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...Reminiscences...

of

Company "H," First Arkansas Mounted Rifles.

By DR. ROBT. H. DACUS.

[What I have written has been almost entirely from memory, having nothing but the company roll to guide me; and as more than thirty years have elapsed since the incidents recorded occurred, it will not be expected that I am correct in every detail. Yet I am confident that J. K. Perry, L. G. Hart, T. J. McCray, H. C. Cunningham and W. D. Jennings, who were with me, will corroborate, in the main, everything I have written. Neither have I written through egotism, but feeling that someone ought to give to posterity a condensed but true history of every company of Arkansas troops who served in the war. Were this done, and the whole taken and compiled into historical form, it would show the heroic part borne by Arkansas in the great struggle for State supremacy, one of the grandest of all the grand principles of Democracy.—R. H. D.]

Dardanelle, Ark., August 1st, 1897.

CHAPTER I.

COMPANY "H," FIRST ARKANSAS MOUNTED RIFLES.

This company was made up in the spring of 1861, by T. J. Daniels, who was elected captain of the company. It was the first company from this county, and as companies were not lettered at that time (or rather they were not known by their numbers), it was known as Daniels' Company and Churchill's Regiment, and is better known, or remembered, by many of the citizens as Daniels' old company and Churchill's old regiment than by number.

The company went first to Mazard Prairie, near Fort Smith, where they remained for some time, drilling and getting ready for active service, little dreaming of the part they were to take in the bloodshed and carnage that the next four years were to bring forth. At that time all were eager for the command to go forward, fearing the war might end before they had an opportunity of showing to the world their fighting qualities. But alas! subsequent events and the few who were left at the final roll call to tell of the chivalry and valorous deeds of their comrades who had laid down their lives during those four years of the most bloody warfare ever recorded in history, proves how groundless were their fears and how completely they were allayed.

This company was at Oak Hill, Mo., August 10, 1861, and Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, Ark., March 7 and 8, 1862, after which it was transferred east of the Mississippi river and placed under the command of Gen. G. T. Beauregard, with all the then existing army of the trans-Mississippi. Here we reorganized on May 25, and re-enlisted for three years or during the war, and served successively under Generals Beauregard, Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, Hood, and again under Joseph E. Johnston, under whom we were at the time of the surrender.

At Oak Hill were killed Lieut. H. C. Dawson, Frank Armstrong, Laught Atkins, H. H. Williams, B. Buchannon, A. B. Cox, F. A. Fowlkes, William Jordon, David Kirkpatrick and John Toomer, ten as true and brave men as ever raised an arm in defense of their country.

The night before the battle we had orders to get ready to move at a moment's warning. After everything was in readiness to move Lieutenant Dawson called to John Toomer and said: "John, get your liddle and let's have a little dance and fun; it may be the last time we will ever dance together." How true the prediction, for before the morrow's sun had gone down their spirits, with those of the others killed, had flown, and their bodies lay stark in death's icy embrace. But they fell where the dead lay thickest, and the blue and the grey were mixed until it was hard to tell where either line had formed. General Lyon, one of the bravest officers of the Federal army, with his regulars, was in front, with orders to his men to shoot any man who attempted to run,

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and long discipline in the regular army had taught them what such orders meant. So the two lines surged against each other for six hours, first one and then the other holding the ground between the first lines of battle. Here General Lyon was killed, and when he fell his men fled in dismay, General Seigle having been routed before with his volunteers.

After this there was no more fighting in Southwest Missouri in 1861, except an occasional skirmish by scouting parties. In the latter part of November Churchill's Regiment moved back to Spadra Bluffs, on the Arkansas river, opposite Clarksville, and went into winter quarters. Here we remained until February, 1862, when we had orders to join General McCulloch, north of Boston Mountains, to meet the Federal forces, who were advancing from Missouri, and on the 7th and 8th of March the battle of Elk Horn or Pea Ridge was fought.

