

## John E. Ellis Diary

COPY OF A DIARY KEPT BY  
E. JOHN ELLIS  
CAPTAIN 16TH LOUISIANA REGT. INFANTRY  
ADAMS BRIGADE  
BRECKINRIDGE'S DIVISION  
HARDEES CORPS.  
ARMY OF TENNESSEE

While a prisoner of War on JOHNSON'S ISLAND IN LAKE ERIE, OHIO  
Captured at Battle of Missionary Ridge,  
Tennessee about November 25th, 1863 and  
confined on Johnson's Island until June  
13th, 1865.

[memo-Found in Emerson Homestead [illegible] OCTOBER 1907]

### Biographical Information

Ezekiel John Ellis was born in Clinton, Louisiana on October 15th, 1840; educated in the common schools and Centenary College, Louisiana, graduating in 1858, Studied law at the University of Louisiana, graduated and was admitted to the bar in 1861. Entered the Civil War at the beginning and was made captain of his Company. At the close of the war he practiced law in New Orleans, taking an active part in the troubled reconstruction period. Was elected to the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses—1875-1885. Declined renomination; resumed practice of law in Washington, D.C., where he died suddenly on April 25th, 1889.

### A RETROSPECT

I have often regretted that I failed or neglected to keep a journal or diary from the time of my enlistment, through the various scenes and incidents of the different campaigns in which it has been my fortune to engage, down to the present. What small trouble and inconvenience it would have cost me; what an ample reward would I have found in recalling from such journal memories of men and incidents which were full of pleasure and interest and which are either forever lost beneath the ever swelling waves of oblivion, or appear but dimly through the fast fading twilight of the past. How sad is the regret for lost opportunity! And yet it is and must be a part of the history of every intelligent; alas for the frailty and inconstancy of man, his declining years must ever be embittered by the remembrance of that "tide" which was not seized "at its flood" and which he saw receding bearing upon its bosom hopes and aspirations which were lost, vanished forever.

Here then I propose to say to Lethe's encroaching tide, "thus far shall thou go and no farther". Without entering at all into detail, I will try to write a rapid review of my career

as a soldier of the Confederate Army and commit to paper such scenes and incidents as have most impressed me during my service and which consequently remain freshest in my memory. I am not writing for the public but for my own amusement and perhaps in after years these pages may contribute to the amusement of friends and loved ones who may feel a personal interest in the "ups and downs", the journeying and tarryings [sic] during the course of a few years of a soldier's existence, of a friend, a son or a brother.

I was a warm advocate of the election of John Ball to the presidency in the contest of 1860. I was not of age and could not vote for the eminent conservative, but my voice and whatever of influence I possessed was exercised in his behalf. I had been educated in the faith of "Old lined Whiggery", the broad national views and policy of that party rising, as I thought, so far above that narrow minded sectionalism which had opposed them, claimed my highest admiration. I loved the American Union. I desired its preservation and I thought Mr. Bell the man to preserve it. I thought that under his administration every extreme might meet and harmonize, and the Union of the states be preserved intact. My hopes were well nigh dashed to the ground by the election of Mr. Lincoln. The excitement in the South was intense. A Sectional candidate elected upon a platform of avowed hostility to the rights and equality in the Union of the Southern or slave holding states. There was just cause for alarm. State conventions were called and secession was the prominent topic in the South. Immediately after the election I went to New Orleans to finish my course of study and obtained admission to the bar. I was accompanied by Bolivar Edwards, a friend of earlier days, one tried by years of association and intercourse, my class and room mate at college, my bosom friend since 1854, one whom I trusted and who never faltered in that trust and whom I love and still cherish scarcely less than a brother. Wherever he may be tonight, whether on Morris Island a prisoner, with the guns of his countrymen baring [sic] upon his prison, in the quiet of home with his loved ones, or bivouacking by a camp fire, there breathes no truer friend, no nobler man than Bolivar Edwards. We went to board with an old friend of my father's, No. 272 Bacchus Street, and that Winter, with him so near at hand, with the pleasures and excitements of the Crescent City, with the lectures of Randall Hunt, Christian Roselius, Theodore H. McCaleb and Alfred Hennan, men eminent for their professional attainments to guide and instruct, and with a circle of friends to gladden and cheer it, was one of the happiest I ever knew. All the while the Storm Clouds increased in black threatenings [sic], a martial spirit everywhere sprung up, companies and regiments sprung into existence and with martial music and measured tread filled the city with excitement and portended the fierce and unparalleled storm which for nearly four years has filled the land with mourning and drenched it with blood. Delegates were elected, a convention assembled and Louisiana, amid the thunder of cannons and hurrahs of her people, severed her connection with the Union and hoisted the emblem of her sovereignty which must wave in victory when the war is ended or every true son of the State will have perished in the struggle. But I did not yet partake of the revolution; I still hoped that every difference might be accommodated and the Union saved from impending peril.

The thunder of the guns from Lafayette and Jackson Squares, which came booming through the city's din in honor of the act of secession, jarred upon my soul and sounded like the "sod falling upon the coffin lid" of pride and hope and aspiration, and it was with dim eye and a strangely throbbing heart that I saw the U.S. flag hauled down from the front of Armory Hall and, amid the cheers of assembled thousand, the State flag hoisted in its stead. The stirring strains of the Marsellaise, [sic] that song of revolution and civil strife, grated harshly on my ears and made me think of the convulsive struggles of the French capital, and the exclamation of Mme. Roland while on her way to the guillotine [sic].

Soon afterwards followed the sieges by the respective State authorities of the U.S. forts and arsenals within their limits. War seemed imminent. Lincoln was inaugurated and his inaugural address, dictated by the false hearted, forked tongued Seward, meant either war or peace. Capable of any construction, it gave assurance to no one and all was still in doubt.

On the 31st day of March I graduated and received my degree of "Bachelor of Laws". Bolivar Edwards was our "Valedictorian". Professor Roselius delivered the Baccalaureate and my course as a student was finished. Finished? When should a man cease to study? I was then only supposed to be prepared to commence the study of law; aiding the theory and enforcing it by practice to attain to some proficiency in the study of law. The athlete practices first with a smaller weight and attempts the less difficult feats; by perseverance he is finally enabled to handle with ease the heaviest "dumbbell". The tender mind of the boy masters the science of long division at first with difficulty, but his mind is strengthened by its exercise and becomes capable of grasping and comprehending more the abstruse and difficult principles of numbers. Thus the student of any science must first learn its elementary parts. The time for study should only end with a decay of the faculties. It was with a glad, yet melancholy heart that I bade adieu to the Crescent City. A thousand sweet memories, some of the very tender, bound me to the place. The curtain was falling upon the first part of my life's drama and soon it would rise again and man's part must be played before the whole world and with actors of long and brilliant experience whose ears had drunk the welcome murmur of applause from admiring thousands.

Man must first play a minor part—let him study and act at will. If fortune is kind, he may soon become prominent; but if she frowns, let him be constant and content—his merit will at last find appreciation—a leading character will be assigned him and if he be true to himself his success becomes a certainty.

Arriving at home I found the military spirit had reached my little village—A company was organizing and War was the all absorbing talk. And yet I hoped for the preservation of the Union. But my faith was shaken by the conduct of the new administration in relation to Fort Sumter. Its plighted faith had been given not to attempt the reenforcement [sic] of that Fort. And yet the attempt was made and the flag of the United States was fired upon as it floated from the masthead of the "Star of the West". Then the evacuation or surrender of the Fort was demanded by General Beauregard and refused, and that

officer, acting upon the instructions of the provisional government which had been organized, proceeded to reduce it. This he did on the 11th, 12th and 13th of April 1861. War was inevitable and yet I hoped for the preservation of the Union. Events succeeded each other in rapid succession. Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation commanding the people of the South to “disperse and go their homes”. Then he called 75,000 men to put down rebellion. Armies began to be assembled and war was upon the country. Mr. Lincoln rejected the counsels of the august patriots who formed or composed the “border state” convention and his arrogance drove Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas from the Union.

The battle of Manassas followed the skirmishes of Great Bethel and Cheat Mountain and ended in the total rout of the Federal forces. Then Mr. Lincoln, as if he began at length to comprehend the magnitude of the issue between the sections, called for 500,000 men and \$500,000,000. Now there was no longer time to hesitate. The general government was banding its strength to trample upon the rights of Sovereign States. Southern men were called “rebels”, as if the U.S. States Government was the Creator instead of the creation of the states. Mr. Lincoln had rejected every offer of conciliation and every attempt at compromise. Then I deprecated his course. Now, after nearly four years of War, I thank him for it. Now I see that the Secessionists were right and that a regard to our best interests demanded a final and eternal separation from the Northern States. Lincoln’s policy of war and subjugation of pillage and confiscation, his proclamation of emancipation, the arming of negroes, the insults to our women and the excesses of the Federal soldiery, all proved to me that the war was for the negro and not for the Union; showed me the real character of the Yankee race and their long and settled hatred toward the people of the South. Lincoln’s policy has united a divided South, has divided a united North, and Southern independence must, can only be the result of the struggle. The North thinks that we are fighting for slavery. Is slavery dearer than life, than home, than loved ones? True we would like to preserve it, but whenever the time comes when Slavery stands in the way of our Independence the North and the world will see how soon and how cheerfully it will be sacrificed. And if the worst comes to the worst, they will see lines of black soldiers, slaves of yesterday, freedmen of that day, trained and disciplined and under the lead of Southern officers, their former masters; men used to command them and whom they love and trust and will follow, trampling down blue lines of drafted infantry and commending to Northern lips the bitter chalice of invasion and pillage. Northern officers have brought Negro troops within sight of fortifications, Southern officers can lead them into and over them; Northern officers have driven them under fire, Southern officers can lead them over the bayonets and fire of battalions [sic] to victory. When the time comes the world will see that I am right. The negroes of the South are only a reserve force of the Confederate States. I joined a company of volunteers from St. Helena [see footnote below] and was soon elected its First Lieutenant. Then began the drilling, and daily and hourly words of command echoed along the streets and the noise of the drum broke the stillness of the surrounding forests. The ladies came forward and daily met together to make up our uniforms; they cheered us with their smiles and encouraged as with their words.  
[footnote: memo-Parish La.]

But dissensions arose in the company and to quiet them I tendered my resignation and another officer was chosen in my stead—The latter event occurred during my absence in New Orleans, whither I had gone on a brief visit and gave me such surprise. My friends urged me not to rejoin the company, but I had enlisted from principle and not for position and I rejected their counsel. Soon afterward, at a splendid supper in the large hall of the hotel, the company was presented by the ladies with a magnificent flag. I recur in memory to that night with pleasure. The brave and fair, the young and old assembled and joy and gayety unrestrained ruled the fast fleeting hours. “Young love’s dream” perhaps found its reality then and hopes were born which yet spread their gossamer wings phantom-like before me and beckon me onward. Will they some day forever vanish, the “baseless fabric of a vision”? Are they leading on to reality? Time alone can tell. But the company soon became discontented and was finally broken up. Two other large companies had left the Parish under Captains Taylor and Wingfield and were now forming parts of the Fourth Louisiana Regiment. Captain D.W. Thompson then began to organize a third. His rendezvous was the Old Methodist Camp ground near Greensburg, La. Thither I repaired and first went into camp. There on that ground, consecrated by so many memories wherein happier days the old and young had met together to further the ever conquering cause of Christianity, where the old fashioned songs of praise arose from the lips of strong men, while the silver voice of woman blended in the strain; Songs that were first heard when Asbury and McKendree broke the stillness of the western forests with their devotion, there were the brilliant eloquence of Gillespie and the clarion voice of Pipes and forcible truths from the lips of the venerable and beloved Pipkin had awed and melted and sent convincing words home to the hearts of thousands, “Our Company” was organized. Could more appropriate place be found? Is the cause of Country not next to the cause of God? Can any pledge be more holy and sacred than that which gives one’s heart and arm and life to his Country, unless it be the pledge of the Christian at the communion table, when he partakes of the emblems of the Savior’s suffering and brings to mind thus forcibly the scenes of that “dark and doleful” night when earth and hell arrayed their powers against the Redeemer, and no light or smile from the father’s throne to cheer his hour of suffering? What scenes had I witnessed on that old camp ground? I had stood there amid the crowd in the light of day and with them had been swayed by eloquence and had almost felt the tide of devotion overwhelming my soul; I had sat there by night and by the fitful glare of torches had seen strong men bow and grow pale at the memory of their sin and disregard to sacred things; and the [word crossed out] proud and beautiful girl, the belle of the fete who seemed to have never known a care or imagined a wrong and whose glance had kindled a fire in the heart of him where it fell—her with a strangely beating heart and emotion which may be felt but never described—I had seen go with streaming tears to the altar and mingle her prayers with the broken sobs and shouts of praise and earnest words of admonition which arise in confused murmurs from the “Mourners’ bench”.

But now the scene was changed. Some three score of the youth of the parish now assembled and were drilled in the mysteries of facing by the front and rear for, as yet, we were unarmed. The citizens freely and liberally supplied our “commissary” and ladies occasionally visited the “camp ground” to cheer us with their presence, and the

hours not employed in drilling or preparing meals I passed in hunting squirrels with a friend who has been my constant comrade in all the scenes and vicissitudes of battle, or march, of bivouac and of imprisonment. He it was who drilled the company and contributed more to its efficiency than anyone else. His merit then was not appreciated and men not half so meritorious were promoted over him. With him on these quiet September days I wandered through the forests and listened to the soft sighing of the early autumnal wind which seemed to whisper warnings of the coming winter storm to the tree tops and the crimsoning leaves, and heard the solemn dirge like music which comes from the swaying tops of the stately pines as the breeze grieves about them; together we enjoyed the soft delicious beauty of the sky against whose azure arch no cloud floated; we heard the sound of the dropping acorn and marked the squirrel's gambles as he leaped from tree to tree or sought the ripest mast which grow upon the topmost bough. What happy days these were when my life was as calm and gentle (was it pure?) as the pellucid stream which murmured along over shining rocks and snowy sand, heard by the old camp ground. The company rolls were now full enough to warrant an organization and on the 19th day of August, 1861, we were mustered into the service of the State of Louisiana and proceeded to an election of officers. Col. Preston Pond (afterwards Col. of my regt; [sic] administered the oath and superintended the election which resulted in the choice of D. W. Thompson for Captain; myself Asst. 1st. Lieut., J. G. Burtan (afterwards A. Q.M.) and 2nd Lieut. and W. G. Williams as 2nd Lieut. Junior; W. C. Pipkin, afterwards promoted, was elected first sergeant. The election over and a day chosen for general rendezvous as Camp Moore. We left our first camp and retired to our homes to complete our final preparations for service in the field. Remaining at home only a few days I paid a brief visit to New Orleans and in a few days had the immense satisfaction of promenading the streets of the Crescent City in full Yankee uniform, the only one then deemed suitable for an officer of the Southern Army. I was not then posted as to the requirements of the C. S. Army regulations in the matter of uniform and indeed so very profound was my ignorance of military affairs that I scarcely knew that such a code of rules and articles was in existence, it is astonishing what a profound and real lack of knowledge existed in the South at the commencement of hostilities relative to the appointment and constitution of armies. I scarcely knew the difference between a regiment and a brigade or a squadron from a battalion. This ignorance I can only attribute to the long and profound peace which the country had enjoyed; to the almost entire decay of the militia organizations of the States and to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture in which nearly all of the states were engaged. War is a necessary evil and it is the duty of a people ever to be prepared for it.

