

## William A. Brown's Diary

### Stanford's Mississippi Battery

Wm. A. BROWN'S BOOK.

Dec. 21-1867.

#### Preface

In this book I propose to make an exact transcript from a "note book" I kept most of the time while in the Confederate Army and to add such remarks etc as I may now think proper. My notes while in the Army were entirely of a personal nature and, in fact, were written only with the view of assisting my memory in recalling names, dates and the like. I intended to transcribe it immediately after the War, with such incidents added as memory may suggest, but my business being such that I could ill spare the time and my mind being kept in such a state by the "angelic conduct" of the freedmen with whom I had to deal, I felt in no humor for doing that which I had set aside the pleasant task of many an idle hour. And I do not write it now in this form for any other object than my own satisfaction and that I might have something to guide me when memory becomes less faithful than now, while the events are still intimately associated with events still happening.

I will have it distinctly understood that this is not public property, and that I wish no one to read it unless I give my personal consent. I do not write it for friends or relatives to read, so, should it accidentally fall in the way of any, they will please remember that I withhold my consent to their reading it. And those who do read it will, I hope, not forget that being private, it is beyond the reach of criticism; for I do not write it with the view of its meeting such a test, then keep your learning for a higher mark and a more worthy occasion and remember too, that it is but the prosy memoir of an ordinary soldier; his camps, marches and battle; entirely wanting in dash and adventure. And unless you feel an interest in his person and the part he played in our struggle for nationality, and what we thought to be our rights, then do not throw your time away in reading this. If you read with a view of learning the feelings of the soldier and the sentiments of the man, then leave them here without the trouble of reading further. As a soldier I did, and as a citizen I do honestly believe the most severe commentary that has been, or could be written on the cause for which I willingly fought for nearly four years, is embraced in these words- It was lost.

W.A.B.

Yazoo County, Miss.

Dec. 22nd, 1867

1860

In 1860 I cast my vote for John C. Breckenridge [missing] Further than this, I took no part in the political contest [missing] of that year; neither casting my vote for or against secession. I remained on the Mississippi Central Railroad a [missing text] station agent until the first of September 1861. When [missing] more to the excitement of the times than the necessity of our country, for at that time there were more volunteers offering their services than the government could arm, enlisted in Stanford's Battery of light artillery then [missing text] at Grenada, Miss. I went into this Company an entire [missing text] stranger to all the members then composing the Company. [missing text] few young men went with me from Duck Hill, where I was [missing text] stationed, but these knew nothing of me further than what they had seen of me as a railroad man. I remained a member of this Company until the surrender when we were disbanded [missing text] on parole; and I must say, after the experience of nearly four years in the field, that I do not believe a Company [missing text] noble hearted boys, more faithful friends, or truer men [missing text] soldiers could be found in an army of as brave and patriotic men as ever followed any colors on a battle field. We remained at Grenada two months collecting horses and drilling, though we had no guns. The two months we spent at Grenada was a very pleasant prelude to the hard times shortly to follow. Our quarters were in the fair grounds buildings. With good quarters and rations, pleasant weather and little or no camp duties to perform, except some two hours drill each day, the remainder of the time being at our disposal, we had altogether a good time of it. The only thing that seriously troubled us was the fear that the War would be over before we could get into actual service.

November 1861.

At last the long desired order came for us to be mustered into the regular service; as yet we were only in the State service; but now the prelude was ended, our hope was on the eve of being realized. How few witnessed the finale. It is sad now to recall the names of those boy soldiers, who with such wild joy waved their hats to the three cheers that greeted this order. Time has marched on and left them bivouaced [sic] on the silent fields of the eternal past. On the 6th day of November 1861, we were mustered into the Confederate States service for one year. About this time we received two guns, 12 pound howitzers as well as I can now remember. The 7th of November, witnessed our departure for the scene of action. A special train was sent for our accommodation. We were to report to Gen. Polk, then at Columbus, Ky. On this day I was [missing text] pleasantly reminded of my, at that time, friendless position. The entire Company was composed of young men from Yalobusha County. It being understood that the Company would leave that day, there was, of course a large collection of friends and relatives to see us off. The scene of leaving-taking on such occasions is always affecting-this one was particularly so, as the War had then become a [missing text] reality. Amidst all the weeping [sic] and tearful leave-taking I had not a single friend or acquaintance to speak a che[missing text] word or a kind farewell. The next morning found us in Jackson, Tenn. where we were delayed several hours, on account of no locomotive being at hand to take us on. Here saw several of the killed and wounded from Belmont, opp[missing text] Columbus, where a severe little fight took place the day before. The sight of these, instead of cooling the ardor of our boys, made them more

anxious to go on. The evening of the 8th we were met at State Line Station by an order directing us to quit the train and report as soon as possible at a place across the country where it was supposed the enemy were about to make an advance. So, unloading our effects, we hitched the teams to our guns and took up our line of march at dark. We went but a few miles when we received orders to camp and wait for further orders. Some straggling cavalry had told us the enemy was but a short distance in front and we might expect a fight at any moment. We were so inexperienced and credulous at that time as to believe anything-even a cavalry man! We arranged our plans of defense and posted our guards, about half the Company being on post at once; so every man had his time that night. After we became initiated, we frequently laughed over the plans and precautions of this occasion. The next morning orders came for us to report back at the station, which was done in much better spirit than we had left it, for we had set out without ammunition for our guns. At the station the Company was divided, part going with the horses by land to Columbus in charge of A. H. Hardin, Jr., 1st Lieutenant of the Battery. The other part of the Company with the guns and baggage went by railroad to Columbus where in due time, we met and [missing text] our tents, for the first time near the railroad depot. A day or two after our arrival, in company with some six or eight of the boys, I went across the river to examine the battle field of Belmont. Fighting was just then coming into fashion, and we felt a laudable curiosity as to how the thing was done, and would go almost any length to catch some of the [illegible]. However, we only saw a number of dead horses, and a few small fresh mounds, marking where the fight had been most severe. These, had we been in a frame of mind to philosophise [sic] or draw conclusions, might have taught us a lesson of the serious work in which we were so anxious to engage. We brought off some two or three "army guns" as trophies. Our next survey of a battle field was not quite so cool and some of our trophies more interesting, if not more pleasant. The enemy made no direct demonstration on Columbus while we remained there. Occasionally they would drop down the river in their gun boats apparently to take a front view of our works, but always taking care to keep out of range of the heavy guns on the bluff. I don't think there was a shot exchanged at this place after the battle of Belmont. Of the river defenses I formed a very good opinion. There was a good display of heavy metal. I never took particular note of the number of guns, but know there were heavy guns on the bluff and several batteries on or near the water line, backed by gun boats and floating batteries; one the noted "tenth" or iron clad from New Orleans, though I think her history is unadorned by any brilliant actions. Of the land defences [sic] of Columbus, I did not form so high an opinion. I have seen better works constructed by infantry in two hours after the line of battle was formed. However they answered the purpose for which they were built. They kept the Yankees away from the place and thereby saved the life of many an honest rebel. Soon after our arrival, the busting of a heavy rifled gun, known as the Lady Polk, throwing about a hundred pound shot, took place. The gun was stationed on the bluff commanding the river. The shock from the explosion was felt all over the town. I was on the spot a few minutes after the mishap. Some two or three of the Battery were standing by to witness the firing. One of them was so badly "demoralized" that he never stopped to pick up his hat, but at the top of his speed, struck a beeline for camp, which was about a mile distant; arrived there he declared every man on the hill excepting himself was killed. Some twelve or fourteen men were killed and wounded.

The cause of the busting as stated to me by a member of the Company, was this: On the day of the battle of Belmont, the Lady Polk was fired a number of times. The shot used were too large for the gun, and had to be filed down before they would enter. After the gun became warm and expanding, it was no longer necessary to file the shot. Contrary to the custom and rule of artillery firing, the gun was left loaded with one of these unfired shot, and stood in this condition for several days. As the gun cooled and contracted the shot must have been most thoroughly clamped and nearly as firm as though it were a part of the gun. Attempting to fire this shot caused the busting. Gen'l. [sic] Polk himself was present and ordered the gun to be discharged. He was standing near enough to be knocked down by the explosion though not much hurt. He deserved a jolting for his unthoughted [sic] order.

Some few weeks after going to Columbus, the measles made its appearance in the Company. My case was among the first, was very sick for three or four days. As soon as Dr. Trotter, who was 3rd Lieut. and at the same time attending to the sick of the Company, pronounced me sufficiently recovered to venture into the open air, I made arrangements to go home to regain my strength. Being informed of a certain formality I had to comply with before I left and instructed as to the manner in which the thing was to be done, a furlough in due form was made out and sent up to Gen. Pillow, who was then in command of the forces at Columbus.

December 1861

Two or three others, just recovering from measles, made application for furlough on certificate from Dr. Trotter that we would not be fit for service in less time than two weeks. In order for us to get off on that evenings [sic] train, Capt. Stanford took our applications up to the Gen'l. [sic] and we, not anticipating a refusal to so reasonable a request, in fact regarding it as a right more than as a favor, had carpet bags etc. ready packed. Our furloughs were returned disapproved. It took us some time to take in the full force and meaning of this word "disapproved", being inclined to consider it as a joke. This was my first lesson in the reverence due "red tape" and "gold lace". We remained in camp near the river until about the middle of December, when we moved to our position on the defences [sic] of the town. The post assigned us was at the first railroad out from the depot, and about half a mile from it. Here we built our winter quarters and remained until the evacuation. This building was done with some reluctance on our part, as we had not yet learned that labor was one of the duties of a soldier, and being comfortably situated in our tents, we could not see the use of building houses which cost us so much hard work. Our opinions and objections were worth nothing, so we built the cabins. Each cabin had eight men in it, or more properly speaking we divided ourselves into squads of this number and then built our bunk. After finishing our cabins, we had to build a double stable, forty feet wide and eighty feet long. This was not a difficult task, as it was built of sawed lumber. In the meantime, the number of our guns had been increased to seven. Our most unpleasant duty was guarding these guns, and the horses, and they, not being all together, required three men on duty day and night, making a guard for 24 hours amount to 18 men. During our stay at Columbus, we did not suffer from short rations-drawing most of the time, one and a quarter pounds of

flour, and three quarters of a pound of bacon, or one and a half of beef also drawing rations of sugar, coffee etc. Added to this, the greater number of the boys were receiving boxes of "good things" from home.

January and February 1862

In fact, we fared almost as well as we did at Grenada, save the fact we felt the military power tightening its grasp upon us. Our horses, too, were equally well cared for, having plenty to eat, and nothing to do. Our old impatience for a fight had not yet passed away, and we honestly thought and feared we were doomed to remain here, during the War, or our term of enlistment. We had not seen enough of War to know that we were only in winter quarters, and a return of spring would place us in the field. We had not learned to read the signs of the times, for while we were expressing dissatisfaction at our inaction, movements were going on around us which later in the War would have told us very plainly that there was a move of some importance about to take place. While the infantry was moving out, and leaving their quarters in flames, we thought the fire was caused by carelessness. The enemy getting possession of the Ten. and Cumberland rivers, was forcing us to give up this point without firing a shot in its defense and that, too, with such haste or carelessness as to cause the loss to the government of a considerable quantity of stores and ordinances etc. Nothing however, fell into the hands of the enemy; they only gained the position. Orders to cook rations, and be ready to move at short notice gave us to understand that "something" was about to be done. Next came orders to put our guns in the cars. Could we have seen this feat performed later in the War as we then performed, we would have been impressed with a lively sence [sic] of the hideous. But it was no laughing matter then. "Dismounting the gun" was at last accomplished with no small outlay of strength and with some danger. I had a considerable piece of skin taken off my hand, and others came near being seriously crippled. After getting some of our guns on the cars, we hitched up to the others, and on the evening of the first of March we left Columbus to the keeping of the Yankees, taking the precaution however, to burn our cabins and stables, and such other things as we could not take with us.

March 1862

The first evening we went only a mile or so and camped. Early the next morning we were on the march for State Line Station. It was at Union City I think, we placed the rest of our guns and caissens [sic] on the train and took our horses on to Humboldt by land. The riders and sargeants [sic] only, going with the horses in charge of Lieut. Hardin. The cannoneers going with the guns and baggage by railroad. Arrived at Humboldt, we again went into camp, about half a mile North of the depot. While at this place, an election was held for a junior lieutenant. Dr. J. S. McCall was elected. Up to this time he had been orderly sergeant of the Company by appointment of Capt. Stanford, H. N. Bingham was now appointed first sergeant. The commissioned officers of the company at this time were as follows: T. J. Stanford, Capt.; H.R. McSwine, Senior 1st Lieut; [sic] A. H. Hardin, Junior 1st Lieut.; T. R. Trotter, Sr. 1st Lieut.; and J. L. McCall Jr., 2nd Lieut. While at Grenada, Capt. Stanford appointed me first sergeant, according to a

promise made before I enlisted in his company, and in fact, was made to induce me to join it, think that several others would join with me from Duck Hill, when we were there forming an infantry company. At the same time he proposed to use his influence to have Dr. Trotter elected to a vacancy then existing in the company. He fulfilled his promise and Dr. Trotter was elected. He could have had almost any man elected that he desired. He did not strictly keep his promise to me, for instead of my being 1st sergeant, the appointment was construed to mean sergeant of the 1st gun, which is a very different position from that of 1st sergeant. Before we left Grenada, a circumstance took place which prejudiced Capt. Stanford against me. McSwine, our first lieutenant, was a friend of the Capt's [sic] and from some cause the Capt. seemed determined to do all he could for him and sustain him, right or wrong. Soon after we began to drill, it became evident to the company, that McSwine was not qualified to fill the position to which he had been elected. The Company drill was a profound mystery to him, an enigma that could not be solved. He could not give commands for the most simple movements. With the company on the drill ground, he was completely befogged, worse than at sea without compass or chart, and making such absurd blunders, that the company, breaking over military restraint, would indulge in noisy laughter at his expense. Notwithstanding his blunders and inaptness, his conduct showed him to be a martinet [sic] and having just cause to suppose that he would soon degenerate into a tyrant. From these causes a petition was gotten up and signed by nearly every man in the company, asking him to resign his position as 1st Lieut. Hearing of it in time, and supposing me to be a prime mover in the matter, Capt. Stanford took me privately to task about it. I told him plainly I thought McSwine unqualified, and that he ought to resign. Capt. S. agreed with me as to his incompetency in the drill but thought he would make a good officer. But objected to it more on account of precedent and example, and the dissatisfaction it would cause among the friends of the Battery. After considerable discussion, I promised the Capt. I would remain passive in the matter. He then went to work to put a stop to it, and the result was that most of the men withdrew their names from the petition which was finally destroyed without be presented. The result proved, that it was a misfortune both to the company and to McSwine that he did not resign. While at Humboldt we were one morning considerably surprised to see Gen'l. [sic] Cheatham, entirely unattended, walk into our camp. It was very apparent that the Gen'l. [sic] was on a slight spree. The object of his visit was to learn who was firing guns or pistols near our camp. He and Capt. Stanford went in search of the violators of orders, and soon discovered who they were, but could not get hold of them as they retired in time to save themselves, but, unfortunately, not in time to keep Capt. S. from recognizing them, and promising the Gen'l [sic] to have them arrested and sent to his quarters. Thus satisfied he continued his scent in search of unlucky marksmen.

[missing pages]

before, deficient in men, we called on a company of artillery from Vaiden, Miss. for volunteers to fill out our number, as they had not yet been furnished with guns, some eighteen or twenty were sent to our company, which brought our number up to that required for a six gun battery. It was the general impression that we were shortly to be favored with a fight, though not understood how it was to be brought about. My Mess,

then composed of Robt. Burt, and R. I. Allen from Duck Hill, George and John Sledge, and John MacMath from Yalobushal Co. and Wm. A. S. Rendeau from New Orleans, for our mutual advantage we made a list of our names with the names of our relatives or friends, and their addresses, and each member of the mess was then furnished a copy of this list. The object of this was, should any of us be killed, wounded or captured, our friends at home might be informed of our fate through these members of the mess who should escape. A short time before sundown on the third, we moved out and joined the column marching for the battle field of Shiloh which was some 20 or 25 miles from Corinth near which place we had been in camp. We marched that night until after midnight, when we camped and remained until day light, when we took up the line of march, which was continued until about the middle of the evening, when we went into camp, or bivouaced [sic] for the night. The infantry in the line of battle, by the way, the first line of battle I had ever seen. Early the morning of the fifth we were in marching order and moved out to the road but did not move any further until the morning was considerably advanced. It appeared there was some misunderstanding about the road we were to take, which was the cause of the delay, or some other command had made a mistake and we had to wait for this command to get in its position. While we were waiting here I saw for the first time, Gen'l. [sic] A. J. Johnston, Poke [sic] and Beauregard. They and their staff stopping near our position for sometime, [sic] we had a good look at the man who was wielding the terrible machinery of which we formed a part. Seeing the man increased our confidence in the General. He passed on to his fate and we saw him no more. This evening we halted a while before sunset when the infantry formed in line and we placed our guns in position. Things began to look serious and it was evident a battle was before us and no longer a jesting matter. Orders were sent round for us to keep quiet-the enemy being but a short distance in front. Quietly, almost silently, we returned to rest and thoughts of the morrow. Many a whispered prayer was uttered that night, no doubt by lips unaccustomed to prayer. Sunday morning, the 6th of April, we were up before the day light. While things were yet indistinct in the early dawn, shots were heard, apparently but a short distance in front, beginning with a shot now and then, but warming up as things became more distinct, until they followed each other in quick succession, now and then breaking out into the sharp quick rattle of rapid firing. It was now evident beyond a doubt that a fight was close at hand. This strong evidence was required to convince us, that a battle was a thing of reality, as well as to be read of in history and romance. Attention was called and we were soon on our way to the front. Quietly and in order we moved on. There were no signs of excitement, all seemed seriously impressed with the coming struggle. Shortly after sunrise, we met some of the wounded returning from the front. It was evident we were being held in reserve for heavy firing, both of musketry [sic] and artillery was going on in front. For some time we advanced with our brigade, Clarks', in line of battle, the battery in column of pieces; my gun, the first just keeping dressed with the infantry line. Soon we came to more impressive marks of the battle, the trees pitted by minnie [sic] balls and the dead scattered through the woods. The spirit of battle was around us, and we were not shocked by these poor remnants of mortality, which at other times, would have sent the chilled blood back to our hearts. Thus are we the creatures of circumstances. In the meantime, our brigade Clarks', had been moved by the right flank, leaving us orders to move on in the road, in the direction of the firing, as

the woods was too thick, and the country too broken for us to keep up with the brigade. While halted to the right of and near an open field across which a line of battle was stretched we, for the first time heard the soft fluttering sound peculiar to a rifled cannon shot. I did not notice this fluttering until Capt. Stanford called my attention to it, and asked me if I knew what it was, and told me to watch that line of battle a moment. The columns of dirt thrown into the air explained it all and one crashing through the timber just over our heads shortly after, causing us to pay most unexpected obeisance to its highness, informed us that we were now under fire. Moving on a short distance and passing by the end of a long field stretching away to our left, we could see a sharp contest going on at the further end. A Yankee battery was blazing away at our men, standing not more than a hundred yards in front, and soon had them retreating in disorder across the field. Our men had charged the battery and failing to take it, had to retire. But this was only a glimpse of the terrible work being done all through those woods and fields. It was the first I had seen and remained fixed in my memory. Even now it reminds me of a grand picture of a battle. A short distance further, and we were in the deserted camp of the enemy, the tents standing and everything left as though the troops had only gone out on review. We finished our breakfast at their expense as we passed through. They had not vacated without a struggle as was evinced by the number of killed and wounded scattered about. We were now close up to the scene of action and the minnies [sic] began to sing sharply around us. Our line of battle was seen a few hundred yards in front standing and firing, but the enemy was hid from us by the underbrush. In a few minutes Gen'l. [sic] Hindman galloped up, apparently wild with excitement, and announced with a flourish of language something like a school boy's speech, that we were gaining a "glorious victory", the enemy giving way at all points, and ordered us to move into position and open fire at once. At the request of Capt. Stanford, he led us to the place where we should take position. Moving at a trot a short distance to the left, he pointed us to a slight elevation in front of some Yankee tents, the [missing text] tents in our rear. The number of the dead of the enemy being around showed this position had been contended for. None of our troops were in front of us, and but a scattering line to support us, should the enemy charge our Battery; but this they could not do without exposing their flanks too much. One of the enemy's batteries, seeing us take position, opened on us at once. It was clearly a trial of mettle and skill between ours and the enemy's battery. Our six guns were soon in position, a moment more and three deep tunes went rolling over the field of battle for the first time. Though this was our first firing, we were well drilled in the manual of the pieces and the boys worked sharp, quick, and with a will, every man at his post. We opened with shell, fuzes, [sic] and elevation for six hundred yards. Our opponents replied with no less spirit and most ungratifying precision. Their shells and shrapnel [sic] hissing and tearing about us savagely. A shot struck a tree standing a few feet from us, striking me with the bark and splinters; looking to the right, I saw a horse have his leg taken off just below the shoulder by a cannon ball, another hasty glance and I saw a flash of fire and smoke almost in Sargeant's [sic] [missing text] face hurling him from his horse to the ground; he sprang to his feet, threw up his arms and again fell to the ground, a shot would now and then plow up the ground and sprinkle us with dirt. I felt sure we must all be killed and expected every moment to have the life jerked out of me by a cannon ball. I thought it impossible for a man to live many moments in that terrible storm. But this

did not prevent us from working our guns and remembering the order to "fire low". Our firing soon began to tell on the enemy and they began to be less accurate in their aim, and to slacken their fire. Observing this, we exerted ourselves, if possible, still more and, I think, in not more than ten minutes from our first shot the enemy's guns had ceased to reply, and we were ordered to cease firing. The enemy was driven from his position and the firing again retired towards the front. Our wounded horses and men replaced by others and we followed on in the track of the battle, every where [sic] marked by the mangled forms of the dead. We had sometimes to move them out of the way of our guns to keep from passing over them. Wherever a stand was made the dead lay thickest. Some places they were piled on each other. Guns, knapsacks, and clothing were scattered every where [sic] through the woods. After striking the line where the battle began in the morning, at no time during the day did we find a place unmarked by the killed. It was more terrible than I had ever thought a battle field could be. One place particularly struck my attention: it was where a Yankee battery had fought. Some said it was the same battery we had fought that morning, but we had changed positions so often that I could not tell what part of the field we were on. It was evident our men had captured the battery, but the fight, for it must have been fearful even for that fearful field. The dead almost covered the ground, being across each other and in every position. Rebels and Yankees together. Horses had fallen dead together-the reins still grasped by the cold, pale hands. Numbers still held their guns in the various positions in which death had found them. Our team of six horses all dead, lay still harnessed to the timber of a gun. It was indeed a sublime picture of heroism-such a scene is ever worthy the respect of a soldier, be his uniform what it may. I have often recalled this sight to my mind, when the bravery of our foes has been called in question-brave men had fought and fallen here. Bravery and devotion to the cause for which he fights are the virtues of a soldier and are worthy of respect. Removing such as were in our path we followed on after the retreating storm. There was no intermission. True, at times, the fighting would be heavier, generally proceeded by a cheer. These cheers were sure to be followed by such crashes of musketry and roar of artillery as to tell of a death struggle of a charge and then quieting off into an almost monotonous rattle. Once during the evening we were placed in position, in connection with another battery in order to dislodge the enemy from a position he had taken; but before we received the order to open on them, one of those wild shouts went up, followed by the sharp crackling of thousands of guns, and the enemy was swept from his last strong hold, and retired to the position of their gun boats. With the river in the rear, they, beaten and in disorder, we, flushed with victory, escape appeared impossible. The crisis of the battle had come; but the spirit that had wielded and directed the fiery mass had gone. One more gallant charge and we had not fought in vain. Passing by a small dwelling and some out houses near which a pile of cotton bales were burning, with a few dead and hundreds of stands of small arms scattered around, we pressed on after the enemy. My impression at the time was, that the river was only a couple of hundred yards away, seeing what I supposed to be the river banks but may have been mistaken. Passing to the left and going perhaps half a mile we fell in with our line of infantry which appeared to be on the point of making a charge. The infantry lay down and our guns were placed "in battery" or in fighting attitude. While we were advancing to this position the enemy was shelling us, or rather the woods where

