

Mr. Charles S. Spearman
Stones River National Battleground
3501 Old Nashville Highway
Murfreesboro, TN 37129

Dear Mr. Spearman:

After visiting you recently, we went to see Dr. Woodcock. He provided us with two of the actual Field Journals he (W.M.W.) carried with him and we were able to transcribe the additional 57 pages, which carries him through the remainder of his 3-year tenure in the 9th Ky. V.I.

If, upon reading the additional enclosed pages, you can help us with any blanks or errors you might detect, we would appreciate hearing from you.

We felt fortunate to be able to complete the work we had started. Dr. Woodcock and his sister, Mrs. Teschan, are now in the process of proofing that which I have already forwarded them.

In one of the journals, I found where he had carried some money home for my great-grandfather.

Thank you, Mr. Spearman, for your cooperation and assistance in this project. We are encouraging the family to have this published. I hope to one day see a volume of it in your bookstore at the Museum.

Sincerely,

Les Holland

Leslie C. Holland

Enclosure

6/26/90

247 Ensworth Avenue
Nashville, TN 37205
December 29, 1989

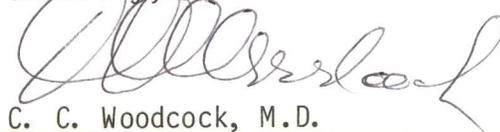
Mr. Charles M. Spearman
Chief Historian
Stones River Battlefield Park
Murfreesboro, TN 37130

Dear Mr. Spearman:

This letter will authorize you to release to Mr. Les Holland of Birmingham, Alabama, any and all information at your command with regard to my grandfather, William Marcus Woodcock, whom I believe was a Lieutenant or Captain in the Ninth Kentucky Infantry during the Civil War.

Mr. Holland called me last week, and we had a most pleasant conversation. I am forwarding any data that I may have at home or at my sister's home, and I would appreciate it if you would release on his request information at your command.

Sincerely,



C. C. Woodcock, M.D.

CCW/el

Sorry to be late answering - this letter got under something on my desk!



About the author....

William Marcus Woodcock, son of Dr. Wiley and Harriet Simmons Woodcock, was born September 1842 in Macon County, Tennessee. While attending school in Monroe County Kentucky he enlisted, in a company of volunteers being recruited at Camp Lyons near Tompkinsville for the service of the State of Kentucky. This group was later moved to Camp Anderson. These two or three hundred recruits formed the nucleus of the 9th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry in which he served until the regiment was mustered out in Louisville on December 15, 1864. In March 1865 he was elected to the State Legislature where he served two terms. This Legislature was in session almost continuously during these four years.

At the end of this time Marcus Woodcock entered Cumberland University Law School in Lebanon, Tennessee. After graduation, he practiced law in Lebanon for several years, then moved to Nashville where he spent the rest of his life.

C. C. Woodcock

THE FOLLOWING IS THE INTRODUCTION TO THE DIARY OF WILLIAM M. WOODCOCK FROM SEPTEMBER 19, 1861 TO JUNE 4, 1864. PAPERS PERTAINING TO THE SUBSEQUENT SIX MONTHS ARE IN POSSESSION OF HIS GRANDSON, C. C. WOODCOCK, IN NASHVILLE:

In consequence of the solicitation of my soldier friends and also my own inclination, I have determined to present to YOU my experience as a soldier.

The fact that many of my friends have desired me to do this is by no means the only reason why I have at last consented to do so, nor would I have consented to do so under any consideration but for the fact that while giving incidents relating to myself, I intend to make as conspicuous as possible the daring deeds of my comrades in arms, and this work is intended for a memorial of the brave and patriotic soldiers that composed the noble Regiment in which I fortunately cast my lot, more than it is for any other purpose.

My readers must pardon me for not giving them an official history of the Regiment for I not only think that that would be in a great measure uninteresting, but it would at the same time place many facts before the public that were better forgotten.

It would also be nearly, if not entirely, an impossibility to give a complete official history of the Regiment for a great many of the important papers, especially General and Special Orders, have been lost; thus only a partial history could be given and then many would feel disappointed.

I desire, while making this as interesting as I can to the reader, to add here to a simple narrative and illustration of facts adhering at all times to an emphatic elucidation of truth.

As I underwent many disadvantages at the beginning of the war, or rather early after I first enlisted in the service, my narrative of that period will pretty generally be coupled with matters of but little interest.

I also had the misfortune to lose all papers, and the most important of my diary which I had, with much perseverance and under many disadvantages, kept complete previous to the 20th day of August, 1862.

I was so disheartened by this misfortune that for many months subsequent to this period I gave but little attention to the keeping of a diary, and thus another impediment is presented to my cherished scheme.

This work will comprise an account of all that an eyewitness could see and feel of the skirmishing incidental to the capture of Corinth, Mississippi; The Battle of Stone's River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, and the campaign into Georgia in 1864, till May 27th when the author was slightly wounded at the Battle of New Hope Church, was not to be with the Regiment again till the 26th day of July when the history again commences and goes on to the Battle of Lovejoy's Station, which was the closing scene, and finally till the Regiment is mustered out of the Service December 15th, 1864.

I do not aspire to any right of patronage at all, but I have always found the unofficial account of a battle or any incident much more interesting than the formal and precise official report.

The unofficial is free. He is at liberty to give all the colorings of the remarkable incidents that may have occurred that he thinks appropriate.

Without the fear of exciting the envy of anyone, he can justly applaud some hero who has won laurels never to be published except by the casual observer noting the facts. Many of the private soldiers that have leaped a ditch or scaled a parapet and torn from thence the hated insignia of his enemy, and in bearing it away received his death warrant, whose gallantry would have been lost to history but for the history of it given by some humble comrade in arms.

A private soldier received his only reward for valor in the esteem of his fellow soldiers. Beyond that, his deeds are never narrated except he, through his own bravery and the combination of the gift of Providence, is enabled to perform some feat of such wonderful daring and attended with so much danger that it is a mystery to the wisest of even the double stars how he could have escaped with life.

I shall ask leave to dedicate this to the officers and soldiers of the 9th Kentucky Infantry U.S.A. without making a single exception, for I came away from the service, and separated from the above-mentioned persons without a single feeling of animosity for any member of the Regiment.

I do not claim for myself the right of being called phenomenal in the line of even-tempered persons, but I do claim to have gotten along as smoothly with the members of our Regiment as any officer or soldier in it.

I also claim to have had as few, if not fewer, difficulties than anyone and I know I possessed as warm feelings of admiration, love or respect for the Regiment as anyone, and also I acknowledge that I had cause for this feeling.

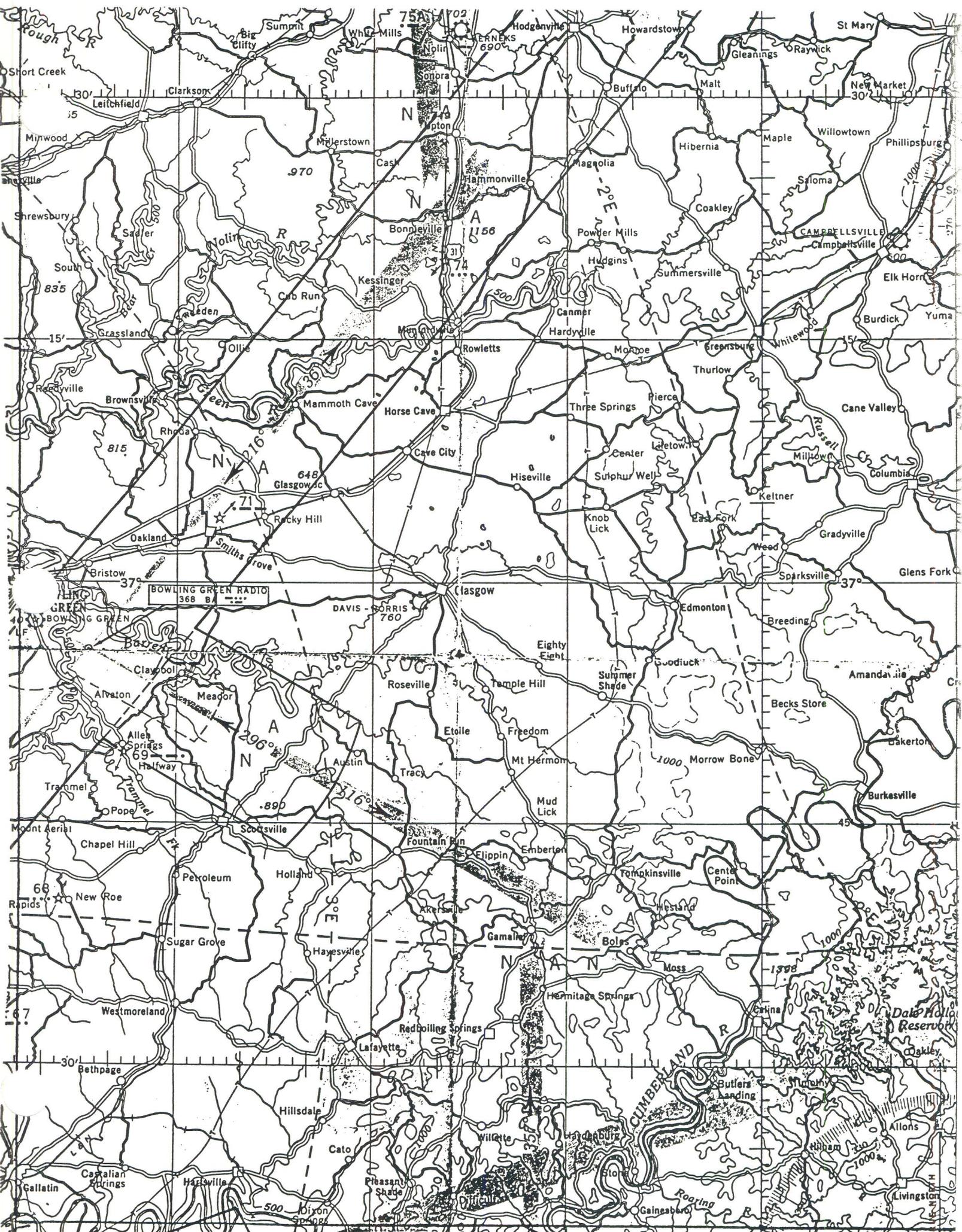
The 9th Kentucky Infantry has, in my humble estimation, received less from the pens of the historian according to it's merits than any Regiment that has ever enlisted in the U.S. Service. We never had but one News Reporter in our immediate Company and that for only a few weeks while in Kentucky attending to the "Bragg Raid", and despite the current solicitation of a few of us, the boys hooted him out and that seemed to bring the wrath of the News Reporter down on us in such a manner as to never have mentioned us since in connection with any battle except that of Mission Ridge, and then they could not well help it.

I have always in a measure favored the News Reporter accompanying our armies, for were it not for him, much that is important and interesting would be forever lost to history.

I must ask you to pardon the errors of an illiterate man, and not to accept this as an intended display of powers to secure popular favor (for in that respect the work will condemn itself), nor as a history of myself for the same purpose (for I have done nothing great), but a simple narration of facts because others wanted me to do so, and because I wanted to do so myself. Please take the work for what it is worth with the distinct understanding that I ask no favors nor attempt to excuse any deficiencies, but simply submit my work to the generous but critical public.

I am,

William Marcus Woodcock



CHAPTER I

It was on a beautiful Thursday evening on the 19th day of September, 1861 that I was at a beautiful spot in Monroe County, Kentucky known as Gamaliel. I was then a student in the common branches of an English education and was a member of a school that was then being taught at the place by Mr. L. M. Lankford. I was enjoying all the pleasures that a poor boy of an humble country school could aspire to. Our teacher was a man of excellent qualifications, intellectual and moral. -Had received a rather extensive education in the face of great pecuniary embarassments. Had felt the sting of poverty and was consequently one that could sympathize with those that needed sympathy.

The students, in general, were of that superior class of backwoods rusticity that is rarely found in such numbers in such a small collection. They were plain without coarseness, frank without forwardness, reserved without self importance, intelligent without the great advantages of an education, polite without a knowledge of the great system of etiquette. But why continue my futile attempt at illustration when I can say nothing of the subjects in consideration without detracting from their real merit?

It was just at the announcement of the ever-rejuvenating word, giving a few moments for play and rest and known among us as "recess" that a young gentleman rode up and alighted among us, and after a few moments of general conversation among the students, challenged the teacher or any member of the school to a debate on a certain "query" that had been exciting some interest in the neighborhood for a considerable time past. After giving everyone an opportunity, I accepted the challenge and designated that night as the time for the discussion to take place. He accepted it as agreeable to his preparations.

