

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A VOLUNTEER.

BY

JOHN BEATTY.

CINCINNATI:
WILSTACH, BALDWIN & CO., PUBLISHERS,
Nos. 141 AND 143 RACE STREET.
1879.

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all in life and health, I look forward one, two, five hundred years, and see in each succeeding century, and possibly in each generation, so long as the name shall last, a wonder-eyed boy, curious youth, or inquisitive old man, exploring closets and libraries for things of the old time, stumbling finally on this volume, which has, by the charity of the State Librarian, still been preserved; he discovers, with quickening pulse, that it bears his own name, and that it was written for him by one whose body has for centuries been dust. Dull and uninteresting as it may be to others, for him it will possess an inexpressible charm. It is his own blood speaking to him from the shadowy and almost forgotten past. The message may be poorly written, the matter in the main may be worthless, and the greater events recorded may be dwarfed by more recent and important ones, but the volume is nevertheless of absorbing interest to him, for by it he is enabled to look into the face and heart of one of his own kin, who lived when the Nation was young. In leaving this unpretentious record, therefore, I seek to do simply what I would have had my fathers do for me.

Kinsmen of the coming centuries, I bid you hail and godspeed!

COLUMBUS, December 16, 1878.

The Third Ohio Volunteer Infantry served under two separate terms of enlistment—the one for three months, and the other for three years.

The regiment was organized April 21, 1861, and on

April 27th it was mustered into the United States service, with the following field officers: Isaac H. Marrow, Colonel; John Beatty, Lieutenant Colonel, and J. Warren Keifer, Major.

The writer's record begins with the day on which his regiment entered Virginia, June 22, 1861, and ends on January 1, 1864. He does not undertake to present a history of the organizations with which he was connected, nor does he attempt to describe the operations of armies. His record consists merely of matters which came under his own observation, and of camp gossip, rumors, trifling incidents, idle speculations, and the numberless items, small and great, which, in one way and another, enter into and affect the life of a soldier. In short, he has sought simply to gather up the scraps which fell in his way, leaving to other and more competent hands the weightier matters of the great civil war.

Many errors of opinion and of fact he might now correct, and many items which appear unworthy of a paragraph he might now strike out, but he prefers to leave the record as it was written, when cyclopedias could not be consulted, nor time taken for thorough investigation.

Who can really know what an army is unless he mingles with the individuals who compose it, and learns how they live, think, talk, and act?

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their property, and murder their families; that we, not they, have set the Constitution and laws at defiance, and that in resisting us they are simply defending their homes and fighting for their constitutional rights.

JULY, 1861.

2. Reached Buckhannon at 5 P. M., and encamped beside the Fourth Ohio, in a meadow, one mile from town. The country through which we marched is exceedingly hilly; or, perhaps, I might say mountainous. The scenery is delightful. The road for miles is cut around great hills, and is just wide enough for a wagon. A step to the left would send one tumbling a hundred or two hundred feet below, and to the right the hills rise hundreds of feet above. The hills, half way to their summits, are covered with corn, wheat, or grass, while further up the forest is as dense as it could well have been a hundred years ago.

3. For the first time to-day, I saw men bringing tobacco to market in bags. One old man brought a bag of natural leaf into camp to sell to the soldiers, price ten cents per pound. He brought it to a poor market, however, for the men have been bankrupt for weeks, and could not buy tobacco at a dime a bagfull.

4. The Fourth has passed off quietly in the little town of Buckhannon and in camp.

At ten o'clock the Third and Fourth Regiments were reviewed by General McClellan. The day was excessively warm, and the men, buttoned up in their

to risk the lives of no others on what was evidently a fool's errand. After proceeding some distance, I found that the wagon-master was at my heels, and, together, we traced every cowpath and mountain road we could find, and passed half a mile beyond the enemy's outposts, and over ground visited by his scouts almost hourly. When I returned to make my report, I was curtly informed that no report was desired, as the plan had been changed.