we were for they could not see us, but knew very well we were there. By the time we had got our guns ready for action the shelling became terrific. We soon found out that this shelling came from the gun boats. The boats were concealed by the trees, but the heavy smoke rising from every discharge showed where they were. At the point where we were affairs were evidently confused, and the officers at a loss what to do, or knowing were unwilling to do it. At one moment we would be ordered to open fire, and the order would be countermanded the next. Ordered once to "to limber to the front" or get ready to advance. Then an order to load with canister and be ready to repel [sic] a charge of the enemy, it being reported that they were reforming under cover of the boats. The gunboats horror had seized on both men and officers. Our position was very trying one for raw troops. Experienced soldiers would have seen at a glance that we were comparatively safe. One position was in a hollow, the ground rising in a gradual slope to the front. Behind this rise was the river and the gun boats. Having to elevate their guns, so as to fire over the top of the hill in our front, the shells all passed harmlessly a few feet above our heads, making a most demoralizing crash among the branches of the trees, but seeming to us, to almost graze the ground. An effort was made by some of their officers to get the infantry to charge. The storm of shot and shell was too fierce, and it really appeared certain death to rise and face it; and besides they thought it madness for men to openly face gun boats. They were worn out with the days hard fighting, marching and double quicking, [sic] and the fiery image of moving was gone. They did not rise to strike the last blow that would have gained the day. Victory still marched on; but the eye that had all day watched her from through the smoke of battle was closed in death, and one less piercing failed to see her in front still waiving [sic] us forward. The order came for us to retire and the line began to fall back-not hastily or in disorder, silently they marched away from the victory for which they had fought so well and were now losing through no fault of theirs. Had Johnston been there to order a charge, it would have been done with far better spirit than they now manifested in retiring. But such was the decree of fate and with it, it is not our province to complain. I do not remember the exact time we began to fall back, but think the sun was probably half an hour high. We did not get to the camp assigned us until after dark. As we passed through the various camps of the enemy-which our men now occupied, and began to light up with their camp fires, the effect of the day's battle was strikingly presented. The bodies of the slain lay "thick as autumn leave". The wheels of our guns jolted over hundreds of discarded muskets. Lights were moving in every direction as the living hunted for the lost friend. Sad groups stood here and there around the still white faces of the loved and honored. There was an indescribable spirit of grief brooding over the wearied army. We went into bivouac some two miles from the river, the infantry being between us and the enemy. There was a large number of the enemy's abandoned tents standing some two hundred yards in front of us. We had orders to stay with our guns and not straggle in search of plunder. This order did not prevent some of our men paying a visit to the abandoned tents, getting a number of articles of clothing etc. I did not leave the company. Several dead bodies lay near our camp fires-near enough to be seen by the light. It was a gloomy night. Every thing [sic] was very quiet that night-only a party of soldiers digging a grave near by [sic] to disturb our feverish rest, after the day's excitement. We were up early the morning of the seventh, but did not move until after sunrise. Our impression was, the battle was over

with for the present Gen'l [sic] Buell had come to turn the tide of battle, and another terrible day was in store for us. I do not remember the exact time of day, when an officer came up and ordered us to the support of Gen'l [sic] Breckenridge, as the enemy was concentrating in his front. It must have been nine o'clock when we took position on the line of battle. In the meantime the sharp crackling of muskets told that the enemy was pressing our lines. The enemy kept his artillery well up in front and the small armys [sic] were often lost in the deep tones of the cannon. Now, as in the day before we had to take our position under fire. The firing was not aimed at us for we were hid from the enemy by the undergrowth. The shelling was intended feel "of our lines". Our Battery was posted on a hill, an open field to our right, the ground sloping down into a hollow in our front and then rising again to a hill of the same height as the one on which we stood. On this opposing hill, the enemy had taken position, from which they were now warmly shelling the woods where they knew our lines were though completely hid by the bushes. To our left and about a hundred yards from us, another of our batteries was in position making ten guns we had on our ridge. In our rear and some thirty yards from us, our line of battle of infantry, was being drawn and ready to support us, should the enemy charge. Our battery had but five guns; one had been disabled in the previous days fight and sent from the field. The shell from the enemy's guns were making the crest of our hill rather unsafe, when we "unlimbered". We opened with all our guns immediately aiming at the sound of the enemy's guns, as they were masked by the woods, and the only sign we could see of them was the smoke rising from the bushes where they were hid. Our first shots developed their latent powers, and from those bushes came such a succession of deafening peals of thunder as I had never heard before, seeming to almost lift us from the ground. A mad storm of shot, shell and canister swept by us. The first fire did not exhaust them. The flash, the roar, and the iron storm continued to come without intermission. We had seen enough to know that our only hope was to distract the enemy, by well directed [sic] and quick replies from our own guns. The replies of the enemy became less impressive, as they were lost in the deep, animating roar of our guns. The hiss of shot was gone, but the shivered trees and the limbs from above our heads marked their presence. Several times I thought I felt their hot breath as they hissed by. Still more terrible effects followed. The lead rider of my gun, John J. Bowen, who was standing by holding his horses, was hurled some ten feet from where he stood by a cannon shot striking him just below the hip, tearing the leg nearly entirely away from his body. I started to him, but at a glance saw his condition; being but a few feet from him I could hear his cry [sic] of "O Lord" Oh! Lord," rising above the sound of battle. I heard them but a moment and they died away, as he passed "from time to eternity". Even before another man could get to his horse to take charge of them, one was down, a shot through his body and the other with his leg shot off above the knee. The air seemed to be full of missels [sic]. It was plain that the enemy had the numbers on us, and were determined to give us the full benefits. We were far from submitting quietly to the fierce torrent of their anger, and I have no doubt that our ten guns made their position nearly as disagreeable as ours. I do not think this fight was kept up more than twenty minutes, when the line of infantry which was lieing [sic] behind us, was ordered to charge the batteries in our front. We ceased firing as they passed between our guns. A moment after they passed down the slope and into the bushes in our front the musketry began to rattle at a most terrible rate. We stood by

our guns anxiously awaiting the issue of the charge. It lasted but a few minutes. Our men were repulsed. The batteries in our front were strongly supported by infantry. The storm that swept through the thick undergrowth could not be withstood. The line that charged came back in confusion-so deadly was the reception they had met, and so demoralized by the shock, that they would not rally around our Battery. Their officers tried in vain to check them. Capt. Stanford called on them in vain to rally, and not let his guns fall into the hands of the enemy. Telling them we could drive the Yankees back with the Battery, if they would stand by us. They were in a panic, and deaf to the call of duty and honor. Again we opened with our guns depressing them so as to sweep the bushes in the hollow in front of us with canister shot; expecting every moment to see the enemy almost at the muzzle of our guns, as the small growth would not permit us to see more than twenty yards from us-that is to see men advancing, but looking over the tops of these bushes we could see the smoke from the enemy's guns on the opposite ridge. We were now fighting to save our guns. The firing from the enemy's cannon had ceased. We knew what it meant. The infantry was advancing. We knew those bushes were swarming with thousands. With guns depressed so as to sweep close to the ground, we hurled our canister at the unseen foe. They must have given back under our fire; and had we continued to fire, would have held the position until reinforcements reached us. But an unfortunate order came for us to retire, and still worse, the order was only partly understood and caused some confusion. All of our guns limbered up. My gun having an open way moved out first, which was the regular order in which we always moved. Going but a short distance we observed the guns were not following us, and at the time did not know what direction they had taken, or what had become of them. It would not do for us to retire without them. Turning to the left we unlimbered our gun on the edge of the field near which we had been fighting. This field was about a hundred yards wide, the bushes standing thick on the edge up to the opposite side, from which the minnie [sic] balls were coming through we could not see by whom they were fired. We had loaded our gun, intending to fire into these bushes, when Gen'l. [sic] Breckenridge and his son rode up to us. The Gen'l [sic] told us to delay our fire awhile as he thought our men still held those woods. At the moment Gen'l [sic] B. came up a wounded soldier was hobbling by, and said to him "Gen'l. [sic] I am badly wounded". I cannot now recall the reply, but was particularly struck by his words of kindness and sympathy for this unknown soldier "friend". They were not such as I expected to come from a general in the midst of a terrible battle. He dismounted for a moment behind a tree, to the leeward of which several of us had taken our position after the order not to fire, to examine a slight wound we had from a spent ball. The presence of a general had for a moment or so called our attention from the Yankees. When we again looked across the open space in our front, the little jets of smoke darting out from the bushes, and the "ziping" [sic] of balls left no doubt in our minds as to who occupied that side of the field. As Gen'l. [sic] Breckenridge mounted and rode off, he ordered us to fire at once. There was but four of us left to work the gun. Lieut. Dunlap stood near by [sic] holding my and his horse. Roudeau dealt out the ammunition and John Sledge brought it to the gun and placed it in the muzzle. I rammed the charge down withdrawing the rammer and throwing it down and step to the trail to see that the gun had the proper range and then fired, full into the bushes. As the gun stood on the edge of the field, I was left entirely unprotected. Why I was not killed I

do not know, unless there was a power that turned aside the balls, for the others being in rear of the gun. I was certainly a fair target. After firing in this way for five minutes or more, Lieut. D. called out "limber your gun, here they are, right on us". Before we could get the gun limbered, two more of our horses were shot down, and it was not longer in our power to save our gun, and in fact we were literally in the midst of the enemy. Nearly all their guns being empty, I think saved us from death. This line that was so close on us approached from the left, and swept over the other part of the battery before they got to us. The bushes being so thick kept us from seeing them until they were in a few steps of us. The line across the field did not show itself until we had ceased firing. As soon as we saw our horses down, we dropped the trail of the gun and all hands put off through the bushes at something better than a double quick. Lieut. Dunlap was mounted and still held my horse. I lost no time in getting into the saddle but the others had the start of me, and were gone so quick, that in some way I lost sight of them in the smoke and confusion, for it seemed that the enemy and the hindmost of our men came up almost as one confused mass. Guns were firing and balls singing on every side. Just as I had settled in my saddle and before my horse had made half a dozen jumps a minnie [sic] ball was through the upper part of my thigh cutting the cantle of my saddle before it struck me, then passing through my leg in a downward direction and spending its force against the front of the saddle, it passed on down inside of my pants, and finally rested in my boot, where, I, or rather the doctor, found it after we got back to Corinth. The shock from the wound was very severe; even at the instant of receiving it. My first impression was that a cannon ball had thrown a limb or a piece of shivered wood against my thigh, the pain being similar to that produced by a heavy blow. The sensation was like that which I suppose would be caused by a man striking a double handed blow, with a handspike across the thigh. There was none of that piercing, burning pain that I thought would come from a ball passing through any part of the body, and was surprised after passing my hand under my leg to see if it was broken, to see my hand covered with blood. I did not check my horse while making this investigation, but let him "have his own sweet will" which inclined him then to get away from the bad company. Within a hundred yards of the place we had left our gun, I met a regiment of infantry coming to our relief. They were too late. There was an opening in the line which I was tempted to ride through, but would not do it as they might think I was "demoralized" more than hurt. I did not stop to see how they met the enemy. The rattling of their guns soon told that they were at work. Some of our boys who stopped close by said there was some gallant fighting done around our old gun-our men are taking it but unable to hold it long enough to withdraw it. The battle was lost and the resistless numbers of the Yankees slowly crushed our exhausted men from the field. Slowly and stubbornly they gave back to the enemy the victory so nobly gained the day before. Passing through the woods where lay the friends that had fallen the day before they would turn and dash themselves on the enemy with such fury as would bend and break their heavy lines. But all to no use. The blaze of victory was lost in the gloom of defeat. Soon after I had passed the advancing line, I began to turn sick from the wound and thought I must fall from my horse. Luckily I met a stray cavalry man, who gave me a canteen of water, I was very thirsty and drank nearly all of it. The cavalryman then rode with me until I came up with some of the boys belonging to the Battery. Sgt. [sic] Duncan rode on with me, He promised to put me on my horse again should I fall off as I

was still very sick, and had to put my arms around my horse's neck to keep from falling into the hands of the Yankees. That and death were equally balanced. Just before we got to the field hospital we came up with an ambulance containing several of our wounded boys in charge of Lieut. Hardin. At the field hospital I was taken from my horse, and as my leg had by this time become stiff and sore, removing me from my horse gave me great pain. We were now about a mile from the place, the Battery was captured. The ground about the hospital tents was covered with wounded, and an ambulance load coming in every few minutes. One of the surgeons gave my wound a hasty examination, applying some lint, and a bandage, which, by the way, was all the dressing it got until we reached Corinth. The Dr. consoled me by telling me I must keep my leg as quiet as possible and not use it at all the ball having passed so close to the artery that it would be liable to burst from the least exertion, and if it did, I would be a dead man in less than five minutes after. I resolved to keep quiet. As I lay on my blanket on the ground and listened to the firing in front, which appeared to be drawing nearer, I became nervously aware of my situation. Surrounded by the wounded of every class from the "slight" to the "mortal", some crying out under the examination of the doctors-some dying-others already dead. The debris of the battle drifting by in a continued stream, was a scene that I cannot soon forget. I felt that I was on the current of events and felt that I could no longer struggle against that uncertain stream. When Lieut. Hardin left us he promised to get some conveyance and move us on to the rear. Anxiously and doubtfully we awaited his return. We did not know him then as we afterwards did, or we had waited with less misgivings. After an absence of an hour or so he returned with an ambulance. We were soon placed in it and moved on slowly towards the rear. I don't know that I ever felt happier in my life than at that moment. I think we owed our escape entirely to Lieut. Hardin. I did not care much for my wound but dreaded above all things to fall into the hands of the enemy. After dark on the night of the 7th of April, the day on which I was wounded, we halted at the same camp, we had on the night of the 4th. Here I was taken from the ambulance and placed in a tent, which was soon nearly filled with wounded and unhurt men: As the weather was bad-raining during the night-every place that offered any protection from the rain was anxiously looked for and held regardless of expense to others. I was so crowded that I did not have room to turn over. That was a miserable night to me. My mind was flighty all night from the effect of my wound and our rough mode of locomotion. The tent in which I lay was within a few feet of the road by which we were retreating to Corinth. By day light I was awoken by the tramp of the infantry, the rattling of wagons etc as they hurried on towards the rear. The report was started that the wounded to be left here until assistance could be sent out from Corinth and at the same time the enemy was said to be still advancing, and we, the wounded, would probably fall into Yankee hands. I made my friend, Roudeau, promise not to leave me, but as soon as he found that we were to be left, he was to put me on my horse, and take me on to Corinth. Towards 12 o'clock we were ordered to move on. I, with one or two other wounded men, was placed in a wagon containing tents and tent poles, cooking utensils, picket rope, and various other articles equally comfortable to a wounded man. I was placed in this irregular mass with only a blanket spread under me. No one seemed to have any idea of what was required for our comfort. The only thing that made condition endurable was the thought of getting away from the Yankees. I suffered a good deal from the rough

roads and the rougher driving. The driver was perfectly indifferent to our cry [sic] of pain and only returned surly replies to our entreaties that he would drive steady. He showed himself wanting in humanity on this occasion, and afterwards proved to be a contemptible coward. This was J. M. Kee. At dark we were in two miles of Corinth, and though we were worn out, hungry and suffering with our wounds which had only received the rough dressing on the field, and begged that we might be taken on to camp that night that we might rest and get some attention, still this devil, Kee, refused to drive on, giving as his only reason that his team was tired. We hurled our curses at his worthless carcass, for he had no soul. I would have killed him had it been in my power, and kindly informed him of the fact. However, he went on quietly ungeering [sic] his team. Fortunately we had stopped near some tents, that had been thrown out of some over-loaded wagon. Two or three of the boys coming up after we had stopped, stretched a tent, and took us from the wagon into the tent, and here on the wet ground, with only a wet blanket to keep us warm we spent another miserable night. In my dreams I was on the field of battle crawling among killed and wounded dragging after me my painful and helpless leg. By an hour of sun on the morning of the 9th of April we were in our old camp near Corinth, I was removed from the wagon and placed in a tent and my wound dressed the second time, or more properly, the first time, for the one on the field was hardly a dressing. Dr. or rather Lieut. Trotter procured furloughs for all the wounded for ten days, and the same evening of our arrival in camp we were placed on the train and at dark rolled off for home. The train was loaded with wounded only-all in box cars. The bottom of the car was covered with hay, which made us very comfortable after the rough times we had just passed through, and the prospect of getting home made us feel cheerful. Although the train was moving all night, I rested well. The company after the battle of Shiloh reported some twenty-one or two men in "killed, wounded, and missing". Four, I think, were killed on the field, two captured-the others were wounded, two of whom died of their wounds. At Grand Junction we met several old men from Grenada who had sons in the Battery, and as it was difficult to learn the truth during so much excitement, they were trying to get to Corinth to learn the fate of their sons. They could get no further than the Junction on account of military orders. They were anxiously inspecting every train of wounded that came by. On coming to our car one of them found both of his sons wounded, one of them mortally. It was an affecting sight to see the gray headed father meet his wounded boys and weep over them. At Grenada, Miss. I was met by my Uncle, Mr. Wm. Ross. He had first received a dispatch that I was killed, followed by one stating that I was only wounded, thus leaving him in doubt still as to my fate. He had set out to hunt me up, and had stopped at Grenada, to obtain information of the company and to look through the hospitals and see if I had come, and examined the trains of wounded as they passed. I gladly responded to his call of "any of Stanford's Battery in there?", and felt much better, knowing I was in good hands and no longer need look out for myself, and felt as secure as if already at home. Saturday morning, April 12th, we got home, which event very naturally produced much excitement. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that I must die as I had been wounded in battle. And my good, kind Aunt shed many tears over "her luckless boy". After I got home, my wound gave me little or no pain. Thanks to the good nursing I got, I was confined to my bed some six weeks before I was able to use my "game leg". I was however, over anxious to return to the army, not for love of it, nor

a sense of duty, but in order to prevent a charge of "playing-off", which I did not like to hear spoken of even in sport. During my absence from the Company, the re-organization took place, and other officers were elected. The whole army was re-organized at the same time. I received a letter from Roudeau stating that I was elected senior second lieutenant of the Battery, thought I was not officially informed of the fact, because the officers had formed a plan to have this cancelled, and in their maneuvers to effect it, displayed their trickery, on a small scale very nicely. Capt. Stanford worked the wires. He wished, no doubt, to pay me for opposing his royal will while at Grenada. I do not believe Lieut. Trotter had any head in the matter. The others were interested. Lieut. T. Resigned soon after the sham election, and at once obtained the rank of assistant surgeon. The following is a copy of the order which superceded [sic] the election.

General Orders 27

May and June 1862.

Extract

Head Quarters 1st Corps

Army of the Mississippi.

Corinth, Miss. May 14th, 1863.

Gen'l [sic] Orders No. 27.

The Artillery companies herein named having been transferred from the State of Tennessee to that of the Confederate States and the law of the State of Tennessee not authorizing an election of officers the following re-organization of those companies is here by announced to take effect immediately.

Capt. T. J. Stanford's Mounted Battery.

Captain. T.J. Stanford

Sr. 1st Lieut. H. R. McSwine

Jr. 1st Lieut. Ancil A. Hardin.

Sr. 2nd Lieut. Tilman R. Trotter.

Jr. 2nd Lieut. Jas. S. McCall

By order of Maj. Gen'l [sic] Polk.

(Signed) Geo. Williamson,

Capt. Stanford A. A. Gen'l [sic]

This order was a gross imposition as applied to Stanford's Battery. The order could only reach Tennessee batteries-we were from Mississippi. And I don't believe it was right to apply this order to Tenn. Batteries after they were transfered [sic] to the Confederate service and certainly not to those from other states. It was a flimsy covering for their rascality to accomplish selfish ends. And plain as the cheat was, it was successful and never called in question. Had I obtained the position to which I was

justly entitled by a lawful election, having, as I was informed three fourths of the votes of the Company-I would have commanded the Battery during the last year of the War, and closed with the rank of Captain. The three months I spent at home while wounded were to me the most pleasant months of the War. My time was spent almost entirely at my Uncle's, Mr. Ross. Here I met for the first time my cousin Betty (now my wife) Sallie, Mollie, Murry, Willie and Sam Elain. Uncle Nathan Ross and Maj. Cochran both spent some time at Uncle's while I was at home. Bright as well as dark days, pass away. The three months that I spent at home were finished up by my paying a visit to each of my sisters, Mrs. Frost and Mrs. Pearson.

July 1862

July 21st, 1862 I left home to return to the Army, then at Tupelo, Miss. Uncle, Mr. Wm. Ross, went as far as Vaughan's Station with me, where I met Sam'l [sic] Lamb, who was returning to the Army. We went by railroad by way of Jackson, Miss. and Meridian to Tupelo. Arrived there I reported to Gen'l. [sic] Cheatham and learned that Stanford's Battery had left twenty-four hours ahead of me. I was then ordered to report to Col. John's regiment and remain with it until further orders. I found the regiment at the depot waiting for a train to go to-they knew not where. At dark on the night of July 23rd, we left Tupelo on the train with Col. John's regiment. That night Sam and I slept on top of a box car. The train running all night. The next evening after leaving Tupelo, we were in Mobile, Ala. and marched from the railroad to a steam boat lying at the wharf, on board of which we spent the night. Owing to strict orders, we did not look about the City. At day light the next morning we, or rather the boat, left for the railroad landing some 10 or 15 miles above Mobile. I have forgotten the name of the place. At this depot I fell in with Henry Head, at that time a Lieut. in the 9th Tenn. regiment and without any further orders, attached myself to his regiment with which I continued until I rejoined the Battery. The next place of note on our route was Montgomery, Ala. At Montgomery we lay over a day and night as well as I can remember. While here, an incident took place, which revealed to me a trait in the minds of men generally which I had occasion several times afterwards to notice. The wether [sic] being warm, the soldiers in great numbers, went to the river to bathe some times hundreds were in the water at the same time. Our camp being near by, [sic] we spent most of the day on the bank looking at the bathers. At the time of which I speak there must have been a hundred, or more, men in the water within fifty steps of where I was standing when the cry of "there is a man drowning" was raised. Every man in the water at once struck for the bank, and got out of the water. A cry of shark or alligator would not have made them hurry more. The drowning man when he rose the first time was some twenty yards out in the stream. By the time all the men had got out of the water and turned to look for the man, he rose a second time in less than ten yards of the bank and not a man of the hundred undressed men who stood on the bank stirred to help him. A third time he came slowly to the surface just showing his head and arms which floated to the top and were visible for some seconds and then slowly sunk away-and we saw him no more. Had I not witnessed this I would think impossible that so many men would stand by and see a human being thus perish. Other events since then have taught me that they acted according to the promptings of nature -self preservation. After resting and drawing rations at Montgomery we took the

train to Atlanta, Ga. where we only stopped a short time to change engines and switch our cars to the other road and we were again on our way to Chattanooga. During the night while going from Atlanta, to Chattanooga, a part of the train came uncoupled while going down a grade, the part attached to the engine going the faster of the two, leaving the other coming on down the grade with considerable speed. The engine for some cause stopped before it came to the next rise, and the part which had been cut loose coming on struck with great force against the other cars now standing still, driving our car full length into another, both cars crowded with soldiers. One of the two men were killed and several wounded. Looking at the wreck it was hard to tell how any escaped. I was sleeping on top of the second car in rear of those broken up, and came near going over-board from the sudden check. Arrived at Chattanooga, we took up our position in the "evening shadows of Mount Lookout". I remained with the 9th Tenn. Regt., messing with Henry Head, until the Battery arrived. Having nothing to do and no responsibilities, I had a very pleasant time. Henry Head and I had many pleasant strolls on the mountain and in the country.

August 1862

August 17th 1862, after an absence of a little more than four months, I rejoined the Battery. Reporting at once to Capt. Stanford, I was ordered on duty as 1st or orderly sergeant of the Battery. I preferred to take charge of my old detachment and gun-making my wishes known to Capt. S. only confirmed my appointment as 1st Sgt. However, it made but little difference with me; mounting my game little bay, who had behaved himself so well in the battle of Shiloh, I felt as good as new for another fight-though; not spoiling for one. August 21st we left Chattanooga and marched several miles up the Tenn. River. August 22nd cross the Tenn. River in a ferry boat. This was one of the several places at which the army crossed the river. The forces had been concentrating at Chattanooga for the last month and it was from this point Gen. Bragg began his Kentucky Campaign in 1862. My notes at first were very short, being confined to the names of places and dates.