Early after supper we were in view of the schoolhouse again and both of us felt rather disappointed to see such a large collection of people for we felt that the people were attaching more importance to the matter than ere we had, for we had only intended it as a source of a little amusement.

When we arrived upon the ground we found that all were in the greatest whirl of excitement from the rumor of an approaching body of Rebels. The old men had assembled to devise means of defense and the younger ones were present to act on the dictation of the older. A message had also arrived that there was a supply of muskets at or near Cave City for the Homeguards of Monroe County and the Gamaliel Company was required to furnish 20 men. After some deliberation, it was finally agreed that the assembly should break up till the

next morning when we would all meet at the parade ground and the detail from the Company would be made.

We were separated into different squads and ordered to stand picket in the neighborhood till daylight, and there on Barren River on this clear moonlit night where the Stars and Stripes had been dear to all till such a recent date where within the last six months the trump of the warrior had sounded through the land calling men from the various pursuits of a peaceable and happy life to go to the tented field and there shed the blood of their fathers, brothers, or sons either for or against the Union. I did my first "picket duty". Ah, how bitterly I have since realized the dream of which that was not even a preface. That beautiful night I sat in a comfortable position in a shaded part and had such a view of the ground we were guarding that we (there were two others) could carry on a conversation in the usual tones without the fear of being heard. Often have I thought of that night when since I have when going to the picket line had to use every precaution to prevent being shot by the wary enemy or when posted in the dark forest I could not see nor hear the noiseless sentry on the next "beat" when I had to use every precaution lest an enemy should steal around me in the darkness and carry me off to be reported the next morning missing as a deserter. On the cold (and dreary) nights that I have had to face my beat and use my powers of exertion in every imaginable way that would keep up a sufficient temperature of heat in my system to prevent me from freezing, but the worst of all nights is when a thunderstorm arises and fills the soldier with the triple dread of being thoroughly drenched with the cold rain, struck dead by the dangerous elements or the possibility of the wind tearing away a branch from some monarch of the forest and thereby losing his neck or some of his limbs. Oh, ye brave soldier, you will never be repaid for your troubles except in the knowledge that through your exertions your country is preserved.

We left our post at daylight and repaired to our respective "stopping places" to refresh ourselves with a few minutes' repose, a good breakfast, and then repair to the parade ground.

I was there in due time and found a very large crowd assembled and ready to furnish the required number of men to go to Cave City after the arms before referred to. Somehow I felt a desire to undertake the job and proposed to accompany the expedition if any person would furnish me a horse. This was quickly closed in with by a gentleman that asked me to go in his place, but I resented it. For instead of a horse, we had there a little mule that seemed scarcely large enough to be weaned but for aught I knew was as old as Methuselah and had the very spirit looking from his eye that fully justified the phrase "as stubborn as a mule".

At 12:00 Noon we were in Tompkinsville and there found the people strung to the highest pitch of excitement. W. J. Hinson, Major of Home Guards, was using every effort to preserve order and insure a successful defense of the town in case of an attack. There were a great many armed men in the place and squads were continually coming in and all seemed to be in anxious expectation of an attack at any moment.

I think it was about 2:00 p.m. that we sat out on the road for Cave City, leaving Glasgow to the left and I think we traveled at least 60 miles and arrived at Woodland Station near Cave City just a few minutes before daybreak the next morning. The Rebels had, I believe in the day previous, established a camp of instruction at this place and there were some hundreds reported to be not above one-fourth of a mile from where the guns were concealed lying asleep in camp.

Our party was originally composed of 60 men, representatives of three companies, but our number had become augmented by recruits on the road to around 100. Yet, with this small force and our great inexperience we did not choose to throw ourselves on the offensive or hazard a battle unless compelled to. We found our guns in a straw stack and each of them had been loaded and capped by the person who had charge of them, he suspecting that it would be impossible for us to get them away without a skirmish with the Rebel recruits.

We could begin to see a faint gleam of the approaching daylight as we mounted our horses and rode off. Since that time I have served for three years and two months and 19 days as a soldier in the United States Service, but I have never since that time been so completely worn out and exhausted as I was on this expedition.

About noon I and my mule - that was harder to drive than the Rebels at Stone River - and which caused me to have to get up a system of incessant kicks and thrusts with my bayonet to keep "in position" had gotten some miles behind the main body and I think that the whole party was scattered along 5 miles of the road, for everyone had concluded that we were past all danger, when on ascending a hill in the road and looking ahead I saw in the distance that all were coming to a halt at a given point and appeared to be rather confused about something. I hastened forward and found that by some means someone had learned that a body of Rebels were posted on the road some miles ahead to intercept our approach and that our party was making active preparations for a fight. Ten rounds of cartridges, all we had, were being issued to each man. The powder and lead was being divided out among those that were best mounted. The older ones were instructing "we" boys in regard to how to use our muskets of which many of us had never even seen a single one and indeed it was a general state of combined consternation and determination. As for myself, I felt "sorta any way" and was so near dead with

fatigue that I could scarcely be brought to comprehend the true state of circumstances till we were again on the way. We then traveled about 5 miles at "common time" using great caution, having a select body under Captain Lankford thrown forward as an advance guard, but we finally concluded that there was no danger and again struck out at every man in his own time.

A little while before sundown, the other two companies broke off in another direction leaving us alone, but we still struggled manfully on, my mule acquitting himself with great credit and that very trip establishing the honor of that noble order of Beings that has since rendered so much valuable service to the armies of Uncle Sam. We passed the house of Mr. Rankin about 10:00 p.m. and aroused him from his slumbers by giving three times three rousing cheers for freedom and nationality and by way of supplement three cheers for "Woodcock and his mule". I was very grateful for this evidence of their consideration for us, but I was so fatigued that I could or rather did not return our thanks for this appreciation of our actions, and mule was suffering so greatly from wounds inflicted by spur and our bayonet, and by girth of the saddle from the absence of a crupper that I don't think he even heard himself named in connection. At any rate, he said nothing.

I arrived at my boarding house about midnight and never in my life I think have I been so greatly fatigued. This was Saturday night and I had been in the saddle ever since about 10:00 a.m. Friday, except the time required for ourselves and horses to eat a "bite" (usually 15 minutes and three times on the trip).

Had rode about 130 miles over a rough country at least half the distance in the night and had not been accustomed to hardship of any kind for a considerable period. I could eat nothing but was soon in bed and in, or rather beyond the land of dreams where I remained til old "sol" had been gazing for two hours upon the next day, seeing what it might bring forth.

I partially awakened myself and bathed my temples in water for a considerable time, but it had no effect only to make more perceptible to my feeling the effects of recent exertions. I ate a scanty breakfast and hastened home to beg forgiveness of my parents for "going" without permission. Mother clasped me to her bosom and shed more tears of joy than she did when I in last December returned from the three years service. Father simply said in his blunt way "you did right".

I never have in my life at any other time felt such a great degree of absence of mind as I did through the whole of this day. It is impossible to analyze my feelings. I threw

myself on bed and tried to sleep but for some unaccountable reason could not. I walked, ran, took a few turns on a gymnasium but felt nothing as to effect and I have since thought that I was not properly awakened through the whole day. I ate but little for dinner, and that did not refresh me in the least.

I returned to Gamaliel that evening to attend a meeting to propose plans for the future and found that most of the raiders had got pretty well straightened up again and were by resting another night, ready for another trip. I could not vouch so much for myself yet. The result of the meeting was an agreement that twenty of the Gamaliel Home Guard should attend the general "Drill School" at Indian Creek meeting house superintended by Major Dunn of the Home Guards, and I agreed to represent one of the Company.

Accordingly, on the next day, much improved, I filled a haversack, protem with baked fowl, cornbread, and a few sweetmeats and in state repaired to the Camp of Instruction to be initiated into the mysteries of the military tactics, and thus be prepared (as I had already determined) to become a "soldier boy" when I should find another recruiting officer. I arrived in time for the afternoon.

CHAPTER II

I am now coming to a period of my narration which will be of a most immediate interest to the men whom I specially submit this to viz., "Drill". The Company was just being formed and such was my foolish order that notwithstanding I had ridden 15 miles during the day. I laid aside my equipage and stepped into ranks.

That night I was detailed "to stand picket" for two hours, the post being about one mile from the parade ground and no reserve, but I simply had to stand my two hours and then return to the Camp. And that night - for the first time - I enjoyed a pretty good sample of a soldier's bed, which was nothing more or less than a bunk upon which I stretched myself and by the assistance of one blanket, obtained about 1 hour of rather unsettled sleep and next morning I had a pretty fair sample of soldier's breakfast by toasting a piece of bread and eating it with a bit of coco, cooked fowl, and no coffee. All went on smoothly today and towards evening we were making such rapid advances toward a knowledge of the science that to all appearances we bid for soon to vie with the most thoroughly experienced veterans of the Regular Army in perfection of movement and promptness to obey commands.

We were considerably edified this morning by the announcement that a courier had just arrived bearing dispatch that Nashville was in possession of Federal troops. We gave three rousing cheers, but I was at the time very much perplexed in my mind as to where the Federal troops had been keeping themselves recently that had made this brilliant achievement.

I stood my round on picket again that night, or at least had nearly completed my time, when here came the Corporal to tell us that the Rebels had burned Burksville, robbed New Albany, killed several citizens and were playing trumps generally and were now threatening the "City of Tompkinsville" and would most assuredly attack it soon and we were desired to go there immediately.

A call was made for volunteers and I immediately stepped forward after nearly every other member of the Company had done so, and we were then ordered to get ready and that we would march as far as Gamaliel on that night and on to Tompkinsville next day. I had sent my horse home on the day previous and there I was ten miles from home, worn out with constant fatigue and the excitement that had held me up all the time now began to abate and consequently I felt the hardships of this night.

I arrived at home just at daylight completely exhausted and more out of spirits than at any time previous, nevertheless I was asleep the minute I got in bed, first admonishing my mother to let me sleep but one hour and to have my breakfast

ready when I was awakened. Oh, that sweet nap!

I have a thousand times since, when on the march on dark and stormy nights, reverted to that beautiful sound when all nature seemed to be bound by a spell of silence as I, footsore and weary, approached that spot dear alike to all, "Home". I have never been more solemnly impressed with the idea of the frailty of human nature or the greatness of a Supreme Being than when I was crossing the fields on that beautiful but apparently exceedingly lonely morning towards my father's house. My mind reverted back to better days - days when the trump of the warrior and the clangor of arms had never been heard by scarcely any of the present generation - days when the people, instead of being on the alert to prevent surprise by some wary and perhaps unscrupulous enemy, were following the pursuit of a peaceful life, days when we were enjoying all the blessings of a Republican government, the right of suffrage being extended to all honest men, the advancement of education becoming more popular everywhere, the people becoming every day more able to prove to the world the greatness, glory and justice of self-government, and days when we were called by all nations "The Star of the World".

I then turned to the present; alas, what a contrast! How we were accustomed every day to see the preparation for the bloody practice of war. Brother against brother, and father against son. Oh, what a war and also one in which both parties were of the same nation, the same ancestors. And which ancestors had the clearest fighting record that ever went on the pages of history, and in course I anticipated if the war was not averted, bloody work, and I have since realized it -- Yea, I have since seen the descendants of the noble heroes of '76 marshalled in battle array against each other on the mountains of Kentucky, the fertile fields of Tennessee, the offensive swamps of Mississippi and the barren pine forests of Georgia, and oh! they did such bloody work, but pardon this digression of my story and I will resume.

I was aroused from my slumber a little after sunrise and ate the last breakfast that I ate as a citizen before entering upon the dangerous and difficult duties of a soldier. O God! Had I known what was in store for me I could not have endured the thought of it; for a citizen's idea of soldiering is that it is ten-fold more dangerous and difficult to follow than it really is, and that man cannot endure such a great amount of fatigue and destitution as he really can, at least that was my opinion at the present date of my story.

I have a vivid recollection of that sunny morning when old sol seemed to come forth in all his glory as if to mock me in my intentions. For gentle reader you must understand that I had determined to enlist in a company of U. S. Volunteers that Captain Hinson was recruiting for the service of the

State of Kentucky to be annexed to a regiment that was to be commanded by Col. B. C. Grider of Bowling Green, Kentucky.