This was not so incumbent upon the people of the U.S. for they have been happily separated by great oceans from the only powers of the earth which could hope to rival them in strength and for the same reason, as well as by a diversity of interests and form of government, they have been unmixed with the intrigues of European policy which necessitates on the part of those powers, the constant presence of immense standing armies. The states too have wisely adhered to the sage counsel of Washington which bade them beware of becoming entangled in a net-work of foreign alliances and for 85 years the theory of Mr. Monroe relative to European interests and power on this

continent has been a favorite one with the American people and hence the infrequency of wars and their unmilitary spirit.

The Mexican war was no test of the strength of the States. It was not serious enough to test their powers or call into action the hundredth part of their resources, nor even to kindle and arouse military ardor. Gen. Taylor with a few thousand volunteers penetrated deep into the heart of Mexico and his success was unbroken, while Scott with 72,000 men, a greater portion of them raw and undisciplined, overcame the greatest odds, surmounted the most formidable barriers of nature aided by art and defended by the ablest military genius and power of the Mexicans and finally entered their capital in triumph. I believe that occasional wars are necessary to all nations and more especially to these where all powers come from the people and there is such a struggle for office and position. Monarchies are more stable and are less subject to the corrupt influences of ambitious and unscrupulous men. War develops a nation's strength and resources; it brings prominently before the people men of ability, and merit, it drives into obscurity men whose chief merit is audacity, for such spirits are not created for the hour of peril and darkness; it gives a people confidence in themselves and attaches them to their flag, around which the memory of many victories cluster while nothing more binds the hearts of a people together than a remembrance of common dangers and common triumphs.

The storm which sweeps over the earth with its billowing thunder and gleaming lightning and contends with the forest's pines [crossed out] pride and hurls its fury against the tenements of man, alarms and excites for a time, but when it has passed, and the dark clouds vanish and the sun re-appears, how pure is the air; how beautiful and peaceful is the face of nature? The lightnings have burned up and the hurrying wind has borne away the damp vapors and noxious breath of the malaria [and death crossed out], which had become oppressive in the atmosphere and threatened disease and death to man.

So the storm of war bursting upon a people and calling out their courage and resources at once destroys the poisonous exhalation of demagogism, unites them as one man, heals all their internal dissensions which are forgotten in the face of foreign menaces and leaves the body politic freer and more stable (and in ordinary wars) stronger than before.

But the South is not likely to be unprepared for war at any time in the future. The present struggle will finally aid and then there will be two great powers instead of one within the limits of what were once the U. States and I do not doubt but that a further disbursement of the Union will occur and that the great states of the Northwest to escape the tremendous burden of taxation as well as being influenced by a regard to their commercial interests, will separate from the East. What a magnificent empire could be formed of the States of California, Oregon and New Mexico? How recreant to themselves and clearest interest to remain in a government with and share the immense debt which must burden New England and the older states. But even should no future sacrifices occur and the U.S. and C.S. be the only separate powers, each

must needs keep upstanding armies and constantly preserve an active and vigorous militia system.

I desire to see the people of the South a nation of soldiers. If the states will take this subject in hand and pursue the proper policy, the South can be prepared to call out her military power, if need be, within a week.

I have often thought of a plan by which such an object could easily be accomplished and at some future page I may give its outlines, but now I must hurry on to Camp Moore.

Ah! what a "gala day" was that time passed away under the command of good old Brigadier Gen. Tracy. A beautiful camp upon a stream of marvelous limpidness, a fine drill ground and good quarters with a profusion of rations of the best quality, surrounded by all the pomp, the parade and gaudy glory of military life without any of its toils or dangers, could the time pas otherwise than pleasantly?

Our regt. was organized by the election of Preston Pond, Col. E. Mason of Caddo (Parish in La.), Lieut. Col. and Daniel Gober of St. Landry (Parish in La.), major. The two latter had come to Camp Moore as captains of companies and were selected from the supposition that they were somewhat versed in military affairs. Col. Pond was well known to me as a lawyer and a politician and his splendid natural genius gave us the assurance that with application, only a short time would elapse before he would become efficient and competent to the command of a regiment. He was very popular with all. With a noble face lighted up by splendid dark eyes, a slight defect in one of which served only to impress the face of the man upon the casual observer, and dare him to forget; with a dashing, free, and open air, perfectly affable and approachable by all, equally at ease with the statesmen, the soldier, the divine or the ignorant rustic and with unrivalled colloquial powers. Pond was well fitted to win the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. His mind had not been highly cultivated but the genius of the man and his memory was such that he appeared to have penetrated every subject and to have solved to its profoundest depth every science and profession, every problem and topic within the range of human intellect. His eloquence was truly wonderful. I had seen thousands of human beings swayed, like reeds by the rushing wind, by the spell which his words had woven. The glow of his cheek, the calm steady light of his eye which seemed to punctuate the very thoughts of his audience but which could sparkle in mirth or flash with lightning indignation, the tone of his voice which was as silvery as the music of a waterfall and anon was like the stirring blast of a trumpet, and the gesture of his hand as light and airy as the circles of the butterfly but which points and enforces the words he uttered, all render him an orator once heard never forgotten and created longings to hear him again. His was no studied oratory like Everetts, with "gracefully worded periods" and studied classical illustrations, with sentences measured by geometrical rules, and gestures and attitude practiced before a looking glass. Nor was it the fervid fiery declamation of the demagogue which came from the heated brain of fanaticism and like the sluggish waters of the bayou exuding from the fen and marsh and tending to an impure slough, his oratory never decended [sic] to the mire of filthy



party slang or personal abuse of an opponent. Upon every question his views were lofty, elevated and statesmanlike. Such was the genius of Preston Pond. But there were defects in his nature which mutualized in a great measure his splendid ability. He was careless and loose in his business habits, and above all he lacked stability and fixedness of purpose. With application and perseverance, his name today would be glowing with immortal renown on the records of his country's great and talented men. He is dead now and his splendid brain is cold and emotionless; the music of his eloquence lives only in the memory of them who have heard him and often will they recall it as they listened when he looked it with his eye, gesticulated it with his hand while his voice uttered it.

Flowers will bloom and birds will sing above thee and nature in that delicious clime will, over thy last resting place, assume every type of beauty that the changing seasons cast over her features. But no song of bird will ever be more free and beautiful than was the siren voice of thy God-given eloquence; no flower of Spring, no summer's sunset with its golden clouds and lines of light, no pensive loveliness of autumn with its crimson leaf and calm, soft sky, no wintry storm with its gray army of clouds and battalions of windy gusts battling with the forest pines, no type of beauty or grandeur that nature can assume will be more beautiful, more grand than the creatures of thy imagination and the conception of thy genius.

Sleep! While the beautiful flowers above thee wave;  
Sleep! while the warmest sunbeam lights thy grave,  
Sleep! all forgot, forgiven thy follies are  
Sleep! for thy virtues only are remembered here.

Of Col. Mason I can have but little to write. He had served in the Mexican war and had some knowledge of tactics. Of northern birth, his nature was as cold as the hills of his native New England. He was tall and slim with a dark forbidding face which generally wore a frown and his eyes were of that indescribable color, not grey, not blue, with nothing punctuating intelligence in their glance, but with a glassy unfathomable stare. His voice was hoarse and stern when it commanded, but pleasant enough in conversation. He, too, had a free and familiar style of address and was generally popular with the command, though much feared by it for he had the reputation of being a rigid disciplinarian.

Major Gober was less liked at first. He was distant and reserved and beyond a firm and fearless discharge of duty his intercourse with the regiment at first did not extend. Naturally he was not a brilliant man, but was possessed of an unbending will, a fixedness of purpose which nothing could shake and an ambition to not be behind any officer of his rank. While the regt. was engaged in "Sunday soldiering" at Camp Moore and afterwards at New Orleans, this officer's merits were not known, but afterwards in the daring campaign at Corinth, amid the storm and fury of Shiloh's bloody field, at Perryville, at Chickamauga, his excellences appeared and these brave veterans followed his lead with childlike trust. The fires of the chemists [sic] crucible develops the

properties of the diamond and [crossed out] in the jetty mass of carbon. So were Gober's merits developed by the stern ordeal of battle.

Under the instructions of these officers the regiment soon began to attain to some proficiency in the drill and routine of the soldiers [sic] duties. The men and officers were soon initiated to the mysteries of guard duty. Battalion and company drills were the order of the day and on Sunday evenings a "grand review" of all the troops under the eye of Gen. Tracy and more inspiring still, under the brighter eyes and fairer smiles of the beautiful daughters of the surrounding country, who came to witness these displays. Then with measured tread, to the sound of inspiring music the long column with glittering arms, passed beneath the eye of the commander and each man felt himself a "hero" without having heard the scream of a shell or the suggestive and insinuating hum of a minnie [sic] bullet.

Thus we passed away September and October. The war still progressed; the great battle of Manassas having ended with the total [illegible] waste [crossed out] and overthrow of the federal armies, had served but to whet the Northern appetite for blood and revenge for their disgrace and they were preparing immense armies for an invasion of the South.

Never was chieftain more beloved by his soldiers than Gen. Beauregard by his army. Gen. Bragg was feared by all. He was known to be a stern, relentless, disciplinarian and when in his presence the line was silent. Gen. Johnston who fell at Shiloh had the reputation of being the first military genius of the continent. I think the people of the South have never realized the loss they sustained in his death. The unfortunate result of the campaign under his charge lessened the sorrow which his countrymen might otherwise have felt. I saw him only once. Sometime in March I was in the office of Surgeon Herford (originally of my own regt.) and the doctor having stepped out I was alone. Directly a stranger entered; he was tall, much beyond the medium height but so well proportioned that a more casual observer would not have noticed it. His well defined but heavy eye brows shaded a pair of large, dark grey eyes almost melancholy in their earnestness; above rose a high broad bold forehead. The mouth was large and firm and the beard about two weeks old was [2 words crossed out] slightly gray. He was dressed in a gray frock coat of military cut with a colonel's star on the collar and a pair of cavalry boots, with spurs, were drawn over a pair of dark blue pantaloons. The general was in his appearance, the Col. in his dress and the gentleman in his bearing. Upon his entrance I arose and saluted him as Col. He sat down and when the doctor reappeared in a moment or two and said "Good morning General Johnston" I was not a little surprised and seized the first opportunity of securing a retreat. The campaign of Gen. Johnston stamped him as no ordinary man. For a long time he held the vast armies of Grant and Buell at bay, deceiving them and even his own countrymen into the belief that he had from 75,000 to 100,000 men under his command while his effective force was never over 24,000 men. He intended to begin the battle in which he lost his life on the 5th instead of the 6th of April and was foiled by the tardy movements of one of his lieutenants. Had he lived and carried out his original intention, Grant's army would have been totally destroyed and Buell would have been obliged to secure his safety by

a precipitate retreat. But Providence saw fit to order events in a different way and I suppose for the best.

Capt. Thompson returned to the command about the middle of May. A week previous in obedience to the provisions of the conscript law passed by congress in April, he had proceeded to reorganize the regt.

In the regt. Maj. Gober was elected Col.; Capt. Walker Lt. Col. and Agt. Cobb, Major. The latter officer failing to go before the examining board was never promoted and Capt. Lindsey by seniority was made Major a few months after. Capt. Thompson had been reelected captain, but declined. Then I was elected in his stead and W.C. Pipikin chosen in my stead. Lts. [sic] Kent and Williams were re-elected. A short time afterwards Capt. Thompson went home permanently.

About the 18th of May an order was issued commanding all surplus baggage to be sent to the rear. The enemy was gradually, but cautiously feeling their way towards our lines and the skirmishing in front was continuous. On the 27th of May the baggage, having been greatly reduced and the medical and other stores removed, we discovered that the town was to be evacuated. The army was all in line at the trenches with three days cooked rations in haversacks. Repeatedly a long and heavy train of cars was run up and down the R.R. track of the Memphis and Charleston road, the whistle blown loud and long, while a brigade of troops posted there for the purpose, cheered as if their lives depended on the strength of their lungs. This was done to make Halleck believe we were receiving heavy reinforcements and as appeared from his report it succeeded.

At sundown the regimental bands played "retreat" as usual and as the sinking sun glanced the long shadows over the ground, the "Bonny Blue Flag", the "Marsellaise" [sic] and "Dixie" were sent in defiant notes from fife and brass horn across the valley to the very ears of the invading army. At 11 o'clock the last cannon having been silently removed, the troops were put in motion. The word of command was passed in whispers along the line and when daylight appeared, we were many miles away and proceeding along the line of the M. and C. R.R. nearly due South. Never was a general more surprised than Halleck. He shelled the abandoned works for a time and then gallantly advanced and captured the mighty city of drouth and death. He followed the army with Popes [sic] Corps and at the Hatchie River, was repulsed and afterwards followed at a respectful distance for ten miles and then reported to the war department the capture of ten thousand men and 30,000 stands of small arms. This was evidently a lie of Maj. Gen. Popes and was, I suppose, the cause of his appointment to the command of McLellans [sic] Army after the defeat of the latter. The career of no officer of either army has been half so disgraceful or ludicrous as that of this same Maj. Gen. Jno. [sic] Pope. But I am not writing a history of the war.

