

CHAPTER 9

During the years of 1863 and 1864 there were one hundred and sixteen battles fought as follows: Tennessee, 28 ; Virginia, 28; Georgia, 14; Mississippi, 10; Louisiana, 8; Kentucky, 5; Arkansas, 5; North Carolina, 3; Missouri, 3; Texas, 3; and one each in Florida, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Alabama, South Carolina, Kansas, West Virginia, and the District of Columbia. While, hundreds of skirmishes and picket fights were equal to, and much greater in casualties than any battle fought in our Espano-American War of 1898 except the battle of Santiago.

They were so insignificant in those days that nothing has been said or written about them.

I wish I could make a comparison of the two wars to show how patient our soldiers of 1861-65 were compared to our sons of 1898, who, perhaps, would have been equally as patient if the war with Spain had gone on for four years instead of four months. If they should have had to fight their way from Santiago to Havana, step by step with a foe equal in bravery and as skilled in war as those who composed the army of the Southern Confederacy.

With sickness in every tent, through mud and dust, rain and sunshine, with hunger, thirst and fatigue, with every hill bristling with cannon and every valley filled with men well entrenched.

This is something like what our army of "61 to 65" had to contend with. But, in addition to rain and sunshine, we had sleet, snow and ice, which they never have in Cuba.

We had small-pox, while our patriots of 1898 had to contend with Yellow fever, and at that time, Small-pox was equally as fatal as Yellow Fever is now.

Our casualties in battle were greater in some places in one hour, than they were in the whole war of 1898. In the battle of Shiloh our army lost 13,600 men which was 17 percent of the 80,000 men engaged. At Antietam we lost 12,600 out of 85,000 men engaged, or 15 percent. At Gettysburg our army lost 23,200 men out of 80,000 men engaged, or 29 percent. At the two-day battle of the Wilderness we lost 37,800 men out of the 130,000 engaged which was over 29 percent.

At Santiago, the loss, out of the 16,900 men engaged was only 1,595, a little less than 10 percent, and for this small loss let us be grateful to the giver of all good and perfect gifts.

I am not jealous of the boys who fought so bravely in our Cuban War. What they have done, they have done it well, and I firmly believe they would, with the same opportunity, equal

their fathers. But, I cannot help but notice the complaints of hardships, bad ration, etc., coming from their camps. I have no doubt there are a lot of rascals making fortunes off the poor fellows, by stealing from both they and the government, just as they did in 1861 to 65 and every devil of them ought to be hung. But, I noticed a few days ago, in the West, where it blowed the boys tents away and then rained and snowed on their rations and soaked them so they were unfit for use, and they were out of rations.

Now, you never would have heard a complaint of that kind in the War of the Rebellion from either side, as we lived on soaked rations at least one-third of our time, and mouldy, wormy bread and green skippery bacon another third. Over 80,000 drank of water and cooked out of Chickamauga Creek for eight months and never knew but it was perfectly healthy until 1898.

We marched hundreds of miles through mud and slush, sleet and snow, dust and sunshine, wading streams from waist to neck deep having to hold to a rope stretched across the stream to keep from being washed away.

I believe the longest march the Cuban patriots made in one day was six miles. We marched three times that far in one day, over the Cumberland Mountains, and pulled 68 pieces of artillery by hand over mud holes and up the steep places. While in some places we made new roads entirely.

How little the citizens ever knew of the privations and hardships of a soldier in time of war. They saw him in camp or at home and thought him a man of pleasure and a stranger to hardships. But, go with him on the march for a month, see him as he starts out for his first days march.

He carries first, his gun, bayonette, cartridge box and 40 rounds of ammunition. Second, his canteen, haversack stuffed full of things, while a tin-cup, frying pan, coffee-pot, and an extra pair of boots and a hat for Sunday, adorns the outside, capped off by a carefully rolled blanket, sometimes two.

All day he marches in the dust and under the broiling sun. How thankful he is when the army turns from the dusty road to go into camp.

The first thing he does is to find a branch in which to bathe his aching blistered feet. He is too tired to eat much. He throws himself on the ground and is soon, soundly sleeping.

At daylight the next morning the bugle sounds the Revellie. He attempts to rise, but oh, what pains. His feet ache, and his shoulders, which have borne his knapsack all the day before are sore. His armpits are chafed and bleeding from the straps which hold the knapsack to the shoulders. You resolve

to lighten your load, but, what have you got that you can afford to throw away. First, the frying-pan and the coffee-pot goes. Next, you think your feet are too sore for Sunday boots, and they go. You then dive into your knapsack and throw aside all the books you can find except the Testament your Mother gave you.

Next, your blacking-box and brush goes, then you fumble the package of letters from Mother, Sister and Sweetheart and lay them carefully with your testament. You pick up your album, which you think would be cruel to cast aside. It is also laid with the Testament. You overhaul your clothing and conclude you cannot do without them, and that they are not heavy anyway.

Then you carefully repack everything except those you have concluded to do without. What a picnic the citizens in the vicinity will have when we are gone. Clothing, utensils of every description by the wagon load.

The order comes to fall in, then you buckle on your belt, sling your knapsack, shoulder your gun and limp into line. Oh what feet! But they soon feel better as the march begins to supple you up. But as the day passes, your feet begin to smart and burn. The blisters have worn off, they are raw.

The water along the road is scarce and you are as saving with what you have in your canteen as possible, only taking a sup occasionally, and sharing it with your chum, who, perhaps, has already, unthoughtedly thrown his aside to lighten his load, not knowing what a necessary equipment it is. But, he is always ready to share his last mouthful with you, and you willingly accomodate him.

The line stops to rest, you pull off your shoes the first thing. Oh, if you could only bathe your feet in good cool water. You shake your canteen, it's getting low but you cannot stand those burning feet, you must bathe them. How good it feels as you pour the water from your canteen upon them, then, catching it in your socks as it drips from your feet, you wrap them around your feet. Water is precious, and now you are trying to make it go as far as possible.

The bugle sounds, it's time to start, how heavy that knapsack is getting and your cartridge box has rubbed a sore on your hip, and your waist is chafed by your belt. Your feet are swollen and you cannot bear your shoes, so you try it bare-footed awhile, but the sharp rocks jag your sore feet and you stop and put on your shoes.

The rest of the day you try to catch up with your regiment, but dark finds you still trudging along, inquiring at the headquarters of every regiment you pass. You are directed ahead. Late in the night you find that your regiment is camped two miles back. You have passed them by being directed

wrong. You limp back and finally find your regiment, it is now 12 o'clock at night, your rations are low, only one dirty cracker and a small piece of meat remains.

You find your comrades are all in the same fix, some are entirely without, besides, there is no water in camp, only a dirty sink-hole which men are fighting over. Some men have been there for hours trying to get water. Everybody is awake except a few who have succeeded in filling their canteens, and having quenched their thirst, have thrown themselves on the ground carefully guarding what little water they have left.

One fellow is telling how he knocked a great big Michigander or a sucker down, and walked over several others, while our Kentucky boys dipped the spring dry. We wanted him to go to the spring with us, but he was sleepy. I guess he was, his head was bandaged up with a drawer leg which showed that the Michigander was hard to drive.

Without water, you lay down on the ground, wishing—and thinking, "if I was home, I'll be ----- if I wouldn't stay there." You doze, and dream of all the good things you ever saw. You dream of beautiful, sparkling streams of pure water, You see them burst from the hillside and race down it's rugged face, but something prevents you from coming near it.

You see reptiles, lions and bears guarding the sacred fountain until you become desperate and make a rush. You wake and find it's only a dream. How disappointed you are.

You change your position, your bed is getting hard. It seems you have only been sleeping a few minutes but hark! What is that? The bugle sounding the revellie. It calls for another day of misery, for added to pain, today we will have hunger and thirst.

As you straighten out you wonder if there is any Uncle Sam. If so, where is the old gentleman keeping himself, that he never visits his boys who think so much of him, and who are now in distress? Does he make us march in this hot weather and carry a great load, or throw away what little comforts we have accumulated to lighten our burdens?

Are Uncle Sam's mules all dead? What are we making this trip for without being prepared for it?

You stagger to your feet, take in a fresh draught of air for breakfast, look longingly at the mud hole which is still crowded with fighting men, and wish Uncle Sam would start a stream from the ground. About like the one he started from the reservoirs built at Montauk and Chicamauga, for the Cuban patriots.

How you wish you had some of that fresh beef and bread from the north, even if it should be a little soaked by rain or sea water. Even if it were a little musty or mouldy, it would supply a space that was feeling very vacant

The news spreads along the line that we have 26 miles to march before we reach our boats with rations. We are allowed to rest our hungry stomachs two hours this morning. We are told we may forage off the country today, but, oh what a country. The people look like they are already half starved, and when you ask at a house for something to eat, a dozen children and a frazly-headed woman with grins all over their faces tell you to kill a squirrel and they will cook it for you and make you some sassafras tea.

While we rest we go through our knapsack again. The haversack is already empty. We have even turned it wrong side out and licked the greasy dirt from the seams. Our canteens are all empty and we feel we would like to empty our cartridge boxes.

Here is that album. It feels heavier than it did. We take the pictures out and put them in our testaments and throw the frame aside. We also throw aside pen, ink soap etc., keeping only pencil and paper to write home.

All who have clean clothing exchange them, throwing their dirty ones aside, and you wish you didn't have to carry that Knapsack. It now looks like an elephant has not only stepped on it but wallowed all over it.

As the citizens for miles around had heard of the useful articles strewn along the road and left at every camping place, they were present by the hundreds with wagons, sled, packhorses and on foot. It looked very much like the citizens were being clothed off the army. We left at least ten dollars worth in the country where we took one dollars worth of grub.

