

THE
EIGHTY-SIXTH REGIMENT,
INDIANA
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

A NARRATIVE OF ITS SERVICES

IN THE
CIVIL WAR OF 1861-1865.

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FREDERICK DICK.

blankets like beans, bacon, and coffee came to be a prime necessity for the private soldier doing duty at the front.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF STONES RIVER.

The Army of the Cumberland—Its Organization—The Eighty-sixth's Assignment—Moving Out From Nashville—Its Position—Plan of the Battle—Colonel Hamilton Believed—The Movement on the Left Suspended—The Regiment Ordered to the Right—In the Vortex of Death—List of the Regiment's Killed and Mortally Wounded—The Second Day's Fight—Bragg Lost and Rosecrans Won.

On the 26th of December, 1862, the Army of the Cumberland, General W. S. Rosecrans in command, moved from its camp near Nashville against General Braxton Bragg, the commander of the Confederate forces, who had taken up a strong position on Stone's River, near Murfreesboro, a point thirty miles southeast. General Rosecrans had been placed in command of this army, then known and designated as the Fourteenth Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland, on the 24th of October. For the sake of convenience but without authority from the War Department, as has been stated in a previous chapter, General Buell, whom General Rosecrans succeeded, had divided the Army of the Ohio into three corps and designated them as the First, Second and Third. The divisions and brigades were numbered consecutively without reference to the corps to which they were assigned. The First corps was placed in command of General A. McD. McCook, with the Second, Third and Tenth divisions; the Second corps under General Thomas L. Crittenden, with the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth divisions; and the Third corps under General C. C. Gilbert with the First, Ninth and Eleventh divisions. It was by this rearrangement of the army that the Eighty-sixth regiment received its first organization assignment. It was placed in the Second corps under

General Crittenden, in the Fifth division, with General Horatio P. VanCleve in command, and in the Fourteenth brigade commanded by Colonel Pierce B. Hawkins, of the Eleventh Kentucky regiment. The Fourteenth brigade was composed of the Thirteenth Ohio, the Eleventh and Twenty-sixth Kentucky, and the Forty-fourth and Eighty-sixth Indiana, and the Seventh Indiana battery. November 5 the three grand divisions of the army, hitherto known as the First, Second and Third corps, were by orders designated as the "Right Wing," the "Center" and the "Left Wing." On November 13 the Fifty-ninth Ohio which was in the Eleventh brigade, Fifth division, exchanged places with the Eleventh Kentucky, and Colonel James P. Fyffe, of the Fifty-ninth, succeeded Colonel Hawkins in command of the Fourteenth brigade. November 22 the Twenty-sixth Kentucky was sent to Bowling Green, leaving the Fourteenth brigade with but four regiments. General George H. Thomas, who up to November 5 had been second in command of the entire army, was assigned to command the "Center," General A. McD. McCook the "Right Wing," and General Thomas L. Crittenden the "Left Wing." December 19 a change was made in numbering the divisions and brigades. The consecutive numbering was discontinued. Divisions were numbered, beginning with the First in each corps or grand division, and brigades in the same manner, beginning with the First in each division, and numbered from right to left. Flags of various designs were used to designate the different headquarters.

Thus on the 26th of December the Eighty-sixth was in the Second brigade, Colonel J. P. Fyffe, commanding, the Third division, General H. P. VanCleve in command, and the "Left Wing" of the Fourteenth Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland, with General T. L. Crittenden in command. The officers in command of the regiments composing the brigade were Colonel W. C. Williams, of the Forty-fourth Indiana, Colonel O. S. Hamilton, of the Eighty-sixth Indiana, Colonel J. G. Hawkins, of the Thirteenth Ohio,

Lieutenant Colonel William Howard, of the Fifty-ninth Ohio, and Captain G. R. Swallow, of the Seventh Indiana Battery.

On December 24, General Crittenden with Generals Thomas and McCook received a circular from General Rosecrans directing that ample provisions be made for prompt and rapid communication between theirs and his headquarters. Staff officers were to provide themselves with paper and writing materials, and orderlies and couriers should be at close distance, not more than a half a mile apart, and within sight of each other. This the General considered of vital importance to a combined movement. On the same day a general order was issued that the army should move at daylight on the 25th—Christmas—but this was countermanded on account of the lack of forage on the "Left Wing." The order was renewed on the 25th for a general movement on the 26th. The quiet of Christmas was therefore disturbed by the bustle and confusion incident to such an important move as all felt this one to be. Three days' rations were to be drawn and placed in haversacks, while two days' more were to be carried in the wagons. Twenty wagons were assigned to each grand division loaded with forage and provisions. All ammunition wagons, ambulances and hospital stores were to accompany the army. The sick were to be sent to the hospitals, and the Sibley tents, and all camp equipage and unnecessary baggage to be packed and sent back under the guard of officers and men unable to march to the front and parked inside the fortifications at Nashville. The boys were all busy, in addition to their other duties, in writing letters to friends at home. That was a heavy mail that started North the next day.

A pleasant little incident occurred in the Fifty-ninth Ohio on Christmas evening which the Eighty-sixth was invited to witness. The citizens of Clermont, Ohio, had sent that regiment new colors. On their folds were inscribed "Shiloh," "Corinth," "Ivy Creek," "Perryville" and "Crab Orchard," the battles in which the Fifty-ninth had participated. The presentation speech was delivered by

Colonel Fyfe. Remarks of a patriotic character were made by Colonel O. S. Hamilton, Captain C. F. Sheaff, and Captain W. C. Lambert. Music was furnished by the Second brigade band and patriotic songs were sung by the men.

The morning of the 26th, so big with fate, dawned gloomily. The clouds hung like a pall over the wintry landscape. Great drifts of slowly moving mist lay along the valleys, while the rain came down in torrents, that gathered in pools in the roads, or ran in streams along the gullies. The reveille, as it rolled from camp to camp from the drums and bugles of more than a hundred regiments that covered the fields and hillsides, had a muffled sound in the murky atmosphere. Every officer and man was busy. At the appointed hour the "assembly" was heard. The Eighty-sixth was quickly formed. The bugles sounded "forward," and the brigades, and divisions, and corps, with swinging step filed out upon the roads. McCook led the right, Thomas the center and Crittenden the left. Although the Second brigade started at 8 o'clock, yet it was one of those jerky, exasperating marches, so that it did not get fairly started until 2 o'clock. The rain continued to pour, and the men huddled down under their ponchos like drenched chickens. The enemy was encountered at once and the occasional cannon shot or a sputtering dropping of musketry by the skirmishers of the First and Second divisions, which were in front, were evidences that the rebel nests were being stirred. All day long the steady columns toiled over the broken country and at night bivouacked in the wet fields. Such conveniences as shelter tents had not then been introduced, and the men were placed on their own resources to improvise protection from the storm during the night. The Eighty-sixth camped in some woods where there was much cedar. Their evergreen branches were brought into use both for shelter and beds and the night was passed in comparative comfort.

