GENERAL I. M. KIRBY,
COMMANDING BRIGADE.
From photograph taken in 1893.

STORY
OF THE
One Hundred and First Ohio Infantry.

A Grand-daughter of the Regiment.

A Memorial Volume.

BY
L. W. DAY.

CLEVELAND, O.:
THE W. M. BAYNE PRINTING CO.,
1894.

Reprinted in 1998

HIGGINSON BOOK COMPA
148 Washington Street
Salem, Massachusetts 01970

To the

Boys of the Regiment

THIS VOLUME

-IS-

FRATERNALLY DEDICATED.

Copyrighted 1894 by L. W. Day.
All rights reserved.

PREFACE.

Surely no apology is needed for putting in permanent form the history of a Regiment which, on many fields of the great Civil War, distinguished itself for gallantry, heroic bravery, and unquestioned patriotism. The recounting of the deeds of such an organization of men can in no way detract from the honor and glory of other great Regiments engaged in the same grand cause and doing equally effective work. The Grand Army of the Nation was a unit, and what inures to the credit of one Regiment or organization, adds to the honor of all. That Grand Army came into being as by magic. Its object was the crushing out of treason and the utter destruction of the great armies in rebellion against the Old Flag. It was in the field to settle forever the permanency of our form of government. In the accomplishment of these great ends, the One Hundred and First Ohio was an important and very active factor. The Regiment was recruited in the counties of Crawford, Wyandot, Seneca, Huron and Erie, under the call of the President, issued in the summer of 1862. There was much enthusiasm, and the required number of men was soon raised. Camp was established a Monroeville, and here, on the 30th of August, 1862, the Regiment was formally mustered into the service of the United States, for three years or during the war.

To give the history of such an organization, engaged in such a stupendous work, is a most difficult task. A book of a thousand pages were too small to give it well. The story related in the unambitious chapters which follow, is a simple narrative, told without attempt at rhetorical effect, by one who marched in the ranks with the boys, and who,

L. W. DAY,

COMPANY E.

From photograph taken in 1893.

with them, endured the hardships, faced the dangers and suffered the privations of the camp, the march and the field of battle. The Old Flag, powder-stained, and shot almost into shreds, has been assigned an honorable place in the Flag Room of the State House at Columbus, from which it is never removed except on the occasions of our reunions, when the boys proundly fall into line and follow it as in years agone. Though it can never again be unfurled, it teaches a lesson of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty, doubly impressive because of its story. Though the writer was not physically able to remain with the Regiment to the finish, yet the temptation to continue to use the pronoun "we" to the end of the Story was irresistible. The preparation of the manuscript has opened wide the portals of memory and caused the dead past to awake and live again in all its magnificent energy, while the scenes of years long gone go trooping by—a pageant of surpassing interest, premonitory of the strength, power and greatness of a redeemed Nation, the equal of which exists not on the face of the earth.

A number of the Comrades have given valuable assistance in the preparation of this volume. To all these, public acknowledgment is hereby made. Especial thanks are due and are hereby tendered General I. M. Kirby, Surgeon T. M. Cook, Comrades W. R. Davis, Charles R. Green, Captain Benjamin F. Bryant, J. A. Stewart, Dr. J. A. Norton, Joseph Van Nest, C. M. Funk, Benjamin T. Strong, Wallace Stahle, Norman D. Egbert, William Dewalt, and, indeed, many others, for diaries, war correspondence, reminiscences, and many practical suggestions, and to Librarian W. H. Brett, of the Cleveland Public Library, and his assistants, for many favors. The portraits and illustrations are, for the most part, the work of the Climax Photo-Engraving Co., Cleveland, O.

the ramrod and held it over the blazing fire; some rolled it in paper and put it in the hot ashes; some pegged the stuff to trees near the fire and swore at it. A few henpecked married fellows made passable pancakes, but most of us preferred 'biscuit.'' We had lots of fun if we did go hungry.

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLE OF STONE'S RIVER.

If, leaving our biscuit-making for a moment, we could have looked over into the Confederate camp in front of Murfreesboro', we should have been well satisfied that Bragg intended to fight. All that Sunday, (Dec. 28th) he was busy establishing and strengthening his lines, and preparing for our coming. His troops had been called in from Bradyville, Readyville, Shelbyville, and Eagleville—his whole army was going into position.

Early on the morning of the 29th, we took up our line of march toward our left, moving by way of the Bole-Jack road. We knew immediately, that we were headed for Murfreesboro'—Speculation ran high among the boys as to whether Bragg would wait for us. On the whole we rather thought he would. The recent rains had rendered this road almost impassable in some places, and many a time we were obliged to put our shoulders to the wheel and help the artillery out of the mud. At length, after a toilsome day's march we went into camp quite late. Our advance had met with considerable resistance, especially for an hour or two before dark. The possession of the bridge over Overall's Creek had cost a severe struggle, but it remained with us. We went into camp Monday night between Overall's Creek and the Rebel line of battle, Woodruff's Brigade guarding the

LIEUT. COL. MOSES F. WOOSTER,

KILLED AT BATTLE OF STONE'S RIVER, DECEMBER 31, 1862.

the bridge. Johnson's Division was on the right. We had marched across the fields in which our cavalry had assailed and defeated the Confederate cavalry, and rumors of the conflict were confirmed by the generally demolished condition of things. All were agreed by this time that Bragg was going to fight.

About the first thing we did after going into camp, was to "put our houses in order." Many of us went through our knapsacks and removed letters and mementos which we would not wish to have fall into rebel hands, for who could tell what the next day might bring forth. Tired and hungry, we lay down without shelter and waited for the morning.

Reveille did not sound on the morning of the 30th. At three o'clock we were quietly wakened and immediately formed into line. Here we stood in almost dead silence until daylight. We were then allowed very small fires carefully concealed, with which to prepare breakfast. This was soon over, and in a short time we were ordered forward. With the early dawn came the occasional crack of musketry, as pickets exchanged compliments, and now and then the heavy boom of cannon off to our left. We expected trouble the moment we attempted to advance. In front of us was a large open field bordered on the east and south by very dense woods. The trees were large and very close together, admirably adapted for purposes of defense. Before advancing into these woods, a strong skirmish line selected from the 15th Wisconsin, under command of Colonel McKee of that regiment, was sent forward to clear the way. We followed at a proper distance. This skirmish line had hot work of it, before we had gone far. The rebels contested every inch of ground, and fell back only when compelled to do so. It was very evident that we were nearing the position selected by Bragg for his final stand. So exceedingly

severe was this skirmish in the woods, that we were ordered to pile our knapsacks, reserving only our overcoats which we wore, and blankets. We never saw nor heard of our knapsacks again. They fell into the hands of the rebels the next morning. Our skirmish line was relieved soon after noon by a fresh detail from the 21st Illinois, under command of Lieutenant Colonel McMackin. As we advanced the resistance increased. Many wounded were carried to the rear borne on stretchers or supported on the arms of comrades. A riderless white horse dripping with blood, came rushing wildly back from the front, and rumors of the most desperate fighting in Sheridan's front reached us constantly. But in the face of it all we steadily advanced. The character of the woods in our front prevented the use of artillery until we had driven the enemy some distance. Along the pike, and on Sheridan's front, cannon were freely used. As we advanced we gradually came into a dense cedar thicket, in which the defending party had all the advantage. Peering through this underbrush, he could generally get the first sight of his opponent. Many an encounter amounting to a hand to hand struggle for life took place in these bushes, the history of which will never be written. The result depended largely on nerve and dexterity after discovery. Such warfare seemed almost like murder. But finally we had them out of the woods, and forced them back far enough to reveal their line of battle. In doing this we had come into the vicinity of the Widow Smith's house, near the Franklin or Triune Road. The road near the house runs through a cut and is otherwise protected by a ridge or bank. Back of this bank and in the cut, a force of rebels had been secreted. When we reached the opening in front of the Smith house these rascals gave us a volley which, for a moment, staggered the 21st Illinois, which received the most of it. As soon as the rebels had been forced

out of the thickets, our Second Minnesota battery galloped into position and began to drum the main Confederate line. A rebel battery well posted near the Smith house replied with great vigor, and fearing our artillery might be charged, our Regiment was pushed close up to our battery as support. At Perryville and at Knob Gap, the shells went over our heads; here they came down alarmingly close. We hugged the earth upon which we were lying, and made ourselves as small as possible. Brave Colonel Stem stood his ground, nor flinched. Dear, noble man, he was to fall next morning. At dark we fell back a few hundred feet and took our place in the line of battle which was soon established. It fell to the lot of Company E, Captain Parcher, to picket in front of our Regiment that night. The two armies—their battle lines—were less than fifteen hundred feet apart. It was a very delicate matter to establish and post the pickets, but by the exercise of great care and by going "on all fours" part of the way, we were finally in proper shape. By mutual, though tacit consent, there was no firing during the night.

All night long we could hear the movement of troops and artillery to our right. So serious did this seem to us that we several times sent word to Regimental headquarters calling attention to the fact. Colonel Stem forwarded the report to Brigade, Division and Corps headquarters, but nothing was done about it. Similar reports were sent from other parts of the picket line, but to no effect. To this day it seems strange that no attention was given this matter. The very existence of the army was jeopardized by the failure to do so.

Rosecrans announced his plan of battle for the next day to his Corps commanders who met him about 11 o'clock on the night of the 30th. McCook was to hold the enemy in check, and if necessary, he was to fall slowly back. With

our Left, Crittenden was to attack the rebel Right, drive it back from the river, and press them into and through Murfreesboro'. As soon as Crittenden was well started, our Center, under Thomas, was to advance stoutly, and aid in the rout of the enemy. They were to be swung around and cornered between McCook and Overall's Creek. This move was to commence sharply at 7 o'clock. McCook was especially cautioned to look to his lines, as he was depended on to hold the rebel Left, while Crittenden and the rest rolled their Right back in disaster.

The day's developments had convinced the rebel Commander that he could crush our Right, and roll it back in disaster cornering our army between Stone's River and Overall's Creek. This plan was announced to Bragg's Corps commanders about the same hour that Rosecrans announced his. It will be seen that his plan was the exact counterpart of Rosecrans'. But Bragg ordered the assault to be made at daylight. He thus got the start and viciously held it all day. Rosecrans, in order to induce Bragg to weaken his force in front of our Left, ordered McCook to build fires far to our Right, to give the impression that our lines extended further in that direction than they really did. Bragg, in order to have troops in readiness at daylight, to crush our Right sent a large force in that direction, whether fooled by our fires or not, does not appear.

