

# FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA

A Soldier's Diary of the Civil War.

By LYMAN S. WIDNEY, 34th Ill.

Copyrighted, 1901, by THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

We broke camp Nov. 4, and took up our line of march on the Franklin Pike, leading north toward Nashville. Crittenden marched toward Gallatin. A blinding, stifling dust annoyed us greatly, but our march was a rapid one, so that by 3 p. m. we reached Franklin, a distance of 15 miles, crossed Harpeth River and continued three miles beyond to a small creek, where we halted at 4 p. m. very much fatigued with our march of 21 miles. At sunrise on Nov. 5 we were again under way. The dust more stifling than ever. A march of four miles brought us to the State line of Kentucky and Tennessee, marked by a cut-stone pillar. Another notable object at this point is a large oak tree; where Andrew Jackson fought a duel and killed his man. A half mile farther we passed through Mitchell's, a village of 20 small houses and a large mill. We marched 20 miles altogether.

Our place in the column being near the rear, according to the plan, we did not leave camp until 8 a. m. on Nov. 6. The morning was clear and cold, and for a time we enjoyed the change, but by noon the dust was nearly as bad as the day before. The march was a rapid one, and we reached the junction, where the river runs into the Tennessee, at 4 p. m. and camped a mile and a half from the junction.

Nov. 7 we started for Nashville, nine miles distant, but did not reach the Cumberland River until 10 p. m. We halted in a beautiful grove near Edgeland, and prepared to make ourselves comfortable in expectation of a few days' rest. We were again disturbed after our hard march, but our rest was of short duration. At 10 o'clock the ominous sound of the "general assembly" by the bugles of our brigade suddenly aroused us to the duty of "striking tents and forming in line with arms ready for attack or defense. Under the stimulus of expected danger, we executed the order in a very short space of time, and crossed the river, where the bridge was to be quartered in a large brick building, where we spread our blankets on the floor and caught an hour of sleep before the break of day.

As there was no enemy in sight, next day we were allowed to look about the city, and then we recrossed the river and pitched our tents again on the same grounds where we had been so unceremoniously hustled, for what purpose we knew not.

Nearly every man is writing, although we have no assurance that our letters will have an early departure. No mail has been received or taken for a month. We are hungry for news of our friends, and anxious to tell our friends how we have fared. Our transportation is taxed to the utmost to carry food to the army, and to tell our friends how we have fared. The railroad is in running order only from Louisville to Mitchellville, whence all supplies are hauled by wagons. The Cumberland River is too low for steamboats.

The work of repairing the damage to the railroad inflicted by Bragg on his march is being pushed day and night. When it is completed we may expect a big batch of letters, provided we are not launched into the wilderness again, before we are able to reach Nashville. We cannot travel for this time as Bragg's army is lying across our path.

Rosecrans has established headquarters at Nashville, and has organized the army into Right Wing, Left Wing and Center, under McCook, Crittenden and Thomas.

Our regiment, brigade and division belong to the Right Wing.

INSPECTED BY GEN. ROSECRANS.

Nov. 11 the ceremony of guard mounting in our brigade was conducted with more than the usual care. I took part in it as one of the detail. There were 130 men in line, a little less than the brigade was drawn up in line near our quarters for inspection by our new commander, Gen. Rosecrans. He has been engaged in the battle of Stones River, and will continue until every portion of his army has been visited. Our regiment was reprimanded, so far as new dress coats could cover the dirt on the uniforms and shoes made by time and travel.

Cos. E, G, H and K were ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

ATTACKS ON PICKETS.

Nov. 17 it was reported that eight men of the 7th Ill. were captured while struggling outside the picket line. The report improves every opportunity to pick up stragglers, surprise or overpower detached posts or forage trains, or to harass our line of communication in the rear, with this purpose his cavalry hovers close to our front and flanks, thus compelling our pickets to be on watch continually.

Near our camp is the Lunatic Asylum, a splendid building, now containing 350 inmates. It is surrounded by well-cultivated grounds.