The next day, Saturday, the 27th, dawned like the one before. The heavy clouds hung low and the rain continued to pour all day long. The brigade marched perhaps two hundred yards when it came to a halt, started again, and

again halted, and marched and halted alternately. At nightfall the command was put a short distance from where it started in the morning. Slowly the columns felt their way on, preceded by heavy lines of skirmishers, driving the sullen and stubborn enemy before them. The Second brigade of the Second division, and the First and Second brigades of Van-Cleve's division, were diverged from the main column of the corps and sent down the Jefferson pike, a road running directly east from the Murfreesboro pike beyond LaVergne. Late at night the advance reached Stewart's Creek and charged the rear guard of the enemy, thus saving the bridge, performing the work it was sent to do. The Eighty-sixth was kept on the move until 2 o'clock in the morning, although but six miles had been made, when it bivouacked for the remainder of the night, utilizing corn blades for beds which the boys found in a barn near by. How these blades had escaped the eagle eye of the cavalrymen of both armies is to this day an unsolved mystery.

Sunday, the 28th, the troops generally rested. The Second brigade moved from its camp to the south about a half a mile, and formed in line of battle near to and west of Smyrna church, where it remained all day. In the evening the regiment with the brigade returned to their camping ground of the night previous, but the corn blades had turned up missing.

No movement was made by the regiment on Monday, the 29th, until 1 o'clock, when the three brigades crossed the bridge which they had saved, turned south, and rejoined the main body of their command on the Murfreesboro pike. General Crittenden with his three divisions advanced that evening to within three miles of Murfreesboro, and bivouacked in order of battle not more than 700 yards from the enemy's entrenchments. The camp of the Eighty-sixth was between the railroad and the pike in a cotton field, and on ground now used as a National cemetery where more than six thousand Union soldiers have "spread their silent tents." General Palmer, who commanded the Second division, and was in the advance, reported that he was within sight of

Murfreesboro, and that the enemy was in full flight. General Rosecrans immediately sent an order to General Crittenden to move a division into the town. Colonel Harker's brigade of Palmer's division, was accordingly sent across Stone's River—the stream being almost everywhere fordable—and drove a rebel regiment back upon the main body in some confusion. Some prisoners were captured who reported that Breckinridge's entire division was there present. General Crittenden wisely took the responsibility of suspending the order until General Rosecrans could be further communicated with. The commanding general was convinced that a mistake had been made and Harker was withdrawn without serious loss.

That night it rained heavily, drenching the soldiers to their skins. The following day, the 30th, was dark, gloomy and depressing, and was spent in anxious suspense as the men stood shivering in their lines. All day the Eighty-sixth waited, the boys securing as best they could their guns from the occasional showers that fell, and many can recall the spectacle of their muskets as they stood, butts up, with fixed bayonets forced into the soft soil—an ominous crop sprang in a single night from fallow-fields, awaiting the quick-coming harvest of Death. The orders were to be ready at a moment's notice. The lines were forming. Batteries were being placed in position. Dark columns stood noiseless in the rain. Hospitals were established in the rear, and the musicians and other non-combatants were detailed to bear the stretchers and attend the ambulances. Medical stores were unpacked and countless rolls of bandages placed at hand for use. Provision trains were brought up and rations issued. Bodies of horse galloped over the heavy fields. Staff officer and orderlies from General Rosecrans' headquarters, near where the Eighty-sixth stood in line, dashed away in different directions. The scattering fire of musketry which came up from the cedar woods far to the right, now swelling into full volleys, the heavy boom of cannon in front, the bearing back of wounded officers and men on stretchers, and the certainty of a great battle at

hand, combined to make all serious and thoughtful. The Eighty-sixth remained in its designated position, calmly awaiting the storm which was to burst on the following day.

The army now stood with its left resting on Stone's River, and its right stretching off into the country as far as the Franklin pike, making a line three miles long. The country is undulating, much of it cleared but broken by rocky ridges overgrown with close cedar thickets. Besides, there were forests of oak and other deciduous trees. Perpendicular to the Union lines, and distant half a mile, lay Bragg's army, its right resting on the east side of the river, while the main body was on the west side. The night of the 30th set in with a keen, north wind, with heavy, threatening clouds. After dark an ammunition wagon was brought up and each man was supplied with sixty rounds of cartridges, after which such sleep and rest as were possible under the circumstances, were taken. The men slept on their arms. Each had his musket beside him ready to leap out at the slightest alarm. It was a weary night for the Eighty-sixth. Daylight of the 31st found the men standing to arms. There was no blast of bugle or clatter of drum for reveille. A hasty breakfast of coffee, hardtack and bacon was prepared and quickly eaten. Their morning service consisted in listening to the Adjutant read General Rosecrans' "Grace of God" battle order. From out the raw-nists that for a time hung over the field came resonant cheers as the stirring words were read to regiment, detachment and battery. The General came riding by and in encouraging words said: "Boys, stand like men. Fire low, and make every shot count."

Just here an unpleasant incident occurred, and as it is a leaf in the history of the regiment it is proper that it should be mentioned. Colonel O. S. Hamilton, who had command of the regiment, a courageous but inexperienced officer, was ordered by General VanCleve,* the division commander, to

*It is the recollection of some of the men that this order was given by Colonel Frye, the brigade commander; others that it was General VanCleve.

perform certain evolutions. After several attempts Colonel Hamilton signally failed, whereupon he was relieved of his sword and his command. The command of the regiment was at once turned over to Lieutenant Colonel George F. Dick, a skillful, experienced and well trained officer who had served both as Captain and as Major in the Twentieth Indiana regiment, and came to the Eighty-sixth with his commission on the 17th of November. The action of General VanCleve was wholly a surprise to both Hamilton and Dick, but a step that met the approval of the subordinate officers and the men of the regiment. In justice to Colonel Hamilton and to his memory it should be stated that this unfortunate episode was entirely due to his inexperience, and was no reflection on his courage or bravery. As an officer he was heroic, intrepid and fearless, but was entirely without military knowledge either natural or acquired. He was bold to recklessness as he exhibited by his subsequent actions. Morfifying as this must have been to a man of his proud spirit he nevertheless asked, and was granted, permission to accompany the regiment into the approaching engagement in a subordinate capacity. Most valiantly did he carry himself throughout. Colonel Fryfe, in his report of the battle, generously makes special mention of him, and says Colonel Hamilton, although unacquainted with military matters, was present throughout assisting all in his powers. This affair, however, greatly humiliated and chagrined him and he soon relinquished command of the regiment. He returned to his home at Lebanon where he died a few years ago a disappointed and broken-hearted man.