September 1862

Sept. 1st we were at Pikesville, Sequatchie Valley, and on the 3rd were at Sparta, White Co., where we remained until the 6th and then left for Gainsboro [sic], and crossed the Cumberland River. Sept. 8th and camped three miles north of the river in Jackson Co. We had crossed the Cumberland Mountains now for the first time, a feat we had to accomplish several times afterwards. It required an entire day to get our guns and caissons to the top, having as many as sixteen horses hitched to our gun, and as many men as could get their hands on it to push; with this force we could gain only a few steps at a time. The distance from the foot of the mountain to the summit was not more than a mile, and yet one whole day was consumed in accomplishing this short distance. After getting to the top we marched on across the mountain and down the other slope halting just at daylight next morning, after twenty-four hours of hard work, and rested a few hours, regaling ourselves on roasting ears cooked in all the forms known to a soldier. In fact this was about the only article of food we had, but there was plenty of it,

as we made it a point to help ourselves from any field that happened to be near at hand, and at the same time giving a liberal portion to our horses. Sept. 9th left camp one hour and a half before daylight. At sun down we camped at Tompskinville, Monroe Co., Ky. where we remained until the 11th. When we again took the line of march and on the 12th halted at Glasgow, Ky. Sept. 13th and 14th. We remained at Glasgow. Sept. 15th left Glasgow in the evening and marched until 12 o'clock at night. Sept. 16th left camp at sunrise. This gave us but little rest, for stopping at midnight and then having to unharness and feed our horses, and get up in time next morning to feed, harness and move out at sunrise, consumed the greater portion of the time. We then marched all day-crossed the Green River and at 2 o'clock that night we halted and formed in line of battle on the hills commanding the fort and town of Munfordsville, [sic] with the expectation of opening on the enemy with our guns at daylight next morning. While approaching the town we had orders to make no noise. All the commands were given in low tones. The lines of infantry as they stretched silently away in the moonlight, or moved almost unheard into their positions had more the appearance of phantoms than real men. But by the time we had got position an order was sent around that the enemy had surrendered and we might build fires and camp for the night. Our fires were soon blazing merrily, and we, without waiting to find soft places, were sleeping under their protection from the night dens[missing text] At Munfordsville [sic] 4300 Federal prisoners surrendered to Gen'l. [sic] Bragg. After the terms of capitulation had been agreed on, the Yankee commander wanted to know of Gen. Bragg to what force they had yielded. Gen'l. [sic] B. in order to console him and at the same time not let his own strength be know, [sic] replied, that had he not surrendered not less than seventy pieces of artillery would have opened on him at daylight. Next morning showed us that we had the Yankees in a close place, when they hawled [sic] their colors down. The Battery was on a hill which completely commanded the inside of the works. We could literally look into the fort, and at a distance we were, could have landed every shot inside the works. 17th left Munfordsville [sic] in the evening and marched eight miles and camped. After selecting our camp and, as we had slept but little during the last two nights, some of the boys had already rolled themselves up for the night. At sundown, orders came for us to march back to Munfordsville. [sic] A heavy rain was coming as we moved out, which continued most of the night, causing us to miss another night's sleep. We had marched some mile and a half when orders came for us to halt and await orders. Our teams remained standing in the road, harnessed all night, A fence was on each side of the road-at daylight it was gone and we felt warmer. 18th at 8 o'clock A. M. we again turned our faces north and marched 1-1/2 miles to the camp we left the evening before. We remained here until the next morning and enjoyed a good day and night's sleep. We had had but little the last three nights. 19th Started at 7 A. M. for Munfordsville. [sic] Camped on the bank of Green River just below the town. Not far from R. R. bridge 20th In the evening we left Munfordsville [sic] again and marched 21 miles. After midnight before we got into camp. 21st Up at daylight. Orders to march at 7 A. M. Camp at Hugginsville [sic] and get to bed by 8 o'clock at night. 22nd Reveille at 2 o'clock in the morning. Ready to march at 4 A. M. Pass through New Haven. Cross Mulrough [sic] Hills, camp at 10 o'clock night, one and a half miles from Bardston [sic], Ky. 23rd Reveille at daylight. Harnessed and ready to march at 10 A.M. Marched at sundown. Go six miles and camp four miles East of Bardstown, Nelson Co. Ky. 24th and 25th

remain in Camp resting. 26th Orders to harness at 3 o'clock P.M. at sundown unharness without leaving camp. 27th Remain in same camp. 28th Sunday-Write home and send the letter by hand to Chattanooga. 29th Moved camp one mile further east of Bardstown to Maple Grove. 30th Nothing doing in camp. Every thing [sic] going on as usual. Still in the maple grove camp. Plenty of camp rumors in relation to army movements both of ours and that of the enemy. No one allowed to leave camp only on urgent business.

October 1862

1st-Weather clear and pleasant no frost yet. My wound still continues to discharge, with considerable soreness. 3rd First section goes on out post duty North of Bardstown. Battery received marching orders at sundown. Leave camp at sundown and march five miles and camp at 9 o'clock. 4th Reveille at 3 A.M. Leave camp at 5 A.M. Pass through Springfield, and camp near Texas at 4 P.M. 5th Reveille at 4 A.M. Leave camp at sunrise. Sunday-traveled until 3 P.M., and camp 4 miles West of Danville. Hear big guns in the rear. 6th Reveille at 4 A.M. Pass by Danville. First section comes up with us at camp near Harodsburg [sic] camp at 3 P.M. 7th Remain in camp some half mile from Harodsburg [sic] until 6 P.M. when we strike camp and march for Perryville. Where we arrive at 10 o'clock at night and take position on a hill about a quarter of a mile South of the town, with the expectation of a fight beginning at daylight in the morning. The hush of a coming battle was around us, and men spoke to each other in low tones. After we had taken position, I was sent back to the town to find out where head quarters [sic] were. There was not a single light to be seen. The houses were dark and silent as a church yard. As I rode through the streets and by ways there was not even a dog to bark at me. It was a striking picture of a deserted village. The people had left to get clear of the expected battle. 8th Battle of Perryville. By daylight we were all up, and expecting to see the lines of the enemy. At sunrise commanding began on the right-only occasional shots. There was no sign of the Yankees in our front, though we continued to expect them and listened with feverish anxiety to the rumors and reports that passed along the lines. We remained in our position ready for action until 11.30 A.M. When we again passed through the town and took the road and turned North. Going some mile and a half, unmistakable signs of flight presented themselves. Surgeons, wagons and ambulances were drawn up in several places, and hospital flags were displayed. The infantry was thrown into line under cover of hills, and, as a few inductory [sic] shells exploded above our heads, they were ordered to load. While the ramrods rattled in the guns, we could feel the blood receed [sic] to the heart and the knees shake; we felt our faces grow a shade paler as we braced our nerves to look death in the face. Not far from us Gen'l. [sic] Cheatham sat on his horse in the midst of his staff, calmly smoking his pipe. Carriers were coming and going. Nearly half a mile to our left Carns' [sic] Battery was warmly engaged with the enemy. Capt. Carns' [sic] reported to Gen'l. [sic] Cheatham that the enemy was beyond his range and was using him up badly with long range guns. At that time we had a battery of brass rifles. Gen'l [sic] Cheatham at once ordered us to relieve Carns [sic] Battery; which we immediately did. Capt. C. withdrawing his battery, and we opening on the Yanks with our rifles. The battery we were fighting was cannonading was to give the infantry time to form,

preparatory to advancing on the enemy. A short distance to the right of where the Battery had fought, I had a grand view of the field of battle. Not knowing the direction the Battery had taken, I stopped here some moments to watch the progress of the fight. Across the open fields I could see both lines Rebels and Yanks-the Rebels standing or advancing and firing-the Yanks lying down behind a fence and firing away most piously. Little round clouds of smoke bursting over the Confederate lines, accompanied with the heavy war of artillery, showed that they were under the fire both of batteries and infantry. A shout mingled with the roar of battle as the Rebels made a counter charge-but in the other direction. Our boys had now gained the woods and had an equal show with the Yanks. I rode on to the right as the battle seemed to be still drifting in that direction. Enquiring all the time for Stanford's Battery. I fell in with Smith's Battery (from Mississippi) which was then under a scattering fire, and was informed that Stanford had certainly gone to the left. After staying with this battery a short time I returned again to the left. It was now sundown, and as dark came on the firing gradually cooled off. After the firing had entirely ceased, our lines began to cheer and as it was taken up from one to the other, the line of battle could be marked out by the cheering of the men. The Yankees replied with shots apparently of defiance. This roar of yells was kept up for sometime; [sic] then quiet gradually settled down on the two armies. Night had now set in and I rode along the line of battle, stopping now and then at groups of soldiers to ask for the Battery, of which I would now and then get doubtful information. I continued this fruitless search, until I arrived at the extreme left of the infantry line, being told that Stanford's Battery was just ahead on a road pointed out to me which was in front of the line of battle. I had gone down this road perhaps half a mile without seeing any one, when I was met by an officer in artillery uniform. When we came close together he asked me in a low tone which way I was going? I replied that I am hunting for Stanford's Battery. He told me if I were to go three hundred yards further down that road I would be in the midst of the Yanks. One of the guns of the Battery to which he belonged had been left between the lines and he had been out to see if there was any chance to get it off. He found the enemy had advanced their line up to this gun and now held it. We both then rode back to our lines. Satisfied that the Battery was not on the left, I returned to the right, riding among the living and the dead, as I passed over the battle field, I found Smith's Battery near the place I had left it. Here I got information of Stanford's Battery and directions how to find. Shortly after I had the pleasure of riding up to the company camp. It was about ten o'clock when I got with the company. After leaving the first position, where I left them fighting the Battery took one other position from which it fired a few rounds at a Yankee line of battle, which was almost immediately driven from its position by the shells and a charge of infantry. This fight, Perryville, cost our Battery three men, one killed and two mortally wounded, and several horses. My little bay came through unhurt. The ambulances were running all night-bringing the wounded off the field. At any hour of the night we could hear the cries of pain from the wounded as they were jolted over the rough road. I could never see why this battle was fought, unless Gen'l [sic] Bragg only obeyed orders from the war department not to give up Kentucky without a fight. He certainly could not hope to sustain himself here against the force then opposing him. He certainly did not fight to gain time, or if he did, he did not make much use of it after checking the enemy for he immediately marched out of the State; and he could not hope to deal the enemy a very

serious blow; or one that would not reflect on his own forces. The estimate at the time was that we lost about (2000)-two thousand men-killed, wounded and missing; and captured sixteen pieces or artillery, most of which again fell into the hands of the enemy, as we did not have sufficient teams to bring them off with us. 9th Before daylight at 3 A.M. we were up and ready to march or fight as the case might be-but the fight was expected. A little before day we moved out and fell into column with the infantry. At our last night's camp, I had the bad luck to leave my Colts' repeater pistol. When I lay down I unbuckled it and placed it under my saddle, which I used for a pillow, and as it was dark when we saddled up, I did not see it and never thought of it until it was too late to go back to look for it. I regretted the loss very much as I could not obtain another. After daylight there was some appearance of a fight. The infantry was drawn up in line. But this was only to hold the enemy in check while our wagon trains were getting out of the way. We soon broke into column and took the pike to Harodsburg [sic] where we arrived about 12 M. and rested until 4 P.M. As soon as we broke into column of march, and it was plain that there would be no fight, Lieut. McCall requested me to go with him to the field hospital at which I had left his brother the day before. We soon found the place. The ambulances, wagons and surgeons were all gone; only the dead were left, and those for whom there was no hope of life. We dismounted and walked among the straightened forms. It was truly a "bivouac of the dead-"those pale, silent sleepers that quiet October evening. It was away from the line of march, and not even a straggling soldier disturbed solemn stillness of the place. Silently we passed among the dead, or paused beside those whose [sic] breathing only told that they lived and must soon be as hushed and still as those around them. We went to the tree under which I had left the wounded man. I stopped by the side of a blanket which showed the outlines of a man under it. The Lieutenant understood my meaning and silently drew away the blanket from the face of the sleeper and looked on the face of his dead brother. He gazed a moment then burst into tears and kneeled on the ground by his side. I left him with his dead, remounted my horse and rode back to the Company. I could offer no consolation and there was no time for burial. Even his brother had to leave him for strangers-perhaps enemies to consign to his last resting place. This is one of the customs of Christians, or rather, one of the results of difference of opinion for both parties are professed Christians. Why, then, should the heathen blush, or, in sack cloth and ashes, bewail his fate when "Christian light and charity" display to him his deep depravity? As we marched towards Harodsburg [sic] cannonading was still going on in our rear; showing that the enemy was on the qui vive, and wish to know what we were doing. I noticed some wagons and artillery cut down and left on the road by our men, showing that Gen'l. [sic] Bragg was either short of team or time. After resting at Harodsburg [sic] some three or four hours we again took up our line of march, going East, and, as report said, to join Kirby Smith who had been fighting yesterday and today, he getting the best of the fight. We marched until midnight making seven miles from Hardsby and camped. We were beginning to feel the effects of the last few days work. Having had but little sleep for the last three nights. 10th "Ready to move again at 5 A.M." Not much rest as all of the harnessing and unharnessing and feeding, cooking and eating, etc. had to be done in the space of five hours. "Encamped from Bryantsville about 4 o'clock in the evening. [missing text] turns cold in the evening. 11th Called up at 12 midnight and harnessed ready to move. Ordered to unharness [missing text]"

before day." "Rain slowly all night". "Heard can [missing text] [missing text]outhwest this morning. Remain in camp. Understand [missing text] pieces of cannon from the enemy at Perryville, but [missing text] most of them down after we got them off the field [missing text] to bring them to Harodsburg [sic]. "I remember this [missing text] disagreeable day. 12th "Our loss on the field re[missing text] two thousand killed and wounded. Stewart's Brigade [missing text]son's 400 Money's 600. Total for Cheatham's Divi[missing text] Remain in camp". The above report is as we receive [missing text] from headquarters, and I think is officially [missing text] and disagreeable weather. 13th Reveille at [missing text] lcamp at 6 A.M. Pass through Lancaster and [missing text] North of Crabbuchard [sic] at 10 o'clock at night. [missing text] march again at 4 A.M. Cannonading in our rear. [missing text] down near Mount Vernon. Today I saw a sample Cheatham's manner of controlling his wagon masters. He had given Capt. Stanford orders to keep closed up [missing text] just in our front. Everything was being press[missing text] with the upmost speed, and some little confusion in the hurry. An enterprising wagon master, by cutting across fields, hard driving etc. had got his train up by the side of our Battery as we came to a place where we had either to get in the road or halt. He tried to cut in ahead of our Battery and get possession of the road, but we kept too well closed up for him to get in. Finding he could not come in this way, he then told Capt. Stanford that he had orders from Gen'l. [sic] Cheatham to cut into the column at any point in order to push his wagons forward. In the face of such an order, Capt. S. yielded the road to the wagons. As the wagons were coming into the road the Gen'l. [sic] Himself came up and savagely demanded of Capt. S. "why in the hell fire and God damnation he was letting that wagon train cut him off". Capt. Stanford lost no time in telling how it was. "Show me the man" was the next demand and in no very mild tones. The Capt [sic] pointed him out. The Gen'l. [sic] saluted him with a showed of words not very complimentary to the fellow's origin, or his future destiny and riding up to him, he drew his head down to his saddle bow and administered such a pelting as the fellow deserved for his lieing [sic]. 15th Up at 2 A.M. and continued on March. 16th. Reveille at 3 A. M. During the last four days we have been on half rations. Do not make more than 5 miles and camp at 4 P.M. 17th Reveille at 3 A.M. Pass through Landere. March about 12 miles and camp about 47 miles from Cumberland Gap. Fighting reported in our rear all day. 18th Left camp about 10 A.M. and marched to Barburnsville [sic]-made 18 miles. 19th-Sunday. Marched 18 miles to Cumberland Ford, on the Cumberland River, crossed and camped on the South bank of the river. 20th Still on half rations. Three biscuits per day and barely meat enough to furnish grease to put in our flour to make biscuit. Parched corn in great demand, Frequently see men who say they have had nothing to eat for two and three days. The supply of corn for our horses was also very light and was made still more so by the men "drawing" on it to finish out their own short rations. Camped for the night about half a mile South of Cumberland Gap. At our camp by sundown. 21st On half rations of flour-4 biscuit-but have plenty of beef, as the Company was furnished with a whole beef which we slaughtered and divided amongst us. Camp on Powell's river, 6 miles from the Gap. At our camp last night one of our Company died-James M. Wakefield. He had been confined to the ambulance for sometime [sic] with chronic diarehea [sic]. But as we were in a wild, mountainous country, and the enemy pressing in our rear all the time, we could not leave him. He was a quiet say-nothing man, and submitted to his suffering

without complaint. We had left his brother mortally wounded on the field of Perryville. We buried him on the sunny slope of the Cumberland Mountains. The two brothers had been transferred to our Battery on our way into Ky. and were entire strangers to us. No one knew the address of their relatives or friends and they are perhaps unacquainted with their fate. They were chaos of the storm that swept over our land and left so many wrecks; and now they sleep in the neapolis of the "unknown dead". "Requiescant [sic] in face". At our camp this evening one of my old Shun School mates came to me and asked me to get him some corn, as he was nearly "gone up" from "emptiness of the haversack". This was no easy task, as we had stationed a guard over our horse rations to keep the men from stealing it. I struck on a soft place in the heart of the guard and obtained two ears of corn for my hungry friend. The claims of the inner men were so strong that he went to work on the corn "horse fashion"-i.e. without cooking. The same evening I saw a number of infantry picking up, grain by grain, the corn left on the ground by our horses. They were a hungry set; and we were in a like condition, only we could muster more parched corn than they. 22nd On the march again at daylight. Pass through Tazwell. Traveled 19 miles and camp half a mile from Clinch River on the South side. 23rd Reveille at 4 A.M. March at light. Two biscuit for day's rations. Pass through Manardsville [sic] three miles and camp. 24th Leave camp at sunrise. March 17 miles and camp 5 miles from Knoxville Tenn. One 1/4 rations. 25th Remain in camp again began [sic] to draw full rations. 26th In camp. Snows and sleets. 27th A three inch snow on the ground and we have no winter clothing, to protect us against the cold. And tent flies, at the rate of one to 8 or 10 men, are our only protection from the weather; and the same supply of blankets that we had in the summer campaign. We spend most of our time in bed with our clothes on as the only means of keeping warm. We suffered as much from cold as from short rations. But to-day we get some new tents, without flies, which make our condition more comfortable, while in bed at least. I pay \$30.00 for a Yankee overcoat. I had my jacket only up to this time. 28th Started a letter home by Co. Howard. 29th Capt. Stanford and detail leave from Grenada to get clothing for the company. Orders to cook 2 days rations. Lt. McSwine in command. 30th Leave camp about 4 A.M. March 26 miles and camp. The emisary [sic] wagons do not come up with the Battery. Were now on our way to Murfreesboro, Tenn. The infantry going by railroad.

November 1862

1st-Reveille at 4 A.M. Leave camp after daylight. No rations to-day. Camp 4 miles North of Kingston. 2nd Ready for the march at light. Pass through Post Oak March 16 miles. 3rd Up before daylight. March about 18 miles and camp near Big Spring. 4th Leave camp at 3 P.M. and move to the top of Waldens' Ridge. Camp one mile from the top. 5th Reveille 1-1/2 hours before day light camp within 6 miles of Pikesville. 6th On the march at the usual hour. Camp near Dunlap. March 18 miles. 7th No rest today. March to Jasper-22 miles from last nights camp. 8th Pass through "the cave". No rations of beef or pork for the last two days. Camp on the mountain. March 23 miles. 9th Sunday. Pass through Cowan on the N. and C. R. R. Camp one mile from Winchester. 10th March to Tullahoma and camp half a mile North of the town on the N. and C. R. R. Go into camp in regular order. Expect to remain sometime at this place.

We here fell in with the infantry, which had come by Rail R. 12th Get a leave of absence for five days and go to see Sec. Frost who is at Mr. Wm. Little's near Shelbyville. Spend my five days without the Sec. have quite a pleasant time while out there and return to the Battery on the 17th. 19th Usual routine of camp, and ordinary scarcity of rations. Heavy rains in last few days. 21st Write home and send letter by Mr. Kilwell. 22nd Leave Tullahoma with three days rations. March 12 miles to Manchester and camp half mile West of the town. 23rd March 13 miles Camp near Beach Grove. 24th March to Murfreesboro-18 miles and camp West of town one or half mile. 27th Heavy cannonading towards Nashville. Supposed to be at Laverque [sic]. 28th Write home and send the letter by G. S. Lamkin, to be mailed on the way to Grenada. 29th Corn meal is now issued to us in place of flour. About 1/8 ration of bacon and 1 lb. beef to each man. 30th Sunday Have preaching in Camp. B. W. L. Butt delivering a sermon to the company. (he was a member of the Battery) and sometime wrote for the papers over the signature of "Leigh") We have ten men in our mess-all in one tent.

December 1862

1st Battery ordered to report to Gen'l. [sic] Jno. [sic] H. Morgan on the Lebanon Pike. Marched 4 miles out when the order was countermanded and we returned to camp near Murfreesboro. 2nd-Occasional heavy guns heard in front. 3rd Drill every day at the guns and on the field. 4th Clear and cold. Thursday. 5th Third gun ordered out on picket on the Nashville Pike. Snow fell to-day three inches deep. 6th-Saturday. No preaching. 7th Third gun returns to camp without having a fight. The cavalry had a fight in which they took 70 horses and mules, 13 wagons and 57 prisoners. 11th Affairs going on in the usual way. Buy apples at 60 cents per dozen, very small at that. 12th Get letters from home by W. C. Brooks dated Nov. 4th, Oct. 25th and Nov. 7th. Also receive supply of clothing. Clear and pleasant. 13th President Davis reviews the troops. 14th Go out on the pike to the picket post to see Henry Head. 15th Prepare for review. Have the horses harnessed and hitched up all day. Rain from 10 A. M. until night. Unharness in the rain. No review takes place. 16th. Again prepare for review, which takes place at 10 A. M. and requires only 10 minutes to complete it, after having kept us two days with horses harnessed and all the men at their posts. The men were disgusted [sic] with such official indifference to their comfort. 19th The 30th Miss. Reg. arrived here yesterday. Pay it a visit to see Dr. Frost. Not present. 20th Sunday - Preaching in camp. 23rd Receive letter from Dr. Frost and answer it. He is now at Shelbyville-Mr. Wm. Little's- 25th Cannonading in the Northwest. Write to Mrs. N. E. Pearson. 26th Cannonading towards Laverque [sic]. Warm and raining. 27th Ordered up last night at 12 o'clock to draw and cook 3 days' rations. Had to send a wagon and detail to town to get the rations, in the dark and rain; and after they returned, while it was still raining we had to start our fires and do such cooking as we could before daylight. This was one of those disagreeable nights not soon to be forgotten. The order was entirely unexpected. Many a wet and shivering rebel assigned Gen'l. [sic] Bragg that night, to quarters where he would not be troubled by cold and rain. 28th Get orders to keep three days rations cooked and in our haversacks. At 10 A. M. ordered to harness and hook up ready to take position in line of battle. Unharness at 4 P. M. without leaving camp. All quiet in front-enemy eight miles off. At 10 P. M. took tents

down and packed baggage in wagons and sent them to the rear. We were clearing the decks for the approaching fight. 29th Cannonading heard in front at 9.1/4 A. M. Continued occasionally during the day. The guns of our Battery in position on the Wilkerson Pike and remain there all night. Caissens [sic] remained at same old camp during the day and night. 30th Cannonading opened at 9 A. M. Heavy infantry skirmishing all day. Artillery fighting most of the day heaviest about 4 P. M. Caissens [sic] moved half a mile down the river at 11 A. M. Two of our guns engaged two of the enemy's batteries about 4 P. M. This little fight of two of our guns is described by those in it as the most terrible fire they were ever under. It lasted only a few moments. Our two guns were under the concentrated fire of two Yankee Batteries at short range, and were thus forced to give up the point at once. Lieut. Hardin was in command and is said to have acted very bravely and coolly-seeming interested only for those under his command. He was the last to leave the position and paid the forfeit with his life. As he was riding on after his guns a cannon ball passed entirely through his body, killing him instantly. Some of the boys saw him fall and turned back to help him, but got to him in time to see him open his eyes and close them forever, without a struggle or a gasp. They brought his body off and, I think, that night consigned it to a soldier's grave. He was a kind hearted man and a good officer. One of the boys, M. Hartfield, was badly wounded in the shoulder. At 4 1/2 P. M. the caissens [sic] returned to an old camping ground. From this time on I was in command of the caissens [sic], receiving orders from Capt. S. The guns remained in position all night on the field. There was some infantry skirmishing after dark. This was a restless feverish night. The two armies were now facing each other in full face. We all felt that what had taken place was only premonitory [sic] gusts-the storm must come on the morrow. 31st Before day light we were up and ready to move at a mid. A little after day light, cannonading began on the left of the center; at sunrise, the heavy volleys [sic] of musketry told that the work of destruction had begun. The battle opened on the left of our lines and was taken up by the commands to the right. The heavy fighting, all day, was on the left, and center. Shortly after the opening of the battle I was ordered up to the Wilkerson Pike at the river crossing. Our guns were engaged with the enemy on the opposite side of the river during the morning; but as our forces were the attacking party, did not suffer much. To be held in reserve, just in rear of a battle, and visited by stray shells and shot, is one of the most trying and demoralizing positions a soldier can be placed in. We remained at this position expecting every minute to be ordered into the midst of the battle to supply the guns with ammunition. The rising ground on the opposite side of the river hid the combatants from sight, but the roar of the guns and uninterrupted rattle of small arms was terrific. Heavy clouds of white smoke rose from the fields and dense cedar brakes. In the midst of this cloud we could see many quick flashes and white caps of smoke from the busting shells. Now and then would come the cheering of our men as they charged again and again on the double lines of the enemy hidden in the thick cedar groves. With what terrible anxiety did we stand by our horses and gaze on that sublime scene. A stream of wounded was soon passing us on their way to the rear. Every form of mangled humanity was passing along the pike. Ambulances, wagons, and litters, pressed towards the rear. The blood streaming from some and mangled limbs hanging from others. Some hobbled along leaning on the shoulders of a friend; others staggered on alone stopping now and then rest by the road side. But these scarcely

drew our eyes away from the smoke of the battle, so deeply were we concerned at the issue pending there.