At the break of day Nov. 18 we were awakened by the sound of cannonading in the direction of our picket line. It appeared so close that we listened for a moment to hear the whizzing of solid shot or the bursting of shells. We tumbled out of our tents in short order with guns and cartridge boxes, expecting the immediate order to double-quick to the scene of action. Our services were not required. The enemy had only repeated one of the ordinary attempts to surprise and capture our picket by dismounting and straggling upon them at the usual hour just before dawn. Our pickets fell back in haste to the reserve, where Edgerton's Battery was stationed, and these guns created an uproar that disturbed our sleepers. The enemy's raiders had not started out to hunt larger game than lone-some pickets, so they in turn retreated upon the first sound of shot and shell.

At 3 o'clock the morning of Nov. 18 our regiment, which had been ordered to turn out in a heavy rain, was in an expedition, the object of which was to return the compliment of the day before by surprising the enemy's cavalry. Two of Edgerton's guns accompanied the expedi-

tion, which moved in silence, as directed, expecting momentarily to encounter a hostile force in the darkness. Our force was divided a short distance from camp, the 7th Pa. and right wing of our regiment, with the two cannon, following the pike a distance of seven miles without interruption, until the early morning light disclosed a small body of cavalry congregated about an old house. Our two guns opened with shell and soon dispersed them. As no surprise could now be effected, our column returned to camp at noon, and at 4 p. m. our regiment was ordered out and stationed on picket duty.

Our men kept a vigilant watch all night, and especially at the break of day, to see that no graycoats mingled with the gray morning light. Col. Kirk is very anxious for the Confederates to try to surprise our regiment on the picket line, just to see how well we would observe his instructions. They may drive us back by main force, but we are sure they will not surprise us.

Nov. 20 our regiment broke camp and marched in a westerly direction over one of the roughest roads we ever encountered. Fortunately we had only three miles to go. Halting near a turnpike running west, we proceeded to lay out a camp in the middle of trees and brush. Other regiments are being subject to changes of position, the object being to get each located in its proper place in brigade, division and corps, according to Rosecrans's plan of reorganization. Our place is in the Right Wing, under command of Gen. McCook.

Dec. 3 our regiment, with the 20th Ind. and a small detachment of cavalry, was sent out with a wagon train to collect forage in the enemy's country. They gathered enough hay, straw and fodder within four miles to load the wagons for the march, while our men confiscated for themselves a generous supply of fresh meat, potatoes, etc. The sweet-smelling savor of fried pork, mutton and beef was soon diffused through the camp, and excited our fond hopes that many more such expeditions may follow. A few Confeder-

ates were seen, but they kept at a safe distance.

Nov. 21 our regiment was ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

ATTACKS ON PICKETS.

Nov. 17 it was reported that eight men of the 7th Ill. were captured while struggling outside the picket line. The report improves every opportunity to pick up stragglers, surprise or overpower detached posts or forage trains, or to harass our line of communication in the rear, with this purpose his cavalry hovers close to our front and flanks, thus compelling our pickets to be on watch continually.

Near our camp is the Lunatic Asylum, a splendid building, now containing 350 inmates. It is surrounded by well-cultivated grounds.

At the break of day Nov. 18 we were awakened by the sound of cannonading in the direction of our picket line. It appeared so close that we listened for a moment to hear the whizzing of solid shot or the bursting of shells. We tumbled out of our tents in short order with guns and cartridge boxes, expecting the immediate order to double-quick to the scene of action. Our services were not required. The enemy had only repeated one of the ordinary attempts to surprise and capture our picket by dismounting and straggling upon them at the usual hour just before dawn. Our pickets fell back in haste to the reserve, where Edgerton's Battery was stationed, and these guns created an uproar that disturbed our sleepers. The enemy's raiders had not started out to hunt larger game than lone-some pickets, so they in turn retreated upon the first sound of shot and shell.

At 3 o'clock the morning of Nov. 18 our regiment, which had been ordered to turn out in a heavy rain, was in an expedition, the object of which was to return the compliment of the day before by surprising the enemy's cavalry. Two of Edgerton's guns accompanied the expedi-

tion, which moved in silence, as directed, expecting momentarily to encounter a hostile force in the darkness. Our force was divided a short distance from camp, the 7th Pa. and right wing of our regiment, with the two cannon, following the pike a distance of seven miles without interruption, until the early morning light disclosed a small body of cavalry congregated about an old house. Our two guns opened with shell and soon dispersed them. As no surprise could now be effected, our column returned to camp at noon, and at 4 p. m. our regiment was ordered out and stationed on picket duty.

