

Jesse B. Drake

Diary Excerpt

Latter part of June, 1863

in the latter part of June 1863: Ended the Army of the Cumberland's Six months of fort Building, Drilling, Picketing and Scouting Orders Passed in the Evening, Be Ready to march on the following morning, promptly at 6 o'clock, five days Rations cooked and 80 rounds cartridges [sic] [illegible] there wasn't much sleep that night But at six o'clock am, Everybody was in line and it raining quite hard.

As we stood in line waiting the order to move the conversation would run something like this now as we've waited five or six months for Mr [sic] Bragg to get Good and ready, he certainly aut [sic] to Be Ready for Business, you need'nt [sic] Bother yourself about that the news is that Bragg is down in Shelbyville in force and with Blood in his Eye and its quite likely that somebody will be Badly licked before very long. Well lits [sic] have it over and Done with it, its got to Be fought sometime and the sooner the Better. I wish the whole thing could Be fought to a finish tomorrow.

Then I'd know whither [sic] I'm to live through this war, you probably will not have to wait very long. it's only 25 miles to Shelbyville and we cant [sic] go South many Days without a Collision.

[Writing at the top of new page says "Jesse B Drake Co. C, 9th Ind."]

if we can whip Bragg and Grant will take Vicksburg, it will settle the whole Business for the Southern Confederacy in the [illegible]. Only 25 miles we aught to get there By tomorrow night and one or two Day's aught [sic] to convince Mr [sic] Bragg, that Rosencranz [sic] and the Army of the Cumberland mean Business. They say Bragg has had [illegible] and negros [sic] Building forts ever since he retreated there last January. Well 25 miles aint [sic] very far to go for a fight and if they will just let our Regiment take the lead we'll get there on time and open up the fight By tomorrow night, I guess you'l [sic] have your wish, we lead the Brigad [sic] today anyhow and we'll try to keep the lead clear through

then the rain poured so hard that all the conversation was suspended Except more or less profane interjections upon the luck of the Army or [sic] the Cumberland always Bringing on a deluge When it started to march in the midst of this the Bugles sounded Forward and the Reg't [sic] swung out onto the pike facing southward after it trailed the rest of the Brigade, then the ambulances and wagons and then the rest of the Division at times the rain was actually Blinding But the Boy's plodded on Sullenly Silently they had Exhausted their Epithets at the start and had settled Down to Business

Only 25 miles", someone would occasionally [sic] say By way of encouragement. this rain cant [sic] last very long at this rate. itl [sic] probably clear up By the time we get there and Give us good weather [crossed out illegible words] to lick the Jonnies [sic]

Jesse B Drake's Notes copied over by his great grandson 155 years later

in the latter part of June, 1863 ended the Army of the Confederate's six months of fort building, drilling, picketing and scouting. Orders posted in the late evening BC ready to march on the following morning promptly at 6 o'clock a.m. everybody was in line and [illegible]. As we stood in line waiting the orders to move, the conversation would run something like this. Now as we've walked five or six months for Mr. Bragg to get good and ready he certainly had to be in Shelbyville ready for business – you needn't bother yourself about that. Bragg is down in Shelbyville in force and with blood in his eye. It's quite likely that somebody will be badly licked before very long. Well let's have it over and done with it. It's got to be forceful sometimes and the sooner the better. I wish the whole thing could be fought to a finish tomorrow. Then I'd know whether I'm to live through this war. You probably will not have to wait very long. It's only 25 miles to Shelbyville and we can't go South many days without a collision. If we can will against Bragg and Grant will take Vicksburg, it will settle the whole business for the Southern Confederacy. Only 25 miles. We get there by tomorrow night one or two day's out to convince Mr. Bragg and the army of the Cumberland we mean business. They say Bragg has had Negros building forts ever since he [illegible] them last January. Well 25 miles ain't [sic] very far to go for a fight. And if they will just let our regiment take the lead, we'll get them one time and over with the fight by tomorrow night. I guess you'll have your wish we lead the brigade today anyhow and we'll try to keep the lead clear through. The rain poured so hard that all the conversation was suspended except more or less profane interjections. Why in the heck is the Cumberland always bringing in a deluge? When we started to march in the midst of all this, the bugles sounded horrid and the regiment [illegible] facing Southward after it trailed the rest of the brigade. Then was the ambulances and wagons and then the rest of the division. At times the rain was actually blinding but the boys plodded on to Shelbyville silently. They had [illegible] and had settled down to business. Only 25 miles someone would occasionally say by way of encouragement. This rain can't last very long. Probably clear up by the time we get there and have good weather to lick them.