

David F. Embree Papers 42nd Indiana Infantry

Handwritten Ordnance Form March 31, 1863

Murfreesboro Tenn [sic]

March 31st, 1863

Received of D. F. Embree this day, the following mentioned Ordnance and Ordnance Stores

5 cartridge Boxes and Plates

5 Cartridge Boxes and Belts

5 Cap Pouches

5 Pant Belts and Plates

5 Bayonet Scabbards

N. B. French, Capt

Co E 42nd [illegible] Ind Vol [sic]

Handwritten Invoice of Ordnance and Ordnance Stores June 1863

Invoice of Ordnance and ordnance stores transferred by Capt. N. B. French to Lieut. D. F. Embree 42nd Ind Regt this 17th day of June 1863.

Twenty Four (24) Enfield Rifles and Bayonets

Two (2) Springfield Rifles and Bayonets

Twenty Three (23) Gun Slings

Fifteen (15) Tompions

Twenty Six (26) Cartridge Boxes

Twenty Five (25) Cartridge Box Plates

Twenty Six (26) Cartridge Box Belts

Twenty Five (25) Cartridge Box Belt Plates

Twenty Seven (27) Waist Belts

Twenty Seven (27) Waist Belt Plates

Twenty Six (26) Bayonet Scabbards

Twenty Six (26) Cap Boxes

One Thousand (1000) Elongated Ball Cartridges, Cal .58

Four (4) Enfield Rifle Appendages and 2 Ball Screws.

I certify that the above is a correct Invoice of Ordnance and Ordnance Stores transferred by me to Lieut [sic] D. F. Embree, at Murfreesboro Tenn. this 17th day of June 1863.

N. B. French Capt [sic]

Co. E 42nd Ind Vol

Handwritten Invoice of Ordinance June 1863

6-4-1863

Invoice of Ordnance and Ordnance Stores turned over by Major W. T. B. McIntire commanding the 42d Ind Voltrs [si] to Lieut. D. F. Embree

3 Austrian Rifles CV 58/100

3 Austrian Rifle Bayonets [sic]

3 Cartridge Boxes and Plates

3 Cartridge Box belts

3 Waist Belts and plates

3 Cap Pouches

3 Bayonett [sic] Scabbards

3 Gun Slings

1000 Rounds Cartridges Cal .577

I certify that the above is a correct Invoice of Ordnance and Ordnance Stores turned over by me this 24th day of June 1863

W. T. B. McIntire

Maj. Comg [sic] the Regt

Handwritten Quarterly Return of Clothing and Equipment June 1863

Quarterly Return of Clothing Camp and Garrison Equipage received and issued in the Field in the Quarter ending June 30th 1863, by Lieut. David F. Embree Co "E" 42nd Ind Vols.

[Note: The information in this table is written in the following columns: When Received; No of Invoice; of Whom Received; Clothing Hats; Forage Caps; Lined Blouses; 1st Sergt [sic] Sashes; Trousers (Prs) Infantry; Shirts; Drawers (prs); Bootees (prs);

Stocking; Woolen Blankets; Knapsacks etc.; Haversacks; Rubber Blankets; Camp and Garrison Equipage: Canteens and Straps; Axes; Axe [illegible]; Spades; Camp Kettles; Mess Pans; Drum (Complete); Drum Slings; Drum Sticks; Drum Sticks Carriage; Wall Tents; Wall tent Flies; Shelter tents; Pick Axes. The information will be transcribed in a line with semi-colons between the various columns.]

June 24th 1863; 1; Lt Vickey Rgt [sic] QM; 24; blank; 4; 1; 9; 10; 6; 7; 21; blank; 11; 8; 1; 9; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; 1; 1; 1; [illegible]; blank; blank; blank; blank

June 17 1863; 2; Capt [sic] N.B. French; blank; blank; 1; blank; 3; blank; 2; 4; 4; blank; blank; blank; blank; 1; 1; 24; 2

Total to be accounted for [this line starts at Hats] 24; blank; 5; 1; 9; 10; 6; 7; 21; blank; 11; 8; 1; 9; 3; blank; 2; 4; 4; 1; 1; 1; 1; 1; 1; 24; 2

[For this next part it is No of Roll and not Invoice]

June 24 1863; 1; To Men in Company; 24; blank; 5; blank; 9; 10; 6; 7; 27; blank; blank; 1; [rest of line is blank]

June 30 1863; 2; Last as for Certificate; blank; 3; blank; 2; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; 3½; 2