Again we are ordered to fall in and are soon trudging along. The dust is ankle deep, faces are covered with dust half an inch thick; only a little naked spot visible around the eye which is kept naked by an occasional tear and a swipe with the end of the finger. It makes a peep hole to see out. The neck is streaked with mud from dust and sweat. You are living, but oh, how little you care for life, which is now such a burden.

An orderly rides along the line giving orders to hurry forward as there is plenty of water ahead. Each officer gives his orders and we are soon in a swinging quick step. Some are falling in the dust overcome by heat, and choked with dust. They are carried to the side of the road only to die in a few minutes. Poor fellows, they have suffered too long for water, and as the ambulances are either to the rear or to the front, they die without water.

If Uncle Sam had been up with the present times he would have had a portable reservoir, and sprinkled the whole shooting match.

Praise the Lord, we at last see a beautiful stream ahead. The men can hardly be kept in line; as one after another start to break ahead. They are ordered back sternly by their officers with a threat, for orders have come from the commander for each company officer to keep his men in line and follow his regiment in it's proper place.

We march along the bank of the beautiful stream where thousands of half-naked men who preceeded us are bathing, drinking and filling their canteens.

We are halted, ordered to stack arms, then break ranks. We are soon in the water waist deep. How good it is, soothing to the feet, hands, face and throat. When we have drank freely of the only life-saving fluid that comes from the hand of God alone, were we happy? No, we were still hungry, miserable hungry.

We are told that we are still 18 miles from where we will meet our transports to draw rations. Buoyed up by the thought of sleeping on full stomachs, we are ready. We can almost taste thehardtack, bacon and beans, and smell the good coffee.

We now feel like the good Lord has not entirely forsaken us.

Night comes and we are still marching. At midnight we reach the river. It is wide, and it's water is good, but where are the transports? They have not been seen. How disappointed we are. It is now 36 hours since we ate our last mouthful.

Some throw themselves on the ground to sleep, while others keep a patient watch for the transports.

At 3 o'clock in the morning the welcome headlights appear and such a shout was never heard. Over sixty-thousand throats answered the whistle of the transports with their shouts of joy. We lined the waters edge to welcome them, but what a surprise, only one boat landed instead of twelve. We strain our eyes to catch sight of others for we well knew that one boat load means short rations for sixty-thousand men.

By six o'clock in the morning the rations were issued. Only four crackers, half pound of bacon, and one-fourth ounce of coffee to the man. Just about enough for one good meal, and they were all soaked and had been hurried by the one boat to keep them from spoiling before they reached us, and tasted like the shadow of a buckeye chip.

The crackers had swollen until they were an inch thick. The meat was green and slimy, but it tasted good.

The next night other boats landed and we soon had plenty of crackers, bacon, beans, rice, coffee, and last but not least, mixed vegetables. This was composed of green vegetables of every variety, dried and pressed into hard, square blocks. No one knew what it was at first, so we cared very little about it. We were told it was good for soup.

We had an old Dutch cook who said he could feed der deifel makin' zoop, so, as none of the messes wanted their portion of mixed vegetables, our Dutchman took the whole 'pisness' as he called it. He put it into a six gallon camp kettle and filled it half full of water, saying: "Now, poys, ve vill haf zome of der pest zoop you effer zaw, und ve vill git vat and stick away out, vile doze udder boys vill look lean und hungry."

The soup was soon boiling and swelling over the edge of the kettle. We procured another kettle and cook divided it equally, adding a little more water and saying as he put them to boil, "I guess all der poys vill haf all der zoop dey vant if dat stuff keeps svelling dat vay."

Both kettles were soon boiling over and we were running in every direction hunting for kettles. The boys from the other messes were gathered around teasing and joking our Dutchman about his bean hull mess. It did contain beans and peas in the hull, carrots, beets, onions, corn, potatoes, cabbage, parsnips and every kind of vegetable that could be thought of.

We soon had two more kettles, and our cook divided his soup again equally and distributed it among other messes.

By this time they begun to get interested in the stuff and wanted to see what it would do. Soon, the cooks at the other fires began to howl for more kettles. All four kettles were soon boiling over and their contents running over in the fire. The cooks got mad and all but our Dutchman kicked them over. This gave us more kettles and our Dutchman said, "He knowed dare vas som dings coot in de zoop and he vas going to vind it out."

So, he divided it up again and added more water and finally made a lot of fine soup. We had tried to make enough mixed vegetables to make fifty gallons of soup in one little six-gallon kettle and it just didn't have room to swell.

We all liked it, and it was not the last time our Dutchman ever made soup. It was especially good on the cold days that soon followed.

At dress parade we have orders to draw and prepare four days rations. What does this mean? Another journey of misery and starvation?

But, it is not so dry and dusty now. It has rained, which we think will make marching better.

Next morning we are ordered to fall in under light marching orders, which means we are to carry nothing but haversack, one blanket, canteen, gun and accoutrements, with forty rounds of ammunition. Our knapsacks, cooking utensils and all extras are left behind. Where we are to go, no one seems to know.

On our former marches, orders were given as we passed through town, that no whiskey should be sold to anyone except an officer. This seemed to not have been obeyed, as a great many of the boys would get tipsy to drown their troubles. But, this morning a squad of men were sent ahead, to pour out all the whiskey, brandy and hard cider found in any town or grocery.

The ground is soft now, and we think how much easier it would be on our feet. We move out on the road and start our march. We are far back in the line, Cavalry, artillery and infantry have proceeded us. The mud is ankle deep. This, we were not expecting, and the boys are soon folding their pants legs and pulling their sock tops over them and tying them with string.

We pass a village, over twenty barrels of whiskey had just been emptied. It is still running in little rivulets but is filled with mud. An Irishman stops, sits his gun down, folds his hands over it's muzzle and rests his chin on his hands, looking longingly at the little streams of liquor.

He awaits the appearance of his captain who has fallen a little behind. When the captain comes up, Pat salutes him and says, "Captain, I have one request to make of ye, will ye grant it?"

"I will try," said the captain, "what is it, my boy, you would have?"

"Well," said Pat, looking at the ditch, "when I doi, berry me riot here."

All day we trudge along, it is raining steady, we wade a stream breast deep. It is getting dark, four ropes are stretched across the stream by which you steady yourself and keep from washing down the stream. You sling your gun over your shoulder after first stopping up the muzzle and putting the tube fob on. You then hold your cartridge box above your head with one hand while you hold to the rope with the other. We had to cross this stream tonight, as it would be past fording tomorrow.

We now hunt for a place to camp where we can get wood to make fires for we are drenched and covered with a lob lolly and our shoes are filled with mud and gravel.

We march into a field along by the side of a fence. We are ordered to stack arms, then to break ranks. Nothing is said about the tall rail fence that stands with every rail in place. In a few minutes everything is confusion and you see long rows of fires commence shooting up. They blaze into a nice cheerful fire, but, the fence is gone. Not a rail is to be seen, except when you look toward the heap that's burning.

We have orders to take only the top rail, and only to take that to kindle a fire with. Well, that is all we took. Just the top rail. An officer, and a citizen comes along making inquiries about the rails and no one knows anything about them. There they are on top of the fire and no one took anything except the top rail. The boys are sitting around on the ground fumbling in their haversacks for their suppers. Some are frying meat on a stick, while others are trying to dry their mud soaked clothing, but, what's the use, it's still raining and the mud is just as deep for tomorrow as it was today.

All night, or until we fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, we try to dry our clothes. We hear firing ahead all through the night. We understand the Pioneer Corps are trying to lay a pontoon bridge over a stream and the enemy are trying to prevent it.

What is a pontoon bridge, you ask? Well, it is a lot of boats made of heavy canvas. When they are opened out and filled with air they are in the shape of a boat. They put them side by side across the stream and cover them with planks, then artillery, cavalry and infantry can cross the stream on them very safely if they will be careful not to fall over the sides. They are only fourteen feet long, which makes a bridge just twelve feet wide and is a little dangerous for artillery and cavalry. A Pioneer Corps is indispensable in an army that has to march and cross swollen streams as the army of 1861 to 1865.

Before daylight revellie is sounded and all are soon astir. Nothing now, but embers, remain of the fence. The haversacks are visited and we have had our breakfast of bacon and crackers. Some of the boys have cans and make coffee, but not all are so lucky.

We are soon ordered into line, and in columns of four, we once more face south and strike the muddy road. It is cooler now, and a damp snow mixed with rain is falling. The column marches slow and frequently halts. We still hear musketry ahead, but only scattered shots. We now come to the pontoon bridge built the night before by the Engineer Corps.

The stream is large and rapid and the bridge is swaying and twisting in every shape. It is surely a very dangerous bridge, but it beats wading.

It has stopped raining now, but is snowing hard, a cold wind is blowing and the mercury is getting down to the freezing point.

We now hear cannons firing ahead. Some poor Johnnie will have to leave his good warm tent and stand in line tonight. The sounds die away and finally cease entirely and you hope there will be no fighting until you get one more square meal and get dried out a little.

We are now marching at a quick step not caring much where you are and thinking what a fool you are for being there.

Darkness comes, we pass brigade after brigade which have gone into camp. Their fires look cheerful, but we march on to the very front and the whole regiment is placed on a picket, or guard line which covers the whole front of our army in a circle. The rest of our brigade are placed so as to form a strong inner circle or reserve. Orders are given that no fires shall be built. It is still snowing hard and all night we stamp to keep from freezing. Some of the poor fellows that had as soon die as to live, have their feet frozen.

I will say here, that just such carelessness as this in providing for the comforts of our soldiers, is the cause of hundreds of thousands of pensioners today. Men who stayed at home imagine that most of those who draw pensions for diseases by their own carelessness, but this is a mistaken idea. What I have narrated here can be vouched for by tens of thousands of soldiers who suffered these hardships on both sides.

CHAPTER 10

The next morning the enemies are gone, our cavalry are ordered out to follow them up until they are repulsed at their entrenchment. We are ordered now to move to the right and go into camp. Here we are close to the river, the transports are here with our tents, luggage and rations.