These meetings broke up—the Corps commanders on each side went to their respective headquarters, communicated with their Division commanders, and at daylight, instead of 7 o'clock, the ball was opened by Bragg and not by Rosecrans, though at the appointed hour Crittenden advanced, cleared his front, and was carrying everything before him toward Murfreesboro'. Depending on McCook to hold our Right, Rosecrans saw his plan working like a charm. Our Center was firm, but the sound of heavy fight-

ing far to our right disturbed the Commander-in-Chief. There was too much of it. The roar of artillery seemed to be growing further to the westward and nearer. Soon a messenger brought the news of the crushing of our Right. Our victorious Left had to be recalled, and dispositions instantly made to stem the tide of defeat.

On the Right, matters had indeed taken a most serious turn. The tacit armistice between our pickets and the rebels in our immediate front, was dissolved with the first rays of the morning. Each man took to his tree or his log and warily "looked out" both for himself and his antagonist. The firing was brisk as soon as we could see. The early and vigorous advance of the rebel line made it necessary to recall our picket line—indeed we were unceremoniously driven in, a number of our boys being badly wounded before we reached our place in the line of battle, a few hundred feet back of us. Although the rebel line did not at once assail us—they were awaiting further developments on our right—their sharpshooters and a heavy skirmish line poured a destructive fire into us. Colonel Stem called for volunteers to silence them. Several arose, (we were lying flat on the ground), one of whom, Adam Sherer, was shot and instantly killed, and a number of others were more or less seriously wounded. At the same instant, the rebel main line advanced and opened on us at short range. Their fire was terrible, but ours must have been more so, for we repulsed them in fine shape. But many of our boys were down.

In the few minutes' lull that followed, we could hear all too distinctly the roar of the fight on our right. Knowing that large masses of troops and artillery had been sent in that direction by the enemy during the night, we feared the ominous sounds that rolled up through the woods from that part of the field.

LIEUTENANT JOHN B. BIDDLE,

COMPANY C.

KILLED AT BATTLE OF STONE'S RIVER, DECEMBER 31, 1862.

But the foe in our front was upon us again like demons —and again we sent them back after a half hour's contest. The few minutes' lull that ensued revealed to us the fact that the fighting far to our right was still further to the rear. We realized that Johnson was giving way. The heavy roll of cannon on Crittenden's front came to us, also, from the extreme left of our army.

For some reason we were moved a short distance to our left, not many rods, however. Our new position brought the line of our Regiment across a great flat rock, as level as a floor almost, and flush with the surface of the ground. There were loose rocks also lying around. Before we had fully reached our new position, the rebel lines again advanced, but were rather more respectful—they did not come so close. We opened a galling and to all appearances a very discouraging fire upon them. The affair was exceedingly hot, the firing being almost continuous for what seemed to be a long time.

It was during this terrible assault that Colonel Stem fell at the head of his Regiment, mortally wounded. Brave, unflinching, cool, and determined, his was an example of devotion and daring worthy the emulation of the bravest of the brave. A heroic effort was made to bear him from the field, but he was too badly wounded, and the almost unheard of fierceness of the assault made this impossible.

In one of the few lulls, the roaring of the battle close at hand on our left, under Sheridan, inspired us. Some of us listened for the sounds on the right, but there was an ominous silence in that direction at that moment. The time for such reflections and observations was but momentary, for again the conflict was on in our own front. We held our ground, not yielding one inch until we were assailed on our right flank, and until we were fired upon from the rear. It would be madness to remain longer, and the order was

given to fall back. It was during this fierce struggle that Lieutenant Colonel Wooster fell wounded unto death. He was borne some distance to the rear, but the flank movement of the enemy made it impossible to take him far. "Put me down, boys, and rally to the support of the flag," said he. Circumstances which we were powerless to control, made this necessary, and he, too, fell into the hands of the enemy. Comrade Lepper of Company I, who was also wounded, was captured with him, and remained with him until he died.

The history of the disaster to our extreme Right is known to all. With the routing of Johnson, Davis' right was exposed. Post's Brigade, forming the right of Davis' line, fought stubbornly, but was compelled to give way. This exposed Carlin's right, and enabled the rebels to fire upon us almost from the rear. We had all we could take care of directly in front of us, and we would have held that line until now—but assailed in front, flank and rear, we did well to fall back when we did. Woodruff at once followed. All this endangered Sheridan's right, and soon made it necessary for him to readjust his line, throwing his right Brigade considerably back, and facing it more to the south. He was soon compelled to readjust his whole line, pivoting it on his left.

Thus far we had been fighting in the woods. Back of us an eighth of a mile was an open cotton field, extending westerly and northerly to woods that bordered it on these two sides. In the southern edge of this field, just back of a fence which separated it from the woods, we formed our second line. It proved, however, to be as untenable as our former position, and for the same reason. The Confederates were squarely on our flank, and were protected by the fence along the Griscom road, behind which they were sheltering themselves, and from between the rails of which they were

deliberately murdering us. We were also followed through the woods by the troops with which we had fought before falling back. As we formed our second line, two of our batteries, the Second Minnesota and Houghtelling's, took position on an eminence on the northern edge of the cotton field. We were soon ordered to fall back to the woods near the batteries. It took a deal of pluck to do this with the enemy on two sides of us, flushed with victory and numbering three to our one at this stage of the game. We reached the other side in good time, and promptly formed our line. Our Brigade was honored at this moment by the presence of Generals Carlin, Davis and McCook. The latter bravely encouraged the boys to hold the line at all hazards—said he had sent for re-enforcements and that we should soon drive the rascals back. Scarcely had he uttered his words of cheer, when a rebel bullet struck his horse's shoulder, causing the blood to spurt over the general's lap and legs. He was a large, fleshy man, slow of motion, but he dismounted as quickly as the lightest trooper a-horse. Our battery pounded the rebels terribly, but on they came, great columns of them still further to our right and rear. They were within easy musket range, but our ammunition was running low. With the falling back of Post's and Carlin's Brigades, Woodruff's lines were doubled up and his position so changed that Carlin's left no longer touched his right. There was serious danger that Carlin might be cut off from the possibility of retreat. Two rebel batteries wheeled into position at this instant near the Griscom road, and raked our lines and hammered our batteries in a terrible way.

Our artillery replied with great spirit, and we gave their infantry the best the range would allow. The rascals in front of us were in no hurry to charge across the open cotton field, and, to tell the truth, we were not at all anxious

S. B. ANWAY,
COMPANY H.
From photograph taken in 1894.

to have them do so. Johnson's whole Division was out of sight; Post had been driven off the field; Carlin was the extreme right of the Union army, and was greatly outnumbered in flank and in front. There was but one thing to do, and we did it—we fell back. We did so in an orderly way—acting deliberately and according to orders. But how or when our trouble would end, we had not the slightest idea. Off to the west of our organized lines, across an open field, we could see bodies of troops which we took to be rebels, as they doubtless were. The fear of a rush by the enemy's cavalry caused considerable excitement at one time, but such a calamity was not added to our misfortunes. The line of our retreat seemed to be guided by the noise of the battle raging in great fury along the center of our army. In view of the terrible experiences of the morning we listened in dismay to the dreadful roar of the conflict that seemed to shake both earth and heaven. In this horrid din, the most horrid of all was the unearthly yelling of charging columns as they rushed upon each other with bayonet and sword. We seemed to have been transported from earth to the very gates of Hell, toward the open portals of which we seemed to be forced by the still greater danger that lurked in the woods and fields to the south and west of us.

Our batteries, of course, retreated when we withdrew from our third position—one of them, Houghtelling's, soon after fell into the hands of the enemy. Our retreat was beset with dangers on every hand, and had to be conducted with great skill and caution. Reaching the Wilkinson Pike, we formed our line of battle, our fourth position, under the shelter of a rail fence, and determined again to give battle to the enemy still crowding us on flank and front. It seemed useless—our line was so short, so light every way. But it was against nature to go one step further without stopping to show our teeth, and if possible check the victorious foe. We knew well, and so did they, that our Right was crushed, that it was all important for them to gain the Nashville Pike, on which were huddled our ammuniiton trains, the destruction of which would most effectually quiet our guns and make us their prisoners. What wonder, then, that they should advance in such force and with such confidence. The final victory seemed to them to be almost within grasp. At the word of command, our line of battle was formed for the fourth time on that dreadful morning. There was no excitement—we were not panic stricken. Each man looked deliberately to his gun and awaited the storm which was sure to fall. Our ammunition was scarce, and we were ordered to fire only at very close range. The sharpshooters and skirmishers soon appeared in view, closely followed by the rebel line of battle. On they came, nor halted until they were within easy range. On their left were other columns, still continuing that flank movement that had proved so eminently successful since daylight. For our light line, consisting of a few hundred men, to attempt to check such a host were madness. The Confederate line was so close that we could distinctly hear the commands of the loud-mouthed colonel conducting the column. He was one of the most profane wretches we had ever heard. Every order was profusely garnished with great, full-grown oaths of pure Southern extraction, even to the accent. We were almost terrified at such language, but every man in his command obeyed as promptly as a whipped spaniel. Seeing the hopelessness of our position, we gave them one deliberate volley, then continued our retreat. Our pace was doubtless somewhat accelerated by the volley which the profane rebel commander was swearing out when we left him.

The line of our retreat carried us in a northerly direc-

tion. We were constantly in the presence of the enemy, with more or less skirmishing, usually at long range, until we reached the Nashville Pike. Approaching this, they very properly halted, readjusted their lines and prepared for serious business. Our swearing colonel was not within hearing distance for some little time.

As we emerged from the woods and crossed the pike, a half mile west of the intersection of the pike and the railroad, we felt a sense of relief. Surely we had finally reached the utmost limit to which the Lord would allow us to be driven. Moreover, the most vigorous preparations were being made to check the tide of defeat on our right. We halted between the pike and the railroad, and awaited developments. Of the four hundred brave boys who had stood shoulder to shoulder early in the morning, many were dead, many others were dying, hundreds were wounded or prisoners, scores were missing—only eighteen were with the colors as we stood there, Major Kirby at that hour in command of the regiment, and Adjutant Len D. Smith being of the number. The dear old Regiment had been hammered front and flank and rear, until scarcely a color-guard remained. It was not yet noon.