Total Issued [line starts with hats] 24; blank; 5; blank; 9; 10; 6; 7; 21; blank; blank; blank; 1; blank; 3; blank; 2; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; 3½; [illegible]

On Hand to be accounted for [this line starts with hats] blank; blank; blank; 1; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; blank; 11; 8; 9; blank; blank; blank; 4; 4; 1; 1; 1; 1; 1; 1; 21; blank

I certify that the above is a correct statement of Clothing Camp and Garrison Equipage for which I am accountable for the Quarter ending June 30th 1863

Station Decherd Tenn [sic]

Date August [crossed out] July 24th 1863

D. F. Embree 1st Lieut [sic]

Comd'g [sic] Co E 42nd Ind Vols

Letter

Camp Near Murfreesboro Tenn.

February 3d. 1863.

Dear Sister

Yours of the 16th ultimo came to hand after about two weeks traveling. It with one from Perry at the same time is the only letters I have got from home since the Battle here. I have not seen Jim since Pa was here, at that time spent one day in the 38th. He was in our camp about a week ago, but at that the time I was out on a foraging expedition. We are camped north west of town and their camp is rather east of town. we [sic] are perhaps nearly three miles apart. I intend to visit their camp in a day or two when it is not so cold as it is now.

You ask me something about how one feels when in the hottest of a battle.

Well I believe I can tell you. There is no man, however brave he may be who does not when the storm begins to rage fiercest around him; when he sees a friend on the right and another on the left, stricken down, and quivering in the agonies of death

When he sees the severed ranks of his foe coming upon him undaunted, and pouring their deadly fire out toward him, making the air quiver and his with the rapid movement of all manner of projectiles, from the keen sound of the little bullet that merrily sings on its errand of destruction like the buzzing of a fly, to the big bomb shell that goes by you like a thunder bolt, overcoming all obstacles [sic]

I say there is no man who when the first wave of such battle as this, surges upon him, does not involuntarily, and mentally appeal to God for protection.

But often the man soon begins to fire at his foe, this animates him, he will soon in the earnestness of his purpose seem to forget that there is danger. His heart throbs wildly, the life blood hurries like a race horse through his veins, and every nerve is fully excited. The arm of the weak man becomes endued [sic] with almost a giant's strength. His brain is all alive; thought is quick, and active, and he is ten times more full of life than before.

Although his reason may assent to the simple statement that he might be killed in an instant, yet his feelings seem to give the lie to it. He seems so full of life that it is hard for him to realize that death is so near. And then again as the waves of battle roll on and as he finds that perhaps the foe are gaining on him a feeling of despondency comes over him and he asks himself if the terrible want of life he sees shall indeed prove fruitless.

He watches the time to see what he can hope for. If the foe are driving back his lines he longs for night to close the combat. Like a great warrior he exclaims "Would to God, that night or Blencher one would come?"

It is terrible to hear the singing of a bullet and follow its course as it flies on its way and then to hear that keen whistle of the little piece of lead suddenly terminate in a dull crash, as the ball leaps through the brain of some friend beside you. I noticed one case particularly like this. The ball came obliquely [sic] from the left and front and passed several feet in front of me. It seemed that I could hear it singing almost from the time it left its bed in the rebel's gun, and as it swiftly came I knew where it was going [sic] by the sound. suddenly [sic] I heard the same ball go crash! against something and I knew

by the sound that it had burst a human skull. I barely had time to look around a few minutes to my right and there I saw Sergt. [sic] Chauncey Goldsmith quivering and dying. This happened when we were not very hotly engaged and when our men were not firing else I could not have heard the singing of the bullet. We were all kneeling in among some brush, and every one of us could not refrain from casting a glance at the dying man who lay there trembling in every limb and the blood spirting from his nostrils and the wound in his forehead. In the heat of action such scenes do not much affect one but at a time like this it is awful indeed.

On the night of the 3rd as I passed over a part of the field to visit the 38th I could see by moonlight the poor dead men with their faces upturned and cold eyes gleaming in the moonlight. Then one could think of Sir John Moores [sic] burial, especially when the words come in "and we bitterly thought of the morrow." For on "the morrow" I expected to see a much more terrible battle fought.

I have come to the conclusion that Shakespeare is right when he says "There's a destiny that shapes our ends rough hew them how we may" And that Destiny is Deity that shields and protects, or permits to be stricken down, as his wisdom chooses.

Tell Louisa I will write to her shortly; Give my love to all

Your Brother

D. F. Embree