A little after midnight the Colonel returned from head-quarters with important information, which he desired to communicate to the regiment. The men were, therefore, ordered to turn out, and came hesitatingly and sleepily from their tents. They looked like shadows as they gathered in the darkness about their chieftain. It was the hour when graveyards are supposed to yawn, and the sheeted dead to walk abroad. The gallant Colonel, with a voice in perfect accord with the solemnity of the hour, and the funereal character of the scene, addressed us, in substance, as follows:

"Soldiers of the Third: The assault on the enemy's works will be made in the early morning. The Third will lead the column. The secessionists have ten thousand men and forty rifled cannon. They are strongly fortified. They have more men and more cannon than we have. They will cut us to pieces. Marching to attack such an enemy, so intrenched and so armed, is marching to a butcher-shop rather than to a battle. There is bloody work

ahead. Many of you, boys, will go out who will never come back again."

As this speech progressed my hair began to stiffen at the roots, and a chilly sensation like that which might ensue from the unexpected and clammy touch of the dead, ran through me. It was hard to die so young and so far from home. Theological questions which before had attracted little or no attention, now came uppermost in our minds. We thought of mothers, wives, sweethearts—of opportunities lost, and of good advice disregarded. Some soldiers kicked together the expiring fragments of a camp-fire, and the little blaze which sprang up revealed scores of pallid faces. In short, we all wanted to go home.

When a boy I had read Plutarch, and knew something of the great warriors of the old time; but I could not, for the life of me, recall an instance wherein they had made such an address to their soldiers on the eve of battle. It was their habit, at such a time, to speak encouragingly and hopefully. With all due respect, therefore, for the superior rank and wisdom of the Colonel, I plucked him by the sleeve, took him one side, and modestly suggested that his speech had had rather a depressing effect on the regiment, and had taken that spirit out of the boys so necessary to enable them to do well in battle. I urged him to correct the mistake, and speak to them hopefully. He replied that what he had said was true, and they should know the truth.

The morning dawned; but instead of being called

that way. He insisted that he would, and must be governed by some general principles, and so started off on his own hook, leaving us to pursue our own course. Finally Bowen lost confidence in me, said I was not going in the right direction at all, and insisted that we should turn squarely around, and go the opposite way. At last I yielded with many misgivings, and allowed him to lead. After going down a thousand feet or more, we found ourselves in a ravine, through which a small stream of water flowed. Following this, we finally reached the valley. We knew now exactly where we were, and by wading the river reached the road, and so got to camp at nine o'clock at night.

Merrill, who was governed by general principles, failed to strike the camp directly, strayed three or four miles to the right of it, came down in Stewart's run valley, and did not reach camp until about midnight.

On our trip to-day, we found a bear trap, made of heavy logs, the lid arranged to fall when the bear entered and touched the bait.

12. This is the fourth day that Captain Cunard's company has been lying in the woods, three miles from camp, guarding an important road, although a very rough and rugged one. Companies upon duty like this, remain at their posts day and night, good weather and bad, without any shelter, except that afforded by the trees, or by little booths constructed of logs and branches. From the main station, where the captain remains, sub-pickets are sent out in

charge of sergeants and corporals, and these often make little houses of logs, which they cover with cedar boughs or branches of laurel, and denominate forts. In the wilderness, to-day, I stumbled upon Fort Stiner, the head-quarters of a sub-picket commanded by Corporal William Stiner, of the Third. The Corporal and such of his men as were off duty, were sitting about a fire, heating coffee and roasting slices of fat pork, preparing thus the noonday meal.

13. At noon Colonel Marrow, Major Keifer, and I, took dinner with Esquire Stalnaker, an old-style man, born fifty years ago in the log house where he now lives. Two spinning-wheels were in the best room, and rattled away with a music which carried me back to the pioneer days of Ohio. A little girl of five or six years stole up to the wheel when the mother's back was turned, and tried her skill on a roll. How proud and delighted she was when she had spun the wool into a long, uneven thread, and secured it safely on the spindle. Surely, the child of the palace, reared in the lap of luxury and with her hands in the mother's jewel-box, could not have been happier or more triumphant in her bearing.

