

Civil War Diary
of
Elijah Evan Edwards

Chaplain
7th Minnesota Volunteer Infantry

Battle of Nashville
December 1864

Transcribed by
Ruth P. & Roy L. Cunningham
from handwritten copy

June 2011
Nashville, TN

CIVIL WAR DIARY

by

E. E. EDWARDS

1864--1865

The first seventy pages at the beginning and
some pages at the end are missing.

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Greencastle, Indiana

Filmed November 2, 1961
by Mrs. Virginia C. Brann



E. E. Edwards
Chaplain of 7th
Minn. Vol. Inf from July 4th,
1864 to Aug 16 1865.

ELIJAH EVAN EDWARDS

Teacher and Minister

A.R.; A.M., 1856; Ph.D., 1877, Indiana Asbury University. Born, January 26, 1831, Delaware, Ohio. Professor of ancient languages, Brookville College, 1853-56; president of Whitewater College, Centerville, 1856-58; professor of ancient languages, Hamline University, 1858-60; principal Lemont Seminary, 1860-61; pastor Taylor's Falls, Minnesota, and Hudson, Wisconsin, 1861-64; chaplain Seventh Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, 1864-65; professor of natural science, St. Charles College, Missouri, 1865-66; assistant editor of the Central Christian Advocate, St. Louis, Missouri, 1866-72; professor of natural science and English literature, McKendree College, 1872-79; president Colorado State Agricultural College, 1879-82; president of the St. Croix Dalles Institute, 1886-88; assistant rector and rector of Christ's Church, Red Wing, Minnesota, 1880-90; rector of Kemper Military Institute, Menomonie, Wisconsin, 1890-94; rector of Emanuel Church, Lancaster, Wisconsin, 1894-99; rector St. John's Church, Greencastle, Indiana; rector St. James' Church, Hendersonville, N.C., 1899; alumnal poet of Alma Mater seven times; poems published in "Poets and Poetry of Indiana," in "Cipher Orator," in Coggeshall's "Poets and Poetry of the West," Shaw's "American Literature," and various magazines.

Married, December 25, 1854, Miss Alice L. Eddy, Cincinnati, Ohio, who died, August 6, 1896; married June 8, 1899, Mrs. Ellen Webb Tingley, Greencastle, Indiana. He died November 10, 1915, LaBelle, Florida, buried in Fort Myers, Florida.

Alumnal Record
DePauw University
Greencastle, Indiana
1920

Edwards was the son of John Edwards who was born in Dembighshire, North Wales and became a Methodist minister in Ohio. He and his family moved to Indiana in 1836.

Edwards entered the Indiana Asbury Academy in 1846. He graduated from the university in 1853.



Mrs Prof. E. E. Edwards,
Hamline U. Redwing

**Civil War Diary of Elijah Evan Edwards, Chaplain, 7th Minnesota Volunteer Infantry
December, 1864 - Battle of Nashville**

(1st seventy pages missing)

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sympathizers. I passed a batch of prisoners under guard in the street, some standing some sitting on curbstones, a weary worn jaded looking set. There were eight or ten officers among them, one of whom attracted my attention particularly. I sketched this miserable man. He was a Colonel and wore his red hair in long and glorious curls such as northern maidens most affect. He looked sad and his eyes were red and inflamed, his face sallow and pinched and an odor of whiskey pervaded him. The men were generally better looking than those I saw in Missouri. I met another student from Brooksville in the person of Mr. Amos Sparks who acts as chaplain for some Indiana regiment.

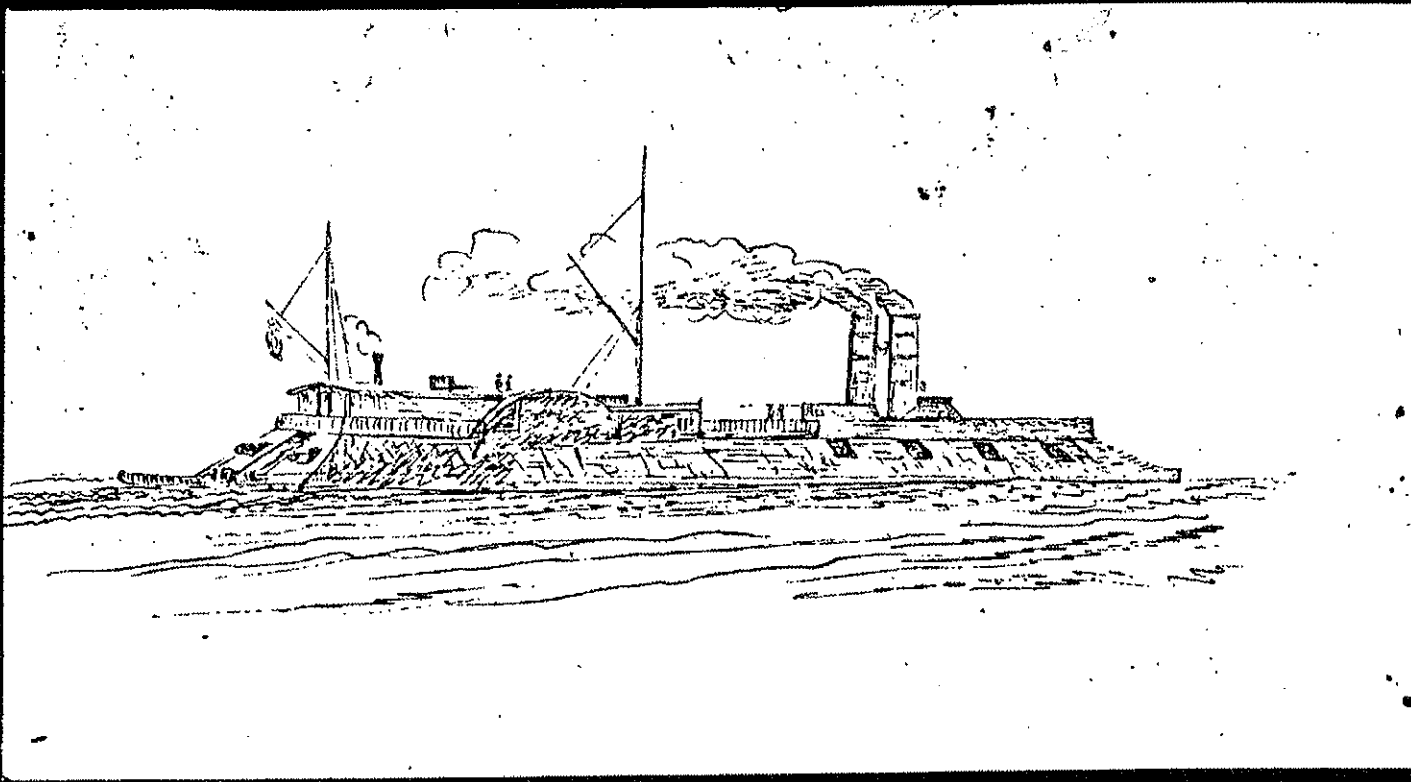
Great activity prevails in all parts of the city. The hills surrounding Nashville are being rapidly fortified. Our grisly Gen. Smith is galloping about from one hill to another and he has his fighting hat on. An endless stream of terrified refugees is pouring into the city who report Hood and his 40,000 men within seven miles distance. Our regiment has found a camp on a hillside in a dense thorn chapparal or jungle. We have had a grievous time cutting away the objectionable undergrowth, but our tent is at last up. A hugh thorn stands beside bristling like a porcupine, but amidst the thorns grow sprigs of green, even the "Mistletoe Bough" and under the mistletoe we shall sleep to night upon a couch made of leaves and sod. Good night.

E.

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Under the Mistletoe Camp at Nashville
Dec. 2, 1864

It is a misty and raining morning. There is no battle imminent, but Major Burt reports picket firing outside. Hood's array are undoubtedly getting into position on the hills surrounding us, some think with the deliberate purpose of besieging the city. If I understand the position it is this. 1. Nashville, lying between the river on one side and a semicircular range of hills on the other. 2. Our gunboats on the river, our army on the hills. 3. Outside of our semicircle, another and of course greater or longer, and on this Hood and his 44,000 legions. If Hood can cut off our river and railroad communications he can lay siege and starve us out - if we let him. The effort to do it however will bring on a battle and the contest will be decided by force of arms, in which case we modestly think we have the advantage.



Our camp is not in an exposed position by any means, but it is not otherwise well chosen. We are over a quagmire, or rather a springy piece of ground which would be a mire but for the flat rocks mixed in with the surface soil. Sleeping on the ground is therefore impracticable. The major has a cot. I must make one. We are about a mile and a half from the State Capitol and near the right of our long battle line. There is a battery on the hill above us, and a brigade of Inf. between us and the front where the men are now busy constructing embankments.

Yours - E.

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“Under the Mistletoe”
Camp near Nashville, Dec. 4 1864

On the second, I visited the camp of the 23 Corps, hoping to find my brother Wesley as I had heard nothing from him since the battle, and he did not know of my presence in the city. I first looked up the 23rd Corps, then the 1 Division then brigade, then the regiment then the company then the individual. This descent from generals to particulars required hours of patient inquiry and much riding to and fro. At last I found the object of my search a tall bronzed weatherbeaten man whom I should hardly have recognised unless I had been expecting to see him. He had come through the battle without a scar. We had an hour's talk, but his regiment was under arms, momentarily expecting to be ordered into battle line. A heavy cannonading along the line warned me to return. The cannonading was continued all day yesterday and thus far to day and we still await with expectations somewhat abated however the orders to march out into the field.

I went out this morning to a Pisgaha-like eminence from whose summit I could view the prospect and see the smoke of the as yet bloodless warfare.

Last night the gun-boats joined in deep-mouthed gruff chorus, like like - I had almost said the bayings of surly bull dogs

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joined to the din a hundred () yelping curs. The firing of the guns on the boats lit up the clouds above with faint flashes like heat lightening.

Last night we fortified our individual camp by a trench and a light embankment. We are not in cannon shot of the enemy, and the firing along the line is kept up principally for show or to prevent the opposed armies from drawing any nearer. The firing to day seems nearer but it may be owing to the clearer atmosphere. I can see the white smoke rolling up grandly I should judge

nearly three miles away. Excuse me, if during this hurly-burly my letters should be brief. They may be longer "when the hurly burly's done."

E.

