

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.

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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 th 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