With a heavy heart and a mind filled with doubt and perplexities and my physical system almost prostrated under the immense exertions it had recently been called upon to make, and nevertheless with a feeling of consciousness that I was doing my duty, I, secretly invoking the mercy of a Divine Providence, mounted my horse and set out to meet my friends at Gamaliel to go on from there to the defense of Tompkinsville. As I rode along I meditated deeply upon the question. Am I risking too much when I enter the Army? Am I going to cast my fortunes with the party that is striving to maintain the true principles of self government and national sovereignty? Am I enlisting in the cause of the aggressive or the aggressor? And am I able to undergo the trials, hardships, privations, and dangers attendant upon the soldier's career? And am I able in every way to discharge the duties of a soldier? The three first questions were easily answered to my not over-comprehensive mind, and the last; only time could solve.

Notwithstanding, I was young. I had many reasons for wishing to stay out of the Army besides the natural one of dread. I had many convictions that it would almost rend my heart to break off. My schoolmates, the most choice body of young persons with whom I was ever acquainted, were so connected with me by the strongest ties of almost filial affection that I could not keep back a burning tear. When I thought of parting with them as I passed the schoolhouse on the Friday morning previous, I had stopped in to see them, but few were there and those that were seemed to have come together more for mutual consultation rather than for study. All looked as solemn as if they were attending a funeral procession, and as I shook hands with them and told them that I hoped to be back "all right" among them on the next Monday, they all seemed to have apprehensions of doubt and one of them stated that she had a presentiment that I would never be among them again as a student.

I affected to not notice the remark, but nevertheless it impressed me deeply and the presentiment has to this date been fulfilled. Also, I was just beginning to improve my education in a manner that would be of service to me - was just getting my mind in train for study and had begun to advance into the mysteries of science with a speed and ease truly encouraging to myself and had arrived at an age when to obtain an education no time must be lost, and when three years lost entirely from study would prove fatal to all such hopes, but I must cease to make such extravagant digressions and resume my story.

I found the Country in the greatest state of excitement imaginable. A general state of alarm and even terror seemed

to pervade with a large portion of the community. Women were in tears as they looked at their sturdy husbands or tender sons disappear in the distance going to the defense of Tompkinsville. At this remote date it seems almost fiction that such a state of things could have existed when there was really such little immediate cause, yet there was a cause. Yes, there was a cause for the aged wife, or mother, and the tender sister looked at their beloved husbands, sons, or brothers, and knew from the signs of the times that if not by then, they soon would be torn from their loving embraces to go to the tented field and share the dangers of a soldier. Oh, ye incarnate fiends, political demagogues of the South! why were ye not content to fill your pockets with Northern gold without using every exertion to bring about this most disastrous war, which has been by the Justice of Almighty God rendered a curse to the South? But here I am away from my narration again.

I arrived at Gamaliel about 9:00 a.m. and found the Company generally ready to move and we accordingly set out and arrived in Tompkinsville about 11:30 a.m. and there found that the excitement had gotten a few degrees below the boiling point again. If I recollect right, an expedition or scout had been sent out in the direction of Burkesville and returned reporting the coast all clear and that the cause of the whole alarm was the robbing of a few stores in New Albany by a squad of Rebel cavalry. I can't make statements as to any other person's feeling at this time, but I felt "kind, o, sold". Yet, we resolved to make the best of it we could and as a retaliatory measure resolved to go to Glasgow and chastise the Rebels stationed there. i.e., if they attempted resistance, and if they did not, to disarm them and make a general tour through the country to convince the people of our ability and determination to maintain our character as home guards and the safety of the citizens of the county. A portion of us were serving as infantry and another portion as cavalry. We were formed in order, the infantry in advance, the music accompanying them under the "Star Spangled Banner" playing the national tune, Yankee Doodle, and the scene was to our then inexperienced citizens, indeed imposing. The infantry were ordered to march steadily forward on the Glasgow Road in charge of a subordinate while the cavalry halted to give them a start. At this juncture a council of war was called, composed of the Company officers, to arrange a plan for the campaign. After a consultation of about 5 minutes, they decided that the campaign was given up for the present, and that we would all return to our homes. A courier was immediately sent forward to order the infantry to turn back and we were soon returning into Tompkinsville. Captain Lankford proposed that we should have the band to play "Bonapart's Retreat" and I believe it was played, though I am not certain. I think no one heard the proposition but myself and Lieutenant Hayes.

CHAPTER III

We stopped in town and remained there till after supper, but in the meantime Captain Hinson's company of recruits was paraded through the streets "Martial Music and Flying Colors" to give others an opportunity to enlist. Several gay fellows stepped into lines and took the step and finally I, in defiance of urgent remonstrations of my best friends, stepped into line from which strong the path of honor, there is no stepping back.

I enrolled my name and then learned that the Company was being made up for three years instead of two, but I did not care for that for I felt very confident that the war would terminate ere six months and moreover that I could not endure the fatigue of camp life for even two years and would ere that time be dead or discharged for disability.

The Union people were very much stirred up that evening ere the general signs of the times and were getting pretty confident that this section of the country could easily defend itself against all roving bands of thieves and guerillas from whom they anticipated all the trouble. I procured a furlough for two days and directly after dark I, in company with the Gamaliel Home Guards, set out for home, but it was now true I could not call that spot that was endeared to me by the strongest ties of infancy and childhood by the sweet and endearing name of home without shedding a tear at the thought that I had now for the first time permanently withdrew from its kind protection to go out in the cold world among a body of strangers and liable to meet with new persons at every turn and even to be thrown in company of probably bad proclivities where I had never been before. But I thought I would make my way through the strife as well as anyone and consequently felt rather indifferent about it as there were so many thousands that were at this time in the commitment of the very same act.

I arrive in the neighborhood of Gamaliel and rested for the night, and on the next day posted for home, not with that light heart and firm tread that I approached in December 1865, but with a heart filled with anxious misgivings and a step faltering as if in obedience to the throws of my heart. Now, do not conclude from this that the least thought of having committed an error had ever entered my mind. On the contrary, I felt that I had done what every loyal citizen of the United States should do. Ever since the fall of Fort Sumpter I had resolved that if ever I had an opportunity, I would enlist in the U. S. Armies.

Immediately after arriving at home I posted a messenger to A. J. Hibbits (blacksmith) with an order for the usual home manufactured Bowie knife, without which a soldier's equipment

was then considered very imperfect and then devoted the rest of the day to writing letters, arranging my earthly goods (books) and marking each a final disposition of my limited business as I judged most proper.

I was in a continued whirl of excitement during the whole evening, continually walking back and forth over the floor around the yard and through the fields.

A little while after dark the messenger, whom I had dispatched to the blacksmith's, returned and brought with him a most formidable looking species of Bowie knife manufactured from an old horseshoe rasp, and now the object was to go to the grindstone and put it in the proper state for service, which we managed to effect to a certain extent, after several hours of incessant labor; and then a scabbard was to be made, but that was soon executed out of a piece of thin sole leather, and a belt prepared from one of father's finest kips and I was pronounced ready at least to maintain my ground against at least two of the "secesh", felt pretty confident myself as long as "secesh" would keep out of the way.

Next morning I was ready and did start back in accordance with the terms of my furlough and never a knight felt greater self importance when riding forth with his retinue of retainers, girt with crimson sash and gilded sword, than did I as I rode forth that morning accompanied by Tom and girt with my western belt and homespun berril.

Saw many friends on the way, each of whom had a kind word of parting, and a gentle admonition to "be careful" and "be sure to write", etc., all of which I hurried away from. At 12:00 Noon, found myself at Camp Lyons, two miles from Tompkinsville on _____ Road and arrived just as the Company was sitting down to dinner. I dismounted on the instant and there for the first time in my life did I take a real soldier's dinner, and I feasted as though it had been at the best of tables, and the truth of it is I was about as thoroughly initiated as anyone present, and needed no inaugural ceremonies to enable me to do full justice to a soldier's hard fare. But ah, none of us were ere initiated! Twelve months rolled over our heads. We felt for days in succession the gnawing of hunger; had been compelled to live on a rather inferior article of hard bread and bacon and coffee issued as K-rations and which did not serve to keep us from feeling at all times a degree of hunger.

Having lost my journal for all this period, I may make some error in committing this to paper, and if I do, it must be excused as unavoidable. We remained here, I think, till the Monday following and whiled away the time, as soldiers usually do. i.e., eating, drinking, walking, running, jumping, and sometimes drilling, etc.

We got up a system of debates for night amusement, which would probably have proven beneficial to us all had we remained there long enough to advance in it.

On Sunday evening we either received orders, or the Captain thought it was best for us to go to Camp Anderson, and we accordingly made preparations to leave on the next day. It must be remembered that during this interval I had announced myself as a candidate for the supposed to exist office of Third Lieutenant, as none of the military in our Country had learned yet that there was no longer such office in the U.S. Army. When I enlisted in the Company I was acquainted with but one of its numbers, viz., J. T. Tooley, and consequently the chances were considerably against me when I came to consider that the opposing candidate was well acquainted with almost everyone. I was very confident in my own mind that I had the strongest claims on the position; but nevertheless was willing to leave it to the decision of the Company.

On the next morning the sun rose clear and beautiful, as if to encourage me in the first march I was ever to make with a military Company. The citizens of the surrounding vicinity began to turn out early after sunrise to see us take our final leave of Camp Lyons and surrender the distinction of being the whole force of a military post.

We had a fine party to witness our final leave-taking and some solemn looking ones in the assembly, for not one was there but what was related to some of the Company that was going to war.

At the urgent request of the citizens, we agreed to delay our time of starting till after they could furnish us with an early dinner, and it proved to be a sumptuous repast indeed. We had milk, butter, potatoes, roasting ears, baked and boiled meats, fowls, _____, pies, cakes, "cornpone" and in fact anything that suits us country-bred gentlemen.

Dinner being over and the usual supplementaries disposed of, we were ordered to gird on our baggage and arms and accoutrements and fall into line. It should have been previously stated that each of us was armed with a Home Guard musket or Minnie Rifle. Then there was hurrying and bustling around, parents, children, brothers, sisters and friends taking for what they all knew this last farewell.

But these preliminaries were soon adjusted and more reported to the Captain Hinson as ready for the march. And then to the tune of Yankee Doodle we stepped lightly away and were soon out of view.

We passed through Tompkinsville and there stopped a moment to transfer our baggage from our shoulders to a wagon that was going to accompany us; and again we were on the road.

Arrived at Camp Anderson about one hour before sunset, were met on the parade ground by a Company who gave us three cheers, and escorted us into camp in truly military style. Oh, but I was so tired. This was the first time I had ever visited a really military camp. Here the soldier did his own cooking, made his own bed, did his own eating and sleeping, drilled from four to six hours per day and took his regular turn at Camp Guard and picket, and in fact did all.

Military rules were strictly adhered to so far as the experience of the officers extended. A strict Camp Guard was kept continually posted, and it would have been as safe to have broke from a Rebel prison as to have attempted to violate its rights.

After resting a few moments, I concluded to satisfy my curiosity by taking a stroll over the camps and making a general survey of the premises to see how I liked the prospects. And as a result I was not very favorably impressed with the arrangement; but I will not pretend to here enumerate my objections, as I suppose almost everyone whom these pages will reach has seen the encampment when in its greatest glory.

After awhile my friend B. M. Fishburn came around and invited me to take supper, and I tell you it was a treat; consisting of a large kettle full of green beans which had been cooked and off the fire a sufficient time to enable one to eat them from the kettle, and cornbread. I ate heartily. About this time a subordinate of some description "bawled out" "O yes, Oh yes, Oh yes, all that belong to Captain Roark's Company parade here and form a line." Soon the other sub's of that Company, and of all the other companies were "bawling" the same expression just given at the tops of their voices, only they named other Captains, viz., Martin, Mulligan, Fraim, Hinson, and others. The companies were, after a considerable time, formed and each Captain taking the ground that best suited him, all stood at "attention."

Major Dixon addressed the Battalion from his horse, informing them that there was a rumor abroad, but did not say to what effect, that the men must all go over to Mr. J. Y. Fraim's residence and procure three rounds of cartridges each, and that the men must sleep on their arms that night, and that extreme vigilance must be kept up by the Camp Guard, and that if through the night an alarm should be raised that the Companies must be immediately formed and placed in battle array.