December 1862

A wounded friend would now and then call to us as he was carried to the rear, and tell us of his wounds. We answered his words of hopes or despair with brief words of sympathy, then anxiously ask him "how is the fight going?". Early in the morning the battle receded from us rapidly. But now for hours it surged and roared seeming neither to advance or retire. Still came the news that our men were driving the enemy, and the victory was surely ours. A column of prisoners, a thousand strong, marched by us under a white flag and confirmed the good news. About 1 P. M. a messenger came to us from the Captain calling for ammunition. Passing through the column of wounded we turned up the river and crossed at the ford above the Nashville Pike bridge, then bearing to the left we again crossed the Nashville Pike and then on to the guns which were in position some half mile South of the walls of a brick house standing a little to the left of the pike. We immediately filled the limbers of the guns or replaced the ammunition which had been used. The walls of the burnt brick house was then occupied by the enemy, though there was but little firing going on in our front. Stewart's Brigade (the one to which our Battery was than attached) was advancing in line, and passing our Battery when the Yankee batteries opened on us and them. The second shot nearly covered one of our guns with dust. At this moment Capt. S. got orders to advance his guns and open on the enemy at close range. Capt. S. ordered me to retire with the caissens [sic]. After the caissens [sic] started to the rear I waited a short time at the guns to see what was going on. But as the cannon balls still continued to throw up columns of dirt about us, my curiosity, was satisfied and I followed the caissens [sic], which returned to the Wilkerson Pike and took position on the river bank. Until later in the evening the enemy had been slowly forced back all day. It seems the battle was changed nearby, our men not pressing them by any decided stand made by the enemy. It seems Gen'l [sic] Bragg lost or exhausted his energies at this point and gave the enemy a change to rally and reform. But I do not purpose discussing Generals and their actions in this book. I leave that for those who saw things on a larger scale than I did. When I left the Battery with the caissens [sic], it was in the act of advancing. It went but a short distance when it again unlimbered and opened on the Yankee positions. But the opposing Batteries opened such a savage fire on it, and the supporting infantry not coming up, the Battery was forced to withdraw, not, however, without orders to do so. Though the position was held but a short time, the fire of the Yankee artillery was so severe that two of our men were killed (W. C. Broocks and R. N. Elliott) and one badly wounded (B. G. Duncan, Sgt). It seems the enemy had concentrated his artillery for a last and decided stand to check our victorious troops. It was this nest of artillery that opened on our Battery. The firing was very rapid indeed. As I was not under it I could more correctly estimate it than those subject to its fury. Our men, who were killed had to be left where they fell for the time, but their bodies were soon after recovered. It was at this point that our men were checked and from which they finally fell back. One more charge and the Yankee army would have been completely beaten; and though numbers would have fallen in such a charge, still a

greater number would have been saved from the fights of the next days. At night I returned with the caissens [sic] to our old camping place and spent the night there, leaving the guns at the Wilkerson Pike ford. The report of the days fight as we heard it that night on the field was captured prisoners amount to 1000 or 8000 captured, 48 pieces of artillery but had 3 of them retaken by the enemy. After dark the bodies of Brooks and Elliott were brought to the caissens [sic]. Both of them were killed by cannon shots. Elliott having the lower part of his face town away causing instant death. Brooks shot through the body as he was in the act of ramming a shot down the gun. He fell dead almost instantly. This was a gloomy night, after the days [sic] excitement, with our dead comrades lying our midst, and the probability of a battle for the ensuing day. The bivouac fires of the two armies in view of each other. Though the caissens [sic] were in reserve all day, except one visit to the guns-still the positions they occupied were by no means safe for stray shells and shot found their way to us very often and the continued expectation of an order to dash in the very midst of the battle is by no means a pleasant feeling, as any soldier who has been so situated will testify. The front line is the more pleasant position, though less desirable.

January 1863

1st. Cannonading a little after sunrise- lasted about 15 minutes. Caissens [sic] again take position on Wilkerson Pike. At 2 P. M. moved to the right of the Nashville Pike, near Gen'l. [sic] Cheatham's Hd. Qs. on the South side of the river. Artillery continued to fire slowly during the evening. Caissens [sic] remained for the enemy and night near the headquarters of Gen'l [sic] Cheatham. Both armies rested today, shifting their positions but little. 2nd. Big guns opened at sunrise. Caissens moved to the railroad crossing, Nashville, Pike, at 10 A. M. where we remained until 4 P. M. when I was ordered to bring the limbers of the caissens [sic] to the Battery to supply it with ammunition. The Battery was at the time under a very heavy fire of artillery, several Yankee Batteries having concentrated their fire on it. We approached outside of and parallel with the direction of the enemy's shots, until we came on a line with our guns and then turned square into them and entered the stream of shot. The cannon balls and shells were as thick as I ever heard minnie [sic] balls. We went in at a trot and each team took position behind its respective gun, the riders dismounting and getting as close to the ground as convenient. In a few moments the ammunition was transferred [sic] to the gun limbers, and I was ordered to retire again. The order was obeyed with a good will. During the few moments we were under this fire, two of my squad and three or four of our horses were wounded. One of the men was lifted completely from his horse by the explosion of a shell, and landed several feet off on the ground, still he was not seriously hurt. The shells seemed to explode amongst us every second, and there was not an instant that a shot did not hiss by. Before I dismounted, my little bay horse had his hind leg nearly torn off by a piece of shell that seemed to burst in six feet of my face. At the order to retire I remounted him and his last act of service was to carry me out of danger. A hundred yards or so from the guns I dismounted and led on after the limbers. Arrived at our former position, I took my bridle and saddle off my wounded horse and put them on a spare horse. As the faithful animal stood there bleeding and

shivering with pain, and I powerless to help him in return for the great service he rendered me at Shiloh, I could not prevent the unmanly moisture in my eyes, and when we drove off and left him, I could not have felt it more keenly had I been leaving a wounded human friend. I never saw him again. I suppose he died near the place I left him. We spent the night near Gen'l. [sic] Cheatham's headquarters and slept in a corn crib. The guns stay all night on the line of battle. In the fight of to-day Gen'l. [sic] Breckenridge's command was badly cut up in an attack on the Yankee lines. The cause of our Battery being subject to such a scathing fire was on account of having to fire the signal for the advance of Breckenridge's men and to attract the attention of the enemy. Capt. Stanford's orders was to open fire at a specified hour (2 o'clock I think) on the enemy's guns and continue the fire until further orders. It was a bad evening's work for our cause. our loss was heavy and nothing done. I went out to the guns again after dark. Works were being thrown up. We could see the Yankee camp fires. 3rd. Up before daylight. Guns moved to the extreme left of the line. At 10 A. M. the caissons [sic] are ordered to the Wilkerson Pike. In the evening I rode out to the guns in front, and see some of the effects of the first days' fight. Find the guns at an old gin house. Some talk of the enemy making an attack at this point-which they might easily do as there was little or no support of small arms to the guns. There had been hard fighting all through the fields and cedar brakes [sic] on both sides of the pike. The timber was cut enough apparently to destroy it, both by artillery and small arms. The dead were lieing [sic] thick in the brakes [sic] and fence corners. I noticed one row of dead men, some 40 or 50 yards long, lieing [sic] close side by side, seemingly collected for burial. There must have been a hundred of them, all Yankees. This collection had cleared but a small space-there were numbers of others in less than a hundred yards of this row. The enemy had tried hard to hold this place-on the Wilkerson Pike. There were but few Confederates, and they lay on their faces, still grasping their guns-showing they fell in a charge. The Battery did not fire any to-day. The caissons [sic] remained at the ford until 5 P. M. when they were rejoined by the guns on their way to the wagon camp, some two miles South of Murfreesboro on the Shelbyville Pike. Here we fed our horses and drew rations. The troops were marching a good portion of the night and we all knew that we were evacuating the place and to passive enemy at that. 4th. At 4 A. M. we harnessed up and moved out on the Shelbyville Pike. It rained the greater part of yesterday and last night. We slept in the rain and mud. I spread my blanket over my head and squatted down leaning against a tree and slept, resting my head against my knees. The mud was everywhere shoe mouth deep. For the artillery the march to Shelbyville was not a hard one, as we had a good pike and the men could ride as much as they wished; but the 25 miles for the "web foot" was very trying. We camped for the night one mile from Shelbyville, on the Tallahoma [sic] road. By invitation of Dr. Frost I went to Mr. Littles' and spent the night. The hospitality was fully appreciated and enjoyed after the last few days' hardships and excitement. 5th. After breakfast, Dr. Frost, I and one or two others, started for camp, with the expectation of continuing our march towards Tallahoma [sic]. Gen'l. [sic] Bragg certainly did not intend making a stand here had the enemy pressed him, but no doubt would have fallen back on Tullahoma, or perhaps Chattanooga. We remained in camp resting and recounting to each other our escapes and adventures in the late battle. This is a soldier's chief luxury, this fighting, his battles over again. 6th. Rain last night. Cold and clear to-day.

8th. Moved camp half a mile to a better place. Went with Lieut [sic] Henry Head to Mr. Little's. 9th. Yanks reported in force at Murfreesboro. 11th. Sunday Went to the country and got dinner. 15th. Cold-rain and snow. 18th-Sunday Went to the 30th Miss. Regt. The remainder of the month was spent in this camp about a mile from Shelbyville. The camp routine of roll call, guarding and attending to our horses, and other little duties occupying our time. The company was tolerably well supplied with tents and a reasonable amount of rations of fresh beef and fresh pork and corn meal.

February 1863

2nd Left Camp at 10 A. M. with orders to report on the Murfreesboro Pike further than this we had no idea of what was up. Took tents and blankets and left baggage and the sick in camp. Moved 4 1/2 miles on the pike towards Murfreesboro and camped on the left of the pike near a barn which furnished good quarters for some of the tentless men. Muddy, cold and clear. 3rd. First and second guns moved out 4 miles further on the M. pike. A few cannon shots heard in front. 4th. Two regiments sent out on picket. Yankees reported advancing. The two regmts. [sic] return in the evening. All quiet again. 5th. sleet and rain last night. Very cold. 6th. All quiet in front. 7th. Second section went out and relieved the first, which returned to camp. 8th. Sunday. Mess "on a bust" That is all hands got drunk-excepting myself. 9th. All quiet in front. Nothing unusual happens during the remainder of the month. The 1st section remains on the place of Mr. Heart, 4 1/2 miles from S. The second section 4 miles further towards Murfreesboro. As orderly Sergeant [sic] I stay with the Capt. with the first section. Lieut [sic] McCall has command of the 2nd. Lieut [sic] McSwine detailed to go to Atlanta for advance.

March 1863

22nd. Still on outpost duty on the pike between Shelbyville and Murfreesboro. The cavalry is in our front to watch the enemy. Little or no skirmishing in front. Second section still in front of the 1st. 27th. Henry Head, Dr. Frost, Lieut. Burns and I go to Mr. Little's and spent the evening. Get letters from home with tolerable regularity. I write every two weeks and sometimes oftener. Spend all my time in camp.

April 1863

2nd. Move camp to the 7 mile post from Shelbyville on the East side of the pike, near the residence of Mr. Whitworth. The 2nd section still remains in front of us. 3rd. Very cold wind. Begin to drill on the field with the Battery and manual of the pieces. 22nd. Today was elected Jr. 2nd Lieut. by a vote of 78 for me and 32 for Jackson Martin. This election was to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lieut. A. H. Hardin, who was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro. 28th. Was ordered before the board of examination to be passed for the position to which I had been elected. Board did not meet.

May 1863

4th. Went before the Board of Examination and underwent an examination for the position of Lieut. 12th. Ordered on duty as Jr. 2nd Lieut. by Lieut. Col. Polk chief of artillery for Polk's Corps. There was some 12 or 18 Batteries engaged in the contest. Only one Battery drilled at a time, in the presence of the judges. The prize was awarded [sic] to Stanford's Battery. The flag however was never received. The Confederacy at that time could not furnish material for a fine flag, and it was ordered from the United States, where all such things were to be had at short notice-for the cash. Of course, after it was paid for, after true Yankee fashion, the author ties [sic] were apprized [sic] of the matter and the flag was captured before it reached our lines, and no doubt, was sent to Washington City to grace the triumph of some of their many heroes. So the Yanks got our flag, but they didn't get it within range of our guns. they gallantly rested it from a "free nigger" who was bringing it through the lines for us. 29th. I went to the front and took command of the 2nd section, and relieved Lieut. McCall. His and Mr. Coe's wives [sic] had come from Grenada, Miss. to pay them a visit, and there being no accommodation in camp for ladies, they had to find private lodgings. I took McCall's place that he might be with his wife. Everything quiet in front. Heavy rains about this time.

June 1863

2nd. Ordered to cook two days' rations and be ready to move to-morrow. Raining. 3rd. Harnessed at 8 A. M. and joined the other section moving to the front, in command of Capt. Stanford. Went to the 12 mile post from Shelbyville and camped for the night. 4th. Ordered to be ready to move at 5 A. M. Went beyond the 15 mile post from S. and halted. Skirmishing began between 10 and 11 A. M. slowly the first section was ordered to the front. I stay with the second. Later in the evening things began to warm up a little. The enemy being reinforced began to advance on us. At 5 P. M. the 2nd section was ordered up to report to Capt. Stanford. Went beyond the 9 mile post from Murfreesboro, and joined the 1st sec. We were then ordered by Gen'l. [sic] Cheatham to retire with the brigade then falling back on either side of the pike. From this point there was a long straight stretch of the pike for some 3 miles and we could see the enemy as he came on down the pike. A Yankee Battery was on the pike firing down the road at us as we fell back and then advancing as we yielded the road. The enemy was advancing rapidly as we could see by the clouds of dust rising, and there was every appearance of a sharp little fight being at hand. We retired some half mile and formed on a rising ground, The Yanks did not see fit to come to close quarters, and night closed in without the fight coming off. 5th Heavy rain last night. Ordered to move at daylight Return to our camp-get there at 8 A. M. 6th. Rain last night and this morning. Gen'l [sic] Stewart received his commission as Maj. Gen'l. [sic] on the 4th. 10th. At 2 P. M. we had some excitement in camp-the Yanks reported as being on the Middleton Road in our rear. Ordered to harness and get ready to move instanter [sic]-an immediate attack expected. Night came without any further signs of the Yanks. 11th. Visit Mr. Little with Henry Head. Return at 3 A. M. as we returned we had some trouble to get by the guard as they had orders to let no one pass after dark without the countersign. We

had only written passes. After working a while on the sympathy of the guard by telling him where we had been and the resistless inducements to linger beyond our time, he told us to ride on by and he wouldn't see us if we were a little way off the road. 12th. Our Brigade, Strahls' called out at 1 P. M. to witness the execution of Prewitt by sentence of court martial. Every preparation made to shoot him. The grave dug and the men drawn up to fire on him-his reprieve came in time to save him. He was not shot. 20th. Write to Mrs. Frost. 22nd. Write to Mrs. S. Ross. 25th. Orders at 5 A. M. to harness and be ready to move to the front. Enemy reported advancing. Cannonading all day on the right and left of the pike. At 2 P. M. I got orders to unharness. At 6 P. M. I was again ordered to harness and move the section to the front immediately. Enemy reported advancing and only 2 miles in front at the brick house. White's Battery went, our orders countermanded and the section did not go. I rode to the front to see what was going on. Saw one of White's guns engaged with the enemy. At sundown the Yanks fell back a little. It was very plain that they were feeling us to learn our force. 26th. Got orders to keep the horses out of the pasture. Enemy still reported advancing-fighting heard to our right. Yanks pressing and skirmishing on all the roads from Murfreesboro to Shelbyville. 27th. Evacuate Shelbyville. At daylight I got orders to take all the baggage and move the section to the rear-fall in with the 1st section at the 1st camp. We immediately take up the line of march for Tullahoma, passing through Shelbyville. At night we camp in 7 miles of Tullahoma. Cavalry fighting in the rear all day. Yanks in Shelbyville at 4 P. M. Mrs. McCall and Mrs. Coe ride in the officers' small wagon-keeping with the Battery all day and camping with us at night. We give up our tent to them. 28th. Up at 2 1/2 A. M. Leave camp at 5 A. M. In Tullahoma at 4 P. M. Camp one mile South of town. Mrs. McCall and Mrs. Coe still with us. We had to march over extremely bad roads to-day. Staliding. 29th. Wrote home by Mrs. McCall. Ordered at 8 A. M. to move to the front immediately. Enemy reported advancing. Everything in commotion. A fight apparently at hand. The Battery was at once placed on the line of defences [sic]. The army remained in line of battle all day. Very hard rain fell during the evening. The caissens [sic] stationed near Fort Reins. In charge of them. No firing. 30th. Army in position all day with but little change or movements. Caissens [sic] remained in same place until night when we were ordered to the depot with the guns. Remain here until 2.30 A. M. when the Battery took the line of march with the troops for Allizence. [sic] Leave all our tents at Tullahoma.

July 1863

1st. Continued to march until 11 A. M. when we reached Allizenia. [sic] Guns in position. Caissens [sic] in camp. Destroy bridge over Elk River. Yanks close by follow us. 2nd. Orders to march at sunrise. We camp, three guns and limbers behind our battery to Cowan. Since we left Shelbyville we have marched with our Brigade (Shahls) Camp for the night at Cowan. 3rd. Began to move at daylight. Yanks press our rear guard closely. Camp on Cumberland Mountains. 4th. On the move at daylight. Pass Sweenen's Cave. Rough roads. Camp 5 miles from Shell Mound. 6th. Send guns and ammunition chests on to Chattanooga by railroad. Roads very bad. Country rough and uninhabited. Camp 7 miles from Chattanooga. 7th. On the move after sunrise. In Chattanooga at 10 A. M. Remounted guns and chests and moved short distance from

town and halted. Heavy rain in A. M. and P. M. Camped 2 miles from Chattanooga. On the 5th we camped at Shellmound. Visit Nickerjack Cave to see the saltpeter works and go in the cave. Magnificent spring. 8th. Move to Brig d Camp 5 miles from C. South of town. 9th. Letter from cousin B. and one from Uncle W. R. with order for, from \$300.00 to \$500.00 from Mr. Ledbetter. 10th. Went to hunt Capt. Ledbetter, found him. 11th. Moved camp to within 2 miles of Chattanooga. Division artillery parked together. Letter from Mr. M. L. F. 12th. Went to see Cap. Ledbetter again. Not able to find Dr. Hall. Said to be in Stewart's Division. 13th. All quiet in camp. Weather showery. 16th. Wrote letters to Mrs. F. R. and Mrs. N. E. Pearson. 18th. Got leave of absence to go to Tyners' Station to see Dr. Hall, Sgn. of Bates Brig d. He did not have the money on hand. Stay all night with J. M. Wright 5 miles from Tyner's and 12 from Chattanooga. 19th. Dr. Hall gives me an order for \$500.00 on Steen of Chattanooga. 20th. Go to see Mr. Steen and find I had left the order at Tyner's. Write to Dr. Hall to send it by mail. 21st. To-day one year ago I left home for the Army of Tenn. in company with Sam Lamb. 23rd. Considerable complaint among the men of short rations. 1/4 lb. bacon pr. day. Scarcely anything to be bought in the country. Potatoes cost \$5.00 pr. bushel. Onions \$1.00 pr. dozen. Beets 50 cts. each. Butter and milk not to be had. 24th. Rec'd the order for \$500 from Dr. Hall by mail. 25th. Rec'd the money on the order. Walthall's Brig d left on the railroad for Atlanta. 27th. Visited Sam Lamb's grave which is about 3 miles south of Chattanooga, on the east side of a field, under a small sycamore tree. He was buried last Thursday, July 23rd, After being confined to his bed three days. I saw him a few days before, but not after he was taken sick. He belonged to the 5th Tenn. Regt. as Hospital Stewart. [sic] Lieut. McCall goes with the horses to graze, 10 miles from Chat. 30th. Rec'd. letter from Dr. Frost at Atlanta, Ga. Wrote to Mrs. S. R. and Shrimp yesterday. Send \$125.00 to Lieut. McCall to pay for money I got from him at Shelbyville. 31st. Wrote letter to Dr. Frost, Atlanta, Ga.

August 1863

1st. Things look gloomy through the Confederate States. The tide of our affairs begin to show the ebb too plainly to be denied. 2nd. Sunday. Have not been to church lately. 5th. Moved the guns on the Knoxville rail road 4 miles from Chattanooga. I go to Capt. Nichols to take charge of the Battery horses, and relieve Lieut. McCall. 6th. The Battery fires 12 shots at a target to try the guns, and practice the men at aiming. I was detailed to stand near the target and report the striking effect etc. of the shots. Three men sent with me to take my reports back to the Capt. at the guns. The shots flew rather wild and there was some danger of getting in the way. One of the men lay down behind a large tree near the target in order to know better where the shot struck, and knowing the shot could not go through so much solid wood as protected him. The guns were a little over half a mile (1400 yards) from the target. He heard the gun fire, and not seeing or hearing the shot strike, he stepped out to look for the dust he knew would mark where it fell. Just as he cleared the tree, the shot tore up the ground not a yard from him and covered him with a shower of dirt, leaves and trash. He escaped unhurt. This trial proved that our guns were unfit for service, and were condemned and turned over to the ordnance department and 4 three inch rifles were given us in their stead. In the battles of Perryville and Murfreesboro we had worn them out. There not being a

sign of a groove left in them. 7th. We all using [sic] green corn to piece out short rations. 9th. Got dinner at the mills 3 miles from Capt. Nichols'. Mail line open to Jackson, Miss. 12th. Ordered to camp with the horses-return to Capt. Nichols' in the evening. 13th. I went out to hunt better pasture for the horses. Guns moved 4 miles from Chattanooga. 14th. Went to see pasture at Alexanders'. 16th. Sunday, All quiet. Sent a letter home on the 14th by mail to Mr. S. R. answer to hers of the 31st. 18th. Fall back on camp face again. Rations too bad at Capt. N's table. Cooking not clean-table filthy. 19th. Ordered to return to camp with the horses tomorrow. 20th. Start to camp with the horses at daylight. Had review of Corp's and Reserve Artillery at 4 P. M. 21. Rejoin Capt. Stanford's mess. At 10 A. M. the Yanks opened, with a Battery across the Tenn [sic] River, on a Battery of ours on this side. Fire slowly all day. A good many shells fall in Chattanooga. But little harm done. Orders to cook 3 days rations. Troops in motion. 22nd. All quiet until nearly sunset, then a few shots fired. 23rd. Sunday. All quiet-no firing-Clear and warm. 25th. Write home by Capt. Ledbetter. No firing. 26th. Clear and cool. Fall like. Quiet. 27th. Yanks open again on Chattanooga at 10 A. M. Firing slowly until 2 P. M. Our batteries return a few shots. 28th. All quiet. Go up on Mt. Lookout. Went serenading last night. Gen'l. [sic] Cheathams' [sic] headquarters and Mr. Whitesides. Capt. S. leaves for Augusta, Ga. 29th. Yanks throw a few shells into Chattanooga. 30th. Sunday All quiet no firing. Cool and clear. 31st. Same movement of our troops. No firing.