Almost at the same instant that we crossed the pike Beatty's Brigade of Van Cleve's Division came dashing down from the left at double quick, and formed instantly a few rods south of the pike. Fixing bayonets, they waited, but not long. Our little Regiment—its numbers slowly increasing by the arrival of boys who in retreating had swung too far to the west to keep with the colors—joined Beatty's right, determined to share their fate, come what would. Harker's Brigade had already passed still further to the right. On the left of Beatty's splendid column was the remainder of Van Cleve's Division, and on Van Cleve's left was Rouseau. The new line thus quickly formed was

destined soon to engage in some of the severest fighting of that bloody day. The crushing of our Right had so exposed Sheridan that he was compelled to face almost south, instead of east as at the beginning. Indeed his extreme right faced the west, and the movements of the enemy soon made even this position untenable. He established a new line still further back, facing almost south, and nearly at right angles with Thomas' line, to meet which, the Center was thrown considerably back.

The genius of Rosecrans was nowhere more conspicuously displayed than in the establishment of his new line in the face of the most desperate fighting, and in spite of a victorious foe. Rouseau first flying into the face of the enemy and staggering him, fell quickly into his new position; the Left under Crittenden adjusted itself to its shortened line, and sent Harker's Brigade and Van Cleve's Division to the right, as detailed above.

The new lines thus hastily but most splendidly formed, had not long to wait. Cleburne's Division, fresh and confident, was in position and ready for assault. To his right and facing Rouseau's left was McCown's Division flushed with victory and ready for the final and crowning assault. Soon after noon the storm broke. With a wild yell, the enemy debouched from the cedar thickets in our front, forming as they came. The left of their line charged first, the assault falling upon Harker. His command was ready and waiting. Then Beatty, with words more forcible than elegant, encouraged and threatened his men. Not a man was to fire until he gave the command. He who disobeyed would instantly die. An officer who would permit disobedience would suffer the same fate. On came the same insolent foe that had driven us all the morning. Beatty's men stood at a "ready" and although many of them were falling, not a man discharged a musket. The enemy was

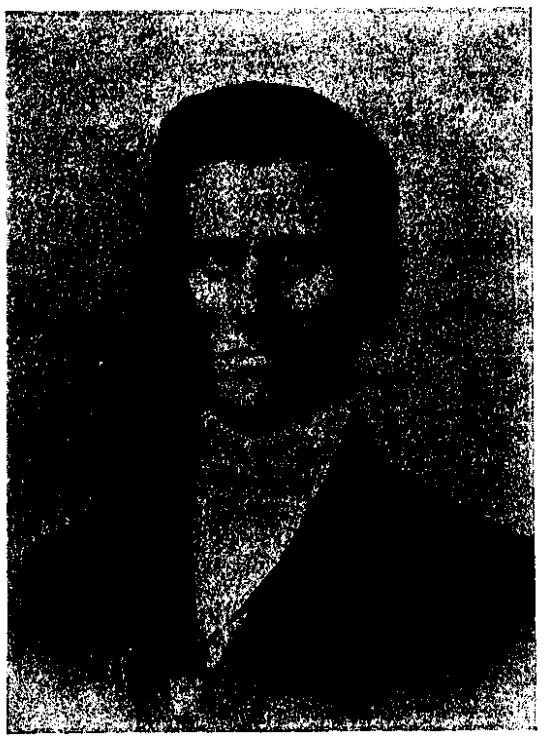
alarmingly near, when the order to fire was given. The aim had been deliberate and deadly, and great numbers of the enemy bit the dust when the volley was delivered.

"Forward—Charge!" and the splendid line leaped forward, the remnants of our own good Regiment, joining their right. The Confederate line halted—it looked surprised, but fought viciously. The officers made great efforts to move them forward. With a yell as unearthly as ever escaped from human throats, Beatty rushed upon them with the bayonet. Not even our swearing rebel Colonel could hold his men, The line broke and fled in confusion—Beatty at their heels at every jump.

At the same time that Beatty so effectually astonished that part of Cleburn's line, which came at him on the pike, the troops both to the right and left of him, assailed the enemy with equal force, and immediately the rebel advance came to an end—indeed they were rolled back in considerable haste and not a little confusion. It was a critical moment and the Union boys fought like tigers; the Confederates understood it too, and fought most desperately. There was no straggling, no hesitation. It was cold blooded pluck and irresistible dash with bayonet and sword. But victory rested with the Stars and Stripes, and the hateful rebel rag finally went down on our Right. Thank God, a remnant of the 101st was in at the death.

Later in the afternoon Breckinridge attempting to advance his lines, got into trouble, was whipped, and fell back into his old position near the redout. It was now night, and the troops of both armies slept in line without fires. The night was cold and clear, and we suffered quite severely. Our number had increased so that we had by this time about one hundred and fifty men in line.

Immediately after the repulse referred to above, General Rosecrans sought to further improve his line of battle. It



LEWIS LOWE,

COMPANY E.

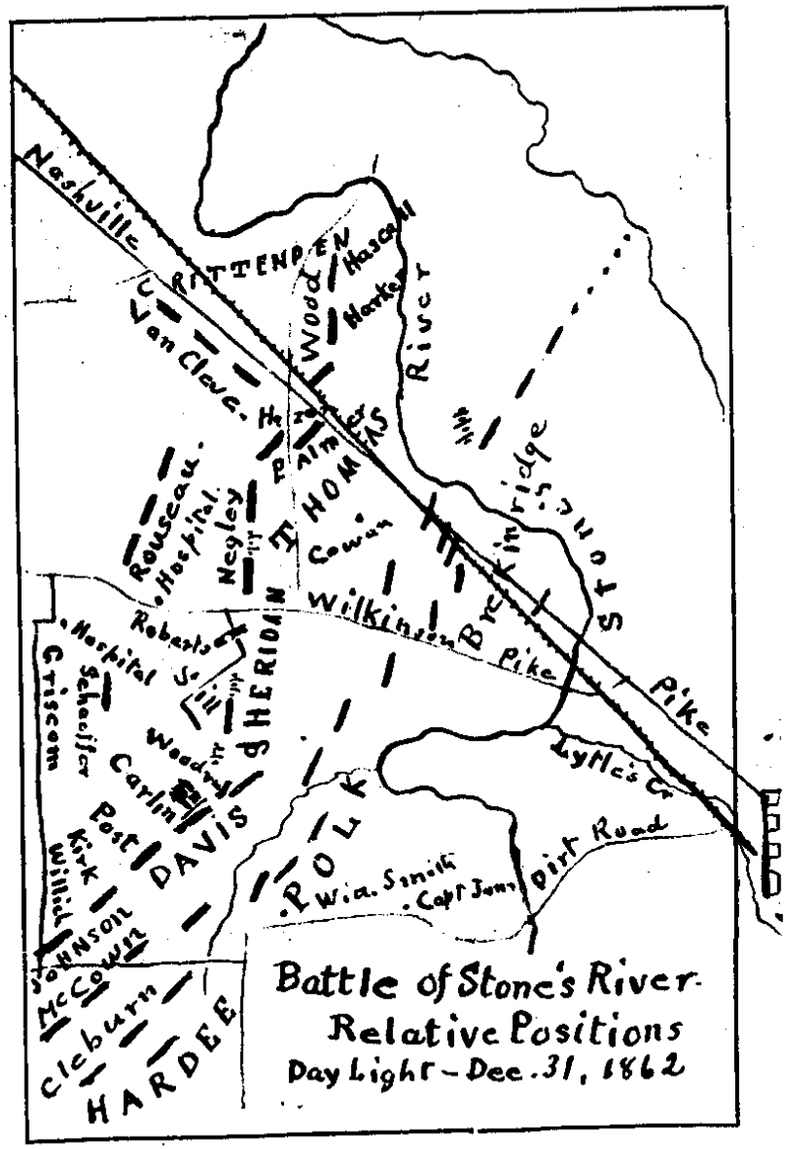
KILLED AT BATTLE OF STONE'S RIVER, DECEMBER 31, 1862.

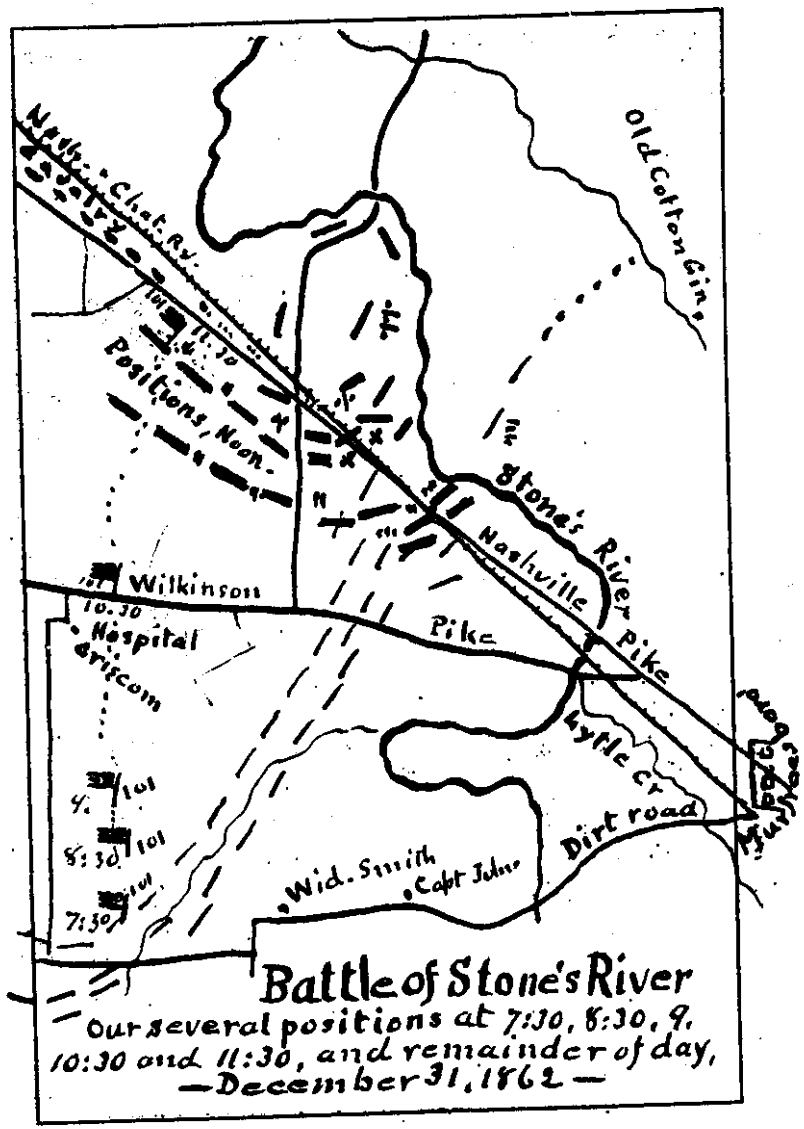
Engraved from photograph.

was therefore moved forward until it extended around the base of a slight eminence, and from the railroad on the right, around to a point about 250 yards in rear of the position held by Thomas during the day. From here the line extended northerly to the river, with strong guards at the fords. This arrangement greatly concentrated the Union lines, and made it possible to use the artillery to excellent advantage. The fighting on the right had been largely in the woods where artillery could not be used to any great extent.