Our men kept a vigilant watch all night, and especially at the break of day, to see that no graycoats mingled with the gray morning light. Col. Kirk is very anxious for the Confederates to try to surprise our regiment on the picket line, just to see how well we would observe his instructions. They may drive us back by main force, but we are sure they will not surprise us.

Nov. 20 our regiment broke camp and marched in a westerly direction over one of the roughest roads we ever encountered. Fortunately we had only three miles to go. Halting near a turnpike running west, we proceeded to lay out a camp in the middle of trees and brush. Other regiments are being subject to changes of position, the object being to get each located in its proper place in brigade, division and corps, according to Rosecrans's plan of reorganization. Our place is in the Right Wing, under command of Gen. McCook.

Dec. 3 our regiment, with the 20th Ind. and a small detachment of cavalry, was sent out with a wagon train to collect forage in the enemy's country. They gathered enough hay, straw and fodder within four miles to load the wagons for the march, while our men confiscated for themselves a generous supply of fresh meat, potatoes, etc. The sweet-smelling savor of fried pork, mutton and beef was soon diffused through the camp, and excited our fond hopes that many more such expeditions may follow. A few Confeder-

ates were seen, but they kept at a safe distance.

Nov. 21 our regiment was ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

enemy's three, Gen. Kirk ordered our line to advance, which we did with fixed bayonets, but the enemy fled without waiting to exchange musket shots; evidently being inferior in numbers. We entered La Vergne and destroyed some buildings that had been used by the Confederates. The village was entirely deserted. We then returned to camp.

Nov. 28 our division was ordered to be ready to march at short notice. Another division passed our camp and occupied a position still further in advance. A cold northwest blowing all day kept all the men in their tents, where good fires, bad cards and tough rams made life tolerable, even enjoyable.

Nov. 29 our regiment broke camp and marched in a westerly direction over one of the roughest roads we ever encountered. Fortunately we had only three miles to go. Halting near a turnpike running west, we proceeded to lay out a camp in the middle of trees and brush. Other regiments are being subject to changes of position, the object being to get each located in its proper place in brigade, division and corps, according to Rosecrans's plan of reorganization. Our place is in the Right Wing, under command of Gen. McCook.

Dec. 3 our regiment, with the 20th Ind. and a small detachment of cavalry, was sent out with a wagon train to collect forage in the enemy's country. They gathered enough hay, straw and fodder within four miles to load the wagons for the march, while our men confiscated for themselves a generous supply of fresh meat, potatoes, etc. The sweet-smelling savor of fried pork, mutton and beef was soon diffused through the camp, and excited our fond hopes that many more such expeditions may follow. A few Confeder-

ates were seen, but they kept at a safe distance.

Nov. 21 our regiment was ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

ATTACKS ON PICKETS.

Nov. 17 it was reported that eight men of the 7th Ill. were captured while struggling outside the picket line. The report improves every opportunity to pick up stragglers, surprise or overpower detached posts or forage trains, or to harass our line of communication in the rear, with this purpose his cavalry hovers close to our front and flanks, thus compelling our pickets to be on watch continually.

Near our camp is the Lunatic Asylum, a splendid building, now containing 350 inmates. It is surrounded by well-cultivated grounds.

At the break of day Nov. 18 we were awakened by the sound of cannonading in the direction of our picket line. It appeared so close that we listened for a moment to hear the whizzing of solid shot or the bursting of shells. We tumbled out of our tents in short order with guns and cartridge boxes, expecting the immediate order to double-quick to the scene of action. Our services were not required. The enemy had only repeated one of the ordinary attempts to surprise and capture our picket by dismounting and straggling upon them at the usual hour just before dawn. Our pickets fell back in haste to the reserve, where Edgerton's Battery was stationed, and these guns created an uproar that disturbed our sleepers. The enemy's raiders had not started out to hunt larger game than lone-some pickets, so they in turn retreated upon the first sound of shot and shell.