Without further molestation we proceeded to Clear Creek where we rested five or six days and then proceeded on to a permanent camp which was chosen for us near Tupelo, a station on the R.R., 11 miles from Corinth. The march from Corinth was a very severe one and some of the citizens along our route showed a meanness and littleness

of soul that I trust is not very prevalent in the world. But it is not pleasant to recall such memories. Rather let me recall the smoke and blaze of the fire which was consuming 150 or 200 bales of cotton to prevent its falling into federal hands. At the mansion of owner of this cotton was his wife, a kind noble woman, and his daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl who had buckets and barrels of water by the wayside and provisions too which they gave to the tired and hungry soldiers with prodigal profusion. Here was patriotism of the right kind. It blazed in the fleecy offering which was burned on Dixie's Altar; it shone forth in the generous acts and beautiful smiles of those ladies. Such is the spirit that animates the whole Southern people. Can they be continued [crossed out] conquered? One cannot repress a smile at the idea. But I must hasten on to Tupelo.

Our camp was established there about the 5th of June and soon afterwards was moved a mile from its first location.

Col. Reicard or Reichard, a prussian, [sic] commanded the brigade. He was a most efficient officer and while we remained at this camp we were put through a most rigid course of drill. Brigade drill from 5 to 8 A.M., Company drill from 11 to 12 and battalion drill from 3 to 5. Once each week we had a brigade review and inspection; a school for officers, commissioned and non-commissioned was established in brigades and regts. [sic] each officer was subject to be called before an examining board and the army soon began to assume the appearance of order and discipline. Gen. Beauregard was relieved and Bragg appointed to the command about the 10th of June and all the efficiency of that army is now due to the unrelenting efforts and fine administrative ability of the latter officer. Many absurd stories have been told and are now ripe about the shooting of a private soldier merely for having killed a chicken and Gen. Bragg is held up to the public as a monster who utterly disregarded the lives of men and had them executed for the most trivial [sic] offences. Gen. Bragg did have a man shot whose overt act was the shooting of a chicken, but that act was a direct violation of a stringent order and the soldier knew that the penalty was death. The order was against plundering and robbing citizens of their property and was rendered absolutely necessary by the extent to which pillage was being carried. Soldiers singly and in squads were all the time straggling away from their commands and committing every sort of depredation upon the property of citizens and the army was fast becoming an armed mob. The firm and prompt measures of Gen. Bragg alone saved it. Harsh they were no doubt, but the evil was a desperate one and required a desperate remedy. Today Gen. Bragg stands justified in the eyes of everyone [sic] of his old officers and soldiers and in the opinion of his countrymen who know the facts and who have sense enough to put two ideas together and deduce a conclusion. My life at Tupelo was gladdened by a visit from my father who remained with me three or four days. I had not seen him for four months which was a longer period than had ever before separated me from him. With what pleasure do I now recall that visit. The long intimate conversations which he held with me, so replete with sage counsel and yet given without the voice or manner of the monitor but as if incidentally in his observations of incidents and men. In him I found so admirably blended the dignity of the father and the affability of the companion. Had my life been guided by his maxims of conduct there would appear upon its records many fair lines where now are blotches; there are many memories which I would cherish with

pleasure that now I would gladly forget. I parted with him one bright June morning and stood to watch his receding form until it disappeared over the brow of the hill and with a throbbing heart turned away to camp without a certain period fixed when I should have the unutterable delight of seeing him again. But that time will yet come.

Lieut. Kent returned to camp about the middle of June and since that time has been constantly with the company and on duty save an absence of a few days occasioned by sickness, until the time of our capture. He was one of the few officers who could be ill-spared from the regiment and company. There was a good deal of sickness at Tupelo and some 30 deaths from pneumonia in our regt. alone, but absentees kept returning and the regt. began to fill up to from 400 to 700 men for duty. There are but few incidents worthy of record connected with our stay at this camp and I must bid it adieu.

On the evening of the 2nd of August we broke up our quarters and marched to Tupelo where we remained till the morning of the 4th when we took the train for Mobile. Our route was through a rich prairie [sic] country for 70 miles and at all the depots ladies and citizens were collected to "see the soldiers". They covered us with bouquets and made sunshine in our hearts by their beautiful smiles. On the 5th we arrived at Mobile and marched to the wharf at the foot of Government Street where we took the steamer "Mary Wilson". I went up in the city and procured a good breakfast and a flask of "stimulus" and then returned to the boat which proceeded up the river to "Halls Landing", the terminus of the M. and G. N. RR. Arrived there about 6 P.M. and found no train for us and there being no fit ground on which to camp, Col. Gober detained the steamer all night and her decks and cabins we turned into a bivouac. Oh, the whisky and the noise of that night. But I must not write of it. Where now is Madame Colby?

We took the train the next day and proceeded to Montgomery and remained there one day and night, then to West Point; thence to Atlanta and thence to Chattanooga. At the latter place we made no halt but proceeded some six miles on the N and C RR to Wauhatchie station where we remained some eight days. It was at the base of Lookout Mountain that we pitched our camps. I was sick at this place with fever but my faithful old negro servant, Stewart supplied me with many delicacies and though weak I was able to cross the river about the 20th of August and march 8 miles to Moccasin Gap in Waldrons Ridge where our division was concentrated prior to our march for Kentucky. The army at this time consisted of two corps. The 1st under Maj. Gen. Polk and consisted of two divisions commanded respectively by Maj. Gen. Withers and Cheatham which numbered each about 7500 men exclusive of cavalry. The other corp [sic] composed of the division of Maj. Gen. Buckner numbering about 7000 infantry and artillery and the division of Brig. Gen. Patton Anderson nearly 6000 strong, the whole under the command of Maj. Gen. Wm. J. Hardee. The latter division consisted of the brigades of Gen. March, Walker, Gen. Dan Adams and Gen. Jno [sic] C. Brown. The brigade commanded by Gen. Adams consisted of the 11th, 13th, 16th, 20th and 25th La. regts. [sic] but about the 26th of August the 11th was disorganized and the privates placed in the 13th and 20th regts, [sic] the officers being sent on other duty. Out of this regt, [sic] however, Captain Austin organized a battalion of Sharp Shooters, nearly 200 strong and received a majors [sic] commission. To the brigade was attached the 5th

company of the battalion of Washington Artillery [sic] commanded by Capt. Cuthbert H. Slocum.

On the 28th of August at 5 o'clock P.M. we began the ascent of Waldrons ridge. We marched nearly all night and after three or four hours rest, resumed the road. This march was very fatiguing. On the evening of the second day we descended [sic] the mountain into the beautiful valley of the Sequatchie. The troops unaccustomed to long marches, straggled in great numbers and comparatively few of the brigade reached Dunlap with the head of the column. All came up however on the day following and for three days the troops rested and there was no longer any straggling during the entire campaign after the march was again resumed. We crossed the second range of the Cumberland mountains and proceeded directly north. On the 11th of September at 12 M. we crossed the Tennessee [sic] line into Barren County, Ky. That day the news of Gen. Kirby Smith's complete victory over Maj. Gen. Nelson was read to the troops. We reached Glasgow about the 16th September and rested three or four days. Here I was released from an arrest under which Col. Gen. Gober had placed me some 6 or 7 days before at Spencer. The arrest was very just; I left my company some three hours without leave, but I have always thought that the Col. might have given me a chance for explanation. After the arrest I deemed it hardly my duty or consonant with self respect to volunteer one.

From Glasgow we made a forced march to Munfordville on the L and R. R.R. where 5100 Yankees were beleagured [sic] in a fort. The place had been very rashly attacked by one brigade under Gen. Chalmers which was repulsed with a loss of 400 men. When Gen. Bragg arrived he summoned the commandant to surrender and was refused, he then placed artillery in position and was preparing to open when the Yankee like "Scotts Coon" concluded to "come down", at least his flag did. I have always regretted that he surrendered so soon. His fort would have been blown to atoms in half an hour. The garrison stacked arms and marched out. The capture of commissary Q. Master and Ordinance stores was very valuable. A large supply of coffee taken here was issued to the troops, besides much clothing, shoes, etc. At this place we were closely followed by Buell who had evacuated all of Middle Tennessee [sic] except Nashville and was trying to get to Louisville. Our army was drawn up and awaited his advance but he declined battle. It is well that he did; his force could not have exceeded ours by more than 8 or 10,000 and would have been beaten in two hours. I was somewhat surprised that Gen. Bragg did not force him to fight. Never were soldiers more eager for battle than ours. Never would a victory have been easier won. After waiting two days, all of which time my brigade was on picket duty in the ruin without tents or rations, we crossed the river and marched on Bardstown, Ky. where we arrived about the 23rd or 24th. Here we rested for eight or ten days. Meanwhile Buell pressed on to Louisville was largely reinforced [sic] and prepared to dispute our further advance. The days passed at Bardstown were pleasant ones. The stores were open and Confederate money received. I visited the fine Catholic Cathedral and was there at morning service. At 11 A.M. the same day I attended the Methodist Church and heard an eloquent and impressive sermon by the Rev. Dr. Quintard of Polks [sic] Staff. Gens. Bragg, Polk and Anderson were deeply attentive. I sat down by a lady who handed me her hymn book;

finding the hymn, I held and we sang together from the book. After the benediction she asked me if Gen. Bragg was there, I answered affirmatively and was proceeding to point him out when she said "No! I want to see if I will know him".

The general was surrounded by a bevy of officers among whom were Gen. Polk and Anderson, besides members of his staff and except a Colonel's star in plain wreath, had no badge of rank. So we waited as the officers slowly passed out by us; Bragg turned his bright piercing, burning, yet restless eyes quickly upon us and as he returned my instinctive salute, for beneath that glance I found my hand involuntarily traveling upwards towards where my cap usually sat. My companion whispered "that's him, that's him" the one with the fierce eyes." She was right and as I thus assured her, she said "No one who knows the character of that stern chieftain could mistake him" and then she quickly added "I never saw such terrible eyes, they look as if they burn whatever they rest upon."

We left Bardstown on the 2nd or 3rd of October. I was somewhat affected with rheumatism and sometimes, especially at morning could walk with difficulty. We passed through Springfield and Perryville and reached Harrodsburg on the evening of the 6th and halted early in the evening and prepared to cook rations. At dark, hearing of the serious illness of Sergt. A.M. Womack of my company, I went to the wagon yard to see him. I found him at a house some two miles from the regimental bivouack [sic] and after attending to his wants as well as I could, I went to camp and lay down perfectly exhausted; at 10 o'clock I was taken with a chill and afterwards had fever. At 12 midnight the regiment was aroused by the long roll of the drum and soon after moved back to Perryville, distant ten miles. I lay still till morning and then rode over to the wagons. All day I heard the sullen boom of artillery, but it was only the preliminary skirmishing that had begun. The next day (the 8th) [illegible] at sunrise I started with Capt. Addison to the field. I reached it at noon; I hunted for my command for a time and then concluding that if with it I was unfit for duty, I resolved to see the battle at leisure. For a long while I watched an artillery duel and then I went to the left near the center of Walker's brigade. At 2 P.M. the engagement opened with great fury and incessant fighting continued till after dark. Walker advanced gradually, forcing the enemy back, though they fought bravely. But at length he met with more stubborn resistance and came near being flanked at the left. Slowly, sullenly and in good order he fell back, fighting as he went. The confident enemy pushed on with vigor, cheering after their usual style (which, by the bye, I think not half so full of triumph and enthusiasm as the genuine yell of the Confederate troops). Walker still continued to retire and at one time I thought that the left flank of our army would certainly be turned. I was now near Walker's line and the bullets were whizzing uncomfortably close to my ears, the roar of musketry, the cheers of the enemy and the scream of shells made an impenetrable din, but above it all I soon heard the steady tramp of infantry coming on by the flank at the double quick. It was the brigade (I think of Gen. A.P. Stewart) of Cheatham's [sic] division). They passed me and began to form on Walker's left but 100 yards to the rear. The last file had passed when I heard the clatter of hoofs and the roll and jolt of artillery and turning about I saw Robinson's battery (1st Co. Ala State Artillery) unlimbering and

coming into position on the top of an eminence on the slope of which Walkers [sic] brigade was fighting.

I heard a voice of command order "double charge of canister boys; "Ready" then the last word was drowned. I saw a flame of fire and heard a sound as if an earthquake for it sounded as if all the pieces were discharged simultaneously. The enemy responded with a cheer but their line wavered; the indomitable band of Walker halted and Stewart began to advance his men going on gallantly with loud yells. Again and again the flame and noise belched from the mouths of Robinson's well tried "war dogs", the canister sweeping through the blue line in front with terrible effect. They could no longer stand before it and began to retreat. The tide was turned, the pursued began the pursuit and the dismayed yankees [sic] were driven two miles with great loss. This affair closed the battle; a fire of artillery was kept up till after dark but without any material result. After dark I left the field and began to retrace my steps towards Harrodsburg. Then I got a wagon and went on towards Camp Dick Robinson, where I arrived on the 10th. In a few hours the brigade arrived and I found that the infantry had been but slightly engaged; the loss in the whole brigade not having been over 150, that in my regiment was only about 14. At Camp Dick Robinson we stayed three days. Then we started South for Cumberland gap. Our regiment passed through the gap on the 18th and on the 20th at 3 P.M. we stacked arms at Morristown on the E.T. and Va. R.R. 47 miles from the gap. Two days afterwards we took the cars for Knoxville at which place we remained nearly two weeks. At Knoxville I met some members of my company who had been sick and were just recovered. They had many letters for me and for the first time since September I heard from home. At Morristown some two weeks previous I had telegraphed my safe arrival at that place.

