

and asked what troops we were, and said we must fall back. I here learned that a small part of his command was on my right and near the pike. I replied that I was ordered to hold this position at all hazards. I then ordered my men to lie down and wait until the enemy were well upon us. They then rose, gave them a volley, and charged with the 79th Indiana and drove them from the woods." It is presumed that Captain Hood meant by this that the two Texas regiments named led the Confederate charge. They were certainly supported by a strong column, of which they probably formed the advance.

This was the last fighting of the day in our vicinity. The note-book says, "Night is now closing on a hard-fought battlefield." With the darkness, silence settled over the fields and forests. The quiet moon looked down from a clear sky upon the dying and the dead. It was a very chilly night and grew colder toward morning. In the evening some rations of "shoulder" came up, and one box of hard-tack, sufficient to give one cracker to each man, which were distributed. At midnight the writer was ordered on picket and placed in charge of the battalion picket line, taking the place of an absent lieutenant. No fires were permitted, but the officer whom I relieved pointed out a crevice between two rocks, just wide enough to get into, at one end of which he had built a smouldering fire, not visible a few feet away. It made a good fireplace, with a comfortable seat, and here, after each round of the picket line, one could stop and warm up.

A few feet distant lay two severely wounded Confederates, for whom nothing could be done more than to supply water from my canteen to allay their thirst. One of them seemed very grateful. Both were dead when the morning of the new year, 1863, at length dawned. In the still watches of the night their sufferings had ended, before either of them could receive a surgeon's care. In the morning some kindly hand covered their faces with their hats and spread blankets over the poor remains of all that was mortal. Some of the scenes of that

battlefield are not pleasant to recall and not necessary to relate. There were evidences in some cases that fate had been mercifully sudden. Two soldiers whom the final summons had called were in the very act and posture of rising from the ground. In that lifelike position they still remained after the vital spark had fled.

As the day broke on the first morning of the new year a few shots began to be exchanged between the Confederate pickets and ourselves. The picket line became a skirmish line until, probably, about eight o'clock in the morning, when there came an order to draw the line in, which was done. Almost immediately, however, we were ordered out as skirmishers again, while the battalion changed its position and took its place on the brow of a low elevation, the same which, the day before, had been occupied by the Chicago Board of Trade Battery. That morning on the skirmish line, — which was the first time that the writer had taken part in actual skirmishing with the enemy, — it occurred to him that he preferred fighting in line of battle. It is not a distinctively pleasant sensation to feel that the bullets which come in your direction are intended specifically for your own benefit. However, we subsequently had occasion to become familiar with such experiences. The ground over which we were skirmishing was thickly covered with dead Confederates, killed the day before while charging the battery. Beside one of them was a bucketful of brown sugar, which he had evidently been carrying with him in that attempt to capture the battery when death met him. In the course of an hour or so the skirmish line was retired, and the rest of the forenoon of that New Year's Day was passed rather uncomfortably in trying to find out at what point certain Confederate sharpshooters were located, whose attentions became exceedingly unpleasant. Finally skirmishers dislodged them from the woods in our immediate front.

One of the pictures connected with this forenoon which recurs to memory is the shelling of the line by a Confederate