It was this ground that General Bragg had deliberately chosen whereon to stand and fight. General Rosecrans had planned that General McCook, who commanded the "Right Wing" should occupy the most advantageous position possible, and fight to hold it. General Thomas was to open with skirmishing, and engage the enemy's center. General Crittenden, of the "Left Wing" was to cross General VanCleve's division over the river at a place known as the lower

ford, covered and supported by the sappers and miners, and to advance on Breckinridge who commanded the enemy's left, the only rebel division on that side of the river. General Wood's division was to follow General VanCleve by brigade, and cross at the upper ford. Wood was to take position on VanCleve's right, and the two divisions, supported by Palmer, were to fall with overwhelming force in front and flank, crush Breckinridge, sweep through Murfreesboro, and gain the rear of the enemy's center and left, push him off his natural line of retreat, and thus destroy his entire army. The plan was a skillful one, but Bragg, however, had already decided to fight his own battle and not the one Rosecrans had planned. He had a similar one of his own, by which he hoped to double tip his adversary's right by a secret concentration of a heavy force against it. To this end he had massed heavily on his left where Hardee was in command, with orders to attack McCook at daylight. Bragg struck his first blow.

According to the plans of General Rosecrans, McCook, however strongly assailed, was to hold his position for three hours, and to recede—if attacked in overwhelming force—very slowly, and to fight desperately, which he had undertaken to do. Bragg's order was, that at day-break the whole line, beginning at the extreme left, with Hardee's corps, and followed by Polk's, should move forward on McCook's extreme right, and bear it back, crumpling it in the retreat, till Rosecrans' army should stand with its rear to the river. In double lines, the rebel hosts came on, swift and terrible as in-rolling billows. General Johnson who commanded a division in McCook's corps on the extreme right, and who was wholly unprepared for the sudden onset, was crushed with a single blow, the enemy sweeping over his batteries with wild hurrahs. Jeff C. Davis's division was next hurled back over the field. Like a swift succeeding wave the last division of the "Right Wing," Sheridan's, was struck with the same desperation. Sheridan fought with equal persistence and determination. The slaughter was horrible. Three times did the determined enemy advance, and as often was

compelled to fall back. Finally Sheridan's ammunition gave out, and he, too, was compelled to fall back, leaving nine guns, which he could not get through the dense cedar thickets, in the hands of the rebels. The "Right Wing" was now all gone, and the onset that had borne it backward fell with unbroken fury on the "Center." General Rousseau, who commanded a division of reserves, was ordered up to the support of the right "Center" which was then in peril.

The movement, according to General Rosecrans' original plan, had begun on the "Left" by General VanCleve. Colonel Sam Beatty's First brigade, Colonel S. W. Price's Third brigade, and Captain G. R. Swallow's Seventh Indiana battery, had moved across the river and formed in line. Colonel J. P. Fyfe's Second brigade had just reached the river, and was in the act of crossing, when an order flew to VanCleve to suspend the movement, leave one brigade at the river, send another with a battery on double quick time to the rear to save the wagon train which had been attacked by Wheeler's cavalry, and another to the support of the right. Colonel Price was left at the river. Colonel Beatty was sent on double quick to assist General Rousseau, who by this time was hotly engaged. Colonel Fyfe's brigade with Captain Swallow's battery were sent to the rear in hot haste. Knapsacks, blankets, overcoats and even canteens were scattered to the winds on the way. After tramping on a hop, skip and jump gait for about a mile in pell mell order the brigade came out into an open field, formed in line of battle perpendicular to the road, on the left. The rebel cavalry had captured the train, but the corn field was soft and their progress was slow. A few shots from Swallow's battery sent Wheeler flying over the fields and the train was recaptured. At this point Colonel Fyfe received an order from General VanCleve to join the First brigade which had taken position on the right of General Rousseau. Back the brigade started on double quick. The fugitives by this time had darkened the fields, and the panic stricken trains had blocked the roads. On the brigade went through wild confusion and demoralized stragglers. The cedar thickets were ablaze with musk-

ety, the earth was black with broken battalions, among which artillery wagons were plunging, and the chaos and wreck of a seemingly lost battle-field were to be seen in evidence everywhere. Into that vortex of death the Eighty-sixth went.

The brigade was formed in two lines, the Forty-fourth Indiana and the Fifty-ninth Ohio in front, and the Thirteenth Ohio and the Eighty-sixth Indiana in support. The four regiments advanced through the tangled cedar thicket as best they could. There was but little undergrowth, but the whole surface was a continuous ledge of outcropping rock on which only the hardy cedar could find foothold and sustenance. In their immediate front there was a lull. They emerged from the thicket into an open field of sedge. The occasional musket shots which came across that field were but the advance messengers of the impending storm. The lines advanced, halted and laid down. They advanced again and again until the skirt of the wood was reached. The front line had advanced some distance in the wood while the second was at the fence. Every nerve was at its highest tension. The ball opened. Then it was work, desperate and furious. The enemy came up in magnificent order, four lines deep, and his opening fire was like the opening jaws of hell. It had been discovered that the brigade had been sent beyond supporting columns. It was a duel to death, but the murderous flanking fire was more than human flesh and blood could withstand, and the brigade, rent and distorted, reeled and fell back. It was a scene appalling in its atrocity and was enough to daunt the stoutest heart. The two color bearers of the Eighty-sixth were shot down and its colors left on the field.* At every step men fell like wheat before the sickle. The Eighty-sixth lost more than half its force. The enemy had swept everything before him thus far and doubtless felt that with renewed effort the successful issue of the

* The colors fell into the hands of Sergeant John F. Lovin, Company B, Third Confederate Regiment, which was in Woods' brigade, of Cleburne's division, Hardee's corps.

battle was within his grasp. Emerging from the woods with yell after yell, firing as he came, the enemy rushed forward in the attempt to cross the open field and drive back a new line, of which the remnants of the torn and bleeding Second brigade formed a part, and which stood in the way to final victory.

