed in upon our rear, and ahead of Gen. Hardee's Reserves, consulting with the regimental commander, I determined to march back and cut my way through the enemy's lines, if necessary. Arriving near the battle-ground above-mentioned, I united with Gen. La Dell's Brigade, and moved forward inclining to the right, under heavy fire from the enemy's infantry. We drove the enemy from every position, taking artillery in every engagement, but I have no means of giving a correct account of pieces taken. I think it was at or about this period, that the enemy, behind two rail fences, attacked Gen. La Dell's Brigade, then directly in his front. I was ordered, in conjunction with the other portions of the brigade, to charge the enemy, in order to relieve Gen. La Dell. We assailed him (the enemy) advancing in a right oblique direction, and routed him from behind the fences, taking his artillery, and killing and wounding a considerable number. By this time, my forty rounds of ammunition were exhausted, and we were compelled to wait for the Ordnance train. After supplying the troops with the requisite number of rounds, we moved forward, and uniting with the Texas Brigade, were ordered to take a battery of artillery some half a mile in front and to the right. Though wearied and worn-out with the toils of the previous engagements, our gallant troops moved forward with alacrity. From the nature of the ground—having to half-wheel to the right and through a dense cedar thicket, our lines became somewhat broken. In the mean time, three batteries opened upon us with shell. As we advanced the fire became heavier, until we emerged from the thicket into the open field, where the batteries could be seen, when they opened on us with grape and canister, supported by a fourth battery to the

right of our front, fifteen degrees, and in rear of the front centre battery. These were supported by four columns of infantry, which as our brave fellows advanced, began to give way. Some of our troops advanced to within twenty, thirty, and fifty yards of the centre battery, but it was impossible for any troops so few in numbers, to withstand this murderous fire. Our ranks were being thinned at every step, and wavering for a moment, they gave way, and retired in confusion and disorder. Thus were repulsed the veterans who had always and in every battle been victorious. We were removed to the right, in front of the enemy's lines, and half a mile south-east, where we remained two days, without being in another engagement.

I cannot consent to notice cases of individual gallantry, where all performed their part so well. "Honor be to him to whom honor is due;" let it then be given to the whole regiment. My color-bearer, John Bryant, was wounded in the first engagement, while bearing the colors in front. *Lieut. John Armstrong, Company D, bore the colors in the last desperate charge, in which he fell mortally wounded, when Lieut. Goodner, Company (F,) seized them, but soon fell seriously wounded. Captain Lavender, Company (F,) brought off the colors. I have mentioned these names, not as placing any higher estimate upon their gallantry than that of other officers and men, but to show how determined every one seemed to maintain the honor and character of the regiment. In a word, my field and staff officers assisted me with their coolness and bravery. My captains led their companies and called them "onward," "onward." My Lieutenants urged their commands forward, and non-commissioned officers and privates required but little urging.

I am, Captain, your obedient servant,

H. G. BUNN,

Colonel commanding 4th Arkansas Regiment.

CAPT. R. E. FOOTE, A. A. General, 3d Brigade.

*Lieut. John Armstrong afterwards recovered from his wounds, and returned to the command, having been captured by the enemy. His wounds, though severe, did not prevent him from joining his company, and fighting through several other hard-contested battles, as the progress of this history will hereafter show.

AUTHOR.

LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED, in 4th Arkansas Regiment, in the Battle of Murfreesboro', December 31st, 1863.

KILLED. WOUNDED.	NAMES.	RANK.	COMPANY.	HOW SHOT.	REMARKS.
1	Ware, Rob't J.	Serg't	A	not known	killed dead on the field
1	Smith, Sandy A.	4th "	A	"	died in the hands enemy
1	Bryant, John B.	col. b.	A	shot in leg, dang's	died at Knox'11, Feb. 9
1	Carr, John	Corp'l	A	" foot, same	recovered, on duty
1	Silliman, J. S.	Priv'te	A	" hand, slight	" "
1	Johnson, Moses	"	A	" hip, slight	" "
1	Weatherley, W.	"	A	" head, severe	" "
1	Harcrow, M.	Corp'l	A	" leg, slight	" "
1	Parker, J. A.	"	A	" finger, sev'e	shot night before battle
1	Wysinger, D. W.	"	A	" hand, slight	recovered and on duty
1	Davis, Rich. H.	Serg't	B	" arm, slight	" "
1	Norwood, W. R.	Priv'te	B	" breast & jaw	" "
1	Brown, Wm.	"	B	" side, flesh	" "
1	Gibson, Geo. W.	"	B	" "	" "
1	Fuller, Josiah	"	B	" "	" "
1	Elkins, J. W.	3d Lt.	C	shoulder severe	recovered, resigned
1	Clingman, J. T.	2d Lt.	C	thigh fractured	died in hands of enemy
1	Cresson, H. jr.	Serg't	C	arm, severe	recovered
1	Morrison, W. L.	Priv'te	C	" "	" "
1	Woods, J. H.	"	C	shot thro' lungs	" discharged
1	Pate, J. M.	"	C	"	killed dead
1	Elkins, F. A.	"	C	"	" "
1	Phillips, Wm.	"	C	"	" "
1	Mays, Sam'l W.	Capt.	D	shoulder, severe	recovered—resigned
1	Mercer, G. B. W.	2d Lt.	D	leg-1 bone brok'n	" on duty
1	Armstrong, J.	3d Lt.	D	thigh & side, sev'r	" on duty
1	Henderson, D.	Priv'te	D	hip	" captured
1	Hardin, J. M. V.	"	E	"	killed dead
1	Adams, Isaac	"	E	leg, severe	recovered—on duty
1	Bittner, J. L.	"	E	hand slight	" "
1	Cox, Isaac	"	E	breast "	" "
1	Campbell	"	E	" severely	" "
1	Ellis, Jas. W.	"	E	hand "	hand deformed—on duty
1	Foreman, J. W.	"	E	shoulder, slight	recovered
1	McCray, Silas	"	E	hand severe	recov'd, crippled; dis'd
1	Price, Jordan	"	E	arm severely	" "
1	Williams, W. F.	"	E	hip	" on duty
1	Caldwell, Thos.	"	E	"	killed
1	Garrett, J. F.	Serg't	F	"	killed dead
1	Logan, B. F.	Lieut.	F	leg, dangerously	died at hospital
1	Baker, H. Mc.	Serg't	F	hip, slight	recovered—on duty
1	Simpson, R. M.	Priv'te	F	thigh, severely	" "
1	Chapman, J. M.	"	F	"	" "
1	Baggs, M. V.	"	F	knee "	" "
1	Stewart, Wm.	"	F	side, slight	" "
1	Vinsen, J. M.	"	G	"	killed dead
1	Huddest'n. C. N.	"	G	hip, severe	died of his wounds
1	Haynes, F. J.	"	G	arm "	recovered