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Under the Mistletoe
Camp near Nashville, Dec. 5, 1864

The cannonading is still continued like a story in the Ledger and the plot thickens. Is any body hit or hurt? It seems impossible that such a storm of iron hail should fall harmless to the earth and yet we hear of no serious results unless I except the demolition of a large brick house in which some sharp-shooters had established themselves just near enough to our lines to pick off our gunners. "That house fell." To day I rode around our outer line, and to my astonishment found that we were in minie range of the rebs. I noticed some civilians who had come out to be spectators of the fray, but being at length reminded by the whizzing of a few bullets of the dear ones at home left hurriedly. One was standing near a gunner when a bullet whizzed by his ear. I shall not ever forget his scared comical expression as he turned to the gunner with a request that he would give his compliments to the rebs, or the haste with which he decamped. On my return I stumbled upon a "palace beautiful" in a large pleasure ground. Near the entrance was a high square tower which rose out of a reservoir half filled with water. Beyond this were winding paths bordered with evergreens, summer houses, grass plots, mounds, statuary in marble iron and lead, the marble my-

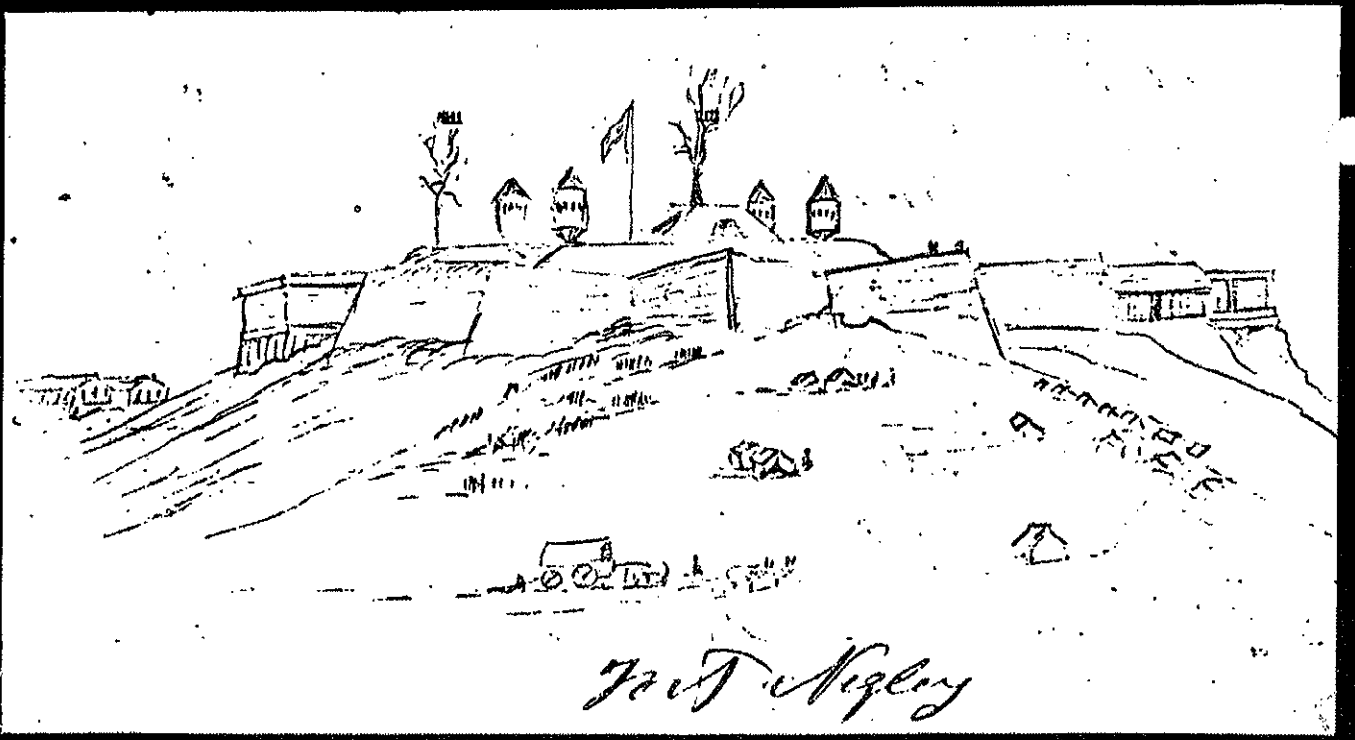
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thological and grave, the metal modern and comical. Two of the latter were gaily painted images of negroes dancing, lips and () absurdly elongated. The house had no great pretensions to elegance, but within were statues and paintings of rare finish. This is the residence of Widdow Ackland, and was built by her husband Col. Ackland, who died several years ago. It is at present a military headquarters.

I made the above rough sketch and was as usual when sketching was much stared at by the promiscuous crowd. I heard several soldiers say the house would burn well. Doubtless it would, but I hope it may be spared.

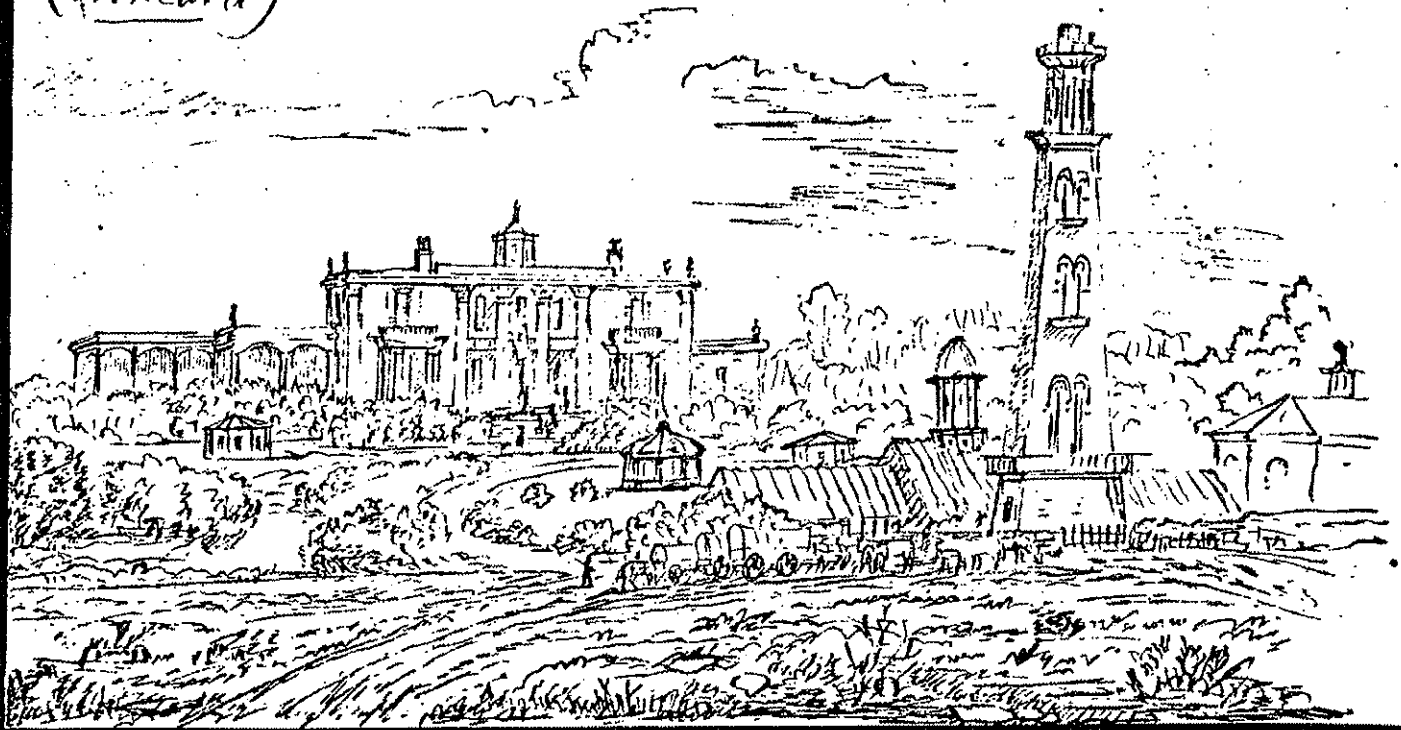
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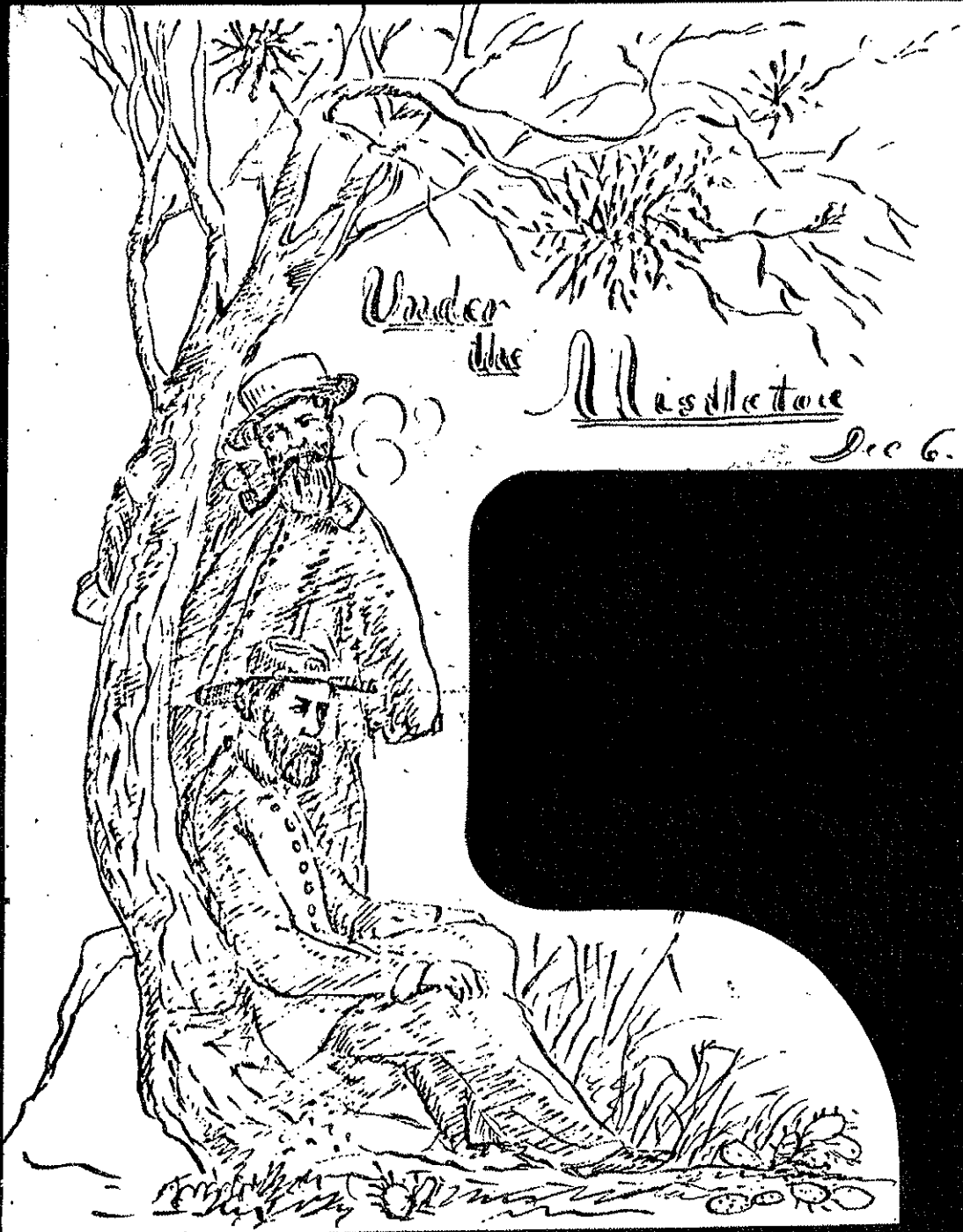
E.



J. D. Sigley

(Auckland)





Vander
the

Missiletoe

Dec 6. 1864

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Under the Mistletoe, Dec. 6, 1864

As the "position" is exactly the same I have nothing new to write. The weather is disagreeable. Cold, muddy and sometimes frozen ground. The soldiers are busy making themselves comfortable. Major Burt also. They succeed, but the Major does more. He makes others uncomfortable. His chimneys smoke, and this seriously affects the equanimity of Lt. Folsom and myself. The Major builds and rebuilds with a perseverance and endurance worthy of a better cause. I enclose a sketch to make up for the brevity, but the sketch itself is a failure.