Here our regiment was placed in reserve to McIntosh's regiment, and owing to the fact that McCullough and McIntosh were both killed early in the engagement we were not brought into action at all on the 7th, but lay all the afternoon under fire of the enemy without firing a gun. That night Colonel Churchill took charge of all the troops belonging to McCullough's division of the army and carried them around to where Generals Vandorn and Price were. Next morning we were marched around and changed from one position to another for some time, and finally when we thought we were about ready to make a charge we were ordered to fall back over the hill in front of which we had been lying for some time. When we had fallen back over the ridge, to our surprise the whole army seemed to be gone, and then for the first time it began to be whispered that we were retreating, which proved only too true. General Vandorn, who was in command, had made the mistake of sending our ordnance trains to the rear, and the troops who had been engaged during the day before had exhausted their ammunition, so that right upon the eve of a signal victory he was forced to retreat. He had, also, sent his commissary train with the ordnance train and consequently we were left with only three days' rations, and it was just twelve days from the time the commissary train left us until we came up with it again. After our three days' rations gave out, the whole army had to subsist as best it could for the remaining nine days in a sparsely settled, mountainous country, and our command being in the extreme rear, you need not be surprised if I tell you that we were getting tolerably hungry when we reached our train.

As soon as we had time to rest a few days we were ordered to DeVall's Bluff, on White river, where we dismounted again and embarked for Memphis, with the promise that we should have our horses shipped to us in sixty days, but that promise was never fulfilled. When we landed at Memphis we were sent to Corinth to join the army of Tennessee, then being commanded by G. T. Beauregard. Here we reorganized, our first year. the time of our enlistment, having expired, and enlisted again for three years or

during the war.

At the reorganization in May, 1862, the First Arkansas Mounted (or rather dismounted) Rifles, Churchill's, the Second Arkansas, dismounted, McIntosh's old regiment, now commanded by Colonel Williamson; the Fourth Arkansas Infantry, Colonel McNair, and the Twenty-fifth Arkansas Infantry, Colonel Hufstедler, were organized into a brigade.

R. P. Parks was elected captain at the reorganization, F. C. Huckaby first lieutenant and J. L. Lyon and I. N. Wilkinson second lieutenants.

On the 10th day of May, 1862, we fought the battle of Farmington, just over the line in Tennessee from Corinth. After this we were ordered to East Tennessee and had to go South to Mobile, Ala., and cross the bay and up through the northern part of Florida and Georgia, the enemy having possession of the direct route. From here we were ordered into Eastern Kentucky. The enemy having possession of Cumberland Gap, we had to cross the mountains over a trail through Snake Creek Gap, a distance of sixty miles.

During this campaign we were under General Kirby Smith, and whatever may be said of him after his transfer to the trans-Mississippi department, he was certainly one of the most efficient officers that ever commanded an expedition like this. The object of this expedition was to attract as much attention as possible, and draw as many of the enemy to Cincinnati and Covington as possible, in order that General Bragg might by forced marches reach Louisville before General Buell, who was at that time in command of the army of the Cumberland, and take the place.

After reaching the Cumberland river north of Cumberland Gap we had the garrison hemmed in and General Smith determined to starve them out and make them surrender. But it would have been funny to a disinterested person, provided he had plenty to eat, to have looked on and observed the process by which that starving out was done. The Federals were in the Gap and while they could not come out, one regiment of determined men, with a good battery, could have easily held at bay 100,000 men coming from where we were. Then they had plenty to eat (and so did we), but the only variety we had was roasting ears, and I want to say right here that I think roasting ears are splendid with other diet, but they are neither meat nor bread when eaten for several days alone. You may eat all you want all day and then go to bed hungry at night. After staying here ten days our train reached us. General Smith left General Ledbetter with a brigade to watch the Gap and he took the remainder of his force, 5,000 strong, and started north. At Richmond, twenty-five miles south of Lexington, we met General Bull Nelson with 7,000 troops going to reinforce the Gap. We met them ten miles south of Richmond late in the evening of August 29. They thought they had struck a small squad of cavalry and in their letters home that night they said there was a squad of rebel cavalry in front of them and they

