

do with cards. I try to remember you and your family at a throne of grace twice a day. I hope you will live with them again in this world and in the world to come.

I must bring my letter to a close. I am your affectionate uncle until death. Write to me again soon.

Wm. A. Witten

William Witten

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Shelbyville Tenn.
Feb. 11th, 1863

Dear Brother,

I sit down this evening to write you a few lines to let you know that I am still in the land of the living. The last letter that I got from Mother, she said that you was at home and was verry unwell. Benson wrote to me that your regiment was at Port Hudson. Lieut. Baldwin is going to Arkansas. I send this letter by him, and I want you to write to me and tell me all about your capture and how you fared. You can write here by mail any time.

I have seen sights and heard little things growl since I saw you. I have been in five battles: Oak Hills, Mo.; Elk Horn Ark.; Farmington, Miss.; Richmond, Ky., and Murfreesboro, Tenn.; but have come out safe this far. I cannot begin to write you what I have went through. At Murfreesboro I had my Ramrod cut in two and one hole in my coat, but did not get hurt. When we left Murfreesboro, we fell back to this place. The Feds are still there yet, but I expect we will have to fight them soon again.

Coke described the battle at Oak Hill (Wilson Creek) in an earlier letter. Pea Ridge National Military Park, 10 miles northeast of Rogers Arkansas marks the site of the battle of Elk Horn (Pea Ridge).

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Uncle Houston Dickey's son Houston was taken prisner at the late battle and aunt Susan Miller's youngest son was severely wounded and had to be lift, and his brother stayed with him, so they are both in the hands of the enemy.

Since we have been here I got five days permit and wint to Uncle Henderson Smalls and Uncle James Pattersons. They are all well. Uncle James Patterson and all the boys ware Union and his sons-in-laws are all in the southern army. The last litter that I got from Benson was dated Jan. the 7th. He was well then. He has went through some hard fighting. Hack is at the hospital now, though he is not much sick. He is very anxious to hear what became of Euclid. Wilkirs. You must try and do the best you can. I hope we will all be spaired to see peace once more and all get home together again. Be sure and write to me.

I hope there is a better day comeing.

Your brother until death,
Coke.

Direct your letters to
Shelbyville Tenn
Company F, First Rigimint Arks, Mounted Riflemen,
McNairs Brigade

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Shelbyville, Tenn.
Feb. 13th, 1863

Dear sister & friends,

I wrote a litter on the 10th to Page & Salina and as Lieut Baldwin, who is going to Little Rock, did not get of as soon as he expected, I thought I would write a line more to you. I have writen two letters to Mother since the late Battle at Murfreesboro, and if she got them you of course read them. We are still at the same place twenty five miles from Murfreesboro in the muddiest place that I ever saw. A Horse lot is a fair sample. The Federals are still at Murfreesboro. Our cavilry keeps them in hot water all the time distroying thier provision trains. They will certainly will have to advance or fall back soon, and I expect we will have a nother fight soon.

Since we have been at this place I got a five days permit and got on the cars at seven o'clock in the morning and eat Brakefast next morning at Uncle Henderson Smalls'. The

distance was one hundred and fifty miles. Uncle Henderson lives on the Railroad three miles from Sweetwater Depot. They were much surprised to see me. Next morning Letty Browder, who lives close by uncle Hendersons, went with me down to uncle James Patterson. Stayed there until after dinner next day, and just as we were starting James Wesley Dickey rode up. He came on with us about five miles. He is now Presiding Elder, and they all say the best preacher there is in the country. He was very glad to see me. Told me that after the Battle he came to our army and spent one hole day hunting for me. He told me, as all the rist of the friends did, that anything that I was in need of I had only to let it be known. He even asked me if I needed money. The friends are all will.

Aunt Betsy Neely was living in the lower end of Meigs county. Aunt Eliza Small says she is doing as well as heart could wish. Aunt Ann is in Illinois at William Rector's. William Patterson and Luther at the commencement of the War moved to Kentucky. Newton is living in Kingston. Uncle James Patterson and all of his boys are Union, but all of his soninlaws are in the southern army. When we was at Loudon I got three days and went to Uncle Houston and down by our old place. Stopt at the Meeting house, saw Father's grave, and went as far as Uncle James Patterson. Nothing looks natural except the meeting house & grave yard. It is all just the same as it used to be. There is a Poplar tree at the head of Father's grave that is more than one foot through. This I have no recollection of; it has certainly grown since we left there.

Tell little Coke that I have not forgotten him, that if I live until the War is over I will come home. There is a goodeal of talk here about peace, but although I beleve there is a great change in the north of late, I think we will have some more hard fighting to yet.

Aunt Susan Miller has only two sons, Thomas and Charles. Charles was severely wounded at the late Battle & could not be moved and his brother stayed with him. So they are both in the hands of the enemy. Our cousin Houston Dickey also was taken prisner.

Your brother until death,
Coke

Write to me.

The poplar tree at the head of John Wesley Witten's grave possibly is the same tree Aunt Alta described to me in 1968 when my family was planning to do genealogical research in Tennessee. However, between the time of her visit and ours, the cemetery had been cleaned and the tree removed.