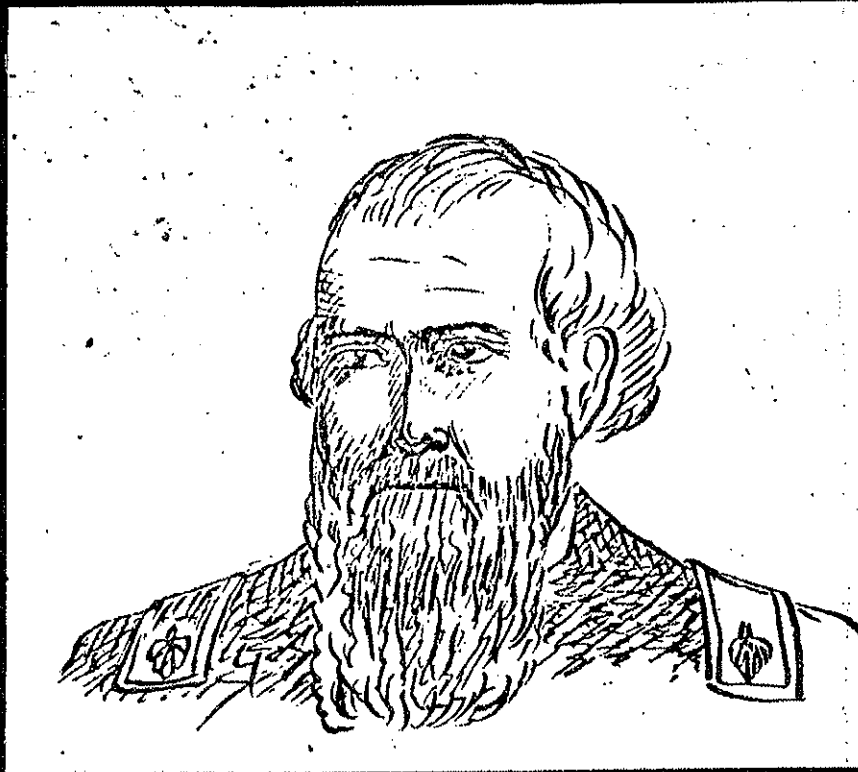
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P. S.

Dec. 7 - I along with the rest begin to experience the apathy and hollowness some times noted as preceding an engagement. At first there was general excitement hilarity and enthusiasm, but as the days wear on and the battle is deferred till tomorrow and tomorrow, sluggish indifference takes the place of the short-lived excitement and most of the men have apparently ceased to care whether a battle ensues or not. They are engaged in their usual camp avocations, letter writing, making of trinkets, and playing, etc. Major Burt still continues his laudable efforts at chimney building, his ambition being to build one that will not smoke. I visit occasionally the Christian Commission rooms where I obtain papers for distribution among the men. I frequently join them as they stand in groups around their camp fires, and as far as I can judge, am always welcome. I have held no meetings here on account of our exposed position, and the lack of shelter and seclusion. As for my own tent, it belongs to the Major (Hibernicism) and is besides up to the present time smoke-filled. It has not seemed to me wise to urge upon the men a multiplicity

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of services on services under circumstances of great discomfort. The sermon besides is neither so important nor effective as it is to the home congregation. More good is to be accomplished by direct conversation and distribution of papers, and attention to the sick and needy. If sermons are preached they must be the best in the barrel. No audience is more severely critical than an audience of soldiers. There are men among them well posted on Bible topics who could themselves if need be preach sound argumentative discourses. Though sometimes heterodox they are generally logical (not a hibernicism). No men see more quickly through a show than soldiers. A long face and solemn drawl go for nothing with them. They have no reverence for "the cloth." They hate cant and are not moved by the "glory hallelujah" style of oratory. Whatever they may have been at home in the army they are not sectarian. They care not for Methodist or Baptist or Episcopalian. In doctrine, they are as I have said, sometimes heterodox, or, they question



doctrines that are received at home without question but they are liberal in their views and seem to think doctrines of far less importance than conduct. Many are inclined to fatalism, some

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to universalism, while a very few are sternly Methodistic in creed. In our regiment are a few Jews(?) and Catholics, but out from under the influence of their priest, they are as liberal minded as the rest and some of them are my very good friends whom I would not hesitate to ask any favor in their power to grant.

Our officers are diverse in creed - but generally liberal and Catholic in spirit. Col. Marshall is a Swedenborgian and often sends me sermons and papers advocating the doctrines of the New Church. Col. M. is a superior man, large browed, intellectual, quiet, dignified, and yet cordial in manner. As far as we know he has no vices. He neither drinks nor swears nor plays at cards. Our boys are very proud of him. Lieut. Col. Bradley is Episcopalian in his views, but belongs to that class of man generally recognized as "good fellows" and prides himself on being a gentleman and as such treats religion with deference.

Major Burt's theology is as smoky as his chimneys. He does not think he is an infidel, and yet he has an unconquerable aversion to creed and sects and doubts the

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authority of the Bible except so far as its doctrines coincide with Reason. He is a free thinker and a (). He has taken a very strange liking for me and will hear to nothing less than I shall be in his mess. Col Marshall thinking that I might be unpleasantly situated invited me to join his mess but the Major made such objection that I concluded to stay. I wish this portrait were better. It should give you the idea of a flacid-faced man of massive head and short thin hair of a chestnut color and heavy red beard. Add to this a brilliant black eye that might belong to a wild animal and you will have the picture complete.

I have wandered from his theology perhaps because his personal appearance is a more attractive theme. This is the man who has taken

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such a liking to me as to attract the attention of the regiment. The Major is in his manners gruff as a bear and I have been told by some of the officers that I am the first in the regiment that he has treated with any show of affection or respect. To tell the truth, the Major, while one of the best officers in the regiment is also the most thoroughly unpopular. He is thought savage and stern, and generally unamiable as well as misanthropical.

So you see I am to play at the game of taming surly Major's. Now do you like the new Damon and Pythias? At some other time I will describe my other mess mates. Perhaps you think I might find more interesting material on the eve of a battle that I may say things fervid and patriotic - such as "dulce decorum" etc. The truth is I nor the rest of us think of the battle. We wait - vacantly wait for the signal sounds of strife. On the verge of a battlefield our thoughts are common place and not worth the record. There are some thoughts however unwritten -

Yours E.

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Under the Mistletoe
Dec. 8th 1864

We begin to think that the evil, or as it will go down in history, glorious day will not come, and that Hood with his myriad ones

"Will fold up his tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

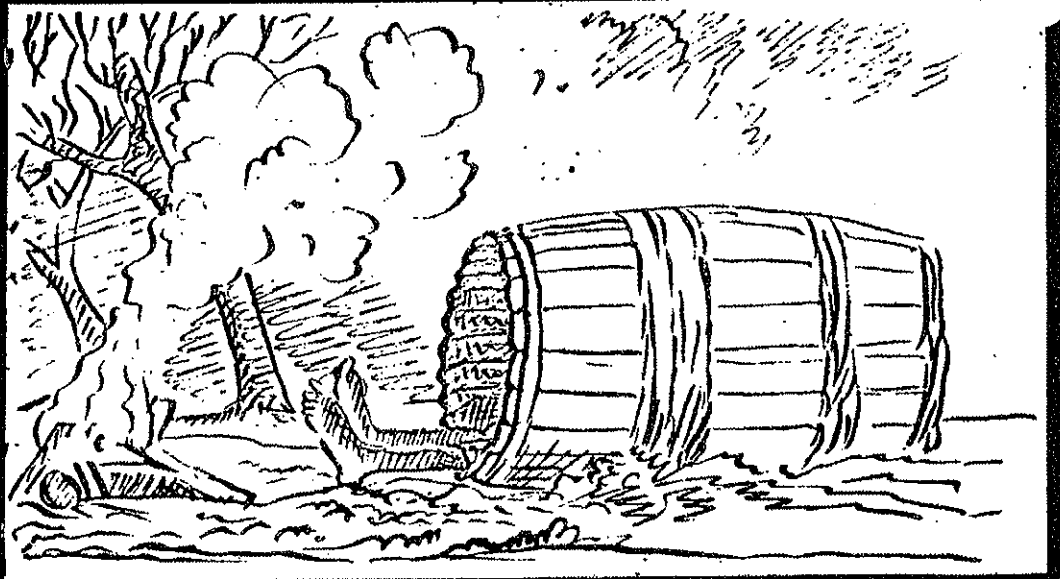
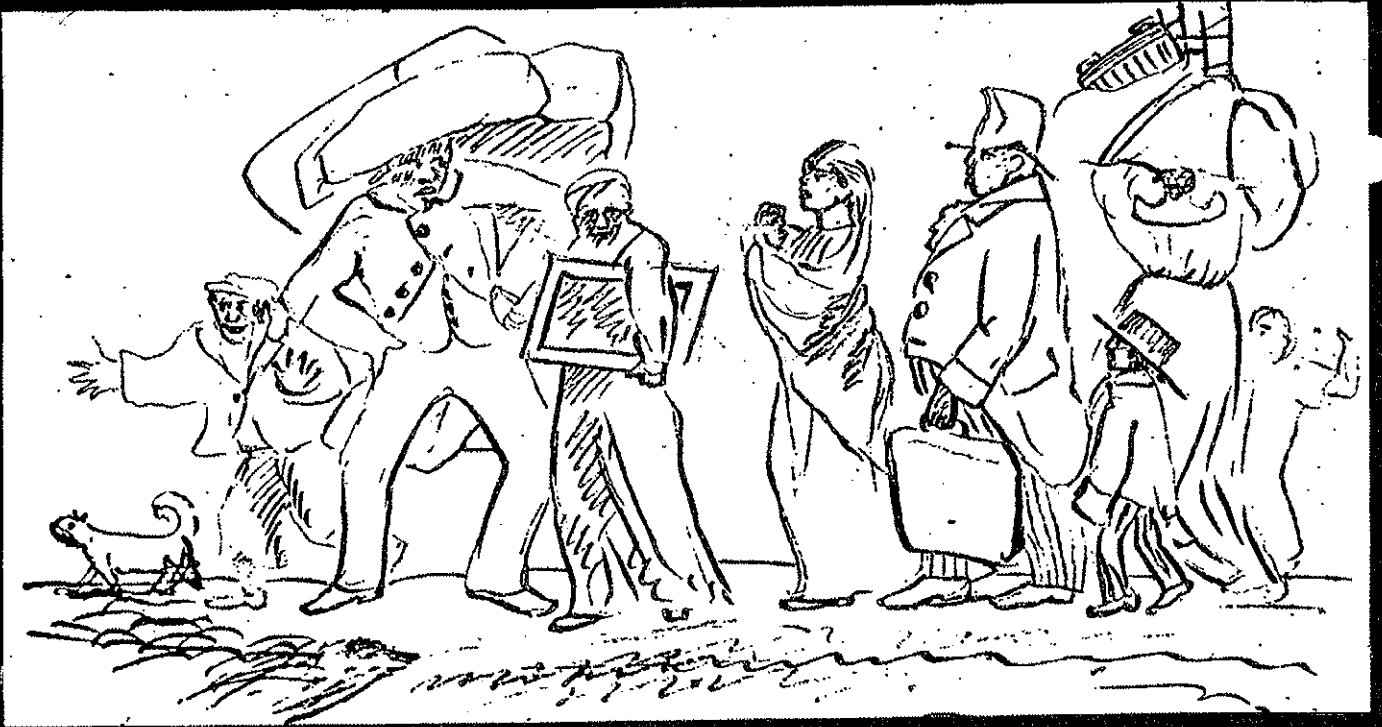
Fugitives from the country are are still crowding in to the city, but how they get past the rebel lines I cannot guess. The other day I saw and sketched a remarkable group of union people. I may have a little exaggerated their burdens in this sketch but not much. I have named the sketch "Coming up out of Egypt." Poor toiling, oppressed, patient people! They came to the flag for life and freedom. In all this region the Union has no more faithful and honest

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friends. They came bringing their household goods with them and sometimes burdened with () trash. Some of them are employed about the camps, where they learn about their first lessons of life, others, without shelter or food are enlisted by the government.

There is a contraband boy in our reg. camp, named Jim. Nothing else.

That is all the name he ever had. The men took Jim, much as they would a young raccoon or opossum. Now it was easy enough to furnish him rations but where should he sleep was a perplexing question. The men had only what is known as "dog tents" just large enough to shelter two in them, sleeping together. There was not room for Jim there, to say nothing of Anglo Saxon prejudice and so Jim was stowed away with his feet to the fire, and his head and body in a pork barrel. Sic dorminit.