Early in November we went to Chattanooga and thence to Bridgeport. Here we camped one or two days and some good clothing and shoes which were much needed were issued to the regt. We cooked three days rations and set out overland for middle Tennessee [sic]. The march lay through a rough, mountainous country and the people were generally poor and ignorant. The field officers had not as yet received their horses which had been sent overland from Knoxville. Marching came very heavily upon them and in the 2nd days [sic] march Col. Gober was placed under arrest for refusing to cause his tired men to get up and stack arms when their time for rest was almost out. He was right in all save the disobedience to orders and Col. (since Brig. Gen.) Gibson was rather arbitrary in the matter. I sympathised [sic] with our Col. and yet I thought it might learn him a little forbearance towards the faults of his inferior officers. We arrived at Alsonia at the end of the 3rd day and went into camp. Here a few tents were issued to us and soon we had a pleasant camp. While here my oldest brother came to see me and remained three or four days. He was accompanied by a younger brother of Lieut. Kent. In the brief days they remained with us we had such a pleasant time. Never before had so many months separated us. Besides the natural ties that bound us and the affection engendered thereby, there had ever been between us a sympathy of tastes, of pursuits, of likes and dislikes. In one respect he had emphatically been an elder brother. In another he was my most trusted friend in whose judgment and sympathy I could place the most unlimited faith; whose approval I was ever anxious to



win, whose displeasure I ever dreaded to incur, not because I feared him, but because I loved and respected him. Then what a geniality there was in his companionship. With that boyish delight did he ever enter into a stroll amid the glad, the sad, the joyous, yet touching and softening memories of our earlier years. He never chided a fault or a failure. He encouraged and applauded every laudable effort of the tyro and pointed out in glowing words the bright rewards which are prepared for him who "labors and waits". I owe much to him, more than I can ever pay. On one Sunday morning about 10 o'clock on the platform at Alisonia I grasped his hand and we looked a "goodbye" which neither of us could speak. The engine whistled and panted, the wheels moved faster, faster and so he was gone.

A few days after my brother's departure, we broke up our camp and moved to Shelbyville. The march was a hard one and for permitting men to straggle, nearly every commanding officer in the brigade was arrested. But we were soon released by Gen. Adams who was now in command. At Shelbyville all the non-conscripts of the regiment were discharged. I discharged 11 men from my company including my brother. Most of these who thus left the regiment were among its best soldiers. Nearly all of them were boys under age and they had been brave in battle, apt in learning the drill and patient under handicap. My experience has induced me to believe that boys from 17 to 25 years of age make the best soldiers. Here too occurred the consolidation of the 16th and 25th La. Regts. [sic] and also that of the 13th and 20th. Five companies under command respectively of Capts. [sic] R.P. Oliver, S.A. Hayden, Louis Stagg, C. Ford and myself were made out of the original men which formed the regt. These with five others formed the same way from the 25th now were placed in the same regt. and the command given to Col. S. W. Fisk, with F. M. Zachary for major. The other field officers were sent to La. to recruit. Lieut. J.F. Kent was retained with myself and Lts. [sic] Pipkin and W. G. Williams sent home where they have been ever since. It was while at this place that we heard of the death of Lieut. Col. W. E. Walker who had been left sick at Alisonia. He was sincerely regretted by both officers and men of the regiment. Walker was a superficially brilliant man. The real excellences of his mind ever sparkled at the surface. I do not think that his was a deep or comprehensive intellect. He had read largely and on many subjects while his memory was most perfect. The finest passages of the standard parts were on his tongue and his conversational powers were charming and attractive. Added to this he possessed a graceful bearing, the most polished manners, and an earnest and not unmusical voice. In action he was cool and brave beyond comparison. I think that he was very cold hearted and selfish but these attributes were deeply hidden under the most perfect affability. Ambition and the desire for popularity rendered him perfectly approachable and familiar with all. Hence his popularity. From the same cause I think he was an indifferent army officer. But enough. I always liked him and while he lived, no one perhaps in the regiment enjoyed more of his confidence and intimacy than myself.

Not long after the consolidation of the regiments we moved to Eagleville, 26 miles north of Shelbyville. The march occupied only one day and was fatiguing beyond measure. The snow lay deep upon the ground and the troops were marched with great rapidity and rested but little. Gen. Adams had two days in which to make this march but as he

was on horseback and cold I suppose he thought that marching would be just the thing for the troops and so he pressed them the entire distance.

We had a fine camp in a hickory grove and the country around was full of eggs, chickens, fresh meat, milk etc. Lieut. McFeely and myself messed together while Stuart, by foraging and by the favor which he found in the eyes of a certain sable divinity, the property of Mr. Buck Jordan, with whom he negotiated a contract of marriage for the space of two weeks, or while our present camp was unbroken, we had plenty of the very best of good things. I do not desire to live on better fare than we had while we remained at Eagleville.

At the end of two weeks we moved eight miles to Triune on the Nolansville pike. Here the country was also for the most part wealthy and our abundance of good things continued. On the 25th (Christmas Day) I dined with Capt. Sittman and Surgeon Holt of the 13th. Was invited by Col. Fisk to Gen. Adams' Hd. Qts. [sic] but declined. The Gen. had a big "egg nogg [sic]" on hand and it was to assist him in drinking it that we were invited. The temptation was strong but I resisted. At night Lieuts. [sic] Kent, Edwards, McFeely, Buss, Brumby, Watson, Capt. (now major) Moore and myself had a nogg [sic] of our own. We all got merry and continued merry until the next evening, when we were sobered by the "Long roll" of the drum which, in a moment, called us from cups to arms. The enemy had that day advanced and had, after severe fighting, forced back the cavalry of Gen. Wharton which was picketing the Nolansville pike. We doubled quick nearly two miles and formed a line of battle. Here we remained until after night when we were marched back to camp, ordered to cook rations and pack up for a move. At daylight we moved back to the line of the previous evening, having first detailed men to strike and place the tents, baggage, etc. in the wagons. We remained in line till 10 A.M. when we began to move towards Murfreesboro where Gen. Bragg was concentrating his forces. We were now in the division of Maj. Gen. Breckinridge which with Adams, was composed of the brigades of Hanson (Ky.) Stovall (Fla.), and Bowen (Tenn.). The gallant Anderson whom we all loved and trusted had ridden, with his fine eye dim and his noble face pale with regret, along our lines and with faltering voice had told us "goodbye". He had gone to command a brigade in Withers corps. Buckner too had been transferred to Mobile and Gen. Clabourne [crossed out] [illegible] commanded his division.

We had proceeded but a few miles when a slow rain began to fall. The roads soon became very muddy and the troops were drenched. We camped that next [crossed out] night eight miles from Murfreesboro. The rain continued to fall and the wet wood made but scanty fires. We were very weary however and slept regardless of the damp beneath and above. At daylight we were on the road and at 9 A.M. entered the pretty little city of Murfreesboro. We passed on through and took up a position some 800 yards from the town near the Lebanon pike.

Here we built fires, dried our blankets, drew and cooked rations and passed a comfortable night. The next morning the heavy boom of cannon to the northwest told us that the enemy was still advancing. Our line was moved some 200 yards where we

passed the day. That night the rain began again. Tuesday, the 30th, our line was yet further advanced and rested in an open field over which the cold wind swept with merciless keenness. That night was a cheerless one. The order came "light no fires." In darkness and silence we lay down with the consciousness that a great battle was to be fought in the day following. The regiment numbered about 447 "rank and file". We no longer had our trusted Gober to lead us. Col. Fisk was a brave man but a poor officer. In Zachary I felt no confidence.

The army of Gen. Bragg consisted of five divisions. Polk's Corps contained the divisions of Cheatham, Withers, and McCoren, formerly of E. K. Smith's command. Smith's other division of 8000 men under Stevenson had on the 17th of December, in the face of threatened advance of the federal army, been sent off to Vicksburg, Miss. Polk had about 17,000 men. Hardee had the divisions of Breckinridge, and Claborne. [sic] They amounted together to 10,000 men. Breckinridge, I know had but 4500 in the aggregate. Thus Gen. Bragg with 27,000 infantry and from 5000 to 7000 cavalry was expected to meet and overthrow an army, stated by its commander, to number 73,000 men. Had Stevenson been allowed to remain, Bragg would have won at Murfreesboro one of the most splendid triumphs of the war. As it was, neither side can claim victory. All the fruits, such as guns, resources, etc. remained with the confederate army, but the field, after being occupied for two days by Bragg, was finally abandoned to the enemy. The only prisoners captured by the enemy were those who were too badly wounded to be removed from Murfreesboro. They amounted only to 1800 men. Over 6000 prisoners and 32 pieces of captured artillery were sent safely to the rear by the confederate general besides 12000 stands of small arms. Bragg abandoned one dismounted piece of artillery to the enemy. Such were the results of the battle. To whom can the victory be justly awarded?

Wednesday morning the 31st of December, 1862, broke with beautiful light and an unclouded sun on the hills and vales of middle Tennessee. At sunrise Hardee with the divisions of Cleburne, Cheatham and McCoren struck the right wing of the federal army. There we posted nearly 10,000 regular infantry under McCook besides other volunteer troops from the western states. They fought gallantly for a time with firmness worthy of a bitter cause; they stood firmly on their ground and met the "rebel" charge with smiting volleys of musketry and canister. But Hardee pressed on and never shone the plume of Navarre or the sable feathers of the "black prince" in the battle front with greater glory; never glanced more proudly "mid the war clouds encircling wrath" the eagles of the old guard then floated on that bloody field the "flag of the Silver Moon", the battle flag of Hardee upborne by the battalions of the invincible Cleburne. In the same line too pressed forward the red Corps of Polk followed by the sturdy Tennesseans [sic] of Cheatham and the White cross of Kirby Smith which waved over the veterans of McGowan. With wild yell they advanced now pouring in their deadly volleys and now charging with fixed bayonets. A portion of the federal line was taken by surprise and instantly routed, but the infantry of McCook for a time firmly stood their ground.

Finally they too gave way and fled in the greatest confusion. Battery after battery was charged and captured, the Federal line was rallied only to be routed again for nothing

could check the impetuous valor of Hardee's attack. In three hours from the time of the attack Rosecrans [sic] right wing was crushed to pieces and its broken remnants were formed into a struggling line at right angles with its position in the morning. But the center of the Federal army stood firm. It rested upon a succession of hills which rose from the north bank of Stone [sic] River. Its right was protected by a dense cedar thicket which was almost impenetrable. The course of the river and the conformation of the ground in its front was such that only a brigade front could be advanced at one time. The rocks and temporary fortifications which the Federal troops had hastily thrown up almost neutralized the heavy fire of artillery which Bragg directed against the position. Then Rosecrans [sic] massed his forces. That position must be carried or the fruits of Hardee's splendid success would be lost. Withers in the center was as yet unengaged. Three brigades successively attacked this place (the hornets [sic] nest) and were repulsed. In front the assaulting columns had to pass over an open and level field which was swept by 18 guns that were in position by section in the form of a semi circle. Finally order was sent to Breckenridge on the right to send troops. Here arose that difficulty as yet unsettled which caused the severe censure of that officer by General Bragg. One thing is evident. Breckenridge was tardy in obeying the order. He alleged that he was threatened in his front. This afterwards proved to be unfounded, for the entire corps of Crittenden had been withdrawn from his front in order to check Hardee on the extreme Federal right. Another order was sent and this time Gen. Breckenridge obeyed by sending brigades of Adams and Stovall to Withers' assistance.

We were marched at the double quick some two miles and crossed the river by wading as the ford was shallow. We had as yet been unengaged although we had been employed for half an hour in the morning in dodging shells which the enemy sent at us as I thought then in the most prodigal profusion. We crossed the river and were halted not far from the bank. In front the battle was raging with terrific fury. Over us pieces of artillery were shaking the hills and the Yankee shells were flying over us. At this moment Gen. Bragg rode by us. Loud cheers greeted him as he passed rapidly along the line and hastily checked his horse in front of the colors, turned towards us, pulled off his cap and waved it as if for silence. I shall never forget Brass as I saw him then, with his pale emaciated face slightly flushed with the ardor of battle, his fierce eyes, supernaturally large and full of light, his thin lip compressed and his form compact yet attenuated, so upright and firm in the saddle while he restrained his restive horse it seemed to me as much by the stern will which sat on the marble brow as by the pressure of his left hand upon the bridle rein. He waved his cap and all was hushed in an instant. Then the rigid lips unclosed, the stern brow was unbent and the words came short and clear with a force that "dared you to forget". "Louisianians" said he, "the enemy's right has been routed and we are steadily driving it back. He still stands firm in the center. He must be defeated there. It remains for you to do this and the victory is ours. Remember the wrongs of your state, your insulted wives and mothers, your polluted shrines and desecrated homes. Be men and strike for vengeance and for liberty."

This speech of Bragg's may not be repeated verbatim as he spoke it. At the time I thought I would never forget his words. But two years may have caused me to forget;

yet the substance and most of the words were just as I have repeated. The most deafening cheers greeted the general as he rode rapidly away towards where the conflict seemed the fiercest. Then we began to advance moving by the right flank. Every heart was full of enthusiasm. Each man seemed to feel that no task was beyond our accomplishment. We were now moving through a cotton field and the enemy began to shell our line. One shell killed Ed. Parmele and Japhet Harull of my company. They were mangled and torn to pieces and died in an instant. The same shell killed Capt. Oliver's horse and broke the handle of a litter in the hands of the bearer. It burst right in the ranks and I wonder that more of the men were not injured. As we reached the turnpike the regiment was [illegible] in column right in front. For 200 yards we marched in column up the pike under a fierce artillery fire. Shell and shrapnel hissed and screamed and bursted [sic] about us, but with steady tramp and arms at the "right shoulder shift" the column moved swiftly and steadily on.