were going to take them in the morning. Next morning bright and early they came on to us, but we had stacked our guns in line of battle and slept just behind them, so we were ready for them, and you can perhaps imagine their consternation when the squad of cavalry, as they thought we were, didn't give way, and so after fighting for two or three hours, and we failing to fall back, as they thought we would, I suppose they thought there was more room further back, or at least there was less resistance in going that way than the way they were trying to go, and at any rate they fell back two or three miles, but formed again and gave us another right smart little brush. However, not so hard as the first. By this time the day was beginning to wane, and when they left their position this time General Smith sent the only regiment of cavalry he had to the north of Richmond to pick up stragglers. Their third line of battle for the day was formed just south of Richmond about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but when our line charged them they hardly stayed long enough to give us a parting shot until they fled in dismay; and the rout was so complete that when they passed out on the north side of Richmond Colonel Scott, with his one regiment of Louisiana cavalry, charged them and the whole command, officers and all, surrendered to him. Thus, in one day, we had marched ten miles, whipped and captured an entire army, numbering at least 40 per cent more than ours. But it should be said here that the troops which we fought were mostly raw troops, who had seen but little service, while our little army was composed entirely of tried veterans, picked by General Smith especially for this campaign. Our loss in this battle was trivial when compared with what had been accomplished. In our company we had but one man wounded, George Bryant.

I have been thus particular in describing this battle because Barnes, in his school history, only refers to it in a foot note, as though it was of no importance whatever. (Page 228.) Now turn to page 273, same history, and read his description of the battle of Five Forks, April 1, 1865, and see what he chooses to call a brilliant affair. Where General Lee, with a little handful of ragged, half-fed men, lay behind their intrenchments, and General Grant, with five to one in his front, dared not attack him; but by throwing out a cavalry force under General Sheridan, almost equal to Lee's entire force, he marched around to General Lee's rear with this overwhelming force and compelled 5,000 of Lee's men to surrender; and this is what Barnes terms a brilliant affair. Now, with these facts before you, with your hand upon your heart, ask yourself this question: How can we be true to our Southland and place such a book in the hands of our children to study the history of the war between the states? If these were isolated cases it would not be so bad, but such is not the case. The whole history of the war is written by a biased mind and from a one-sided standpoint. He has utterly failed to see anything good or chivalrous done by the Southern army, while he lauds the other

side on every possible occasion. This is a digression from the subject upon which I was writing, but I felt that I could not, in justice, pass it by in silence, and I feel that all who read this will pardon the digression, at least all fair minded people.

During the campaign in Kentucky we marched 825 miles, according to the diary kept by Philip Pfeifer, of Little Rock. During that campaign the fact was demonstrated that men can stand marching better than horses, because while we carried heavy loads all the time and the officers' baggage was hauled in wagons, relieving their horses of all superfluous load, yet the men came out of Kentucky in good health and fine condition, while almost all the officers' horses were thin and jaded. And it being in the fall of the year, feed was as plentiful as provisions, so the horses had plenty to eat all the way round. We joined Bragg again, as Barnes says, at Frankfort, but the battle of Perryville had been fought before that time. After leaving Frankfort our retreat was uninterrupted, so far as I could see. On the 23d or 24th of October we reached Cumberland Gap and on the night of the 26th the snow fell about 12 or 15 inches deep. We went from Cumberland Gap back to Loudon, Tenn., where we remained until some time in December, when we were ordered to Murfreesboro, where we arrived just before the battle, which was fought December 31, 1862. Here just half our company who were engaged in the battle were either killed or wounded, G. L. Harn and Warren Swilling being the ones killed. Our brigade and Ector's Texas Brigade opened the battle before sunrise by charging the enemy, who lay in a cedar brake just across a field from us, and before the sun was up we had captured a battery each from them, and before the sun was an hour high we had taken another, which made eight guns for us in an hour and four for Ector's men, or 12 guns for the division, but in the charge the division to our right failed from some cause or other to move forward, and but for the timely appearance of Cleburne with his Arkansas division our two brigades would have been annihilated. The enemy to the right of where we cut their line in two had changed front and was getting ready to charge us on our right flank, when Cleburne, who always seemed to be in the right place at the right time when there was any fighting to be done, came to our rescue just in time to do for them what they were contemplating for us. With Cleburne to our right we swept on and on, until we had doubled their right wing back upon their center. But here as we emerged from a cedar brake grown up with bramble briars, and entered a peach orchard, we ran upon a line of fresh troops, intrenched behind the railroad running through the orchard. Our only show was to reform our broken lines and to charge or fall back, and as it was utterly impossible to form under such a fire as we were being subjected to, with half of our men behind us, either dead or wounded, and those of us who were there worn out with fatigue, as it was then in the afternoon and we had been fighting without being relieved all day,