These West Virginians are uncultivated, uneducated and rough, and need the common school to civilize and modernize them. Many have never seen a railroad, and the telegraph is to them an incomprehensible mystery.

Governor Dennison has appointed a Mr. John G. Mitchell, of Columbus, adjutant of the Third.

14. Privates Vincent and Watson, sentinels of a

to one, and after a terrific engagement, lasting five hours, they were repulsed at all points with great slaughter. Our loss one killed and five wounded. Federal loss, five hundred killed and twenty-five hundred wounded." Thus are victories won and histories made. Verily the pen is mightier than the sword.

4. The Indianians have been returning from the summit all day, straggling along in squads of from three to a full company.

The men are tired, and the camp is quiet as a house. Six thousand are sleeping away a small portion of their three weary years of military service. This TIME stretches out before them, a broad, unknown, and extra-hazardous sea, with promise of some smooth sailing, but many days and nights of heavy winds and waves, in which some—how many!—will be carried down.

Their thoughts have now forced the sentinel lines, leaped the mountains, jumped the rivers, hastened home, and are lingering about the old fireside, looking in at the cupboard, and hovering over faces and places that have been growing dearer to them every day for the last five months. Old-fashioned places, tame and uninteresting then, but now how loved! And as for the faces, they are those of mothers, wives, and sweethearts, around which are entwined the tenderest of memories. But at daybreak, when reveille is sounded, these wanderers must come trooping back again in time for "hard-tack" and double quick.

5. Some of the Indiana regiments are utterly beyond discipline. The men are good, stout, hearty, intelligent fellows, and will make excellent soldiers; but they have now no regard for their officers, and, as a rule, do as they please. They came straggling back yesterday from the top of Cheat unofficered, and in the most unsoldierly manner. As one of these stray Indianians was coming into camp, he saw a snake in the river and cocked his gun. He was near the quarters of the Sixth Ohio, and many men were on the opposite side of the stream, among them a lieutenant, who called to the Indianian and begged him for God's sake not to fire; but the latter, unmindful of what was said, blazed away. The ball, striking the water, glanced and hit the lieutenant in the breast, killing him almost instantly.

6. The Third and Sixth Ohio, with Loomis' battery, left camp at half-past three in the afternoon, and took the Huntersville turnpike for Big Springs, where Lee's army has been encamped for some months. At nine o'clock we reached Logan's Mill, where the column halted for the night. It had rained heavily for some hours, and was still raining. The boys went into camp thoroughly wet, and very hungry and tired; but they soon had a hundred fires kindled, and, gathering around these, prepared and ate supper.

I never looked upon a wilder or more interesting scene. The valley is blazing with camp-fires; the men flit around them like shadows. Now some in-

were offered, and the little we have done; all come up to-night, and we chew the cud over and over, without being able to determine whether it is bitter or sweet.

The enemy, three hundred strong, made a dash on our picket last night, wounded one man, and made an unsuccessful effort to retake a bridge.

24. Our forces are on the alert. I lay down in my clothes last night, or rather this morning, for it was between one and two o'clock when I retired. The division is stretched over a hundred miles of railway, but in position to concentrate in a few hours.

Before leaving this place, the rebels built a cotton fort, using in its construction probably five hundred bales.

To-day we filled the bridge over the Tennessee with combustible material, and put it in condition to burn readily, in case we find it necessary to retire to the north side.

A man with his son and two daughters arrived to-night from Chattanooga, having come all the way—one hundred and fifty miles probably—in a small skiff.

25. Price, with ten thousand men, is reported advancing from Memphis. Turchin had a skirmish with his advance guard near Tuscumbia.

26. Turchin's brigade returned from Tuscumbia and crossed the Tennessee.

27. The Tenth and Third crossed to the north side of the river, and Lieutenant-Colonel Burke of the Tenth applied the torch to the bridge; in a few

minutes the fire extended along its whole length, and as we marched away, the flames were hissing among its timbers, and the smoke hung like a cloud above it.