Leaving the pike the regiment was deployed in line and began to advance by the front. The first line of Yankees now opened upon us. The fire was returned with spirit. A rabbit scared by the strange and terrible sound of heavy battle came running along our line. A private, a calm imperturbable [sic] and sleepy looking fellow of my company, Calvin Hennegan by name, deliberately raised his gun and killed the poor frightened animal. "Hennigan why the d—I did you do that?" "Why Capting [sic], the Yanks is too fur and I want to be a killin [sic] what I shoot at" was the cool reply to my question. At this moment a charge was ordered. Forward we went and backwards went the Yankees. We were now within 100 yards of the nearest section of that terrible battery. The fire was terrible. Huge gaps were out in our ranks, were quickly closed, and the line still pressed onward. At this time the regiment on our right began to waver. It was thrown into confusion and finally broke into a disorderly retreat. The 32nd Ala. though in much confusion stood its ground. Nothing daunted, the regiment with wild cheers still swept forward; the battery was reached and two guns were captured. The artillerists were driven from the other pieces. Then we were halted and at 70 yards distance from an unseen foe the deadliest [sic] fire of musketry I ever saw was opened upon us. A brigade was thrown forward against our right flank and opened a murderous cross fire upon our rapidly melting ranks. Yet the troops stood firm. Never did I see more coolness exhibited by men. Every instant some one was stricken down but the survivors undismayed fought on. Col. Fisk had fallen, shot through the body; he lived only a few hours. One color bearer was shot, another shared his fate and then the colors were placed in the hands of Hennegan who had shot the rabbit. He bore them for a long time afterwards. It was with terrible anguish that I saw my men falling and writhing on the ground. And yet I was powerless to aid them. Gen. Adams with a broken arm [illegible] rode up and ordered a retreat. Maj. Zachary communicated the order to the first company and it passed down the line. Hence the retreat was made in much confusion. Gen. Adams said to the boys near him.- "Boys we fall back but D—n it, we are not whipped". I succeeded in keeping a few of my men together. Passing down the pike I saw one of my company just ahead of me. He was at the "double quick". Suddenly he fell forward on his face. I stopped, turned him over but poor Coffman was dead- a ball had passed through his head and his brain was oozing out on the ground. The enemy attempted a pursuit but our artillery soon drove them back.

Halting near our batteries we soon rallied and re-formed the line but over half the regiment was missing. Of 447 men 270 had fallen. Out of 55 men I could find only 24. We had failed. It was not the fault of the men nor the officers, but simply because the task was too much for mortals to accomplish. Over 30 guns now opened on the position we had charged and the brigade was ordered to lie down behind a line of rude fortifications made of rails. The enemy replied to our batteries with over 60 pieces of artillery.

A constant stream of shells flew over and around us. One burst a few feet from me in Capt. Watson's company. It killed 6 men. The skull of one of the miserable men was blown off with the quivering brain still attached. It flew several paces and fell upon the body of one of his comrades who was lying down. Looking towards our batteries I saw Gen. Bragg in their midst with his sad, stern face on which no emotion was discernible, riding from one piece to another calmly directing the aim of the gunners. I expected every moment to see him fall and I trembled for the army. Again was the position from which we had just been repulsed assaulted but without decisive result. Towards night under a fire of artillery we were moved over to the left just in rear of the position which the right of Rosecrans [sic] had occupied in the morning. There we halted and built small fires. I could not sleep at first. The smoke of battle had settled and obscured the moon which rode high in heaven and struggled to cast a feeble light upon the blood-drenched field. Occasionally the boom of a cannon or the report of a single musket broke the silence. I sent out parties to look for the dead of my company and 6 or 8 were found and buried. The most melancholy feelings pervaded my breast. That day I had seen the best and bravest of my company fall, some of them to rise no more. A gifted young friend, with whom I had played at school, who was associated with the brightest and happiest days of my life had been left on the field with his thigh shattered by a grape shot. At home a gentle mother and sisters, a fond father and brothers were praying for the poor boy and he lying on the cold earth and his young life ebbing away. Poor Bob Dunn, how I lamented his fate. Wilber, too, one of my earliest friends heedless of seething storms of lead and shrieking bursting shells remained with him, saw him die and bore the beloved yet mangled form to a narrow grave and consigned it without prayer or rite to its mother earth, then turned away to die in captivity far far away from the fond hearts and happy home that waited beneath Louisiana's sky for his coming. I could not sleep but turned away and walked over the field. We were bivouacked on the ground over which Hardees [sic] line had swept. Federal dead and wounded were piled around. Our men were busily engaged building fires and bringing the wounded to them, for the night was very cold. I was particularly interested in a young soldier, a private in an Indiana regiment. He was not more than 17 years of age. His wound was mortal. He was shot through the bowels and from the character of the matter which his wound exuded I thought his case hopeless. I lifted him as gently as I could to the fire, arranged his blanket and threw my own over him. In the silvery voice of boyhood he told me of his widowed mother and breathed the hope that he would live to see her. His name was Bowens (I think) and his residence Indianapolis. I got a surgeon to dress his wounds and assisted in putting him in the ambulance. A large Irishman, a private of the 19th U.S. Infantry lay near this fire his leg was broken below the knee. I

gave him some cornbread and beef and he ate with a seeming relish. Afterwards I filled his pipe, lit it and then his sullen reserve seemed to melt for hitherto he had maintained an almost unbroken silence. He told me that he had been but four or five months in the States and had enlisted at the time of his arrival. He had expected to be killed by the "rebels", if he fell into their hands, for his officer told him the rebels never "gave quarter" even to the wounded. One of my company approached and called me "Captain", Quickly the Irishman looked up and said "Are ye a Captin [sic]?" I had on a plain Austrian grey uniform and in the faint firelight my badge of rank could not be distinguished; "Yes" I answered. He mused for a moment and then said "No officer in the fideral [sic] army spakes [sic] familiar like wid [sic] a private". I told him that the men of my company were my earliest and best friends and that the best and wealthiest citizens of the south were, many of them, privates in the armies. Poor devil! enlisted for money, without interest in the struggle. He could not comprehend how anyone with plenty of money and a comfortable home should engage in the war and endure the hardships incident to the lot of the private soldier. With such food as this poor deluded Celt have the Yankees fed the flames of war while every resort, the most cowardly and abject, has been greedily and shamelessly seized to keep their own cowardly carcasses out of the line of fire. God grant the day may come when the remorseless death wheel of the bloody despot shall send to the front full regiments of genuine Yankees. Then they will turn pale at the southern yell and the south shall be avenged. Then will the peace party of the north grow strong, when the south shall stand at last with her tattered battle flag victorious. She will have triumphed over not only twenty millions of Yankees, who impudently claim to be of the same race with us, but over Ireland and some three or four of the German states.

But to return. Leaving my Irish friend I turned to stroll over the field. Oh how thick the dead were lying there. I shall not soon forget the impressions of that scene. Tall manly forms lay rigid and cold with their dead eyes fixed in a stony gaze upon the heavens, with their faces distorted by the "strange and unfelt before pangs" which had with "strange horror" seized them only a few hours before, and so ghastly in the pale and lonely light of the moon, and their hair all damp and heavy with the early night dew. On this part of the field there were very few confederate dead. But the ground was covered with federals. There lay a tall fine looking man; his forehead broad and fair would seem to tell of an educated and intelligent mind. He looked very pale but otherwise his features indicated only deep repose. The dark, congealed pool which had issued from his breast and stained the land which he had endeavored to enslave showed that the "rebel" bullet had done its work only too well and that he had died without pain. Here was another form but the head was blown entirely away. The hurtling shell had struck him full and fair and from the wild excitement of battle and the glow of day, he had been in an instant hurled into darkness; into silence, into a full realization of the dreaded unknown—Where? Who shall say? Close by was another. The low forehead, the heavy thick mustache and foreign air which death had not naturalized, bespoke the German. Far away over the broad Atlantic, by the flow of the Rhine, in a smiling valley an honest old man smoked his pipe and drank his brew and with pride remembered his boy who had gone to the great republic and would return perhaps with wealth to cheer the hearts of those who loved him. The Rhine still will flow between lordly ruins and ancient ivy

wreathed castles; the valley shall bloom and smile and the broad roof of the low cottage will shelter the old peasant and his wrinkled dame, but the boy will not return.

His simple heart was turned by the inducements held out by the Federal recruiting officer and he has "von a farm" 3 by 6 feet in extent in the land that he came to conquer. Not far from him was another. The short nose, the long rising upper lip, the wide mouth and round face bespoke his Celtic origin. He had turned his back upon the land of his birth, when all was bright and fair with nature's best gifts but yet where rested the shadow of tyranny, to find fortune and freedom in the new world. He had joined the Federal Army "because" he was told, "the South was fighting to make slaves of poor whites as well as negroes". "There were smiling farms in the bright Southern land defended only by a people enervated and with spirit already despondent and weary of war. These traitors must be exterminated, their lands given to the brave soldiers of the Union". His simple nature fired at the thought of fighting freedom's battles, he enlisted, he marched, he saw Cheathams [sic] advancing columns, he heard the yell of those who fought beneath the "flag of the Silver Moon", he heard the rush of lead and a "rebel bullet" gave him a "fee simple" to a "farm" similar to that of his German comrade. How strange that he who so hated British tyranny should become the tool and dupe of the darker despotism of the Illinois buffoon. Thomas Francis Meagher dreamed of Irish independence; he was bold enough to dare the power of England for the liberty of his country. I honor him for it. England banished him. Today where does he stand? He who wore the green uniform and upheld the flag of the golden harp and worshipped at freedom's shrine? Where stands he now in this strife for liberty and against centralization despotism? Clothed in the livery of Abraham Lincoln, he has bared his sword and strikes for the wrong against the right, for despotism against liberty and insults the pure spirit before whose ideal existence he knelt and worshipped and for which he suffered. His countrymen who loved will learn to curse his name. There may be some excuse for the ignorant Irish peasant who is deceived and duped and robed in the blue badge of infamy, but for Meagher, there is none.

But to return. I continued my melancholy walk amid heaps of dead. I have stood on other bloody fields but never have seen death's harvest so rich as it appeared there. I counted until I was tired and yet there were more to be numbered. Passing through a growth of underbrush through which patches of moonlight fell upon the ground, I ran against a man. I saw he was a Yankee from his dress. One hand was clinging to a sapling, the other clutched a vine which was swinging to and fro. His back was to me, nor did he appear to notice my having jostled against him. I spoke and asked him what he was doing there. No answer came, nor did he turn towards me. Again I spoke but with no better result. I advanced and took hold of his arm. Then he turned and broke into a loud vacant laugh and at the same moment the moonlight shone on his face and half lit up his fierce restless eyes. His face was all besmeared with dirt and blood and his hair was stiff with congealed gore. I never saw a more hideous sight. Surely the front of Medusa with its crown of hissing vipers was not more terrible. Yet I had but a man to deal with; that man wounded and a maniac. Calling some men who were passing near, we carried him to a fire where lay some twenty-five or thirty wounded Yankees. We washed his head and face with water from a canteen and examined his wound. A



minnie [sic] ball had struck him just between and a little above the eyes, had nearly buried itself but yet could be plainly seen and felt in the wound. Our efforts to extract it all failed and no surgeon was near. We spread a few blankets for the ground was covered with them dropped in the ardor and pursuit—laid the poor fellow upon them, tied his feet so that he could not get up and left him in charge of some of the infirmry [sic] corps.

I hated that man and these dead men who lay stark and stiff gazing with deathly intensity toward the moon, no longer. But I still hated those who had escaped and still bore arms for the degradation of my country. The former were unfortunate men; the latter were deadly and cruel enemies. Slowly I retraced my steps and lay down and after a while, slept. At daylight we were in line and moved down into a cedar thicket where we remained all day with the enemy plainly in view. That night we moved some 300 yards and rested. I slept near a cave in which lay three or four dead Yankees. They lay very thick in that cedar brake. [sic] It was strewn with dead horses and cannon balls. At 2 P.M., on Friday the 2nd of January, we began to move to the extreme right. At 4 P.M. we were in line with the Kentucky brigade of Gen. Hanson in our front. A gun from the centre [sic] was the signal for advance, we began to move, half a dozen cannon shots from the Yankee side of the river; the bursting of shells over our heads, the Yells of the Kentuckians and we were in the midst of Breckinridge's renowned charge. Hanson moved straight forward, while we obliqued to the left. Gen. Adams had retired on account of his wound and Col. Gibson commanded the brigade. I saw the Kentuckians when they received the first volley. They answered with a yell and dashed recklessly forward. They continued to advance firing as they went. On, right on, up to, and over the Yankee works, the flashing of the Yankee guns almost scorching their faces. But before that wave of firey [sic] valor no Yankee could stand. They turned and fled, out of their works into the river falling by the [crossed out] hundreds or surrendering and hurrying to the rear. Never was a charge more gallantly made. The position was taken but could not be held. Our brigade had successfully advanced to the river and under a terrible fire had successfully crossed it. Regaining the northern bank we were under fire of over a hundred guns. The division was with-drawn except my own regiment which moved by the left flank down the river and after skirmishing with some of the enemy was with-drawn, recrossed the river, reformed and moved over a mile where we bivouacked for the night. A slow rain fell all night. A night attack by the federals was repulsed by a brigade of Withers [sic] division and so the hours passed. At daylight I tried to rise but could not stand or walk. My limbs were in the grasp of the rheumatic monster. Obtaining a certificate from the surgeon I moved to a vacant house nearby and passed the day. No fighting occurred. At midnight I heard the noise of trains and artillery moving and occasionally the tramp of infantry. I went out to the pike, met some of the Washington Artillery who told me that the army was falling back. Breckinridge was to take the Manchester pike. I also started. I could not stand the idea of being captured. A driver for \$10.00 let me ride to Manchester. Then I was taken very sick and got into an ambulance and after two or three days found myself at Tullahoma. I was well nigh worn out and rapidly became worse. I made application for leave of absence but it was refused. We were almost without tents and the water was bad. About the middle of January Col. Gober returned from La. and took command. I was glad to see him back. I

had become disgusted with the actions of men unfitted for any position, almost, in the line, who had been in command of the regiment. Col. Gober was a good officer. But I had disliked him personally, but when I saw him enter the camp amid the cheers of those who had followed him so long, who had seen him go away without regret, but who had by recent experience found out the real value of an officer.

