

one morning that the Confederates in small force were encamped in a village a few miles away. A squadron of our cavalry, in command of Capt. Bartlett, was immediately sent out in the direction of the village, to take the Johnnies in out of the wet, as we supposed. We moved along cautiously until arriving in the vicinity of the village, when we halted and formed to make a charge into the town. When all was ready the Captain gave the command "Forward, charge," and away we flew into and through the town with drawn sabres, and found nothing to run against. Not a solitary "Johnny" was to be seen. It was like kicking against nothing. We were somewhat disappointed, but as I thought the matter over I concluded to be willing to be thus deluded.

74 Ill. Cav Co. C.
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CHAPTER V.

From Northern Alabama to Nashville, Tenn., and Its Occupation by the Federals.

Early on the morning of Aug. 28, 1862, the bugle sounded for boots and saddles. About fifty or sixty of Co. C, including myself, mounted and prepared to move, thinking that we were going on a scouting expedition some distance from camp. Therefore our blankets and small trinkets were left, with the supposition that we would return in the evening. We moved out, and after riding quite a distance, perhaps eight or ten miles, we met Gen. Palmer and staff, with a division of infantry and artillery. He was on his way north, to Nashville, Tenn., a distance of over one hundred and fifty miles. Co. C was employed as escort for the General on the journey, and we never returned to Cortland, losing our blankets and other things.

We were on the way a number of days, occasionally seeing a few of the enemy in our front and having a skirmish with them. During the fore part of the journey a scene was witnessed which I considered

army from Kentucky arrived at Nashville, which opened communication once more with the North and our homes. We had not received any mail for about three months and were very glad indeed to receive letters from home, some of which had been on the way two or three months. The army was now being thoroughly reorganized, and named Army of the Cumberland, with Gen. Rosecrans in command; and preparations were made for the advance on Murfreesboro. We remained here at Nashville until Dec. 26, 1862.

CHAPTER VI.

The Advance on Murfreesboro—Battle of Stone River—Occupation of Murfreesboro by the Federals—Cripple Creek and Tullahoma Campaign—Advance on Chattanooga and Chickamauga.

The announcement was made on Christmas night, 1862, to the Army of the Cumberland, to prepare to march the following morning, with three days' rations in the haversacks and cartridge boxes well filled. The reveille sounded loudly throughout the camps about Nashville early on the morning of the 26th, and all was alive, with thousands of busy soldiers preparing for the advance. The morning dawned drearily, with threatening clouds overhanging the sky, but preparations to move forward went briskly on. After breakfast the order came to strike tents and prepare to move soon. Regiment after regiment filed out on several different roads leading toward Murfreesboro, with fifes and drums playing inspiring music, which cheered the soldiers to a high degree.

But alas! How little did we know how many of our number, now so cheerful, would be laid low within a

few days by the enemy's bullets and that 9,700 of our number would be killed or wounded within eight days on the battlefield of Stone River.

The whole army was soon on the move, and outside of the picket lines. A skirmish line was pushed forward, and did not march many miles before the skirmishers of the enemy were met, who gradually retired. We continued to advance, sometimes meeting quite a force of the enemy, who repeatedly withdrew. This continued until we reached the vicinity of Stone River, Dec. 30, 1862.

During the march of the Army of the Cumberland from Nashville to the vicinity of Murfreesboro, which continued from Dec. 26 to the 30th, rain fell in torrents nearly every day, which caused the roads to become almost impassable. After thousands of horses had passed over the soft and water-covered roads, the mud was fearful, from four to six inches in depth and in some places half knee deep, and of the consistency of cream or very thick paint ready for use. The reader can judge by looking at the illustration whether it was a pleasure for the soldiers to tramp all day on a road in the above-mentioned condition, while the rain was pouring down.

The soldiers were loaded as mentioned, following: First a knapsack, containing extra garments, under-



The Army Marching Through Mud and Rain.

wear and blanket; also any trinkets that a soldier chose to have; second, a haversack, containing three or four days' rations; third, a gun, a heavy belt with cartridge box containing 40 rounds, and last but not least, a canteen full of water. The cavalry and artillery fared but little or perhaps no better than the infantry on those muddy roads, as the tramping of the horses caused the mud to splash in such a manner that both horses and riders became literally plastered with it, which gave them a job of cleaning up. It requires grit and a good constitution to march all day on a slushy road with rain pouring down, and then go into camp at night and lie down to sleep on the muddy ground with rain-soaked clothes. It also requires iron-clad patriotism, to keep a smiling countenance under these conditions.

The haversack and canteen were as essential to a soldier of the War of the Rebellion from 1861 to 1865 when on a long march as a tender is to a railroad locomotive. The locomotive when running would soon become powerless if the tender did not accompany it to supply fuel and water with which to create power to enable it to travel.