our officers ordered us to fall back behind the cedar brake. This ended the battle of Murfreesboro so far as our end of the line was concerned.

CHAPTER II.

After the battle of Murfreesboro Bragg fell back to Shelbyville, Tenn., and remained there until spring. In the spring we were ordered to Mississippi and placed under General French. Here we were marched and counter marched, it seemed as much for diversion for himself and staff as for any other visible reason, until Vicksburg fell. At that time we were near the bridge on Big Black. After the fall of Vicksburg we were carried back to Jackson, and Grant moved out right after us. Here we remained for some time, but I have forgotten just what day the siege began or just how long it lasted. We did some pretty hard skirmishing while the siege lasted, but the enemy only charged our main line once or twice. G. L. R. Lafferty was killed here, on the skirmish line.

One day while here at Jackson, a very strange occurrence took place. We were on the skirmish line some distance in advance of the main line, and in our front was a field from which the fence had been destroyed. We were perhaps 200 yards from the field, and beyond the field was the enemy's skirmish line. We were not in sight of each other, so there was no firing at the time. Our part of the line ran through a grove of young oak timber, through which we could see the opening of the field in front very plainly, but an elevation prevented us from seeing the other side of the field. While lying thus an order was passed down the line not to fire, that some of our cavalry were in front. There was nothing strange in this because orders on the skirmish line were frequently passed in that way. But here is the strange part. In a few minutes after the order not to fire was given a squad of Federal cavalry rode to the edge of the timber and formed in our front. They were close enough for us to hear some of their commands while coming into line. The commanding officer of the squad wore a blouse, unbuttoned, and a white shirt. Some of the men in the rear seemed to hesitate about coming up into line and he seemed to be worried and fretted at them for being slow.

While this was going on and he was sitting at the head of the column fronting us and the men forming their line of battle on him and to his right. After trying for some little bit to get his men properly into line he turned and pointing his sabre to those in the rear, said: "Come up in line there, God d—n you," loud enough to be distinctly heard by us.

After getting into line and staying a few minutes, I suppose long enough to get our position, they turned and rode off, and in a short time after began one of the most terrific cannonadings we were ever subjected to during the whole of the war. They had evi-

dently got our position while reconnoitering, for they threw their shells with almost as much accuracy as they could have done had they seen us. They cut the tops of the trees behind which we were lying, and bursted their shells all around us.

It was here that John Haney moved his position, and Captain Parks gave him the rebuke that caused him to call himself "Old Excitable" frequently, as long as he lived. A shell had struck a tree a short distance in front of our line, which had almost stopped its force. It rolled and bounced along until it got right close to John Haney and stopped, with the fuse still burning. John thought, as any one would, that it was time to move, and to move quick, and he did so. He was lying in an open space, without a tree or anything to protect him, and had the shell burst it would have been almost sure to have killed or wounded him. However, the fuse was damp and after spluttering a little while went out without exploding the shell. There was so much noise and confusion from the shrieking and bursting and crashing through the timber, of the shells, that Captain Parks had not noticed this shell stopping so near the line. Had he seen this he would never have said anything to John for moving, for while Captain Parks was, I believe, as grave an officer as we had in the army, he never blamed any of his men for protecting themselves when they could, and was always opposed to exposing himself or his men to danger unnecessarily.