I forgot all personal animosity; I stepped forward and said "Col. I am glad to see you back", "Not gladder than I to get back" returned he with a hearty grasp of the hand. From that hour I understood Col. Gober better and I esteem now, as much as a man, as for his sterling qualities as an officer. My health did not improve and the surgeon sent Lieut. Hoy, Sergts. [sic] Wheat and Bradford (who were also sick) and myself out to an old unoccupied house some two miles from camp. Stewart accompanied me. We had plenty of wood, good water, and the house was dry and comfortable. An old farmer nearly 74 years old but hale and hearty as a youth of 20 came to see us. He hauled us some hay to sleep on. He was a very poor man, but an earnest, honest patriot. His name was Jacob Holt. His wife a pert, smart, brisk little woman, was only about 25 and quite good looking. She was the old man's third "help mate". He was nearly 6 1/2 feet high and very stout in proportion. She was scarcely over four feet ten. They presented a strange contrast. But I will never forget them. Mrs. H. sent me milk, eggs, fresh meat and other nice things. The old man could not do too much for me. He too was fond of talking. He had served under Jackson and remembered when there was not a brick house in Nashville. He enlisted and went to Virginia in the first year of the war and served for eight months and was discharged. But had had not left the service. He had an old and very long Kentucky rifle which had cracked at Horseshoe Bend 50 years before. His neighbors said that in the summer of 1862 while Buell held that part of Tenn. the same old rifle was occasionally heard to crack in the lonely valleys and silent dells of the neighborhood and its bullet never failed to "crack" the skull of some Yankee. They even went so far as to say that the old man cut a notch on the stock of the old gun for every invader which it quieted. Certain it is there were many notches on the stock to the number of twenty or twenty-five but whether each was the obituary of some defeated Yankee, I cannot say. He would never talk about the subject. It is notorious also that the Federals were terribly "bushwacked [sic]" in that county; that the 3rd Ohio Cavalry alone lost 300 men who left camp at various times singly or in squads to scout or forage and who were afterwards found dead in the road or were never heard from. At this house I improved but slowly. My old negro (Stewart) was taken very sick with pneumonia. I could get no assistance (medical) for him, I gave a neighboring woman (Mrs. Jones) \$1.00 per pod for a dozen or two dozen red pepper pods. I gave Stewart terrible and frequent draughts of pepper tea and whiskey—the only medicine at hand. The disease succumbed to the treatment and Stewart gradually recovered. A negro man of Lieut. Williams was seized with pneumonia in camp, was brought out to "my house" where he died. He was a good boy, a faithful servant and we regretted his death. We buried him as decently as possible and left him to sleep the long unbroken slumber. I was very weak yet, but was able to ride into camp on the Colonel's horse and act as judge advocate in a regimental court martial. Soon afterwards I was appointed judge advocate of a general court martial by Gen. Bragg. I was not able to go. Then I might easily have obtained the appointment of judge advocate of Hardee's Corps. but I had to decline. I

was sent off to an interior hospital about the 14th of March, at Ringgold, Ga. Here I remained some months. The surgeons were kind and gentlemanly; the hospital in fine condition.

Early in May, with Capt. Sam B. Wilson of the 45th Tenn., I went to Atlanta to get some clothes. We returned in a day or two. I paid \$135. for a coat and in proportion for other clothing. Board at the "Front House" cost me \$15. per day. I returned to Ringgold and about the 15th of May, against the advice of the surgeons, I returned to camp at Buck Grove Tenn. In camp my disease returned and in a week I returned to Ringgold. The division (Breckinridge's) was sent to Jackson, Miss. for the relief of Vicksburg which was then besieged by Grant. Again my health rallied. The post Commandant at Ringgold with his regiment was ordered to the front. Lt. Col. Hays of Gen. Bragg's staff asked Dr. Gamble, post surgeon for some convalescent officer who could take charge of the post. He recommended me as I was well enough to walk about. Col. Hays placed me on duty which was light. I had an adjutant, a comfortable room for an officer and but little to do. I was not relieved till the 15th of July. I had a pleasant time while on duty at Ringgold and formed the acquaintance of some ladies and gentlemen whom I shall always remember with pleasure. It was during my stay there, that Wm. Henderson, a member of my regiment, was stabbed at the Bragg hospital by an Irishman named Patrick Gavin. He died two days after receiving the wound.

Before his death he requested me to attend his trial and see that his murderer was prosecuted. I attended the preliminary examination of the accused and was not profoundly impressed with the wisdom and legal lore of the two magistrates who presided. I, however, succeeded in having the prisoner committed for trial. The court assembled some two weeks after the preliminary investigation. Judge Walker of Catoosa County presided. An old fellow of no sense and less education was appointed state solicitor in place of the regularly elected officer who was in the army. This attorney pro tem [sic] was named Black; "my brother Black" as old Spraybury called him. The case was called, Capt. Anderson and Judge Wright M.C. from the 10th district, a learned and eloquent man appeared for the defense, old Black and myself for the state. For the first time I addressed a jury. I had not intended to speak but I knew that if I made no attempt, the prisoner would certainly be acquitted. I spoke nearly an hour and a half and old Black grinned complacently but said nothing. Judge Wright closed with an eloquent and able argument of some two hours duration. The defense had introduced no witnesses [sic] and hence had the last speech. To my surprise the jury found the prisoner guilty— (the indictment was for manslaughter) and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for thirteen years.

A few days before leaving Ringgold a large ball was given with a supper. I aided the girls in fixing up the hall and in decorating the supper room. I had a merry time cutting cedars and fixing up wreaths and mottoes in evergreen. I accompanied Miss M.C. of Mobile who had come up with her sister Mrs. H., the wife of Lieut. H. of Ala. Infantry, to see that officer who was convalescing at Ringgold. Well we had a merry dance and a gay supper, the latter I enjoyed, the former I merely looked at. I shall not soon forget that night. I was most anxious to go to the regiment and applied but was not relieved

until the 16th and the same day I left for Miss. Miss M. and Mrs. H. together with Tom Sheffield of Mobile were my fellow travellers [sic]. The ladies were placed by the husband and brother-in-law under my charge. I had a pleasant journey. The ladies were charming, the weather pleasant, the cars not crowded while there was an abundance of fruit and good things for sale at every depot.

We arrived in Mobile at 11 P.M. on the night of the 19th July. I accompanied the ladies home and then went to a hotel. In Mobile I remained one week. The Theatre, the Shell road and calls and walks with the ladies passed the seven days rapidly and pleasantly away. On the second day of my stay I met Capt. Wm. Miller of the 25th La. who had been wounded at Murfreesboro and was returning to the Regiment. We roomed together and finally started for the regiment. On the way up the M and O R R we passed the bodies of three negroes who had been run over by the night train which preceded us. I never saw a more shocking sight than was there presented.

We arrived at Merton, Miss. on the 28th and started for the regiment which we reached about 5 P.M. We received a hearty welcome and were soon at home in camp. I found Lt. Kent absent and only Capt. Pipkin with the Company. I immediately assumed command and Capt. P. went to the wagon yard to act as Q. M., vice Capt. Burtin transferred.

In a day or two we moved camp and built brush arbors. We had good water and a healthy location. Lt. Kent soon returned and went on duty. While at this camp we were visited by many of the old citizens of La., among whom were Mr. Kent, Mr. Gause, Mr. Nusom and others. It was there also that a captain by the cruel and unusual punishment of tying a man up for three or four hours by the thumbs produced a state of feeling in the Regiment bordering on mutiny. Three or four of the ring leaders were arrested. One of them, Gen. Adams determined to scare, and drew up the brigade and enacted a farce which might be entitled a "Military execution without fatal results" for the prisoner was neither shot nor scared that I could see. Three of the Mutineers were tried by court martial and I defended them and in doing so called down upon my head the reproaches of some men in the regiment who with the stripes of a captain or Lieut. imagined themselves entitled to the stars and wreath of a lieut. general. I really sympathized with the prisoners and was glad to see them escape with little or no punishment. I cannot see that discipline consists in severity; that an officer to be efficient must be a tyrant—give the private all his rights—God knows he has but few. An officer may be respected without being abjectly feared. He may win by kindness the love of his men and hence their obedience and respect. I had rather have the love of half a dozen privates than to be feared by an army. There is nothing I detest so much as cruelty. I have but small use for the man who takes advantage of "a little brief authority" to inflict on private soldiers harsh and unnecessary punishment.

On the 27th of August we took the cars for Meridian. Thence we went to Mobile, then to Montgomery and thence to West Point. We were crowded at the latter place to such an extent that Col. Gober left a detachment of 100 men and two car loads of baggage under my charge with orders to follow the command as soon as I could procure the

necessary transportation. The post commandant of West Point, a Major in rank, a general in feeling, would only consent to give me three cars. Fortunately for me Brig. Gen. Adams arrived at Midnight and on explaining my situation, he told me to take all the cars necessary for the transportation of my men and baggage. I chose five box cars. The Major expostulated, the general swore at him, the major subsided, and the General, major and myself "adjourned" and took a drink.

A little before daylight we were off for Atlanta where we arrived about 8 A.M. and lay over for four hours. During the time I went up in the city, met an old friend named Mulligan whom I had heard was dead. We saw the review of the militia and I met a young lady, Miss A. of Marietta whom I had met at Ringgold. With her I passed some two hours and then getting aboard the cars we started for Chattanooga. At Marietta we were detained some time by a break in the road but finally all was right and the train started and stopped only when we were within six miles of Chattanooga. We marched three or four miles and camped for some days on a high hill near Tyners Station on the E.T. and Va. R.R. About the 8th of September we marched to Chattanooga and camped three miles S.W. of the town one day. Here Lieut. Kent. who had been detached previous to leaving Mississippi, rejoined the command. We moved to LaFayette and went on picket four miles beyond on the Alpine road. Here on the 13th the pickets had a slight brush with the "Lightning Brigade" of Cavalry commanded by Gen. Wilder U.S.A. I don't know why this redoubtable troop should be called the "Lightning Brigade" unless the term be applied to describe the precipitancy of its movements in retreat, for no sooner had our skirmish line fired than it broke and fled in the wildest confusion—a few of them were killed and wounded and we never again saw the survivors.

From LaFayette we began to move slowly back towards Chattanooga, upon which point Rosecrans was cautiously moving by the left flank. On the night of the 17th we lay in a deep gorge of the mountains guarding the entrance to a cave. That night came to the camp fire W. H. Wheat and others who had been away on furlough. Stewart also returned with them. They brought us letters from home and by the flickering and uncertain light of the bivouac fires we sat to read the messages of affection from fond hearts. Young Bailey of the Washington Artillery took supper with Lt. Kent and myself that night. He was so full of life and hope and predicted for our arms a brilliant victory before the setting of seven suns. Before two more had set he was torn to atoms by a shell while standing at his gun.

On the 18th we slowly moved onward and on the same night the brigade guarded a ford. Rumors were rife that a portion of the army of V. had reached Dalton. Now it was known beyond doubt that at least two divisions of Gen. Longstreets [sic] gallant corps were near at hand. The troops cheered loudly and seemed in the highest spirits at this intelligence. These heroes of McLaws and Hood had never moved but to victory; the little army of Bragg was stronger than ever and we would meet Rosecrans this time with double the numbers we had at Murfreesboro while he could not be much stronger than them. The banners of the armies of Lee and Bragg would wave together for the first time. Victory could not be doubtful. The army of the south must triumph. There could be no other result. When soldiers feel and reason thus, it is not easy to defeat them.

On the morning of the 19th the brigade moved before daylight and took up a position in line of battle. Only the western fork of the Chickamauga Creek separated us from the army of the enemy. The sun rose in a cloudless sky and a light wind stirred the foliage dressed in the regal dyes of Autumn.

Suddenly a half a mile to our right burst a cannon shot upon our ears, followed by the howl of the shell and its explosion over towards the enemy. Then came another and another in rapid succession. A dozen guns perhaps had sent their hurtling missives towards the enemy's line when their silence was broken and an answering run sent a shell towards our batteries which exploded far short of its mark. A loud yell along the entire brigade front answered this first hostile demonstration of the enemy, but the guns of Cobbs and Slocumbs [sic] batteries returned far more effective answer. Then for an hour the duel raged. Twice the Yankee artillerists shifted their position under the fire of our guns. Finally Major Graves, advancing his guns by section, charged across the creek, supported only by the 2nd Ky. Infantry, drove the Yankee batteries from the field and retired to his original position. In this duel our batteries suffered severely. Lieut. Blair and 30 of Slocumbs [sic] company (including my friend Bailey) were killed and wounded. Cobb lost four or five men. But none of their guns and but few horses were injured.

In the meantime a severe fight was raging seven or eight miles away to our right. The bellowing of the artillery was incessant and now and then the long unmistakeable [sic] roll of musketry was plainly audible.

At 11 o'clock A. M. we began to move slowly towards the firing. The enemy were also moving in the same direction. Skirmishes were thrown out to guard against surprise and moved parallel with our line of march. at 5 P.M. the firing had not ceased and we began to move more rapidly. At sundown we were three miles from the scene of action and the "double quick" was ordered. About that time Gen. Cleburne, with the brigades of Polk, Dehler and Wood, advanced to the support of Walker who, with his own division and the brigades of Walthall and Liddell, both under the command of the latter, had for nine mortal hours held his ground with varying fortunes against the attacks of the enemy. He had suffered fearfully and it was a welcome sight to him, the long line and bayonets glittering in the last rays of that September sun, of Cleburne's advancing battalions. Passing over Walker's line, the gallant Irishman advanced directly upon the enemy. He drove them with fearful loss over a mile and a half, capturing 1800 prisoners and 16 pieces of artillery, including the celebrated 1st. Michigan battery of parrott [sic] guns. In the meantime our division was moving rapidly to his support. I could hear the intense and steady roll of musketry and breaking through like the burst of thunder through the roar of the storm, came the hoarse braying of artillery. Now there was only a dropping fire of musketry as if of skirmishes warmly engaged. Then suddenly it increased and grew stronger and denser until it seemed one consolidated roar, the individuality—if I may use the term—of each musket shot being sunk in the volume of terrific sound. It continued, ten, fifteen minutes, the artillery fire guns rapid and regular, and then came a faint sound of cheering—it is no Yankee cheer with its "hip, hip, huzza", but a genuine

rebel yell, the yell of men moved to do or die and fast closing with the foe. Suddenly the roll of musketry is hushed, then the silence is broken by two or three cannon shots, then all is still again, except yells which grow louder and are prolonged. We knew then that the Yankee battery had been captured for it took no very experienced ear to interpret the meaning of those fearful sounds.

The fighting ceased about an hour after night and our division bivouacked for the night, which was cold and frosty. Very soon, however, huge fires blazed along the line and by their cheerful light the hungry and tired troops lay down to sleep. We had had no rations for two days and yet our men were cheerful and confident. But there was very little merriment around the camp fires that night and soon all was still, except the tramp of the sentinel, the neigh of a horse or the distant jolting roll of an ambulance or artillery wheel.

The morning of the 20th of September, 1863 broke bright and beautifully over the opposing armies. Before daylight we were in motion and advancing over the scene of the battle of the previous day. The field was thickly wooded with a growth of pine, oak and birch. The trees were scarred with bullet marks. The wounded had all been removed but dead men and horses lay all over the woods. The leaves were on fire and the air was filled with the fumes of burning flesh. While moving amid such scenes, the wagon overtook us with rations. Very soon they were issued and the troops tasted food for the first time in 60 hours.