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P.S. Dec. 9 - Another day of expectation yet ending ingloriously as others have ended before. Meanwhile the mud and slush are intolerable. I do not know that I can relate any thing to day better than a visit to the government stables, and a venture at stud buying. Col. Marshall invited me to accompany him to the place in question and nothing loth I went. It was a sale of condemned horses, among them were thought to be great bargains sold for a song.

We were not greatly (). The mud in the corral was deep and black. The crowd around the auction stand was villainous looking. The horses were as a general thing utterly disabled and worthless. The day itself was dreary

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and buzzards cast lazy circles in the air above the corral. Occasionally a good looking horse would make its appearance, we would bid, and the horse jockeys, who had the inside track in the sale, and as far as we could judge a perfect understanding with the auctioneer would outbid us and at last we were obliged to give 20 dollars each for a couple of gothic studs that might otherwise have brought two and a half. The Col. purchased a meek looking brood mare, possibly blooded, & a rugged Indian pony of stalwart proportions, and of a beautiful mouse color. My pony would bring 100 dollars at a private sale, but undoubtedly has some defect, else why should it be sold! To discover that defect shall occupy my cheerful leisure hours. We left the corral, the Colonel and I, leading our purchases by a bark string. The Colonel's stud proved lazy and not over strong, mine whinnied affectionately and quick won my heart with its swift dark eye but stumbled occasionally. We went on to camp. The buzzards widened their circles above us, and all the while Hood "was thundering at the gates of Nashville."

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P.S. Dec. 10 The days are but little varied. The "battle tomorrow" is not yet, and we are beginning to be incredulous about it. The cannonading is a constant quantity but very few casualties are reported. There is occasionally an uproar and great cheering which denotes one of two things -

Gen. Smith or a Rabbit. When a rabbit appears there is a general cheer and I am happy to say that the rabbit in the confusion that ensues generally escapes. I called to day on Wesley induced him to go with me to the city and have his picture taken. We visited a number of galleries before we found one that could give him a sitting.



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All were so busy. At last we found a tent, where ambrotypes were taken and even here was a crowd and W. had to fall in line and wait his turn, like a man in a barbershop. The picture proved only moderately good but I paid my dollar and was content. There were no galleries in Nashville equal to Falkenshield's in St. Paul. The operators were not as a rule gentlemanly. They seemed to be working but for one object - money. Their mode of operating was quite of the shingle mill style. The unhappy victim of their art was rudely seized, jerked into a chair, his head violently crammed into the iron fork called a "rest," the camera was uncapped, thirty awful seconds elapsed the camera was recapped, and the victim rudely cast aside to make room for another. I noticed that altercations were frequent between the sitter and the operator, about the excellence of the picture, but as the artist was paid in advance there was no remedy for the grievance.

In the outer showcases were many of the best photographs I had ever seen, as far as mechanical () is concerned, but these were taken in New York and were generally

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copies of statuary, engravings and portraits of notabilities. The celebrated actresses struck me as thinly clad and prodigal of charms usually concealed from view. The public exposure of such pictures argues a depraved taste and a generally demoralized condition of the public morals.

A battle was fought to day at Murfreesboro by a force of rebels and our men and resulted in a union victory, the credit of which is freely awarded to the 8th Minnesota. "Brave boys are they." We are again under orders to [be] in readiness for marching, orders at a moment's notice. The cavalry are said to be crossing the river and camping between us and the rebel lines, and this looks ominous, but as I said at the beginning of this letter, the men are incredulous.

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P.S. Dec. 11. The roads are icy and bad - so much so that I find it more safe and pleasant to walk than ride. As the day was too cold and stormy for an outdoor service, I went to the city and attended an Episcopalian service. The audience was fair, but the room was chilly and the rector looked chilly in his white robes and there was something of the chill in his sermon. Ordinarily I rather like the Episcopalian order of worship and think it impressive and appropriate but on this occasion, it seemed icy and artificial. I should have gone elsewhere, but I happened to pass the door, and fell in with the crowd and was drawn in with them without any special volition on my part.

The battle to day seems more imminent, we are still awaiting orders to march or fall into battle line. The cavalry have passed through our lines filing to the front and the men regard this movement as a sure indication of the coming storm.

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Under the Mistletoe
Dec. 12, 1864

I prepare this letter with a view of our tent "under the mistletoe." It is double, i.e. a wall tent and flap joined. There are two chimneys, both the work of Major Burt. The one at the front is the quondom smoking chimney. The major has at last

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triumphed over all difficulties. He did so however by appropriating the sleeping apartment of Jim the contraband which (barrel) with the remaining head knocked out, now does good service as a flue. Poor Jim was for a while houseless and homeless but somebody gave him a cracker box which was nearly as comfortable as his barrel. The Major rejoices greatly over his triumph. I supposed that I had incurred his displeasure by a rather abrupt refusal to help carry stones one cold wet day. The truth was Lieut. Folsom and I did not share his enthusiasm in building chimneys, and when he called upon us for a few days manual labor we offered him seven dollars instead with which to purchase a good camp stove. The Major indignantly rejected this offer and went on with his work alone. When his chimney was finished he invited us in, as we supposed, for a lecture on subordination, but he made no mention of our derelictions, and we had a good time. There was not such another cheerful fireplace in the camp. To atone for my scepticism with regard to his architectural ability, I made an elaborate sketch of the tent

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and chimney and also of the Major engaged in building the latter in which sketch he was represented as lifting huge rocks to their place on the wall. He looked like one of the giants placing Pelion upon Ossa. So ended the chimney rebellion. The Major sent the sketches to his wife with a long letter descriptive of his Herculean labors. I claim for the Major a better form than I have given him here. In the sketch I attempted to foreshorten him as he bent over the unfinished wall, but I have simply shortened him. The weather is now cold. I should think the temperature 8 or 10 degrees above zero. The ground is frozen and icy.





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We are under some apprehensions that the river will freeze over, and that will not only disable or, lay up our gunboats but enable Hood to make a flank movement and attack us on the river side.

The above, near as I can get it from the summit of one of the highest hills is our situation. The rebel lines form the outer semicircle, ours, the inner. The river is protected by gunboats. In case of a freeze, the river side of Nashville would be totally without defense. This view is far from exact but gives an idea of it.

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P. S. Dec. 13. Wintry weather continues and movement of our troops to our right either as a ruse or to prevent a flank movement in case the river should close up.

I allow scarcely a day to pass without a picture or a line. Here is a rough

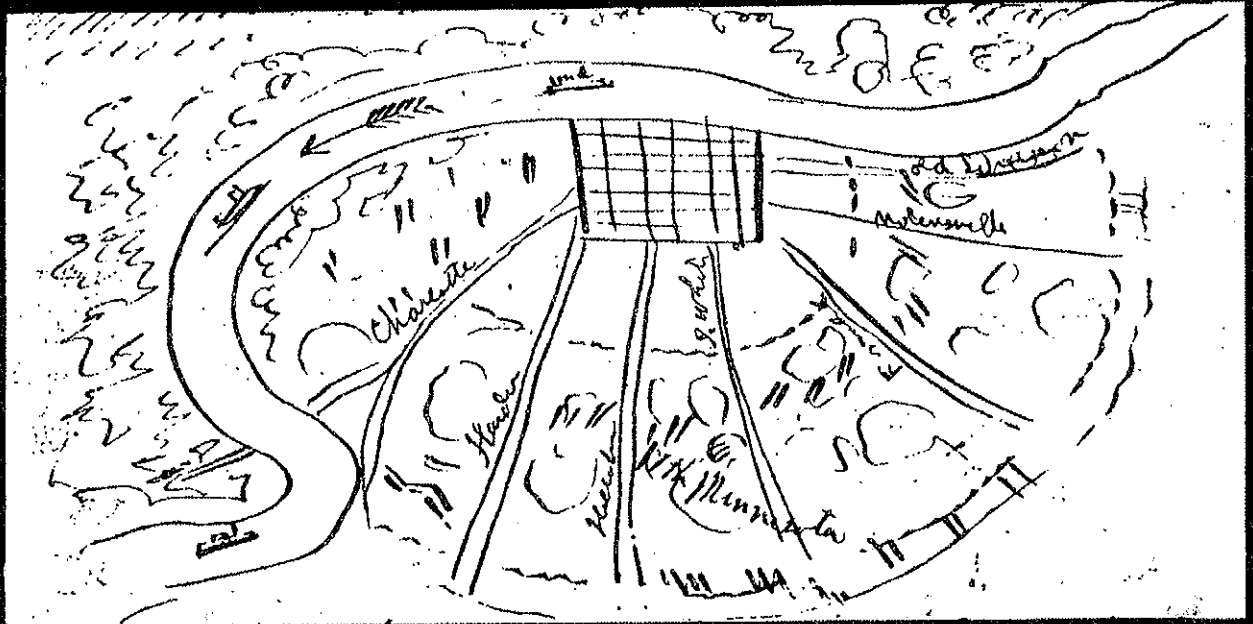
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sketch of the grave of President Polk. It stands in what appears to be a private lot in front of a dwelling, possibly his own residence. It is built of grey stone, and of marble and consists of an entablature resting on four pillars underneath which is the tomb. On the entablature is the following inscription.

10th President of the United States Born Nov. 12, 1795 Died June 15th 1849

On the tomb east side is this inscription:

The mortal remains
of
James Knox Polk
are resting in the vault beneath.
He was born in Mecklenburg County
North Carolina
and emigrated with his father,
Samuel Polk, to Tennessee
in 1806
The beauty of virtue was illustrated in his life



The excellence of Christianity
was exemplified in his death.

The north side had the following:

His life was devoted to
the public service. He was ele-
vated successively to the first
places in the State and Federal
Governments, a member of the
General Assembly,

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a member of Congress and
Chairman of the most important
Congressional committees;
Speaker of the House of Representatives;
Governor of Tennessee, and
President of the United States.

The south side has the following:

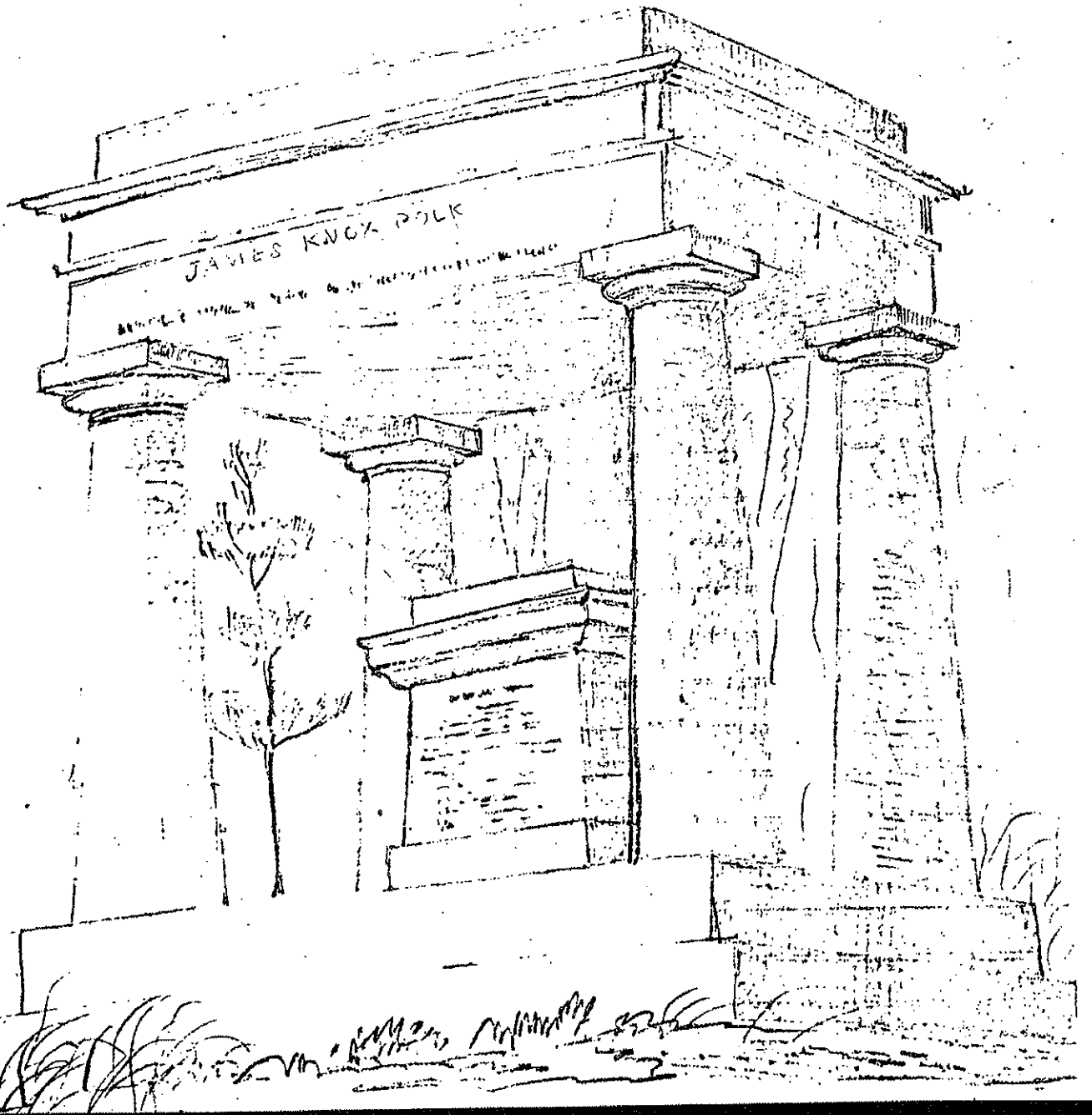
By his public acts he defined
and extended the Boundaries of his Country.
He planted the laws of the
American Union
On the shores of the Pacific.
His influence and his counsels
tended to organize
The National Treasury
on the principles of the
Constitution,
and to apply the rule of
Freedom to Navigation
Trade and
Industry