A large Confederate force, had made itself very objectionable in the rear of our army. These rascals had deliberately ridden around our flank and had struck the line of our communication with Nashville, spreading consternation among the teamsters, and the small guards accompanying the different sections of the train. Charging, they easily captured a portion of the train, burning many wagons and destroying many supplies, among which were the rations of the 101st for the next three days. The rebel victory here was, however, of short duration, for our own cavalry happened that way and entered so urgent a protest that our friends, the enemy, were glad to get away alive—they did not all succeed even in that. Quite a number of our boys, who had been captured, were very fortunately for them, recaptured. The rebels had, however, done great damage before they had been driven off. I have since made the personal acquaintance of one of the Captains of the Confederate cavalry, engaged in this piece of business, and find him to be a most generous and refined gentleman, far above doing such things now days.

Our hearts were filled with great sadness as we looked up and down the shortened line that cold evening. Each man contributed his item of information as to the cause of this one's and that one's absence from the ranks. We





could account for many, but not for all. Colonels Stem and Wooster, and Lieutenants Biddle and Hillyear, and many, very many of the boys were dead or mortally wounded, scores were reported as being more or less seriously wounded, or captured. Many were in hospital, and not a few were missing.

Our Division—a shadow of its former self—occupied the extreme right of our new line.

The night was bitter cold—we could have no fires, but for that matter the Johnnies couldn't either. Some of our boys thought to have a small one—and gathering closely around the spot selected, started it. General McCook happened to be passing that way, saw the blaze, and rode up to make a fuss about it. He ordered it out instantly and threatened the arrest of every man engaged in the affair.

At the same instant a rebel shell came sailing up out of the darkness, and gave decided emphasis to the General's orders. The fire went out and we continued to shake with the cold. Another little company was more successful about 2 o'clock in the morning. We were almost stiff with the cold. Digging a hole in the ground about eighteen inches deep and two feet square, we started a fire in it, taking as much care to guard it from the eyes of our own officers as from the rebel gunners. It was not very satisfactory, but was very much better than nothing. Captain Parcher told us how the thing had once been done by some soldiers who ought to have been sent to the guard-house for it. He called several times to order the fire out, stopping each time long enough to toast his shins and warm his hands.

"I'll be back again after a little, boys, and if this fire is not out——" with threatening tones.

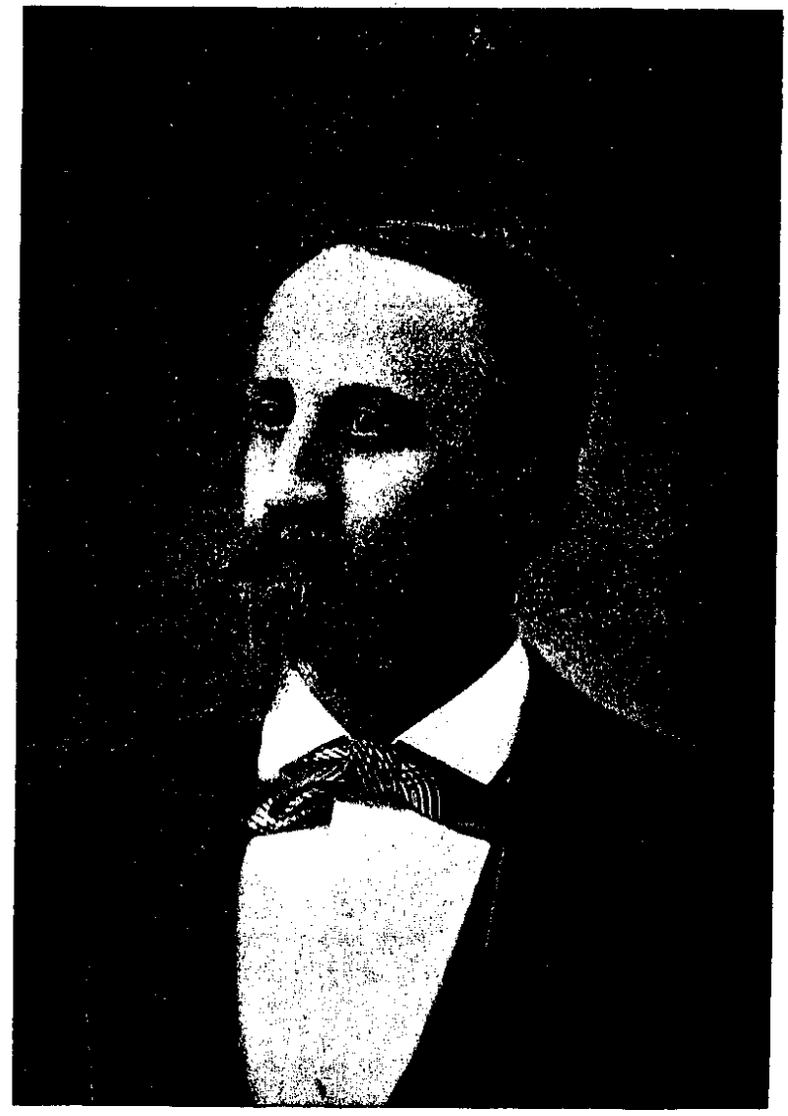
"All right, Captain, we'll always have a place for you. But don't tell any one."

Sure enough, he came in a short time, shivering with the cold but trying to glower at us.

"Did I not order you to put the fire out?" said he, standing astride the "furnace" and rubbing his hands at the same time.

"Tell us about the Battle of Pea Ridge and your fighting mit Siegel," said some thoughtful soul among us. This started him and our fire was safe. Shortly before daylight, he aided us to put out the fire and fill the hole. We hadn't slept much, but we had kept comparatively warm, and better yet, we had broken a positive order.

The night had not been entirely without incident. Occasionally a crazy rebel gunner would send a shell over our way, and occasionally a shot or two would be sent their way. Around toward our center there was a little musketry at one time, but nothing especially came of it. Between the lines lay a few wounded men whose cries, as their bloody wounds stiffened in the cold, excited our sympathy. We tried to relieve them, but were fired upon, and had to give it up. After daylight tacit consent was given by both sides, and the poor fellows were cared for. In the afternoon a portion of the Regiment was sent off toward the left, to strengthen the picket-skirmish line in that quarter. The boys on post did their whole duty, but those at the picket station worked hard to keep warm around a little fire in a great chimney in a log hut. Some climbed into the loft, kicked a hole through the sticks of which the chimney was built, and with their feet and legs hanging down in the smoke, lay back and slept until after roll-call next morning. The entire day, New Year's, had been comparatively quiet, although Bragg had been "trying" our lines to satisfy himself that Rosecrans was really present in force. Thomas, and our Right responded in such a manner as to satisfy him, for the time being, at least.



DR. JAMES A. NORTON,
COMPANY K.

After aiding most gloriously in repelling the Confederate assault on our Right, Wednesday afternoon, Harker and Van Cleve were returned to the Left, their places being taken by Starkweather and Walker, who had been doing duty in the rear.

Crittenden was ordered on Thursday, January 1st, to send Van Cleve's Division, now under the command of Colonel Samuel Beatty, across the river to occupy a crest near the lower ford, from which, if in the hands of the enemy, great damage might be done our Left. To the surprise of all, this movement and occupation was effected without opposition on the part of the enemy. Indeed, the enemy were not aware of the change of our line until several hours after it had been made.

The next morning, January 2nd, Bragg detemined to ascertain again, whether Rosecrans were present in force, or whether after all, he were not playing a huge bluff. When the Reverend General Polk organized his force to see whether Thomas was there or not, the latter General proved to be so much there that the Reverend General could not even get his assaulting column out of the woods. He reported to Bragg that he thought Thomas was still there. Cleburn and McCown were able to make the same report concerning our Right. Bragg was now fully satisfied that Rosecrans had not even tried to run away. What he was to do under the circumstances, was a conundrum. He must do something, and that right away. He had driven our Right terribly on Wednesday morning, but aside from that and since that time he had accomplished not one thing. He at once decided to assail our Left. To insure success he would make as much noise as possible along our Center and Right, so as to hold our present forces there, while with all the troops he could possibly gather, he would fall upon Crittenden, crush our Left, fall upon our rear, and

finish us up in great shape. Just what the Union army was to do while he was accomplishing all this we were not informed by the Confederate Commander.

It was arranged that Breckinridge, who was on the east side of the river, facing our Left, whose Corps had not been very seriously engaged in battle thus far, although they had done some marching, was to undertake the great movement referred to, that of crushing Crittenden. Fearing that Rosecrans might attempt to assume the aggressive and carry out his original plan of battle, Bragg had as early as Wednesday night, the 31st, ordered two Divisions over to his right to strengthen Breckinridge in that quarter. On the afternoon of the 2nd, he ordered several other Brigades to the same part of the field, preparatory to the grand assault set for the afternoon. As an initiatory step, the Confederate cavalry was sent off to our extreme Left for the purpose of threatening something or somebody. It went so far as to be entirely out of the way. While making this move, some of the officers discovered Beatty's Division in line on the east side of Stone's River. This was immediately reported to Bragg, who is said to have become quite excited over the affair. The surface of the country in Breckinridge's vicinity was such that he could not hide his movements. His purposes were at once divined by Rosecrans and vigorous steps were taken to match him. Rosecrans, possessing this information, was not alarmed at the feints of Polk and McCown later on when Breckinridge was ready to move. Indeed these feints were a notice to him that the Confederate column was ready to storm our position. In the midst of the bluster in our own front he had no hesitation in ordering Davis' Division over to the Left on double quick. We arrived there in time to take an important part in the great game.