September 1863

1st. Ordered to cook three days' rations and be ready for immediate movement. 2nd. Wednesday. All quiet-no firing. 5th. Yanks shelling the town slowly. 6th. Turn our worn out brass rifles over to the ordnance department and get 3 inch iron rifles in their place-same caliber as the brass ones. Ordered to cook three days' rations and be ready to move at a moments [sic] notice. Ordered to report to Gen'l. [sic] Strahl for orders. At night we return to camp. 7th. Yanks again shell Chattanooga. Enemy reported advancing on Rome in heavy force, and crossing the river above Chattanooga. Reported yesterday that we are making preparations to evacuate Chattanooga. Leave camp. Ordered to McFarland's Spring at the foot of Missionary Ridge some six miles from Chattanooga. Horses in harness all night. Troops moving

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Yanks following us promptly. As soon as they appeared in easy range we again opened on them-they replied with their battery. After firing some 40 rounds we were ordered to retire again-the infantry keeping in line with us. The enemy did not follow up this move as it was desired they should. The skirmishers continued to crack away at each other, but we had quiet for the remainder of the day-the enemy not attempting to advance any further. The fight began today about 2 1/2 miles from Rock Spring Church. The Battery fired 79 rounds in the fight today. One man (J. R. Heath) slightly wounded in the foot by a shell. We could very plainly hear the Yankee bands playing in the front this evening. Later in the evening (13th) we retire within our line of battle and camp for the night. It seems the object of our "feeling the enemy" today, was to bring

them to a general engagement, which they declined. 14th. At 11 A. M. the Battery was ordered to move with the brigade back to Lafayette. Get there at 3 P. M. and camp in Lafayette again. The Army appears in fine spirits and prepared to meet the Yanks. No skirmishing to-day. 15th. Remain in camp. All quiet. Heavy reinforcements, [sic] reported, coming to our Army. 16th. At 2 P. M. ordered to move with the brigade. Go 2 miles Northeast of Lafayette. Capt. Stanford and Sgt. Martin return to the Battery. 2 days rations on hand. 17th. Ordered to move out at 5 P. M.-going North. Bivouac at 12 o'clock at night 1 1/2 miles from Rock Spring Church. A fight is expected soon. Saw Dr. Frost yesterday. 18th. At 6 A. M. We moved towards the church. Drew up in line of battle at 8 A. M. Strahl's brigade supports Wright's. Cool and cloudy. At 8.30 A. M. our line of battle moves to the right and front. First artillery heard at 11.30 A. M. continued to fire until dark. Small arms fired rapidly from sunset until dark. We bivouac on the road-side for the night. 19th. Fed our horses at 3 1/2 A. M. Received letter from Mrs. S. Ross at 7 A. M. dated Augu. [sic] 29th. Artillery opened at 8 A. M. We move to Chickamauga Creek and cross and form in line of battle on the bank. At 11 1/2 we move rapidly [sic] to the right, going at a trot. Reform in the rear of heavy fighting. At 1 1/2 the Battery advances with the infantry to relieve the troops which had been fighting in front of us. We had to advance in the face of a very severe fire. Our troops were thrown into some confusion by not being allowed to return the fire of the enemy that was sweeping them down by

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just before dark, when to the right and front there was some very heavy infantry and artillery fighting. It seems about this time both parties made an effort to advance thi[missing text] lines. The Yanks had to give ground. In the twilight gloom and smoke, at some points, the two lines were entangled with each other, and friends could hardly be distinguished from foes. The volleys that followed such meetings were fatal to both parties. Gen'l. [sic] Smith was killed in one of these collisions [sic]. It is said he asked the man who killed him some question, thinking he was a Confederate soldier. The somber woods were lit up by the flashing guns and the night seemed to quake and tremble in the frayed peals. It was the most awe inspiring-of battle I ever heard. Such fighting could not last long, and soon a death like stillness settled over the field, and men instinctively spoke in whispers to each other. We bivouaced [sic] on the field. We well knew the fight was not ended. The shadow of coming events made the night more gloomy. We were too intent, catching at any rumors that indicated the programme [sic] of tomorrow, to discuss the events of the day just passed. This morning while passing along the line of battle from the left to the right, we passed by the Virginia troops, which had come to reinforce us for the coming fight. Our first impression on seeing them was that they were Yankees. This impression was caused partly by the color of their uniform, but more by its uniformity, and the superior style of their equipments, [sic] in haversacks, canteens, and knapsacks. The contrast between them and Gen'l [sic] Bragg's motly [sic], ragged troops was striking in the extreme. If this command was a specimen of Lee's troops, they were certainly superior to the troops of the Army of Tennessee, in dress. When we were getting into position between 12 and 2 o'clock the column of wounded coming from the front was almost unbroken-there was one

continual stream flowing to the hospitals. All means of locomotion known to wounded soldiers were called in to requisition-ambulances and litters-the wounded infantryman crutching it along on his gun, and the mangled artillery man clinging to his bleeding and staggering battery horse, passed painfully laboring to the "red flags". It was about this time I met Henry Head, then a Lieutenant in the 9th Tenn. Regt., his hat gone and his face and breast covered with blood. He had just been wounded in the head by a minnie [sic] ball. He was some distance in rear of the lines, but was still under fire when I met him; he had concluded to return to his company, as he did not think his wound serious enough to keep him from doing duty on the field. I think his head was still slightly muddled from the shock of the wound and he did not have a clear idea of what he was about. It was with some difficulty I could get him to go on to the hospital. He told me he saw Dr. Frost coming out of the fight as he went in; he said the Doctor was very seriously wounded-he feared dangerously, but seemed in good spirits and very much excited about the way "we were driving the Yankees". I did not have much time to sympathize, for in a few minutes after this I was in the very close place of which I have already spoken. So much for the events of the first day of the Battle of Chickamauga- 20th-Sunday. Fed our horses at 3 1/2 A. M. Hitched up and ready to move at daylight. At 8 A. M. we moved up to our line of battle. We had camped a short distance in rear of the infantry of our brigade, which held the front line until after daylight when another command came up and passed in line of battle to the front. The morning was so obscured by fog and the smoke of yesterday's fighting that a man could be distinguished but a few yards distant, and in moving troops there was certainly great danger of having them thrown into confusion. The colors of a regiment could not be distinguished half the length of the regiment. Everything was thus completely veiled until about 8 A. M. when the curtain rose, though the tragedy did not begin until about 10 o'clock. From this time until 12 1/2 the roll of musketry was unbroken, when there seemed to be a lull for a brief space, though at no time did the firing cease. Up to this time the lines seemed to change but little, and the fighting evidently very stubborn. The position of the Battery remained unchanged until 2 P. M. Our brigade, and I think our whole division, was held in reserve throughout the day, and did but little if any, fighting. From the opening of the fight until 2 P. M. we received no orders and did not move, though we were subject to the long range firing of the enemy. Some of the minnie [sic] balls and numbers of shells and shots reached us, some of the rifle shots passed over us far to the rear; when one of these long range shots went sailing far about our heads, the boys would say "it was hunting the bomb proof department". A number of the infantry, which was lieing [sic] down in line a few yards in front of us, was wounded by these shells. None of the Battery men were wounded, because most of us sought the friendly protection of trees; we were in the edge of the timber, an open field stretching in front towards the enemy. It was quite interesting to peep from behind our trees and watch the balls skipping across this open space and "kicking up a dust" in their hunt for rebels. We kept in a feverish excitement by the continual expectation of an order to move up to where the work was going on. There was passing enough to and from the front to keep us well informed as to the progress of the battle. Nearly all these reports were favorable "we are driving the Yanks back" and "we are holding our own", and again, "they are trying very hard to hold their ground." However, as the day advanced we could tell that the fighting was getting further off, and drifting to the right. At 2 P. M.

the long expected order came for us to move. As we rose to the command of "attention", sub silentis [sic], we preferred [sic] our prayers to the God of battle for protection in this, our day of utmost need. We expected to be marched into the fury of the battle. The Battery moved with the brigade and division (Cheatham's) For a time we advanced in line of battle towards the fighting, then halted and "dressed" the lines. Now we braced ourselves for the deadly charge, for there in front of our lines, rode that grim old chief, Gen'l [sic] Cheatham, and his staff. What better indication could there be of a fight? Again we advanced through the woods, already cut up by thousands of shots and the numbers of the dead showing that they had found still other marks. Another halt: anxiously we watched the going and coming of couriers, The Gen'l. [sic] and escort ride off to the right. "Attention," Right, face" and we are on the march at a quick step in the direction taken by Gen'l [sic] Cheatham. Going for some distance, perhaps a mile or two, at this rate, our march began to be broken by frequent halts. It appeared that we were keeping along a range of hills overlooking a lower tract of country, thickly timbered, in which the fight was going on. We halted at a point where the road we traveled turned to the left and descended [sic] into the level country. The sun was about two hours high when we halted. The wounded were coming out by this road and a number of them had been left by the wayside at this place. In one group, I observed a boy, not more than twelve or fourteen years old, with an intelligent childish face. He lay on the bare ground, his head resting on his arm, his face deadly pale. His appearance attracted the attention of our men and several of them had gathered around him, among them was our surgeon who was examining his wound. A minnie [sic] ball had passed through his bowels, and we knew he must die. In reply to his question the doctor only told him he was very badly wounded. We could all face the battle's deadliest fury, but could not tell the child-soldier he must die. Scenes of blood and mental anguish were familiar to us, but faces were now turned away to hid the falling tear. Pity could not stay the battle, and we moved on and left the poor boy-"somebody's pale darling"-to die untended in the shadows of the trees of "dark Chickamauga". This boy was attached to some regiment, though not as a regular soldier. He was fighting in the line, I think, when wounded. From our present position we could see heavy clouds of dust rising on the road leading to Chattanooga, and the impression prevailed that the Yanks were retreating. Though we could not tell but that it was caused by reinforcements coming to them. Shells from the Yankee batteries in front soon turned our attention from the dust and its cause. In a few moments our line was ordered to "forward" and we moved in the direction of the firing. As night came on the fighting grew heavier. A desperate effort was being made by our forces to break the enemy's lines before dark. Our Division began to press forward, and, at sunset, there seemed to be a strong probability of our getting into the closing scene of the day; and we certainly would have done so, had the enemy not given up his position. Tonight we bivouac a second time on the battle field. A short time before sunset I had a short talk with Col. Lamb. He spoke very hopefully of the issue of the fight. I had just heard from Misspi. [sic] and gave him some information about his brother. I saw him no more during the fight. 21st- Up at 3 1/2 A. M. Harness and hitch up at 7 1/2 Everything was obscured by a thick fog, or, perhaps, more properly, the smoke from the previous day's fighting until 8 o'clock when it began to lift. The order of battle for today threw our division (Cheathams) in the front line. At 8 A. M. we moved to the front, passing through the command which held

the front lines last night, and taking position next to the enemy. The part of the line assigned our Brigade stretched across an open field, with an open space of wooded hills rising from the further side. As we passed through the lines of infantry which we were relieving, they comforted us with the information that we "would catch hell out there in front". After our lines were established in the open space, and the fog began to clear from the hills in front, there was every indication that the prediction was about to be fulfilled. Our skirmish line was only a hundred yards or so in front of the main line, and the prevailing opinion was that the bushes on the opposite side of field concealed thousands of Yanks. Every moment we expected the batteries to open on us from the hills. We remain here, without even "feeling" the enemy, until nearly 12 o'clock, when the skirmish line was ordered to advance. Thousands of anxious eyes watched this line as it went slowly across the open space, expecting every moment to see the Yankee sharp shooters fire on it from the bushes. I never watched with so much interest the movements of a line of men as I did this line as it drew near the woods. On its reception depended our fate for to-day. We drew a breath of relief as it gained the woods without a shot being fired. Now we strained our ears to catch the reports of the guns that must soon reach us if the enemy was still there. We were not long left in doubt. News soon came that the Yanks were gone-had retreated to Chattanooga. Then the victory was ours, for we still held the field; and with no uncertain grasp, for Gen'l. [sic] Bragg certainly intended an advance on the enemy had he been present to receive it. About 2 P. M. our lines were in motion, moving to the right and in the direction of Chattanooga. Continued our march until 10 P. M. when we halted near Red Mill, on Chickamauga creek, where we bivouaced [sic] for the night. Gather corn from a field for our horses. Rations very short and we go to sleep hungry, Not an unusual thing with horses at 3 1/2 A. M.; ready to move at daylight March at 7 A. M. going Northwest. At 1 P. M. the infantry has a sharp little hush and drive the enemy from the ridge. Our Battery was moved forward to take position and support the infantry. The 2nd gun takes position and fires three shots at the Yanks, who seem to be hurrying into Chattanooga, From our present position on Missionary Ridge we had a fine view of the valey [sic], and could see, from the dust rising in different directions, that the Yanks must be in great commotion and making hurried moves. The range was too long and our shots did not have much effect. Our scouts report the enemy in line of battle around the town. At dark our Battery move down in the valey [sic] and bivouac. Still hungry. 23rd. Up at 3 1/2 A. M. Ordered to be ready to move at 4 A. M. Did not change our position until 4 P. M. when we move to the right and front, and approaching the town from the east. Halt within two miles of it. There was some indication that an attack was meditated by Genl. Bragg. Bivouac with the infantry in line of battle to-night. 24th. Fed horses at 3 1/2 A. M. Signal gun heard at 3 o'clock this morning. Heavy cannonading heard a little after day. All quiet at sunrise. In the evening the enemy began to shell the woods; exploding the shells in unpleasant proximity to us. At one time today, the opinion prevailed that an advance on the enemy was about to be made. At sunset the lines fell back to the foot of the ridge, the enemy shelling as we retired. Some of the infantry were wounded. The shelling was at long range, and the shells came down with considerable curve. I gave one of them a clear dodge. I saw it coming over towards me with unfriendly intentions. I gave my horse a quick check and a touch with the spur, and the shell buried itself in the ground a few feet from me. My timely observation alone saved me.

At 10 o'clock tonight there was heavy skirmishing and cannonading on the left. It continued about half an hour. This fighting at night has a peculiarly wild and unnatural sound, and is much more impressive than in daylight, producing a feeling of vague fear not easily described. Yesterday, I saw Capt. Ledbetter, who has just returned from Misspi. [sic] He brings letters and clothes for me from home. 25th. All quiet this morning. Nothing doing until late in the evening, when there was cannonading some distance to the left. 26th. Some picket firing on the left of our front. Some artillery this evening. For the last four days our position has been about 3 1/2 miles east of Chattanooga, near the foot of Missionary Ridge, and on the right of the infantry line of battle, the cavalry continuing the line on to the river. 27th Sunday Fortify our guns by building pens in front, and filling these pens with loose rocks of which we had plenty-dirt would have been better, but it was not to be had-we have a detail of infantry to help fill the pens. The infantry have also constructed temporary works for themselves. All quiet on the front. Write home. 28th. Some skirmishing last night. All quiet to-day. 29th. Saw Capt. Ledbetter and received letters from home. 30th. I was sick last night. All quiet on the lines. During the Battle of Chickamauga our left arm-J. H. McNeil, wounded in the arm-W. C. Chatham, wounded in the hand. We also lost several horses. The brigade to which we were attached, Strahl's had 1200 men in the fight, and lost in killed and wounded, about 200. Reports from the field place our loss from the entire Army at 17,000 men, killed, wounded, and missing. The victory in this engagement was unquestionably ours. But further than checking and delaying the enemy in this advance, I see no good results. This was done by the superior fighting of our men. There was no surprise and not much apparent strategy in the movements of our troops. The enemy was forced back by front attacks; there was no turning of flanks. I saw several temporary breastworks of the enemy, behind which they had fought, and from which they were driven by charges of our men. The number of Confederated dead in front of these works, the cut-up condition of the timber, and the dead of the enemy still leaning against the rear side of the breastworks, all showed the kind of "strategy" that had sent the Yankees to Chattanooga to reform their broken ranks and wait no doubt with fear and trembling "the coming of the rebs". [sic] And, why did they not come? It is not for me to say what ought to have been done. I only know we waited until the enemy gained strength enough to come out and take from us the fruits of the victory we had gained at Chickamauga. We were defeated after the victory was gained. I cannot see the advantage of such generalship.

October 1863

1st. Rain slowly last night and to-day. 2nd Clear this morning. Our line of battle is now well protected by breastworks, and extends from the river to the foot of Point Lookout to the river above town. Quiet in front. 3rd. Clear and pleasant. We are now in full view of the Yankee camp, and can hear their drums and horns very plainly. Some cheering over that way last night at 4 P. M. our Battery moved half a mile to the right and camped in rear of the infantry breastworks. All quiet on the lines to-day. 4th. Sunday No more from either party. 5th. The Batteries to the right of us opened on Chattanooga at 11 A. M. and continued to shell until 5 P. M. Yankee Batteries replied promptly to the fire of ours. The Yanks moved some of their tents in front of our position. Heavy smoke in

Chattanooga. I went to Chickamauga Station and bought a pair of boots for myself, for which I paid one hundred dollars in Confederate money; considered cheap at that. 6th. One half of the Company went to the wagon camp to-day to wash and get clean clothes. All quiet in front. 7th. The Battery goes to Chickamauga Station to get new guns. Turn our 3 inch iron rifles over to the Q. M. Department and receive four 12 pound Napoleon guns in their place. These guns were just from the foundry and had never been fired. They were splendid guns. Rain last night and this A. M. I receive letter from home. Yanks throw a few shells. 8th Clear and cool. Very little shelling. Write home. 9th. Nothing doing-no changes. 10th. At 3 O'clock we get orders "to be under arms" before daylight. Reported that the enemy appears to be preparing to attack our right. Enemy remained quiet all day. President Davis passed along our lines to review. I did not see him as I had to go to the depot to draw horse collars. 11th. Sunday Clear, pleasant, and all quiet on the lines. 13th, 14th and 15th. Raining and very disagreeable. Dr. Penn the father of two of our men, in camp on a visit to his sons. Chickamauga bridge, washed away, this cuts off ammunition with the cook wagons, and stops our rations for a short time. Use pen tom [sic] boats until it is rebuilt. 16th. Capt. Stanford returned from Augusta on the 14th Oct. 17th. Draw my pay from May 4th to Sept. 1st at \$90.00 per month. Amount \$348.00, Capt. Pitcher, pay master, 19th. Receive letter from Mrs. S. Ross. Write to Mr. W. Ross. 22nd. I draw pay for the Company. Up to this time we had had a very quiet time on our part of the line; but the quiet was broken this evening about 5 o'clock, by the Yanks opening fire on us. Several of the shells struck in our company camp, but without injuring anyone. Some of the infantry near us were wounded. At 6 P. M. our brigade ordered to get ready to move. At 10 P. M. Battery ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice. at 1 o'clock we begin to climb the ridge. From this time until daylight we have heavy work. Our teams balking every few yards. We have to double teams and the men push at the wheels. At times we would have twelve horses hitched to one gun. By 8 o'clock we had everything on top of the ridge, and the men and horses exhausted. The enemy threw shells from their forts every half hour during the night. They were directed to our part of the line. Began to rain before day. 23rd. Got into camp at 10 A. M. Rain all day. No sleep last night. 25th. Sunday Ordered to hold ourselves in readiness] \ move to Tyner's Station. March at 12 M to the Funnel, 5 miles from Chattanooga. Here I was placed in command of 80 men, detailed from several Batteries, and ordered to go on towards Tyner's until we found the railroad. Obstructed by broken cars, to remove these cars and report back to my command. Removed the cars by dark. Remain at Tyner's, where we camp without blanket or rations. Cloudy. 26th. Returned to the Funnel on foot, tired and hungry. Load our Battery on 3 cars and leave for Charleston. Pass Cleveland and get to C. at 10 P. M. Unload the Battery at once, and get to bed by 2 A. M. Sent our horses "overland" in charge of Lieut. McCall. No room to bring them on the cars. 27th. Horses came up at 12 M. Began to cross the Hiwassee river [sic] on a ferry boat at 3 P. M. Slow business and it is dark by the time our Battery is all over. Move out half a mile from the river and camp. A railroad bridge was being built here as fast as possible. It seems to be a temporary one to replace the one lately burnt. 28th. All the artillery over by 4 P. M. and we move on to Riceville, East Tenn. and Va. Rail R. and camp-5 miles. 29th. Up at day light and march at 7 1/2 A. M. Pass through Athens, where we halt 2 hours, and march on to Mouse Creek and camp. 30th. On the

march at 7 1/2 A. M. Raining and cool. Pass through the small town of Sweetwater and camp. 31st. Remain in camp near Sweet Water. Write to Mrs. S. Ross and forward the letter through Hd. Qs. to Charleston. Were were [sic] now on what we called the "Sweet Water Trip". Cheatham's Division was marching to strike a blow, no doubt, at Knoxville; but from some cause was recalled to Chattanooga before anything was accomplished. To us it was a very agreeable relief from the tedium of camp life on the lines around Chattanooga. And the order recalling us was very ungraciously received. The Sweet Water valey [sic] is a delightful country.

November 1863

1st Sunday. All the Battery officers, except myself, go to Sweetwater to Church. A quiet and beautiful day. 2nd. The first train comes through on the railroad from Chattanooga. Move camp nearer Sweet Water. 4th. Orders to return to Missionary Ridge. March at 12 M. Camp again 4 miles from Sweet Water. 5th. On the march at sunrise. Camp at Riceville at 3 P. M. Raining slowly all day. We, the officers of the Battery and Maj. Smith, commanding the battalion of artillery, have a "gay time" with the female inmates. 6th. Up at 3 A. M. March at daylight. Orders to hurry across the Hiawasse River. Camp near Charleston at 10 A. M. 7th. March at sunrise. Camp near Cleveland at 3 P. M. 8th. March 18 miles. Camp 10 miles from Chicamauga [sic]. 9th. March to Chicamauga [sic]. A number of the men from the Battalion went out foraging last night, and drew very heavily on an old citizen's hen house and without his knowledge or consent, bringing off "much spoil" In consequence of which we had lively search for chicken and honey-without success of course. The Battalion was then formed in line that the guilty parties might be identified by the injured citizen and his two daughters. They agreed on one unlucky fellow, and the shrens [sic] came near pitching into him before the officers could "interfere". He cleared himself, however, by proving he was in camp all night. They finally gave up the unprofitable investigation. The whole affair was ludicrous in the extreme. We had a merry time and plenty of honey in camp that night. 10th Remain in camp. Beef 45 cts [sic] pr. pound-loafed. 11th Battalion moved to McFarland's Spring. West of the ridge. 12th. Battalion horses inspected by Gen'l. [sic] Hardee. Confederate Batteries firing from Point Lookout on Chattanooga. Yanks replying from across the river. From flash to report 17 seconds. 13th. Turner's Battery sent to the top of Lookout. Write to B. E. 14th. Some firing from Mount Lookout. 15th. Sgt. Golet and I rode to the top of Mt. Lookout, from which we had a splendid view of Chattanooga and the Yankee and Confederate lines. Barrett's Battery of long range guns, was firing from the point of the mountain on Chattanooga. One Yankee Battery was replying by shelling a train of our wagons coming down the mountain. The line of works of each army, with the skirmishers and pickets on post between them was plainly visable [sic]; beginning at the river at the foot of the mountain, and extending across the valley to Missionary Ridge, then passing along its base and striking the river above the town. We remained two or three hours admiring the magnificent panorama. As we rode down the mountain we had to pass under the fire of the Yankee battery. But it only knocked up a dust and made us hurry down. 17th. Heavy firing for a few minutes at daylight this A. M. All quiet again this P. M. Wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Ross and S. E. 18th. J. M. Knox and Goble leave on 40 days furlough.

Send letters to Canton by them. 19th Ordered to build stables at once. Value horse for Lt Cockral at \$300.00 20th. Began to get stable timbers. But little artillery firing. 21st. Troops moving on Crawfish Spring road, they return at 3 P. M. Rain last night and this morning. 22nd Sunday. At sundown the Battery moved to the Watkins house on the lines. Considerable firing of artillery around the lines. 23rd. Reviewed by Genl. Stewart at 10 A. M. At 3 P. M. we take position on the breastworks. Artillery and infantry firing on the right. Enemy in line of battle in our front. 24th. The Battery and infantry bivouac on the lines-an advance of the enemy expected at any moment. Up at 2 P. M. Fight began on the left about 12 M. Enemy trying to occupy Lookout Mountain. Very heavy fighting for the position. As the fight progressed up the mountain, the advance of the lines and the smoke from their guns could be seen from our position. The enemy threatening our front, we were forced to stand idle, and see our men overpowered and driven from the mountain. At 2 1/2 P. M. ordered to cook 3 days rations and be ready to move at a moments' notice. The fight continued on Mt. Lookout until 10 P. M. the flashes of the guns showing the position of the two lines. Up all night. Today's [sic] movements show the Yanks mean to give us a fight. 25th. At 3 A. M. we move with the troops towards Rossville. Halted at daylight, east of Missionary Ridge- 9 A.M. We move on to the right. One P. M. move to the top of the ridge. Two P. M. enemy appears in heavy force in one night. At 2 1/2 P. M. we again move to the right half a mile and take position. The scene spread before us from this position, was truly magnificent. We were on the top of the ridge, a little south of east of Chattanooga, some two or three miles distant. The enemy occupying the valley, and our men holding the Ridge. A heavy line of our skirmishers filling our former works at the foot of the ridge. Here we stood, idly looking at the splendid army of the enemy, maneuvering and forming below us, and in easy range of our guns, without firing a shot to disturb their leasurely [sic] movements, certainly, a very foolish of ammunition. Some two miles distant, in front and to the left, we could see a long colum [sic] of the enemy marching down the valley. In front, stretching through the open woods and across the fields, were two lines of battle. The men had stacked arms and broken ranks, and now lay or stood idly near their guns. The preparations seemed better suited to a grand review than a battle. There was little or no firing along the skirmish line. And thus with almost perfect quiet for nearly an hour we stood and gazed on this, to us, all absorbing [sic] scene. At 3 1/2 o'clock, a single gun fired from one

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broke and our part of the line did not give any before the ridge on either side of us carried by the enemy, when both infantry and artillery rushed-pell-mell down the rebel side of the ridge. By the time we reached the foot of the ridge, the enemy were firing on us from the top. They showed their soldierly qualities by halting there to reform. Experience had taught them not to trust too much to a rebel panic after these few parting salutes, we proceeded without delay towards Chicamauga [sic] Station. We had to turn aside from the main road, as our riders and skirmishers were driven in that direction by the enemy], who had nearly succeeded in getting in our rear; no doubt the same forces we saw in the early part of the evening passing down the valley in our front. They had crossed the ridge on our left, and, had we held our position a half hour

longer, would have had us between two fires. Bad fighting this time resulted in our favor, individually, at least, the position of the Battery was near the extreme left of the line of battle. Further to our right, the Confederates held the ridge until dark, or until ordered to retire. After being driven from our position the Battery retired to an open field near the crossing of the creek, where it was ordered into position by a drunken staff officer, who said the Yanks would be on us again in a few minutes, and that we must load our guns with double charges of cannister. We were too well drilled to obey his orders about loading. It was now nearly dark. In our retreat we had given way to the right and thus fallen in rear of that part of the line which had not been broken by the enemy. Grand and gloomy in its drapery of battle the ridge loomed up in our front. Vivid jets of flame leapt out from the enemy's artillery planted on its summit. The burning fuses trailed through the air to the woods below, ending in the dazzling blaze of a bursting shell. On its sides and in the woods thousands of smaller flashes gleamed in the gathering twilight. The air trembled with the deep roar of battle. Silent and motionless we stood around our guns, whose black muzzles were turned on the thick woods on our left. The sublime scene in front made us forget that any moment might find us actors in a similar tragedy. As night came on the fighting grew less severe, and darkness, brought a quiet broken only by the tramping of the retreating army, and the groans of the wounded. We remained in battery in the old field, to guard against a surprise from the enemy, until 10 o'clock at

[missing pages]

Dalton, which is four miles from our present position. As a specimen of prices, I will note my purchases [sic] of today. One quire of inferior letter paper at \$4.00. One pocket comb at \$2.50. Three applis for \$1.00. 6th. Sunday. cool and clear. Nothing doing. 7th. Clear up our camping ground. The camp regulations, to which we are ordered to conform, give the men great dissatisfaction. The order to form messes of fifteen men each, being the greatest cause of complaint. Rations very short and of inferior quality. 8th. Cold and raining. Rumored yesterday that the enemy was advancing. The artillery is now reduced to three batteries to each division of the. army. The battery inspected by Maj. Palmer-horses harnessed for the inspection. We have had no bacon or lard in our mess since we left Missionary Ridge, and still unable to get any. 16th. George W. McMillion joins our mess. 17th. Begin to build stables, by order of Genl. Hardee, who is now in command of the army in lieu of Genl. Bragg. 18th. Very cold last night-cold and clear today. 19th. Hard at work on stables. Weather still very cold. 20th. Sunday Arouse myself by reading Manyatts' novels and working on a pipe, which I am making for my Aunt, Mrs. S. Ross. About this time pipe making was a fashionable amusement in the Battery. The material used for this purpose was ivy, or mountain laurel, not a liberal supply had been bought by the boys from Mt. Lookout near Chattanooga. Much skill and patience were displayed, and some beautiful pipes made. Some of them sold readily for [illegible], and for \$75.00. 21st. R. H. Slaughter arrested and sent to the guard house for insubordination, i.e. refusing to attend to a pair of horses when ordered to do so by his superior officer. 22nd. At night Lieut. McCall and I ride over to Dr. Alexanders' quarters to assist in an egg-nog drinking. The party consists of Gen. Strahl, Cols. Walker and McNiell, Maj. Pair, Capt. Colwell, and Lieuts. DuRay and Chapman.