For my part, I did not feel very apprehensive and was so weary with my evening's tramp that it did not take me a great while after laying down to fall into a most profound slumber, from which I did not awake till about sunrise on the next day, when to my chagrin I learned there had been a general

alarm on the night previous, caused by one Tolliver Moore (since Captain Co. E 9th Ky., V.I.) discharging his gun at what he supposed to be an enemy, but which proved to be a cow. The general report was that great excitement pervaded the whole encampment, that there was a considerable degree of alacrity evinced in forming the companies, and that there was noise enough to make an elephant deaf, and the great wonder was I did not wake. I did not attempt to explain away my drowsiness and consequently there was but little said about the matter.

Well, after breakfast we (the Hinson Company) were marched out for organization, or to elect the Captains, Lieutenants and Sergeants. Captain W. J. Hinson was unanimously chosen as Captain and a William G. Bryan as First Lieutenant, and A. W. Smith after a sharp contest as Second Lieutenant. Philip H. Emmurt was elected Third Lieutenant, defeating me by an overwhelming majority. I was, of course, defeated and so badly, too, made it rather hard to bear, but having at least enough moral courage to work my way with, and a character free from blemish, I endured it pretty well for it was clear the simple reason of personal acquaintance had defeated me. Nevertheless, I cheerfully acquiesced and proceeded to vote for the other fellows. Sergeant 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th being according to the election the following persons respectively: Silas Clarke, Isaac Hix, William B. Roddy, Andrew J. Carter and Benjamin Thompson. After the Company broke ranks, Captain Hinson touched me to walk aside and informed me that I should be appointed First Corporal. Now wasn't that cheering? I accepted the office and was from that day forth "an officer in the U. S. Army." Hum!

I next obtained a special leave of absence for four days and set out for home, going via Gamaliel to pay a last visit to my old schoolmates, but alas! I found that splendid school of 60 students reduced to 30 and they all looked so dejected and sorrowful that it caused me such grief to be in their company and hear them deplore the awful condition of affairs.

I remained with them but a little while, took a final leave of them and sat out for home, arriving there all safe in life and limb. But no object seemed as of old, as I passed enclosures and noted particular spots where I had been wont to amuse myself in my childhood days. I found in them fresh fuel for my already over-depressed mind.

But enough of that. I had arrived at home not a free man, but (and I was proud of the name) a soldier. I have always, from my earliest infancy, cherished an ardent feeling of care and admiration for my country. Have read books that only tended to increase the intensity of that feeling, viz., Life and Correspondences of George Washington, History of the Revolutionary War, Daring Deeds of American Heroes, _____ History of the United States, American Generals, etc., etc.

And now I felt that I was but doing justice to myself, to my country, to my forefathers, and to future generations. Now I did not possess an extraordinarily great amount of courage or desire to fight, but I did, to some extent, cherish a desire to obtain with my own arms a right to distinction while I should be defending my Country's rights. These hopes had been in a measure seemingly rendered hopeless by my defeat in seeking office, yet I still hoped, for I knew I would at least do my duty and this I had resolved to do at all hazards.

I remained closely at home during the few days of my furlough, spending my time in making a final disposition of affairs and of sauntering about, striving to reassure myself that I was satisfied with the great change my own act had so recently effected in my affairs.

The day came for me to return to camp. When I started, mother admonished me to be sure and return again soon. I promised, with real sincerity that I would be back in two weeks, but alas! the shortsightedness and precipitation of human nature is continually involving him in error, and as an evidence of this assertion, I did not see my mother again till the 17th day of February, 1862.

I returned to Camp on Saturday, as I recollect, about noon, and found that the most of my Company had gone home on a short furlough but their time was up that evening, and prompt to obey orders night found them all back again and ready for duty, and on this night I took my first round and stood my first tour as a sentinel of the Camp Guard. Now this is one part of a soldier's duty that I am very decidedly unable to perform on important occasions, viz., standing guard on a dark night at a post of danger when I can be guided in my actions only by the power of hearing; for I was unfortunately born deaf in my right ear, and am utterly unable to distinguish the direction of a sound, even at the distance of ten feet. Yet I have always stood my turn without having ever gotten into difficulties on that account. On the next day "Sunday" I went to Church at Indian Creek and on my way back to Camp took dinner with Mr. William Neal and late in the afternoon returned to Camp.

Monday was a rainy, disagreeable day, yet we all stood our time at drilling and such other duties as devolved upon us in the forenoon, for in the afternoon we were pretty much puzzled by the knowledge that all the commanding officers were in secret council on some matter of importance. Late in the evening, the subject of their deliberations was disclosed by the order to be ready to move on tomorrow morning. Everyone was filled with wonder and running over with conjectures as to which way we would move, and what we would move for, and "what does the whole thing mean anyhow"?

That night one of our Company was taken sick with measles, which was the first sick man in our Company, and who afterwards proved to be a brave and efficient soldier, viz., Isaac Maines. Next morning, Tuesday October 8th, we all got under way and traveled in the direction of Ray Crop Road (?) and marched to that point, a distance about twenty miles and I tell you it tried our powers of endurance to a great extent.

As for myself, I held up wonderfully and in the afternoon I relieved some of the most weary for several minutes at a time by carrying their guns, etc. Now I began to think myself a real whitzel for traveling. Our supper was already prepared for us at the X roads and we ate a hearty supper, then went to the wagons and took out our blankets and began to look around for some place to sleep. I found a bunk about one fourth of a mile from the supper table in the residence of a Mr. Rush, or rather on the floor of the piazza, for he had already taken as many on the inside as he could comfortably stow away. I went to sleep to dream of better days, and awoke at the usual hour next morning.

We got an early breakfast and off again at quick time, marching that day about twenty miles and stopped that night at the house of a Mr. Grissom. Supper was again ready for us, and after eating our Company was marched to a neighboring church about one-fourth of a mile away, which we had to ourselves for the night. After we had gotten the room properly warmed by kindling fires in the stoves. Captain Hinson called on us to give attention to a few remarks he was about to offer. He then proceeded to deliver a sensible and well-composed speech in which he reminded us of the responsibilities we had assumed in becoming soldiers of the Federal Army; the dangers we would have to risk to be of service to our country, and to sustain our reputation as soldiers; the toil, fatigue and mental suffering we would necessarily encounter, and in short that soldiering was not a holiday frolic but a succession of stern realities. He then admonished us to stand by him, and by each other like true patriots and brave men, and assured us that if we did so we would never repent the day that we became soldiers, regardless of what we might have to risk or undergo.

After Captain Hinson had closed his remarks, Mr. M. Waddle offered a short and appropriate address which was well received and we then retired to rest, or rather lay down on the seats we had occupied during the speaking exercises.

Early on the following day we had gotten our breakfast and were again on the road. This was the hardest day's march we had yet made and I think it must have been 25 miles. We passed through the town of Columbia Addair County about sunset, and were there informed that we would have to go about 5 miles further yet to reach the supplies.

Then there was the first unanimous burst of disapprobation that I ever heard from the Regiment. All were worn out nearly, and had hoped to stop at Columbia; but thinking we were going to get something good we bowed our heads like the Rebels at Chickamauga and dashed onward and in another hour were at our camp.

The supper that had been ordered for us here was served in a quantity and quality that was truly offensive, outrageous, disgusting by means. The beef was not warmed through; the bread was not there, but a kind of raw material was substituted instead, and then to make the whole thing more unacceptable, the remains of the beeves were (as if on purpose) strewn all around the tables. I took a piece of raw beef and one of flour dough and sat down in the darkness to make my meal, and when I had done justice to the fullest extent of my abilities to this repast, I was struck with a loathsome sense of disgust to find myself sitting on a (excuse the expression) beef's paunch. The boys were all mad and as they did not know who to vent their malice upon, they "kicked up a row" arming themselves and according to reports, came very near having a bloody time of it.

I can make no positive statements in regard to the matter myself, for in the first place I never mingle in such scenes, and secondarily I had gone off to seek a good place to sleep; and on that night I took my first night's rest in the forest.

During the night we had a small shower of rain which was rather disagreeable to we fellows that had in all probability never lain outside a single night like this in our lives. We were up on daybreak to learn that no breakfast had been prepared for us. This was pretty severe to us, but I suppose it could not be helped, but I tell you it went very hard with me and I suppose with the balance to march all that day, 16 miles without any breakfast. However, after standing around for an hour or two as if to ascertain that matters were precisely as had been represented, we again started.

Late in the evening we approached Campbellsville, and were apprised of the fact by being met by an immense throng of citizens for so small a place, who welcomed us to their really loyal town by lusty cheers, cordial congratulations, and hearty shaking of the hands. As we entered the town, we were met by a band of music and escorted by the citizens through the most prosperous part of the city to the Public Square and then there was a feast indeed prepared for us. We had "cornpone", common biscuit, bakers bread, a variety of vegetables, meats of all kinds, coffee and tea, and in fact the supper was not wanting in anything that was substantive and refreshing to we descendants of the backwoods.

This kind of reception by the citizens of Campbellsville and the citizens of the vicinity made an impression of an

enduring character upon the minds of our Regiment. We had now arrived at our destination without knowing it, however, and such a march we had made, as is well worthy of the notice of other peers than mine.

When we left Camp Anderson, we were about six hundred strong, and we always marched in two bands on account of its narrow roads and consequently were a pretty long line. Everywhere along the march we received tributes to our imposing appearance and advanced into the neighborhood by the cheers of its multitudes, the waving handkerchiefs and patriotic speeches of the ladies and look of wonderment of the rebel or unsophisticated.

One day I got a little behind the troop which was an uncommon thing for anyone, and I saw a contraband by the roadside eagerly gazing back from the way I had come. When I came up to him he said "Massa, how far back are the cannons?" We would throw off our hats and give three cheers to every demonstration of respect towards us, and our band of music (composed of a few home-made drums and reed fifes) would strike up on some of the natural airs and thus a great deal of the fatigue of our march was in a measure compensated for.

We were under the command of Colonel J. R. Duncan of the Home Guards, and Major _____ (I again forget his name) was the acting commissary, and a considerable amount of the boys' spite was vented on him the evening last mentioned before arriving at Campbellsville, or in other words the evening we arrived at "Hungry Run".

We were quartered in the Campbellsville Court House and after "early candle lighting", a large number of citizens being assembled Mr. Joseph (Chandler) addressed the assembly upon the present state of national affairs; the advent of ourselves into the town, and our purpose; the prospects of the Union; condition of Tennessee refugees, etc., etc. After his sensible and appreciable discussion, Mr. A. J. Clements was called on and made a few appropriate remarks; also Captain Martin of our Regiment and Mr. M. Waddle of our Company offered a few remarks by solicitation.

I did not enjoy a very good night's rest in consequence of having to lie on the brick floor and not having a sufficiency of blankets (one) to keep me out of absorbing distance of the bricks.

Next morning a party of ninety men were called for to go to Lebanon after the arms and equipment for the Regiment. Our Company was required to furnish fifteen of them and I was one of the number, and the whole detail was placed under the command of Captain Martin. As Lebanon was "twenty miles away" we started early and arrived at that place about 3:00 p.m. and there for the first time I saw Colonel B. C. Grider

and I liked his appearance pretty well. Of course, the fare that we received here was also very good, and on that night we drew, each man one woolen blanket. Slept tonight on the brick floor of the depot, standing guard, or rather acting corporal two hours.

Next morning after breakfast, there was a general overhauling of military stores and we were all supplied with Haversacks and canteens, and subsequently with guns and accouterments, in order to be ready to guard the train loaded with our stores down to Campbellsville. At 3:00 in the afternoon we started out in two squads, one in advance and one in the rear of the train. The train, whew! nineteen wagons and all loaded with ordinance and ordinance stores, camp and garrison equipage, and some provisions. Enormous indeed! Surely we would need no more supplies in a whole month. A correct idea of the great amount that a few hundred men will soon consume, never having once entered our minds.

Colonel Grider rode along and gave us a gentle admonition that if attacked we must not "flicker", and a few words of general information. We arrived in Campbellsville some hours after dark, having met the Regiment some miles out to give us three cheers for our success.

By this time I was almost completely worn out, having marched six days in succession and not having enjoyed a good night's rest in the whole time, in consequence of cool weather, scarcity of blankets and being unaccustomed to sleeping on hard floors, but I was destined to become adapted to all these inconveniences and to make preparations for them, and I tell you I have fulfilled my destiny in that respect to the fullest meaning of the word.

I found that the soldiers were again preparing to do their own cooking "and living". And as I knew very little in the culinary line, I generally let someone invite me to his table, and I managed to get an invite whenever I wanted it, and consequently I had plenty to eat of the quality.