At 3 o'clock the morning of Nov. 18 our regiment, which had been ordered to turn out in a heavy rain, was in an expedition, the object of which was to return the compliment of the day before by surprising the enemy's cavalry. Two of Edgerton's guns accompanied the expedi-

tion, which moved in silence, as directed, expecting momentarily to encounter a hostile force in the darkness. Our force was divided a short distance from camp, the 7th Pa. and right wing of our regiment, with the two cannon, following the pike a distance of seven miles without interruption, until the early morning light disclosed a small body of cavalry congregated about an old house. Our two guns opened with shell and soon dispersed them. As no surprise could now be effected, our column returned to camp at noon, and at 4 p. m. our regiment was ordered out and stationed on picket duty.

Our men kept a vigilant watch all night, and especially at the break of day, to see that no graycoats mingled with the gray morning light. Col. Kirk is very anxious for the Confederates to try to surprise our regiment on the picket line, just to see how well we would observe his instructions. They may drive us back by main force, but we are sure they will not surprise us.

Nov. 20 our regiment broke camp and marched in a westerly direction over one of the roughest roads we ever encountered. Fortunately we had only three miles to go. Halting near a turnpike running west, we proceeded to lay out a camp in the middle of trees and brush. Other regiments are being subject to changes of position, the object being to get each located in its proper place in brigade, division and corps, according to Rosecrans's plan of reorganization. Our place is in the Right Wing, under command of Gen. McCook.

Dec. 3 our regiment, with the 20th Ind. and a small detachment of cavalry, was sent out with a wagon train to collect forage in the enemy's country. They gathered enough hay, straw and fodder within four miles to load the wagons for the march, while our men confiscated for themselves a generous supply of fresh meat, potatoes, etc. The sweet-smelling savor of fried pork, mutton and beef was soon diffused through the camp, and excited our fond hopes that many more such expeditions may follow. A few Confeder-

ates were seen, but they kept at a safe distance.

Nov. 21 our regiment was ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

enemy's three, Gen. Kirk ordered our line to advance, which we did with fixed bayonets, but the enemy fled without waiting to exchange musket shots; evidently being inferior in numbers. We entered La Vergne and destroyed some buildings that had been used by the Confederates. The village was entirely deserted. We then returned to camp.

Nov. 28 our division was ordered to be ready to march at short notice. Another division passed our camp and occupied a position still further in advance. A cold northwest blowing all day kept all the men in their tents, where good fires, bad cards and tough rams made life tolerable, even enjoyable.

Nov. 29 our regiment broke camp and marched in a westerly direction over one of the roughest roads we ever encountered. Fortunately we had only three miles to go. Halting near a turnpike running west, we proceeded to lay out a camp in the middle of trees and brush. Other regiments are being subject to changes of position, the object being to get each located in its proper place in brigade, division and corps, according to Rosecrans's plan of reorganization. Our place is in the Right Wing, under command of Gen. McCook.

Dec. 3 our regiment, with the 20th Ind. and a small detachment of cavalry, was sent out with a wagon train to collect forage in the enemy's country. They gathered enough hay, straw and fodder within four miles to load the wagons for the march, while our men confiscated for themselves a generous supply of fresh meat, potatoes, etc. The sweet-smelling savor of fried pork, mutton and beef was soon diffused through the camp, and excited our fond hopes that many more such expeditions may follow. A few Confeder-

ates were seen, but they kept at a safe distance.

Nov. 21 our regiment was ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

ATTACKS ON PICKETS.

Nov. 17 it was reported that eight men of the 7th Ill. were captured while struggling outside the picket line. The report improves every opportunity to pick up stragglers, surprise or overpower detached posts or forage trains, or to harass our line of communication in the rear, with this purpose his cavalry hovers close to our front and flanks, thus compelling our pickets to be on watch continually.

Near our camp is the Lunatic Asylum, a splendid building, now containing 350 inmates. It is surrounded by well-cultivated grounds.