We soon have our tents pitched and are drying, or rather, thawing ourselves out. It is still cold, but we have plenty to eat, and good fires to warm and cook by. All the cooks have learned to make soup from mixed vegetables, and it goes well these cold days.

Our scouts are fighting a little every day, we are expecting gun boats and reinforcements, we hear they are delayed by running ice. We have had a day or two of sunshine, but last night a hard storm blowed our tents down.

Men, grub, ammunition and everything is drenched with water, rivulets ran through our camp, our fires are drenched out, we have neglected them to save our ammunition.

The rain changes to a blinding snow storm and just as we got our fires kindled the bugle sounds the revellie, Roll call is sounded then the breakfast call. The snow and mud is ankle deep, the campfires burn sluggishly, while half frozen, drowsy soldiers turn first one side and then the other to the fire, drawing their wet clothes closely around them.

The wind is piercing cold. Hark, what is that? The long roll is sounding and everything is in confusion. the colors are already in their places. Some men are in line while others are searching their tents for their accoutrements.

Sergeants are cursing the sluggards who are always behind. Companies are marching out and forming on their colors. The crack of guns are heard in the distance, our skirmishers are engaged.

Soon we are formed in line of battle and are marching on quick time towards the front. The skirmish lines of the enemy are falling back on their main line.

We follow on and strike a heavy woods, the snow is wet and deep. We lie down behind logs or kneel behind trees, firing at every flash we see from the enemy's guns. All day we fight, gradually moving forward until night comes on.

It is hard to keep awake, being up all last night, but we are near their forts. If we could only sleep, we would not care whether the fort was taken or not.

As we lay prone upon the ground fumbling in our cap box for a cap, we think, what a stupid, senseless thing war is anyway.

What wretched nonsense it is for anyone, who loved comfort so dearly, to be grabbing around in the snow with benumbed fingers, clawing through slush, exposing himself to sickness or death in hopes of killing somebody else.

A ball from the enemy's line strikes the log which you have selected for a fort: then, with a flush of anger, you spitefully fire at the flash of the enemy's gun, then dodge quickly behind the log to avoid the bullet you knew would come in reply. You hurriedly reload.

As morning advances the stars and moon which had shone so brightly went down and intense darkness surrounds you. The flash of the guns are reflected from the white snow that covers everything. A storm gathers and snow commences to fall again.

You hear the wounded groaning and praying on every side; how you wish you were out of their hearing.

At last daylight comes. It shows regiments standing under arms, while others in the rear prepare to follow their example. The light blue line is stretching itself away out along the crest of the hills to the right and left, while other regiments are marching up to fill the gaps.

Men move wearily, speaking crossly whenever anything is said that disturbs them. Officers are giving their orders in harsh impatient voices, sergeants are patrolling the rear cursing the stragglers, some of whom are half asleep, while others would like to be.

We have already breakfasted on raw bacon and soaked hardtack and are ready to do battle for our cause. The morning air quivers with a terrific crash. It comes from forty of the enemy's cannon which have come up at close range under cover of the darkness of the night, where they can sweep our lines with grape and canister.

This is followed by a roll of musketry and a yell. The rush forward to protect their guns which are being charged by a determined line of blue clad men. They stand their ground and the clatter of musketry is deafening, while they do battle with their assailants.

Listen to that poor fellow down there, he is bleeding to death; hear how he pleads for water. There goes another poor fellow crawling through the snow. We ask him what he is doing? He answered, "Why, I am hunting for fire, I am nearly frozen to death. Can't you help me a little, boys? I am afraid I will be captured if I stay here."

But, why don't you walk, we ask. He then sticks out two stubs, both feet are torn off by a solid shot. He says they were taken off before you could say scat.

They were bandaged up by some good comrade but the ends of the bones are protruding through the bandages where he had tried to hobble to the rear. He will never die until he is shot through the heart. In fact, you see all kinds of men with all kinds of wounds.

Our lines give way, we rush back over the dead and wounded. We pass through the solid line of our supports who are ready to meet the charging enemy.

After our all night engagement we are permitted to rest. Let's go through the field hospital. Listen to that poor fellow pleading with the surgeons to spare one leg. He don't want them to cut both legs off. He thinks he can manage to pull through with one leg off, but wants them to spare the other one, but, off goes both legs. If he had been an officer they might have spared one, but officers don't argue with private soldiers, you know.

Look, see them throw that hand out? Look, there goes a leg. Let us look through that great pile of legs, feet, arms, hands, fingers and toes. You could soon fix up a full man from that pile and to look at some of their mangled forms you would wonder why the doctors didn't just pitch a fellow all in a lump without any trimming.

It does seem there is very little worth saving about some of them. But what has caused all this? A day of war. Listen to that poor fellow, he has been blown to pieces by the explosion of a caisson. He was a brave gunner, but both legs and arms are off. His eyes are out and he asks the doctor when he gets through dressing his wounds, if he don't think he is trimmed up to suit the taste of the Johnnies. He will never die until his body ascends to glory to leave nothing for his soul to rest in.

Soldiers who honestly fight for what their soul tells them is right never die. Their souls go from the battlefield to glory in less time than it takes to tell it. Very few have evil thoughts in battle.

Lets go back over the field of battle. Do you see that smile on the face of this one and that one? Well, that is the case in nine tenths of those killed in battle. I have talked with them when they knew they were dying, and have laid them out and even helped to wrap them over with sod. Never did I see a frown on the face of a dying comrade except when he was in extreme pain or in convulsions. And even then it gradually died away and was gone with the last breath which destroyed all pain.

Do you see that fellow there with a frown on his face? Well, I am thankful you seldom see that. I venture to say that he was a miserable man in life, and equally miserable in death.

Listen to that poor fellow on that couch. He is a dying prisoner; he goes through the manual of arms as perfect as if he was in line of battle. But don't he fire first? He thinks he is right into it. Listen, he has got them on the run, hear him hollow, "Come on boys, give it to 'em," just like he was in pursuit of a fleeing enemy.

Well, in less than an hour the poor fellow will be lying over there in the dead line.

Again you ask me what I am writing about? Only a day of battle. These are pictures that old soldiers of both sides could give you, if they were not too modest. They would fear you would think them boasting if they should tell you all they have seen, so they keep silent.

The clouds clear away and the sun shines from the western horizon brightly, but the cold, piercing west wind mocks it's effect as though it was a lighted candle. It sinks behind trees in the west and soon darkness comes on and the mercury falls lower and lower. The firing subsides as darkness hovers over us.

All are tired, all want to rest. We have no tents and are not allowed to build fires which only furnish a target for the enemy.

Finally the cannons cease. Then the agonizing cries of the wounded we have left on the hillside in our retreat is heard calling for help and water. Pleading that something be done to keep them from freezing or ease their sufferings. Some even calling at the top of their voices the name of one, then another comrade of their own company, in hopes that their cries might reach them among the thousands of tired soldiers on the field.

Then, as if some demon mocked their sufferings from cold, some dry brush piles and leaves in which the sufferers have crawled, take fire and roast the poor fellows to death. Who, having become stricken from the effects of their wounds, cannot extricate themselves from amongst it.

You ask, "why did we not relieve them?" Some did venture out between the lines, as sharpshooters and the pickets on both sides were shooting at everything that moved between the lines.

The moon rose bright and cold, the mercury drops to 10 degrees below zero, the agonizing cries of the wounded cease. The sleepers, who were out with the days conflict, are awaking to find themselves nearly frozen. Some are badly frostbitten, while, occasionally one is found dead from the cold.

Now we have to remain awake to keep our blood in circulation or death is sure. Along towards day it hails, sleet and snows. What changes: but it seems they were necessary to keep up the wretchedness of soldiering. This, in the presence of an enemy who so far had been victorious was almost unbearable but, it was just a day of battle.

Morning at last dawns. The sun rises clear and bright, which brings joy to our frozen army. Our lines are withdrawn from near the fort so that we may build fires and thaw out. Not to cook and eat, for what little we had in our haversack has long since gone. The enemy does not follow us; they are as willing as we are to quit.

But listen, what is that? A steamboat whistle? Is it possible the transports have worked through the ice and come to our relief just when the last cracker and slice of bacon was gone?

Yes, the glad news is spread throughout the camps, which are now blazing with fires around which are crowding men drying their clothing. New regiments soon come marching up in splendid order to take their places in line of battle around the forts. They received round after round of cheers as they passed our lines.

Wagons soon appear with rations, and when we have eaten a hearty meal of hardtack, bacon and coffee, everything became cheerful.

But, where are the poor fellows we left wounded on the field the day before? Nearly all dead, frozen to death. poor fellows, but it was a day of war. How glad we are that we are not among them.

The new brigades rush forward with a yell that raises the hair on your head. Grape and cannister mow them down by the hundred, but, on they go to the mouth of the cannon.

Again the enemy's infantry rush forward to the support of their guns and engage in a hand-to-hand conflict. Men jump astride of the cannon and are run through with the bayonet or are shot or clubbed off with gun, but such carnage cannot last long, and the enemy, who are now greatly outnumbered give way. But not until they have succeeded in drawing off some of their cannon which they are bravely defending in their retreat, while they bid defiance to their determined pursuers.

Every foot of ground is stubbornly contested. There is finally a lull, then hostilities cease entirely, the enemy are retreating. The field is strewn with dead and wounded. You see men with stretchers peering into this face and into that to be sure to get the wounded first.

They lay their stretchers by the side of a young boy and try to lift him upon it. He pleads to be left alone; he suffered at every movement of his body; but they roll him on and take him to the field hospital, crying and pleading piteously.

Another is being led between two comrades. He is crying and cursing and wanting to fight. He is dangerously wounded and is delirious.

Some are using their guns for a crutch, some good comrade in the midst of battle, while shells were bursting and bullets were flying, tore their clothing into strips and bandaged his wounds, and in this condition he is kept on fighting until the battle is won. He is determined and will not die unless there is good reason for it.