That the brigade was without support on the right was a blunder for which in the confusion and excitement of the rapid and varying movements perhaps no one particularly should be censured.* General VanCleve, in his report says that he had information from General Rosecrans that General Rousseau, on his left was driving the enemy. This information was accompanied with an order to press him hard. It was in compliance with these orders that the First and Second brigades were ordered to advance. Colonel Fyffe, in his report, says he had assurances that Colonel Harker, who commanded a brigade in Wood's division, would support his right. Fyffe then says: "The division began advancing down the slope of the cedar ridge south of the road, passing Colonel Harker's on my right, beyond the foot of the slope. After passing his brigade, which did not move, my right flank became exposed, with strong indications of a heavy force approaching in front, extending beyond my right flank. As we continued advancing, I sent three different messengers by my aides, calling Colonel Harker's attention to my exposed flank, and at length reported in person to General VanCleve. While doing this the Sixty-fifth Ohio, which, it appeared, had been lying down at the edge of the field, rose to their feet where a force was needed. Supposing it would remain there, I passed back to my position, to see the Sixty-fifth march by the right flank back to Colonel Harker's left." Major H. N. Whitebeck, of the Sixty-fifth Ohio, * says his regiment marched by the right

* It may be stated here that the Sixty-fifth Ohio is the regiment of which Lieutenant Colonel Hinman, the author of that most popular and widely read book, "Corporal St. Kleger and His Parade," was a member. Colonel Hinman at that time was a Lieutenant in Company E, and is mentioned by Colonel Harker in his report as commander, for conspicuous gallantry on the skirmish line. In the oceans of war literature that have flooded the country since those memorable days the statement is ventured that none equals in popularity that book of 700 pages. It is popular because it so vividly portrays the actualities and the every-day life of a million volunteers.

flank to the support of the Sixth Ohio battery. It must have been that movement to which Colonel Fyffe refers when he saw the Sixty-fifth march away by the right flank. Colonel Harker says: "While this movement was being executed, a staff officer from the command on my left (Fyffe's) reported a strong force of the enemy in his front. I replied that my right was in danger, and that a strong force and battery were in front." Colonel Fyffe's statement that he appealed to Colonel Harker for support is thus confirmed by Harker himself, but it seems his own command was in a most precarious situation. Fyffe's brigade was in advance of Harker's a considerable distance, thrown out upon assurances and in the belief that it would have sufficient support. When Colonel Fyffe discovered that he was not to have the promised support, he sent Lieutenant Temple, of his staff, to Lieutenant Colonel Dick with orders to wheel the Eighty-sixth to the right, and place it in the woods to secure his flank. "Before the order reached him," continues Colonel Fyffe, "the enemy appeared coming through the woods." The brigade fell back, but in the recession its distance to the rear was as much too great as was its distance to the front, and in turn Harker's left flank became exposed. With his right threatened, and his left already turned, Harker's brigade receded. As before stated a new line was formed in the cedar thicket, a stand was made and the ground hotly contested, and the enemy driven back across the field.

As the sun sank to rest that 31st of December his last look fell on a ghastly spectacle. The earth, torn, trampled and red, lay piled with thousands—some still and calm, as if in sleep, others mangled and blown into fragments, while bleeding arms and legs, without owners, lay scattered on every side. Dead horses and shattered gun carriages helped to swell the frightful wreck, over which darkness, in mercy, drew its pall.

But the cessation of the battle and the coming of night did not release the Eighty-sixth and its colleagues of the brigade and division from their position. They were no longer required to lie prone on the cold, bare ground, but

were compelled to stand without fire, with a hoar frost falling, until the coming of the new year, when they were allowed to fall back about a half a mile where fires were built from a convenient cedar fence and where they lay till morning.

Four months before the Eighty-sixth had entered the field with a thousand men. Disability, disease and death had decimated its ranks until that morning it numbered 368, including officers. The aggregate loss on that bloody day was 194, ten more than half. When the roll was called on New Year's morning, 1863, but one hundred and seventy-four officers and men answered to their names.

In the list of dead on the field were the following heroic names:

- Company A*
- Company A.—First Lieutenant George W. Smith,
 - " "—Thomas S. Hester,
 - " "—Robert W. Myers,
 - " "—Richard A. Stowers,
 - " "—Lewis Heintz,
 - " "—George E. Armor,
 - " "—Richard C. Crowell,
 - " "—Anthony M. Saxon,
 - " "—Edward Blanchfill,
 - " "—William J. Boord,
 - " "—Derrick V. Labaw,
 - " "—William H. H. Martin,
 - " "—Benjamin Trullinger,
 - " "—William Lamb,
 - " "—Jackson Jacobs,
 - " "—Nathan C. Pringle,
 - " "—Abram Fisher,
 - " "—James H. Clinton,
 - " "—William B. Fleming,
 - " "—John M. Wilson,
 - " "—William C. Stogdill,
 - " "—Robert H. Creamer,
 - " "—Henry W. Davis,
 - " "—Edwin P. Stephenson,
 - " "—James O. Tolin,

Company F.—James M. Wilkins,
 G.—James Cambridge,
 "—William T. Whitesell,
 H.—Timothy S. Roush,
 K.—Martin L. Williams—30.

The following are the names of those who were mortally wounded:

Company A.—Floyd N. Worrell,
 "—John A. Feeley,
 B.—John A. Cozad,
 "—Charles W. B. Gilger,
 "—Jamis Guest,
 "—John A. Johnson,
 F.—George Baldwin,
 "—John C. Beard,
 H.—Levi Liddy,
 I.—John H. Stook,
 K.—Bartholomew Green—12.

Lieutenant Colonel Dick reported thirty-three enlisted men killed. This included those who died of wounds the following day. Others died from the same cause after his report had been submitted, so that it would make of killed and mortally wounded a total of 41. The wounded numbered 54, many of whom were afterwards discharged. Five officers were wounded, though none seriously. Ninety-nine men and two officers were captured.

Lieutenant Colonel Dick, who had command of the regiment, thus speaks of this part of the battle in his report to Colonel James P. Fyffe:

"My command arrived in front of Murfreesboro at 8 p. m., December 30, 1862. On the following morning the regiment numbered 368, rank and file. About noon of December 31, with the brigade, we were marched in line of battle across the Nashville turnpike, about one-half mile south, across an open field to the skirt of a heavy woods, in which the enemy lay concealed in heavy force. My regiment was on the extreme right of the brigade. We were halted behind a fence at the edge of the woods, to await the arrival of troops to come up to support us on the right, who failed to come. Our right was totally exposed to

the enemy, who immediately attacked us in overwhelming numbers in front, our right flank extending around partially to the rear of our right wing. Our regiment fought bravely until their ranks were being rapidly cut down and thinned, when we fell back to the turnpike road, where a portion of them again rallied with portions of other regiments of the brigade, and drove the enemy back. Our loss in this engagement was as follows: Commissioned officers killed, 1; wounded, 5; missing, 2; enlisted men killed, 33; wounded, 54; missing, 89. Total number of officers killed, wounded and missing, 8; enlisted men killed, wounded and missing, 186. Aggregate, 194. Both color bearers were shot down and the colors left on the field."

