

ried to the field hospitals, improvised some distance in the rear, out of range of shot and shell.

Field hospital! What scenes the bare mention of that charnal place brings to the mind of the old soldier! Here men were brought from the front, with wounds of every description, and in every conceivable part of their bodies. Many of those poor fellows died, either from the wounds, or, worse still, by the knife of some inexperienced surgeon, who had secured his appointment through influence, regardless of the fact that he had had no previous knowledge or experience pertaining to the business in which he was engaged. But he was only practising on a private soldier, upon whom he could, with impunity, use the keen blade of his knife, and with the aid of his saw, sever the limbs, which, with proper treatment, might have been saved. How many brave men would be alive to-day, but for the brutal butcheries of those incompetents, who styled themselves surgeons? We pause for an answer, and call upon the ghosts of the departed victims to rise up and give testimony in their own behalf. We know their number would be legion.

The battle continued with unabated fury, both armies fighting heroically until night spread its mantle of darkness over the combatants, compelling them to stop the further flow of human blood, for the time. The Union general now found his lines driven well back on either flank, leaving them, at the close of the first day, in the shape of a horse shoe, with the convex side toward the enemy, the right wing resting on the Nashville pike, facing west, the left wing facing east, while the center held the enemy in check from the south. Thus was the noble Union army bivouaced on the night of December 31st, 1862, watching the enemy, who, they knew, on the morrow, would renew, with increased fury, the battle of the previous day. The following day, however, was to be one of victory for the Union forces.

During the night, large re-enforcements arrived, and on the following morning, just as the sun commenced the ascent of the eastern sky, dispelling the heavy, black clouds, which had hung like a pall over the battle field all night, the order was given to advance. Nobly did the gallant heroes respond to the command of their officers, and with yells of defiance, they charged the first line of the enemy, forcing it back upon the second, leaving hundreds of its dead and wounded on the field. The scenes of the day before were intensified tenfold.

Near the center of the Union lines, and immediately to the right of the Nashville pike, in front of the —th Ohio regiment, to which Captain Norwood belonged, the rebels had stationed a battery in a thick cedar woods, with which they were making sad

havoc among the Union ranks. It became apparent that this battery must be dislodged, or the position held by the Union troops abandoned, in order to stop the awful carnage among the men. After a consultation, it was decided to attempt the capture of the guns, and Captain Norwood's regiment was selected to perform the hazardous undertaking. The battery which they were about to assault was a favorite one in the rebel army, and was known as the New Orleans "Board of Trade Battery."

Colonel Walker, in a few brief remarks, informed his men of what was expected of them, after which Captain Norwood said—

"Men, in yonder woods is a rebel battery, which we are about to charge. Remember your former victories, and let this day add yet another to the number."

When the gallant young officer finished speaking, the men refilled their cartridge boxes, in readiness to be led against the enemy.

As the command was given to advance to the attack the men closed up their ranks, and with set teeth and fingers firmly clasped around the stocks of their muskets, moved forward into the open field, knowing as they did so that many of them would not return. They moved silently forward, with unflinching step, to meet the death which was to come to many of them. As these heroic men reached the edge of the woods they raised a yell, and with fixed bayonets, and a determined look upon their faces, dashed forward, discharging a volley of musketry at the artillerymen, as they neared the guns. Instantly, the cedar boughs which concealed the guns fell to the ground, and there belched forth from those terrible weapons—now double-shotted with cannister—round after round, dealing death and destruction in the ranks of the advancing column. Although many of the brave boys went down, from this murderous fire, their charge was not checked, or, if so, for but a moment; then, with renewed yells, they charged up to the very mouths of the guns.

It was a desperate struggle now between the contending forces, each fighting with a desperation never surpassed by men. Both sides fought for the mastery of the guns—one for their capture, the other to prevent such a disaster befalling their favorite battery. Men were falling all round, either from the thrusts of the deadly bayonet or the clubbed musket. The battery had now become useless to the rebels, as the Union boys were right among the guns, giving and receiving blows as they struggled to overcome their opponents. In the terrible encounter, Captain Norwood, with a portion of his company, became separated from his regiment, and was surrounded by the rebels. His men were falling around him,