These are the scenes on the field of battle and they are not confined to any one company, regiment, state or army. Such men are found in both armies and came from all the states both north and south without regard to nationality, race or creed.

You will also find many who are willing to quit the field for the least scratch, while others will shirk at every chance.

After the battle the roll is called in each company, and how sad it is to hear the first roll call after battle; sometimes regiments have been reduced in a single battle to barely enough men to fill one or two companies. You can remember, comrade, how it choked you to answer when the name of a beloved comrade was called, "killed on the field."

When the roll call is completed every cheek is wet with tears. It seems that your dearest friends are the ones to go first. How strong the ties that bind soldiers of four years hardships one to another, and how sad to see a loved comrade cut down far away from home and kindred. You can never forget their last words, you would not forget them if you could, and could not if you would.

What great changes a day of war brings forth. How significant it is. What does it mean? It means the cries and moans and prayers of hundreds of suffering, bleeding, dying brave men. It means the tears and breaking hearts of thousands of mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers. It means the mixing with mud and snow, the life blood of those who are near and dear to us. It means the intermingling of flesh and bones of hundreds of mother's boys in one common grave. It means thousands of starving, ragged, sick, dying, vermin-cursed prisoners of war.

It means the heart rending appeals to God of the widows and orphans, to restore the husband and father. It means the smouldering embers and the blackened chimneys of the once

happy homes. Our war meant that every man under our flag should have his own wife and child, that all should be free.

We are continually skirmishing. every hour we pass men dead or wounded lying by the roadside. And here, a comical incident occurred. As a company to which an irishman belonged was marching along, Pat saw a dead Confederate with a pair of new shoes on. Pat's shoes were old and ragged. "Shure," says Pat, "and how wud ye loike to schwap shoes, me gud mon?"

No word, of course, came from the poor fellow thus addressed. Then Pat examined the new shoes very closely. "Shure, and they are me soize, adzactly," said Pat, "an oim a mind to schwap, inyhow. Oi know, av ye wad catch meself in the same purdickiment oi hav yea, shure yea wud schwap wid me, dead or aloive; an'oi'll just give ye an even schwap, so oi will."

Pat pulled off the poor fellow's shoes and put them on his own feet. "Arrah now," said he, "how much better they fit me than they did ye, anyhow; an' by me sowl, but they make me look better than they did ye."

He then took his old shoes and put them on the dead Confederate, and after lacing them up very carefully, he looked at them and said, "I believe on my sowl that they look better on ye than yer new wuns did, an' shure, they are good enough fer ye where ye are going, an' will lasht ye a long time."

We follow after the retreating enemy picking up the wounded who have fallen by the wayside after exhausting their strength in the hope of escaping. For, no true soldier, who voluntarily offered himself as a living sacrifice on the altar of his cause wants to be a prisoner.

On the march, the roads are strewn with broken wagons, caissons, harness and all kinds of camp equipage, but no rations. The country through which we are passing is devastated, not a useful article. Fields are turned out to the public by the destruction of fences. The smouldering embers and blackened walls of barns, houses, granaries and factories, are the only marks left of a once prosperous country. What one army spares the other destroys.

It is a day of war. We now realize it is a good thing to be near a river in a country where there is no other way of receiving supplies for a large army that is a great distance from it's base of supplies. Even when the roads will permit wagons to travel with undisturbed communication, it is hard to keep a large army supplied with food, provender and ammunition.

Horses and men consume millions of pounds daily, and when engaged, millions of pounds of ammunition are shot away every hour. While some provender may be picked up from the country,

or the men may go hungry for days, ammunition cannot be procured from the country, neither can a battle be fought without it. So, the preference was always given to ammunition on the transports.

At last, we are drawing nearer to the enemy, and, as only a few miles separate us, a new regiment comes into camp and this story is told of it: It was decided to try their metal as they were apparently anxious to get into battle.

A brigade was posted in a dense woods in our front before daylight with their guns loaded with blank cartridges, and instructions to fire on the new regiment as it advanced to try their nerve.

Early in the morning the long roll was sounded. Every man in the new regiment was promptly in line, blank cartridges were issued to them without their knowledge and they were ordered to advance in line of battle through this dense woods.

They had not gone far into the wood until a volley of musketry was heard that shook the earth. Every man of that new regiment, except one, came flying back pell mell in great confusion. The one man who stood firm, fired his gun at the apparent enemy, and stood with one foot well in advance of the other with arms port. An officer dashed up to him and said, "My brave lad, you among a thousand men have shown yourself worthy of much praise; and now, sir, to show my appreciation for your bravery, I hereby promote you on the spot. Hereafter, sir, you shall be obeyed and respected as the First Sergeant of your company."

"I don't want no office," responded the soldier, who had brought his gun to present arms.

"What, said the officer, in surprise; "don't want an office?"

"No sir," said the private soldier.

"Then, sir, what can I do for you?" said the officer.

"Why, get me another pair of pants, so I can go to camp," said the soldier.

Now our rations are again running low. We have left the river. We follow on until the last mouthful is gone. Now we have nearly 80,000 men and nearly as many horses and mules.

Corn is issued to us, one ear to each man per day. Oh, boys, you thought it hard to march through dust and hot sunshine on one-fourth rations, but how goes it now?

We march on, day after day, night after night, sometimes on frozen ground, sometimes in water, through mud and slush, sleet and rain. Men march for miles fast asleep, with a step as regular as if they were wide awake, while the cavalry sleep on their horses.

Think of an army of 160,000 men and horses marching mile after mile, hour after hour, fast asleep, while they are in pursuit of or trying to flank another army nearly as large, and who are also sleeping as they march along.

We are hungry almost to distraction. Our rations of corn are boiled, parched, beat and prepared in every conceivable way to make it palatable. But it is so small it gives very little satisfaction to the gnawing hunger in the stomach.

We are passing a graveyard near a little town. How suspicious it looks. There are too many new made graves. We turn grave robbers just through curiosity. In those graves we find boxes and barrels filled with meat, meal potatoes and salty. Every grave is soon opened. How good those corpses do taste. The first meat or bread for six days and only a few ounces to a man, but oh, how good.

Yum,yum: did you ever live on corn, water and cold wind, my Santiago comrade, for a few days, just for a change?

If so. wasn't a little meat good about the seventh day? wasn't the change delicious when you got a potatoe thrown in? I can see from the murmuring that arose from your camp last summer, that your hardships were very great, but war is a hardship every time.

Do you know, comrade of the American-Spanish War, how dear you are to the hearts of the soldiers of 1861-1865? You are as dear to us as you are to your nearest kindred. A great many of you are the sons of the comrades of the former war.

We regard you as our successors in upholding the honor and dignity and reputation of the American Soldier. No one felt so proud of you as we did at your prompt response to the President's call. No one was more enthusiastic than we, when we saw a regiment of you splended young fellows marching so bravely away with eager strides, anxious to get to the front.

It made us feel young again. How vividly it brought back to our mind the stirring days of '61 to '62. We wished that we were young again that we might be with you. We were wild with delight when we read of your gallant conduct in Cuba and Porto Rico, and loved to hear good things said of you. For we believed that you would uphold the standard of the American soldiery of previous wars, and now, we are anxious that you may justify all that we believed and hoped of you.

We want you to continue to illustrate the uncomplaining self-sacrifices, the heroic dignity and quiet manliness that has always characterized the American Soldier, whether he be a regular or volunteer.

A good many of you have been taught from your childhood of your soldier fathers; that war was not a pleasant recreation

at its best, and that it was full of hardships and dangers too numerous to relate. Many of which come like the thief in the night and hurl men unprepared into eternity.

If it was a place of pleasure, there would be no honor in volunteering. There would be no need of a patriotic spirit to prompt an answer to the call of duty, or impel you to heroic deeds of valor.

War means many hardships which only men of the very best mental and physical fiber can endure. It means the sacrifice of home comforts that cannot be found in the best regulated and best equipped camps.

It means giving up personal independence and becoming a machine of war, to submit to the will of men under strict subordination. It means unquestionable obedience to officers whether they are qualified or not, and who are sometimes very offensive, all of which is more or less repugnant to the minds of high-spirited, unchastened, pleasure-loving boys.

An army could not be maintained without strict discipline. Every Federal and Confederate soldier knows these things to be true, for it took some of us over a year, with many days in the guard-house or on extra duty to find it out. Then, we didn't grumble, or have newspapers to quarrel for us either.

The trouble with you, my boys, is this: You did not stay long enough to learn what real soldiering was. We served a year, where you served a month. Read carefully the history, made by your fathers of the hardships of war. Most of those history builders have passed away, and you must pass into history too, and, like them, answer the final roll call.

To appear best in your history, you must quit grumbling at Uncle Sam. You rode to the front in first-class railroad coaches, we were transported in cattle-cars, flat cars, or anything that could be put on the track. We located you in a pleasant summer camp, with filtered water and plenty of grub; even with sunshades under which to eat your meals. With railroad communication always open with the whole world. With no hard marching, scouting or picket duty to perform. With no enemy to skulk around ready to surprise and murder you while you slept, or cut off your cracker supply when you were on the march.

As you have shown the spirit of your fathers in enlisting, now show the unflinching will to endure a few of the lightest hardships without grumbling at your Uncle Sam.

I will now close my narration of the privations, sufferings, and many untold agonies endured by the soldiers of the rebellion from 1861 to 1865. I have not, in the least, overdrawn the picture which can be substantiated by many thousands of Federal and Confederate soldiers still living.

What I have narrated above is what I have actually seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. If I could write all I saw, oh, I could say so much more.

In fact, it would take our county paper, which is the best enterprise in the county, ten years, to relate what an observing soldier saw in four years. So, the half cannot be told.