Major Dwight Jarvis, who commanded the Thirteenth Ohio of the Second brigade, in his report to Colonel Fyffe, says:

"On Wednesday at 8 a. m., our regiment, under command of Colonel Joseph G. Hawkins, was ordered in from outpost duty, and took our place in line. Soon after, we started for the south side of Stone's River, but got but a short distance when, by your orders, we countermarched at double-quick a distance of about one mile, to a corn-field on the right of the Murfreesboro road, to repel an attack of cavalry upon our train. Our lines were here formed, my regiment occupying the right of the Second brigade. The enemy being driven from the field by our cavalry and artillery, my regiment was not engaged, and about 10 o'clock under your directions, took a position in the woods south of the corn-field. My regiment was now ordered to cover the Fifty-ninth Ohio, which with the Forty-fourth Indiana, formed the first line of attack, my regiment with the Eighty-sixth Indiana on its right, forming the second line. In consequence of the unevenness of the ground and the density of the thicket, it was difficult to keep our lines properly, but, on emerging from the woods (cedar brakes) into the open field beyond we advanced regularly to the edge of the next woods. The first line having advanced some twenty yards into the woods, my regiment was ordered to lie down. Now it became evident that the enemy was attempting to outflank us upon the right; and this was reported to you, but just at that moment our first line was attacked, and it was compelled to fall back in some disorder and over our men, who were lying close to the fence. At this moment our gallant Colonel fell, mortally wounded, while encouraging the men to keep cool and fire low; and the command devolved upon myself. I held the position until the enemy completely outflanked us, and was then compelled to fall back in disorder to the line of reserves, where I rallied my command, and this time drove the enemy back, they being now in the open field, while we had the advantage of the cover of the woods. We inflicted considerable loss upon them in killed and wounded, besides capturing some thirty prisoners. My loss in the engagement

was quite severe, Colonel J. G. Hawkins and Second Lieutenant J. C. Whitaker being killed; together with twenty-seven enlisted men. Captain E. M. Mast, Lieutenants John Murphy, John E. Ray, S. C. Gould, John Fox (since died), and Thomas J. Stone were wounded, and sixty-eight enlisted men, besides thirty-nine missing."

Lieutenant Colonel William Howard, who commanded the Fifty-ninth Ohio, in his report to Colonel Fyffe, says:

"On the morning of that day (December 31) my command was formed at 4 o'clock in accordance with previous orders, and with the balance of the brigade, started at 8 o'clock to take position on the left, when we received orders to march immediately to defend the wagon train against the attack of the enemy, which was done with promptness, and they were driven back with loss, and the whole train was saved. We then received orders to march back and take position on the right of Colonel Beatty's command, in front, as our forces were hard pressed at that point, in line of battle, and moved forward to attack the enemy; and after moving across the woods we came into an open field, which we moved rapidly across until we reached the woods, and my skirmishers soon discovered the enemy in heavy force and in strong position in front, and fired upon him and fell back to the line, which I immediately ordered forward and made the attack; and after firing upon them several rounds, and holding them in check for some time, we were forced back by superior numbers about twenty paces, when, by the prompt assistance of my officers, we succeeded in rallying the regiment and took position behind a fence, and then poured volley after volley into the advancing ranks of the enemy, and held them in check until Major Frambes, upon the right, informed me that we were being flanked upon that wing and that the balance of the brigade was falling back when I gave the order to fall back, inclining to the right in a skirt of woods, and thereby protecting to a great extent, a flanking fire also. My officers again coming promptly to my assistance, a flanking fire also. My line again, and moved to the right, through the woods in front of the enemy, and by a well directed fire checked his onward movement, and held him in that position, when we moved forward and drove the enemy from the field with great slaughter and in complete disorder. * * We held our position until darkness closed the controversy of the day."

Lieutenant Colonel Simon C. Aldrich, who commanded the Forty-fourth Indiana, reported to Colonel Fyffe as follows:

"We went into the field on December 31, 1862, with 316 men, officers included. We took our position, by your order, in brigade on the right, and marched in line of battle through an open field south of the pike. In passing through this field we discovered the enemy making a flank

movement on our right, in a wood bordering upon the field. Intelligence was conveyed to you, and, as I understand, by you to our division commander. We made a stand at the edge of the wood in our front, but were soon ordered to advance, which we did. After entering the woods our skirmishers were ordered in, as the line of the enemy was in sight. We still advanced to within, as near as I could judge, one hundred yards of their line, and opened fire. They replied and advanced their line; at the same time the flanking force opened a galling cross fire upon us. We held the position as long as we could do so without sacrificing our whole regiment; we then fell back to our battery and formed line of battle. We were ordered by General VanCleve to remain here until farther orders. We soon had orders from you to join the brigade at the right, which we did. Here we formed a new line, and remained until some time in the night, when we were ordered to march to the left again, where we remained through the night. I must here mention that at the first rally at the rail fence was the last seen of Colonel Williams. I suppose him to be taken prisoner. Our loss as it stands now is, 19 killed, 56 wounded, and 25 missing."

These are the reports of the four regimental commanders. The history of one regiment is the history of the four. There is no disagreement in the different reports but each makes his report from a different point of view. It will be seen from the reports of Major Jarvis and Lieutenant Colonel Aldrich that the Forty-fourth Indiana and the Fifty-ninth Ohio were in the front line and were supported by the Eighty-sixth Indiana and the Thirtieth Ohio when the brigade was thrown into that seething cauldron of death. It was a blunder, but perhaps unavoidable, due largely to the demoralized and panic stricken "Right Wing" which had been driven back with frightful loss. The recession of the divisions of the right had exposed the flank of the "Center" to which VanCleve's division had gone to support, and with the commanders of nearly all grades calling for assistance the wonder is that the error was not more grievous and the results more disastrous.

After recounting the movements of the brigade when the order was received countermanding the movement across Stone's River, and double-quickening to the rear to save the train, Colonel James P. Fyffe, who commanded the Second brigade, says in his report:

"At this point an order was received from General VanCleve to re-

turn to the Third division, and form on the right of the First brigade in two lines to support it; that Colonel Harker would support my right. The order was immediately complied with; the division began advancing down the slope of the cedar ridge south of the road, passing Colonel Harker's on my right, beyond the foot of the slope. After passing his brigade, which did not move, my right flank became exposed, with strong indications of a heavy force approaching in front, extending beyond my right flank. As we continued advancing, I sent three different messengers (messages) by my aides, calling Colonel Harker's attention to my exposed flank, and at length reported in person to General VanCleve. While doing this the Sixty-fifth Ohio, which, it appeared, had been lying down at the edge of the field, rose to their feet in the place where a force was needed. Supposing it would remain there, I passed back again to my position, to see the Sixty-fifth march by the right flank back to Colonel Harker's left. The firing in front of my first line, composed of the Fifty-ninth Ohio and Forty-fourth Indiana, was getting to be heavy, and the skirmishers, running in, reported a heavy force advancing through the woods, outflanking my right. Lieutenant Temo, of my staff, was sent at once to Lieutenant Colonel Dick with orders to wheel his regiment to the right, and place it in the woods to secure my flank. Before the order reached him the enemy appeared coming through the woods."