28. Ordered to move to Stevenson. Took a freight train and proceeded to Bellefonte, where we found a bridge had been burned; leaving the cars we marched until twelve o'clock at night, and then bivouacked on the railroad track.

29. Resumed the march at daylight; one mile beyond Stevenson we found the Ninth Brigade, Colonel Sill, in line of battle; formed the Third in support of Loomis' Battery, and remained in this position until two in the afternoon, when General Mitchell arrived and ordered the Ninth Brigade, Loomis' Battery and my regiment to move forward. At Widow's creek we met a detachment of the enemy; a few shots from the battery and a volley from our skirmish line drove it back, and we hastened on toward Bridgeport, exchanging shots occasionally with the enemy on the way.

About five o'clock we formed in line of battle, on high ground in the woods, one-half mile from Bridgeport, the Third having the right of the column, and moved steadily forward until we came in sight of the town and the enemy. The order to double quick was then given, and we dashed into the village on a run. The enemy stood for a moment and then left as fast as legs could carry him; in fact he departed in such haste that but few muskets and one shot from a six pound gun were fired at us; one piece of his ar-

ciently stuffed already; vegetables would not improve him. They have eaten roast nigger both ways and know. So the discussion waxes hot, and the dusky Alabamian has some fear, even, that his last day may be drawing very near.

4. Thirty-four guns were fired at noon.

5. An Atlanta paper of the 1st instant says the Confederates have won a decisive victory at Richmond. No Northern papers have been allowed to come into camp.

6. McCook moved toward Chattanooga. General W. S. Smith has command of our division.

The boys have a great many game chickens. Not long ago Company G, of the Third, and Company G, of the Tenth, had a rooster fight, the stakes being fifteen dollars a side. After numerous attacks, retreats, charges, and counter-charges, the Tenth rooster succumbed like a hero, and the other was carried in triumph from the field. General Mitchell made his appearance near the scene at the conclusion of the conflict; but, supposing the crowd to be an enthusiastic lot of soldiers who were cheering him, passed on, well pleased with them and himself.

The boys have a variety of information from Richmond to-day. One party affirms that McClellan has been cut to pieces; that a dispatch to that effect has been received by General Buell. Another insists that he has obtained a decided advantage, and is heating the shot to burn Richmond; while still another affirms that he has utterly destroyed Richmond,

and, Marius-like, is sitting amid the ruins of that ill-fated city, eating sow belly and doe-christers.

7. Am detailed to serve on court-martial.

DETAIL FOR THE COURT.

General James A. Garfield.

Colonel Jacob Ammen.

Colonel Curren Pope.

Colonel Jones.

Colonel Marc Mundy.

Colonel Sedgewick.

Colonel John Beatty.

Convened at Athens at ten o'clock this morning. Organized and adjourned to meet at ten to-morrow.

General Buell proposes, I understand, to give General Mitchell's administration of affairs in North Alabama a thorough overhauling. It is asserted that the latter has been interested in cotton speculations; but investigation, I am well satisfied, will show that General Mitchell has been strictly honest, and has done nothing to compromise his honor, or cast even the slightest shadow upon his good name.

The first case to be tried is that of Colonel J. B. Turchin; Nineteenth Illinois. He is charged with permitting his command, the Eighth Brigade, to steal, rob, and commit all manner of outrages.

10. Our court has been adjourning from day to day, until Colonel Turchin should succeed in procuring counsel; but it is now in full blast.

Nelson's division is quartered here. The town is enveloped in a dense cloud of dust.

The enemy is concentrating a heavy force between Bridgeport and Chattanooga.

The night is exceedingly beautiful; our camp lies at the foot of a low range of mountains called the Montesano; the sky seems supported by them. A cavalry patrol is just coming down the road, on its return to camp, and the men are singing:

"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet home, there is no place like home;
There is no place like home."