CHAPTER IV

About the 14th or 15th day of the month, all the recruits received regular government arms and turned over the Home Guard guns and accouterments. Also we had underclothing, camp and garrison equipage issued to us. I did not know how to get my knapsack into shape and put it on, and was not well enough skilled in the accomplishments of harness making to accomplish it after much study on the subject. But some Yankee solved the mystery and we were soon, as some of the boys laconically expressed it, "geared up" and they were kicking, jumping, running and plunging to prove that they would be difficult to break to the harness. They at last got calm and joked and laughed over the subject, little dreaming that they would have to wear these equippages (or their equivalent) for three whole years. For no one expressed the least intimation that we would have to be in the service longer than four months, or six at most, and that we would all get home to plant crops the next spring. If I could have been made to believe at this time that I would have to serve three years in the Army, and that at the dark and difficult "front", I don't think my moral courage would have sustained me for one hour. And it is real truth that the greater number of our Regiment had thoughts that the war would end ere our time was out till about the time of the battle of Stone River.

They (the home seekers) would be continually speculative about the prospects of peace; but this very suddenly ceased in the winter of '62 and '63 and turned to that of when our term of service would expire. Some thought that we would get our furlough time (40 days per year - U.S. Army Regulations) thrown in, or in other words that we would get out of the Service 120 days previous to the expiration of three years from date of first enlistment; others that we would get out at the date of enlistment without our furlough; while others still argued that we would be mustered out according to muster-in in the State Service; and a few argued that we would not get out till the 26th day of November, 1864, three years from date of muster-in to the U.S. Service; but I must not anticipate.

About the 16th we started for Columbia (having in the meantime drawn one month's pay of \$13.00), and marched out 12 miles to one Mr. Grissom's and camped for the night in his lot. Just after we had gone into camp some of the boys accidentally threw down a stack of muskets and one of them discharged itself, one of the shots taking effect in the thigh of Theodore Lewis, a private of Captain Dickinson's Company (afterwards Company G), several shots going through his knapsack. The wound, if I recollect right, was not very severe.

That night I was detailed to stand my turn at Camp Guard as a private, and being informed that my relief would go on at just two hours before daylight, I retired to rest. Was waked up at the usual time and posted without any instructions, and consequently, as I felt very stupid I sat down by the side of a tree and gave way to the ruminations of my mind.

I was soon dreaming; dreaming of quite a different state of being. I was in fairyland, in a garden of most beautiful flowers and nice streams traversing this way among the stems of variegated plants. In the middle of the garden was a beautiful arbor containing a sofa of almost unimaginable luxury. I was reclining on this sofa indulging a sleepy doze which was like balm to my weary limbs and sleepy eyes. I was though still a soldier, but not a poor private soldier of an obscure Volunteer Company, but such a soldier as I have read of flourishing in the chivalrous days of the knight-errants. I was dressed in a splendid Oriental costume, a plume of gaudy feathers streaming from my helmet, a coat of mail protected my body. A lady of surpassing beauty and loveliness approached and kneeling before me implored my protection from the insults of some rude suitor. I was just bidding her to rise and giving her assurances of my protection when my mother approached and placed her hand upon my head, and blessed me as her darling son. And next my sister made her appearance, and after salutation suddenly pointed at some approaching objects a short distance away. I suddenly sprang to my feet seizing my spear at the same moment only to find that I was approached by Corporal W. M. Clarke with a relief and that instead of the mighty spear I was firmly grasping my musket, and instead of the rich oriental costume I was clothed in the humble garb of a Tennessee farmer.

The Corporal had caught me asleep upon my post and the penalty is death, but the Corporal, being a fellow of great magnanimity of character and a kind and humorous withal simply remarked "Now I guess you will give me chestnuts". I don't think he ever related the circumstances to any living mortal till some two years subsequent. I related to a story-telling squad myself.

On that day we continued our journey to Columbia, arriving about late in the evening and camping in the various vacant houses. I think we remained there on the next day again and until the next morning. That night, however, I slept in the office of a lawyer whose name I have forgotten. Captain Hinson and a few others of the Company being also of the party. A member of the Kentucky Legislature talked with us an hour or two, making himself very agreeable and interesting to our party, and then left us to ourselves.

On the next morning we were aroused early with the information that our troops at Greensburg were threatened by

the approach of a Rebel Army, and that our assistance was required at that place.

There was a slight rain falling and had been for a greater part of the previous day and night and consequently the roads could at best be in a sad plight for traveling. But we were on the road early and as the rain soon ceased falling the march was not so disagreeable. We went about fifteen miles on the Campbellsville Pike, and then turned off to the left in the direction of Greensburg and marched till near sunset and which could not have been less than ten miles from the Pike and then we struck the Campbellsville and Greensburg Road.

There a sight met our eyes that we were not prepared for, viz., the Greensburg troops were falling back to Campbellsville and were going in a totally perfect specimen of a "hasty retreat". Ah, but our boys were mad in earnest, and they would with a much greater degree of cheerfulness follow Col. Grider to Greensburg than they did to Campbellsville, which place we went to that night, making our whole days' march something very nearly to 35 miles. At any rate, that was the estimate of a citizen of Campbellsville.

Our boys jested with the Greensburg troops so severe concerning the affair that a kind of hardness or antipathy of feeling was sprung up that remained a long time though the private soldiers were not to blame as probably the regimental officers, for all our boys can testify to the subsequent patriotic roles of one regiment of these, viz., 13th Kentucky Infantry, at the Battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, April 7, 1862.

We turned up on the Campbellsville Road and now that we were relieved of the excitement incidental to the prospect of a battle, we began to feel very much fatigue and many of the Regiment did not get into town that night. As for myself, I with great difficulty managed to arrive there and there found a very substantial supper prepared for me.

In consequence of having left our blankets, by orders, at Columbia, I did not rest very well tonight and most of the boys were considerably inconvenienced from the same fact.

We remained at Campbellsville a few days doing little of consequence but loafing around and nothing of interest occurring...unless we should remark that a detachment of the Greensburg Calvary that had been in that direction on a scout came dashing into town one day in the greatest haste, and evincing great alarm - some without hats and the ominous appearance of a few riderless horses along with them. They had run upon a squad of Rebels some miles out, and getting defeated had galloped back, losing some of their party, but I now disremember who or how many.

It was about this time that a new incident was provided for the calendar list (if the date had not been lost) by the arrival of one of that famous rebel organizations known as "Bull Pups". I gazed upon him with more eager curiosity than I did upon first seeing the elephant, or other wild animals. He was a nice looking man and well dressed, and exceedingly well mannered. Had been captured by one Miller Hayes of Monroe County, Kentucky. Col. Grider took possession of his splendid charger and rode him till after the Battle of Shiloh, but I have forgotten what disposition was finally made of him.

I wrote the name of Miller Hayes in my journal as one of the heroes of the war, so much importance did I attach to this little incident, and indeed the greatest importance was attached to incidents of the most trivial (if warlike) nature, not detracting any from the praise due Mr. Hayes, for in capturing this Bull Pup heavily armed as he was, he (Hayes) did more than almost any other citizen in the same circumstances would have done.

We remained at Campbellsville a few more days and then took up our line of march for Columbia. We got there all right without accident in life or limb and in a few days commenced setting up tents and preparing for soldiering in reality, sleeping in unoccupied houses about town in the meantime, drilling considerably and learning but little except how to eat badly cooked provisions. Our rations consisted principally in flour and beef, with sometimes a few potatoes or cabbages, and as scarcely any of us had any knowledge or experience in the art of cooking, it was necessarily served very badly and soon began to produce disease among us, aided by our being unaccustomed to the exposure and the appearance of measles in our Camp.

It was at this time that "hard times" set in to have his turn at our poor fellows. Every day sent new patients to the hospitals and the duty list was getting materially decreased. About this time I saw the first battalion drills and something like an appearance of real military order began to spring up among us. A vigilant Camp Guard was kept posted at all times which it was death to violate; the regular calls were all observed. Grand Rounds were made every night - dress parade a thing of every day occurrence and all rules coming down pretty heavily.

Recruits were also coming in in great numbers and the prospect was that we would soon have a full Regiment; and it is a significant fact that our Regiment could have been filled with picked men, young, able bodied, and healthy. But all were accepted that applied; old crippled, infirm, etc., and the consequence was that many of them never did any real service.

On the 3rd day of November I did my first regular day's work at the kitchen, and it fell to my lot to work dough, and you must remember that it was flour dough. I think it was as disagreeable a day's work as I did in that year. The rain fell continually from morning till night, and I was thoroughly dressed, drenched. And when night came I had such a bad opinion of my cleanliness (although I did the best I could) that I could not eat that I had cooked; and went over to town and bought a chicken and some biscuits from "Old Pete" and made a splendid supper on them. I then went to a room occupied by some others of our Company, and taking off my clothes, hung them up around the stove and by midnight had them dried and then spread my blankets and commenced negotiations with old Morephus, asking a few hours sleep, which was kindly granted.

Slept soundly till a late hour the next morning and then repaired to Camp; and to other duties besides that of cooking, but feeling very badly in regard to bodily health, yet I had been with the measles for several days and was not to be surprised if I took it at any moment. Notwithstanding, my feeling of general disability continued, I still kept about but not able for duty, and spent my time in laying around and eating scarcely anything and suffering considerably till the 6th.

That was a fine day, and everything had gone off smoothly, and I and several others of the Company had gone over to town to sleep. We took a room on the southwest side of the Public Square upstairs and had kindled a fire in the stove, and getting the room heated to a comfortable degree had all commenced the evening amusement of telling stories of history and tradition, and singing pieces of war and religion, when a citizen hastened upstairs and informed us that Rebel soldiers were in the suburbs of town and that we had better hasten away or we might be captured. Giving full confidence to the validity of the information, we all hastened downstairs and double-quickened it to the Camp and there we found the Regiment in line of battle "steadily waiting the approach of the enemy." Soon after we came upon the ground and ere we had time to gird on our armor the Regiment was dismissed and the alarm proven to be false.

I never did ascertain the true cause of the alarm, but I think it was the efforts of a drunken teamster attempting to drive over a picket sentinel; and refusing to obey the command to halt was as a matter of course fired upon by the soldier; and reader, the report of a musket in those days of general demoralization was enough to set a whole county to moving. i.e., if any man ever heard the report of the gun without seeing the gun.

I soon returned to town and lay down upon my hard bed, from

which I was destined to arise as an invalid, for I awoke a little after midnight and was suffering from acute pains in my limbs and dull aching sensation in my head. An early examination by Dr. A. J. Clements pronounced me to be suffering from an attack of measles and I was immediately placed on the sick list.

I had no appetite for anything to eat, but thinking that I should eat something, I went over to the residence of that honest, clever and loyal citizen, Judge Wheat, and called for some cornbread baked in a peculiar style; it was served on short notice and just as I had ordered it, free of charge, and on occasions after that, in the same town I paid other citizens for the small amount of one teacup full of milk and mush.

Now I do not claim that a citizen is under obligation to furnish the soldier anything he may ask for, but I do think that when a soldier is prostrate upon a bed of sickness, far from home and friends with no mother to prepare his cordials or smooth his pillow, no sister to give him kind words of encouragement, and point him to Him who rules all nature, and without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the ground, or to speak to him of happy days when he will again be hale and stout and ready to participate in the amusements of or business of life. In this case I think the citizen, if he can do so without sacrificing more than the worth of a cup of milk and mush, should render the soldier some assistance. The value of the article is of no importance to the soldier, but when you give it to him, it makes him know that you sympathize with him in his sufferings and I tell you, openly-evinced sympathy on the part of the citizen for the sick soldier is one of the greatest balms that can be administered.

But what a depraved creature man is! For it is a significant fact that while I lay in the hospital at Columbia (17 days) I never once, as I now recollect, saw a citizen of Columbia within its walls, and I am positive there was not a single lady in there. Oh woman! Would that my pen had the powers of Byron's, Shakesphere's or Milton's that I might here pay a tribute to you who are women. Would you soothe the soldier when he is prostrated on the bed of sickness, racked with acute pain and scorched with burning fevers? Would you make his path easy when he is about to "shuffle off this mortal coil" and go into regions of Eternity, and would you prepare him for this great transition? Would you make many a weary moment while on the convalescent couch, be to him as dreams of bliss? Then go to the hospitals. Your presence alone will do him good. Be with him in the first stroke of disease; in the awful hand of death or in the doubtful state of convalescence. But let us resume.