About that mysterious order not to fire. Nobody knew from whence it came or who gave it. It came to us from our right, passed from man to man along the line with orders to pass it on down the line. We never knew who started it, and today it is as much a mystery, so far as I know, as it was that day.

Some one will be ready to ask why, if we knew it was the enemy in our front, we didn't fire. The reason was, that while we felt sure at the time it was the enemy, from their uniforms and their movements, yet just having the orders that we did we thought possibly some of our cavalry might have been dressed similarly to the enemy and sent to the front as a scout or reconnoitering party.

From the distance we were, we could have emptied almost every saddle at the first round. But had we done this and it had proven to be our men, what a fearful mistake it would have been. Had we not received the order a few minutes before not to fire, we would never have thought of them being our men. I have often thought of that time, and thought what a narrow escape that little squad had from death, and the mystery surrounding the order that saved their lives. I have thought, too, that they never saw us until they had formed their line and that their intentions were to advance cautiously into the timber after forming, until they located our line, but, seeing us, came no further. After forming their line, they turned and moved off in file at an ordinary marching gait.

After the evacuation of Jackson our brigade moved back to

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Meridian and rested for some time. From here we were ordered to North Georgia. We arrived on Friday, were put off the train and marched out into line of battle, and on Saturday began the great battle of Chickamauga Park. General Rosecrans, commanding the Federal Army, had, according to his official report, 67,692 present, and 59,870 actually engaged. Loss in killed and wounded, 11,113, making nearly 20 per cent of all engaged.

General Bragg, commanding the Confederate Army, had 44,846. Loss in killed and wounded, 18,000, making a little over 40 per cent of our entire force killed or wounded. Yet, notwithstanding the great odds against us to start in with, and our extremely heavy loss, we held the ground and, according to Barnes, as one-sided as he is, had it not been for Thomas, we would have completely routed them, as he admits that all the right wing of their army was completely demoralized and routed, and Rosecrans with it. Our company had 22 men in this battle and 11, or just half of them, were wounded, but fortunately none were killed. It was fought September 19 and 20, 1863. On Monday, the 21st, what was left of our brigade was put aboard the cars and started back to Mississippi, as that part of the country had been left without sufficient force to protect it. Here we remained during the winter, going into winter quarters at Meridian, and what time we remained here was passed as pleasantly, and, indeed, I think I may safely say the pleasantest winter of the whole war to us was the one passed at Meridian.

In the latter part of April, 1864, we were ordered from Mississippi to North Georgia again, this time to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston on his campaign, known everywhere as Johnston's retreat through Georgia.

Our brigade opened the campaign, or rather Gen. Joe Hooker opened the campaign by trying to force a passage through Dug Gap and over Rockface Mountain, west of Dalton, and our brigade was the only troops there, or in reach, to defend the pass. We had been sent directly from the cars to this point, it being one of the most important picket posts to be guarded. We were sent out on the 7th of May, and on the 8th, just after noon, as we were lying around, not dreaming of an attack, because the place seemed almost impregnable, and proved to be so, the officer in charge of the signal station called out that the enemy was crossing a field two miles west of the Gap. Immediately following came the second line. This was signaled down to Dalton, but before this message could be sent the third line had crossed the field; then came the fourth and close after it came the fifth. That began to look like we were going to have something to do.