It is hard today for the young generation to believe that men would endure such sacrifices, willingly for political cause. Our people are becoming too selfish to sacrifice their property, and if necessary, their life, for the sake of equal rights and privileges to all human beings, whether foreign or native. High living makes some men forget the sufferings of others. It drives from them the Christian Spirit.

CHAPTER 11

When I was first assigned to the secret service I neither knew, nor did I care whether I was to receive compensation for my services or not. I drew rations and clothing when in camp and received, from my General to whom I was assigned, all the money I wanted in gold and silver, as it was not deemed safe for a scout to use any other kind of money.

I never signed any payrolls as I was always absent on pay days, but my commander always drew my salary for me, which was paid over to me on my return.

One thing I learned early after becoming a scout was to talk to no one regarding my service except my commanding officer, and never to expose any papers or passes in my possession to either friend or foe, without it was to save my life, or to avoid being held by friends as a prisoner of war.

The only secret to which I can assign my success, was that I seldom became excited. But, nothing scared me more than to hear my name called while among the enemy, until I found out there were a number of soldiers in the Confederate Army who answered to the name I bore.

A scout, or spy, must act independent and never should divulge his business to his best friend. Spies never became acquainted with each other. Your comrades, of course, notice your absence and seem to imagine your mission.

Officers and men have frequently tried every means to make me commit myself, but, though young in years, I always managed to avoid their snares. In fact, it was a thing I never liked to talk about, as a spy was looked upon as a reprehensible character, and the position disgraceful.

Why this was so, I cannot tell, unless it was that by the rules of war the penalty for spying, if caught, was death on short notice.

One of the greatest dangers a scout is subjected to is the fact that he may be put to death by his own friends, after a drum-head court martial, which is more like a mock trial than a real one.

This, I always considered wrong, as a spy is as necessary an evil as any other branch of the service. The above is why I have written so little about my secret service work. But, you may rest assured that during the next few months, I will, through The Record, give my readers a pretty full and true history of my service under Gen. E.H. Hobson during the year 1864. I shall only suppress the names of a few persons who may still be living, to whom, in all probability, should this reach their eyes, it might be the cause of hard feeling.

It is a pity that such events occur, but such is the inevitable and agonizing nature of war.

Before proceeding, allow a word upon another fact that greatly measured in the success I may have achieved, and undoubtedly aided me in escaping detection and consequent death. This was my youth and small size. It was as easy for me to pass for a young girl, or as an innocent backwoods boy. I took mud, rain, sleet, snow, or sunshine as it came and never grumbled.

I slept or took my meals when it was convenient and did without when it was not. A brush pile was a soldier's best bed, it did not make your bones ache like lying on the ground. All this I knew and was accustomed to. This also served me well in many a lonesome, cheerless hazardous undertaking.

In 1864, I volunteered to guide two hundred picked men who volunteered from different companies of the 13th Ky. Cavalry, to go on a raid around Wheeler's Division of Forrest's Cavalry. They were camped in Pickett, Fentress, and Overton Counties, Tenn., to guard the right of General Hood's army against General Hobson's cavalry, which occupied southern Kentucky.

Hood and Forrest were to attack Gen. Thomas at Franklin and Nashville and drive him before them through Kentucky. Then, Wheeler was to cross the Cumberland and engage Hobson's force of cavalry, which was not near so strong as Wheeler's.

Champ Ferguson, at this time, becoming emboldened by the close proximity of Confederates, had gathered a force of over thirty men and was playing havoc across the Cumberland river as high up as Coopersville in Wayne County Kentucky.

Our 200 picked men were placed under the command of Major Hurt, Capts. Curry, Wood, Lour, and Lieuts. Smith, Hughes and Shipman. These, with the bugler and the writer making two hundred and eight men.

We each carried two navy pistols and a Ballard Carbine with 200 rounds of ammunition for each pistol and gun, together with two days rations, and all were mounted on splendid horses.

We left Burksville at night, crossed the Cumberland at Bakerton, and marched all night. Daylight found us at Coopersville. Our intention was to destroy Ferguson first, if possible, or cut him off to prevent him giving notice to Gen. Wheeler. It was our object to gain Wheeler's rear and destroy all his ammunition and forage trains, if possible, and distract his attention from Hobson, who was destroying Gen. Johnson's forces in southern Kentucky.

At Parmleyville, which we reach early in the day, we learned that Tinker Dave Beatty, a Union guerilla, and Champ Ferguson, the chief of Rebel guerillas, had fought on White Oak Creek, only 12 miles from Parmleyville, the day before, and that Beatty had been driven back towards his old mountain stronghold at Elk Gap, which was nearly 40 miles away.

We also learned that Ferguson had 36 men while Beatty had only 12, and that in the fight the day before, Ferguson lost two men. Ferguson was still following Beatty towards Elk Gap. It being far from the course we wanted to go, and the hope of coming up with Champ and killing all his men we could, (for they never would surrender alive), we pushed on very rapidly, without hearing any more from him. We supposed he had taken some near cut through the mountains to cut Beatty off.

The next day I was in command of the advance guard, and about noon, two of the boys asked me to let them ride on ahead of the command, to some place where a good dinner could be prepared for whoever was willing to chip in 25 cents to pay for it. Thinking we were out of Champ's track, and there was but little danger, I permitted them to go, but cautioned them to keep their eyes open for guerillas. Six of us chipped in and the two boys galloped ahead.

When we marched several miles we found one of the boys sitting along side the road holding his horse. He reported that everything was all right. That his comrade was up at the house several hundred yards from the main road sparking the girls and chopping wood for them to cook with. He told me the men folks were all in the Confederate army, but the old lady and the girls were clever people and would treat us royally.

I put the advance guard in charge of Sergt. Hubble and the five of us left the main road, passed along the edge of an old field which was bordered on the right with a dense growth of cedars extending far up a rocky hillside.

The house was a two-story residence built of hewed logs. It contained one large room above, and the same below, with a kitchen and passage way in the rear. The lower room had two doors opposite each other in rear and front. The front door looked out along the old, dim road that led along the cedar thicket.

From the front door, or sitting in the house, we had a good view of the old field, as well as the cedar thicket. We could also get glimpses of anyone passing along the main road, through the opening in the dogwood bushes which lined the road along an old tumble down fence.

I noticed one of the girls who appeared to be considerably excited, tell her mother something as we reached the house. Then the old lady came to the door and insisted on us leaving

our guns and pistols at the yard fence where we had hitched our horses. This caused me to become suspicious, so I asked her why she wanted us to do so. She then told me that one of her uncles was killed by a gun falling while sitting in the house.

I told her we would unload our guns and lay them on the bed, but myself and men would have to keep our pistols around us in their scabbards. She then said we should not enter the house with our arms. I then asked her if the boys had paid for their dinners, She said, yes, the man you sent up here gave me a dollar and a half. I then told her to set the grub on a table out in the yard and we would take our hands and pockets full and leave.

She finally agreed that if we would not leave our arms in the yard, she supposed it would be alright, but we must be very careful.

By this time the command was passing and I ordered the old lady to hurry up her dinner. She stated that she had sent one of her girls over to a neighbor's to borrow sugar and that dinner would be ready as soon as she returned.

While sitting there looking towards the road I remarked to one of the boys that those cedars were one of the finest places for bushwhackers I ever saw.

Pretty soon I saw through the fringe of bushes our rear guard passing. I told the old lady we could wait no longer. She had the table set and was putting the victuals on it by this time, and announced it was ready.

The table was placed in the middle of the large room halfway between the two doors. I sat facing the road and kept my eyes searching the cedars. I could not help but think the old lady was delaying us all she possibly could for some purpose. So I was uneasy.

We had a splendid dinner, and I was hungry, but I had only eaten a few mouthfulls when I saw a man on horseback with a gun across his lap pass an opening in the thick cedar brush.

I jumped to my feet and grabbed my gun from the bed and put a cartridge in it, telling the boys at the same time what I had seen. They commenced joking me, saying I was like a guard on his first night's duty, who could hear and see almost anything he wanted to. I must confess, they made me a little ashamed.

I went back to my seat, but I tell you I watched that thicket with all the eyes I had. Pretty soon, in another opening, I saw a horse throw his head up. I tried to show it to the boys but they could see nothing for eating.

I then pointed it out to one of the girls who was waiting on the table. She also pretended not to see it, but she turned pale and as she went to the kitchen I heard her exclaim, "O, my God." This, also, the other boys claimed not to hear.

I then commenced to fill my pockets with buttered biscuit and ham. We had chicken, pie, and plenty of everything good. I took all I could in my hands and told the boys if they stayed to finish their dinner they did so at their own risk; that I was going to get away from there, and believed I would have trouble before I reached the road, if, indeed, I ever did reach it.

They made fun of me, and when I ordered them to leave, they asked me if I thought I had the worth of my money. If I had not, then I had better press the old lady's team of oxen to help me out. I left them firing jokes at me all the time - I was stuffing my saddle pockets with grub.

I mounted my horse, and unbuckling my holsters, which I always carried across the pommel of my saddle when in ranks, I laid my carbine across my lap, put spurs to my horse, and taking a circuitous route across the old field to get as far away from the cedars as I could and not make it appear I was afraid of any one. I was soon making for the main road at a pretty good speed.

When I got within about 200 yards of the main road I came out in full view of a man dressed in citizen's clothes sitting on a horse in the edge of the cedars with a gun laying across his lap. He immediately turned his horse, which had been facing me, so as to bring his left side toward me with the intention, I thought, of shooting. I waited for him to raise his gun as I was a quick shot and did not fear his getting the drop on me. The only advantage he had was that he was standing still, while I was on the run, but he dropped his reins and eyed me closely as I passed him at a distance of about 40 yards.

After passing him I kept myself turned in the saddle with my face towards him. I saw him look around the cedars toward the house, I then took off my hat and waved it at the boys, at the house motioning them to follow me, for I was still in full view of the house and hoped they were watching me and would take the hint. I knew now that a lot of guerillas were sneaking towards the rear of the house.