Both the tomb and the inscription struck me as wanting in taste. This was not a Mount Vernon. The entablature was clumsy and part of the epitaph vague unsatisfactory and untrue. What for instance did Pres. Polk do to apply "the rule of freedom to industry"? Perhaps his agency in the Mexican War is the solution. If so the epitaph is true in a sense the framers did not

intend. The Mexican war was a cause of the present, and the present has applied those principles with emphasis.

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P.S. Dec. 14. -- The evil day is not yet. This journalizing of the days before the battle has got to be something like the Arabian Nights Entertainment. The catastrophe is ever postponed a day as if to allow me to finish my story and sometimes we think it will not come at all but the days will be weeks and the weeks months and the rebel host will gradually melt away like a mist before us. The weather is more mild - the roads are muddy. There is nothing new to day. The cannonading is still kept up. How could we sleep without it? The signal station near Fort Negley indicates some commotion. At least the telegraphing has been very rapid.



The Battle

Dec. 15, 1864

"Morn brought the marshaling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently storm array.

I write from "Under the mistletoe" where I am for a while alone. The gallant Major and his men are slumbering somewhere in the hills to gather strength for a renewal of the fight. Victory! Victory! The red field thus far is won. Over one half of the rebel battle line waves the banner of the Union. I have come back to the camp with orders to look after the interests of men and officers in the field, and with permission to stay till morning, and as none of our men are seriously hurt, I am rather glad of the permission, as it gives me an opportunity to write up the events of the day while they are most vividly impressed upon my mind.

The bugles sounded at 4 a.m. "And round the soldiers ere the Morning Star." Only the morning was too foggy for stars. Men got lost while groping about their own camps. Soldiers, sentinels, banners loomed up in mammoth proportions. Music of unseen bands filled the air. Every body knew that the bugles drums and banners meant battle, and so without a moments delay the soldiers girded themselves for the fight and long before the

solemn gloom of the morning twilight had yielded to the gray dawning, they were ready for the fray. The demeanor of the soldiers was if anything more than usually cheerful. While a few were silent and thoughtful others were more than usually boisterous. Their hilarity may have been induced by the excitement, or assumed to drive away serious and sad thoughts. Many men () kind and courteous. Handshaking was common and cordial. Officers for once discarded the respectful but distant military salute and greeted each other and their men with a hearty handclasp. There were a few () countenances. A few among both officers and men who had talked loudest and most confidently of the battle remembered alas for human fraility! That at this auspicious juncture, a rheumatism or colic that would deprive them of their share in the glories of the day. That many who marched forth with cheerful countenance and unflinching eye to the front expected death I have not a doubt. These generally left letters with their comrades or officers to be sent home, if the worst should happen. One case I must note. True it failed to have a glorious termination yet it will show how strong a man's heart may be when his legs are weak.

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Lieut. _____ I shall not mention his name, as he may yet retrieve his lost battle, asked me in the morning to write his mother after the battle and tell her how he fell and what he sang before he went upon the fatal field. He was to die the most heavey style of death, with some such sentence on his dying lips, "Tis sweet and pleasant to die for the native land." I could not doubt the sincerity and heroism of my gallant friend, but I regret to say that he became shortly after violently sick and kept in the rear all day.

At six o'clock a.m. the drums beat an advance and our martial columns moved out into the mist, or rather under cover of the mist. The advance was supposed to be along our whole line. Our division moved out on the Charlotte Pike and after passing the first ridge of hills, deployed into the woods and fields with the design of attacking the left wing of the rebel lines, while another column moved out on Harding Pike to execute a flank movement. After moving out perhaps half a mile, our Division halted, to allow the 23rd Corps to get in position. As they filed by I watched closely to get a glimpse of my brother Wes but failed to see him. While waiting on movement, I with some officers not specially on duty ascended a high hill

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on the left of Charlotte Pike and there witnessed a scene almost Miltonic in its grandeur. At first was visible only a great silent sea of mist, making firm our path to the distant hills where the rebels were intrenched and awaiting us. Underneath this silent sea our army was creeping noiselessly, stealthily forward. The silence was dread, fearful, ominous for we knew that it betokened coming thunderpeals. The sun at last shown faintly and luridly through the fog, which grew thin and more wavering, and here and there opened to reveal the point of a battle flag, or the head of some column of men. Sometimes a hill or highland emerged like an island from the deep. The mist gradually melted away, and so far as the eye could reach, the valley was filled with armed men, moving still silently with their ranks of skirmishers in the advance, picking their way to the hearts of the black hills that made our horizon. Not a gun as yet had been fired when suddenly a report came from the very base of the hill on which I was standing and I noticed a little puff of white smoke that in an instant cleared away, and showed the prostrate form of a soldier in blue. It was an accidental shot from his own gun, and it cheated the battle of a victim for the soldier was

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carried to the rear dead. And then I perceived thin bluish white puffs of smoke rising from the skirmish line. As the report of their rifles fell upon the ear subdued by the distance till it sounded like the patter of hail drops on a roof, only the sound was more dull and dread. When a little

nearer it sounded (excuse the very impractical comparison) like the popping of innumerable champagne bottles - A gun at last! A deep solemn jubilant roar shakes the hills. It is something like thunder when it rolls its deepest bass. It is from the great gun on the iron-clad in the river. It is answered by the rebel batteries with a harsh discordant din, many guns of small calibre roaring at once. A line of thin blue smoke rises slowly from the black hills on the horizon. The battle is begun.

After a hurried discussion with chaplain H as to our particular field of duty in which a slight difference of opinion is brought out, I hurry off after the regiment with the intention of keeping a short distance in the rear or with the medical staff.

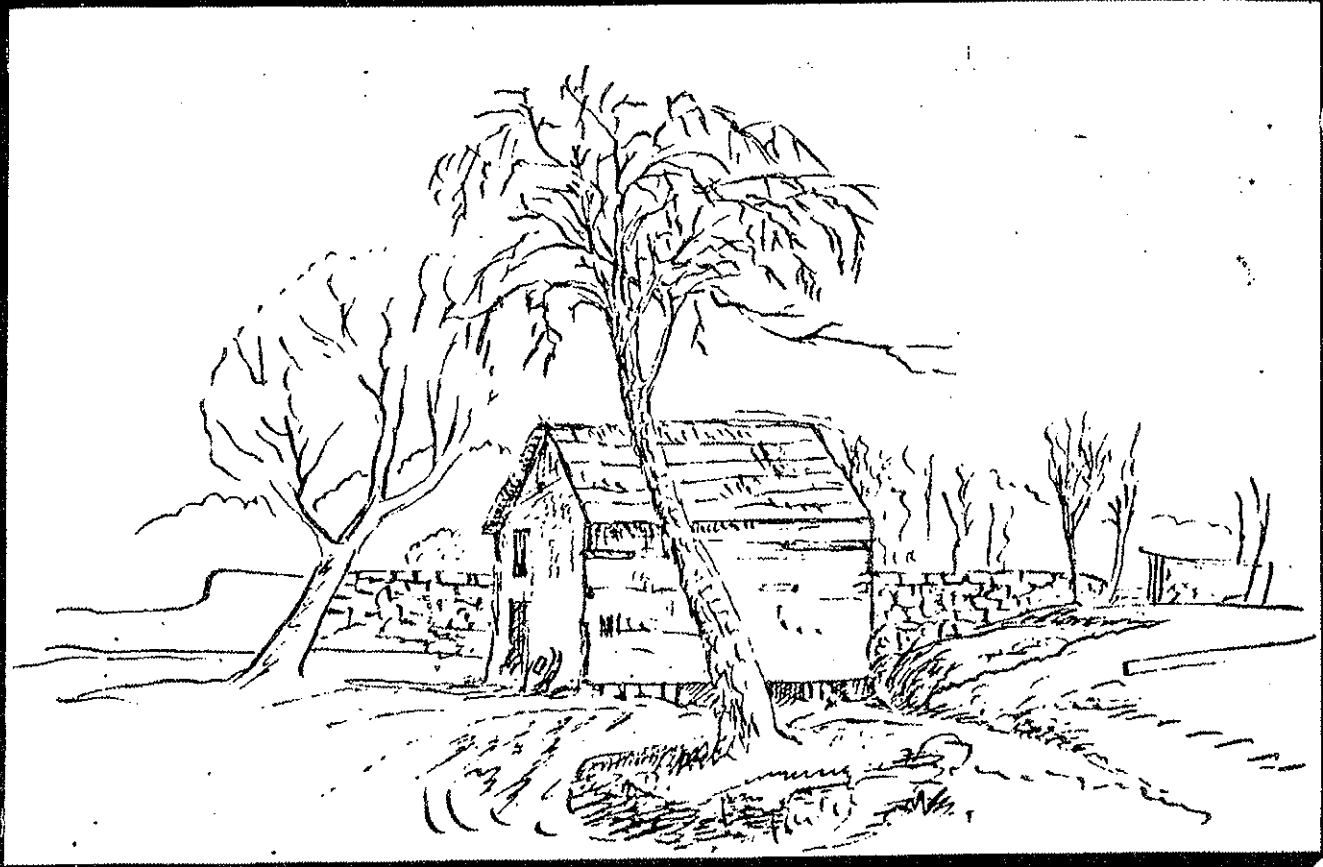
The regiment has meanwhile disappeared in the forest and is possibly half way to the enemy's works. I find an ambulance corps improvised in an open field where I meet some of our men who await orders. The regiment is not yet engaged, learning which,

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I proceed more leisurely and deliberately and stop to rest a few moments in a picturesque spot where quiet beauty is strangely at variance with the fast increasing din of arms. There is here an old mill, a stone wall, a brook a hedge of willows and old water elm tree, leafless. The miller is gone from the mill, the door is broken. The nether mill-stone leans against the outer wall. The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, in the distance wavers the battle smoke, and the clear crystal of the brook may ere sunset be stained with crimson.