Breckinridge formed his assaulting column in two lines

—the first in a strip of woods, the second a few hundred feet back of the first. Both lines moved to the assault in this relative position. This charging column was made up mostly of men who were fresh and eager. They expected to win. They were harangued by their officers, who pointed out the very great importance of the move, and the glory and honor of success. It was to be the greatest military charge of modern times. Battery after battery wheeled into position, and still others were there to take advanced positions as the column cleared the way. A cavalry force was sent around to their right to keep Van Cleve's men and others from running off in that direction.

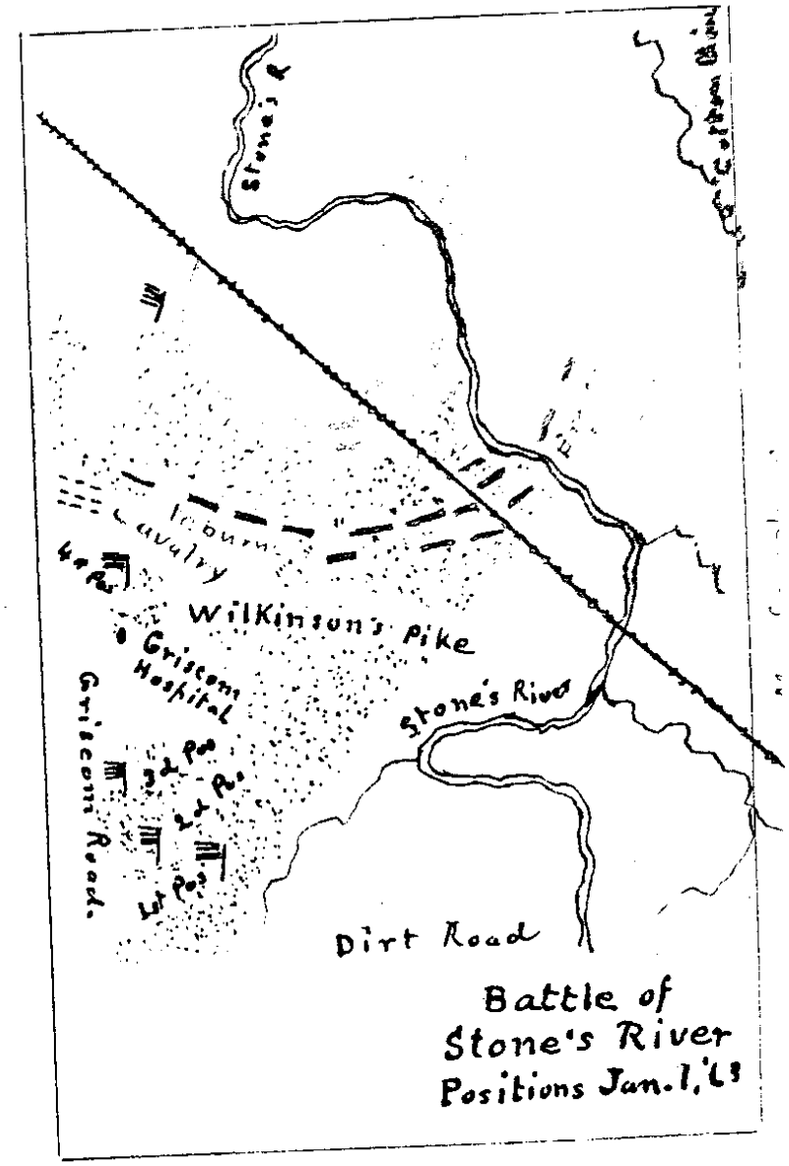
While all these arrangements were being made by the Confederates, General Rosecrans was also busy. Van Cleve's Division under Beatty was across the river. It must stay there, even if it had to face the whole Confederate charging column. It was impossible to send over to the east bank of the river and post a sufficient force to meet and defeat the great assault that was being prepared. Near the lower ford, in the space between the river and the road which here crosses the stream, is a crest which overlooks the open field across which Breckinridge must pass in falling upon Van Cleve, or in attempting to reach the ford, both of which he would undoubtedly attempt. Every cannon belonging to our Left, and several of those belonging to the Center was hurried to this elevation and rapidly placed in position. Fifty-eight guns were thus trained upon the fatal field. Each gun was loaded with grape, canister, shot or shell, as its position or range would best indicate. A clump of trees in the bend of the river effectually hid these guns and these important preparations from rebel sight and sense.

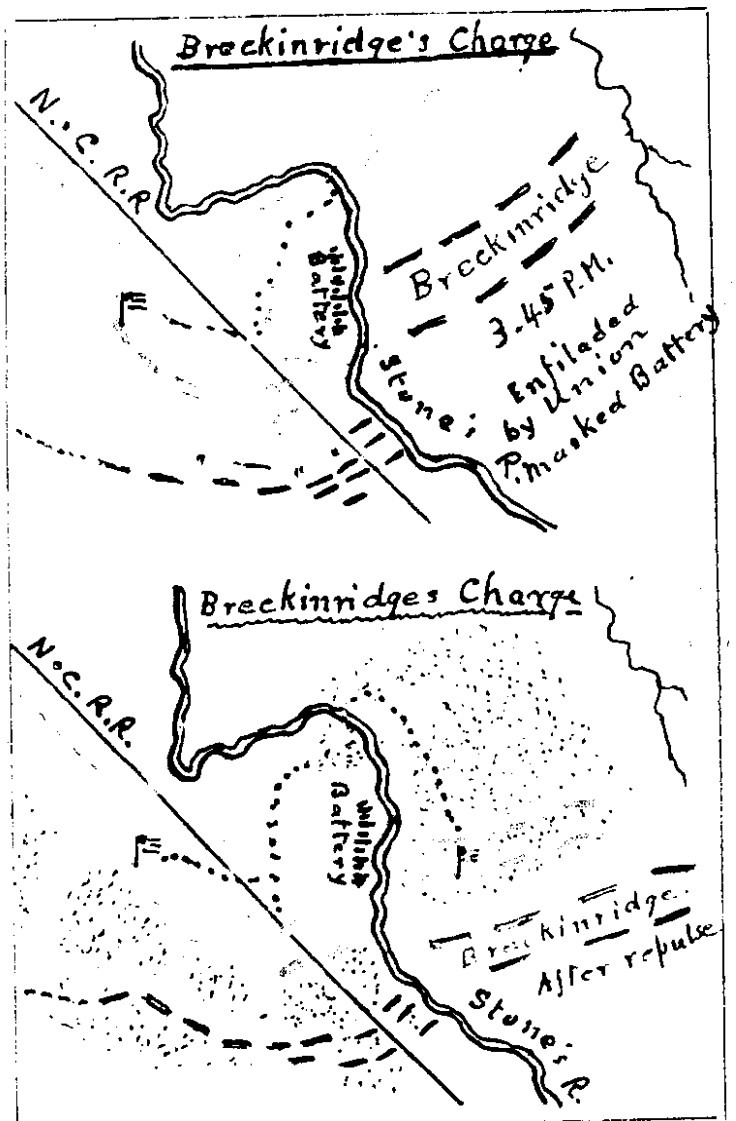
With delight, Breckinridge saw only one poor Division in his front. On the preceding afternoon he had massed

LIEUTENANT JAMES R. HOMER,
COMPANY E.
From Photograph taken in 1894.

a large force in plain sight, and Rosecrans had paid no attention to it. He flattered himself that the same game was working this afternoon, and that an easy victory awaited him. He would brush away the slight force, and then crossing the river he would take our army in reverse and soon end the agony. It was a grand scheme and Breckinridge was glad that he was alive on that immortal afternoon.

At length the order was given and the charging column moved forward. The moment it was absolutely certain that Breckinridge would attempt the assault, our Division—Davis'—was hurried off on double quick, to the left, to aid in repelling the charge. As soon as Breckinridge's lines had debouched from the woods, Van Cleve's batteries opened a rapid and accurate fire. The infantry fire was held for closer work. Beatty and all the men in Van Cleve's command knew that unless our battery on the crest could hold the enemy, defeat and destruction were surely theirs. But not a man flinched. The Confederate force came steadily on, neither hurrying nor hesitating. With the opening of Van Cleve's accurate artillery fire, they staggered for a moment, then came on like an avalanche. A little further and they saw the line of iron and brass that fringed the crest of the hill on the west bank of the river, each gun of which seemed to grin with malicious satisfaction and self-complacency. The sight astonished them and filled them with horror and dismay. But it was too late to change the plan or direction of assault; the river was between them and the battery, making it impossible for them to charge and silence it—they must go straight on or beat a cowardly retreat. Everybody saw that the lines would be enfiladed, and the officers knew perfectly well that the only way to hold the men and prevent a stampede was to order a charge at once, including both columns. With the giving of this





Battle of Stone's River.

order there straightway arose a yell uttered by no living creatures save a charging column of Confederate soldiers. Our own yell was an awful thing, born low down in Hell, but theirs was a hundred fold worse, especially when they had a desperate job on hand with the odds against them. Their yelling lines came madly on. Van Cleve's men cowered before the impending storm, yet flinched not.

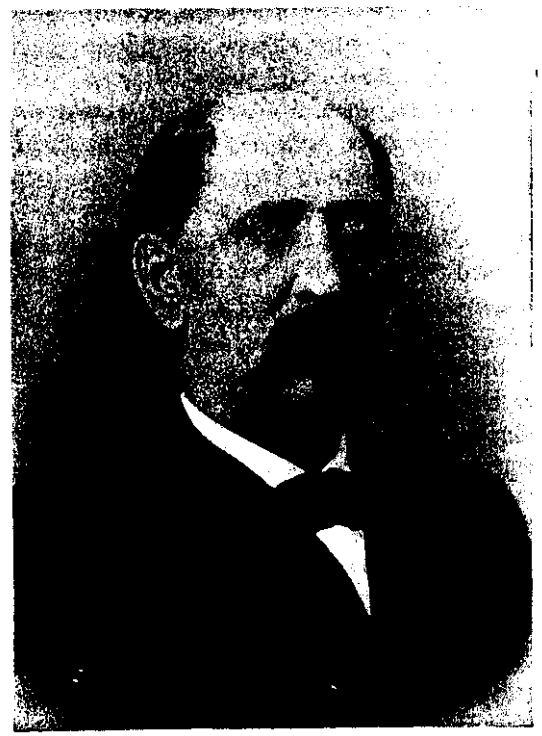
Our guns on the heights were still silent. Crazed by their yelling and made hideously frantic by it, the rebel host rushed on. The rest of the army seemed to be holding its breath—operations elsewhere seemed to be suspended for the moment. Both lines of the assaulting host were now free from the woods and charging forward across the open cornfield. Van Cleve's artillery cut great swaths in their lines, as was attested by the numerous dead and wounded that marked the way back to the woods. Every gap was instantly closed, and no attention paid to dead or wounded.

