

STANFORD'S
MISS.
Wm. A. BROWN'S BOOK.

Dec. 21-1867. BATHING

Preface.

In this book I propose to make an exact transcript from a "note book" I kept most of the time while the Confederate Army and to add such remarks &c as I 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 might suggest, but my business being such that I could ill spare the time and my mind being kept in such a state by the "gelic 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 view 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

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 on the silent fields of the

In 1860 I cast my vote for John C. Breckenridge. Further than this, I took no part in the political contest of that year; neither casting my vote for or against secession. I remained on the Mississippi Central Railroad as a station agent until the first of September 1861. When, being 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, I enlisted in Stanford's Battery of light artillery then stationed at Grenada, Miss. I went into this Company an entire stranger to all the members then composing the Company. A few young men went with me from Duck Hill, where I was 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 on parole; and I must say, after the experience of nearly four years in the field, that I do not believe a Company of noble hearted boys, more faithful friends, or truer men and soldiers could be found in an army of as brave and patriotic

ly fought for nearly four years, is embraced in these w

It was lost.

W. A. B.

Yazoo County, Miss.
Dec. 22nd, 1867.

are still intimately associated with events
ing. And 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 accident-
ally 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 ordina-
ry soldier; his camps, marches and battles, entirely want-
ing in dash and adventure; and unless you feel an interest
in his person and the part he played in our struggle for na-
tionality, 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 senti-
ments 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 willing-

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 howitzer 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 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 leave-taking on such occasions is always affecting to one was particularly so, as the War had then become a fact and reality. Amidst all the weeping and tearful leave-taking I had not a single friend or acquaintance to speak a cheering word or a kind farewell. The next morning found us at Jackson, Tenn. where we were delayed several hours, on account of no locomotive being at hand to take us on. Here we saw several of the killed and wounded from Belmont, opposite Columbus, where a severe little fight took place the day before. The sight of these, instead of cooling the ardor

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 staid
ed our tents, for the first time near the railroad depot.
ay 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 in-
to 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 outlines. However, we only saw a number of dead
horses, and a few small fresh mounds, marking where the fig-
had been most severe. These, had we been in a frame of
mind to philosophise 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 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 bee-line for camp, which was about a mile distant; arrived there he declared every man on the hill excepting himself was kill-

ed. 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 unfiled 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. 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 unthought 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 suffi-

ciently 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 train, Capt. Stanford took our applications up to the Gen'l. and we, not anticipating a refusal to so reasonable request, in fact regarding it as a right more than as a favor, had carpet bags &c 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 jok. 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 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 &c. Added to this, the greater number of the boys were receiving boxes of "good

things" from home.

January & 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 &c. Nothing however, fe

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 sense 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 caissons on the train and took our horses on to Humboldt by land. The riders and sergeants 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; A. H. Hardin, Junior 1st Lieut.; T. R. Trotter, Sr. 1st Lieut.; and J. L. McCall Jr., 2nd Lieut. While at Crenada, 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 pos-

ition 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 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 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. Cheatham, entirely unattended, walk into our camp. It was very apparent that the Gen'l. 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 to have them arrested and sent to his quarters. Thus satisfied he continued his scent in search of unlucky marksmen.

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 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. A. J. Johnston, Poke and Beauregard. They and their staff stopping near our position for sometime, we had a good luck at the man who was weilding 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 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 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 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 hidden from us by the underbrush. In a few minutes Gen'l. 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 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 tones 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 shall, fuzes, and elevation for six hundred yards. Our opponents replied with no less spirit and most ungratifying precision. Their shells and shrapnel 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 _____ 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 anny 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 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

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. Humbers 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 re-

spect. 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 preceded 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 on-

ly 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 a charge of the enemy, it being reported that they were reforming under cover of the boats. The gunboats had siezed 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 day's hard fighting, marching and double quicking, 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 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

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 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 Rouda stating that I was elected senior second lieutenant of the Battery, though I was not officially informed of the fact, because the offi-