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I am here barely long enough to take a mental photograph and then away. I pass next through a field red with a species of grass that at a distance looks like a flame. A few gnarled apple trees stand in this red field. Beyond this is a forest, beyond this another field, then again a skirt of timber, and there our batteries are planted, and beyond which our lines are slowly creeping along. Thus far the fight is at long range, and the artillery men are the principal actors, albeit our men are steadily advancing and are now just on the point of charging the rebel works. The air is full of electricity, the bursting bomb answering for the thunder crash. The white cloud of battle grows more dense, and the men, having worn off the first feeling of anxiety seemed only anxious to move forward. There was a strange fascination about the white cloud that wavered over the rebel line. Non combatant as I was I felt a strong inclination to dash in the sulphurous smoke such terrible fascination had it. I contented myself however with going to the front, when I saw Gen. McArthur, our Division commander and his staff noticeable for their air of nonchalance sitting on their lightly reined studs and calmly watching the progress of the fray. McArthur looks the Highland chief in his tartan cap and plaid. His staff wears Scotch caps a bit of uniform that gives them a peculiarly dashing appearance.



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But just now the rebel gunners have got range of the picturesque group of horses, and the shot and shell shriek through the air and tear up the ground at their feet. I do not think one of them moved. As for myself having no business just then at that particular juncture, I yielded to the caprice of my horse who snorting wildly at each successive explosion finally broke into an inglorious canter and carried me to a safer part of the field nearer my own regiment. As I rode away a shell followed me by way of parting compliment passed a few feet over my head with a peculiar whirring, shrieking sound and burst about one hundred yards beyond me, with a deafening roar that shook the very hills. Our regiment as yet had no wounded, and I returned to the ambulance corps, found the men still waiting for orders, visited next a field hospital extemporised in a spacious farm house, and found there several chaplains and surgeons and quite a crowd of men detailed to assist in the hospital work and wearing as a distinguishing badge, a white rag upon the left arm. There were as yet but three wounded men in this hospital.

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Meanwhile we were startled by a tremendous cheering and looking out for the cause saw several cavalry regiments galloping across the pike, in the direction of the battle field. Supposing that this portended a charge, I mounted my horse and rode back in hot haste but only in time to see our blue lines reaching to the very hilltops and disappearing in the smoke that crowned them. There is a lull in the roar of artillery, the smoke clears away and the starry flag is seen waving where erst floated the rebel rag. Tumultuous cheers, a deep confused murmur like the voice of many waters rises from our entire lines at the sight of that emblem of victory. Still onward rolls the tide of battle. Our men leave their blankets and knapsacks on the field in the excitement of the continuous charge. There are other hills before them, their summits wrapped in flame and smoke. The blue-crested wave breaks at the base of the hills, at the base of the fortifications; it pours its resistless volume over them. Hurrah! hurrah! The rebel flag goes down in the tumult and the stars and stripes wave in its stead. Time for a breath. The rebel lines have been driven or doubled back and we have captured several batteries not giving the rebels time to spike them. As a result the very guns that in the morning threw shot and shell into

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our lines were turned upon the rebels. We have captured besides 500 mules and a supply train. The sight in the rebel trenches is horrifying. The dead and wounded lay there as they fell, pulseless, horribly mangled. The living gasping for water, or moaning their life away. The fight seemed still to be raging in a large open field or valley, which our men had nearly surrounded, and in which they were pouring a rapid fire of musketry. A battery or two was also turned upon

this field and in a little while the white smoke hid it from view. At length when no answering fire was returned from the field our men ceased their firing and perhaps 500 rebel soldiers who had thrown down their arms rushed forward and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. I noticed six of our men marching 300 of them to the rear. These men were poorly clad many of them were barefooted and bareheaded. Most of them seemed rather glad than otherwise to be prisoners. At any rate, they exchanged greetings with our men and seemed on the best of terms with their destiny. I heard the following fragments of conversation between the prisoners and our men: "How are you rebs?" "How are

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you Yanks?" "Going to take Nashville, eh?" "That's so." "Come in out of the wet" "Say - give us a chaw of tobacker." "Well boys, you've captured the picket post this time." "Where's Hood?" "You'll find out soon enough." "Look out or you will be Hood-winked." After these passed, I rode over to the regiment, and found Lieu. Rice wounded dangerously by a fragment of shell. I rode off in search of an ambulance, obtained one, and was returning across the field or valley that a short time before had been veiled in smoke. I found several wounded rebs who begged piteously for water, and for mercy as though they feared that we would massacre them on the spot. They generally protested or plead conscription into the rebel armies. "Do not blame us. They made us fight you'uns." In the center of the field I noticed three men struggling as if trying to lift and carry off a prostrate body. On approach I found it to be a wounded Captain (Hueston) of the 5th Minnesota whose shoulder seemed literally torn to pieces by a grape or canister shot. I went back for an ambulance and saw the captain borne safely from the field. Meanwhile our brigade had received a sudden order to charge a battery, which they did at a double quick, and when the summit of the hill was reached they found no body in the trenches but the dead and wounded. Our brigade commander Col. Hill of the 35th Iowa was killed in this charge, just in the moment of victory.

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Col. W. R. Marshall of our regiment, being the ranking officer, at once assumed command of the brigade leaving Lieut. Col. Bradley in charge of the regiment. Twelve of our regiment were wounded with one exception slightly. When I reached the field the brigade had halted on the _____ pike to rest a few moments but shortly afterwards received orders to bivouac for the night a few rods farther on. I returned to camp at the request of Major Burt bearing with me any number of commissions and messages for the men detailed to stay in the camp. The long and to many dreadful night, passed slowly away. The roar of artillery was kept up but it seemed more distant and more feeble than on any previous night. Our men had swept over an area of at least 90 degrees every where driving the enemy before them. We had taken many batteries, and thousands of prisoners and had lost comparatively few men. The utter destruction of Hood's left wing gave earnest of ultimate victory but it was nevertheless () that the great struggle would

occur on the morrow. There was () () the bare probability that Hoods legions seeing the hopelessness of continuing the struggle would during the night

“Fold up their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.

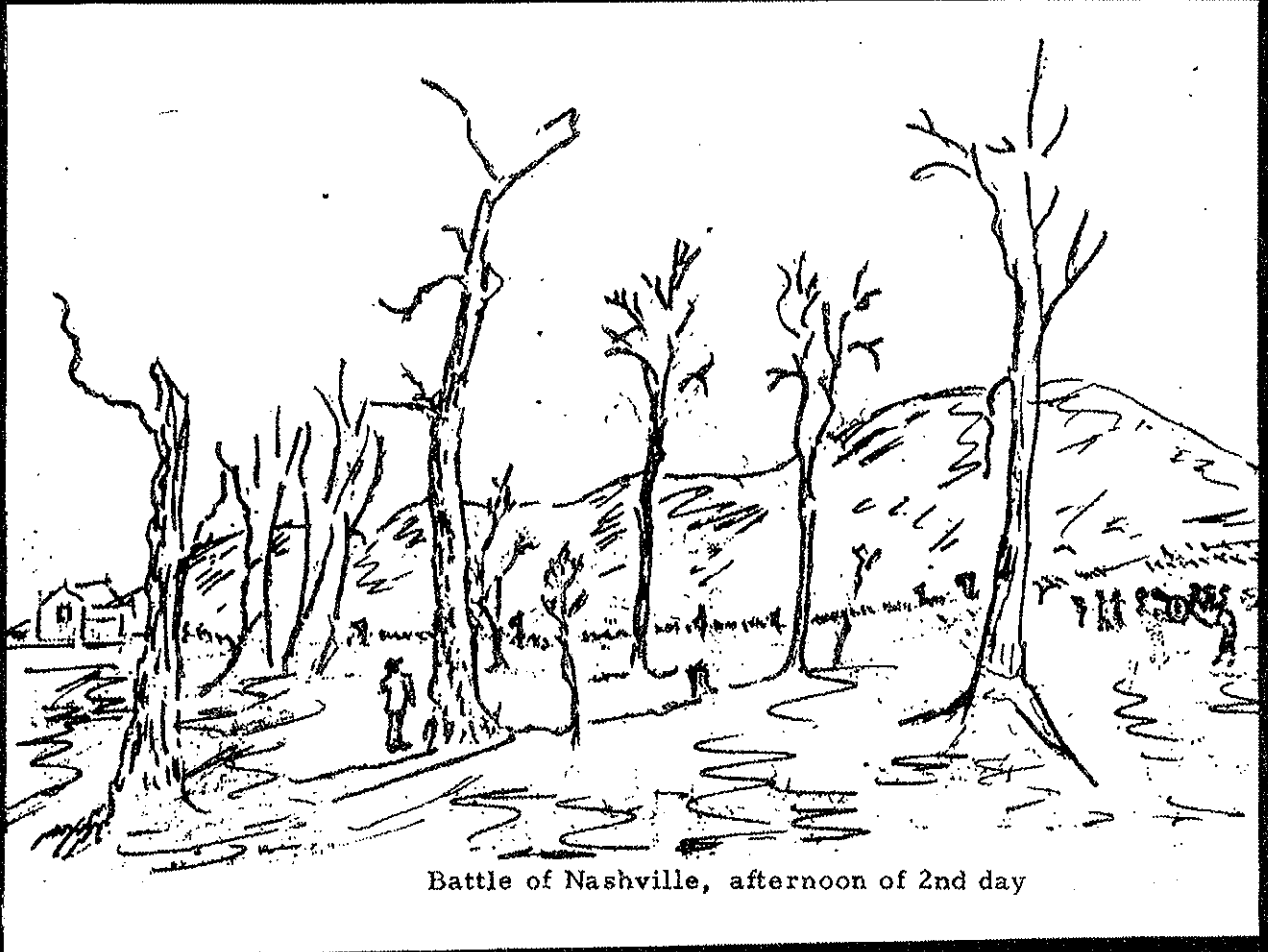
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Second Day

This has been a sad but glorious day. The result - victory - victory - victory. I slept last night in tent under the mistletoe, but this morning by day break returned to our lines where I found our men standing in a long double row waiting the orders to move. The regimental postmaster had then and there arrived and happy were the men who received letters from home although letters that some might never find time to read for at this precise juncture the bugles sounded the forward move and the storm of shot and shell from the enemy's lines gave us an earnest of what we might expect. I received your last letter on the field. I read it then to the music of whistling grape. Then crushing it deep into my breast pocket, I rode on after the rapidly moving columns. The progress however was not so triumphant as on the day before. The rebels at last made a stand and refused to recede an inch farther. Our division was halted in a long line, facing the enemy's works and for safety ordered to lie prone upon the ground with their heads toward the enemy. Skirmishers meanwhile crept forward to the most available positions upon which they kept up a constant peppering upon the opposing lines. Rebel cannon thundered and sent their missiles over the heads of our prostrate legions, and a mile to the rear. Our batteries were situated about forty rods to the rear of our lines

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and threw their shell and shot over the heads of our men, and according to camp reports, damaging our own even more than they did the enemy. Two or three of our men were carried from the field, horribly mangled as was said by the premature explosions of our own shells. I did not at first advance to the recumbent line but took my position with the ambulance corps several rods to the rear. As our men were not in action I sat down at the base of a huge maple and sketched the landscape with a view of afterwards reproducing the battle scene. The sketch represents in the foreground our battery no _____. The hostile lines are in the middle ground, our right resting upon the base of a high hill on the summit of which rested the enemy's left. In the distance was the broken hill country. On the left was the Bradford mansion, afterwards our field hospital, a handsome and spacious farm building with massive portico. Between the house and foreground of the picture meandered gracefully a small creek, and under the shelter of its right bank soldiers were filling their canteens, or idly sitting and discussing the events of the day, and some of them with reckless bravado playing cards. An order reached



Battle of Nashville, afternoon of 2nd day

CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES

WELFTH REGIMENT

1864

1864

1864

EAST

BROWNS CREEK

4TH CORPS

7TH MINN. IZTH IOWA

M.F.