By a little after sunrise we were in position on the extreme right of the army. Austin's battalion with its 32nd Ala. Infantry was deployed on the skirmish line.

Never before had I seen a lovelier day. It was Sunday and the calm of that solemn sunshine seemed fitter for chiming bells and church going people, than for scene of strife and blood and suffering.

For three hours the opposing armies stood motionless as if loath to disturb the calm of that holy day. Not even the sound of a picket gun had been heard up to 9 o'clock. A light breeze stirred the crimson leaves of the forest, yet so light it came that the folds of the battle flag hardly heeded its invitation to play.

Gens. Hill (D.H.), Breckenridge and Adams rode along the lines but the troops were forbidden to cheer. Hill was not a remarkable man in appearance. He stopped [sic] in the saddle and there was an air of general negligence about his whole bearing. He appeared, however, entirely at his ease. Breckenridge looked all himself and glanced with evident pride along the ranks of those who had followed him so long. His broad, open brow bore no traces of care, his large eyes were full of light and confidence and a bland smile rested upon his face and slightly raised his inimitable mustache. Breckenridge had the finest mustache in the army.

At 9 1/2 A. M. we were ordered to advance and the whole line went steadily forward with but little opposition while Austin drove the skirmishes of the enemy far in our front.

A brigade of Yankees were soon dispersed [sic] and four pieces of artillery and 150 prisoners captured. This was mainly the work of Austin's battalion, 32nd Ala. and the 13th La.

Very soon we crossed the Chattanooga road and became exposed to the fire of a battery of artillery, which had position lower down on the road to our left. Gen. Adams then changed front to the left and advanced his line to the cover afforded by the valley of two small but abrupt hillocks. Here we remained a few minutes while the shells and graps [sic] of the enemy flew harmlessly over our heads. Soon came the order "forward double quick"! "March!" and away went the line over the open space into a skirt of woods where the line was dropped and then moved forward.

We had advanced two hundred yards when the Yankees opened upon the 19th La. on our left, then upon us and then on to the 13th. The troops answered with a cheer and pressed forward. Their first fire killed one of my men, Tom Bridges, and mortally wounded Tom Deltis. They fell together almost at my feet. Our line still advanced, firing as it went. The Yankees began to give way. The artillerists left their guns and their infantry was in great confusion. Then a mistake was made, somewhere, by someone, which altered the whole face of affairs, and prevented the rout of the enemy at that hour which occurred a few hours after and forced us to retire. Brig. Gen. Adams had fallen severely wounded and the command devolved on Col. Gibson who ordered the lines to halt. The troops amid the din and uproar of the battle could not hear the order, but Col. Gober spurring through the line rode along the front of the regiment amid a perfect tempest of bullets, waiving [sic] his sword and ordering the halt. Why, in the very moment of victory when the troops with resistless valor and the wildest enthusiasm were moving on and the enemy wavering and in confusion, a halt should be ordered, neither Col. Gober nor the troops could tell. But the order had been given and alas! was obeyed. The enemy rallied and reinforced their swaying line, poured in volley after volley and then came the alarm from the right "We have gone too far, we are flanked." Order was lost and a precipitate retreat began. The troops fell back two or three hundred yards and were rallied without trouble. They were not panic stricken or demoralized, but angry, for they saw they had been sacrificed [sic] and defeated through the incompetency of someone high in command.

In this retreat I received a fall from a fence which at the time I did not feel, but which a few hours afterwards swelled up my right knee, incapacitated me for further service during that day and almost prevented me from walking for three weeks afterwards. The enemy attempted a pursuit but the Napoleon guns of the Washington artillery drove them back in confusion. They then opened upon Slocomb [sic] with artillery and in this fight the gallant and chivalric Graves (Breckenridge's chief of artillery) received a mortal wound. In half an hour our brigade and battery withdrew to the woods across the Chattanooga road and rested until 4 P.M.

Meanwhile the fight raged with terrific fury along the whole line. On our left the enemy had been slowly but steadily driven all day. But on the right (their left) and in our front they occupied a strong position which was covered by a formidable breast work of logs



and rails and there every effort to dislodge them had failed. Walker and Chatham had been repulsed and it was nearly sundown when Breckenridge was ordered to advance and attack the works. Passing over Walker's division he moved steadily forward, the Louisianians on the extreme right, the Floridians under Stroval on the left, while the Kentuckians, under the lead of Col. Lines, for Hanson had fallen in the morning and was dead, occupied the center of the line. The troops moved resistlessly onward, heedless of the canister and grape which the Yankees poured into the line. When they came within close range a terrible volley of musketry burst from the works and lit up the woods already dusky with the gathering shades of evening. The troops answered with a yell and dashed forward, another volley met them and bathed in red light, the faces of the troops and then the works were gained; the officers climbed [sic] over and the troops followed while the dismayed Yankees broke and fled or threw down their arms and surrendered by hundreds. Then our troops opened upon the flying mass and the slaughter was terrific.

Our troops pursued for half a mile. The break on their left was the signal for a general rout of their whole army. Guns were abandoned and flags and many prisoners were taken from the enemy. Victory was with the patriot army and the mighty best of Rosecrans was fleeing in terror. Then all along our line rose a long, loud cheer, thousands joined to swell its volume as it rose higher and higher and dashed its wave of sound against the mountains side and rolled back again in echoes over the ensanguined field. It was the shout of victory. I have always regretted that I was not in that charge. Not that I love fighting, for I have a wholesome dread of the dangers of "glorious war". But to have stood at the moment when that shout of triumph was filling the heavens among those conquering heroes, would have been a source of the deepest pleasure. But I could not be there for I could not walk without intense pain. Lieut. J. F. Kent was with the company. He was ever ready for duty, at all times. No fatigue was too great, no danger or privation too severe for him. Would that all of our officers and soldiers were made of [the same is crossed out] such stuff.

Night closed at last and as if in anguish and sorrow and to hide from the God of nature the terrible scenes of the bloody field, threw her veil of darkness over the plain. I bivouacked alone, and next morning rode to the regiment on a mule. Our wounded were close at hand. To them I went and sat down by Ellis Evans whose leg was shattered by a minnie [sic] ball just above the knee. The poor boy bore his wound bravely. At Murfreesboro he had been shot through the thigh and captured. He was a frail delicate youth whose body was too weak for the activity and energy of his mind and spirit. Against the wishes of his father, against my own advice he had persisted in joining my company. Sickness and continued debility had prevented him from being at Shiloh and in the campaign into Kentucky. Full of hope and with health much improved he rejoined the regiment at Eagleville, Tenn. in December, '62. Two weeks after in the terrible charge of the brigade upon the federal centre [sic] he fell severely wounded through the thigh. He was borne from the field by Fl[illegible]eker Kent and removed to the hospital in Murfreesboro, but fell into the hands of the federal troops when the army of Gen. Bragg fell back from that place, for he was too badly wounded to be moved to the rear. He was carried North and arrived still suffering with his wound, almost naked and

without money, at the City of Cincinnati. Here his uncle, one Caleb Evans, lived. He heard of the arrival of his wounded nephew and went to see him, to administer aid, to give consolation, to warm with a kind word or generous act, the heart of the suffering boy, in short to act as every sentiment of christian [sic] charity, as the voice of kindred blood demanded he should act, provided that the ragged and suffering prisoner would stab his own soul with the poisoned blade of perjury and take the "oath of allegiance" to the wise, the humane and christian [sic] government of the United States. If he would take the oath, money, clothes, liberty, the best medical attention should be his. If not, he must remain unaided in the prison and take the chances. The ragged, suffering boy with his sunken cheek at fever flush and eye flashing scorn upon the tempter told him that he had already and could still face death and suffering, but he was not prepared to endure the torture of a soul scorched with perjury [sic]; that he had bled for his country and was ready to bleed more and to die if it was God's will for her honor and independence. At length he so far recovered as to be able to be sent forward for exchange and was transferred to Mr. Ould for exchange in April—From thence he went to the residence of my father in La. where he remained till able to ride when he joined the command of Col. Logan. With him he was in the battle at Jackson, La. and in several other minor engagements in E. La. and Mississippi. He rejoined the regiment at Morton, Miss. a few days before the division started on its return to the army of Gen. Bragg. He brought me from Col. Powell and the Captain in whose company he had served, flattering testimonials to his gallantry in action and his fidelity as a soldier. With the regiment he went to Chattanooga and finally to the field where he now lay with a mortal wound. A week before he had written, while we were on picket duty in front of LaFayette [sic], a long letter to his father. He seemed then to have a premonition of his early death. In that letter he poured out the gushings [sic] of a warm boyish heart in the language of a man of education and culture. Seldom, or never have I read anything more touchingly beautiful. At the same time he wrote his mother. After his wound and while lying on the field, believing himself to be dying, he wrote a few lines to his mother, to Miss [missing text] and to myself. I wondered afterwards at the firm hand writing and the clear, concise, yet tender and beautiful arrangement of those few sentences. Now he was in the hands of friends and yet the shadow of death had already stolen over the bright young spirit, yet I never saw anyone endure with so much fortitude the agonies of a fearfully shattered limb. Lying upon a blanket with his young face pale, with loss of blood, his voice was yet full and unbroken, his smile as gentle and careless as when in perfect health and to some feeble effort of mine at pleasantry (for I tried to cheer him) he gave vent to a laugh hearty and natural, and it was only by the rigidly compressed lips and the knotted and swollen veins upon his forehead that I could tell when his pain was most intense. About 12 M. I had him placed in an ambulance and sent to the hospital.

The brigade was bivouacked on the Chattanooga road which was lined with officers and men, as Gen. Bragg with a portion of his staff rode along amidst the wildest cheering. The pale stern face of the chieftain beamed with animation; the dark eye as wild and unshrinking that with which the eagle gazes at the splendor of the dazzling noonday sun, was softened with a milder light and the firm mouth and rigid lip had lost that sour sardonic grin so habitual to the face of Bragg. In the tightly wedged mass of shouting

soldiers I saw Gen. Breckenridge hat in hand and eager as a boy to do honor to the victorious General. There had been a feud between them, but Breckenridge seemed no long to remember it. From early morning he had been hovering over the wounded men who, but yesterday had added with their blood and valor renewed lustre [sic] to his name and had so nobly sustained the honor of the old division. He was no longer the general then, but the warm sympathising [sic] friend. His smile and voice were as soft as a woman's and never failed to bring a smile and faint flush of pride and gratitude to the pale face of the sufferer and more than one feeble voice uttered a "God bless you general." I am proud to say I fought under you." Breckenridge was made to be loved. His voice and mien and smile are perfectly fascinating [sic], yet his ability is over rated. He is a splendid follower, but a poor leader. Let him fully understand a measure and no one can be more cogent or eloquent in its advocacy. But he is no originator. I speak of course of civil affairs and of his ability as a civilian.

Towards night we started to Chattanooga and bivouacked some four miles from the field of battle. Next day we rested and about 2 P. M. on the 22nd we entered Chattanooga valley, and saw from the top of Missionary ridge the works and camp of the Yankees. A line was formed and the expectation was general that an assault would be made. Next day at 11 o'clock we withdrew to the base of the ridge and threw up a line of entrenchments.

The results of the battle of Chichamauga [sic] were about as follows:--Our loss was near 8000 killed, wounded and missing. That of the enemy was 3000 killed, near 8000 wounded and over 9000 prisoners. Forty-two guns and about 17 thousand stands of small arms fell into our hands. We lost not a gun or wagon.

Life was dreary on Missionary ridge. On the night of the 23rd a portion of my regiment, Austin's battalian [sic] and a Kentucky regiment (the 16th) displayed as skirmishers, drove the federal skirmishers into their works, killing, capturing and wounding about 30 Yankees. This affair occasioned a pretty heavy fire of musketry and artillery from the works but not a single "rebel" was wounded. The Federal army next day duly notified his government that "Bragg had made a night assault and had been repulsed with terrible slaughter". Bragg's object was to ascertain the character of a report brought him by a citizen that the Yankees were evacuating Chattanooga. They were formed in full force and our line of skirmishers withdrew.

Our time on the ridge was passed in drilling and picket duty. For three weeks I was too lame to do any duty and I passed the time listlessly in camp. Twice I succeeded in borrowing a horse and went out to the field hospital to see Ellis Evans. I had sent Stewart to him to remain as long as he needed attention. I could not have sent a more faithful nurse, a better attendant. My first visit found the poor boy with his limb amputated above the knee. But the surgeon, Dr. Childs 32nd Ala. a kind hearted human and christian [sic] gentleman, as well as a skillful surgeon thought he was doing very well. Yet, when I particularly questioned him, his head shook and his face was grave, as he said in a low voice, "He may recover. It is extremely doubtful and the chances are against him." Yet the little sufferer was cheerful. But at times his eye was restless and of

unnatural size and brilliancy. His mouth was parched and dry and a low fever was slowly but alas! too surely burning the little frame, exhausting and scorching the blood and destroying the fountain of life. I stayed only a few hours for my time was short. Then I went to his bed and he said "You are going and it will be so long before I see you again. Do come oftener." I told him he must soon get well and go home and that I would come again and give him letters to carry to mother and father. "Yes, if I go," was the reply. "I will take them. But I fear it will be long before I am able." He pressed my hand long and earnestly, said "Goodbye". I turned from the tent and never saw him again. In three or four days I heard of his death. This blow, though not unexpected, fell heavy. In a week afterward I again went to the hospital and found Stewart very sick. I visited the grave of my little friend and Stewart put in my hand the letters which he had written before the battle and at the time of his wound and delivered his last words.

Not long after we had become settled at the ridge we were moved two or three miles to the left. We then built chimneys to our tents and prepared good quarters for the winter, when we were again moved to the left over a mile and this time out of the division of General Breckenridge. The Kentuckians were sent to Bates, who was now Majr. [sic] General; the Floridians to the same division, while the Louisianians were transferred to the division of Gen. A. P. Stewart. We all regretted the disintegration of the old division and no one more heartily than he who had so long commanded it.