At the break of day Nov. 18 we were awakened by the sound of cannonading in the direction of our picket line. It appeared so close that we listened for a moment to hear the whizzing of solid shot or the bursting of shells. We tumbled out of our tents in short order with guns and cartridge boxes, expecting the immediate order to double-quick to the scene of action. Our services were not required. The enemy had only repeated one of the ordinary attempts to surprise and capture our picket by dismounting and straggling upon them at the usual hour just before dawn. Our pickets fell back in haste to the reserve, where Edgerton's Battery was stationed, and these guns created an uproar that disturbed our sleepers. The enemy's raiders had not started out to hunt larger game than lone-some pickets, so they in turn retreated upon the first sound of shot and shell.

At 3 o'clock the morning of Nov. 18 our regiment, which had been ordered to turn out in a heavy rain, was in an expedition, the object of which was to return the compliment of the day before by surprising the enemy's cavalry. Two of Edgerton's guns accompanied the expedi-

tion, which moved in silence, as directed, expecting momentarily to encounter a hostile force in the darkness. Our force was divided a short distance from camp, the 7th Pa. and right wing of our regiment, with the two cannon, following the pike a distance of seven miles without interruption, until the early morning light disclosed a small body of cavalry congregated about an old house. Our two guns opened with shell and soon dispersed them. As no surprise could now be effected, our column returned to camp at noon, and at 4 p. m. our regiment was ordered out and stationed on picket duty.

Our men kept a vigilant watch all night, and especially at the break of day, to see that no graycoats mingled with the gray morning light. Col. Kirk is very anxious for the Confederates to try to surprise our regiment on the picket line, just to see how well we would observe his instructions. They may drive us back by main force, but we are sure they will not surprise us.

Nov. 20 our regiment broke camp and marched in a westerly direction over one of the roughest roads we ever encountered. Fortunately we had only three miles to go. Halting near a turnpike running west, we proceeded to lay out a camp in the middle of trees and brush. Other regiments are being subject to changes of position, the object being to get each located in its proper place in brigade, division and corps, according to Rosecrans's plan of reorganization. Our place is in the Right Wing, under command of Gen. McCook.

Dec. 3 our regiment, with the 20th Ind. and a small detachment of cavalry, was sent out with a wagon train to collect forage in the enemy's country. They gathered enough hay, straw and fodder within four miles to load the wagons for the march, while our men confiscated for themselves a generous supply of fresh meat, potatoes, etc. The sweet-smelling savor of fried pork, mutton and beef was soon diffused through the camp, and excited our fond hopes that many more such expeditions may follow. A few Confeder-

ates were seen, but they kept at a safe distance.

Nov. 21 our regiment was ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

enemy's three, Gen. Kirk ordered our line to advance, which we did with fixed bayonets, but the enemy fled without waiting to exchange musket shots; evidently being inferior in numbers. We entered La Vergne and destroyed some buildings that had been used by the Confederates. The village was entirely deserted. We then returned to camp.

Nov. 28 our division was ordered to be ready to march at short notice. Another division passed our camp and occupied a position still further in advance. A cold northwest blowing all day kept all the men in their tents, where good fires, bad cards and tough rams made life tolerable, even enjoyable.

Nov. 29 our regiment broke camp and marched in a westerly direction over one of the roughest roads we ever encountered. Fortunately we had only three miles to go. Halting near a turnpike running west, we proceeded to lay out a camp in the middle of trees and brush. Other regiments are being subject to changes of position, the object being to get each located in its proper place in brigade, division and corps, according to Rosecrans's plan of reorganization. Our place is in the Right Wing, under command of Gen. McCook.

Dec. 3 our regiment, with the 20th Ind. and a small detachment of cavalry, was sent out with a wagon train to collect forage in the enemy's country. They gathered enough hay, straw and fodder within four miles to load the wagons for the march, while our men confiscated for themselves a generous supply of fresh meat, potatoes, etc. The sweet-smelling savor of fried pork, mutton and beef was soon diffused through the camp, and excited our fond hopes that many more such expeditions may follow. A few Confeder-

ates were seen, but they kept at a safe distance.

Nov. 21 our regiment was ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

ATTACKS ON PICKETS.