TO NASHVILLE

GRANNY WHITE PIKE

2ND BRIG

ARTHUR'S DIV

1ST BRIG.

NASHVILLE OR BRENTWOOD HILLS
DEC. 16, 1864.

23RD CORPS

HILL

LEE'S CORPS

FEATHERSTON'S BRIG.

SCOTT'S BRIG.

ADAM'S BRIG.

LORINGS DIV

STEWART'S CORPS

QUARLES

CANTY'S

REYNOLD'S

WALTHALL'S DIV

TYLER'S

FINLEYS

JACKSONS

BATES DIV

COLEMAN'S

SEAR'S

FRENCH DIV

CHEATHAM

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me get an ambulance and remove some wounded men to the hospital, which I did and in so doing passed over a portion of the field raked by the enemy's guns and vocal with whistling bullets. Two of our men whom I found dead on the banks of the creek I did not remove for as yet nothing was known as to the disposition of the dead. After removing the wounded I walked over to the Bradford mansion, but found it an unsafe place. It was riddled with shot and shell. The rebel sharpshooters fired whenever they caught a glimpse of a soldier passing an open window or door. Quite a number of soldiers were there notwithstanding the danger. They were robbing it of every thing valuable. Some of them were loaded with silver plate others with rich clothing and others with provisions while some carried away rare books. Furniture was demolished, mirrors broken and chaos ruled in the once princely mansion. Of course I got away as soon as I saw what was being done. It was growing toward evening, and it occurring to me that there would possibly be no more fighting that day, I started back with a view of visiting the hospital about a mile in the rear. I had not gone far before a most terrific cannonading was commenced. The hills shook with the continuous roar, birds wheeling in mid air fell to the ground, lifeless.

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Wild rabbits lost their fear of man, and rushed to his feet, as if for shelter. Soldiers commenced hurrying to and fro, to get in their places. Some I am sad to say disappeared in the direction of Nashville. A gay cavalier and a lady who had come almost to the front on horseback to witness the progress of the battle turned and fled with most unseemly haste. And it was time. The air seemed full of bursting bombs, and was in sooth a hell of dreadful noises. I noticed amidst all this turmoil and uproar one scene strangely out of keeping with the rest. There was a small farm house just in the rear of our supporting batteries, and in the porch sat all the while the owner of the house, sad, quiet and smoking a pipe. A group of three or four small children tired of the battle's din were engaged in childish games in fact were playing horse. As I passed over the field I found an ammunition wagon without a driver which I took possession of and gave into the hands of a boy who drove it to the corral. As soon as I was satisfied that the firing signified a general engagement I gave up going to the hospital and returned

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to where our regiment had lain all day in battle line. I arrived at the field in time to see our entire line, scattered, wavering but pressing as a whole solidly onwards over fields and hedges toward the rebel lines. Continuous puffs of white smoke proclaimed the enemy in waiting. Bullets whizzed fearfully near. It was a moment of terrible dread and anxiety. Our men were in no case huddled together. There was no regular line. Some were far in advance others seemed to lag in the rear, but all were moving, all save those who would never rise up at sound of trumpet or tap



Fighting along the line of breastworks - Battle of Nashville



Scene on the Bath field of Nashville, Children grow tired of the din of bath and resume their play.

of drum. Seven of our own regiment lay dead in a muddy field over which the charge was made. The wounded were being rapidly carried to a hospital extemporized in the Bradford mansion. Meanwhile the living and unhurt pressed on. They neared the rude breastworks of the evening and sprang over to fight hand to hand with the desperate foe. But the foe, beaten, fled or laid down their arms and the fearful strife was so far over. No so the pursuit. Our men pushed on after the main body of rebels, now in full retreat and soon disappeared in the woods and hills. The great victory was won at last. The thunder of the cannonading ceased and the only sounds heard were the cheers of our victorious men growing fainter and fainter in the distance, and the groans and cries of the wounded and dying in the hospital and on the field.

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Explanation

Further particulars of the battle may be found in the report of Lieut. Col. A. N. Bradley on page 387. I insert a note opposite this page, written on the battle field Dec. 17 rather as a relic than a part of the description of the battle. My description embodied in these letters it is needless to say, was not written on the field, amidst the roar of battle as the dates would seem to indicate, but from notes penciled at intervals during the exciting scenes described and afterwards reduced to order and made consecutive. The sketches or pictures were taken in the field in a rude form, and hastily, and afterwards completed. Some however are given just as sketches on the field as possessing a greater interest on that account than more finished drawings. Some were sketched from positions of extreme danger. I will further add that I allowed neither scribbling nor sketching to interfere with my duties on the field and on no occasion did I allow mere curiosity to lead me into unnecessary danger. I had leisure sometimes amidst the whizzing of bullets or bursting of shells to pen a note or outline a sketch and I at heart did not deem such leisure unworthily employed.

(page not numbered)

Battle Field Dec. 16th 1864 () of letter written on horseback on battle field while awaiting orders to advance

Dear Allie

Yesterday was a sad but glorious day - We fought from sunrise till dark driving the enemy about 3 miles, capturing 20 pieces of cannon, 5000 rebs, and 2 brig. generals - Our men as on the day before stormed battery after battery. The scene was sublime even to the terrific. The air a hell of noises. The smoke about impenetrable but above the roar of artillery could be heard the cheers of our men. I will write at length when I get time am now in hospital, was under fire yesterday but never in the most exposed place. 7 of the 7th Min. men were killed none that you know Morton was struck by a shell and slightly wounded. I sent him to the city this morning. He is well enough to walk there 6 miles. The 23rd Corps was engaged but I have not yet had time to look after Wes. I do not think his corps was much exposed. I send this to town by Morton. It is doubtful whether Hood will fight to day. I write again to morrow.

Goodbye
God Bless You
Evan

Field Hospital, near Nashville Dec. 18, 1864

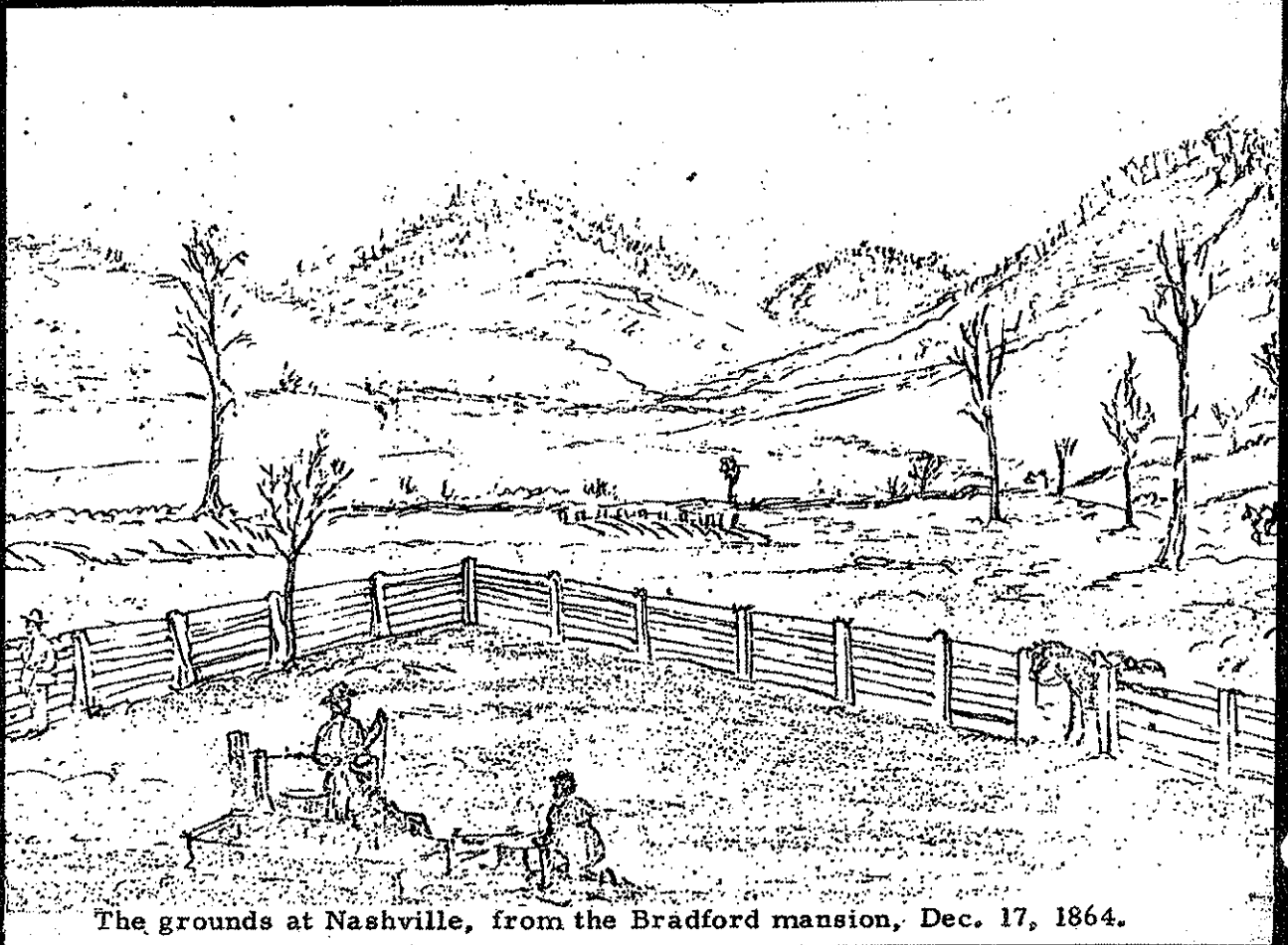
Another day has passed. Hood is still flying ingloriously with his routed legions before our victorious troops. They press him hard. Great numbers of prisoners are brought back almost hourly, sometimes with a ridiculously small convoy. I have seen one soldier marching to the rear with a dozen prisoners.

I have sent you notes from the battle field advising you of the progress and fortune of the fight. Somehow to day I entertain but confused memories of its thrilling scenes. I seem in short to have had a confused terrible and yet glorious dream. Were I to paint the scene I should be puzzled to arrange the details but should have no difficulty in sketching it as a medley of soldiers disappearing in battle smoke, galloping horsemen, fluttering ensigns, riderless horses, the prostrate dead and dying, trees scarred and splintered, cloudy hilltops etc etc. I should remember beside what neither pen nor pencil can describe, the roar of artillery, the sulphurous odor of the battle smoke, the confused clamor of voices, the cries of the wounded and dying. The picture before me is a terrible one. The atmosphere is overladen with death and there is too much red in the foreground.

Yesterday, Colonel Marshall sent for me and commissioned me to return to Nashville and telegraph to the Press and Pioneer the details of the battle

the names of the killed wounded etc.

It was eight o'clock at night before I was ready to return. The ride back was one of inconceivable loneliness. The darkness was intense, and I was obliged to face a dashing and continuous rain. The mud was of uncertain depth but of great fluidity. Several times I was lost while trying to find my way through the suburbs to the pike but by leaving the matter to my horse I found myself at last on solid McAdamized road, leading somewhither. I approached a blazing fire and was halted by a sentinel who demanded counter sign. I had none. I had not counted on this contingency. I tried the most persuasive eloquence on the sentinel, and he at last agreed to pass me but warned me that the picket on the outer line would turn me back, and that I would better stay where I was. I answered that I would risk a repulse in that quarter and plodded on in the darkness and rain. As I neared another picket post, indicated by a discouraged looking fire and a statuesque muffled sentinel standing near, I dismounted, led my horse to the opposite side of the road, placed his huge dark body between me and the sentinel who once or twice raised



The grounds at Nashville, from the Bradford mansion, Dec. 17, 1864.