JEB STUART
SONS OF

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Received
NOV 2 9 1986
CAMP
NO. 1343



To Stones River N. B. Park Prisonerl -

Thanks for your help - we had

a good meeting. I appreciate the

film & brochures.

Enclosed is the account I

refer to on the phone - if it is about

my Great-grandfather. Hope you find

it interesting. As you can see, the division

& brigade are named, but the regiment is not.

Do you have any rosters that might have him?

asked? Family tradition says "1st Arkansas"

(Mounted Rifles 22), but we're unsure.

Thanks -

Robert Campbell

COPY

Letter written by Grandmother Campbell to Aunt Rose after she had found my Father wounded in the Battle of Murfreesboro.

Note Grandmother had driven from Owensboro, Kentucky where she lived, in an effort to see her two sons who were in the Confederate Army and she had heard they were in Tennessee. She was accompanied by a young nephew, William Peyton. She had brought medicines and clothes for the younger son Jimmie, who had written that he needed warm clothing. William Peyton was only about fourteen years old but he was some protection and could look after the horse and buggy. E.C.S.

The letter is very faded-part of it is written in ink and part in pencil and that part is very pale indeed, E.C.S.

I know you are now anxious to hear and I am anxious about you. I had some trouble getting over the Cumberland River and some unavoidable delay. I got to Mr. Davis' five days after William and Jimmie had left. Jimmie for Chattanooga and William for Readyville,

William had his Christmas dinner at Col. Lutnam's. He left there Friday morning and I got there Saturday evening in a most terrible hail and rain storm. I stayed there on Sunday to rest the horse. On Monday I started to Murfreesboro. The battle had started and was raging. I came in town Wednesday morning. After some inquiry and search I found where F. Smith's Commissary etc were camped-about two miles from town. I went there and inquired for Gen. Mc Cowan's Division-Mc Ware brigade. I soon found a man who knew your brother and he came out to see me. When I told him I was Captain Campbell's mother he said "I know him though I never saw him-the bravest man on earth and one of the best". They said he was then on the field of battle as a Major. The muskets and cannon roared as no one on earth can describe nor can I ever tell you how my heart was aching.

A man came from the field-one of William's men- and said "Captain Campbell was wounded and brought off". I said can you tell me where he is to which he answered "he is not dangerously wounded and is in the old Academy". I then had to come back two miles and search.

I went into three rooms looking at all the wounded soldiers-perhaps 150 men, then into another room where I found William (pencil used from now on) badly wounded in the leg-about half way between the ankle and knee. The bone was much fractured. It was awful and is still horrid. I was afraid for two days that his life was in danger and thought his leg would have to be amputated. I have found Dr. Pendleton of Hartford and he has taken charge of the case. I think he will treat it so as to save the leg but think he must be lame. He bears it well and tries to be cheerful-says if he is lame- it will release him from all marriage contracts! I do not know what he would have done or what he will still do if I were not here, for there are so many wounded- about 800 here now. Some were sent off; William and some other officers were not able to be moved or they would not have remained to be prisoners.

I will write again as soon as I can. I do not know when I will be home

The flesh just began last night to slough. A large piece of it is
naked this morning and the inflammation seems to be assuaged some.

He is in a hospital though there is only one other wounded man in the
room. He is a Capt in also and has a brother to wait on him. They
are very nice men from Arkansas and are acquainted with Dr. Stirrain's
Uncle in Arkansas. He is dead.

I am busy from morning ~~xxxxxxx~~ till night and from night till morn-
ing. I stay all the time with William. The room is very nice and
comfortable. I sleep a little sitting in a chair or my head on his
cot. The next room is the Surgeons'-such as they are-though they
are gentle and manly they are green + green.

You must write to Cousin Caroline Henry to let her know how Fletcher
is., direct to Sacramento. Al Hathaway is slightly wounded in the
leg. He is in town. I went to see him and he seems cheerful.

Your affectionate Mother.

William seems so anxious to see you.

January 10, 1863

A few lines added to top of letter. "I have been here 10 days but will
be transferred soon"

So many things regarding this that I feel that I must say something
about it. Both my Father and Aunt Rose loved to tell about it.

When Grandmother and William Peyton reached Surfresboro the battle
was raging and they stayed in the woods just at the edge of the town
until the battle was over. When she finally located Father in the
old School Academy he said "Mother I knew you would come". When they
left the hospital they were put in rooms on the second floor of an
old school building and Grandmother had no conveniences and no room
to herself. She hung a large gray and black and white wool shawl
across the corner and used that for her dressing room. I have that
old gray shawl and prize it very much. It is faded and darned in
several places. They stayed in this building for three months. Dur-
ing that time Father's wounded leg had to be taken off- with only a
glass of whiskey to deaden the pain. The doctor said Father must have
milk. Grandmother scouted around and found a cow, but there was no
food for the cow. She made friends with one of the Sentries who told
her when his back would be turned and she could take some corn from
their supplies- this she did every day and so the cow got food and
Father his milk. When Father was able to be exchanged he was sent
to a prison in Ohio, later on got to Arkansas and then returned to
the Army and stayed in the quartermasters department until the close.
He was a Major at that time. When asked about the prison in Ohio he
always said that was something he never talked about- and so we knew
nothing of his time in the prison Camp.

Love C. Shields