I ate a few morsels of my bread and then returned to the room where I had slept the night before and which was to be converted into a hospital and spread my blanket upon the floor and thereon stretched my aching body, an invader among strangers; no opportunity of communicating with friends at home, by mail or otherwise, unaccustomed to sickness and a stranger to the treatment I would in all probability receive, and as yet no nurse appointed for my room.

Now, my patient reader, this was enough to depress stouter minds than mine, enough to prostrate more healthy physical frames than mine and consequently it must not be wondered at that I became slightly depressed in spirit and awfully weakened in body. The sick list increased with such fearful rapidity that ere night the room was filled with patients, all cases of measles. I think there were about 15 in the room and it not more than 20 feet square, and we lay till the third day ere we even got straw to put under our blankets.

We finally got this very desirable article though and then by sleeping two together (for we had only one blanket each) we could keep tolerably warm, but I can't say comfortable for that is impossible with two sick persons lying in the same bed. The stench was horrible from the fact that the beds were simply a continuation of the straw pile around the room, and that we lay with our heads close to the wall and our bodies close to and parallel with each other. We could not have the advantages of spittoons which if ever needed, are in cases of measles, and consequently were subjected to the necessity of spitting against the wall. This was not washed more than twice in a week. Our diet was of a very inferior quality for sick persons, but I do not now recollect the bill of fare.

Now I am not making this story of our hospital experience as a complaint against the Government or the officers of our Regiment, but simply to show that the privations endured by the troops that came out under the first call were in a measure unknown to those of a subsequent date.

At that time we did not enjoy the benefits of that great institution known as the U. S. Sanitary Commission, were 40 miles from railroad transportation, not a government wagon had yet come into the possession of the Regiment, and as a matter of necessity no comforts could be provided for the sick, only as obtained from the surrounding country, and I tell you that was a very limited quantity.

The Medical Department was rather badly served and I never could account for it unless it was on account of the bad health of our Chief Surgeon, J. R. Duncan. I never saw him but three times while confined to my room, and then he was just making tours of inspection. I never took a dose of medicine while in that room, ere my father came except cough

drops, and Dover's powders, for the prescription invariably consisted of Blue Mass Calomel, Quinine, or all combined, and as I had been bred in the physio-medical faith these mercurial prescriptions were truly alarming to me; but the M.D.'s were kind enough to allow me my own judgment in the matter, and that always dictated to me to let the mercury alone.

I think I had been in the hospital about four days when the measles began to "break out". But it only appeared on the surface to a very small extent and soon "went in", leaving me in a bad condition. I would have sent for my father but the refugees that were continually coming and going reported him to be in very bad health, so as not to be able to ride, therefore I urged everyone to tell him that I was improving and would soon be well. Finally, the great amount of cold I had taken fell on my lungs and I was rendered unable to speak above a faint whisper.

Yet, On the morning after I found myself in this condition, I forwarded a letter to my father informing him that I was still in bad health, but no worse and would probably soon be about again.

I kept in good spirits nearly all the time, and was confident that I would get well, yet everyone that saw me at this time said that it looked like a gone case with me, and I now think that I would not have recovered had it not been for the kind and diligent attentions of the nurses, and two of them in particular, viz., B. H. Waddle and Samuel Steel, both of my Company. Steel provided for my comfort by stirring my straw, cooling my tea, roasting apples, warming my blankets, and in numerous ways contributed to my comfort with a magnanimity and generosity of heart that is as a general thing a stranger to hospital nurses. Waddle could go to the citizens and by dint of perseverance in the face of their Rebel proclivities, could procure such articles as milk, milk and mush, butter, pickles (to drive out the abominable measles taste), canned fruit and various vegetables which other persons delegated by me on the same mission had signally failed in and it was this that kept me alive, for I loathed the regular foods furnished by the hospital cooks with such an intensity that I verily believe I would have starved to death in the sight of plenty of it.

The rash in my mouth was so bad that I could not swallow anything that had to be chewed, and thus my reason for preferring milk and mush to any other diet. About 9:00 at night of the third day after writing the last-mentioned letter, I was startled by a seemingly somewhat familiar voice inquiring for me in the room, but it was impossible for me to recognize it. The person came to where I was laying in the corner of the room and asked after my health, etc., and then if I did not yet recognize him. I coolly told him I did not, and asked the nurse to bring the candle, when Lo! it was

Father. Gentle reader, I have all through my life had reasons to be thankful to Him who rules all and have many times enjoyed His benevolence to such an extent as to make me truly happy, but never in my life was I so filled with thankfulness to Almighty God, and as transported with the most estatic joy as I was on that night when I saw Father in my room; in that little dark room where I had passed the darkest and most doubtful period of my life.

I rose in valor of strength according to my own estimation about 50% in an exceedingly short space of time. Father had come all the way from home that day, a distance of about 60 miles and seemed to not be much wearier by it either, although it was the first time he had been on horseback for four weeks on account of ill health. He could now tell me all about my brother Thomas' arrest and imprisonment by the Rebel Colonel Head and of his subsequent trial and release, all of which I heard of soon after it happened (Nov. 1st and 5th), and which had caused me a deal of trouble and into mental suffering.

After administering some stimulating teas and leaving directions for me to take more, Father, for want of room in the hospital to lie down, went to a hotel and remained all night. On the next morning he went to that kind, generous and caring old lady, viz., the widow Epperson, and engaged a room for him and myself till I should get well, having already procured a permit from the surgeon, J. R. Duncan, to remove me to a private house. But the weather was so inclement during the day that it was thought inadvisable to remove me, and I had to remain till after dark when the wind growing calm, and the air becoming warmer I was transferred to Mrs. Epperson's, and once more was blessed with the privilege of laying on a good bed, though I was first careful to put on a new change of underclothing which my father had procured for me that day and which was the first change of clothes I had had in three weeks.

That was a delicious night's rest indeed and had it not been for my very bad cough, it would have been one of uninterrupted. I then remained here just one week and during the time (Nov. 26th) was mustered into the U. S. Service. Also I drew a full suit of government clothing, and notwithstanding my weakness, I persisted in the purpose of immediately donning them to see how they became me. I was very well satisfied with my appearance, with the exception of the leanness of my face, and thought that when it got "filled out" I would be the most perfect personification of a hero.

But I must not engross your attention altogether with myself, but give at least a passing notice to the other equally suffering and deserving boys of the Regiment. Disease had by this time thrown scores of them into the hospitals, and deaths were becoming matters of not infrequent occurrence.

Friends were daily arriving from home, but that was often the cause for fresh trouble instead of pleasure; for each one of them brought fresh news of some depredation committed by the Rebels in our county. The draft had been made in Tennessee and a large number upon whom it fell were leaving the country and coming to Columbia; thus was our condition rendered deplorable in more senses than one.

The boys that had been all the time healthy had not the greatest reason in the world for not wanting to change their condition, for the weather had been remarkably rainy all the time and they were encamped on ground of such a nature that the water was not quickly absorbed, and so level that it could not be "ditched off", and as a consequence they had a perfect swamp at all times. Our force, in the meanwhile, had been considerably increased by the arrival of the 19th Ohio Volunteer Infantry and 59th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 13th and 21st Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, and soon afterwards by a battery of artillery of what regiment I do not know. We were therefore a pretty formidable party and any attempt to oust us must, to be successful, have been made by at least a respectable party.

Also, the 5th Kentucky Calvary was being organized here and was pretty well filled, but about this time they had become slightly dissatisfied with the general movement of affairs, and the prospect that they would have trouble in their camps now seemed very strong; and at a subsequent date a large number of them did leave without leave, but did not remain away very long.

CHAPTER V

On Saturday, the 30th day of November, I and Father left Columbia to go to the country to the residence of Mr. J. R. Akin, he having agreed to board me awhile. We went out 4 miles into the country and in consequence of my great weakness, stopped at the residence of a widow woman named Scott to stay all night. Had good fare and some real living specimens of the Kettle Creek folks to call after supper for another supper, six of them and a jolly crowd, going to Columbia to enlist in the Army.

Paid our bill and started next morning to Mr. Akin's, yet five miles away, and arrived there about noon and was favorably impressed from the beginning with the kindness of Mrs. Akin, who immediately took charge of me and said that she knew that she could cure me right away.

On this day I began to find myself able to speak in a slightly audible voice, but with great effort, and I improved very fast in my speech from that time forward and soon could talk as well as ever.

I improved in health very slowly from this time forward, notwithstanding I had every care and attention that the inventiveness of a very kind and intelligent lady could bestow on me, and such "physicianness" my Father could do.

After some days I began to walk about a little and then my Father (and brother who had come up some days since) concluded to go home and leave me with the Akin family.

There was no lack of a sufficiency of young people in the neighborhood, and they all used every effort to make me comfortable and seemed to vie with each other in bestowing favors upon me. I shall ever revert with grateful remembrance to the pleasant hours I spent in the society of these generous, magnanimous, and intelligent young people. Some of them were to see me almost every day, and of evenings they would get up quiet amusements of such a nature that I could participate and thus they made the long hours of weakness and affliction roll away very smoothly.

One day I was sitting in the door tugging away at a large piece of molasses candy and enjoying the sport very much, when very much to my surprise, Father made his appearance at the door with a "shelaly" in his hand and making gestures as though he intended to give me a little gentle admonition for some offense unknown to me. I could see from the old fellow's countenance that he was not very mad and consequently I did not break. After comparing notes, it seems that he had been about as equally surprised as myself, for a report had reached him to the effect that I was

dangerously low and not expected to survive but a few days. I believed it was false as soon as I heard it, but nevertheless I kept my tongue still. He had no news of great interest to speak to me about - only that "Woolford's Cavalry" had broken open the Macon County Jail and taken therefrom all the arms the rebels had collected from the county and stowed away there.

There was great alarm among the Rebels lest the indomitable Woolford should do more mischief, but he was never heard from again in that quarter. The deed had been accomplished just a few nights previous and not by Woolford, but by the yeomanry of Macon and Monroe Counties. The whole affair promised to go off very nicely and did for the time being, but it would have been a fact of great significance if there had been no traitors in the party. At any rate, the whole thing and many of the men's names were soon after divulged and Col. Bennett, with his Cavalry Regiment of Rebels came up to Lafayette and arrested every Union in Macon County nearby, accused all of being participators, and had some of them tried and condemned to die by hanging, but they were spared through the intervention of some influential persons on condition that they would bring back a certain number of the arms. I think this was the terms, but not positive.

My Father and brother were arrested also, but both proved clearly to the Colonel's mind that they were not concerned in the affair. At the time of his arrest (this was subsequent to the visit I have just spoken of made to me by my Father) my Father was suffering with a very severe and torturing sore known as a "carbuncle" and had not been able to walk for some days, in consequence of the pain it gave him. Notwithstanding all this, the brutes that came to arrest him compelled him to go to Lafayette on horseback, a distance of twelve miles, starting at about 10:00 a.m., and the commander of this squad of rather indifferent brutes had the audacity to insult my Father by speaking lightly of his sufferings, and also by making some slang remarks concerning myself and of the fact of my being a soldier in what he termed "the Lincoln Army", saying that I had "gone to Abraham's bosom".

This band also took my Father's rifle, but Col. B. had magnanimity enough to return it. Those were days when the rebels ruled with a heavy hand in our devoted little County (Macon). There was an enrolling officer for the County and sub-enrolling officers for the sub-districts, and these sub-enrolling officers assumed more importance and authority by the favors of their offices than Jeff Davis did in his. They were a brave set of gentlemen, also. For evidence of this assertion I can state that the one for our District made it convenient to come to Father's house after his gun when he was certain that he had been some days up at Columbia with me. But thanks to the wise precaution of Black Ben, the gun

was resting quietly beneath a straw stack and could not be found.

The Rebels were crowing everywhere, and felt confident that ere another twelve-month had lapsed the independence of the Southern Confederacy would be peaceably acknowledged and we Tennesseans that had enlisted in the Federal Army, together with all our natural kinsfolk that were Union in sentiment would be forced to seek an asylum north of Mason and Dixon's line.

If I ever were to be caught by the rebel authorities, I was to be tried as a deserter, for at the first draft (two months after I had been in the Federal Army) I was drafted. Such is Southern Chivalry, Southern Equity and Southern "rights". But such a doom was not destined for me, and I have since shaken hands with the very gentlemen that were then so desirous to take me, and now "of all men they are the most miserable."