That was also the fact with the soldier. If he did not have the indispensable haversack and canteen well filled, attached to himself when on the march, he

could expect that his locomotive power would fail in a short time and he would become unable to march. The haversack generally contained the following articles when filled for the march: First, a quantity of the genuine, indispensable, hard-as-a-rock-Uncle-Sam-hardtack, sometimes animated hardtack; a slice of bacon, sometimes animated; a small package of browned coffee, a small quantity of sugar tied up in paper and tucked away in a corner, and last but not least, a pinch of salt. But why was salt needed? The bacon was salty, and the hardtack did not need salt, and it would not have improved the coffee. The salt appears to be a mystery, but perhaps it was not a mystery to the soldier. Some people may not understand the meaning of the words, "animated hardtack." Therefore we will explain. Animated hardtack was that which was inhabited by the larvæ of flies, a footless insect or grub, but plainly speaking, a maggot. The soldiers of the war from 1861 to 1865 were occasionally treated to a few rations of animated hardtack and animated bacon also, perhaps by mistake. In such cases the soldiers were liable to find a portion of their rations escaping.

The canteen generally contained water, but there were occasions when it did not contain water; perhaps milk, if a cow could be found, and the finder

chanced to be an expert milker, capable of milking into the small mouth of a canteen. The haversack was not a thing of beauty, nor was it ornamented, especially after it had been in use during a considerable length of time. It was generally constructed of heavy canvas, and of course after the greasy bacon had been stored in it and carried on those long marches in that broiling Dixie sun, and on dusty roads, it became a slick-appearing object as the canvas became saturated with grease from the bacon and then a coat of dust adhered to it, which, after considerable wear and several alternate coats of grease and dust, made it as polished as a looking-glass. A story was circulated during the war about some remarks that a southern lady made when a number of our regiments were passing. She said, "There are the proudest lot of Yanks that I have seen. Every fellow has a looking-glass hanging to him." She evidently mistook the glossy haversacks for looking-glasses.

Now after marching all day loaded, as previously described, the soldiers would receive orders to halt and go into camp by the roadside in their order of march. The camping place sometimes was in a muddy cornfield or cottonfield, and other times in the woods. After each regiment and company were assigned to a place to be occupied during the night, ar-

rangements were made for the purpose of procuring fuel and water, and if sticks could be found the proper size the pup tents were erected, after which the boys would proceed with the preparations for getting supper, which were generally not very elaborate, as the cooking utensils during a long march were few, consisting of a tin cup, in which the coffee was boiled, and a small branch of a tree fifteen or eighteen inches in length and pointed at each end. One end was stuck in the ground at an angle of about 45 degrees, and a slice of bacon hung on the other end near enough to the fire to make it broil and also make it palatable. The coffee was next in order. The butt end of a gun was substituted for a coffee mill on these occasions. The coffee was boiled in a tin cup, or a very small coffee pot if the soldier chanced to have one, until it became strong enough to float an iron wedge (as the boys termed it). When supper was ready they would sit on the ground in small groups and gnaw at their hardtack and bacon. If the weather happened to be cool they would sit in a circle around a small campfire and eat and talk until they became sleepy or taps sounded for lights out. Then a sleeping place was prepared. If their camping place was in a cornfield a few cornstalks or other rubbish would be gathered and placed on the ground for a bed, and when about

ready to retire they would perhaps be surprised by the orderly who called their names for extra picket duty, perhaps to go on outside picket. They go out to their post of duty and perhaps about the time that they are posted rain begins falling. A long, dreary night is spent by watching for the enemy. Morning dawns and the rain still continues falling. The men are called in off their post of duty. When they arrive in camp the bugle sounds to fall in ready to march. Then another call forward when they begin their march for the day without breakfast or making their toilets. But after marching some distance hunger begins to gnaw, and a few hardtack are found at which they begin to nibble as they march. Hungry, sleepy, and tired, they continue to march all day on the muddy roads, while rain is pouring down, for \$13 per month for the purpose of perpetuating our glorious government.

On the morning of Dec. 31 the memorable battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, began. At daylight Gen. Bragg, who was in command of the Confederates, made a furious attack upon the right wing of the Federal army, and drove it back, but at a fearful cost. A temporary panic followed immediately on our right wing, mostly among the army wagon teams and runaway horses, and horses from which riders had been

shot. All these came rushing back at a furious rate. I witnessed a portion of the above scene and have no desire to see another like it. I well remember seeing a six-mule team with army wagon attached running at full speed over a rail fence, brush, rocks and logs. At the same time I saw wounded soldiers covered with blood, horses perhaps in a similar condition, all with a mad rush making their way toward the rear. The above was only a sample of other such scenes.

After the right was driven back the Confederates concentrated their forces upon our center and the right of the left, which were composed of Palmer's and several other commands, who repulsed the Confederates with great loss. Our artillery swung into line on the run, and poured forth its deadly missiles into the enemy's ranks.

Nothing in war is more exciting than to see a battery go into action. It has been drilled incessantly for months, perhaps years, for just such a crisis—for the moment when it can gallop directly into the very hell of the battle and throw all of its terrific power into a few minutes of awful work in deciding the contest. Day in and day out men and horses have been unweariedly drilled for a few moments of intense action at a critical time. Time and fatigue have been disregarded, to train them thoroughly as parts of a

and Nature smiled lovingly upon the field of the previous day's carnage. The day passed without a general engagement, but the lines of the army were being reformed and preparations were made for another battle the following day.