9. I have sometimes wondered how unimportant occurrences could suggest so much, but the faculty of association brings similar things before the mind, and a thousand collateral subjects as well. The band of the Tenth Ohio is playing. Where, and under what circumstances, have I heard other bands? The question carries my thoughts into half the States of the Union, into a multitude of places, into an innumerable variety of scenes—faces, conversations, theatres, balls, speeches, songs—the chain is endless, and it might be followed for a lifetime.

10. The enemy, a thousand strong, is said to be within five miles of us. One hundred and sixty-five men of the Third, under Major Lawson, and five companies of cavalry, the whole commanded by Colonel Kennett, left at two o'clock to reconnoiter the

front; they will probably go to the river unless the enemy is met on the way.

A negro came in about four o'clock to report that the enemy's pickets were at his master's house, five miles from here, at the foot of the other slope of the mountain. He was such an ignorant fellow that his report was hardly intelligible. We sent him back, telling him to bring us more definite information. He was a field hand, bare-footed, horny-handed, and very black, but he knew all about "de mountings; dey can't kotch him nohow. If de sesesh am at Massa Bob's when I git back, I come to-night an' tell yer all." With these words, this poor proprietor of a dilapidated pair of pants and shirt, started over the mountains. What are his thoughts about the war, and its probable effects on his own fortunes, as he trudges along over the hills? Is it the desire for freedom, or the dislike for his overseer, that prompts him to run five miles of a Sunday to give this information? Possibly both.

Cæsar said to the Adjutant, "Massa Wilson, may I go to church?" "What do you want to go church for, Cæsar?" "To hear de Gospel." One day Cæsar said to mē, "Co'nel, you belongs to de meetin don't you?" "Why so, Cæsar?" "Kase I nebber heard you swar any."

To-day one of the pet coons got after a chicken. A young half-naked negro took after the coon; and a long and crooked chase the chicken, coon, and negro had of it.

12. At five o'clock the members of the court met

bad, whisky scarce, dust abundant, and the air loaded with the scent and melody of a thousand mules. These long-eared creatures give us every variety of sound of which they are capable, from the deep bass bray to the most attenuated whinny.

The Thirty-third Ohio was shelled out of its fortifications at Battle creek yesterday. Colonel Moore is in the adjoining tent, giving an account of his trials and tribulations to Shanks of the New York Herald.

Fifty of the Third, under Lieutenant Carpenter, went to Stevenson yesterday; on their return they were fired upon by guerrillas. Jack Boston shot a man and captured a horse.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

4. Army has fallen back to Murfreesboro.
5. At Nashville.
6. To-night we cross the Cumberland.
7. Bivouacked in Edgefield, at the north end of the railroad bridge. Troops pouring over the bridge and pushing North rapidly. One of Loomis' men was shot dead last night while attempting to run by a sentinel.
10. The moving army with its immense transportation train, raises such a cloud of dust that it is impossible to see fifty yards ahead.
11. Arrived at Bowling Green. The two armies are running a race for the Ohio river. At this time Bragg has the lead.

miles away, and with the troops at Readyville and other points. In daylight this is done by flags, at night by torches.

5. There are many fine residences in Murfreesboro and vicinity; but the trees and shrubbery, which contributed in a great degree to their beauty and comfort, have been cut or trampled down and destroyed. Many frame houses, and very good ones, too, have been torn down, and the lumber and timber used in the construction of hospitals.

There is a fearful stench in many places near here, arising from decaying horses and mules, which have not been properly buried, or probably not buried at all. The camps, as a rule, are well policed and kept clean; but the country for miles around is strewn with dead animals, and the warm weather is beginning to tell on them.

6. It is said that the Third Regiment, with others, is to leave to-morrow on an expedition which may keep it away for months. No official notice of the matter has been given me, and I trust the report may be unfounded. I should be sorry indeed to be separated from the regiment. I have been with it now two years, and to lose it would be like losing the greater number of my army friends and acquaintances.