AND WOUND

HOW SHOT.

 shoulder, severe

neck, severe

thigh, slight

hip, "

hip, "

leg, "

foot, severe

head

hip, slight

leg, fracture

head, severe

breast

hip, slight

arm, slight

" "

groin, slight

knee, severe

breast

side, slight

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I cannot more appropriately close this part of my subject, than by giving to the reader the following simple but touching song written by Jas. W. Ellis, a private of Company E, 4th Arkansas Regiment:

MURFREESBORO'S DEAD

BY JAS. W. ELLIS, 4TH ARK. REG'T.

As "Sixty-two" lay down to die,
He'd scarcely reached his tomb
When "Sixty-three" was ushered in
'Mid cannon's awful boom:
Whilst on the East the New-Year blushed
Ere Phœbus rose in view:
Full many a Patriot breathed his last,
And went with "Sixty-two."

Their names are dropt at roll-call now.
Nor will they answer more:
Yet will their deeds of valor live,
Remembered as before.
The fatal ball their bosoms pierced.
And shed their warm life-blood
On Southern soil—for "Southern rights"
To water Freedom's sod!

Ho! living men behold their deeds.
And see their nameless graves;
Come forth, avenge their death on fields
Where died these Southern braves;
Their names a Nation now reveres,
For nobly did they fall
Defending right—religion's cause—
At Freedom's sacred call!

They rushed to arms and joined the ranks
In which they fought and bled.
Come, emulate the example set
By Murfreesboro's Dead;
Come, hold at bay with bayonet
The mercenary hordes:
Strike, strike! remembering all the while
"The battle is the Lord's."

Should the invader dare advance
And desecrate their graves.
Then charge and shout "we'd rather die
Than live and be his slaves."
Their children in our sunny land
When Peace its smiles shall shed.
Can proudly say, "our fathers sleep
With Murfreesboro's Dead."

SHELBYVILLE, TENN., FEB. 15th, 1863.

After the engagement of the 31st day of December, our Division having fallen back after the repulse alluded to by Col. Bunn, in his report, threw up temporary breast-works of cedar logs, braced and strengthened by the large flat lime rocks, which lay close at hand, behind which they remained holding their position for three days and two nights, exposed to the most inclement weather, until the night of the 3d day of January of the new year, when they in obedience to orders, abandoned their works, and retreated through the town of Murfreesboro' towards Shelbyville, at which place they arrived, wet, cold and hungry, about 4 o'clock the next evening, where we will leave them for the present. The battle of Murfreesboro, when a calm and dispassionate review of all the facts is made, must be regarded as one of the grandest, as well as the bloodiest of the war,—largely outnumbered by the enemy, for Gen. Bragg never at any time during the hottest part of that bloody day, had more than one-third as many troops engaged as the enemy, and yet, but for the fact that at the most critical hour of the day, reinforcements which were ordered to come to the relief of the centre, did not arrive, the enemy's lines, according to their own acknowledgement, being severely shaken, would soon have been broken, and a complete victory achieved. Gen. Bragg, in his report of this engagement, including the fight of the 31st of December and the 2d of January, together with all of the cavalry skirmishes immediately preceding the battle, estimates our loss at something near ten thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners, including about twelve hundred wounded, left to fall into the hands of the enemy, after our evacuation of Murfreesboro'. The Yankee loss he estimates at about three thousand killed, sixteen thousand wounded, six thousand two hundred and seventy-three prisoners, and our capture of property, in round numbers, was six thousand stands of small arms, nine stands of colors, eight hundred wagons, and immense quantities of knapsacks, blankets, and other small property. The evacuation and retreat of our army was conducted with the most perfect order, and without any loss whatever, except here and there an old wagon was broken down, when its contents were rapidly transferred to another, the wreck thrown out of the road, and the column moved on to its destination, which was Shelbyville.