At a meeting of the corps commanders at headquarters during Wednesday night it was decided to fight the battle out on this line. It is said that General Crittenden asked permission to cross the river with the "Left Wing" and fight the enemy as originally contemplated. All acknowledged that the prospect looked gloomy. The enemy held two-thirds of the battle field, and had in his hands one-fifth of Rosecrans' artillery. About seven thousand men, one-sixth of the whole army, had disappeared from the field, and were among the killed, wounded and captured. It was believed that the enemy would renew the attack in the morning. General Rosecrans, finding that he had ammunition enough, made up his mind to fight it on that very spot. It was a clear, cold December night, but, after midnight, the heavens became overcast, and the bitter rain came pitilessly down on the weary ranks, and on the dead and wounded that bur-

dened the field. Having decided to make the stand the commanding general began a disposition of his troops. General VanCleve had been wounded, and Colonel Sam Beatty, of the First brigade, assumed command of the Third division. On New Year's morning the entire Division crossed the river and took position in line of battle according to the original plan. The Third brigade, Colonel S. W. Price, held the right; the Second brigade, Colonel J. P. Fyffe, the left; the First brigade, now commanded by Colonel B. C. Grider, stationed in support of the center. The Forty-fourth Indiana and the Thirteenth Ohio were placed on the front line, and the Fifty-ninth Ohio and the Eighty-sixth Indiana on the second. Thus the forces rested during the day with considerable picket firing in front, and artillery duels at intervals, whereby some casualties occurred, but there was nothing like a serious attack. The question of rations became a serious matter, and as many of the men had had nothing since the morning before, they did not hesitate to sample a horse or mule steak from the animals which had been killed in battle. The more frugal, those who held on to their haversacks, notwithstanding their store was scant, were not reduced to this extremity. At night the men lay down on their arms again, without removing their shoes or even unclasping their cartridge belts, ready to leap out at the slightest alarm.

Friday morning, January 2, was devoid of special incident, save a most terrific artillery duel far to the right. The firing on the skirmish line began early and continued lively throughout the morning. Shortly after noon it became evident that an attack was imminent. Colonel Fyffe then ordered the Eighty-sixth Indiana and the Thirteenth Ohio into the front line, deflecting the Eighty-sixth back, and placing it behind a fence to be ready to sweep an open field in front. At 3 o'clock the skirmishers reported that the enemy was throwing down fences, as if making ready to charge. At 4 o'clock a double line of rebel skirmishes was seen to advance from the woods in front of Breckinridge's position and move across the fields. Behind them came

heavy columns of infantry, and it became evident that the rebel right wing was bearing down on the already decimated ranks of the Third division. They passed the open cotton fields, in three heavy lines of battle, the first column, in three ranks, six men deep—the second supporting the first—and the reserve column last. Three batteries accompanied this imposing mass, as it came down in splendid order. They came on with steady step and even front, and then, like a swollen torrent, flung themselves forward against Price's brigade. Their strength was overwhelming. In a few minutes the brigade gave way, and the reserve consisting of three regiments of the First brigade, the Nineteenth Ohio, and the Ninth and Eleventh Kentucky, the Nineteenth up and fought gallantly. But the three regiments were too weak and fell back, fighting to the river. Fryfe's brigade, to the left, was not attacked directly in front, but the recession of the right brigade forced it to yield position. The enemy, however, received a heavy flank and oblique fire from the Eighty-sixth and Forty-fourth Indiana and the Thirteenth Ohio. But General Rosecrans was prepared for this movement. He hastily massed fifty-eight cannon on an eminence on the west side of the river, where they could enfilade the successive columns as they advanced. Their opening roar was terrific, and the crash of the iron storm, through the thick-set ranks, was overwhelming. It was madness to face it, yet the rebel columns closed up and pressed on; but as they came within close range of musketry, their line seemed to shrivel in the fire that met it. They had now got so near that the men could be seen to topple over separately, before the volleys. A third and last time, they staggered forward, the foremost ranks reaching to the water's edge. But here they stopped—it was like charging down the red mouth of a volcano. Their broken and discomfited columns turned back on their path, closely pursued by the Third division which had rallied, together with the First and Second divisions of Crittenden's corps and the fresh troops from the "Right" and "Center." They chased the flying foe for a half mile, cheering as they charged. Darkness ended

the fight, and the Eighty-sixth with its brigade and division camped on the field.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles D. Bailey, of the Ninth Kentucky, in some recollections of this famous battle printed in the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, of January 6, 1889, after giving a vivid account of the part taken by the First brigade, composed of the Ninth and Eleventh Kentucky, the Nineteenth Ohio, and the Seventy-ninth Indiana, makes some comments which will be read with interest. Colonel Bailey at that time was the Adjutant of the Ninth and will be remembered as a most handsome and gallant officer, and as courteous as he was brave. He writes:

"From the beginning of the enemy's advance until his shattered columns regained the cover of the woods from which they had emerged covered a period of forty-five minutes—a segment of time crowded with all that goes to constitute war in its most terrible aspect. In that brief space some three thousand men were killed and wounded, Breckinridge losing two thousand and the Union army about half that number. There was some criticism at the time of the battle, the spirit of which has been somewhat crystallized in history, that VanCleve's division did not make the resistance it should against Breckinridge's onslaught. While losses are not an infallible indication of the fierceness of a fight or the bravery of those engaged; they do show the degree of exposure, and judged by this test VanCleve's division at least did not give ground before it was vigorously assailed. Its loss in the series of engagements aggregated 1,530, an average of a fraction over 117 to each of its regiments. * * * The division was simply run over by an overwhelming force specially organized for that object, and the redeeming feature was the gallant advance and desperate resistance of the three reserve regiments, and the fact that they did advance and make the fight they did was no inconsiderable factor in the ultimate defeat of the rebel plan. * * * In many respects the assault of Breckinridge on that day bore a striking resemblance to the famous charge of Pickett at Gettysburg, six months and one day later, and with the possible exception of numbers engaged and the stake at issue, is as much entitled to National recognition as the later event. Like Pickett's, the failure of Breckinridge was fatal to the assaulting army, with whom in each case the first day's successes had been of a nature to promise great results. Like Lee, Bragg withdrew after this bloody repulse, and what up to that moment had been a drawn battle with the odds in favor of the Confederates, by the result of this one movement became a Union victory."