23rd. Go to Dalton. Paid by Capt. Ray for the months of Sept. and October-\$90.00 per month. Amount \$180.00. 24th Whiskey issued to the troops. Some of the boys on a spree. Christmas guns firing in every direction after dark. 25th Christmas. Cold and cloudy. I have an invitation to dine with Maj. McSwine but as it happens to fall on my day for camp duty, I have to remain "at home" in camp. Enjoy a very dull day. 26th. The Battery ordered to be in Dalton at 10 A. M. for review. Leave camp at 8 A. M. in the rain. After going a mile and a half, the order for review is coun [missing]

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Calhoun. 21st. Marching at sunrise. Get to Kingston at 3 P. M. Hitch at once to guns and caissons [sic] and move out two miles south east of Kingston, and camp. Our horses are nearly broken down, and hardly able to move the guns. Receive a letter from Bettie E. enclosing a petition to Genl. Johnston, asking that I may be furloughed. Signed by several. I do not present it. 22nd. Battery parked with the Battalion (Eldridge's) mark out and clear up our camping ground. The company begins to build cabins. 23rd. Cutting cabin logs. Clear and pleasant. 24th. Sunday Go to church in Kingston with Adj. Coldwell. Mr. and Mrs. Ellet visit our camp. 25th. Write to B. E., Canton, Miss. Go with Money to Mr. Leake's, expecting to go to a party from there-no party. 26th. Company goes to work on stables. Raise our cabin-my mess. 27th. All hands at work on stables. 28th. Rec. letter from Dr. Trotter. 29th. Edgar Sykes furloughed. 30th. Usual work, stable building. 31st. Sunday Write to Mr. W. Ross. In bed sick, most of the day.

February 1864

1st. Still sick-taking no medicine. 2nd. Nearly well. 3rd. Capt. Stanford returns from Miss. Dress parade first time. 4th. Go to Kingston to see if Henry Head returns on the train. 5th. No changes to note. 6th. Revival going on in Kingston. 7th. Sunday Go to church. Dr. McPherin, of Nashville, preaches. Have preaching in camp this P. M. Several ladies present. Go to church again at night. Have been for last three or four nights. 8th. R. H. Burt returns to the Battery to get his discharge from service-lost his arm at Chicamauga [sic]. Write to Head-Dalton. 9th. Went on duty as officer of the guard last night for the first time. Up all night. Get a letter from Head at Dalton. 10th Go by railroad to Dalton to see Capt. Head. Received by him, from home, a box of clothing and provisions. Letters. 11th. Return to Kingston. Arrive in camp at 12 o'clock at night. From Kingston to Dalton 40 miles by railroad. 12th. Received letter from Rendeau, Meridian, Miss. Feb. 6th. 13th. On guard last night. Sleep one hour in the 24. Artillery Battalion reviewed on the field by Col. Hollonquist. Church still holds every night. Some professing. 14th. Sunday Report confirmed that the Yanks are in possession of Jackson, Miss. Rec. three months pay \$270.00. Paid to 1st of February-64-Preaching in camp. Several ladies present. 15th. Rain last night and to-day. Write to Rondeau. 16th. Go to church at night-very cold. 18th. Converts baptized last night-Go to Mr. Leak's tonight with J. W. Mooney. Spend a very pleasant evening with Misses Leak. Conversation and music. In camp at 1 A. M. Orders to have company drill twice every day. 19th. Still very cold and clear. Church progressing. 20th. Lieut.

McCall, Sgt. Martin, and Corp. Doyle, leave camp for Grenada, Miss. on horse back. They have 30 day furloughs. On duty as battalion officer of the day. 21st. Sunday. Go to church Battery inspected by Maj. Eldi. Misses L call by to see the Battery-Artillery being a curiosity to them-Dr. McPherin preaches in camp-P. M. 22nd. Battalion meeting at 2 P. M. Have speeches [sic] from Maj. Eldridge. Capt. Turner and Mr. Jenas, who is the critic of day. He delivers a very interesting address. 23rd. Drill on the field and at the piece. Troops have been going south, by railroad for several days-from Dalt. [sic] 24th. At 1 P. M. We receive a very unexpected order to leave at once for Dalton. Have our guns and ammunition chests loaded on the cars by sundown. Capt. Stanford is to go by land with horses and carriages. I with the couriers and guns by railroad. Train leaves 12 at midnight. 25th. Train arrives at Dalton at 9 A. M. Cannonading in front. Troops in line of battle. A fight expected soon. I have charge of Eufola guns and cannoniers [sic] as well as our own. As the men were without rations, I started to the post commissary to draw rations for them. As soon as I got on the street I was arrested by the guard, and in spite of my explanation of my business, was taken to the guard house. As soon as I explained by business to the officer in charge, I was permitted to go about my business, and, at the same time obtained the release of several of the Battery boys, who had gotten into the same difficulty before I had. This difficulty over with, I went to the proper authority and secured a pass, and without further difficulty, got the rations. Capt. S. and the remainder of the company came at sunset. Unload our guns and chests and mount them on the carriages by 9 P. M. Camp in Dalton. 26th. Up at daylight. All quiet in front. Enemy said to be falling back. Slept in a vacant house, last night with a number of other artillery officers-all on the floor. 27th. No firing on the front. Enemy retired. Our quarters still at the old house. 28th. At sunrise the troops began to retire from the line of battle in front, to their quarters at 1 P. M. our Battery is ordered to the front. Move out four miles from Dalton, and camp near a pork-packery. [sic] 29th Raining and cold, which, however, does not prevent our marking out and clearing up our camp, in obedience to orders. Send our wagons to a deserted infantry camp in front and get a supply of boards to cover sheds for the men, as they are not furnished with tents, and have to contend as best they can against the inclemency [sic] of the weather. They have been moved about so much this winter, and ordered to do so much work that never profited them any, that they now feel a reluctance to prepare for a stay of any length. After building two sets of comfortable quarters for ourselves, and with great labor and inconvenience, completing two large stables, one at Dalton. The other at Kingston, and each time ordered to "march" just as we had completed our work, and now, at the most unpleasant part of the season to find ourselves exposed to wind, rain, and mud, half clothed, half fed, and without tents, our horses even worse cared for than ourselves and shivering in the mud and rain, is enough to try the patience and patriotism of set of men. The only person who can properly understand our hardships, are those who understand them from experience. Mere description does not convey the meaning.

March 1864

1st. Tuesday. Cold and raining. Five of the Company start to Grenada on furlough. Our men building sheds. No tents in the Co. A few old flies, nothing more. 2nd. Clear

and cool. No news from the Yanks. 3rd. I visit our old camp in Mill Creek Gap. Stables and cabins all removed or burnt. Letter from Rondeau at hospital. 4th. Our mess move our tent to the front of the Battery and fix ourselves more comfortably. 5th. Write to Uncle and Aunt and send the letter by G. W. McM. who leaves for Grenada on the 40 days furlough. 6th. Sunday. Write to Rondeau. Visited by Capt. Head. Mr. L. Lake and several of the boys leave for Grenada. Inspection at 10 A. M. Ben Bull preaches in camp. 8th. Begin to drill at the piece. 9th. Battery drill on the field. Maj. Eldridge out with us. 10th. Twenty men now absent on furlough. Can get only two detachments from the whole company to drill. Others all detailed, sick and furloughed. Receive "20 new horses". We now have 8 horses to each gun and caisson. 11th. Divide the horses a new to the detachments. Rain last nt. 12th. Leave camp at 10 A. M. and go one mile south of Dalton, where the regiment commanded by Col. Beckham, is reviewed by Lt. Genl. Hood. We belong to this regmt. [sic] -Hood's Corps. 13th. Sunday. I go to a Catholic Church in Dalton and hear a sermon from a priest. Church crowded. I enter through a window, only chance to get in. Visit Co. E. 30th Miss to which Dr. Frost belongs and Thos. White of the band of the 29th Miss. 14th. Drill on the field 10 A. M. Maj. McSwine leaves on 7 days leave. 15th. Inspected by Brig. Genl. Pendleton. Two cannoniers [sic] to a piece. 16th. Batteries of the Corps ordered to be on the field near Dalton at 11 A. M. for review by Lt. Genl. Hood. The infantry out also, to take part in a "sham fight", which took place at 3 P. M. Both infantry and artillery firing blank cartridges, makin [sic] charges etc. This was a very good imitation of an actual fight and would have been enjoyed by all had the weather not been so very cold. Battery took part but did not fire. 17th. No drill. Cold and clear. 18th. Drill on the field. I was the only Com. officer present. 19th. Receive note from Miss Lizzie Elliott about a note I had written to Miss Leak near Kingston. No drill. Receive a certificate for bon for \$100.00 E. S. 20th. Sunday. Remain in camp. Maj. McSwine sick in Atlanta. His furlough out. Butt preaches at night. Cold. 21st Drill on the field. Attend an entertainment in Dalton, given by "Turners' Battery, Amatures" [sic]. Entertainment consists of two pantomines [sic] and one burlesque tragedy- "The Pirate of the Aegean Sea". A good hit and well performed. It was composed and acted by members of Turner's Battery. Music good, the singing excellent. The house disagreeably crowded. Invitations given-no tickets sold. Gen. Hardee and family present. Lt. McC's. furlough out. 22nd. Tuesday. Snow fell last night and today-about five inches deep. Grand snow balling. Begins in our Battery; then between our Battery and Oliver's: the two Batteries then combine and charger Tenner's Battery. About this time a La. regiment charges our Battalion. At 10 A. M. the Battalion forms and marches to help Stewart's Division charge Bates' Division. Maj. Eldridge in command of our Battalion-I in command of Stanford's Battery. Field officers were out with their regiments, with colors and company officers at their posts. Our Battalion forms with the Division in regular line of battle (with no arms but snow-balls) and charge Bates' Division, which was also drawn up in order of battle, and received us with a counter charge, which broke and drove our lines back. In a second charge we were more successful, and drove them from their camp. Quite a number of prisoners and stands of colors were captured on each

[Missing Page]

Procure Government transport to Meridian. At 10 A. M. leave on train for West Point, where we arrive at 4 P. M. Raining. Leave for Montgomery at 6.10 P. M. Train still crowded. 29th. Get to Montgomery at 2 1/2 A. M. Take omnibus to M. Hall No. bed for last two nights-Roost chicken fashion. Take private breakfast. Take dinner at 2 P. M. at hotel. \$10.00. Go to the steamboat but find she will not leave before tomorrow. Buy a pair of cotton cards for Mr. W. R. pay \$75.00 for them. Stop at hotel-Montgomery Hall with Capt. Hanell and Lt. Roark. At 8 P. M. we go to theatre. Play "Perfection" and "The Brigand". Very good for the times. 30th. Up at 6 A. M. Bed and breakfast \$15.00. Had to get a pasport [sic] before leaving Montgomery-Genl. Polks' [sic] order. On board of steamboat St. Charles at 8 A. M., and leave M. Arrive at Selma at 8 P. M. Dinner and supper on the boat cost \$17.50. Both hotels full and I fail to obtain a bed, Spend the night in the hotel bar room and sleep on three chairs. At 2 A. M. not finding my bed very comfortable, I amuse myself by writing my diary up to date. Clear and cool. 31st. Breakfast \$15.00. Leave on 7 A. M. train for Demopolis, where I arrive at 11 A. M. Go by steam boat 4 miles down the Tombigbee river [sic] and take the cars for Meridian where I arrive at 7 P. M. Supper, i.e. biscuit and fat meat \$3.00. Sleep with Paul Penn on the floor-Raining.

April 1864

1st. Take the train again at 7 A. M. and arrive at Scooba at 11.30. From here I purpose going across the country to Yazoo Co. Try to hire a horse but fail. Set out for DeKalb on foot at 12M. walk 6 miles then hire an old man to take me on horse back to DeK. Pay him \$8.00. Walk one mile further and stop for the night at Mr. Roberts. 2nd. Leave R's at 7 A. M. R. furnishes for me a mule to ride 4 miles-bill \$5.00. Dinner \$2.00. Get to Philadelphia at sundown. Walk up to a knot of men and ask if any one knows where I can stop for the night. None of them seemed to care to reply for some moments, when one of them asks where I am from, what command etc. I answer his questions and he kindly proposes to take care of me for the night. This was Dr. Baxter-the only kind hearted, disinterested man I met within Miss. during the war. From DeKalb to Philadelphia, 29 miles. Have walked 24 miles today. Feel considerably used up. My right leg painful-caused probably by the old wound in it. 3rd. Leave Dr. Baxter's at 7 1/2 P. M; he furnishes me a horse to ride a mile or so across a creek swamp; shortly after starting I overtake a man with a lead horse. By his permission I mount the extra horse and ride 16 miles to Pearl River. Walk on to Mr. Luce's and try to hire a horse from him. (Mr. L. is a refugee from Yazoo Co) He declines to hire or lend. Go on to Mr. Gray's, who furnishes me a mule to ride and sends a negro with me to bring the mule back. Go to Mr. King's after dark. Mr. K. gone to Yazoo. I am completely worn out tonight. Today I have walked 8 miles and rode 35. total 43 miles traveled. 4th. Leave King's at 7 A. M. on mule back. Pass through Thomastown. Get to Sharm at 1 1/4 P. M. and stop to see Mrs. Bole and family. Get home (Mr. Wm. Ross) at dark. Ride about 45 miles today. 5th. Col. Rucker down to see us. Send word to Pearson and Frost that I am at home. 6th. Call on Col. R's family this A. M. Sisters, Dr. Frost and Pearson come at dark. 7th. Raining this P. M. stay at Uncles'. 8th. Dr. F., Mr. P. and families leave at 9 A. M.-clear. 9th. Visit Mrs. Dixon with Battie

and Sallie Elane. [sic] Call by Col. R's on our way home. 10th. Sunday. Misses Rucker and Thompson spend the day with us. Very pleasant day. 11th. Go to Mr. Pearsons -Enjoy my visit very much. 12th. Leave P's at 3 P. M. and go to Dr. Frost's at Ford Place. 13th. Leave F's for home at 5 P. M. Another pleasant visit. 14th. Remain at Uncles, Aunt gives us candy stew and egg-nog. 15th. Spend the day at Col. R's. Aunt and the children go with us. Lively day Home at dark. 16th. Mrs. Dixon and Ann King spend the day with us. Help Uncle make rope works. Misses. R. and F. down this evening. 17th. Sunday. Go to church-Ellison's- Go in buggy with Sallie E.-return with J. R. 18th-Spend the day at Mrs. Dixon's. Bettie, Sallie and Mollie E. and Misses R. and F. there. Gray day. Uncle and Dr. Frost go to Canton. 19th- Begin to feel regrets for my expiring furlough-wish it was 60 days longer. Bettie and I visit Ann King, - Misses R and F. spend the night with us. 20th. Sisters and Dr. F. come down. Sister Mr. and Dr. F. go home this P. M. Mrs. Stephens spends the day with us. Leaves a package for me to take to Dr. S. -bid Col. R's girls good by this P. M. Pack my carpet bag ready for an early start in the morning. Feel very gloomy and desponding at leaving home. A choking and oppressive feeling prevents me from sleeping. I had rather go into a battle than pass another night in anticipation of leaving home for the Army. It is worth as much as a furlough to submit to it. I have spent 16 days at home on furlough-and it is gone. 21st. Minnie [sic] balls and shells are nothing compared to farewell kisses at leaving home for the Army. I got through with tolerable credit until I came to tell Aunt good by, and then-well I never cried when going into a fight or when wounded. Furloughs are demoralising [sic] We left home (Uncle and I) at 5 1/2 A. M. and in the evening arrive at Mr. King's in Leak Co. 47 miles from home. Pass through Camden and Thomastown. 22nd. Uncle and I leave Mr. Ned King's for Meridian, on horseback. Pass through Carthage and Standing Pine. Ride 45 miles and with much difficulty find a place where we can put up for the night. Put up with a Mr. Mann. A part of our road today, passed through the country burnt out by Yank Sherman and his Army on their march from Vicksburg to Meridian. 23rd Uncle and I arrive at Meridian at 5 P. M. Rode 40 miles today. Leave my baggage at the hotel and ride half mile back with Uncle where I bid him good by and he sets out on his return home to Yazoo. I return to the hotel. Feel very sad and lonely. From home to Meridian is about 130 miles-Begins to rain before dark. 24th. At 6 A. M. I leave on the train for Demopolis. From the terminas [sic] of the railroad, we go 4 miles up the Tombigby, on steamboat Merango to Demopolis, where we again take the cars for Selma. Arrive at Selma at 4 P. M. Take omnibus from the depot to steamboat. Leave Selma on the Reindeer, up the Alabama river, for Montgomery. By paying \$17.50 in addition to transportation furnished by the government, I obtain supper and a birth [sic] on the boat. At Meridian I met Mr. Blalock from Yazoo Co. who belong to the 18th Miss. he is still with me. 25th. Arrive at Montgomery 4 1/2 A. M. Walk over town until 7 A. M. and take hack for Depot. Train leaves for West Pt. at 8 A. M. Get to W. P. at 4 1/2 P. M. and take train for Atlanta 5 1/2 P. M. In Atlanta at 2 A. M. Sleep on hotel barroom floor until day. 26th. Take the cars for Dalton at 7 1/2 A. M. where I arrive at 4 1/2 P. M. Leave my baggage at the depot and walk out to the company camp at the same place I left it. I get to camp one day before my furlough expires. 27th. Battery goes out to drill but the field is occupied by infantry. P. M. I deliver package to Dr. Stephens, Ast. [sic] Sgn. [sic] Governs' Brigd. [sic] Go to Mooney's Brid'd [sic] and leave a letter for Lieut. Hulett, 50 Tenn. Regt. See

Capt. Head and his sister, Lucy Walton. Write to Uncle and Aunt, Deasonville. 28th. Battalion drill until 12 M. Write to Mrs. Bettie Pearson. 29th. Battery out to drill, but ordered back to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Battery ordered out to the lines at 11 A. M. Baggage packed. Battery returned to camp at 5 P. M. Enemy reported as having retired. Battalion guard first time. 30th. Rain last night. Batt'n. [sic] mustered and inspected by Maj. Eldridge. Policing heavy.

May 1864

1st. Sunday. Write to Dr. Frost, Deasonille Preaching in the Batt'n. [sic] 2nd ordered out on the lines at 6 A. M. Enemy reported as advancing rapidly. Our cavalry driven into Tunnell [sic] Hill. Stewarts' Division started to the front, but, after going about a mile, it returned to camp again at 12 M. Rain in the A. M. and very cold for the season. Baggage reduced to one blanket. Paid by Capt. Montgomery to Mch. 1st \$90.00 pr month. 3rd. Quiet in front. Troops draw 3 days rations of hard head and bacon. A move expected. Battalion drill. Battalion guard mounting continued. Write to Miss Bettie R. Clear and cool. 4th. On the field where we drill this morning are set up 14 stakes and near them are dug 14 graves. When we left with our Battery the division was forming near three stakes and graves. At 12 o'clock twelve men were tied to these stakes and shot to death and buried without further ceremony. After seeing the preparation, I had not the courage to stay and see this wholesale murder. Some of our boys witnessed the execution. The crime of these men was desertion-going home, perhaps, to see their wives and little ones without permission, -but such are the regulations of a Christian Army. Who would not contribute largely that Christian missionaries may be sent among the heathen? -Orders for us to be ready for immediate action. 5th. Battalion drill. P. M. ordered to harness, pack baggage, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. At 6 P. M. I go on duty as Battalion officer of the day. Orders at dark to be ready to move at an early hour in the morning. Pack our baggage again. 6th. Reveille at 4 A. M. A move expected by every one. [sic] I have to superintend clearing up parade ground, and clearing out a spring for the Battalion. 7th. At 6 A. M. we can hear the pickett [sic] firing in front. The Battery ordered out on the lines at 9 A. M. At 12 M the Battery moves out with the infantry in front of the gap. We can see a large body of the enemy on a rige [sic] some two miles in front of us. Some firing of artillery and small arms during the day. At midnight we retire with the infantry to the works. I have been sick tonight. 8th. Sunday. At sunrise we take position on the right of the railroad, near the end of the ridge. Picket firing opens in the morning and is kept up all day. The enemy's skirmishers come into the gap about 5 P. M. Our 1st section throws a couple of shells at them and scatters them for a while. Not much artillery firing. Yanks throw a few shells over our way. Write to Sallie E. Sleep on the works. Our winter quarters are now broken up. The campaign has opened. 9th. Picketing begins at sunrise. Enemy's line of battle not in sight until 9 A. M. when it begins to march across an open field in our front, moving to the left-out of range. The enemy batteries shell our troops on the mountain to our left. At 5 P. M. heavy skirmishing began on the mountain on the right of the gap and continued until dark. Confeds [sic] holding the position. Our Battery fires several rounds at the enemy while they are trying to take our rifle pits about 5 P. M. Shells and minnies [sic] visit us all

day. None of the Battery hurt. Sleep on the works. 10th. Last two mornings we have been rising at 3 A. M. Second section fortify their guns. -this is the section I command. Skirmishing at sunrise and with cannonading continues all day. Neither party gaining ground. Sleep on the works. Heavy rain during the night. Our fly is flooded, and we get "damp". 11th. Skirmishing began in front one hour before light. Every body [sic] gets into line instanter. [sic] Enemy shelling both sides of the gap most of the day. One hour by sun this P. M. the enemy makes a heavy assault on the left of the gap. 1st section fires several rounds at the skirmishers. Very cold. To [sic] cold even with an overcoat on. At dark ordered to get ready for action. Enemy massing on the gap. - supposed to make a night attack. 12th Up at 3 A. M. All quiet last night. Very little skirmishing going on this morning. The boys amuse themselves by whistling nails near heads of comissanis [sic] and A. M.'s when they come looking round. A nail, when thrown, makes a sound something like a minnie, [sic] which said gentlemen do not like, and dodge accordingly, to the great satisfaction of the boys, and discomfiture of A. A. M's and Com's. At 5 P. M. ordered to be ready to move. Artillery firing at long range. 12th At dark we withdraw our guns from the works and begin to retire towards Dalton, infantry retiring with us. Get to Dalton, only 4 miles from our deserted works, at midnight. Pass through D. and continue to retire Southward slowly all night. The entire army retires from the defences [sic] of D. tonight. 13th. Get to Milton, 8 miles from D. at 9 A.M. Halt 2 or 3 hours, then move on again. Some firing in the rear. Halt at dark, two miles from Resaca. Battery parkes [sic] with Artillery regiment. 14th. Up at 3 A.M. Leave our last nights' bivouac a little after sunrise Move up the railroad half a mile and take position in the line of battle in the center of our Battalion. Battery supported by Baker's Brigade. At 1 P.M. heavy fighting opens on our left, the enemy making the attack. At 6 P.M. we advance on the enemy with Stewart's Division. After moving about a mile to the front, we strike the enemy's lines and drive them about a mile without much fighting. Battery forms a time or two but does not fire as the enemy yields readily to the infantry. Darkness prevents our further advance. Return to our former position at 1 A.M. Two horses shot in the fight today – some of our (Battery) men wounded or killed. 15th. Up at sunrise, when skirmishing begins on our left. At 10 A.M. Battalion advances to the burnt stables. – 1 P.M. Battery moves half a mile to the left, and moves in front of the works to support the infantry in establishing a more advanced line on top of a ridge, which is a better and a more commanding position for a line of works. But before we could get our guns in position, the enemy charged the ridge, and prevented our getting on the desired line in time to take part in the fight, which continued very heavy for a half hour or more, and resulted in our men holding the line. The Battery was now ordered back to the second line. Halting a short time here until the fight for the ridge quieted down to the regular skirmish, we moved a short distance to the right and took position on the front line in sight of the enemy's lines and under fire of their sharp shooters. I took the position first with one section (two guns), Capt. Stanford remaining with the other section. Shortly after I got my guns in position. Capt. S. rejoined me with the other guns and we placed our guns on the line so as to command the enemy's line as much as possible, the infantry giving way and making room for us very readily. They were glad to see us as they wanted our help. It was near about 2 P.M. Our position was at a corner of a field, the field, lieing [sic] to our left and obliquely [sic] to the front. On the opposite side of this field, and some 800 or a