Nov. 17 it was reported that eight men of the 7th Ill. were captured while struggling outside the picket line. The report improves every opportunity to pick up stragglers, surprise or overpower detached posts or forage trains, or to harass our line of communication in the rear, with this purpose his cavalry hovers close to our front and flanks, thus compelling our pickets to be on watch continually.

Near our camp is the Lunatic Asylum, a splendid building, now containing 350 inmates. It is surrounded by well-cultivated grounds.

At the break of day Nov. 18 we were awakened by the sound of cannonading in the direction of our picket line. It appeared so close that we listened for a moment to hear the whizzing of solid shot or the bursting of shells. We tumbled out of our tents in short order with guns and cartridge boxes, expecting the immediate order to double-quick to the scene of action. Our services were not required. The enemy had only repeated one of the ordinary attempts to surprise and capture our picket by dismounting and straggling upon them at the usual hour just before dawn. Our pickets fell back in haste to the reserve, where Edgerton's Battery was stationed, and these guns created an uproar that disturbed our sleepers. The enemy's raiders had not started out to hunt larger game than lone-some pickets, so they in turn retreated upon the first sound of shot and shell.

At 3 o'clock the morning of Nov. 18 our regiment, which had been ordered to turn out in a heavy rain, was in an expedition, the object of which was to return the compliment of the day before by surprising the enemy's cavalry. Two of Edgerton's guns accompanied the expedi-

tion, which moved in silence, as directed, expecting momentarily to encounter a hostile force in the darkness. Our force was divided a short distance from camp, the 7th Pa. and right wing of our regiment, with the two cannon, following the pike a distance of seven miles without interruption, until the early morning light disclosed a small body of cavalry congregated about an old house. Our two guns opened with shell and soon dispersed them. As no surprise could now be effected, our column returned to camp at noon, and at 4 p. m. our regiment was ordered out and stationed on picket duty.

Our men kept a vigilant watch all night, and especially at the break of day, to see that no graycoats mingled with the gray morning light. Col. Kirk is very anxious for the Confederates to try to surprise our regiment on the picket line, just to see how well we would observe his instructions. They may drive us back by main force, but we are sure they will not surprise us.

Nov. 20 our regiment broke camp and marched in a westerly direction over one of the roughest roads we ever encountered. Fortunately we had only three miles to go. Halting near a turnpike running west, we proceeded to lay out a camp in the middle of trees and brush. Other regiments are being subject to changes of position, the object being to get each located in its proper place in brigade, division and corps, according to Rosecrans's plan of reorganization. Our place is in the Right Wing, under command of Gen. McCook.

Dec. 3 our regiment, with the 20th Ind. and a small detachment of cavalry, was sent out with a wagon train to collect forage in the enemy's country. They gathered enough hay, straw and fodder within four miles to load the wagons for the march, while our men confiscated for themselves a generous supply of fresh meat, potatoes, etc. The sweet-smelling savor of fried pork, mutton and beef was soon diffused through the camp, and excited our fond hopes that many more such expeditions may follow. A few Confeder-

ates were seen, but they kept at a safe distance.

Nov. 21 our regiment was ordered out on picket duty at noon, Nov. 13. We marched out three companies of a mile, when my company was divided into squads, the first being posted on the river bank. My position, with three comrades, was in the middle of the line, where we could not see 100 paces in any direction. We were instructed to be very watchful, as the enemy was disposed to pass close by the river, and might take us by surprise. As for our squad, we felt no uneasiness. The enemy could never find us—at least could not reach us without giving notice by the rustling of the corn. The sun found us, however, and shone most uncomfortably hot during the day, but at night the air grew very chilly. Fires were forbidden, so we had to shiver and bear it. The enemy did not trouble us.

At noon, Nov. 14, the 23d Ind., relieved us from picket duty, and we returned to camp. The news that Gen. McCook had been removed from command and succeeded by Gen. Burnside, caused universal excitement in our ranks. At one time we were all ardent admirers of the "Young Napoleon," but his lack of success in Virginia has shaken the confidence of many, and our verdict now is that he is entirely too cautious ever to make a bold attack upon Richmond.

enemy's three, Gen. Kirk ordered our line to advance, which we did with fixed bayonets, but the enemy fled without waiting to exchange musket shots; evidently being