The signal officer signaled to General Johnston that 10,000 Federals were in two miles of the Gap, and it would be bound to be taken before help could reach it, and so it really seemed. But our officers were cool-headed, brave and determined men, from General Reynolds down, so instead of making preparations to re-

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treat they had things put in order for doing some of the hardest fighting that we did during the war; nor did we have to wait long until it began. As soon as they could march the two miles intervening between us and straighten up their lines a little they came marching up the mountain in front of us; they with 10,000 and we with 1,000. But we had the odds in position almost as great as they had in numbers; but their men were brave and daring, as we had plenty of opportunities during the next four months to find out. It looked like a sin to run brave men into such a place, for it was almost like driving them into a slaughter pen. Back of us was General Johnston's men in camps and not in a shape to bring into battle at once. The enemy knew this, and if they could force a passage over this mountain at that point it would throw them against our army in a way and at a time that they would have been almost helpless. Both sides knowing this, they fought with desperate determination. General Cleburne with his division was sent to our help as soon as possible, but it was getting dusk when he arrived and the fighting was over before his men got in line. Word had met them on the way up that the Gap was taken and when they arrived and found it was a mistake, it would have done your heart good to hear the cheers that went up from them for the little band that held their position so long against such fearful odds. During the engagement a part of our regiment killed and captured the man who placed the first stand of colors on Missionary Ridge during that battle. He had his commission as captain in his pocket when killed, which had been given him for the deed. He also put the first and only stand of Federal colors on Rockface Mountain that evening, but he forfeited his life in doing it. He, with a squad of about 20 men, got on top of the mountain by a flank movement, but about the same number of our men met them as they reached the top, and a hand to hand fight ensued to see who should hold the ground. This man stuck his flag staff into the ground and called to his men to rally to it. About this time a one-eyed Irishman by the name of Johnson, a private, but to whom the title of Captain Johnson had been given, shot and killed him. Another of our men jumped at the flag and got hold of the staff and tassel, but one of their men at the same moment sprang at the flag and caught it, tore it off the staff and made his escape with it.

We never knew how many of the enemy were killed and wounded. They carried away all their wounded, and all their officers who were killed, both commissioned and non-commissioned. How many privates who were killed were carried away we never knew, but two days later, they not coming back to see anything about their dead, and the stench from their dead bodies becoming unbearable, a detail was made from our command to bury them. I was on the detail. We found 120 dead, all privates. We also picked up 1,600 stands of arms that had been left by them. Judging from the number of guns left on the field, they must have

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carried off many of their dead along with their wounded. This was our first acquaintance with General Hooker's men, or fighting Joe Hooker, as he was styled by admirers in the North. He had three divisions under him in this campaign. Every man wore a star on his hat. One division wore a red star, the second a white and the third a blue, making the red, white and blue, and were called the Star Corps of Sherman's army. This, however, was not our last call from Hooker and his men. Polk's corps, to which we belonged, was on our left center, and Hooker on their right center, during the campaign just beginning. This arrangement placed us in a position to make us close neighbors for the next four months, sometimes not being more than a hundred yards apart. During that time the acquaintance, just begun, was cultivated with a great deal of assiduity, and I can say this much for General Hooker and his men: Whenever we called upon them, no matter how unseasonable the hour, they were always at home and we might depend upon a cordial reception, and being of true Southern blood, and that quality, too, that always begets true chivalry, and a reciprocal nature, we did our best, on all occasions, to make their calls, if not pleasant, at least as satisfactory as possible. Thus, while we were confronting each other in one of the greatest and deadliest conflicts ever recorded in the world's history, there sprang up between us a feeling of intimacy almost amounting to friendship. Sometimes we would agree, between ourselves, not to fight or shoot at each other for a certain period of time, or without giving each other warning, and during all those four months of almost daily fighting not one of these truces, plighted, was broken. As stated above, during the whole of the succeeding four months' fighting on some part of the line was almost a daily occurrence; but the principal engagements from Dalton to Atlanta were Resaca, Dallas, Lost Mountain and Kennesaw Mountain. So closely were we followed and so stubbornly did General Johnston contest every foot of the ground, that from the time we left Dalton until we reached Atlanta, July 10, our brigade only lay down two nights out of reach of the enemy's small arms.