7. The incident of the day, to me at least, is the departure of the Third. It left on the two P. M. train for Nashville. I do not think I have been properly treated. They should at least have consulted me before detaching my old regiment. I am

informed that Colonel Streight, who is in command of the expedition, was permitted to select the regiments, and the matter has been conducted so secretly that, before I had an intimation of what was contemplated, it was too late to take any steps to keep the Third. I never expect to be in command of it again. It will get into another current, and drift into other brigades, divisions, and army corps. The idea of being mounted was very agreeable to both officers and men; but a little experience in that branch of the service will probably lead them to regret the choice they have made. My best wishes go with them.

All are looking with eager eyes toward Vicksburg. Its fall would send a thrill of joy through the loyal heart of the country, especially if accompanied by the capture of the Confederate troops now in possession.

8. Six months ago this night, parching with thirst and pinched with hunger, we were lying on Chaplin Hills, thinking over the terrible battle of the afternoon, expecting its renewal in the morning, listening to the shots on the picket line, and notified by an occasional bullet that the enemy was occupying the thick woods just in our front, and very near. A little over three months ago we were in the hurry, confusion, anxiety, and suspense of an undecided battle, surrounded by the dead and dying, with the enemy's long line of camp-fires before us. Since then we have had a quiet time, each succeeding day seeming the dullest.

Rode into town this afternoon; invested twenty-

MAY, 1863.

1. The One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio is at Franklin. Colonel Wilcox has resigned; Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell will succeed to the colonelcy. I rode over the battle-field with the latter this afternoon.

4. Two men from Breckenridge's command strayed into our lines to-day.

7. Colonels Hobart, Taylor, Nicholas, and Captain Nevin spent the afternoon with me.

The intelligence from Hooker's army is contradictory and unintelligible. We hope it was successful, and yet find little beside the headlines in the telegraphic column to sustain that hope. The German regiments are said to have behaved badly. This is, probably, an error. Germans, as a rule, are reliable soldiers. This, I think, is Carl Schurz's first battle; an unfortunate beginning for him.

9. The arrest of Vallandigham, we learn from the newspapers, is creating a great deal of excitement in the North. I am pleased to see the authorities commencing at the root and not among the branches.

I have just read Consul Anderson's appeal to the peo-

ple of the United States in favor of an exhibition of American live stock, machinery, and manufactures, at the coming fair in Hamburg. James made a long letter of it; and, I drank a gallon of good Dutch beer after writing the paragraph.

11. The Confederate papers say Streight's command was surrendered to four hundred rebels. I do not believe it. The Third Corps have whipped that many of the enemy only under any circumstances. The expedition was a foolish one. Colonel Harker, who knows the rebels well, predicted the fate which has overtaken them. He is brave, but deficient in judgment. His statement that his command surrendered to a force of four hundred is, doubtless, false. Forrest had, I say, nearer four thousand and fifty than four hundred and fifty. The rebels always have a great number of men before a battle, but not many after. They like to believe in the one-rebel-to-three-Yank ratio, and make their statements to correspond. When ascertained will, I have no doubt, that the Union brigade was pursued by an overwhelming force, and being exhausted by constant repeated fights, want of food and sleep, surrendered. Ammunition had given out and all possible means of escape gone. The enemy is strong in cavalry, and it is not at all probable that he would have sent more than a hundred and fifty men to look after a brigade that had boldly ventured hundreds of miles from their lines. In fact, General Forrest seldom,

great raider is in our hands, and it matters but little, perhaps, what becomes of the carcass.

A soldier of the Forty-second Indiana, who ran away from the battle of Stone river, had his head shaved and was drummed out of camp to-day. David Walker, Paul Long, and Charley Hiskett, of the Third Ohio, go with him to Nashville, where he is to be confined in military prison until the end of the war.