The man in the cedars then turned his horse so that his left side was directly toward me. I was not nearly to the main road. He looked toward the house again, then turned his face toward me and raised his gun.

I stopped my horse suddenly just as he fired, and the ball from his gun plowed through the breast of my jacket. I raised my carbine and fired as soon as I got it to my face.

He fell forward, and his horse began running backward dragging him as his foot was fast in the stirrup. Immediately after I fired, and just as I was turning my horse to go to his assistance, or stop his horse from dragging him, I heard a terrible rattle of musketry at the house, which, from the sound, I knew was not from our carbines or pistols, but from shotguns and muskets, and looking that way I saw horses running while the house was almost enveloped in smoke from the guns.

I put spurs to my horse and soon came up to the rear guard consisting of ten men under command of Lieut. Smith, who immediately started back. I then caught up with the main column, the bugler sounded recall which brought back the advance guard, and we all returned to the house at double quick:

When we reached the place we found all five of our men lying around the table dead or dying, having been shot from five to eight times each. Only two were still living and they were unconscious and died shortly after we arrived. They had been robbed of their guns, horses, ammunition and part of their clothing, and their pockets were turned inside out and the contents taken.

I told Smith and Hunt about the man in the cedars. We found him nearly 200 yards from where I left him. He was holding to the stirrup, trying to mount his horse. Just before we got to him, we heard him say, "hurry up, Jeff; they will be here directly." We stopped, and two men came running down the hill and were asking how he got shot when our men fired on them and they fell.

His horse started toward me, and while I was catching him the men finished killing the three wounded men. We could tell from the clotted blood from the first wound that the ball from my carbine had passed through his back just above the hips from one side to the other, and must have paralyzed both his legs.

The firing in the cedars brought several more of Ferguson's men to the spot and we had a lively skirmish among the cedars but no one was killed. During the melee, Capt. Curry searched the house and buried our dead comrades. We then returned to the house with the three dead men tied to the backs of our horses.

They were recognized with much sorrow by the old lady and her family. The man I shot proved to be her husband, while Jeff was her son. The third was her son-in-law. We were told by a union man who had been hiding out from Champ, that she had two more sons with the guerilla chief.

I could give the names of all these people, but it would be of no particular interest in this narrative.

The old lady and her two pretty daughters, mentioned previously, had set a trap for us and used the best kind of bait, but the way of the transgressor is hard, and her punishment and grief was great. We laid her husband, son, and son-in-law side by side in the yard. While she and the girls were weeping, and our hearts burning over the loss of our comrades through her machinations, the house and contents was destroyed by fire, not a thing being allowed to be removed.

These things seem hard, but it was an incident of war, in which one side showed little mercy in guerilla warfare as the other. Very few men were ever wounded in these guerilla fights, and I have often been asked why this is. I answer, It is because a guerilla looks for no quarter and shoots to kill. He takes deliberate aim, and the guerilla hunter does the same thing. In guerilla warfare you do not shoot at the smoke and flashes of a line of battle, but more often at a single man that otherwise, knowing that if you dont get him, he is sure to get you.

The two young men we killed had helped to kill our five boys that day, while the old man watched the road and gave the signal when he felt sure that all our column had passed to a safe distance.

We soon had Champ and his men on the run and followed them until 12 o'clock that night, when we went into camp.

The next morning we were joined by Beatty and informed that we had taken the wrong road to Allardt, which we had passed about 10 o'clock the night before.

We had been informed the night before which road Champ had taken, by a man sitting on a horse. Champ had left the fellow there to tell us falsely on purpose, to induce us to take the wrong road, though the fellow claimed to be a Union man. Champ left the main road and took the bush heading for the New River hills.

We next found that some of Gen. Wheeler's men were in the camp at Livingston and at Banner Springs. After a lively skirmish with some of them who were guarding a trainload of forage they had picked up at Clear Fork, We drove them off, and burned the forage and wagons and killed all the mules and two yoke of oxen. The oxen were in splendid condition, we told the people around to skin and eat them, which they did.

Here, a Union man had told us that Gen. Wheeler had sent 800 men to Jamestown to cut off our retreat, and was guarding every road night and day to prevent us from getting back to Ky. He also said that they were expecting a large force of our cavalry from Kentucky every day to attack their rear, and Gen. Wheeler had ordered another brigade of cavalry to guard against it. We heard this from Col. Laws, who stayed at his house the night before.

So we found that our demonstration in Wheeler's rear was doing just exactly what Gen. Hobson thought it would do, -keep him on his side of the river. But we did not like the idea of being cut off and forced into the Ridge mountains and possibly captured, so we held a consultation and I suggested that we find their weakest point and cut through their lines.

Although I was so young, I was always asked to join a council of war with other officers. Especially those of the 13th Cavalry, and my suggestions were almost always favorably received.

Major hurt was in favor of my proposition and proposed that we find the enemy and charge them first with 50 men., the rest to follow up 400 yards to the rear, which would make it appear there were more of us than we actually numbered. But instead of finding them in camp, we found them drawn up in line of battle not far from and to the southeast of Jamestown on a hill, dismounted and waiting for us.

It did not take us long to find out that we were not fighting guerillas, but a well formed line of veterans. Though we did try to break their lines and charged right into them, they never flinched.

When we retreated and reformed our line, we found that 18 of our men were wounded and the men were unanimously opposed to another charge, saying they could not force their horses closer to that line than 20 yards. We then commenced a slow retreat, skirmishing as we went. While half our men fought them off, the other half formed on a bluff to our rear to cover our retreat.

By night we were all on the bluff, or bench of the mountain. Col. Laws soon moved down into the valley and by the time it was good dark we were hemmed in on three sides by over one thousand cavalry.

People talk and write a great deal about majestic forests, beautiful cascades and picturesque bluffs, etc. Well, that's all right on paper; that's poetry; but being in a forest as dark as Egypt, with danger on all sides, and where you dare not speak above a whisper, stumbling over rocks, feeling your way, leading your horse through tangled vines, listening to the laugh and chatter of the Owls, the snapping beaks of nighthawks, or bloodcurdling screams of panthers, are altogether different. Especially when everything is still as the grave, yet all kinds of noises come to you.

We were soon climbing the side of the mountain single file, each man holding to the tail of his horse, stopping every few steps to let the animal blow or rest, keeping strictly silent. It was the only way we could possibly escape. It seemed impossible for either man or horse to climb, the night was so dark we dare not make a light.

When we got strung up the mountain side we called in our pickets in a whisper and made our way without a word up the dark rocky face of the steep mountain led by old Tinker Dave Beatty. Sometimes a horse would reel and fall backwards, knocking a half dozen horses down before they stopped rolling. Several horses were badly crippled up this way, but only one was killed, while a few of our men were hurt.

The way was not known to any of us. Not even Beatty had ever attempted to scale a mountain at night with horses.

After we got on that mountain, Beatty, pointing from it's top showed us Ridge Mountain which we must reach before we could be safe. Poplar Grove, on Ridge Mountain, was one of his old hiding-places. This we reached after traveling all night over dangerous cliffs and steep mountain sides, and across the head of every creek.

During all this time we never saw a road. After resting here all day, we started north on the summit of the mountain.

At a deep gorge across the mountain called Laurel Gap, where a small stream heads, we were to go down into the New River Valley, thinking we had passed all danger. But, here we found a regiment of Wheeler's cavalry who had somehow recieved word that we had reached Ridge Mountain, and were waiting to give us a grand reception and cut off our retreat.

CHAPTER 12

We were now completely hemmed up on a large mountain with only the little provisions and forage we had carried with us. There was but one house on the mountain, occupied by a union man with a wife and two girls. The only son was in the union army. That night he piloted a squad of our men down where a well-to-do English subject lived. He had been respected enough by both armies to remain unmolested, and his property had not been disturbed through fear of the English government. But, that night we loaded up everyone with meat, flour, meal, honey and salt. He had everything, and he had plenty of it.

When we left we told him to charge it to Jeff Davis. He also had a fine vineyard and gave us willingly, all the wine we wanted. But, refused positively to let us have the provisions, but we took them. He told me afterward that Wheeler's cavalry had robbed him and he had complained to his government, and seemed satisfied he would be compensated by the Confederate government.

The trip down into the valley showed us we could make our escape, but we would have great difficulty getting our horses down. Besides, Hurt said he would not like to return from his trip without accomplishing something more than he had already done.

We were on a high mountain, and one day we witnessed a thunder storm below our feet while we stood on the projecting cliffs in the bright sunshine. Over the valley hung immense clouds like a huge impenetrable bank of fog. Over and through this mass of vapor zigzagged great livid streaks of flame, some of which would suddenly plunge down through the clouds and be lost to our sight, while peal after peal of deafening thunder sounded right in our ears, seemingly more loud and terrific than ever was heard below the storm cloud. It seemed to make the great mountain tremble and rock like a ship on a rough and tempestuous sea. It was grand and exciting.

The mountain sides were almost precipitous with the exception of a few slides used to slide timber down. They could not be climbed even by a footman at other places. One of these slides we had passed down on our foraging expedition. The top of the mountain in some places, was at least half a mile wide, and comparatively level, with good springs, and fine Walnut and Poplar timber. But, every few hundred yards where converging hollows left the mountain top there were dangerous cliffs which made the top of the mountain difficult traveling with horses. Sometimes we passed between cliffs that were almost a hundred feet high that appeared to have been broken apart by some great convulsion of nature, leaving a space so narrow that a horse could not pass through with the stirrups swinging by his side. So we had to carry our saddles and lead our horses.

At one place we saw a rock which covered a space of over six acres. The only way to reach the top was to climb a tree that leaned against the rock. It was quite level on the top and some large trees grew there. The soil on this rock was about eight feet deep.