A moment later and the very heavens seemed to burst with an awful explosion, as every gun in that vast battery poured its contents directly upon the Confederate mass as it rushed upon Van Cleve. Such slaughter! Every gun had been definitely trained upon a particular mass of men, and the great number of dead and dying, wounded and fleeing, told only too plainly how accurate had been the aim. The column of course staggered—it halted a moment, amazed and stricken. Van Cleve poured volley after volley into the writhing mass. The Confederate officers by almost superhuman efforts moved the column forward to the assault. By this time our Battery on the crest was again ready for action, and again it poured its contents upon the yelling mass below. Hundreds more went down, but the lines rushed on, feeling sure that the greatest safety was in close contact with our line, under which circumstances the great

battery could not play. It was impossible for Van Cleve's men to stand against such a host and such a rush. They broke and fled toward the ford, closely followed by Breckinridge, over-anxious to get out of range of our batteries. He followed our troops across the river, where he halted for only a partial re-formation of his lines, then rushed on up the hill with visions of victory ever brightening.

General Negley's Division, for the time under the command of Colonel Miller, was stationed just at the top of the hill to the north of our great Battery. He ordered his men down upon their faces that the Confederates might not see them. Van Cleve's men were permitted to pass hurriedly through. By this time Breckinridge's line was rushing rapidly up the hill, or rather bank, when the Division at Miller's command arose and, at short range, poured a terribly destructive volley into their very faces. It was too much. They recoiled, fled, rushing upon their companions who were vainly trying to pass the ford. Miller threw his Division upon the confused mass and put them into a panic. At this moment our Division—Davis'—came upon the ground and immediately took a hand. We plunged into and across the river, and charged the enemy. No sooner had they gained the open field than our great battery on the crest gave them another terrific tempest of iron, sending many hundreds to their long home. But our charging columns were so close upon them that the battery could do no more. The chase was kept up until they had reached the woods in which they had so proudly and so confidently formed for the assault an hour and a half before.

General Cleburne had been rushed from Bragg's extreme Left over to their extreme Right, to assist in staying the flood of disaster that had overtaken Breckinridge. He arrived there in time only to form in front of their used-up columns and protect them from further pursuit.



JOHN DICE,
COMPANY E.
From Photograph taken in 1894.

We halted in the open field before reaching the woods, and, as we did so we demolished every fence in the vicinity, using the rails for protection. These frail breastworks stopped many a bullet.

No sooner had Cleburne taken his position than he arranged to attack us. His officers harangued their men—we could hear them, but could not distinguish their words. All this resulted in a night attack, for it was now dark. Our batteries had been well posted and double shotted. Every man in our line knew the range, and just what to do if the rebels should attempt to come at us, as we imagined they would. When Cleburne made his foolish night attack, his men raised the yell which told our gunners and the rest of us just where they were. Our batteries raked them dreadfully. The infantry firing was deafening for a few moments, but the enemy soon found it impossible to handle us, and retired into the woods. There was a great deal of random firing during the night, on both sides, but no especial harm was done anyone so far as I know. It began to rain in the night, which soon rendered the cornfield across which our lines extended almost impassable. The mud was ankle deep everywhere. It was soft enough, but a little too plentiful to sleep in, though many of the boys tried it.

The field over which we had charged in following Breckinridge was very thickly strewn with his dead and wounded, so much so that we really had to pick our way at times to avoid treading upon the poor fellows.

The morning—Saturday, the 3rd—found us literally stuck in the mud; we hugged our little sections of rail fence and lay flat upon the muddy ground to be as safe as possible from Cleburne's sharpshooters. Our batteries soon shelled the woods and taught them to respect us by keeping further away.

About 8 o'clock in the morning, a portion at least of the 101st was sent off to the left and front to act as a sort of picket-skirmish line. The drizzling rain continued to fall and the day was dark and lowering. There was little heavy fighting on our part of the field, though Bragg frequently tested our lines to see whether Rosecrans were really still in front. The responses that he received finally convinced him and his generals that our lines were strongest everywhere, and weakest nowhere.

We found our picket-skirmish line a most exciting affair. We were in the woods near the small stream that flows into the river further north. The ground was strewn with guns, and bayonets, and clothing, and knapsacks, and even haversacks. But behind every large tree there seemed to lurk a vicious rebel, but we finally reached our trees, running the gauntlet of many a bullet in doing so. The trees were close together and the runs were short.

Off to our left on the edge of a little stream there was an old cotton shed. This was at first held by the Johnnies, but we found time to send so many bullets into it that they left it. A stirring incident occurred at the picket reserve, just at dark. The men were cold and wet, and wanted something warm. They had been ordered not to have a fire under any circumstances. They huddled closely together, however, and decided to boil a cup of coffee. Very thoughtlessly one of them left his place just as the coffee began to boil. Instantly a rebel bullet struck the fire, overturned the coffee and scattered the boys in great shape. The officer in command found relief in profanity, and darkness again prevailed.

We were relieved about this time, and as we went back to our place in the line we witnessed an assault made by the enemy, probably to cover his withdrawal from our front. We had a kind of enfilading view of the conflict. The

flashing of several thousand muskets on either side, and a broadside or two of our artillery, made it a much pleasanter affair to look at than to be in. The Johnnies soon fell back to the cover of the woods, and comparative silence again prevailed, broken only by the nervous rattle along the picket line.

About 2 o'clock in the morning we recrossed the river which was considerably swollen by the recent rains, and wading through the mud in many places actually knee deep, went into camp on our extreme right, just back of the railroad. It seemed an unspeakable relief to get our harness off. We had worn our belts almost incessantly since the opening of the fight, and had scarcely dared to put our guns out of our hands. We sprawled out on the wet ground and slept until daylight, then waded into a pond near by, washed up and lay around to dry. The noise of the conflict had ceased. Bragg had retreated and Rosecrans was in possession of the field.

Our regimental losses were heavy. Out of four hundred and twenty men who stood in line at daylight on the 31st, two hundred and twelve were either dead, mortally wounded, or captured. Nearly all this occurred on the first day. The following list of those who were either killed outright or mortally wounded, tells a sad story, but only a part of it. The boys were mangled and torn in every conceivable way. Death came instantly to many, and many others lingered in awful torture. Many of those who were captured endured suffering which can never be described. Andersonville, Columbia, Florence and Libby, received them into their horrors, and gloated over their miseries.

Under cover of darkness the once great Confederate army, no longer able to defend itself against our sturdy lines of blue, sought safety in flight, nor halted until the shelter of Duck River had been reached.

List of those who were killed or mortally wounded:

Col. Leander Stem, Commanding Regiment	
Lieut. Col. Moses F. Wooster, 2nd in Command	
Lieut. John B. Biddle	Company C.
Lieut. Asa R. Hillyear	Company A.
Comrade Cyrus B. Prosser	Company A.
Comrade Edwin Runyan	Company A.
Comrade Simon Huntington	Company B.
Comrade Henry Kile	Company C.
Comrade John J. Moore	Company C.
Comrade Charles Pickens	Company D.
Comrade Isaac Farnsworth	Company E.
Comrade Lewis Lowe	Company E.
Comrade Peter Snyder	Company E.
Comrade Adam Sherer	Company E.
Comrade Oliver Bolander	Company F.
Comrade Alfred J. DeWitt	Company F.
Comrade Thomas Hollenshead	Company F.
Comrade John A. Kerr	Company F.
Comrade Samuel Martin	Company F.
Comrade David Miller	Company F.
Comrade Aaron C. Shively	Company F.
Comrade John Scott	Company F.
Comrade Francis M. Sterling	Company F.
Comrade Garrett Taylor	Company F.
Comrade George Hewitt	Company G.
Comrade Curtis B. Mullenix	Company G.
Comrade Andrew Meikle	Company G.
Comrade James S. Ames	Company H.
Comrade Dallas W. Hade	Company H.
Comrade Samuel F. Arndt	Company I.
Camrade Anthony Dellgeit	Company I.
Comrade Frederick Franks	Company I.
Comrade George W. Gittenger	Company I.
Comrade Robert McMeen	Company I.
Comrade Sylvester Beatty	Company K.
Comrade George W. Hulett	Company K.
Comrade David K. Newhouse	Company K.
Comrade Moses Parkhurst	Company K.
Comrade Samuel Strayer	Company K.

A large part of Sunday was spent in gathering and compiling information relative to our dead, wounded and missing, and in writing letters home. In the afternoon we received mail—the first since leaving Nashville, December 26th. On Monday morning, January 5th, a detail of two men from each company was made to bury our dead. The field of the first day's conflict, had remained in the hands of the enemy until Sunday morning. The Confederates had gathered, with but little care, most of our dead and placed them in heaps, in some instances building a rail pen around them to protect them from possible roving swine, belonging to some of the residents of the vicinity. Before leaving camp, our little burying party had a full list of the dead.

Many of the boys made donations of blankets, in which to wrap the bodies of their friends and comrades, feeling sure that relatives and friends would desire to remove the remains to their peaceful homes in the North as soon as circumstances would allow. No caskets were to be had—not even rough boxes.