The illustration is full of the spirit of war. It represents the lull which comes after one attack has been repulsed before another is made. The men behind the rude, hastily-constructed but quite formidable defenses, are having a brief respite. They know that it is only a respite, but are making the most of it. They will get what comfort they can in the meanwhile. It is probable they will be attacked again soon, but while they are ready and willing to meet it they are borrowing no trouble about it. They feel that they can repulse it as certainly and easily as they did the other. If the hour has any comfort in it they are going to enjoy it. The squad of prisoners in the foreground is very eloquent. It shows how the Confederate conscription was forcing into the ranks "all classes and conditions of men."

The capture of prisoners had become so common a thing that the squad hardly excites a ripple of interest among the men. They hardly look up from their cooking or their game to observe the new captures, who

simply go to swell the tens of thousands already in our hands.

Jan. 2 opened with some firing along the line, and late in the afternoon became a general engagement on our left, which resulted in a complete defeat of the Confederates. About the time that this battle of Jan. 2 fairly began, Lieut. John H. Shaw, of Co. C, 7th Illinois Cavalry climbed a tall forest tree for the purpose of locating the enemy and directing the firing of our artillery, which he did with good success. And while he was up in the tree, sitting upon a limb four or five inches in diameter, viewing the enemy with a large telescope, a cannon shot cut the limb off about 7 or 8 feet from where he was sitting. The Lieutenant told me that it was quite a nervous shock to him, and he scrambled down from that tree faster than he went up.

During this engagement Gen. Palmer sent me on an errand, and on the way I was obliged to pass through a line of our artillery posted on the west bluff of Stone River. On my return trip, when riding through the line and within ten or fifteen feet of one of the guns, I saw the axle cut from under it by a shot from the enemy. The beautiful brass gun tumbled to the ground. The battle was raging fiercely, causing havoc all about. Shells were exploding and shrieking

through the air. Solid shot was plowing the earth and throwing the ground in showers around us. It seemed as if the whole Southern Confederacy had broken loose upon that spot. Rifle and musket balls were doing their share of execution also. After passing the line of guns I found myself among the artillerymen and horses, where an alarming confusion was found, caused by the fearful execution of the enemy's fire, which appeared to be concentrated right on that place. When near one of the artillerymen, on his horse, I saw the upper part of his head disappear. A cannon shot did the work, and he fell from his horse a corpse. By what I have just mentioned the reader can judge in regard to the condition of things during a battle, as this was only a sample of many similar scenes.

After extricating myself from the confused mass I made my way back to headquarters and reported to Gen. Palmer, and considered myself extremely fortunate in running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire without injury to myself or horse.

Soon after making my report to the General the famous charge took place across Stone River by Gen. Negley's division and other troops. Negley's division formed the principal part of the charge. The men waded through water several feet deep, some of them waist



deep. A few were shot while wading and fell into the water. The battle raged fiercely for a short time and the Confederates were repulsed with great loss. Gen. Rosecrans then ordered an advance and our soldiers obeyed with a cheer. We soon heard continuous cheering, and the Confederates were routed and on the run. Gen. Palmer was so elated over our success that he fairly stood up in the stirrups of his saddle and said, "The boys have got them on the run, the boys have got them on the run," and swung his hat above his head. "Pap Palmer," as he was called by some of the men, was loved by his soldiers, and as a consequence Palmer's division nearly always held its line of battle, and did not know defeat.

The day was drawing to a close, and the Confederates were falling back, leaving the battlefield in our possession. Thus ended the battle of Stone River. Just as it was getting dusk the General and I rode down across a portion of the field which had been occupied by the Confederates during the heavy firing from our artillery and musketry combined, and where Breckenridge's corps lost 1,800 men in less than a half hour. We found the ground strewn with their dead so thickly that our horses could hardly pass through. It was a fearful sight to behold. The battle of Stone River proved to be a very hard-fought battle. The

Federal loss was about 9,700 killed and wounded, and the Confederate about 10,000. The Federal army soon afterward occupied Murfreesboro, going into camp south and east of the town. The Confederacy had received another blow, but at a fearful loss of life. The Federal army was now being replenished with ammunition and other supplies, and remained in this vicinity during the winter months performing the ordinary military duties. Gen. Hazen's brigade of Palmer's division was camped 9 miles east of Murfreesboro on a high knob, where a signal station was located, and we received messages by signals from this station.

In the spring of 1863 Gen. Palmer moved his headquarters and a part of his division five or six miles east of Murfreesboro to Cripple Creek, where we remained until the latter part of June.

The Execution of a Spy and Bounty-jumper.

While camping at Cripple Creek we witnessed the execution of a spy and bounty-jumper.

The troops were drawn up in line on three sides of an open field in military order and facing inward. The criminal was escorted around on the inside of the square passing in front of the troops, and his coffin was carried in advance.