But I am degressing too far and will resume. Father did not remain but a few days this time and accordingly set out for home. On the night of the same day he left, I was violently attacked with gravel and then I suffered the most acute and distressing misery it has ever been my lot to undergo, and had it not have been for the knowledge of old Mrs. Akin in such affairs, it might have resulted worse than it did. She subjected me to a series of bathings for about an hour and then completely enveloped me in hot rocks. I was to some extent rendered easy, but by no means entirely so. On the next evening I concluded to take an emetic, much against the opinion of Mrs. Akin, who was a decided enemy to lobelia in any form; but I took it, and not knowing how to administer it in my weak state, it proved a very serious looking affair and we all became alarmed. Now, for the first time I became thoroughly disheartened and gave up to die, and of all the miserable men on the earth it is one that is under a defection of spirits to an excessive degree. I believed that I was a going to die and still was not sick enough to want to die, and consequently was in a most miserable condition. Sometimes I fancied that my heart ceased to beat for several minutes in succession, and every half hour in the day I could put my hand to my left breast to ascertain if my heart was still moving. But according to the wisdom of a just God, I didn't die, but was a long time getting a proper start towards improvement again.

By some means or other, Father got an inkling of the fresh attack and here he came again on the wings of speed, but did not arrive till the crisis had passed and Dr. Taylor had pronounced me in a condition to get well, but I was yet suffering considerably, and such continual sickness tended to depress my spirits and make me inclined to be peevish and whindling.

In a few days Father went home again and I was again improving to some extent and wanting to eat everything that I could think of and did not have. About this time I received a letter from Captain Bryan stating that there was yet a great amount of sickness in the camp; that five of the Company had died and many more were very low. This did not tend to reassure me any, for I had begun to entertain thoughts of going back to Camp for it seemed that I could not get well out in this country. But Mr. and Mrs. Akin prevailed with me to stay till about the 16th day of January when I vowed I must go to the Camp, and old Mr. Akin fixed up and carried me out. I had no particular desire to go to Camp, for I was far from being well yet, but I simply wanted to change water and diet, etc. to see if that would not start my physical system on the road to health and strength once more. I had now been sick over two months and with the best care that could be given. I would not be well enough for duty many days short of a month, but I went to the Camp and reported to Capt. Bryan for duty, and was marked immediately on the sick list.

I was pleased with the new position on which the Camp had been pitched since I went to the hospital in November. It was placed on an elevated, rolling piece of ground in an open field, but so near a thick wood that it was no trouble to keep a sufficient quantity of firewood. The Camps were also well laid off, and had we been experienced then as we afterwards were, many a poor fellow would now be alive and well and a comfort to his friends and relatives. That is gone from the earth to try the awfulness of Eternity. The men slept on piles of straw laid on the ground and not changed more than once in every two weeks. Since that experience has taught us that it is better to lay on a pile of sticks than on straw thrown on the ground, when in regular camp.

I never saw a bed in the whole camp that was raised from the ground, except Major Hinson's. The tents were also very badly ditched, the trenches in many instances being barely sufficient to keep water from running under the straw, and not deep enough to have the best effect upon the moisture of the earth inside the tent. A considerable improvement had been made in the cooking line since I left the Camp. The Companies were now divided off into messes of 15 men each and each mess allowed two cooks who cooked, one each day alternatively. A corporal was put in charge of each mess, and was responsible for its good behavior. Soldierly deportment, cleanliness, etc., and indeed considering the length of time they had been soldiering, the boys were doing right well, and were rapidly advancing into the mysteries of the soldier's duties; at least they thought so, but alas for human shortsightedness, how badly they were mistaken!

A great many were yet sick in the hospitals, and a considerable number had been returned to duty, but of these a very few were able to even take care of themselves. On the next evening after I arrived in Camp, a general order came for all who were able to walk to fall into line and be marched to the creek and there everyone must take off his clothing and plunge into the stream; no matter if he had only been out of the hospital one day. Now this did not suit me very well, but nevertheless, I was always remarkable for obeying orders, and I accordingly "fell in" and went to the river, but was scarcely able to get there, and then I took off my upper garments and washed the upper part of my body, but did not plunge in, mind you, but the Captain excused me on account of protracted illness. I never could vouch for the wisdom of this act, for while it might have been beneficial to the larger portion and would be to all if regularly adhered to, it resulted fatally in a few instances.

Company and Battalion drills were now kept up with great regularity, 2 hours in the morning and two in the evening respectively. The troops were advancing in the science with great alacrity, and promised soon to be efficient for any service.

Religious ceremonies were held every Sunday by Parson Rush of the Methodist or Baptist Church, and whose residence was Munfordville. After a few Sundays some of the boys got tired of listening to the (to them) uninteresting services, and in all probability they may have cherished a personal dislike for the parson also. At any rate, on the first Sunday after I arrived, a goodly number considered they would stay at home and do their own preaching for their own special benefit, and as a consequence when the services were over I looked accidentally toward the guardhouse and saw about 50 men "marking time" at common, quick and double-quick time "first one and then tother", rendering the affair rather amusing.

Several men had also deserted by this time, and a general dissatisfaction had seized upon all because we were not allowed to go back to our own immediate country. We could not see the propriety of laying inactive a whole winter at an unimportant point when the rights of our own personal firesides were being every day desecrated and this being arranged by some brutal outrage of rebel partisans.

In consequence of my feeble health and the inadequate comforts our (privates) tents afforded us, Major Hinson, as kind hearted a man as ever was, invited me to share his tent and bed and as he had a stove, plank floor, table, plenty of straw and other conveniences, I gladly accepted the invitation and in this manner things rolled on smoothly for nearly a month, and during this month I think I received but one direct communication from home and that was in the form of pies, custards, cakes, and sweetmeats of various

descriptions, sent by the kindness of Mrs. William Holland, Sr. This was about the 9th day of February and in consequence of an order to take charge of a mess that had no non-commissioned officer. I was necessarily compelled to move my sleeping from the Major's tent to Mess No. 3 (?) and suffered so much with cold on the first night that in the next day my cough was much worse and by the morning of the 12th I could perceive that I was again growing weaker and my health gradually failing.

I think it was on the 12th that the joyful news came, "Orders," "Have two days rations cooked and be ready to march out tomorrow morning. Whoopee!" Immediately there was a thousand tongues speculating over the good news, and the only cause of trouble was they did not know which of the two places they were going to, Tompkinsville or Scottsville, it being a fact that would not admit of doubt that they were going to one of the two places. That was indeed a busy evening of preparation. Rations were drawn, divided and given to the men. Cooks were flying around ordering this one to bring water, that one to bring wood and a third to do something else. All was in a confused hurry of getting things ready for packing, etc. As for myself, I took only a partial interest in the proceedings for it was decided that I could not go with the Regiment and consequently I could only feel pleased to see the others going. That night I could sleep very little in consequence of the violent fits of coughing that seized me every time I attempted to lay down.

On the next morning everything was astir long ere daylight, and by sunrise the tents had been struck and packed, cooking vessels collected, and everything stowed carefully away in the wagons, and the men fully equipped were in line and ready to move off, which they soon did, leaving myself and a score of convalescents to gaze with longing eyes after the beautiful lines of blue as they made their disappearance over the distant hills, going in the direction of the "Sunny South" where treason reigns supreme. Oh, how I wished to go with them and never let the Regiment march a single mile without I were along at my post and ready to do my duty, and by this time it began to look to me as if I were not a going to pay Uncle Sam for the expenses I would help to incur.

With tearful eyes, I finally saw the Regiment go out of view and then with a heavy heart I turned my course toward the hospital to report. I was ordered to do the best I could in common with the others till some hospital tents could be erected and prepared for our reception. I went to Mrs. Epperson's to get my dinner, and of supper I took nothing and went over to the tents before referred to and found them to be very comfortable considering there was no fire.

Had a very pleasant night's rest and on awaking and turning out next morning, was surprised to find a frozen snow on the

ground. This began to look bad again, for we had no stove, no stout persons to help us get wood, and had to walk near one-half of a mile to the hospital to obtain our meals, but were not able to do that this morning, for coming out of the close tents we were soon very cold and now hastened on to get to the fire. When I got into the hospital I was most sincerely confused by some person asking me if I had seen my father yet. Good, thought I, and said is he here, and received an affirmative answer to the effect that he had been searching the hospitals early that morning for me. I guessed where he was stopping at, and pushing aside a dish of beef soup, thickened with cornmeal, I started in search of him and soon found him, and back we went to his boarding house (Mr. Page's) and I again got a good breakfast.

Father said he had come to take me home this time, and when I reminded him of military authority and the order to grant no more furloughs, he simply said that I should go home and ordered me to be ready to march early on tomorrow morning.

After I had done my breakfast, he said "let us go to the Doctor's office." We went to the door and that magnanimous, kind-hearted, generous, easy-tempered old fellow known as Dr. Thomas R. W. Jeffray would not even let us come into his room although the morning was very chilly. And years after this event when I was a commissioned officer, this same magnanimous, kind-hearted, generous, easy-tempered old fellow known as Dr. Thos. R. W. Jeffray would speak of my severe illness at Columbia and dwell largely on his generosity in letting me come home. And I really believe that if the affair had been entirely in Dr. Jeffray's charge that my bones would today be rotting beneath the soil of Adair County, Kentucky.

Father simply remarked that this was as good as he expected, but that he simply did it out of respect for the old fool's shoulder straps, and that he would next try Brig. Gen. Boyle, who is at any rate a perfect gentleman. I stepped into a store to warm myself and wait the result of the interview with the General, and soon saw Father coming back with an expression on his face that indicated perfect success, and which proved to be the case.

I then returned to Mrs. Page's residence and Father to the country to make a search for Uncle Nathan Woodcock, who had been left sick by a road working party, and he ascertained that Uncle Nathan had started to the Regiment on the same morning it marched and was ere thus undoubtedly with it.

On Thursday the 15th day of February I sat out for home in company with my Father. We traveled that day about 20 miles, stopping at night with a gentleman by the name of Bragg, 5 miles from Edmontown, but on the old Columbia Road. Riding on horseback seemed to agree with me, and though it is

irregular, it is true that riding all day seemed to strengthen instead of wearying me. At any rate, I felt a considerable percent better in health and strength at the end of my journey than when I sat out in the morning. We were well fed and lodged and kindly treated by Mr. and Mrs. Bragg during our stay, but were off again next morning, and on that day went as far as the residence of Rev. L. A. Smithwick, a firm and fearless Union man, and one for whom I had great respect and esteem. He had formerly been my teacher and is also an ordained minister of the Missionary Baptist Church.

We got there about 10 o'clock p.m., and I called upon Mrs. Smithwick for some eggbread in the preparation of which article she was, in my humble opinion, unsurpassed. Supper was soon forthcoming and as quickly dispatched, and then I was into bed and asleep, but my cough was so very violent that I could not rest well.

Next morning I was off again and by 12:00 noon, oh, joy! I was home. Now it may appear simple to you, reader, that I should feel any great pleasure in arriving at home when I had been absent only 4 months and one-half and during all that time, except a few days, had been within sixty miles of home, and at no time over eighty. But you must recollect that I had been kept at home or near about there all my life, and previous to the date connected with the beginning of this narrative, I had never been thirty miles from home. Neither had I ever been permanently absent from home for more than two weeks in succession. And you must also recollect that during this last tour I had much to render home dear to me and to teach me what it was worth. But if you are a soldier, no explanation is necessary. My disease had about the first of this month (February 1862) assumed a most malignant form of that almost incurable disease, chronic diarrhea, and that accounts for me being able to ride so far on horseback, while in such low state of health.

I was so reduced in flesh that Mother positively asserted "that if she had met me at a time and place entirely unexpected, she would not have recognized me."

It was several days ere I began to recuperate, either in strength or flesh, for the disease had become so deeply impregnated through my system that it was a matter of great difficulty to work it out.

Old friends were in to see me every day and I got almost worn out relating to them all the incidents connected with the history of the Regiment that I could think of; also giving a full detail of how a man could get naturalized to cooking; how funny he must undoubtedly look, and how awkward; how did I like to sleep in a tent; what did we have to eat, and was it good; how did I like soldiering, etc.

Finally, my health had so far returned that I began to ride about a little and this caused me to improve finely, and I was soon fattening equal to a Berkshire with a plenty of still slop. I remained at home till the 27th day of April following, but nothing of interest occurred to me during the whole term that would pay to include in this work, except that on the 18th of April I had started to the Regiment via Nashville and when I arrived nearly to Gallatin here learned that I could not go to my Regiment by that route, but that I would have to go to Louisville and there take a steamer to Pittsburg Landing. The reader undoubtedly knows that during this time the memorable, bloody but indecisive battle of Pittsburg Landing had been fought, which resulted in a glorious victory to our Armies, but in all probability that reader doesn't know that the 9th Kentucky was in this Battle and that they lost many men in killed and wounded.