Arriving upon the field we selected our fallen comrades from the several piles, found one or two where they fell, carried a strange dead comrade or two to heaps of other dead, and then began the excavation of the trench, selecting a beautiful location beneath the boughs of a great tree, just within the edge of the woods near the cotton field where we formed our second line of battle on the 31st. We dug a trench six feet wide, five feet deep and long enough to contain all the bodies lying side by side. Then wrapping each poor boy in the blanket donated him by a comrade friend, we reverently lowered the bodies into the trench, and having covered each with branches cut from the adjacent cotton bushes, to break in appearance at least, the fall of the ground upon their bodies, we buried them in unbroken silence. Many a stout heart that had not for a moment

GEORGE S. McKEE,
COMPANY E.
Engraved from a crayon.

quailed before the presence of the destroying enemy, broke down entirely in the presence of this sad sight. Deep but not loud were the imprecations heaped upon the heads of the responsible leaders of the rebellion which made such sacrifices necessary.

While the trench was being dug, a few of us passed on through the woods to the place where our lines had been formed on the morning of the 31st. Everywhere there were unmistakable evidences of the fierceness of the struggle. Broken guns, bayonets, swords, sabers, belts and accouterments of all kinds belonging to both armies, lay scattered about in great abundance. Worn out articles of clothing, pieces of knapsacks, haversacks, tin cups and spiders, fragments of shells, solid shot and unexploded shells, dead horses and broken cannon carriages, drums and worthless stretchers, slight depressions in the ground marking the place where many heroes had fallen and lain for days; great splotches of blood showing where the lives of many patriots had slowly ebbed away in the terrible silence that succeeded the rush of the whirlwind, broken branches and splintered trees, shells buried deep in the trunks of the giants of the forest—all this and a thousand things beside bore indubitable marks of the desperate nature of the conflict.

Placing a rude board on which was carved his name and the number of our Regiment, at the head of each buried comrade, we returned in the afternoon to find that the Regiment, during our absence, had marched across the river, up through the town and out the Shelbyville Pike a couple of miles. We immediately followed, passing down the railroad and over the bridge which the rebels had attempted to destroy. The whole town was a hospital and we gladly hurried through into the country beyond. We experienced little difficulty in finding the Regiment, and were soon as busy as the rest arranging for the night.

Within a day or two we were moved in the midst of a blinding snow storm to a new and permanent position near the river which gives its name to the great battle out of the smoke and chaos of which we had just come.

CHAPTER X.

IN CAMP AT MURFREESBORO'.

The great battle had been fought, and victory rested with us. Bragg retreated from our front on Saturday night, leaving us in full possession of the battlefield for which we had contended nine days. He left with us also his sick and badly wounded to the number of 2,500. On Sunday, the 4th, Rosecrans made some weak attempts to follow the retreating Confederates, not so much to bring Bragg again to battle, as to find out where he was going. The rebel General was not going far, only to Shelbyville and Tullahoma. He had decided to make Duck River his line of defense, and for that purpose he had erected strong earthworks at both these places, apparently for permanent occupation. He established strong outposts both of cavalry and infantry at Manchester, Wartrace and Columbia, and sought to dispute with us the possession of Franklin. Rosecrans' headquarters were at Murfreesboro', Bragg's at Shelbyville, about 25 miles away. Scouting and raiding between the two lines were quite common—and were frequently interesting. Versailles, Eagleville and Franklin became especially familiar to us in January and March, 1863. Bragg felt quite safe in his new quarters, for he well knew that we had been so severely knocked around in the recent battle that we would be glad to let him alone for a time, and we felt about the same way concerning their condition.

But Bragg had one great advantage—he was near his base of supplies. During the Battle of Stone's River, and for some weeks preceding and following that event, Gen. John Morgan had succeeded in almost destroying our railroad communications with Louisville. The road was so badly wrecked that instead of accumulating supplies at Murfreesboro' preparatory to an early advance, we were put upon half rations for several weeks. The ration was a very limited affair. The country was overrun in every direction, and everything seized that could be used.

Just how Bragg smoothed things over so as to satisfy his superiors that his retreat was the proper thing, I am not able to say. It must have required quite as much sophistry as did his explanation of affairs at Perryville. The loss of Stone's River carried with it the loss of the State of Kentucky and most of Middle and East Tennessee, though the latter section held out until the fall of Chattanooga in September following. Nashville had forever passed out of the possession of the Confederate army. Treason, instead of invading the North, was being crowded back into the very nest of the viper of Secession. The Lord's hand was in it.

Succeeding the great battle there came a great lull, lasting for months. With the coming of pleasant weather in the Spring, the Commanding General was anxious to advance, but could not do so for want of supplies, and especially for want of a suitable cavalry force to cope with that of the enemy and protect our flanks and rear. General Halleck at Washington wildly urged Rosecrans to advance. Rosecrans showed his generalship, pluck and good sense in refusing to do so until there were some prospects of success. The two armies faced each other from the 4th of January to the 24th of June, at a distance of about twenty-five miles, each making faces at each other and occasionally making harmless passes. Many an innocent bluff was attempted, but neither dared call the other. Less than four months before, the rebel army, with banners and music and high hopes, had turned Buell's Left at McMinnville, and with the tread of conquerors had attempted to carry the war into the North. The attempt had ignominiously failed. Bragg was practically whipped on his own ground at Perryville, and most decidedly was he defeated at Stone's River in a position of his own selection. We had great reason to rejoice. But the roll-call of the several commands revealed the fact that the victory had cost us dear in the lives of our comrades. There were great breaks in the lists of names—vacancies that could never be filled. On dress parade, our line was but a ghost of its former self. We were soldiers, but many a sigh and many a tear were bestowed upon the memory of our fallen associates and comrades. As the wounded and captured, one by one, returned to us, we gave them a royal welcome.

Our Division Commander, Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, soon tired of the routine of camp life and longed to roam around the country in search of an enemy. We fully sympathized with him in the matter of camp routine, but not in the roaming. In the latter part of January the Confederate cavalry under Wheeler occupied Triune and Franklin. This made our Division General wild. He asked and received permission to take his command out that way to act in conjunction with our cavalry and a small force to be sent down from Nashville for the capture of this impertinent rebel force.

On the evening of the 29th of January we received orders to march at 5 o'clock next morning. Each man was to take three days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition with him. Of course it began to rain before we started, and when, just at daylight next morning, we filed out of camp, it fairly poured. It was one of those cold, drizzling, disagreeable, discouraging, unsatisfactory mornings so com-

mon to this climate and section. We soon passed the picket station, said good-bye to the videttes, and bore off toward Versailles, marching rapidly through the slippery mud until near nightfall, when we went into camp near the last mentioned place. It was a dreary, homesick night. We were tired, wet, muddy and ill-natured, but fires were permitted and we were soon in better humor. Two Brigades of cavalry under Colonel Minty accompanied us on the expedition. At this point the two forces were to separate—the cavalry going almost directly south from Versailles some six miles to gain the rear of the rebel force at Triune, while we (Davis' Division) were to advance directly upon the latter place. It was thought that Wheeler would immediately retreat when he discovered the strength of the infantry force sent against him. Moreover, while our two forces were executing these movements, General Steedman, who had advanced from Nashville with a neat little force, was to take position at Nolensville, a few miles north of Triune. Thus hemmed in on three sides, Wheeler had but two alternatives—he must either surrender, or continue his march to the west and north. He was not a man given to much surrendering, consequently he continued his march. Our command arrived at Eagleville on the evening of February 1st, and went into camp for the night. Colonel Minty in the meantime had captured a rebel regiment of 350 men near Unionville, but the grand prize had eluded us. Early next morning we resumed our march at a very rapid rate toward the northwest, finally bringing up at Franklin. But Wheeler had the start of us and soon appeared before Fort Donelson. Failing in the capture of this place and being hotly pursued, he returned, bearing far to the west to avoid General Davis, who had received a large cavalry reinforcement. It had been a fruitless though exciting raid for the rebel.

MAJOR DANIEL H. FOX.

From Photograph.

An amusing incident occurred at Versailles the first evening out. General Davis, with a portion of his staff, was riding about rather rashly, as was his custom, and finally got outside our lines before our pickets were fairly established. He was halted, of course, when he attempted to come in.

"Who comes there?" said the sentinel.

"Federals," replied Davis. But the soldier on duty understood the answer to be "Confederates," and the night being very dark and rainy, he fired, as did one or two guards with him. Explanations were soon made and General Davis was admitted, but he was "hot." He was so angry he nearly had a fit. He couldn't get over it. He always carried with him a large and carefully selected vocabulary of "swear words," but the list was not sufficient for this occasion.

Although we were in the midst of a stirring campaign, nothing of especial interest occurred to break the monotony of the dreary tramp. We crossed the Harpeth river at Franklin, marched up through the town and went into camp just south of the village, on the very ground on which the great battle of Franklin was fought a year and a half later.

We settled down as though we were to stay awhile. It turned very cold and snowed and "blowed" furiously. This seemed greatly to satisfy many of the citizens, who were Sesech through and through.

"You'ns are going to freeze if you stay here," with a sardonic smile which revealed the actual state of mind within and which we well understood. "You'ns 'll freeze dead, sure."

"Not a bit of it. We have this kind of weather the year round at home. But if it should get cold, we'll call on you fellows for blankets, or maybe beds," said some of our boys. But the citizens thought perhaps it would not get much colder.

We had no shelter with us except our pup tents, which, in a storm, were little better than nothing. In pleasant, or even moderate weather they were very good. Especially did we find them excellent on picket duty. They would at least keep the dew off, and would indicate "headquarters." In a storm a pup tent stood no show.

We remained at Franklin, picketing and scouting, until February 12th, when we returned to our old quarters at Murfreesboro'. While at Franklin the boys raided several old tobacco dry-houses, and returned well laden with great burdens of half-dried leaves. These were carefully concealed under blouses and overcoats, fearing the wrath of the Division Commander, but still more the confiscation of their property.