CHAPTER III.

At New Hope Church we remained ten days, and the firing was kept up so continuously that the timber between the lines was killed. As we passed up through there the next fall on Hood's campaign into Tennessee we went right by New Hope Church, and standing where Tommie Thompson was killed, and looking as far as the eye could see up and down the old line of battle there was but one green tree to be seen. It was an elm.

While remaining here, one night by some means there was a false alarm raised, each side thinking the other was charging them. We had a battle royal for a while, both sides acting on the defensive; they used both artillery and small arms, and while no great

deal of damage was done, I think one off at a distance might easily have imagined that the two armies were fighting a duel to a finish, and that the fate of the war was depending upon it. Again, while we were here, the enemy drove our cavalry off the ridge they were occupying, on our extreme left, some five miles from where we were, and our brigade was ordered around there to help them retake their position. By the time we got around to where they were and formed it was dark, but to wait until morning we would not only have to drive them off the ridge, but out of a line of breastworks as well. Knowing this would be the case, the charge was ordered that night. It was a bright moonlight night, and while a charge by moonlight might be thought to be a grand sight, and no doubt would be to one at a safe distance, yet it is certainly one of those grand scenes to which distance lends enchantment, and the safer the distance the more enchanting the scene. As soon as our mission had been accomplished we were moved back in front of New Hope Church, to our former place on the line.

We fell back to Kennesaw Mountain about June 17. When the first line was formed our division covered the highest part of the mountain, an Alabama brigade in our division lying immediately in front of the summit. They thought the elevation was too great for the enemy to reach them with shells, so when the line was formed they threw off their knapsacks and cartridge boxes, and instead of digging trenches to protect themselves they threw themselves on the ground for a good rest and a nap of sleep. However, their rest was not long undisturbed, for while we were forming on the mountain our neighbors, the Hookers, were getting into position in front of the mountain, and as soon as they got things straightened around a little and a few batteries planted, they fired a salute of a few rounds to let us know they were at home and ready for business, and at the same time try the elevation, which proved that the Alabamians were wrong, for before they fired a half dozen shots they were bursting their shells right in their line.

That evening we were moved around to the left of the main mountain and occupied the gap between the two mountains. Here we remained until about the 1st of July. I might say here, by way of explanation, that Kennesaw Mountain is really two mountains, hence the name Kennesaw, which is an Indian name and signifies twins. They are connected by a low ridge. One of the mountains is considerably higher than the other, so they are called big Kennesaw and Little Kennesaw.

Bledsoe's Missouri Battery was planted on Little Kennesaw, to our left, and did such fearful execution that the enemy brought up and planted a whole regiment of artillery just in the rear of their infantry in order to silence it. Here we had one of the grandest artillery duels one night that was witnessed on land during the whole of the war, between Bledsoe's Battery and the enemy's regiment of 42 guns, down in front of the mountain. They could silence Bledsoe, but as soon as they would cease firing he would

have his guns rolled to the brink of the mountain and have them all six turned loose at once and get them under cover by the time they could reply. This was kept up from time to time as long as we remained here. One day they turned their guns loose on us, and that, too, without any provocation, for we were not bothering them in any way whatever. However, they could do us but little damage, as our part of the line was almost entirely protected by the bluff in front, but there was a considerable elevation in our rear, and a great many large rock, so while it took a center shot to hit our breastworks it was anything but pleasant to lie there and see one shell after another, and sometimes a dozen at once, bursting just above our heads, or striking in the rocks behind us and bursting, scattering pieces of shell and rock around us like hail.

The Federals charged the mountain one day, thinking, I suppose, that our troops had been taken from there to strengthen other parts of the line. However, they failed to break our line. Among their killed was an officer, who had a letter in his pocket that he had written home the day or night before. In that letter he said: "Tomorrow we charge Kennesaw Mountain and will take it like a d—n." He ought to have been better acquainted with Joseph E. Johnston by that time than to have written such as that home. It was then six weeks since they had commenced battling against his lines and they had never broken them a single time. They had forced him to retreat, but it had always been done by flanking, with overwhelming numbers. He never tried to hold his position until driven from it, but always retreated before his lines became so weak as to render them untenable.