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 &c. 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 was very quiet that night-only a party of soldiers digging a grave near by 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 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 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 arms 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 to 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. 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 con-

tinued to come without intermission. We had seen enough to know that our only hope was to distract the enemy, by well directed 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 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 missiles. 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 lying 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 re-enforcements 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 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. Breckenridge and his son rode up to us. The Gen'l told us to delay our fire awhile as he thought our men still held those woods. At the moment Gen'l B. came up a wounded soldier was hobbling by, and said to him "Gen'l. 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" of balls left no doubt in our minds as to who occupied that side of the field. As Gen'l. 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 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 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 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. 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. consoléd 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 mov-

ed 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 &c as they hurried on towards the rear. The report was started that the wounded were 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 cries 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. H. 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 at

tention, 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 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

cers had formed a plan to have this cancelled, and in their manauvers 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 the election.

May & June 1862.

Extract

Head Quarters 1st Corps
Army of the Mississippi.
Corinth, Miss. May 14th, 1862.

Gen'l 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 these 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. " "	Jas. S. Trotter

By order of Maj. Gen'l Polk.

(Signed) Geo. Williamson,
Capt. Stanford A. A. Gen'l.

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 transferred 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 Lamb, who was returning to the Army. We went by railroad by way of Jackson, Miss. & Meridian to Tupelo. Arrived there I reported to Gen'l. 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 morn-

ing 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 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, 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 aligator 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 Valey, and on the 3rd were at Sparta, White Co., where we remained until the 6th and then left for Gainsboro, 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 the 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 & 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 Manfordsville, 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. At Munfordsville 4500 Federal prisoners surrendered to Gen'l. 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. B. in order to console him and at the same time not let his own strength be known, 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 hauled 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 the distance we were, could have landed every shot inside the works. 17th left Munfordsville 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. 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. Camped on the bank of Green River just below the town. Not far from R. R. bridge
20th In the evening we left Munfordsville 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 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 Hills, camp at 10 o'clock
night, one and a half miles from Bardston, Ky. 23rd Re-
veille 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 & 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 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 camp at 3 P. M. 7th Remain in camp some half mile from Harodsburg 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 headquarters 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 shells exploded above our heads, they were ordered to load. While the ramrods rattled in the guns, we could feel the blood recede 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. 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' Battery was warmly engaged with the enemy. Capt. Carns' reported to Gen'l. 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 Cheatham at once ordered us to relieve Carns 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; 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 it. 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 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 of 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 Harrodsburg where we arrived

about 12 M. and rested until 4 P. M. As soon as we broke in-
to 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 breath-
ing 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 blan-
ket which showed the outlines of a man under it. The Lieuten-
ant 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 of-
fer 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 Haródsburg 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. Brag was either short of team or time. After resting at Haródsburg 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 to-day, 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, &c. had to be done in the space of five hours. "Encamped

from Bryantsville about 4 o'clock in the evening. Turns cold in the evening. 11th Called up at 12 o'clock and harnessed ready to move. Ordered to unharness before day." "Rain slowly all night". "Heard cannon firing southwest this morning. Remain in camp. Understand pieces of cannon from the enemy at Perryville, but most of them down after we got them off the fields to bring them to Harrodsburg. "I remember this disagreeable day. 12th "Our loss on the field re- two thousand killed and wounded. Stewart's Brigade 400 Money's 600. Total for Cheatham's Division Remain in camp". The above report is as we received from headquarters, and I think is officially correct and disagreeable weather. 13th Reveille at leave camp at 6 A. M. Pass through Lancaster and arrive North of Crabbs Church at 10 o'clock at night. The march again at 4 A. M. Cannonading in our rear. Arrive down near Mount Vernon. Today I saw a sample of Cheatham's manner of controlling his wagon masters. I had given Capt. Stanford orders to keep closed up and stand just in our front. Everything was being pressed with the utmost speed, and some little confusion

in the hurry. An enterprising wagon master, by cutting across fields, hard driving &c. 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 in this way, he then told Capt. Stanford that he had orders from Gen'l. 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. Himself came up and savagely demanded of Capt. S. "why in 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 pointed him out. The Gen'l. 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 lying. 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-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 with chronic diarehea. 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 in pace". 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 man 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 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 to draw full rations. 26th In camp. Snows and sleet. 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 for 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 em-
isary wagons do not come up with the Battery. Here now on
our way to Murfreesboro, Tenn. The infantry going by rail-
road.

