

investigation was had and the animals restored if such action was deemed right. In this way many horses and mules were returned to their former owners, but by far the greatest number were so secreted and changed in appearance, that no matter how sharp were the eyes of those in search of them, they were not discovered. It was most laughable to see the chagrin of old men as they hunted from regiment to regiment for their property. The men would misdirect them, and when the poor old men reached the place designated and asked if their mules had been seen, they were told, "John Morgan's got your mule." Then a mischievous soldier would call out, "Old man, here's your mule," and when the citizen had hurried to the spot he was answered as before. John Morgan was a noted free-rider on the side of the South, but he got a great deal of a name that he was not fairly entitled to. Not only were citizens thus made sport of, but if an officer or orderly chanced to be disliked or unpopular, and in many cases whether or no, he would be halloed to as he galloped along, and advised to "grab a root," or to "hold on to the saddle." The officer or orderly would become mortified, and oftentimes act as if he was really in danger of falling off his horse. Then the men would laugh. Rank rarely secured exemption, but the mischievous soldiers would give their advice under cover of a tent or from amongst a crowd when it was addressed to a more exalted person. Also about this time I severed my active connection as a private of the company, and against the remonstrances of my Captain, I was detailed as a "Bugler," and attached to regimental headquarters.

## CHAPTER IV.

CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF THE ADVANCE ON THE ENEMY BETWEEN NASHVILLE AND MURPREESBORO', AND INCLUDES THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER AS FAR AS I PARTICIPATED IN IT—THE NARRATIVE BEGINNING ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1862, AND ENDING ON THE 31ST DAY OF DECEMBER, 1862, WHEN I FOUND MYSELF A PRISONER OF WAR IN THE HANDS OF THE SOUTHERN FORCES.

I. ON Christmas morning we had received our orders, and were ready. We had all written to our friends in the North, many for the last time; we had exchanged our fine "Sibley" tents for the new "shelter tents"; the money (two dollars per man) that the General Government allowed as an enlistment premium, and which had been retained by our company patron and by him expended, had come back to us in the shape of an excellent rubber blanket apiece. On the morning of the great Christian festival we broke camp and made an advance of about a mile, where we established a strong outpost and went no further.