Lieutenant Colonel George F. Dick in his report of the

movement of the regiment on the 1st and 2d days of January, says:

"On the following morning, (January 1), we were marched some mile and a half across Stone's River to the front, and placed in line of battle early in the day, where we skirmished with the enemy all day, lying on our arms at night. The next day we occupied the same ground, skirmishing with the enemy till 3 p. m., when the enemy in vast numbers attacked the right of our line, composed of the First and Third brigades of our division, which maintained the ground, fighting obstinately for some time, when they were forced to yield to superior numbers, and fell back, when our regiment fell back to the high piece of ground, near a house on the hill, some hundred rods to the rear, where we again made a stand, again rallied with other troops, and drove the enemy from the field, retaking and holding our former position."

The reports of Lieutenant Colonel Aldrich, of the Forty-fourth Indiana, of Major Dwight Jarvis, of the Thirtieth Ohio, and of Lieutenant Colonel William Howard, of the Fifty-ninth Ohio, are substantially the same and concur with the report of Lieutenant Colonel Dick. Colonel Fyffe, the brigade commander, makes special mention of a number of officers and men for their conspicuous commendable conduct throughout the trying ordeal of the many days' fighting. Among those of the Eighty-sixth were Colonel O. S. Hamilton, heretofore alluded to, Lieutenant Colonel George F. Dick, Major J. M. Dresser, wounded in the first day's engagement, E. D. Thomas, who was an orderly on his staff, and color bearers Benjamin Trullinger and Nathan Coffeberry, who were both shot down, the first killed instantly and the latter mortally wounded in the fight of the first day.

In his report to the War Department General Rosecrans says that he fought the battle of Stone's River with the following forces: Infantry, 37,977; artillery, 2,293; cavalry, 3,200. Total, 43,470. His losses were as follows: Officers killed, 100; enlisted men killed, 1,630; officers wounded, 405; enlisted men wounded, 7,397; officers captured, 44; enlisted men captured, 3,673. Showing an aggregate loss of 13,249. He thinks the enemy had 15 per cent. advantage in his choice of ground and knowledge of the country, and he estimates Bragg's strength at 62,720 men. On the contrary

General Bragg reported to the Confederate War Department that his aggregate effective strength was 37,712, including infantry, artillery and cavalry. If this be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, the two opposing armies in point of numbers were pretty equally matched. He reports his losses as follows: Officers killed, 123; enlisted men killed, 1,171; officers wounded, 659; enlisted men wounded, 7,286; officers captured, 46; enlisted men captured, 981. Showing an aggregate loss of 10,266. Bragg estimated Rosecrans' strength to be 70,000 men. He also estimates Rosecrans' killed at 3,000, his wounded at 16,000 and claimed to have captured 6,273 prisoners, making a total loss of 25,273. All of which goes to show that in a guessing contest it is not safe to rely on the estimates of the adversary. Wild as Rosecrans was of the strength and losses of Bragg, he is still nearer the mark than Bragg was in estimating the strength and losses of Rosecrans. It is but fair to say that the Union losses were greater than the Confederate losses. Bragg's loss was the greater in killed and wounded, while Rosecrans' loss was the greater in missing or captured. Rosecrans' army was so disabled that it could not make an effective pursuit. But this does not change the facts of history that the battle of Stone's River, was lost by Bragg and won by Rosecrans.

By changing his plan of battle from the offensive to the defensive Rosecrans held Bragg's at first victorious columns in check, and actually turned defeat into victory; and if he did not, like Alexander enter Babylon, "the oldest seat of earthly empire," he did with the Army of the Cumberland, enter Murfreesboro, and what was left of the Eighty-sixth Indiana regiment was a part of that victorious army. Who among those that participated in the stirring scenes of that battle have forgotten the story? Oh, what a story it is! There is no orator's tongue that can tell it, no painter's brush that can depict it, a story of devotion to country and to liberty, to law and to order, that shall go down in history side by side with the heroic deeds of ancient and modern times. In song and story, and marble tablet, in statues of brass and bronze, the story of Stone's River will be told for

all the ages, for Liberty will not forget her children until Liberty herself shall die.

CHAPTER XII

WITHIN CONFEDERATE LINES.

A Trip Through Dixie—From Murfreesboro to Chattanooga—To Atlanta and Montgomery—From There to Richmond—In Libby Prison—How the Days Were Spent—Released on Parole and Finally Exchanged.

As has been stated the Eighty-sixth had ninety-nine men captured on the 31st day of December, the first day's battle of Stone's River. They were taken in squads of from two to a half a dozen while in the effort to rejoin the main body of the regiment which had fallen back from that fatal fence. The well formed columns of the enemy had passed over them and they were generally taken in charge by stragglers, who no doubt claimed great glory in charging prisoners already within their lines. In charge of officers and guards the prisoners were marched through the battle-field over which the "Right Wing" had been driven. And what a field it was! The ploughed and trampled earth, the shattered trees, the fields and woods strewn with dead horses, broken artillery wagons, and dead and dying men, looked as if all the forces of earth and heaven and hell had been striving for mastery in the fearful wreck. By the time they reached the Franklin pike several hundred had been collected, and they were started on double quick in the direction of Murfreesboro. When they reached the Stone's River crossing they were granted a breathing spell, but were soon again on the way, though at a more moderate gait. Upon arriving at the city they were placed in the court-house yard which was then enclosed with a stone fence. Prisoners continued to arrive until nightfall, and it was not until the

excitement of the day began to subside did they realize their loneliness. That night was spent in the court house yard with neither fire nor food, and having been relieved of ponches, blankets and overcoats by rebel officers who had headquarters in the court house, there was much suffering both from cold and hunger.

Morning came and they were transferred to an old mill in the southern part of the city, where they remained during the day, which was New Years, 1863. That long cold day was one of extreme distress. At sunset, the prisoners were marched through town and quartered in an old school house lot where for the first time since their capture they were permitted to have fire. Several barrels of flour were rolled in and divided among the men, each man receiving about a pint. Lucky were the men who had cups or vessels of any kind to store it. Water was furnished, and a dough was made on any kind of a board that could be picked up regardless of its cleanliness or uncleanness. This soft mass was wound around sticks and held before the fire to bake. It required no appetizer to dispose of that half-baked paste, but like Oliver Twist, they wanted more. While the fire contributed somewhat to the comfort of the prisoners, yet the night spent here was one of sleepless unrest.