At Laurel Gap, where Gen. Wheeler had stationed his men to dispute our passage, thinking it our only chance to escape without risking our fortunes by going back south, there was a valley 200 yards broad, almost level, and covered with large rocks and laurel bushes. In this flat the Confederates were camped along the rapid little mountain creek of clear water.

From this valley, abrupt cliffs rose to heights of over a thousand feet, traversed by a path that, in some places, was not over three feet wide, which wound around from bench to bench until it reached from the mountain top to the valley below. This was considered to be the only place where a horse could ascend or descend at or near the northern summit of the mountain, and in some places was very dangerous, the least strike of his sides against the cliff would hurl him down hundreds of feet to the tree tops below.

A footpath also ran from the top to the bottom of the mountain, called the near-cut, but on this path you had to climb in some places for hundreds of feet by clinging to bushes as you passed from bench to bench. Immediately under the highest peak of this mountain, nearly a thousand feet above the heads of the enemy, among the great high cliffs that jutted out, furnishing us a nice dry camping place on a broad bench of the mountain we built our camp fires.

After putting out pickets to guard the only two approaches, we settled down to study and plan what to do next. We had thousands of the enemy in our rear and a whole regiment of cavalry in our front guarding our only exits. Notwithstanding their superior numbers it would have been folly for them to attempt to scale the walls of our natural fortification. It would have been too much like trying to climb a tree after a well armed man. We could look down on them, but they could not see us or hear the little noise we made, nor did they know just where we were in the mountains.

After two days inactivity we became restless. Early one morning Major Hurt said, "boys, we must do something, we can't live up here much longer." So we held a council.

Major Hurt had planned to take Capts. Lowe and Hughes and 80 men and attack Wartburg. While Capts. Curry, Wood and Shipman were to take 80 men and attack Fairview. Each squad was to be guided by four men from Beatty's guerillas, leaving four of them with Lieut. Smith and myself.

Wartburg and Fairview lay far to the south of us near the Tennessee River where we learned the Confederates were making some very successful raids, foraging on Poplar and Emory Creeks, and along the Tennessee River. This move was to draw the force from our front at Laurel Gap, when Smith and I were to charge and capture, if we could, what few, if any, were left to guard the gap.

When the boys were ordered to get everything ready, one of them, (I think it was comrade Bell, of Green County), who was a staunch Sabbath observer said, "boys, ain't this Sunday?"

"Don't know," said several, and "don't care a blank," said others.

"Waal," said one hard looking fellow with his pipe in his mouth, shutting first one eye and then the other so as to keep the smoke out of them at least half the time, "my old woman washed clothes the day we caught up with Champ's trail; you see, I live right along thar, and stopped at home a few hours to get some buttons sewn on my clothes, and she allus washes on Tuesday; she never fails, and can tell you in less than a minet what day o' the week it is any time in the year."

We soon found it was, sure enough, Sunday, so we had been just six days on the raid. When we found it was Sunday I handed around the hat and got several chews of tobacco that had already been chewed. "Well," said Major Hurt, "the better the day the better the deed;" and ordered his men to make haste for their departure.

The men were soon in line, but, after another council, we concluded to find out something about the Confederates in the gap, and at the same time, to send a scout to Col. Wetherford at Burksville for reinforcements.

I volunteered to go either to Burksville or into the Confederate camp. Beatty's squad, to a man, agreed to go to Burksville, but not one of them was willing to venture into the Confederate camp, saying that if caught, they would surely be hung. so, it was agreed that I should visit the Confederate camp, while one of Beatty's men, Tom Walton, was immediately started on foot, with instructions to take the first horse he could find and carry the following message.

To Col. J.W. Wetherford command forces, Burksville, Ky:
Col.--We are surrounded by a Confederate regiment on Ridge Mountain. Please make a demonstration toward Byrdstown in as large force as possible to draw the enemy from our front. They occupy Laurel Gap, but are not fortified. Hope you will reach Byrdstown by Tuesday noon.

Hurt, Commanding Scouts.

I did not go to the Confederate camp that evening. We furnished the old lady who lived on the mountain with sugar and flour and got her to cook ginger cakes and take them to their camp and sell them and try to get information for us.

Hurt and I went part of the way down the mountain with her and posted her on what to say. She was to say that she lived on Crail's Bench across the mountain; she had seen some men dressed in blue on critters up there a few days before, and supposed they belonged to their camp, but guessed they had gone as she had not seen any of them for two days. Her little girl was with her and she heard an officer say that, "he 'spected them yankees had all done got away, and was back in old Kentucky long ago." We expected them up to look for us the next day, but were dissapointed. They made the old lady promise to look for us that day and report to them the next day whether there were any Yankees up there or not.

Another council was held and we decided to carry out the original plan and to start the squads Monday night so that the attacks on Wartsburg and Fairview by Hurt and Curry and the attack on Byrdstown by Weatherford, would all be made on the same day. The columns of Hurt and Curry, after doing all the damage they could, were to retreat over the mountain and down New River to Huntsville. The two squads made a successful descent of the mountain and started on their raids. Their work, combined with Weatherford's at Byrdstown, we rightly judged, would draw the majority, if not all of the force in the gap from our front.

We knew that by noon the next day our column would reach Wartsburg, and were anxious to see what effect it would have on the Confederates in the gap. So, without the knowledge of Lieut. Smith, I got the old lady to cook up a lot of ginger cakes on Tuesday morning and told her I was going with her to the camp. I was fully determined on doing this, hoping to be in their camp when the news reached them of our work at Wartsburg and Fairview, but the trouble was to find clothes which would disguise me.

The old lady said she hadn't a rag of boys' clothes about the house; That he wore his Sunday clothes away when he left in 1861 for Camp Dick to jine the Union army, and had never sent them back. She had done used up his old britches long ago, to patch his pap's with. All the time she was telling me this I was looking at the style of Melia Jane's linsey dress which was just my size, as we were each about 15 years of age.

I asked the old lady to let me have one of the girl's dresses and a pair of shoes and stockings, and a bonnet. "Bless your soul, boy," she said; "Them dresses and bonnits the gal has got on is the only ones they hev got, and nuther one of them ever had a pair of shoes or stockin's in their lives. L-a-w, old man, lissen at him; he thinks were rich folks."

I had a new one dollar greenback that the girl thought was the prettiest thing she ever saw. So I offered it to her if she would change clothes with me. "Naw," said she, "I wish I had that purty though, but I don't want no boy's clothes on me." When I told her that I only wanted them for that day, she agreed to swap and gave me her dress and put on my jacket and cap, but her mother had an old extra skirt which she put on. I was out behind the house and she was inside while we were making the exchange, as the house had but one room, and her father was waiting on us.

I heard her say, "I don't want his old britches," so I kept them on with the dress over them. After folding them above my knees and pinning them with haw thorns (for there was not a pin about the house), and the old lady said haw thorns were the best anyhow; that she had used both and would not give one haw thorn for a dozen old brass pins which were always 'a-bending and a-loosening' out.

After putting on my bonnet, I looked in a trough of water to see how I looked. It was a poor looking-glass, but that was the nearest thing, they never had a looking glass about the house. It was common in those days for girls to have their hair shingled, so I had no fear on that account. The old man and the old lady both said I looked enough like Mealie Jane to be her sister.

We went first to my own camp, as the old lady had cooked an apron full of cookies for our boys. I had not told anyone that I was going into the Confederate camp, in fact, nothing more had been said about me going, but Smith and I had concluded to send the old lady that afternoon.

While in our camp I pulled off my bonnet and talked to Smith and several of the boys, none of whom knew me or suspected that I was any other than the little girl who had been to our camp several times. Smith first asked where I was and I spoke up and told him, "we left him at the house." Smith told the old lady what we wanted to find out, the most particular being whether there were as many men in camp as there were the day before. We then struck the narrow path and were soon climbing down the rugged sides of the mountain.

After we had left my camp some time, the old lady happened to think of how I had passed for a girl right among my old companions and friends. She remarked, "well, if that don't beat me; them fellows didn't know you. and you look as much like a gal as my Melia Jane does, or Martha either, and you'd pass for the sister of them anywhar. An I swar, I believe you are a gal too; fur you do act powerful like one."

I could not help but get a little afraid of the old lady, I had on my own shoes and socks, and my socks, when pulled up, came half way to my knee, but I allowed them to wrinkle down in graceful folds around my shoe tops with a rag garter as

though they were sure enough stockings. But, o my; what a time I did have with them haw thorns I had used to pin my pants up out of sight under my dress. In going down that mountain side, it seemed that every one of them had to see how deep it was to the bone.

At last we came in sight of the picket posted on that side, who, instead of halting us, said: "Got any cakes?" We were soon passing through the camp. While the old lady sold her cakes, I made change for her. She would say, every once in a while, "you know, 'Melia Jane, I can't count money."

The boys joked me a great deal, calling me "little Sweetheart" and such things. Once a nice looking officer gave me a three dollar Confederate bill for some cakes and would not take any change, telling the old lady to buy something for her little girl with it. Before we got near through the camp we had sold out and could have sold another basketful.

I asked who one fine looking fellow was and was told he was Col. Vance. I also asked them how many men they had in camp and they said there was a little over 800. I told them it looked to me like there were ten thousand. In walking around camp, one of my breeches legs broke loose from the hawthorn pins and came down. I grabbed it and held it tight in my dress. I wanted to go. The sun was already behind the top of the mountain, but it was still a long time before sundown.

Soon, a messenger with a heavy guard rushed up to the Colonel's shelter which was made of boughs, and dismounting, hastily handed him an envelope. As their horses were wet with sweat, I easily guessed what the envelope contained.

Orderlies were sent through the camp and soon the officers from every company were before the Colonel's quarters. We heard him order them to form four companies and be ready to march as soon as possible, designating the companies.

Why the bugler wasn't used to summon the officers I couldn't imagine, unless they thought some scout of ours was still within hearing.