1000 yards from us, a line of blue coats were lying [sic] down, apparently a regiment or brigade. After "preparing for action" by protecting our hoses in a ravine a dozen yards or so behind us, getting out a supply of shell, preparing fuzes [sic] etc. and then ranging our guns as exactly as we could before developing our position, we opened on them with three guns at the same moment. Our shells turned up the turf in front and rear of them. In a few rounds we had their range and landed a shell in their ranks, and some of their men were soon elevated by the explosion several feet in the air. This was to [sic] much for them, and they rose in confusion, and retired to the cover of the woods at a double quick. Only sharp shooters were now to be seen in the field, and these were to [sic] much scattered for us to waste our ammunition on, though they were pegging away at us all the time, at long range. Before we took this position, the infantry had thrown up temporary works of logs and earth, sufficient to protect a man from minnie [sic] balls while lying [sic] down. We crouched behind these and the trees. To the left of our front and in the enemy's lines was a hill which commanded our position, if occupied by artillery. Capt. S. told me to keep my glasses on this hill, to see if the enemy attempted to place a battery on it, in order that we might open on them before they could get into position. As the sharp shooters had never selected us for their targets, and their balls were zipping about us every moment, I took the precaution to expose as little of my person as possible, only showing my head above the works to sweep the suspected hill with my glasses, but even a man's head was sufficient for a sharp shooters' notice and I several times bowed my acknowledgements. One of our gunners, Corpl. [sic] J.W. Mooney, was lying [sic] behind the trail of his gun, with only his head exposed. A minnie [sic] ball passed nearly directly through his temples, and he turned over apparently lifeless; the infirmiry corps took him to the rear. We remained in this position until near 4 P.M. when we received orders to shell the woods in our front. We ceased firing, and our infantry were ordered to advance on the enemy. This was understood to be an advance of our (Hood's) whole corps It was a very trying order to obey. The courage of troops cannot be put to a more severe test than to rise from behind their breastworks with no excitement to brace their courage, nothing but the cool courage of veterans to move them, and, in the face of a galling fire, to advance on our unseen foe, known to be posted behind good works. Some of the men could not stand it, and remained behind, almost as pale as those who had already fallen. Our line had not advanced more than twenty yards, when ordered to halt and lie down, and we were again ordered to shell the woods. We did so, our shells passing only a few feet above the prostrate line. The enemy began to reply to us with their artillery. After a few rounds we were again ordered to cease firing. The infantry rose and moved to the front. Their disappearance was immediately followed by a tremendous and unbroken volley of musketry, the minnie [sic] balls rattling through the woods even, where we were, like a sudden fall of hail. At right angles to each other. Even in the fiercest of the firing, so much were we concerned in the result of the charge, we kept our heads above the works to note what was going on. I called Capt. S's attention to the cross fire and to the fact that his tree was but poor protection against it, and that he was in a dangerous place and had better come to the works He replied "I reckon not", and I again turned my attention to the front. In a few seconds something again drew my attention to the Captain. As I glanced back at him, I noticed his hat fell forward over his face and his body turning so as to bring his back and shoulders against the tree. The position was

not natural, and looking closer I observed the blood running down the side of his face. I immediately got up and went to him. I heard neither groan nor word from him. No examination was necessary to show his condition He was dead. A minnie [sic] ball had passed through his brain. Two or three of the men responded to my call, and the body was taken to the rear, though the balls were cutting trees and twigs about us in every direction. I was now left in command of the Battery; and again returned to my position behind the works. After the infantry returned from their unsuccessful charge there was no heavy fighting on our part of the line. The enemy made some show of returning the charge and keeping us in continual expectation. Night drew on and orders passed down the line for us to be ready to move. At dark we were ordered to cross the Oastinanla when Lieut. McCall, who had been sick for the last two days, came up and assumed command of the Battery. We soon found the whole army was retiring as well as we. Crossing the Oastinanla River on a pontom [sic] bridge above Resaca, we move on some two miles and bivouac at 2 A.M. About an hour after dark a very heavy fire broke out on the lines and continued about half an hour, the impression at the time was that the enemy was charging the works and so they were, but the works were -empty! It was a gallant charge, no doubt. 16th. Up and on the march at sunrise. March until 12 M. and halt near Calhoun at 6 P.M. ordered to be ready to move – countermanded at sundown. 17th. Up at 3 A.M. and on the move at daylight. At 11 A.M. we halt near Adairsville. See J.T. Moore and Cadi Herrin of the 1st Miss. Cavalry. At five P.M. skirmishing begins in our front, or rather our rear, for we were retreating and the enemy following. Our troops, infantry, and artillery, were at once moved into line of battle. The skirmishing was kept up very briskly all the evening between our cavalry and the enemy. Break our lines and begin to retire at dark. March one mile and halt on the road side for Polk's corps to pass. We then continue the march slowly for the remainder of the night. Road crowded and blocked up. 18th. Halt at Cassville at 8 A.M., eat breakfast and go to sleep. See Rondeau. Some firing in the rear. 19th. Had a good night's rest. Up at 4 A.M. Genl. Johnson's battle order read, saying a collision with the enemy is at hand. Move to the right at 9 A.M., ½ mile east of Cassville. Troops in line and fortifying. Skirmishing and cannonading before sundown. Our Battalion not on the lines. At 11 P.M. Our battalion marches for Cartersville. 20th. Got to Cartersville one hour before day, feed and bivouac. Up at sunrise; move one hour after. Troops cross the Etawah on four bridges. Enemy said to be flanking our left and crossing the river. Saw Lewis Sanders in Genl. Loring's escort; also saw Capt. Head, he reports Napolen [sic] Brown killed by cannon shot at Resaca. 21st. I am 25 years old to-day. Our present position (7 A.M.) is one mile from the railroad bridge across Etawah river. Move 200 yards. Write to Mrs. and Mr. Ross. Dairy absent without leave. 22nd. Sunday. At sun down we receive orders to harness and be ready to move. Remain harnessed all night. 23rd. Unharnessed at sunrise. At 12 M. troops begin to move. Write to Bettie Pearson. Remain in camp. 24th. At 8 A.M. we harness and leave camp. Halt at 4 P.M. and bivouac. Rec. letter from Mrs. S.R. Light rain. 25th. Up at 3 A.M. – On the march at daylight. Halt and feed at 11:30 A.M. Form line of battle at 12 M. Skirmishing in front. Battery in position - 2 P.M. move back to church – 6 P.M. Batteries take position on line with the infantry, while the skirmishers are being driven in. They are close by followed by heavy lines of Yankee infantry, charging our line, firing as they come, yelling through the bushes, which are so dense that we do not see the enemy,

through [sic] distant only from 200 to 5 yards from us. the fight continues without intermission until dark. - about 2 hours. At dark the enemy drew off leaving us in possession of the line, from which we had at no time been driven. At sundown our company's loss had been so great that we could work but two guns. At dark the Battery withdraws from the line 1 ½ miles and bivouacs. Lost in the fight today R.T. Dollar, killed; 17 men wounded; 13 horses killed and wounded. Our Battalion lost 43 men, killed and wounded, 43 horses killed and wounded. The Battery fired 218 rounds in the fight today. Stewarts' Division engaged and, and [sic] is not moved by the enemy at any point. Our horses and drivers were withdrawn from the Battery during the first part of the fight, or until the ammunition in the limber chests was used up, when they had to come over the hill before which they were protected and advance to us down the slope near the foot of which we were in position. This fight was very unexpected to us. When we halted to feed at 11 ½ we had no thought of a collision with the enemy. Most of us had spread our blankets in the shade for a nap, when we were hurriedly ordered to the front for action. Many in the night fell, lay down to their eternal rest. 26th. J.M. Whittle died today from wounds received in yesterday's fight – New Hope. Skirmishing in front all day. Some artillery fighting. Skirmishing kept up all night. Battery does not change position. 27th. Heavy skirmishing and cannonading near the church continued throughout the day. No change in our position, half mile in rear of lines. Some cannon balls falling around us. No casualties in the company. 28th. Skirmishing and cannonading last night. Fernees and Eufola batteries ordered to the front at daylight. We move to the other batteries at 6 P.M. and camp near Genl. Polk's headquarters. 29th. Sunday. Begin a letter to the folks at home, but before I can finish it we are ordered to move to the right with Stewart's Division. Infantry form in line and begin to fortify. Battery takes position on the line at dark. We are posted on a hill in a wheat field- deep ravines in front and rear. All hands fall to at once, throwing up works, about our guns. Limbers and caissons in position under the hill, out of range. Skirmishing in front all day. Minnie [sic] balls passing around and over us. 30th. Heavy fight on the left last night between 10 and 12 o'clock, cannonading very heavy. The flashes from the artillery appearing like sleet lightning. This night fight, some mile or two distant was very impressive. All we knew was the roar of cannon, and the skirmishing light over the tops of the trees, accompanied by the long roll of musketry. Sharpshooters at work this morning. Several men wounded on our line. Battery remains in position on the works. Minnie [sic] visitors were numerous. Send letter to Mrs. S. Ross by mail. 31st. Sharp shooting begins, as usual, on our lines by daylight. Large number of minnie [sic] balls whistling round. Cannonading on our left. Strengthen our positions at night. Battery remains in same position on ball hill -

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June 1st. Wednesday clear and warm. Some artillery firing on the lines. Sharpshooters picking at us all day. We dare not for a moment show our heads above the works for fear of sharp shooters. 2nd. Very heavy rain fell this evening, in which I get wet, the whole company as well. Since occupying this position on the lines I have

slept on the ground with only one blanket. Very dirty and unpleasant. Sharp shooters at work as usual. Men are shot down on our lines every day. Yankee sharpshooters only 200 or 300 yards from us. 3rd. Still on the works. Sharpshooting continues. Rain this evening. 4th. Rain last night and this morning. This is the eleventh day we have been under fire. At 6 P.M. we withdrew the guns from the works. While doing so, we had to work half bent, to keep out of sight and range of the Yanks. We moved out on the Manetta Road. At 6 P.M. heavy rain begins. 5th. Sunday. Raining most of the day. No sleep at all last night. Halted about daylight and fed our horses. On the move again at sunrise. Halt at 9 A.M. At 5 P.M. we take our position in rear of the works with the Battalion. Remain all night. 6th. Rain this morning. Harness at 2 P.M. Write to A.H. Ely. Unharness at 6 P.M. No move. No skirmishing. 7th. Write to Bettie Elain. Receive letter from her dated May 25th. Place our guns on the works at 6 ½ P.M. All quiet. 28th. Orders to be ready to move at sunrise. 6 A.M. We move to the right, of Polk's Corps. Rain yesterday and again to-day. No skirmishing. 29th. Write letter 24 to Sister Bettie P. – Receive letter from Mrs. S. Ross May 20th. Harness at 2 P.M. in the rain. At 4 P.M. move one mile to the right and camp ½ mile in rear of the works. 10th. Feed and harness before day. Move to the works at daylight ¼ mile to the right of R.R. in a thick small growth on the edge of an old field. Infantry works very good. We work on our embrasures until 12 M. At 2 P.M. we move 300 yards to the left and go to work in new position. Have a detail of infantry to help us. Finish our works by dark. Showery. Very little cannonading. 11th. At 6 A.M. We move to the right with Stewart's Division- return to same position at 12 M. Infantry does not return with us. We are now with Stephen's Division. Some picket firing. Rain most of the day. 12th. Sunday. Rain all day. I visit the pickets and take a look, the Yanks and their works 1 ½ miles in front. Vedettes firing while we are out there. Unpleasant day. 13th. Rec'd letter from Sister Bettie P. and Sallie E. (May 31st) before I rose from my wet bed, located under my "dog tent". Though I am wet and it still rains, I feel refreshed by the letters. I have been wet for the last 3 days. Rain holds up about 12 M. Some shelling on the right, 14th. 8 A.M. Battery moved to the right in rear of Stewarts' [sic] Division – The troops seem to be gradually moving to the right. Write to Mrs. S. Ross. It is expected that Genl. Polk was killed this morning by a cannon shot. Lieut. A.R. McSwine returns from Missipi [sic] – Some cannonading on the lines, but little skirmishing. 15th. Heavy cannonading to our left at 1 P.M. Infantry moving to the left. Our present position is due North of Kennesaw Mt. Since yesterday evening, Harness and move out at 3 P.M. Camp near camp of last night. Heavy artillery firing this P.M. I take a ride along and in front of our lines to take a view of the Yankee lines. Can see their batteries firing at our lines. Have a magnificent view from the range we hold. Draw pay to April 1st. 16th. 7 A.M. Harness and move 1 mile to their right in rear of the lines. Yanks visible [sic] from the top of the hill. Write letter no. 5 to Mrs. B. Pearson. Unharness at sundown. After night I ride back to the wagon train ½ mile south of Marietta. Take a wash and put on clean clothes – something unusual these times. Get back to the battery after midnight. It was a pleasant evening with a full moon shining. I enjoyed the quiet ride after the feverish excitement of the day and amused my mind with pleasing fancies, - Heavy artillery firing on the left. Quiet in our front. 17th. Orders to be ready to move at sunrise 12 M. we move to the left in rear of Stevenson's Division- Infantry detailed to build our works. Write to Sallie E. Artillery firing this P.M. 18th. Up and harnessed at 2 A.M. Begin to

move to the left at 2 ½ A.M. Pass to the rear of Hardee's Corps and remain until 2 P.M. when we return to the right, rear of Polk's Corps. Begins to rain at 2 ½ A.M. and continues until 3 P.M. Everything thoroughly drenched – disagreeable day. Heavy skirmishing and cannonading in Hardee's line. 19th. Sunday. Move to the left of R.R. at 6 A.M. Two Battalions parked together. Heavy showers. Some artillery firing. 20th. Remain in camp with the regmt. [sic] in old field. Heavy artillery firing on the left. Showery but do not get wet. 21st. Harness up and march through Marietta two miles west of town and halt. Rain. 22nd. Write to Bettie Elain. Harness at 2 P.M. Move to the left on the Powder Springs road [sic] at 3 P.M. At sundown we take position on the extreme left, where we remain until 10 P.M. when we return in the same road one mile and bivouac at 12 at night. Heavy fighting in our front from 4 P.M. till 7 P.M. Stevens and Hindman engaged. Stevenson very heavy. Harness at 9 A.M. At 1 P.M. move 1 ½ miles to the left and at dark take position on a knoll on the left of our old field ¼ mile from gin and dwelling house. Went to see Dr. Frost this P.M. Find him on the picket line. No letters from home. Dr. F. returned on the 20th. Heavy firing of artillery on the right and near Kennesaw Mountain. 24th. Throw up works for our guns – Same position as yesterday. Work until after midnight. Heavy cannonading, and some skirmishing during the day. 25th. Remain in position. I visit the picket in the old field in our front and which we command with our guns – west of us. Hear a few minnies [sic] whistle while with the pickets. Skirmishing in our front and left. Heavy cannonading from Kennesaw, which is nearly due North and in plain view. Amuse ourselves by watching the smoke rising from the C.S. guns firing from its summit. 6th. Sunday. Write to Aunt. Receive letters from her and Bettie Pearson, dated June 18th and 15th. At 4 P.M. the Yankee Battery in our front opens on us. Firing slowly until sundown then ceases. 27th. At 6 P.M. the Yankee Batteries in front and right open a few shells coming our way. We do not reply but keep close. Shelling in the lines most of the day. Heavy skirmishing on the right front. Heavy cannonading on little Kennesaw. Heavy fighting reported on Cheatham and Deburn's [sic] front. Yankees repulzed [sic]. Write to Bettie Pearson. 28th. Some shelling and skirmishing this A.M. As I was riding along the lines on our right this morning, to see the position of the Yankee and rebel lines, my horse was shot on the leg with a minnie [sic] ball. Had the ball extracted but my horse is left very lame. We can see the Yanks at work in our front. They are strengthening their position. No change in affairs. 29th. Write to Mrs. Frost. Rec'd letter from A.H. Ely, Griffin, Ga. Skirmishing and firing as usual. 30th. Heavy firing of artillery, last night near Kennesaw Mountain. Write to A.H. Ely. Raining. Since 23rd June our position has been in line of works between Clayton's Brigd. [sic] on the right and Gibson's on the left, five miles due south of Kennesaw Mountain. The lines run north and south. Our Battery on the left of an old field facing west. Yanks are on the other side of the field. Can see their works and skirmishers. Some stray minnies. [sic]

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July 1st L.O. Crowder wounded by a minnie [sic] ball from the Yankee skirmishers, ball enters just below the knee. Usual sharpshooting and cannonading. Batteries open on us at 6 P.M. All quiet at 7 P.M. 2nd. Batteries opened at 5.30 A.M. Shelled 1 ½ hours then quiet again. At 9 A.M. ordered to harness. 2 P.M. the caissons are sent to the

rear. At dark withdraw our guns and move 4 miles south. Halt at midnight. My horse so lame that I have to walk. Dark and Muddy. 3rd. Sunday. Moved south at 6 A.M. Halted on the left of Stewart's Division at 10 A.M. This evening we begin a fort, infantry detail to help us. Stop work at dark. Our fort is L. Shaped. Some artillery firing and skirmishing in front. 4th. Continue work on fort until about 3 P.M. When our cavalry is driven in from our left. The infantry at once begins to move rapidly to the left. The enemy evidently flanking in that direction. Enemy Battery in our front opens at 6 P.M. firing to the left. Caissons ordered to the rear. Our line runs N. and S. to here, then turns east to protect our flank. At 5.30 P.M. the enemy advance cheering and drive in the skirmishers on our front. Do not advance further. We prepare for action and expect the Yanks to charge. Expect to fall back at dark. I receive a letter from Bettie Elan [sic] at 11 P.M. At midnight withdraw and fall back, moving south. 5th. March until 7 A.M. and halt in the works that protect R.R. bridge over the Chattahoochie river [sic] where we meet our caissons. [sic] At 12 M. Our Battery moves back to the left 1 mile and take position in line. We alter the works to suit our guns. Write to Bettie Elan. [sic] See Dr. Frost Battery again moves to the left ¼ mile from Chattahoochie river, [sic] with Stewarts' [sic] Divis. Run gauntlet of Yankee Battery. Halt for the night in rear of the works. Heavy shelling on the left. 6th. Take position on the works at 7 A.M. A detail of 75 men was sent to fortify our guns, - the detail is appropriated by the 1st section. We of the 2nd section do our own work. Caissons [sic] ordered across the river at 5 P.M. Wood and Vane stunned by a shell aimed at the 1st section. Our guns remain in position. 7th. During the day we have the usual cannonading and skirmishing. At 7 P.M. there is heavy firing between our and the Yankee Batteries – grand sight. -firing ceased at dark – 8 P.M. we of the 2nd section move to the left of the line and take position in a fort near the Chattahoochie river. [sic] 8th. Usual fighting – Men wound every day by stray bullets. Very warm. 9th. Sultry day. Ordered at 6.30 P.M. to be ready to move at dark. Withdraw our guns at dark and cross the Chattahoochie on a pontoon bridge. Move 3 miles towards Atlanta and bivouac at 11 P.M. Usual firing on the lines today. No demonstration. 10th. Sunday. Harness at daylight. Unharness at 9 A.M. Write to Mrs. S. Ross. Rain P.M. artillery firing towards the river. 11th. Battery moves 1 mile nearer Atlanta. I go to the wagons 3 miles, from Atlanta and work on pay rolls. Firing in front. Rain. 12th. At work on pay rolls at the wagons. Rain. Few guns in front. 14th. Write to A.H. Ely, inclose [sic] two letters to him. I receive letters from Mrs. Pearson, dated July 3 and M.B. Lamb, date July 4th. Go to see Dr. Frost, this P.M. It rains while I am with him. 15th. Go to Strahl's Brigd [sic] to enquire about the death of Col. Lamb. Learn that he was mortally wounded near New Hope Church May 28th and died May 29th. Saw Sgt. B.F. Taylor, Lamb's nephew, and West Crawford. I visit the picket lines on the river with Crawford. No firing though the Yanks and Confeds [sic] are in plain view and easy range of each other on opposite sides of the river. Though no talk is allowed between them. Some firing of artillery in front. 16th. Our Battery goes to Turner's Ferry picket and report to Genl. Gibson. Hold election. Jack Martin elected Jr. 2nd Lt. over Sgt. Jones by a vote of 43 to 40. The company dissatisfied with manner of election – on account of some men not getting in, in time to vote. Write to Mrs. W.L. Frost. 1 P.M. The enemy reported not in our front. Cannonading on the right. 17th. See Tom Nance of the 4th La. Battalion. At 4 P.M. we are ordered to rejoin our Battalion. Troops moving. Bivouac 3 miles from Atlanta. Artillery firing on the right.

18th. Write to Bettie Elam. See Dr. Frost. P.M. I go to the wagons, return and find the Battery moving. Halt 3 miles from Atlanta on Peach Tree road [sic] North from Atlanta at dark we bivouac. 19th. Send letter to Sallie E. 10 A.M. we ordered to get ready to move. 11 A.M. move  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to the right and take position on the line. Infantry throwing up works. Stay here to-night. 20th. Begin works- infantry detail. At 10 A.M. move 8 miles to the right. A fight expected by 3 o'clock. At 12 M. we begin temporary works. All hands move very hard. At 6 P.M. the enemy make demonstrations driving in our skirmishers, minnies [sic] singing. Our sections 200 yards apart. See Dr. Frost. 21st – At 5 A.M. skirmishers thrown out in our front. 9 A.M. orders to be ready to support infantry advance. Do not advance. Minnies [sic] and shells whistling. At dusk we retire to the works around Atlanta. 22nd. At 7 A.M. take position in a fort east of town. 8 A.M. move  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile to the left and open – on skirmish line. Yankee artillery does not reply. At 2 P.M. Yankee Battery opened briskly on us. We are about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from Atlanta. Sections separated. The 1st is  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to our left. Lieut. McCall commanding it. I commanding the 2d. At 5 P.M. ordered to be ready to move. Infantry leaves us – it moving to the right – heavy firing of small arms on the right. 5.30 A.M. Battalion (12 guns) moves  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile to the left in front of fort and opened, firing to the left front. Infantry charging the enemy's works. At 6 P.M. we return to the works and then to our former positions at sundown. The infantry report going to the enemy's works, but could not hold them. The fight in which we took part was 1 mile east of Atlanta. Our Battalion lost nothing in the fight. The enemy shelled us freely. Loss of the army heavy. Reported 3600 Yanks captured. 23d. Yanks shelling all day – pickets skirmishing. Yanks make close cuts with shot and shells at our works. We had to keep close. Shells going into Atlanta. 24th. Sunday. Yanks shell our lines and skirmish in front. 25th. We change at 8 P.M. we dismount our ammunition chests. Mount them again at 2 o'clock at night. Shells still popping about us and minnies [sic] whistling. We have 5 horses wounded by minnies [sic] at this place. 26th. Pioneer and detail building a hexagon fort which includes my right piece. Usual firing and shelling. 27th. At 12 M. Yanks advance on our left – heavy cannonading. Extra men and riders armed with small arms – 3 P.M. ordered to be ready to move – order countermanded at dark. Usual shelling and skirmishing. 28th. Goldthwait's Battery comes into the fort with us. Capt. Oliver, of the Eufola Battery of Ala. was killed on the lines today. Our Batteries opened on the enemy's lines at 2 P.M. – Yanks reply promptly. Have dust and dirt thrown on me by cannon ball striking above to me. Heavy fight on the left. 29th. Usual cannonading and skirmishing. Stanton wounded. A man in our fort wounded by minnie [sic] ball. Capt. Henry Head with me several hours. Our last railroad reported cut and baggage burnt. 30th. Not so much shelling as usual. Minnies [sic] and shells still passing. 31st. Sunday. Rain P.M. Usual shelling and Minnies [sic]. We have been under fire every day since the 20th, inst. – 12 days. We still occupy our position in fort. Mooney, on, the line where we took position on the 22d. inst. This fort is named Fort Mooney in honor of A.W. Mooney, mortally wounded at Resaca, May 15th, 1864, (at the time this was written, we supposed Mooney dead, but afterwards learned he recovered from the wound, which at the time was pronounced mortal by the surgeons. He was captured and remained a prisoner – was with the Battery no more.