Shaving the head and drumming out of camp is a fearful punishment. I could not help pitying the poor fellow, as with carpet-sack in one hand and hat in the other he marched crest-fallen through the camps, to the music of the "Rogue's March." Death and oblivion would have been less severe and infinitely more desirable.

25. General Rosecrans, although generally supposed to be here, has been, it is said, absent for some days. It is intimated that he has gone to Washington. If it be true, he has flanked the newspaper men by a wonderful burst of strategy. He must have gone through disguised as an old woman—a very ugly old woman with a tremendous nose—otherwise these newspaper pickets would have arrested and put him in the papers forthwith. They are more vigilant than the rebels, and terribly intent upon finding somebody to talk about, to laud to the skies, or abuse in the most fearful manner, for they seldom do things by halves, unless it be telling the truth. They have a marvelous distaste for facts, and use no more of them

than are absolutely necessary to string their guesses and imaginings upon.

My colt has just whinnied. He is gay as a lark, and puts Davy, the hostler, through many evolutions unknown to the cavalry service. The other day Davy had him out for exercise, and when he came rearing and charging back, I said: "How does he behave to-day, Davy?" "Mighty rambunctious, sah; he's gettin' bad, sah."

Major James Connelly, One Hundred and Twenty-third Illinois, called. His regiment is mounted and in Wilder's brigade. It participated in the engagement at Hoover's Gap. When my brigade was at Hillsboro, Connelly's regiment accompanied Wilder to this place (Decherd). The veracious correspondent reported that Wilder, on that expedition, had destroyed the bridge here and done great injury to the railroad, permanently interrupting communication between Bridgeport and Tullahoma; but, in fact, the bridge was not destroyed, and trains on the railroad were only delayed two hours. The expedition succeeded, however, in picking up a few stragglers and horses.

26. General Stanley has returned from Huntsville, bringing with him about one thousand North Alabama negroes. This is a blow at the enemy in the right place. Deprived of slave labor, the whites will be compelled to send home, or leave at home, white men enough to cultivate the land and keep their families from starving.

27. Adjutant Wilson visited Rousseau's division

NOVEMBER, 1863.

11. My new brigade consists of the following regiments:

One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio Infantry, Colonel John G. Mitchell.

One Hundred and Twenty-first Ohio Infantry, Colonel H. B. Banning.

One Hundred and Eighth Ohio Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Piepho.

Ninety-eighth Ohio Infantry, Major Shane.

Third Ohio Infantry, Captain Leroy S. Bell.

Seventy-eighth Illinois Infantry, Colonel Van Vleck.

Thirty-fourth Illinois Infantry, Colonel Van Tassell.

There has been much suffering among the men. They have for weeks been reduced to quarter rations, and at times so eager for food that the commissary store-rooms would be thronged, and the few crumbs which fell from broken boxes of hard-bread carefully gathered up and eaten. Men have followed the forage wagons and picked up the grains of corn which fell from them, and in some instances they have picked up the grains of corn from the mud where

mules have been fed. The suffering among mals has been intense. Hundreds of m horses have died of starvation. Now, how we have possession of the river, the men supplied, but the poor horses and mules are suffering. A day or two more will, I trust, en provide well for them also. Two steamboat ing between this and Chattanooga, and one wagon train is also busy. Supplies are con ward with a reasonable degree of rapidity.

appear to be in good health and excellent spi

12. We are encamped on Stringer's ridge north side of the Tennessee, immediately oppos tanooga. This morning Colonel Mitchell and the picket line of the brigade. The line runs t river, opposite and to the north of the point t out mountain. At the time, a heavy fog risi the water veiled somewhat the gigantic propo Lookout point, or the nose of Lookout, as it times designated. While standing on the ban water's edge, peering through the mist, to g ter view of two Confederate soldiers, on the shore, a heavy sound broke from the summit t out mountain, and a shell went whizzing o Hooker's camps. Pretty soon a battery opened is called Moccasin point, on the north side river, and replied to Lookout. Later in Moccasin and Lookout got into an angry di which lasted two hours. These two batteries special spite at each other, and almost ev