The men were soon saddling up their horses, bundling up their blankets, and rushing into line. The old lady got scared, and half crying, asked an officer if there was going to be a fight. I came very near exposing myself trying to soothe her and forgetting to call her "Marm" as I had been doing, I called her Mrs. Crail.

An officer told us to get up near the headquarters shanty so we would not get run over, and we went there in a hurry. He also told us that he guessed there would be a fight if they could catch up with the Yankees. The old lady asked him where the Yankees were and he said they were down about Wartsburg.

We had already told several that there were no yankees up on the mountain; that we saw where a company had camped there but they were gone.

Four companies were soon in line and the Col. mounted his horse, the order was given, "twos right." and they started down the valley. Before they had all near gotten well out of camp, another orderly came dashing up the road and met them.

The column was halted and the Col. came back and said to an officer, "Major, you will have to take four companies and go to Col. Holman's assistance at Byrdstown. It seems that old Hobson is playing h--- up the river. Col. Holman says in his message that Hobson has killed Johnson and captured his whole brigade, and is now attacking in force. "Col., that's all stuff, said the major, "I'll bet there is not a word of truth in it."

By this time, the officers of the four remaining companies were before the Col's. quarters again, and he ordered all to get ready to march, except 60 men to be left under the command of Captain Rowles (I think that was the name) to guard the gap, saying, "those fellows might try to come back this way."

Then, turning to the Major, he said, "Major, you may take these three companies and report to Col. Young at Wartburg, I will go to Holman myself." He then turned to the Captain and said, "Captain, you will watch the mountain pass until further orders. I don't think you will have any trouble."

"I am not uneasy, sir," said the captain, "I think those fellows who were up there are the same ones who are now in Wartsburg, and we are sure to get the last one of them."

Mrs. Crail and I were standing close to the Col's. headquarters to keep out of the way, as they were paying no attention to us. At last, she looked at me and frowned, I got close to her and she said, "pull up that britches leg." Sure enough, the leg of my blue pants was below my knee and showing below my short Linsey dress. I backed up against the Laurel bushes which were setting up against headquarters, and which formed one of its walls, and after carefully peeping in to see that no one was in, I pinned that britches leg up good but, turn which way I might, I could not get in any position to keep those thorns from digging into my flesh.

At last, the command to march was given and I was gratified to see the seven companies move off, out of sight down the little valley, though I had rather have seen them all go. The company left was happy when the Captain told them that the regiment would not be apt to come back there any more. One fellow said they had enough grub and feed to last them a year.

They gave us all the sugar, meal and flour we could carry and made the old lady promise to bring them more cakes next day. We were not stopped by the guard at the foot of the mountain except to bid us goodbye, not forgetting to poke a little fun at the little girl. They asked me how old I was; and if they could come and see me. I told them ,no; but I said I would come and see them the next morning sure--and I kept my promise, in what manner will be seen later on.

Going up the mountain I told the old lady it was a pity to kill such nice clever fellows as they were. Then she blurted right out almost loud enough for them to hear her, "You ain't agwine to kill 'em are ye? If I'd known that, I wouldn't a went with ye."

I told her, after cautioning her not to talk so loud, that-if they would give up and not fight us, we would not, but that was the only way we could get down with our horses, and we would have to go the next morning.

"Wal," she said, turning around, "I've jist a mind to go back and tell 'em that they must all go away and let you go down, fur I'll tell you, I can't do without them. They bought all my ginger cakes and giv me anuff flour and sugar to make as many more. An besides, I promised 'em I'd come tomorrow sure." I promised her all they had in camp the next day, as we would drive them away at daylight, and if the old man would help us, we would give him everything they had in camp.

This pleased her, and we were soon on our way again, climbing from rock to rock.

We at last reached our camp, and the first thing I did was to pull off that dress and get rid of the thorns. And when my blue pants were pulled down over my shoe tops, and the bonnet thrown aside, the old lady said it spoiled my looks.

As I disrobed, there stood around me some of the most surprised men I ever saw. I sent one of the boys to the old lady's home to get my jacket and cap while Smith and I consulted on the plan to be followed in the morning.

After pumping the old man, and promising him everything he wanted out of the Confederate camp if we were successful, he agreed to go along and guide us. We cooked up a lot of provisions and saddled our horses, after which, we took a short nap until 11 o'clock. We took a wash and a midnight lunch and then broke camp.

At 12 o'clock, the old man guided 22 men under command of Lieut. Smith, through the forest, on a bench of the mountain, to Laurel Gap, with the understanding that he was to get as close to the Confederate camp as possible and charge it at daybreak.

I was to take 18 men and climb down the path and crawl as close to the mountain guards as we could get.

When Smith's men charged, we were to do the same, yelling and shooting as fast as we could, using our revolvers.

The rest of the men, who had been slightly wounded, were to tie the horses in strings of five each, one behind the other, and start down the mountainside as soon as the firing commenced.

We were at our post long before daylight, but Smith's men had some trouble passing around the pickets who were in the gap above the camp, having to crawl around them on their hands and knees, one at a time. So it took until daylight to get between the pickets and the camp.

My men lay just above the heads of the mountain pickets on a ledge, or cliff. I crawled down the path to within twenty feet of the fire. The vidette was broiling meat while the rest of the guard were rolled in their blankets not far from the fire, soundly sleeping. I crawled back to my men and pointed out to them the best I could, in the darkness, from our position on the cliff, just where each guard lay.

Here, we lay whispering to each other and watching the picket's fire and waiting patiently for daylight to come. It seemed like an age, for I was eager to get to business and be done with it. Twice we heard them changing the vidette, and at last it began to brighten in the east.

We could see figures moving around through the camp, stirring up the camp fires, and we could hear the horses and mules whinnying as though they were being fed. Things were beginning to show a crisis was close upon us. Daylight was brightening, and our position would not long remain undiscovered, and yet, no sign of Smith.

My thought flew to him. How I longed to know for sure that he was at the appointed place. For if he failed to reach his position before daylight reveals us, we are sure to be captured, or killed.

We lay in such a position that we would be exposed for at least a hundred yards up the mountain if we should attempt to retreat the way we came down, and then have to climb from rock to rock and be shot at. That was the only way to escape.

Day light was broadening with a rush, and still no sign of Smith. It did not look like we could remain undiscovered another moment. I began to feel that I had gone too far, and my nerves were getting strung up for some kind of attempt, when, crack went the revolvers down below and the thrilling, soul inspiring yell of our boys, accompanied by the rattle of pistol shots, was borne to our ears. Smith was there.

The shots and yells sounded as though there were at least a hundred men, and a line of blue burst from the bushes upon the sleeping camp. The guards near us jumped to their feet and made a grab for their guns, but, we were too quick for them and had rushed down and covered them with leveled revolvers before they could do anything but surrender, which they promptly did.

We took their guns, and leaving two men to guard them, we rushed toward the camp shooting and yelling as we went.

The surprise was complete. Men rushed from the shelters, some half dressed, and took to the woods, while others jumped on horses bareback and scampered off, over the hills and down the valley. Horses were breaking loose and running in every direction.

We soon had full possession of the camp and all there was in it, and had a lot of mules, horses, bridles, saddles, guns, pistols, saddle bags, provisions and ammunition. We captured twelve prisoners and 28 horses and mules. We let our old guide, and Beatty's men pick out all the guns, pistols, and ammunition they wanted; the rest, we piled up in a pole shanty and burned.

We carried a lot of provisions and clothing into the mountain and hid them for the old man's future use. We then tied the mules and horses together and made the prisoners lead them.

Crossing the gap, we made for Huntsville, but met the other two columns near Elk Gap and learned from Hurt and Curry, that they had destroyed three forage trains on their raid. One at Wartsburg and two near Fairview.

While we were joking our prisoners about the surprise we had given them, and laughing about the ridiculous actions of their officers, one of whom went down the valley bare headed, shooting over the heads of his fleeing men and calling on them to halt at every jump, One of the prisoners got mad, and said:

"Oh, you'ns needn't crow so all fired much over yer sneakin' onto we'uns, while we'uns were asleep. There weren't anybody thar that were afraid of ye. We kep you'ns up thar on that knob tel ye was about starved, an ye had to do somethin. You'ns weren't men enough to come down and fite us in the day time, cause you knowed if you did we'd a wallop h--- outen ye. We were jist a dien ter git at you'ns, but that old woman an her gal that lived up thar, cum down an tol us a lie. They said there weren't any Yankees up thar."

"Why didn't you'ns fite us when we cornered ye on Pike's bench last week? Instead of fittin like a soldier, you sneaked off in the night, up a mountain a dog couldn't hardly

climb. That showed ye were a lot of cowards. You'ns 'ill get yer belly full of fite yet, afore ole Wheeler gits dun with ye, cause he's agwine to go rite into Louisville afore Christmas.

Here, old Tinker Dave Beatty pulled off his coat and commenced cursing. He wanted to lick the prisoner, and I was more than willing to let them come together.

The Rebel pulled off his coat and seemed anxious to get hold of Beatty. As it happened, none of the officers were near, and after getting the consent of the boys to see there should be a fair fight, and incidentally, give some of the boys time to become financially interested in the result, the two men came together.

Bets were freely made of two to one in favor of Capt. Beatty, as we called him, as he appeared much the strongest man, but that Reb got there generally, and gave Beatty the worst licking I ever saw a fellow get.

When they were separated, Beatty ran for his pistols, but, just at this time Major Hurt came up and drew his pistol in defense of the prisoner, and he and Beatty were only prevented from killing each other, by the interference of friends.

Here, Beatty and his men left us, saying, they were going back to get what provisions, and other things we had left in the Confederate camp, and try to capture a few more horses. We had not destroyed anything at that camp except guns and ammunition, and left lots of saddles, bridles, blankets and provisions scattered over the camp, not having time to destroy them, as we expected every moment, that the men whom we had so demoralized, would be rallied and make a determined effort to regain their loss.