By order of the War Department dated January 9, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland was reorganized, though its main features remained unchanged. General McCook's command was denominated the Twentieth Corps or Right Wing; General Thomas' the Fourteenth Corps or Center; and General Crittenden's the Twenth-first Corps or Left Wing. It will be observed that no change was ordered in Corps Commanders. Our Corps, the Twentieth, occupied the line in front of Murfreesboro' from the river south of the town to the Shelbyville Pike, covering also the Salem Pike. General Thomas' Command occupied that part of the line extending from the Shelbyville Pike to the Woodbury Road; and Crittenden, from Thomas' left to the river north of the town. It was very evident that, on the advance of the army, Murfreesboro' must be used as a great base of supplies. But it could not be left in the weak condition in which Forrest found it the summer preceding. Elaborate fortifications were therefore planned and completed during our stay. In all this work we did our full share when not off scouting. The railroad and pike from

Nashville were prime necessities. Both were protected by strong works commanding all important bridges and approaches to the river. All these forts swept the country for long distances toward the front and flank. Upon the high ground north of the town immense works were thrown up, seemingly impregnable, and upon the elevated ground further to the east and front, other strong works were erected. Most, if not all these forts were protected by abatti and ditches. Long lines of breastworks extending from fort to fort, along the base, summit, and sides of the hills and elevations, were thrown up and made strong. Many of the breastworks were enfiladed by the forts, and each fort in front had a vulnerable side to the rear, commanded by one or more of the other forts, so that should an enemy force his way into one of them, the others could at once open fire upon them with effect, and should a portion of the breastworks be captured, a number of forts could enfilade their lines. But when our army finally advanced, it crowded the enemy back so vigorously that he had neither time nor occasion to test the strength of our works at Murfreesboro'. His attention was fully occupied at the front.

It must not be supposed that everything else was neglected until these fortifications were completed. Not at all. Rosecrans had determined to keep Bragg south of Duck River. Whenever a force came north of that little stream, it was to be looked after at once, and inasmuch as most of these raids were made westward of the Shelbyville pike, it seemed to fall to McCook to run them down and hustle them back. Our own Division did the lion's share of all of this work. The expedition to Franklin, already noticed, was one of these.

Notwithstanding our drilling, fort-building, and so on, time hung heavily on the hands of some of us, and a movement was set on foot for the purchase of some suitable reading matter. Colonel Kirby very kindly offered to provide transportation for our library as the Regiment moved from point to point, if we succeeded in securing one. The matter was taken up quite enthusiastically, and in a short time a sufficient sum was raised to purchase quite a number of books. A committee duly appointed, made a selection of books we wanted, the list was handed to the agent of the Christian Commission, through whose kindness the purchase was made, and in due time the books delivered. It was an excellent undertaking—productive of much good. Some of these books were, of course, lost, but many of them accompanied the Regiment on its long and wearisome marches and were brought home well worn with much reading.

About the same time, or possibly a little earlier, a kindred enterprise was set on foot, fostered, and carried to success by the same persons who were interested in the library scheme. This was the formation of a society for moral and religious instruction—a society whose influence should be used to stay, as far as possible, the evil influences incident to a soldier's life. This little association was quite successful, and much good was accomplished. Our Chaplain, Rev. Oliver Kennedy, was the prime mover in the enterprise. On several occasions while we lay at Murfreesboro', Chaplains of other regiments addressed us. The memory of some of these meetings is exceedingly delightful, especially of those held near the battle-field. Our good Chaplain soon after resigned, to enter the Christian Commission. He was a good man, earnest and devoted, jolly, but true and tried. He was held in profound respect by all, even the roughest of our boys. He returned to enjoy many years of peaceful life, but died March 23, 1889, at Bellefontaine, Ohio; loved, honored, and respected by all who knew him. And when after long marches, many hardships, and much severe fighting, it became wise to reorganize the little society, our new Chaplain,

the Rev. E. M. Crevath, now President of Fisk University, Nashville, was earnest, successful, and efficient in re-establishing the organization on the same broad principles of universal evangelical toleration which characterized the first.

Belief in God, in Jesus Christ, and in the validity of the Holy Scriptures were the only requirements. On long marches our meetings were necessarily dispensed with. But when the occasions were favorable, we met in some secluded spot or nook, or under some old tree, or in the edge of the forest. Many of these meetings were delightful in the extreme, reminding us of former days at home, of present duties and responsibilities, and bidding us look forward to a joyous reunion with those whom we loved, probably on this side of the Dark River, but if not, surely beyond. The influence of some of these meetings still lasts.

Bragg's pickets and videttes kept us so closely in sight that it became necessary for us to do a great deal of picketing. To relieve, and at the same time to simplify matters, our picketing was done by Brigades—the entire force remaining out several days at a time. We were able to make ourselves much more comfortable in this way, and at the same time do much more effective work, should occasion require.

General Rosecrans had been making every possible effort to get into shape for an early advance. He must have supplies, and he must have cavalry. He pleaded and implored, stormed and fumed—but to little purpose. Halleck was still fighting battles on paper. He thought cavalry cost too much. That man Halleck was a mystery.

The enemy in our front was becoming bold. General Rosecrans determined, early in March, to ascertain more definitely where he was and in what force. To do this he sent out three columns, with one of which Davis' Division,

SAMUEL SPROUT,
COMPANY K.
From Photograph taken in 1894.

se, marched. The three expeditions moved the same
:e from Murfreesboro' under General Sheridan, one
olensville under Steedman, and one from Franklin
Gilbert. Sheridan's cavalry attacked Roddy's rebel
a few miles south of Eagleville, drove it back upon
· force near Unionville, and then chased the whole
ıd on the keen run back to Shelbyville. This was
· Colonel Minty, assisted by our friends and com-
he Third Ohio Cavalry. Minty then joined Sheri-
Eaglesville. He had waked up the rebel force along
of Duck River in great shape.
ert's expedition from Franklin was not so successful.
t day's fight was all right, but the enemy fell back
g Hill, was largely reinforced, and on the following
ve the Union force back with considerable loss,
ing killed and more than a thousand captured.
ıg was not well managed on our side, for a force of
as compelled to go into battle against an enemy
4,000 men under arms.
expedition under Steedman from Nolensville suc-
ı driving the enemy across Duck River, capturing a
of prisoners and stirring up the natives badly. He
to Triune and Sheridan moved up toward Frank-
elp Gilbert. This left Steedman considerably ex-
Triune, and at once a force of 6,000 rebels set out
: him. At this junction of the game, Davis' Di-
ıs called in to help the matter along. On the even-
e 8th of March we received orders to move at 5
ext morning, with three days' rations in our haver-
l forty rounds of ammunition in our belts. We
march as light as possible. On the 9th we
Salem, but on the 10th we effected a junction with
at Triune. It was a fearfully wet afternoon—it
an hour too soon, a dense fog settling down on all

things. Darkness or stupid blundering, or both, caused one of our regiments—not the 101st—to fire on some of Steedman's cavalry. The mistake was instantly noticed. Fortunately no harm was done. We remained near Triune for a day or two, then moved to Eagleville, and then across to Versailles—then back to Murfreesboro' on the 15th. The three expeditions had resulted in no practical good, though Rosecrans learned that the enemy was in fighting quantities in many sections. Cavalry he must and would have. So he began afresh to hammer Halleck.

The rebel cavalry was never idle. They operated both east and west of us, making dashes here and there and causing much damage in many places. Our Division was called out several times to chase them, but we never came into close quarters. On one of these occasions we advanced with considerable caution to Franklin, where we remained two days, when we left very suddenly, being obliged to halt and form lines once or twice before reaching safety. At one time the entire Division was in line across the Salem Pike, a short distance from that village. Our artillery was admirably posted, but the Confederate force, mostly cavalry, ventured only near enough to look at us. We withdrew during the night and resumed our place in line at Murfreesboro', the Confederates having beaten a hasty retreat in the afternoon. Colonel Minty's appearance on their left flank was the immediate occasion of their haste.

On the 4th of June we had an especial shaking up. For some days the enemy's cavalry had been prowling around, and a force was reported to be stationed near the Shelbyville pike, about six miles out. Our Division was in line very early, and was so divided up as to "bag" the enemy if possible. Our ambush was planned, but it did not work, and the troops returned at night tired and worn out. Much

firing was indulged in along the line, but no serious damage was done to either side.

A few days after this, Major McDonald, with a small section of the 101st, succeeded in capturing the enemy's picket station on the Shelbyville pike, and then rushing back toward camp, brought in the vidette station also. The remainder of our Regiment was on the pike ready to help him if he should need us. The Major received many compliments, and he "stepped high" for a few days. We had great sport with him one day—Sunday, after inspection. We had marched out to the place where we always discharged our muskets. The Major had a new horse—bran new, and very green. He was a fine fellow, and the Major sat him like a king. On this occasion he had on his best military outfit, including sash and gloves. He had taken the Regiment out in good shape, and we stood in line. "Company A-a-a," sang out the Major in his best voice, "Ready! aim! *fire!!*" Every gun blazed. But the new horse did not understand it. He was off in a twinkling, nor stopped until he reached camp. Some of the boys almost died of merriment. The Major soon quieted the trembling beast, and with much coaxing got him within a few rods of our line, when Company B suddenly, as one man, fired—and away to camp went poor McDonald, his coat-tails flopping wildly in the breeze. He took some time to get the frightened animal back near the line when another Company fired, and for the third time our Major was carried, blue with rage, back to camp. He was finally compelled to leave his horse in camp and walk out to where we were. We received him with a cheer, but Mc. was ready to butcher the whole crowd. He was advised as a matter of safety, to ride his new horse in our next battle. Poor Mc.! If he had followed our advice, he might have avoided the capture which awaited him at Chickamauga.

By this time the railroads had been repaired, we had gathered considerable supplies, had been gathered at Nashville and Murfreesboro', and the time was rapidly approaching when the Army of the Cumberland would take up its march for the heart of the Confederacy. Our cavalry force, although too small, was nevertheless better and larger than it had been before. Our own Regiment was in excellent condition in camp just south of Murfreesboro'. The information gathered on the 4th of June, together with the reports of spies, scouts, and our cavalry, indicated that the hour had at last arrived when our army should move forward. Orders were accordingly issued to that effect, and early on the morning of the 24th of June, 1863, we broke camp for good. The campaign upon which we were just entering was destined to be a most important one in many respects.

CHAPTER XI.

LIBERTY GAP—TULLAHOMA CAMPAIGN.

The Confederate line, at the beginning of the Tullahoma Campaign, extended from Spring Hill, twenty-five miles west to McMinnville, sixty miles southeast of Murfreesboro', passing in a crude semi-circular form through Columbia, Shelbyville, Wartrace, and Manchester, with main base of supplies at Tullahoma, sixteen miles south of Shelbyville, on the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad. Shelbyville was the main point of defense. Both Shelbyville and Tullahoma, strong by nature, were rendered especially so by the erection of very strong earthworks of almost every description.

To reach the enemy it was necessary for our army to pass through defiles or gaps in the broken and rocky ranges of hills that run almost parallel with Duck River, in front of