

PRIVATE M'DEARMAN AT MURFREESBORO.

I give you my experience in the battle of Murfreesboro. I belonged to Company H, Twelfth Tennessee Regiment, Preston Smith's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. About dawn on the morning of December 30, 1862, the battle opened with the Alabama Brigade in our front. The Federals were on a hill in the woods. The Alabamians had to go through an open field to attack. The fighting was terrific for some time, and our men had to fall back. They were cut to pieces terribly when we were ordered forward to the edge of the field to lie down by an old hedgerow. The enemy cheered like a lot of little schoolboys. Cheatham gave orders for every man to be ready, and at the command "Attention" for each one to rise on his right knee and shoot under the smoke of the enemy's guns. Then we were to load and fire as we advanced. At the command every man was in his place. The enemy advanced downhill. We fired all at once, and rose yelling. Cheatham's and Pat Cleburne's men could beat the world on a yell. When we got to where they were when we fired on them there was a blue line of dead Yanks across the field. We kept as close to them as possible, firing as we advanced. I saw a large ash tree in the edge of the woods, and made for it. When I reached it I was so nearly exhausted that I could scarcely get my breath. I took a swallow of water, and then reloaded my gun. Soon the Yanks' battery at our front in the woods opened on us with grape and canister, and then their infantry too. That was a squally time. Our officers hallooed: "Charge men! charge! Gen. Cheatham says that battery must be taken if it costs the life of every man." We raised a yell, sent a volley into their lines, started at them, and never stopped until we got the battery of six guns. Then our command turned some of those guns upon them.

The Yankees re-formed promptly, and charged us. Then orders came thick and fast, "Fire! fire! fire, men!" and we did. About that time eighteen guns of the Federal batteries in a cedar brake to our right drove an enfilading fire of canister down our lines, and we began to waver. It seemed that every tree and man there would be torn to pieces. The officers got guns and went to work with us, appealing to us to "Stand firm; retreat means death." About that time I saw an old "Reb" to my right take off his hat and yell: "We have got 'em! we have got 'em!"

Soon afterwards I saw eighteen of our guns coming, touching the ground only in high places. The wheels of the cannon hardly stopped rolling before our boys opened on the Yankee batteries in the cedar brake. The first round silenced about half of them. They gave them another volley and shut them up. Then the artillery bugle sounded: "Limber up." Every man was quickly in place, and with hat in hand went yelling like demons. We raised a yell—those that were left of us—expecting to advance, but we were ordered to give way for Pat Cleburne's men. Those of us who survived unhurt were ordered to take the wounded back to our field hospital. We had suffered fearfully. We built fires that night and slept on the frozen ground.

About midnight another soldier and I got up to

warm. The moon was shining brightly. He proposed that we go to that cedar brake and see why the Yankees stopped firing so quickly. We went, and such a sight I had never seen. The havoc our guns had made was appalling. The next day Bragg ordered Breckinridge to make a charge on the right, the result of which caused us to fall back to Shelbyville.

Trenton, Tenn., June 9, 1901.

GRAVE OF CAPT. J. H. GREEN, THIRTEENTH TEXAS CAVALRY.—While Dr. J. H. Miller, of Paris, Tex., was riding over his ranch in Gaines County recently, he came upon a lonely grave on a high point of the prairie, which had perhaps never been visited since the mound was made. Upon the headstone he found inscribed: "Capt. J. H. Green, Captain of the Thirteenth Texas Cavalry. Died June 4, 1863." A. D. Lewis, manager of the ranch, says he remembers hearing his father speak of Capt. Green dying on the retreat from Fort Smith, when that place fell into the hands of the Federals. Relatives and friends will be gratified to know where he lies buried. Maybe some will wish to put an inclosure about the grave, or erect an enduring monument.

A. A. Rudd, Sergeant Company K, Sixth Virginia Infantry, sends the substance of an article that appeared in the *Richmond Dispatch*:

The annual reunion of the surviving members of Company K, Sixth Virginia Infantry, was held at Lone Oak, the home of Mr. A. A. Rudd. Those present were Capt. E. H. Flournoy, Comrades J. B. Sims, J. H. Bailey, J. C. Condrey, Robert Stratton, Samuel W. Rudd, Richard Stratton, A. G. Forsee, and W. C. Woodfin. The dinner for the occasion was prepared by a faithful servant of the old school, and the hostess was assisted in serving by Mrs. Jones, Misses Rudd, Sims, and White. Enthusiasm ran high with war songs, stories of camp life, and striking incidents, some of which were perfect in detail even after the lapse of thirty-five years. One member of the company mentioned having found a partridge nest just after the formation of the line of battle on one occasion, and his tent mate was ready to state with authority that he had taken the pains to count the eggs at the time, and there were just seventeen in the nest. Four of those present were free from battle scars, and Mr. J. C. Condrey had the honor of being wounded four times, and to still carry Yankee bullets. Company K, Alstad Grays, was a volunteer company, organized at the time of the John Brown raid, and first saw actual service under Col. Mahone, and in Mahone's Brigade after his promotion.

This renewal of comradeship from year to year is a bright spot in the lives of those who fought so well in the cause they deeply loved; but at the end of thirty-five years the roll is pitifully depleted, and there are left only thirty-three answers when the roll is called, the surviving members always dropping a tear when silence reigns after the calling of a name. This volunteer company was at Second Manassas, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, the Crater, Antietam, Pleasant Valley, Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania C. H., at the fighting around Gettysburg, and was with Lee at Appomattox.