

daily engaged in some military task. We were in one heavy skirmish on the extreme right of the Federal line. Such incessant labor we had never experienced.

One morning, while we were resting from a brilliant skirmish, in which we figured the day before, we were suddenly surprised by violent explosions in the distance. We soon marched from the breast-works, and after traversing a swampy road, lined on each side with an almost impenetrable undergrowth, we beheld the famous works of Corinth, into which we entered. A busy field to the wondering, inquisitive mind, the curious eye, and the meddlesome hand, did the deserted camps of the enemy afford, strewn as they were with all kinds of clothing, letters, provisions, pans, cans, kettles, etc. Leaving Corinth, we again resumed the line of march, passing through Pulaski; and halting at Iuka (Miss.) on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. As the road was then being repaired, we spent several days guarding bridges, which were then being rebuilt. With martial music, we passed through Tuscumbia, and stacked arms on to the high embankments of the Tennessee River, across whose waters we were soon after ferried, and on, on we went tramping in the dusk of night the streets of Florence, in the vicinity of which place we encamped. I recollect that the rain had made the ground muddy, and had thereby made us soft beds. Having replenished our haversacks, away we went, bound for—oh! it matters not where to a soldier. First we passed through mud, and water, and then, we trod our weary way, under the sweltering rays of a hot sun, and with the dust almost choking us, and at times hiding almost everything from sight. Having arrived at the brow of a hill on the line of march, Athens (Ala.), looms in the distance. There we enjoyed the quiet rest of a few weeks camp-life. From this place, we marched to Pulaski Station on the Tennessee and Alabama Central Railroad. Thence we were transported by cars, (a wonderful item, since we had legs) to Nashville, and from there to Murfreesboro, Tenn. We spent quite a pleasant sojourn at Laverne on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. Backward, we marched