November 1862.

1st-Reveille at 4 A. M. Leave camp after
daylight. No rations o-day. Camp 4 miles North of Kings-
ton. 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 to-
day. 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. & C. R. R. Camp one
mile from Winchester. 10th March to Tullahoma and camp half
a mile North of the town on the N. & 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. 28th Write home and send the letter by G. S. Lan kin, 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 & 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. Jno. H. Morgan on the Lebanon Pike. Marched 4 miles out when the order was countermanded and we returned to camp

near Harfreesboro. 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 & Nov. 7th. Also receive supply of clothing. Clear & 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 ten minutes to complete it, after having kept us two days with horses harnessed and all the men at their posts. The men were disgusted 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. K. E. Pearson. 26th Cannonading towards Laverque. 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. 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 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 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. the

caissens returned to an old camping ground. From this time on I was in command of the caissens, 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 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 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 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 in 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 caissons. After the caissons 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 caissons, 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 Dragg lost or exhausted his energies at this point and gave the enemy a chance 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 caissons, 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. H. 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 few days. At night I returned with the caissons 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 re-

taken by the enemy. After dark the bodies of Brooks and Elliott were brought to the caissons. Both of them were killed by cannon shots. Elliott having the lower part of his face torn 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 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 caissons 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. Caissons again take position on Wilkerson Pike. At 2 P. M. moved to the right of the Nash

ville Pike, near Gen'l. Cheatham's Hd. Qs. on the South side of the river. Artillery continued to fire slowly during the evening. Caissens remained for the enemy and night near the headquarters of Gen'l 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 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 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 to the gun limbers, and I was ordered to retire again. The order was obeyed with a good will. During the few moments were 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. 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. Breck-

enridge'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 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 on both sides of the pike. The timber was cut enough apparently to destroy it, both by artillery and small arms. The dead were lying thick in the brakes and fence corners. I noticed one row of dead men,

some 40 or 50 yards long, lying 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 Walkerson 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 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 know 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 every where 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 road. By invitation of Dr. Frost I went to Mr.
Littles' and spent the night. The hospitality was fully ap-
preciated 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 con-
tinuing our march towards Tallahoma. Gen'l. Bragg certainly
did not intend making a stand here had the enemy pressed
him, but no doubt would have fallen back on Tallahoma, or
perhaps Chattanooga. We remained in camp resting and re-
counting to each other our escapes and adventures in the
late battle. This is a soldier's chief luxury, this fight-
ing, his battles over again. 6th. Rain last night. Cold
and clear to-day. 6th. Moved camp half a mile to a better
place. Went with Lieut Henry Head, to Mr. Little's. 9th.
Yankers 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 Shelby-
ville. The camp routine of roll call, guarding and attend-

ing 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 $4\frac{1}{2}$ 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. 3rd. Muddy, cold and clear. 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. 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, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from S. The second sec-

tion 4 miles further towards Murfreesboro. As orderly Sergeant I stay with the Capt. with the first section. Lieut McCall has command of the 2nd. Lieut 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 to 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 va-

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 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 authorities were apprized 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. McAll. His and Mr. Coe's wives 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 & 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 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. 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. Stewart received his commission as Maj. Gen'l. 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-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 return

ed 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 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 2½ A. M. Leave camp at 5 A. M. In Tullahoma at 4 P. M. Camp one mile South of the town. Mrs. McCall and Mrs. Coe still with us. We had to march over extremely bad roads to-day. Stalling. 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. The army remained in line of battle all day. Very hard rain fell during the evening. The caissons stationed near

Fort Reins. In charge of them. No firing. 30th. Army in position all day with but little change or movements. Caissens 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. Leave all our texts at Tullahoma.

July 1863.

1st. Continued to march until 11 A. M. when we reached Allisena. Guns in position. Caissens 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