Next morning, January 1, they were placed aboard platform cars headed in the direction of Chattanooga. The weather was cold, and being without blankets or overcoats, the ride was anything but pleasant, in fact was one of absolute discomfort. The train reached Chattanooga about 2 o'clock in the morning. In the meantime rain had commenced falling which but added to the discomforts of traveling on a gravel train. The prisoners were marched to the banks of the Tennessee river under the shadow of Lookout Mountain, afterwards the scene of historic interest. They wandered around in the dark and the rain until daylight, when axes were furnished, and it was not long until bright fires blazed up from the logs cut from trees which stood on the ground, around which the men huddled awaiting promised and expected rations, during the entire day. Just as the

chickens were going to roost—there were none there, however—wagons, with unsifted corn meal and sugar, drove up, and these two articles were distributed. A load of spiders—old-fashioned pot metal skillets—were thrown off, and in a driving rain the men prepared the corn meal for use. Before the baking was done orders were received to march immediately. Confederate orders, like Federal orders, were not at all times promptly executed, so it was not until 3 o'clock in the morning when the lines were formed and the prisoners under guard started for the Atlanta depot. This time they were placed aboard box cars. The cars were of the most miserable description, for freight and cattle. The men were packed so close that they could neither sit nor stand with any comfort. They slept somewhat after the style of sardines in a box, though not so soundly. With fifty or sixty human beings crowded into so small a space, carpeted as the cars were, the atmosphere soon became stifling. By the time the train reached Atlanta, 138 miles south of Chattanooga, which was the evening of the next day, those cars had all the appearance of having passed through the cedar thickets at Stone's River. At Atlanta the prisoners bivouacked in an open lot, and each man received a small loaf of light bread.

From Atlanta they were taken to West Point, and from there to Montgomery, Alabama, 172 miles southwest. Without so much as changing cars the engine was hooked on to the rear end of the train and started back. Arriving at Atlanta a camp was established two miles from the city. The men were divided into companies of ninety, and an orderly sergeant appointed for each company. Surgeons passed through the camp looking after the sick, prescribing for some and sending others to the hospital. The stay here, however, was short, as orders came to march. At nightfall the men fell in line and marched to the depot where cattle trains were in waiting to take them, they knew not where.

Daylight on the morning of January 11, found them at Dalton, one hundred miles north of Atlanta. At this point the road forks, one line leading to Chattanooga and the other through East Tennessee to Richmond. Over which the men

would be sent was the question of the hour. When the train pulled out over the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad all knew that their destination was determined. Sunday, January 11, was passed in Knoxville. Here as well as all along through East Tennessee the loyalty of the people was plainly evident, as was shown in numerous instances. On the 12th the train bearing the prisoners reached the Wautauga river where the bridge had been burned by Colonel Carter a few weeks before. Colonel Carter commanded a force of Union cavalry and had made a raid through East Tennessee destroying the bridges over the Wautauga and Holstein rivers. This was a part of the plan of General Rosecrans to prevent re-enforcements for Bragg from Richmond. At the Wautauga the prisoners disembarked, waded the river and marched nine miles, the distance between the two rivers. After wading the cold waters of the Holstein, nearly up to their necks, and waiting perhaps two hours a train pulled in to carry the men "on to Richmond."

On the morning of January 16, the train arrived at the capital of the Confederate States. The prisoners were marched across James river, up through the city, amid the taunts and jeers of the throngs that lined the sidewalks. Finally they stood outside the walls of the well known warehouse used in times of peace by Libby & Son, whose sign was still suspended above the door, and gave a name to this prison which will endure for generations. They were assigned to one of the rooms in this large building where were confined several thousand, though they had free access to all the rooms. The windows were secured by iron bars, such as adorn prison cells. The building was surrounded by sentinels, whose beats were on the pavement below. No one was allowed to put his head close enough to the bars to look down on the street, under penalty of being shot. The rations issued to the men consisted of the half of a very small loaf of light bread, and a small piece of tainted meat from cow or horse or mule, nobody knew which, on one day and the broth from this meat, thickened with rice and some times with beans, the next day. This, once a day, consti-

tuted the rations while in Libby prison. What they lacked in quantity was made up in strength, the rice and bean bugs being abundantly able to sustain life. Here the prisoners became intimately acquainted with a friend which struck closer than a brother. Twice or oftener each day he helped them by his presence to while away a portion of the long dreary hours, and they even took off their clothing to catch diversions as usually engage soldiers in camp. Many whiled the hours in repining, and every day some one or more were transferred to the hospital, located elsewhere, many of whom died. Old letters from home were read and reread. Scraps of newspapers and stray leaves from old books were perused until worn out. The roll was called twice a day by a sergeant who was attended by a strong guard well armed. And thus the days passed. Prayer meetings were held every day, and the fervent invocations that were offered doubtless proved effectual. At 3 o'clock on the morning of January 29, all except commissioned officers filed out of Libby prison for the Petersburg depot not knowing whither they were bound. When the train started in the direction of City Point from Petersburg all knew that their prison days were numbered. At City Point they were paroled. Flags of truce boats were in waiting. They were taken down the James and up the Chesapeake to Annapolis where a parole camp had been established. They remained at this camp six weeks, when they were transferred to Camp Chase, near Columbus, Ohio, traveling by boats to Baltimore and thence over the Pennsylvania-railroad. After a stay of two weeks here they were sent to Indianapolis and assigned quarters at Camp Carrington, where seven months before they had been mustered in and then known as Camp Murphy. An eight days' furlough was granted the men to go to their homes.

Thus terminated the prison experience of the men who were captured at Stone's River, an experience brief and mild compared with the months of sufferings endured by those who were in captivity afterwards, but an experience fraught with extreme hunger, pinching cold and almost unendurable

hardships. The story of rebel prison pens is one which every true lover of his country might well wish were never written, but it is a part of human history, and as nearly a hundred men of the Eighty-sixth had a slight personal experience it is here given. Those who survived and were not physically disabled by the cruelties of which they were victims were duly exchanged, and by the 30th of May had all rejoined their regiment, and shared in its marches and bivouacs, its skirmishes and battles, until its muster-out more than two years later.

CHAPTER XIII.

STONE'S RIVER TO CHICKAMAUGA.

Six Months at Murfreesboro—Camp Life—How The Time Was Employed—The Long Stay An Absolute Necessity—The Eighty-sixth Receives Really Its First Military Instruction—Punishment of a Deserter—A Piece of Somber Romance—Other Incidents—March to McMinnville.

On the night of January 3, 1863, General Bragg evacuated Murfreesboro. He commenced the movement stealthily at 11 o'clock, gathering up his men and guns so cautiously that it was not known that he was gone until broad day-light next morning. He was in Shelbyville, thirty miles away, by noon on Sunday, the 4th. The facts are that General Rosecrans' army was not in a condition to make an effective pursuit. While the battle resulted in a victory for the Union army, it was a victory dearly bought. General Rosecrans had, lost, in killed and wounded, nearly nine thousand men, besides over three thousand prisoners, nearly a third of his effective strength. He had lost, in addition, fifty pieces of artillery, and over five hundred and fifty artillery horses, so that farther pursuit was not only inadvisable but impossible. Bragg retired so hastily as to leave 2,600 of his sick and wounded with 200 medical and other attendants. In fact,