August 1864

1st. Lieut. McCall slightly wounded in the shoulder by a minnie [sic] ball. Heavy shelling on the left at 6 P.M. – west of Atlanta. Quiet at dark. 8 P.M. I receive 6 letters from Yazoo – sisters B. and M. Bettie and Sallie Elam, Mr. and Mrs. Ross, T.C. Rosamond mortally wounded by a minnie [sic] ball through the body. J.L. Shimpank slightly wounded in the side by minnie [sic]. Rain. 2d. Write to Mrs. S. Ross and Mrs. Pearson – and send the letters by hand to Grenada, Miss. 3rd. Heavy infantry firing at 4 P.M. on the left reaching as far as the 1st Section – All quiet again at dark. 4th. Write to Mrs. Frost. Usual programme. [sic] 5th. Write to Bettie Elam. Yankee Battery in my front P.M. opens and make close shots at us. 6th. Received letter from Mrs. Ross. Battery in front shells us again. M. Hartsfield shout through the thigh by a minnie [sic] ball while lieing [sic] inside our fort, serious wound. As soon as he was wounded, his bed fellow jumped up and ran away from him, being frightened by his cry for help, and the unpleazant [sic] sound of the ball as it struck. I at once got up and went to Hartsfield He told me he was bleeding to death. It was too dark to see and I had to feel for the hole made by the shot, and by forcing my thumbs into the opposit [sic] sides of the wound, the ball had passed though his thigh, tried to stop the bleeding: and called to the men to bring a light. It was some time before one could be produced as there was no fire in the fort. In the meantime, we had placed a handkerchief around his thigh above the wound, and by using a stick had twisted it tight enough to stop the bleeding. I sent to the Battery Surgeon, who was posted in the rear in safe quarters, but he declined coming forward, - did not like the danger and directed that Hartsfield be sent to him. I sent to another surgeon who was not so timid as Dr. Montgomery. The doctor at once came forward and dressed the wound and we soon had poor Hartsfield on a litter and on the way to the rear, whence he returned no more, his wound proved fatal. 7th. Sunday. Yanks not shelling Atlanta today. Skirmishing as usual. P.M. go up town to Institute with A.C. Lake Move my bunk outside the fort. 8th. No artillery firing on my front. A few shells to Atlanta. 9th. A.M. The Yankee Batteries on my front open. Yanks enfilade this part of our line. Mostly using sold shot. Quiet at 4 P.M. Rain. 10th. Write to Wm. Ross. Heavy cannonading on the extreme left this P.M. Heavy shower this evening. 11th. Rec. letter from Mrs. Ross – dated Aug. 3d. Usual proportion of minnies [sic]. Artillery on the left. 12- 1st section comes to our fort A.M. Receive letter from Hartsfield, Macon, Ga. lost my canteen yesterday. One that I got at Perryville, Ky. Get orders to move at dark. Do not move. 13th. Unharnessed at daylight. At dark Yanks begin to shell Atlanta. Shell all night. Grand sight. One block burnt. 14th. Sunday. Shelling Atlanta form the left. None in our front. Write to Sallie Elam, Deasonville, Miss. At 5 P.M. I go with Lieut. Scott to Atlanta to church. We listen to a sermon while the church windows rattle with the roar of artillery. Several ladies and a few soldiers present. 15th. Borrow \$125.00 from A.H. Ely to pay for a hat. Give Ely My note for the cash. Usual programme [sic]. 16th. Exchange hats with Lieut. Martin. He gives me \$50.00 difference. Write to Hartsfield and Mrs. Pearson. Capt. Head spends the evening with me. 17th. Go to wagon camp and hospital South of A. Saw Thos. White. Rec'd letter from Mrs. Sanders to Mr. White. Hear from Dr. Frost. Get back to the works at sundown. 18th. Heavy firing of artillery North of A. at sunrise, Heavy firing north of A. at sunset. 19th. Heavy artillery firing at daylight, - continued half hour. Fire

in Atlanta at the same time. Rec. letters from M.L. Frost, Bettie Pearson and Bettie Elam. Write to Mrs. Pannel, Canton. At 5 P.M. heavy skirmishing in front and left. Yankees continue to throw solid shot at us all day. They make close shots at us. This is the 31st day, we have been under the fire of Yankee Batteries and small arms. During that time not a day has passed but we have had minnie [sic] balls, and a good part of the time shells too whistling about us. 20th. Rain. Write to Mrs. Frost. Railroad communication cut off by Yankees. Usual firing on the lines. 21st. Sunday. Rain. Very little artillery firing on the lines. 21st. Sunday. Rain. Very little artillery firing except on extreme left. Minnies [sic] passing. 22d. Write to Mrs. Ross. Usual programme [sic]. 23rd. Rec. letter N-6 from Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Ross, both Aug. 14th. Shelling Atlanta still goes on slowly. Except the pickets all is quiet in our front. 24th. D.L. Wood wounded just before day while asleep. The minnie [sic] ball entered just under his right arm. Dangerous wound. His bed fellow jumped up in a fright and left him. I answered his call for help and went to him. He was sleeping with his arm under his head, and lying on his back. The shock from the ball caused him to throw his arm down by his side thus closing the wound and preventing the flow of blood. He was paralyzed [sic] by the ball; could not turn over or move his arms after the first shock. He could not tell where he was wounded, but felt a burning sensation all over. It took me several minutes to locate the wound. We sent him to the rear to the hospital. (He died of the wound) 25th. Wrote to Bettie Elam. Usual programme [sic]. After dark I receive a letter from T.J. White informing me that Dr. Frost was wounded on the 19th. Letter dated 20th. 26th. We are surprised this morning to find the Yanks gone from our front. Go to see Dr. Frost. He is slightly wounded in the back of the head. See T.J. White and Sullivan. Enemy seems to be going to our left. Rec'd letter from Mrs. Frost dated Aug. 17th. This P.M. I visit the Yankee works in our front. Went as far as our old position before we came to this line. Yankee works no better than ours. Very little firing on the left. None in our front. Today, for the first time since 19th of July, I have not heard a shot pass close to me. Thirty-seven days and nights under close! During the time we have lost 6 men killed and wounded from our Battery. In our ride over the front today we found the ground around the picket posts actually covered with minnie [sic] balls fired during this unbroken skirmish of 37 days. We had to live in our ditches to save ourselves. 27th. Write to Mrs. Frost (my sister) No firing 28th. At 9 A.M. we are ordered to report to Genl [sic] Clayton's Division 4 miles west of Atlanta. Leave Fort Mooney. Halt at 4 P.M. ½ mile in rear of the works. No news from the Yanks. 29th. Remain in camp. Position of the enemy still doubtful. No skirmishing. Write to Mrs. Ross (my aunt) 30th. Harness at 3 A.M. Leave camp at daylight. Halt on the works one mile south of East Point. Prepare works. At dark ordered to withdraw. Yesterday. I borrowed \$100.00 from Dr. Frost. 31t. Marched slowly all last night. Halt at 12 M. near Jonesboro, 20 miles from Atlanta 3 P.M. harness and move out in haste expecting to go into action. Skirmishing in our front. Fighting on our left very heavy continued till sundown nearly. Our Battery does not "go into position". We bivouac at dark ¼ mile north of Jonesboro Station. The impression is that we did not gain anything by today's [sic] fight. The principal fighting was south of Jonesboro. I have been in command of the Battery since yesterday morning. Lieut. McCall being sick and gone to the hospital. Numerous shells and Minnies [sic] passing to-day.

September 1864

1st Thursday. Leave camp at day brake [sic], taking the McDanough road [sic] to Atlanta. Yanks shell the road as we pass Jonesboro. Fenners [sic] Battery had Lt. Montgomery wounded. Enfola Battery, one more killed by Yankee shells. Halt at 3 P.M. 7 miles from Atlanta. Our horses nearly exhausted. Unharness and bivouac. Troops struggle a great deal. 2d. Move out at daylight, going southeast. Polks [sic] corps pass us. Halt after dark in old field with Clayton's and Stevensons' [sic] Division. Feed green corn and fodder to horses. 3d. Ready to move at daylight. March at 7 A.M. Pass through McDanough at 12 M. going west. Bivouac at 5 P.M. on Lovejoy road [sic]. Heavy rain today. 4 – Sunday. Lieut. McCall takes command of our Battery. Move out at daylight. Halt at 10 A.M. 8 miles from McDanough near Genl. Clayton's headquarters. Small arms and artillery heard towards Lovejoy. 5th. Write to Aunt S. Ross. L. Lake comes up. Get rations Have had none in last two days. Rain. Firing on the left 6th. Yanks reported gone. No firing. Rode to last camp and found my spur. Very heavy rain. Write to Uncle W. Ross 7th. Leave camp at 9 A.M. Move northwest. Halt at old water mill 6 miles from Lovejoy. I have a chill very sick. 8th. Am not well enough to eat breakfast. Feel better this evening. Orders to get ready to move at 3 P.M. Order countermanded at dark. 9th. Have a very hard chill and high fever. Severe headache. Genl. Lee addresses the troops of Clayton's Division both artillery and infantry. 10th. Feel used up. I make start for the hospital. I find hospital moving and I return to camp. 11th. I take quinine pills that I have had for two years. Add a little whiskey and miss my chill. At 11 A.M. I start to hospital at the railroad at 3 P.M. I take the train for Macon. Train stopped at Griffin until 10 P.M. A few miles below we have a brake [sic] down of rear cars and lie over till morning. Several men badly hurt. 12th. Armistice for ten days begins today. Get breakfast at Atlanta medical Hospital, with St. Clair and Saulsberry of Enfola Battery. See Billie King. Weed died at this Hospital. Aug. 3d. Leave on train at 2 P.M. Reach Macon at sundown. Report to distributing hospital in Depot building. Remain here tonight. Feel weak, but no chill. 13th. See T.J. White. He says Dr. Frost is in Macon. At 8 A.M. leave on the train for Eufola, where we arrive at dark. Reported at Saulsberry to Mr. Willeiar. Stop at Mrs. Balies Hospital. Find myself about out of funds. Paid \$3.00 for dinner – have \$5.00 left. 14th. The Doctor came around this morning asked my name, disease etc. Gives me no medicine. 14 – Write to Bettie Elam. Many ladies call at Hospital. 15th. Doctor comes around, same questions no medicine. I feel much better. Go to church tonight, crowded. 16- See not doctor. Got to church again tonight. 17- At 10 A.M. go to Methodist Church. Hear Doctor Pierce preach. Very few present. 18 – Sunday. Go to Methodist Church at 10 A.M. and to Baptist at 4 P.M. and 7 P.M. All who can do any duty ordered to front. Dinner sent to me from Mr. Woods', with bouquet from Mrs. Wood. Rain evening and night. 19th. Deposit \$20.00 in gold at Eufola, Savings Bank, and draw \$100.00 in Confederate money. Take receipt for gold and give one for the Confederate. Go to church at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. 20- Write to Mrs. Ross (aunt) Pay \$20.00 for a pocket knife. Get discharge and transportation papers from hospital. Eat a good dinner sent by young ladies No church tonight. 21- Omnibus calls at 4 A.M. Leave on the train for Macon at 5 A.M. from E. to Macon 144 miles. Arrive at Macon at 3.30 P.M. Stop at Brown's Hotel. Go to theater at [illegible] P.M. Ticket \$3.00 Play

"Pocahontas" and "The Toodles". Before the close of the performance the gas suddenly gave out and left us in nearly total darkness. Candles were lighted and the performance continued. Audience excited by the darkness. 22 Leave Macon at 9 A.M. Reach Griffin at 2 P.M. We are not permitted to go further Report to Camp direction. Order to wait till tomorrow 6 A.M. A great many refugees going down the road. 23 – Leave Griffin on foot with three other officers to go across the country to the army said to be at Palmetto on the West Point R.R., 40 miles from Griffin. Travel 12 miles to a Mr. Hasting's and stop all night. 24 – Leave Mr. Ha's at 7 A.M. Road muddy. Walk to within 10 miles of Palmetto and then ride in wagon to Palmetto, where we stop in a private house. 25 – Sunday. Go out to the Battery this A.M. Paid \$6.00 for bed and breakfast. Find letters from Mrs. Ross (aunt) dated Aug. 23d and Mrs. Pearson (sister) Aug. 28. Mrs. Frost (sister) Sept. 26 – and Bettie Elam Aug. 28. I wrote to Mrs. Ross and send by hand to Duck Hill, Mississippi. 26 – Our Battalion of Artillery, in fact the whole of this army reviewed by president. Jeff Davis, at 12 M. The president was but slightly cheered by the troops. Receive a letter from Mrs. Kate Dannall (nee, Miss Sanders). Write to Mrs. Pearson (sister) 27th. Send \$105.00 by S.J. Flemery to Robt. Wood, Eufola, Alabama, to redeem \$20.00 gold left at Eufola. Home Insurance Co. as security for note given for \$100.00 Confederate. Draw wages to Apl. [sic] 30 - \$90.00 Letters from sisters Pearson and Frost. 28. Write to Mrs. Frost (sister) Rec. letter from Sallie Elam. Sept. 8. 29 – Write to Sallie E. At 10 A.M. ordered to be ready to move with half hours notice. Go to P. to mail letter to S.E. and to hunt my knapsack. Battery moves out at 4 P.M. Receive letters from Mrs. Ross and Bettie Elam. Halt at 11 P.M. and bivouac one mile from Chattahoochie river [sic]. 30. Up at 4 A.M. Move out at daylight. Cross the Chattahoochie river [sic] on pantom [sic] bridge, and place our Battery on the bluff to protect the crossing. Remain here until 5 P.M. and move on after the army. Heavy rain after dark. Halt at 11 o'clock at night and bivouac, 12 miles from the river.

October 1864

1st. Sunday. Remain in camp. Rain. No news. 2d. Ordered to be ready to move at 7 A.M. March at 12 M. I was very sick last night. March until 10 P.M. Rain during the day and night. 3d. Leave camp at 7 A.M. I got a ticket to "march at will" Get in sight of Kennesaw Mt. and stop in a deserted house until the Battery comes up. Very hard rain in P.M. No sign of the Yanks. 4th. Rain to-day and last night. Our position is about 7 miles west of Kennesaw Mt. Some Yankee prisoners pass. They were taken by Stewarts' [sic] Corps at Big Shanty at 3 P.M. We move 1 ½ miles South of Kennesaw Mt. 5th. Build works Work all day at dark we get orders to be ready to move at 6 in the morning. 6th. Begin to rain before day. Rain all the morning. At 7 A.M. we move out. March 12 miles to Dallas. Camp [sic] 5 P.M. 7th. Leave camp at 7 A.M. Our Battery left with the rear guard. Caissons sent a head. Halt at sundown, 18 miles west of Dalton, Mountainous country. 8th. Feed horses at 3 ½ A.M. Move out at 5 A.M. Halt at dark 2 ms. [sic] west of Cedar, Tenn. March 18 ms. [sic] today. 9th. Sunday. Orders to be ready to move at 12 M. Slight frost this morning. March at 1 P.M. Eufola Battery and Fenner's Battery left behind. Our Battery goes with the Division. Pass through Cave Springs. Halt at 9 P.M. 2 miles from Quinns Ferry, Coosa river. [sic] 10th

Move out at 5 A.M. Pontoon bridge broke last night. At 12 M. we cross Coosa River near Coosaville. March 16 ms. [sic] Halt at sundown. 11th. Up and move at 5 A.M. Halt at 2 P.M. At dark we move on to Oostananla river [sic] and report to Genl. Gibson to protect pontoon bridge. Enemy reported on the other bank. 12th. Sunrise, began to lay pontoon bridge. We cross at 9 A.M. Only Clayton's Division cross. Lee's and Stewarts' [sic] Corps pass on up the river. C's Division and Battery go half mile from the river and throw up works. Three prisoners brought in. No more from the Yanks. We recross the river at dark and follow on after the enemy. Halt at 3 A.M. within 5 ms. [sic] of Resaca. Have clear moonshine. 13th. Move within 3 ms. [sic] of Resaca. Camp on old Yankee works. Some cannonading. Stewarts' [sic] and Cheatham's corps are on the railroad destroying it. 14th. Up at sunrise. At 10 A.M. Halt near Snake Creek Gap. 6 P.M. March through the gap and halt in 2 ms. [sic] of Villener. 15th. Move out at 8 A.M. Go in 5 ms. [sic] of Lafayette turning south towards Sommerville. Camp 6 ms. [sic] from La F. at 3 P.M. 16th. March 3 ms. [sic] and halt 10 ms. [sic] from Sommerville, See 900 negroes [sic] captured at Dalton and Funnell Hill. I write a hasty note to Mr. and Mrs. Ross. Yankees close behind. 17th. Up and march at 1 A.M. Part of the battery (1st section) reports to Gen. Wheeler for rear guard. I report with the 2d section of Battery to Genl. Clayton with infantry rear guard. Pass through Sommerville. Halt 4 ms. [sic] from Alpine. 18th. Move out at 6 A.M. Halt near Alpine. First sec. comes up at dark. A.H. Ely died yesterday of dierrhea [sic]. Buried at Trim Factory. 19th. Move at 8 A.M. Halt 2 P.M. at Blue Ponds. Write home. 20th. March at 8 A.M. Halt at 5 P.M. 21- Move at 8 A.M. Pass through Cadsden. [sic] Halt 2 ms. [sic] west of Cadsden. [sic] Rec'd letters from Mrs. Ross and Bettie Elam. 22d. Write to Bettie Elam. March at 3 P.M. Go 5 ms. [sic] and bivouac. Fus. [sic] E. 23d. Move out at 7 A.M. Halt at 4 P.M. on Sand Mt. Clear and frost. 24. On the march at 6 ½ A.M. Pass Summit. Bivouac on Sand Mt. Lieut. McCall taken sick this P.M. 25. March at 12 M. Camp [sic] at foot of Mountain. 26. Move at 6 A.M. Camp 2 ms. [sic] from Sommerville Rain last night and today. Heavy cannonading towards Decatur. 27th. March 5 ½ A.M. west. Camp 10 ms. [sic] from Molton. Rain last night. 28th. March 9 ½ a.m. Halt at dark 4 ms. [sic] from Courtland. Get off sand hills into a beautiful farming country. Cross the Memphis and Charleston railroad. 29th. March 8 A.M. Pass through Courtland. The country, once in high cultivation, looks almost like a waist [sic]. Half of the dwelling houses have been burnt. Sick again, chill and fever. Lieuts [sic] Martin and McCall off last night. Bivouac 6 ms. [sic] from south Florence. 30th. Sunday. Move at 5 ½ A.M. Halt one mile from So. Florence at Mr. Jackson's Bivouac This evening I went down to the Tennessee River and took a view of the Yanks. Our men crossing the river in pontoon boats. 31st. Ordered to cross the river. After crossing one piece, the order is countermanded. Accidental acquaintance with Miss Mollie Rice. Call on Mrs. and Miss Wood. Supper at hotel. Brass bands playing overture.

November 1864

1st – Tuesday. pontoons being laid and tressel [sic] bridge built on side next to Florence. Finished at dark. Ride over town and out to the works. 2d. One piece

ordered to recross the river. Go to Mrs. Woods for letter. Camp one mile from So. Florence. Cloudy and cold. 3d. Mail letter to Bettie E. from Miss Wood. Remain in camp. Rain. 4th. Write to Sallie Elam. Remain in camp. 5th. Big frost. Clear. Send letters by hand to Grenada. 6th. We cross Tenn [sic] River on pontoon bridges this evening. Camp 1 m. N. w. from Florence. Go to church P.M. 7th. Heavy rain last night. Got wet. Letters from Sallie E and Mrs. Frost. Call on Mrs. Wood at Prof. Rice's Mrs. W. not at home. Go to church at night. 8th. Write to Mrs. Frost Division review by Genl. Clayton – Rain. 9th. Invitation from Miss Wood dated 8th to dine to-morrow. Call on Annie Hardy with W. Moore. Bought 1 pr. boots from Capt. Hope. Paid \$200.00 had to borrow the money. 10th. Write note to Miss Wood excusing my absence. Move camp 1½ miles N. of Florence. 11th. Went to ball at the college. Given by officers of the corps. Dull affair. 12th. Call on Mrs. W. See Maj. W and Mrs. Rice. Pontoon bridge still unfinished. 13th. Sunday. Go to church at night to hear Dr. McFerrin. Write to Mrs. Ross. 14th. Write to Mrs. Ross for clothing. Send letters by E.W.L. Butt, who is detailed to go for clothing for the company. I go with them to work on fort with F. and E. Batteries. Write note to Miss Mollie Rice. She declines to go to theatrical entertainment which did not come off. 15th. Theatrical by Fenner's Battery. Good affair. House crowded. Rain last night. 16th. Rec'd letter No. 9 from Mrs. Pearson yesterday. I answer it with no. 11 today. Rainy Day of fasting and prayer. 17th. Attend theatrical and ball given by Fenner's Battery at the college. Large audience. 18th. Rain last night and to-day. 19th. Remain in camp. Had plenty to eat since we have been at Florence. 20th. Sunday. Leave camp at 8 A.M. bound for Tennessee. Roads in desparate [sic] condition. Staliding [sic] all day. Camp 10 ms. [sic] from Florence 5 P.M. 21st. Slight snow. Cold and disagreeable. Cross the line into Tenn. this P.M. Heavy roads. Camp at dark. 22d. March at 8 A.M. Slight snow. Steep hills to climb. March 5 miles. Camp [sic] at dark. Very cold. 23d. March 9 A.M. Camp 4 P.M. Move 12 ms. [sic] from West Point. 24th. March 9 A.M. Road still heavy. See Lt. Frasure of the 7th Ky. Cavalry. Pass through Henryville. Camp 3 ms. [sic] from Henryville at 12 o'clock at night. 25th. March at 8 A.M. Pass through and camp 1 m. from Mt. Pleasant. Get into beautiful country. Not much enthusiasm from citizens. 26th. March 7 A.M. Halt near Columbia. Yanks in our front. Skirmishing. For the last three days have had 6 oz. of flour to the man. Two days had good pike. At 3 P.M. we move 1 m. to the left of the pike and bivouac. At 10 P.M. I write to Bettie Elam. Raining. I had to cook tonight. 27th. Sunday. At 2 P.M. we move to the right near the pike, and 2 miles from Columbia. Some picket firing. 28th. Yankees reported out of Columbia. P.M. We move inside of the Yankee works. Enemy all gone from Columbia. 29th. Ready to move at daylight. Heavy cannonading in front. Remain in camp. Borrow one hundred dollars from Rondeau. I go to knole [sic] near C. and see our boys charge the Yanks on the other side, of Duck River. Grand sight. 30th. Horses in harness all last night. March 1 hour 60-fore day. Cross Duck river on pontoons. Pass through Spring Hill. Get to the ridge 1½ ms. [sic] from Franklin 4½ P.M. From C. to F. 25 ms. [sic] Very heavy firing around the town. Our men charging the Yanks. Heavy cannonading. We have but little artillery action. Musketry as heavy as I ever heard. Heavy musketry until 11 P.M. All quiet at 12 night. Our Battery moves to the left of the line at 1 o'clock night, and take position clear to Yankee works. 3 A.M. we move inside the Yankee works. Yanks all gone. Everybody out hunting Yankee plunder, which is very plentyful [sic]

along the works. Not much sleep tonight. The crys [sic] from the wounded left where they fell between the lines, very distressing. Darkness and uncertainty of the whereabouts of the enemy prevents assistance going to them. All quiet at daylight.

December 1864

1st – Thursday.

This is to certify that the above and foregoing copy of W.A. Brown's Diary, is true and correct, having been copied exactly, even as to spelling, etc.

Carl McLellan

Mrs. C.E. Wright Pres. J.J. George Chapter 228

April 1st 1915