When I heard of this Battle, my nerves were strung to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the praise that was allotted by all to the "Brave 9th Kentucky".

My only regret was that I was not there myself. Now I do not make any pretensions to valor or claim that I am anything to be placed in the line of heroes, but it is a significant fact that when a Regiment has its first battle all those that are necessarily away and have never seen a fight, as a general thing sincerely regret that they were not there, and the feeling will last to the very battlefield. I think, or rather knew, that the first battle a man participates in causes less fear than any subsequent one. He has no idea of battle. He may have read the most powerful efforts of the best Historian to make a perfect description of a battle, yet he never has one correct idea of the confusion, noise, tumult and excitement incidental to a battle till he has been in the midst of one.

I had been in a tumult to get away ever since the news of this battle came to hand, and having failed in my first attempt, had resolved to be certain about the matter ere I sat out again. On Sunday, the 27th day of April, I went to Gamaliel to church and there learned that our Regimental Sutlers, Harling and Ray, were going to start to the Regiment on the next morning. I immediately resolved to meet them at the depot at Cave City and have their company on the route.

I saw a good many of my former schoolmates today, and many warm recollections of former days flitted through my mind as I grasped their proffered hands and listened to their candid greetings and witnessed their manifestations of pleasure.

Oh, how I regretted inwardly that I could not stay away all the time, but I put a good face on the matter, spoke lightly of the fact that I was to leave home and happiness for the scene of strife and blood tomorrow, and assumed the

appearance of one who was enjoying himself finely. Or, in other words, regretted nothing and was simply glad that I was a soldier.

Some painful remembrances also cause me to revert occasionally to that day, but I am forgetting all that I can.

I return home in the evening with a kind of mingled feeling of joy and sorrow for Gentle Reader, I was very anxious to see the boys of my Company, and consequently was glad that I would soon have the opportunity. But alas! for this pleasure I must sacrifice a greater; must change the pleasant fireside for the cheerless camp; must give up old associations for the society of strangers; must leave parents, brothers and sisters, and all that was dear by blood probably never more to be with them; must now prepare to endure the tenfold hardships, trials, dangers and disease attendant upon a soldier's career.

CHAPTER VI

Monday, April 28th I started again for the Army in company with my fellow soldier, John M. Holland, and we were attended by two other gentlemen who were going with us to Cave City to bring our horses back. By hard - or rather steady -riding, we got to Cave City that night and in the meanwhile had stopped near two hours at Glasgow. There we met up with Maj. Hinson, who was on his way home from the Army, having resigned in consequence of a difficulty between himself and Col. B. C. Grider. This was a source of much trouble to me, for Maj. Hinson was one of my most particular friends, and had shown me many little favors without which I would have been inconvenienced in body and in mind.

After giving me all the particulars incident to his resignation, he remarked "but do not think that because I cannot agree with Col. Grider that he is not a worthy man. On the contrary, he is one of the bravest and most efficient regimental commanders in our Division."

At Cave City we stopped with the family of Mr. C. Roberts and found his wife to be a lady of great intellectual worth and merit, and moreover that she was loyal as was also her husband and during the occupation of the place by the Rebels in the preceding winter they had left home and had returned at the appearance of our troops to find their house almost completely divested of everything that had been left in it, and it was well furnished. Their once beautiful yard had been torn up by Rebel Calvary - flower beds and everything pertaining to beauty and usefulness destroyed.

On our offering next morning to pay for lodging, etc., our kind hostess informed us that she could accept no remuneration from any Federal Soldier for so small a consideration as a night's lodging. Accordingly, after returning her our most earnest thanks for her kindness, we took our leave to repair to the railroad nearby and wait the approach of the up train from Nashville for Louisville. During the intervening time, we amused ourselves by examining the depot, freight boxes, ruins of a large hotel burned by the Rebels, and such other objects of interest as presented themselves to us.

At 1:30 p.m. the Engineer's whistle announced the approach of the train, the down train having passed some minutes before, thus we hustled our baggage in an inconceivable degree of haste and made preparations for getting on the train as soon as it should arrive. We were also rather apprehensive as to whether we would be permitted to get on the train, for neither of us had any written authority for being away from our Regiment, except the duplicate certificate of Dr. J. R. Duncan. We had both gone home by verbal permission from Gen.

Boyle, which in these days of inexperience was considered sufficient.

We were doubtful as to whether the civil conductor would transport us without pay, and whether the military conductor would pay us. When the train stopped we made a hasty compromise with the lieutenant in charge of prisoners and he told us to mix with the guard which he commanded and take off our knapsacks and that we would not be noticed. The deception was perfectly successful and unmolested we both took our first railroad ride, for it was a fact that neither of us had ever mounted a railroad train till on that the 29th day of April, 1862.

Arrived at Louisville in the evening on time and then after eluding the patrol guard at the depot by telling them we had furloughs, and they not being vigilant enough to demand them to be produced, we took our pack and went to Maj. Flint's headquarters to receive further instructions, and my friend Holland went into Maj. Flint's office to attend to our business in that quarter while I was attempting to make satisfactory terms with the hack driver with whom I was about to have some trouble in consequence of his refusal to accept for pay my Tennessee money, and in consequence of my having none of any other kind except \$0.30 in species. We finally made a conclusion of the matter by my throwing him the specie and starting off after Holland who was calling to me to hurry as Maj. Flint had informed him that there was a boat then at the wharf loading with soldiers and would start almost immediately. Accordingly, we hastened to the wharf and onto the boat where we found several of our Regiment on board who had been on furlough like ourselves and were now returning to their command. They pretty quickly satisfied our eager curiosity by showing us all over the boat and by telling us that we would have hard bread, bacon and coffee for fare; would have to sleep on deck; and moreover that the boat would not leave that place till the next day, which last assertion rather pleased us for we had a natural desire to see a little more of Louisville.

I was never so completely mystified in my life as I was on coming up from the supper room and finding that dark had come on, the many thousand lights of the city, and boats at the wharf, all in a confused commotion on every side of me almost made me think I was in fairyland. Never had I before, nor ever have I since enjoyed a scene after dark so much as I did that. And amid all this grandeur my mind, after considering all, would naturally revert to itself and to myself.

What was I? Amid all this mess of animated and inanimated matter representing every quality and trade in America, or probably in the world. What was I? A poor private soldier of a Volunteer Regiment who can boast of nothing but a desire to succeed in life and that with such correctness that there

will surely be some reward. The natural feeling of insignificance and worthlessness seized upon me and after a long spell of abstractedness, I fell asleep.

On the next morning at about 10:00 April the 30th we left Louisville and started down the beautiful and at this time very large Ohio and arrived at Pittsburg Landing late in the afternoon, May the 2nd.

If it were necessary, I would give a complete list of incidents that occurred on the passage, but as there was nothing of great interest I will in the main forbear. The number of steamers we saw going and returning was astonishing. The great amount of stores that were required for the Army and the fact that it had to all go by steamer, and the present favorable conditions of the river rendered the large number of steamers very easily accounted for.

I formed the acquaintance of a musician of the 77th P.O.V.I. on the passage, and was very much pleased with the conversation, which was principally in regard to the difference of Northern and Southern states as regarded the educating of the youths of the country.

During the day the men would amuse themselves by shooting at ducks and other wild fowls that they might happen to see on the river. There was a good band on the boat, and after everything would get calm at night it would strike up in some of the national tunes that sounded delightful in the swiftly passing air. Our fare was not the best, yet we did very well on it. And as to sleeping, we got very cold every night so that we would occasionally be necessitated to get up and go to the stove in the forepart of the boat. Taking all into consideration, and that this was our first boat ride, and that we were only entitled to soldier's fare, I think we had not much room to grumble and I have done much worse boating since then that was by a big sight, but for the present I was well pleased with my trip.

On the morning of the 3rd day of May we were transferred to another boat and ran up the river to Hamburg where we were put ashore to find our respective commands without any guide, there being two or three hundred carried up there.

Roads led off in any direction almost, and all of them were filled with wagons coming and going from and to the various departments of the Army, but it seemed that none of them belonged to our Department. The reader must not be surprised that it was a difficult matter to find the locality of any particular corps for there was at this time the largest Army by far that was ever mustered in the west encamped between the River and Corinth. As we moved away from the River accidentally striking the right road, we at ever turn saw new evidence of the recent proximity of large bodies of troops,

dead horses and mules, broken cracker boxes, old clothing, torn blankets, remains of arms (such as gun barrels, broken stocks, bent bayonets, fractured locks, worthless cartridge boxes), and occasionally the ugly mark of a rude cannon ball that had impolitely torn a rough path through some monarch of the forest. All these seemed to portend something not very pleasant at the front, or at least that a few days since it would not have been very pleasant to have been about the place just described.

We found water in very small quantities and a very inferior article, generally a small muddy stream that scarcely ran and as warm as could be under the hot sun of a clear May day.

As we advanced, we began to hear an occasional "boom" at the front, which only served to stimulate our inexperienced ideas of fighting, and caused us to summon new resolutions to reach the Regiment that night, but up to 4:00 p.m. we had not obtained any certain clue to its whereabouts. Notwithstanding, we had inquired at Gen. Rosseau's headquarters.

During the whole evening we had encountered large bodies of troops moving towards the front and all the indications were that some important movement was going on.

About sundown, by accident we stumbled upon the advance of our Division just as it was going into camp and after waiting in anxious suspense for a half an hour, our Regiment came up and then we had (of course) a hearty shaking of hands and exchange of greetings of welcome. I found the boys much healthier and in much better spirits than I expected after such bad times down in that land of swamps and Rebels.

As an evidence of the good spirits of the troops and the general characteristic of our going upon anything firing just before we got into Camp, the Brigade in our advance had gone into camp and a rabbit jumping up in their midst, they took after him from all quarters; no matter which way the poor rabbit turned his course, he was met by some careful sentinel that was too punctual to obey orders to let anyone pass them. After a sharp chase and as unearthly loud yelling as human beings could be expected to get up for about one minute, the poor rabbit was taken and immediately the chase was ended, the yelling ceased, and everyone resumed his particular occupation about the mess, either to do some part toward supper or to assist in putting up the tent.

We were in camp by dark, camping in "columns of Companies", and after supper and a long conversation with the boys about affairs at home, I retired to rest on a real soldier's bed. I will not attempt to describe the course of my thoughts during that night, for I slept but very little, but they were confined in too great a measure to myself. The Corporalcy had been taken from me in my absence and given to another

person in consequence of the impression with the Captain that I would not be able for service any more. Now the office is by no means one worth caring for, but then the idea of reduction went against my feelings.

I also mentally surveyed the many new phases that soldiering was appearing in to me and comparing them to my idea of my own physical strength. The result of the deliberations was not very satisfactory. To complete the unsettled state of my mind, towards day the rain began to fall in torrents and I had to be continually shifting positions to keep in the dry. Next morning (to my eye) everything looked desolate indeed. For being restless I was stirring as early as objects could be discerned at any distance, and before any other person was awake. The rain had put out all the fires, tent flies were drooping over the poles as if they were chilled, cooking vessels of various descriptions were scattered around (for the boys had not yet got to stealing from each other). The rain was still falling in a sufficient quantity to wet a person very soon who should expose himself to it, and really I felt dejection of spirit in the fullest meaning of the term.

After a little the reveille was blown and I was surprised to see the wonderful alacrity with which the boys sprung from their blankets and hastened on their clothing, and dashing out of the tent, fell into line to answer to their names at the Roll Call.

After this, much to my astonishment fires were soon blazing in all directions and preparations were going on for breakfast with as much regularity as is sometimes seen about households of no mean pretensions.

I here found that I was acquainted with a very limited number of the members of the Regiment and knew hardly any of the officers at all, and a certain spirit of _____ that I unpretendingly say I invited prevents me from seeking their (the officers') acquaintance. I could not endure that restraint and discipline that compels the private to stand in the attitude of attention till the officer has time to speak with him, and then probably to receive only a cold "no" to his petition, or a sharp order to get out.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal", etc., but this is a great principle of Republicanism usually departed from by the petty officers of the U. S. Volunteer Army at the time of which we are speaking.

Capt. Bryan was sick and had been left back with the wagons on the evening before, but was expected to come up on that day. He was a man whom I doted on till the day of his death, and now had a small present that I had brought him all the