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his gun as if to halt me, but seeing nothing in the darkness he resumed his statuesque position and I was soon beyond his reach, and upon the battle ground. This ground covering in all nearly twenty five square miles, was here about three miles in width. The road led me over a dark spectral landscape, having nothing well defined. Hazy fires were twinkling through the gloom. Stragglers were crouching over them or lurking under hedges or stone walls. Add to this the consciousness that here and there lay rebel corpses to be stumbled over perhaps or to be revealed by sudden flashes of heat lightning that at intervals lit up the landscape with a phosphorescent glow. There was no thunder, no sound but of the falling rain, the monotonous splash of my horse's hoofs in the mud or the stealthy tread of some prowler. A moving lantern here and there revealed some member of the Christian Commission searching for wounded men.

It was very late when I reached the field hospital in the Bradford mansion. Wet and weary I had only strength left to fasten my horse to a crib and make my way to the kitchen which the surgeons had fitted up as a kind of headquarters where I threw myself down upon a blanket and instantaneously dropped into a deep dreamless sleep much like that at Tupelo after the close of the second day's fight.

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I could not help it. There were wounded and dying men in the adjoining rooms, but had my life depended on my wakefulness I should probably have gone to sleep. After a few hours of blissful unconsciousness I awoke to what I would gladly have considered as a dream. The wounded and dying men around me, ranged in rows upon the floor and upon cots or stretchers. It was pitiful to see the questioning look in the eyes of these helpless and suffering ones. Ebbing lifeblood, faltering, failing pulse, glazing eye made it evident to me who were the doomed and few of them seemed to realize that their last battle was being fought.

I wrote letters for some. One (of the 5th Minnesota Inf) who had received a mortal wound knew that he was dying. He asked me to read and pray with him. He showed me a well worn testament with some lines written on a fly leaf by his wife. It was her present. He was very calm but his eyes filled with tears as he spoke of his young wife a thousand miles away and as yet unconscious unless in troubled dreams of the calamity awaiting her. He wrote her a letter, a strong manly letter, for his wound had not yet weakened him. He scarcely felt it.

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The letter was a very touching one. He had fought bravely, had fallen, but did not fear to die. He had loved her, he loved her still. This was the last letter he would ever write, - would she meet him in heaven? This letter he committed to my charge to be sent after his death. A man of



Night Scene on the Battle field of Nashville
The Christian Commission in the field searching
for wounded. Dec. 1862 -

our own regiment (from Pine Island) had his thigh badly shattered by grape shot. The surgeons thought he could not live. He thought differently. At his dictation I wrote a letter to his father in which he insisted that his wound was not serious and that he would recover. He would not die. His aged parents could not bear the stroke.

Before sealing the letter, I added a postscript in which I spoke of his courage, cheerfulness and his filial love, but that his care was very critical, and that while he might recover his wound was of such a character that but little hope remained. That little hope will doubtless soften the blow to his aged and sorrowing parents. I may say of this young man that with all his desire and determination to live he was still ready to die having fought that other fight of which the apostle speaks.

There were a great many rebel wounded brought to this hospital, among them several religious men, and many of very considerable intelligence. A rebel

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captain recognized in one of the Christian Commission men a former teacher and seemed delighted and reassured. These men of the Commission have done noble service on the field and in the hospital. They seem to be untiring and as yet I do not know that they eat or sleep. The regalist one among them is a Yankee of the Yankees, in fact the yankiest man I have ever met. He is a lank, long-haired man, with sharp features and a decided nasal twang. He seems endowed with a kind of omnipresence, has a word for every body, peers curiously into every nook and corner, and goes about so buoyant and cheerful that the men forget their wounds and listen with a smile to his quaint sayings, his "Jemimas," O Jemimas, Jemima Levys and Je-ru-sa-lems. He superintends the nursing and culinary departments. The wounded are now mostly removed to the city hospitals. A few of the worst cases remain and a few whose wounds are so slight that they hope to avoid being sent to the hospital.

This afternoon I buried the dead of our regiment in a single wide grave side by side in the field where they

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fell. There were seven Minnesotians and a nameless soldier who was found dead among them.

The lady owner of the Bradford mansion called today accompanied by two rather beautiful young ladies, her daughters. She looked with surprise at the holes made in her fine mansion by shell and shot and congratulated herself that she was not at home during the fight. She took her losses good humouredly, and sent some delicacies to the wounded. Most of her delicacies had been confiscated to their use already. The daughters did not exhibit a great amount of discretion and forbearance, and made some remarks that savored of heartlessness and rebelism

which our burly English musician resented in language rather forcible than elegant. I am sorry to say that the soldiers and others robbed the house of almost every thing valuable under the license the battle gave. I prevailed upon a soldier to restore to the woman the portrait of her mother which he was making off with. A demoralized surgeon stole an alabaster Christ and Mary. One of the men abstracted an album and distributed the pictures among his comrades as mementoes. A piously inclined pilferer made off with the family bible. Pictures and books found their way to the valises of officials who

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ought to have had too much self respect to engage in petty plunderings. A chaplain present caught the mania for confiscating rebel property and crowded a curiously enameled clock case into his satchel. I must say in justice that not all were led astray in this particular. There were quite a number who denounced the promiscuous plundering as both undignified and without palliation, as mean and disgraceful. The Bradford mansion is badly damaged by shot and shell but it is still livable and if the family can lay the ghosts of the dead and efface the red stains from the floor and walls, they may live there again. Were it mine I should leave it and seek a spot unpolluted by carnage. These people however do not seem over sensitive about the dreadful scenes here enacted but are already making their plans to reoccupy the house and reinstate their household goods such at least as have not been spirited away. Mrs. Bradford expressed herself very decidedly on the subject of damages, and asked the surgeons to have the floors scrubbed and cleaned when the wounded were all removed. This will not be done, and the woman should have been wiser than to demand it. The Bradfords were thorough rebels, and the husband

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I believe is now a refugee in Texas. I think he was a rebel General. A curious rebel diary was found in the house and as this was truly contraband of war, we had no hesitancy in taking it and examining its contents. It was probably the diary of Mr. Cantrell, a neighbor who had brought his household goods to this house for safe keeping, it being within Hood's lines, and he taking it for granted that Hood must capture Nashville. Shortsighted mortal! The means taken for the preservation of his effects secured their prompt confiscation and destruction and even among those that condemned the plundering, there was none to pity him. Practical justice was meted out to him. But to the journal, I note the following expressions of opinion on various subjects, declaration of disloyalty, memos of various kinds: "the spirit of the South is unconquerable." "Worked all day at the onion beds." "The future looks dark and portentous; had to whip Willie and Buddie." "The vile thieving Yanks have stolen all my sweet potatoes." Dec 6th 1864 (This was ten days before the battle.) Mrs. C. was delivered of a child this morning at 2. Removed her for safe keeping to Mrs. Bradford's. There the journal ends. Its first date is 1835. The writer was then a young man, pious, sentimental and burdened with ideas of his enormous responsibility as a man. The journal is a kind of spiritual barometer. The writer weighs his motives, talks much about his inner

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life, his spiritual aspirations, and much about his cousin May. The affair with the cousin approaches a crisis. Amidst doubts and fears he approaches the subject of a declaration. Will May have him and make earth an Eden or must he thenceforward plod along upon a lonely path amidst clouds and darkness and - Just as abruptly the journal closes. May's answer is not given. She cannot be the Mrs. C. referred to in the entry of Dec. 6th. At any rate the journal is laid aside and 25 years afterwards is resurrected, minus all the enthusiasm and freshness of feeling minus the high resolves of youth. It becomes apparently the journal of a dried up old man devoted about equally to his cabbage patch and the Confederacy. "What a melancholy ending!" The journalist whilst eulogizing the unconquerable spirit of the southern people and raking his onions, mentions, that to save his property he has taken the oath of allegiance.

Yesterday I hunted up the 23rd Corps, which having found, I proceeded to hunt for West whom I had not heard of since the battle began. I found him at last unscratched and dirty as two days hard fighting and wallowing in the mud could make him. I returned over our line of attack and noted the horrible carnage in the rebel trenches on the hill.

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The trees upon the top of the high hill on the right of the picture were almost stripped of bark and branches by our missiles. The trenches were filled with dead that already seemed part of the earth in which they were partly imbedded. Half way down the hill I came upon a row of our own dead laid out for burial. I think they were 20 of the tenth Minnesota men. One among them I recognized as the face of a convict who had served his time in the Penitentiary at Stillwater. After his discharge he called upon me in the City Library St. Paul. I was at that time librarian. He seemed to me unusually intelligent. He talked of the blight upon his name, the difficulty of procuring employment, and announced the intention of joining the army and atoning for his great fault with his life. He seemed almost inspired by the high resolve and assured me that when I heard of him it would be that he was doing his duty. There he lay upon the earth, his high brow bare and white, his eyelids sealed, the last struggle over, the victory won, the stain upon his reputation washed out in blood. I felt a solemn awe as I looked upon the prostrate form of the dead hero, and felt almost glad that he had a death so glorious. His name was George Lumsden. He was buried with the others on the hillside. As soon as our work here is done we shall follow the regiment.

E. E. E.

Nashville December 22. 64

We are in Nashville having removed our quarters all our field work being completed. The dead were buried and the wounded removed to the hospitals in the city. We left the Bradford mansion with but little regret. In fact the place had become untenable on account of the uses to which it had been applied. Besides the forage and provisions were exhausted and we returned to the city to make arrangements for rejoining the regiment or division which is now said to be about 50 miles on the Franklin route, pursuing with tardy footsteps the fugacious Hood. Our company consists of surgeons, Ames, Kennedy, Leonard, and Murdock Lieutenant Couch (left with the wounded) chaplains Kerr Humphrey and myself. These are all Minnesotians excepting Chaplain Humphrey, who represents the 12th Iowa. Murdock though a Minnesotian represents the 8th Wisconsin regiment. We are the unwelcome tenants of a citizen of Nashville of decided rebel proclivities. His house was used as a hospital during the battle and is not yet sufficiently purified to be a pleasant dwelling place. Last night I slept in a tent and was comfortable only the ground was rather moist. I slept on springs. Yesterday the mud was fathomless, or at least of uncertain

and dangerous depth. To day the mercury is considerable below freezing point which is a change for the better. Nothing however can much improve the appearance of the streets and commons of Nashville. The eye rests upon heaps of rubbish, dead animals, etc. at every turn. I have not felt much inclined to vagabondize over the city. It is too cheerless and repulsive. I have visited the hospitals where I found most of our wounded doing well. A few could not recover. In a large hospital I found Capt. Hueston, the wounded captain whom I found on the field at the close of the first day's fight. I had supposed him mortally wounded as his right arm was shattered close to his shoulder and a safe amputation appeared impossible. The hospital surgeon however had decided to amputate the arm, but the gallant captain peremptorily refused to submit. He would part with his right arm only with his life. He was anxious to see Surgeon Kennedy of the 5th Minnesota, and our Brigade surgeon. I reported his case to the surgeon, who as I before observed, is one of our party. He visited him and performed an () or resection, removing about two inches of the bone of the upper arm including the socket piece, and the captain has a chance for his life and his right arm which if the operation is successful will still be available for handshaking, writing and other light work.

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We are impatiently waiting an order to move forward, but there is much red tape to be untied. We shall proceed over the country with our horses, and an ambulance or two, until we overtake our Division. The Army Corps it is thought will not return to Nashville, but embark for Memphis when it reaches the Tennessee. The prospect of any more heavy fighting in this quarter is not very brilliant and none of us are sorry.

I had once thought of a furlough during Christmas times. I would like to have spent the tenth anniversary of our marriage at home. Present emergencies make it simply impossible. I would like to send you something as a memento but I can obtain nothing worthy here. I have none of the spoils of war and no disposition to confiscate ever the goods of our enemy especially for such a purpose. I have devised a ring, which my friend George Lea is making or was making when the battle commenced. It is a simple device, a plain jet or gutta-percha ring set with ten silver diamonds that shall symbolize ten happy fleeting years. That is all. It will be a ring fashioned on the battle ground by a brave soldier and is just now the best gift I have.

E. E. E.



The Bradford House