Our battery (Slocumb's [sic] 5th Company Butt Washington Artillery) was sent off also to a strange division. "This was the unkindest cut of all." It was at this last camp that Lieut. Jas. McArthur, a gallant young Scotchman, returned after a long illness to the regiment and was assigned to my company. Sergt. [sic] W. C. Kent of Co. A. old 16th regiment was here promoted and assigned also to my company as 2nd Lieut.

About the 15th of November Stewart came to camp and I determined to send him home. Through his instrumentality a breach was healed which was made in my boyhood, between myself and one for whom I should and for a long time did cherish the warmest feelings of friendship.

On the 23rd of November I rode some 8 miles to defend before the court martial for Hardees [sic] Corps an Irishman of the 13th named Patrick Mooney. He was tried for mutinous and seditious conduct, but was acquitted. The verdict was most righteous, but the Lieut. who appeared against him should have been censured [crossed out] cashiered.

On my return soon after crossing the ridge I noticed that the firing of artillery was more constant and rapid than usual for there had been every day more or less cannonading. In the camps I saw much bustle and confusion. I stopped and listened. Soon I heard away out towards the picket line the sound of musketry. I rode rapidly on for half a mile and again I listened and this time I could not be mistaken. The picket lines were hotly engaged and occasionally a volley could be heard which told me that the reserves also were fighting. I hastened on to camp and found the regiment in the trenches. However, at night the firing ceased and we withdrew to our tents and cooked three days rations.

That night I gave Stewart a pass, money and letters and directed him to go next morning to Chickamauga station, take the cars and go home.

At daylight we were in line and moved forward to the picket station. The day was dark and gloomy and the rain fell incessantly. From our position with a glass we could see the fighting which was going on at the base of Lookout Mountain. We could plainly hear the musketry. Towards evening we sent to camp details to pack up the baggage and load the wagons. A little after midnight I went back also and saw the wagons loaded. The firing had gone steadily up the mountain and had not ceased. Our troops had been driven back. Upon the dark mountain side there was an incessant flashing as of thousands of fire flies and the smothered dull report of the guns were quite distinct. Browns [sic] gun brigade came down off the mountain and passed through our old camp.

That night I saw for the last time a valued friend, Capt. Sam B. Wilson 45th Tenn. He was killed some months afterwards in Georgia while gallantly facing the invaders of his country.

At daylight the brigade moved back and when the sun was rising, it moved up the ridge and took up a position, built fires and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. I lay down and slept an hour or two and then was awakened to move further to the right. All day long we were moving from left to right, then back again to the left. From the top of the ridge we could see the Yankees in countless numbers swarming the valley below. About three o'clock dense masses of infantry were moving towards our right where Gen. Hardee was posted. At 4 we were placed in position and drawn out in a single rank. The men were from four to six feet apart so as to cover as much ground as possible. And now we saw three lines of battle emerge from the woods and advance toward our position. Our batteries opened on them and shell after shell burst over and in their ranks, but they pressed steadily forward. When within two hundred yards our skirmishers opened and after firing a few moments retired up the ridge. Still the Yankee lines came on and began to climb the ridge which was so steep that our artillery was of no use, for guns could not be depressed sufficiently to bear upon them. They came on slowly to within 100 yards when our Col. as cool as if on review ordered us to fire. There was a spurt of flame a thousand jets of smoke and roar which shook the hill and when we could again see through the drifting war cloud, the Yankee line broke and in disorder was retreating down the hill. The second line came on, again we opened and again it was hurled back. The third fared no better and in turn was compelled to retreat. At the base of the ridge another line was formed and advanced up the ridge. At a distance of 150 yards the enemy lay down behind rocks, trees and stumps and began desultory and scattering fire up the hill. They seemed to make no effort to come further and our men by order of the Col. almost ceased firing. He was in high spirits and affable to all. He reminded me of Macaulay's remark about William III at the battle of the Boyne. Writes the historian "Danger acted on the spirit of William like wine upon other m[missing text] It rendered him affable and gentle and took away all the constraint and reser[missing text] of his saturnine nature." (I quote from memory). This is eminently the case with Gober. That evening he was unusually gay and good humored. His last words

to me were, "Save your ammunition. This fight may last for hours and there is but little now to shoot at. Let your men fire only when they have a good shot. If your ammunition gives out fix bayonets [sic] and remain at your post. We can hold this place with rocks." He passed on and I communicated his instructions to the company. But there were no troops on our left and a division of the enemy moved up the ridge without opposition and came down on our left and rear. The left began to give way but I could as yet see no cause for it. Soon a Yankee came running along parallel with our line, but 30 yards in rear of it Lieut. McArthur thought him one of our own men, for they some times, out of sheer necessity, dress in Yankee uniform, and running towards him with uplifted sword, ordered him back to the line. The Yankee raised his gun, it almost touched McArthur's face, and fired. The brains of the gallant Scotchman were spattered over the ground and he fell dead without a groan. Lieut. J. F. Kent rushed forward and snapped his pistol in the Yankee's face. It failed to fire and the Yankee sprang behind a tree. Then a whole platoon of the enemy discharged their guns at Kent. They were not over twenty yards distant and how he escaped I cannot divine.

Now for the first time I saw the extent of my danger. I could see myriads of Yankees in our rear and I started to retreat. But it was too late. Arriving at the top of the ridge I saw that we were totally surrounded and all hope of escape cut off. A Yankee captain demanded my surrender. I threw my sword down the ridge and with very bad grace, submitted. I was a prisoner. Lieuts. [sic] J.F. and W.C. Kent were also captured and indeed my whole company, with the exception of two or three men. We were immediately marched down the ridge where a crowd of prisoners was collecting. As I passed down the ridge my only satisfaction was the sight of many dead Yankees. They were lying thick all along the course which their lines had occupied. Our regiment lost about 60 men and officer captured, 3 officers and three or four men killed and wounded. The officers were 1st Lieut. Eastman, Ganter and McArthur. Not one of my company was wounded, except a little fellow whom a brute who wore "shoulder straps" shot with a pistol after he had surrendered. Only a slight wound, however, in the hand was the result of this brutal and cowardly act. Just at dark we entered Chattanooga and were turned over to the provost marshal of Maj. Gen. Gordon Granger's Corps. He was a very gentlemanly man and in fact with one or two exceptions I was treated as a gentleman by all the officers of the army of the Cumberland. But the provost Marshal, Capt. Kaldenbaugh, was especially kind to me. I had not been totally disarmed and still wore a pistol and knife under my overcoat. I gave them (belt and all) to Capt. Kaldenbaugh. He furnished me with pens, paper etc. to write and promised to have the letters mailed which he doubtless did. He was from New York originally but was a Captain (before his staff appointment) in the 50th Ohio Infantry. For a long time we were kept out in the cold, for the night was frosty and then we were separated, the privates sent I don't know where, and the officers, 135 in number were placed in a room 20 by 30 ft. We lay down after a time and went to sleep. There was scarcely room for us on the floor and some of us were compelled to lie upon the feet and across the legs of our fellow captains. Thus passed away my first night of prison life.

I woke up early next morning and went down with a sentinel to the Tennessee river to wash my face and get some water. On the street were four or five negroes, two of

whom were dressed in the livery of "Massa Abe's Boys (i.e.) in Yankee uniform. As I approached they retired out of my way and to my "how 'dye boys", they returned a respectful "Mornin [sic] Master" at the same time touching their hats. The negro never loses the instinctive respect which he feels for the Southern man. He may forget his inferiority to the Northern man, but no amount of contact or association will lessen his sence [sic] of inferiority and subordination to the Southerner.

We remained four or five days in Chattanooga. Our mess was composed of Capt. Stagg, Lieuts. [sic] J .F. and W .C. Kent, John H. Prater and myself of the 16th La. Lieuts. [sic] Oliver 13th La. and Lt. C.F. McCarty Austin's battalian [sic], together with Maj. Jas. Wilson, A.A.G. to Maj. Gen. Brickenridge [sic] and Joseph Cabell Breckenridge 1st. Lieut [sic] to A.D.C. to his father; Lieut. Robert Rollins, 2nd Ky. also belonged to the crowd. We were very kindly treated by the Yankees generally and had plenty of beef and "hard tack" to eat. We were guarded by the 10th Ohio Infantry and they allowed us many privileges.

We started on the evening of the 30th of November for Kelleysford, eleven miles below Chattanooga. Remained all night and took the boat next day for Bridgeport. Arrived there at three P.M. and remained till eleven that night, where we took the train for Nashville. We moved very slowly and it was dark on the evening of the 2nd of December before we reached that city. After two hours delay at the office of the Provost Marshal, we were marched to the Golicopper building where we found a place to sleep. The next morning we were again marched to the Provost Marshal's office and remained standing in the streets for three hours. Many ladies assembled on the opposite side and I knew by the glances which they cast towards us that they were patriot ladies. Glancing over the columns of a morning paper I found it filled with enormous lies. At the head of the telegraphic column was the startling announcement in tremendous capitals, "Rebels totally routed, 15000 prisoners and 20 cannons captured." I wrote on a piece of paper a short and concise statement of the results of the battle for the Yankee officers at Chattanooga, were honest in their statements of their own as well as our losses and frankly avowed the defeat which they had sustained at Ringgold, as well as Sherman's repulse by Hardee on our right in the battle of the ridge. In my note I wrote that the Yankee loss in killed and wounded was greater than our total loss, that only a portion of our army was engaged, that they were severely repulsed on our right and had received since the fight a bloody check at Ringgold. That they had captured only 3500 prisoners and that the people of the Confederate States were as far from being conquered as at the firing of the first gun at Sumter. Wrapping the note around a pebble I caught the eye of a lady (for they were not permitted to approach or speak to us) and when the sentinel's back was turned I threw it towards her. It fell at her feet, was eagerly seized and passed rapidly through the entire assemblage of ladies. I thought I could perceive a lightening of features, as if a load was taken from hearts weighed down by suspense and fear.

After a time we were marched back to our quarters. About 3 o'clock a Yankee officer came into the prison and inquired for "Capt. Ellis of La." I answered and he simply told me that I was wanted at the office of the assistant provost Marshal and bade me follow

him, which I did vainly conjecturing the probable cause of my being called away from my fellow prisoners. Perhaps I would be paroled, or specially exchanged, or perchance I was to be placed in close confinement and held as a hostage for some "rebel barbarity". I followed my shoulder strapped guide across a street, up two flights of steps and into a room which was crowded with beautiful and richly dressed ladies. There I also found Lieut. Breckenridge. My reception was most cordial. I was introduced to about thirty ladies. Some of their names I have forgotten, but others I can never forget. My wants were eagerly inquired for, money and clothing was offered me—I accepted a pair of shoes, a blanket, a towel, soap and comb. One lady forced me to take a little money. They loaded me with blankets, shoes, socks, etc. to carry to my fellow prisoners. They were much needed and I tried in distributing them to give to the most necessitous. God bless Nashville and its ladies. May the glad hour soon come when the invader shall be driven from the soil of Tennessee. Then these ladies who for so long have borne the insults of the Yankee, who have assisted in alleviating the distress of so many thousands of their wounded and captive countrymen, who have hoped and prayed and trusted, who have remained firm and steadfast in their devotion to their native land through storm and sunshine, will find their reward. May that day be not far away in the future.

From Nashville we went to Louisville where we found a most miserable and dirty prison. We remained a day and night. Had a splendid dinner with Lieut. Breckenridge, sent him by Mrs. G.R.P. crossed the Ohio river and took the cars for Indianapolis in charge of Lt. Col. Ellsner 51st Ohio. Arrived at Indianapolis at 7 A. M. marched two miles to the Soldiers home and got breakfast. Took the train for Belle Fontaine at 9 or 10 A. M. Lieut. J. F. Kent was very sick and I procured him a berth in a sleeping car where about fifteen confederate officers were with the federal officer in charge. They were all drunk, Yankees, Rebs. [sic] and all, except Kent and myself. Arrived at Belle Fontaine at 12 midnight and lay over till morning. Got breakfast at a hotel where some "copperheads" alias peace democrats, alias, sensible men wanted and offered to pay for our breakfast and did pay the bills of some prisoners who were without money. Left Belle Fontaine at 10 A. M. and reached Sandusky City at dark, took a boat and in half an hour were at Johnson's Island, and at 9 1/2 o'clock we entered the pen amid cries of "where are you from?" Frish [sic] fish?!" "What did you come here for"? etc. from the prisoners who lined the doors and windows of the different barracks. We were taken to Block 7, up stairs where we slept on the floor. This was on the night of the 7th of December, 1863. The next morning I arose bright and early and found myself in a pen, some 16 or 18 acres in extent, surrounded by a high wall, on which armed sentinels were pacing their rounds. Thirteen blocks, two stories high, even numbers were on one side and the odd on the other (except block 13 which was situated in the middle of the space between blocks 11 and 12) were the quarters for prisoners. Block 6 was the hospital. In the center of the yard between the buildings are the walls from which water was forced by means of pumps, washed my face on that morning and began to hunt for a "bunk". I went up stairs in Block 5 and found Bolivar Edwards, W. C. and J. R. McGinney, all old friends and schoolmates, whom I was glad to meet. Through them I found and obtained a bunk and began life in prison. For over fourteen months I have remained here, have met



many old friends and formed some acquaintances whom I shall ever remember with pleasure and affection.

February 1st and 2nd, 1865.

But all this I must pass over. I cannot dwell on the thousand incidents the pleasant associations of these fourteen months. I am very eager to get to the present, that this book may be at last that for which it was intended—A Prison Diary—

On the 24th September, 1864. I left block 5 and moved to room 6 of block 2. Here I still am. My roommates are all good and true men. Lieuts. [sic] J. F. and W. C. Kent and Lieut. R.T. Kilpatrick of my own regiment Lieut. Jno. [sic] Prater, 25th La. Lieut. J. D. Caulfield 20th La. Lieuts. [sic] Robt. L. Howland and Isaac M. Miller of the 2nd Tenn. are my roommates. The first five with Lieut. Wm. A. Lane of my regiment who sleep in block 5 are my mess mates. This "retrospect" has proved longer than I had intended or anticipated,--and yet how much have I passed over in silence which I will love to recall, trusting only to memory. May memory prove a faithful guardian of these precious relicts of past joys, of sweet associations and pleasant incidents. Here then I close my retrospect and begin my diary with Wednesday. [end of file]