There might be a whole volume written of incidents that occurred from Dalton to Atlanta, but what I have said will give the reader an idea of the hardships and privations that we underwent and the amount of hard fighting that we did; for what I have said of Dug Gap, New Hope Church and Kennesaw Mountain might, with propriety, be said of almost every mile of territory from Dalton to Atlanta. And now that we have reached Atlanta the campaign is but half over, and the bloodiest and most disastrous part is to come yet. Here a difference arose between President Davis and General Johnston. Davis wanted Johnston to hold Atlanta at all hazards. This Johnston refused to do, replying that it was no military point and that he would not give twenty of his soldiers for it. The result was Johnston was relieved and Hood placed in command in his stead. President Davis came to Atlanta to attend to this business himself, and inspected the troops on parade with General Hood the day he took command. The men said they would cheer Johnston when the president and General Hood rode before the line, but orders were issued that if any man cheered Johnston he would be courtmartialled and punished severely. So when they rode past the lines the men refrained from cheering for Johnston, but stood like posts, with their heads hung down, and refused to cheer at all. How could we do otherwise? The man we loved almost to idolatry and one in whom we

had every confidence as a commander, one who we knew from past experience regarded the lives of his men above everything else was to be taken from us, and one to be placed in his stead in whom as commander of the army, especially under existing circumstances, we had no confidence, though General Hood was as brave and true an officer as ever drew a sword in defense of right, but no general when measured by Johnston's ability. Johnston was to the Army of Tennessee what Lee was to the Army of Virginia. We had learned from long experience that when Johnston gave the command to go forward he knew, almost to a certainty, what was in front; and during the entire campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, though we were retreating before an army, according even, to Barnes, of more than double our numbers, yet Johnston never turned around and said charge, but that we drove the enemy from his position, neither were our lines broken a single time by an assault from our front during the two months of hard fighting it had taken Sherman to force Johnston back over the 100 miles of territory intervening between Dalton and Atlanta. It is very common for an army to lose confidence in a commander who is continually retreating, and that, too, without any promise of stopping at any particular point, but having subsequent events shape his future course. This seemed from all appearances to have been Johnston's plans. And yet, notwithstanding this, and the fact that our ranks had been more than thrice decimated in battle during the last two months, there never was an army had more confidence in its commander than the Army of Tennessee had in General Johnston, on the night of July 10, 1864, when they marched into Atlanta. We had heard of the difference of opinion between President Davis and General Johnston. We also knew that all the heavy military stores had been moved, so that in the event an evacuation became necessary it could be accomplished without confusion, and had General Johnston said the next day it was better to evacuate Atlanta his men would have obeyed the order without a murmur.

How different things went and how disaster after disaster overtook our army after General Hood took command subsequent events will prove.

General Hood took command under a pledge to hold Atlanta, no matter what sacrifice it might cost. In order to do this he determined to drive General Sherman back across Peach Tree creek, north of Atlanta. So on the 20th, two days after his taking command, we were ordered to form in front of our abatis, for the purpose of charging the enemy, who were lying between us and Peach Tree creek, behind breastworks, and numbering two to our one. After we had formed and while waiting for orders to move, the word was passed down the line that General Johnston was in command for that evening. This was done in order to stimulate the men and give them confidence in the move; and while no one supposed the move was one of General Johnston's planning, yet we all thought that if he had consented to it so far as to take command

he knew pretty well what was in our front, so we went into the charge believing we should do as we had done in every engagement for the past two months, drive everything before us. We drove their first line out of their breastworks, but when we got to them, and stopped to straighten up our lines a little before advancing farther, as the smoke had cleared away we discovered just across a little field another line of breastworks, with the men we had driven out of the first line to reinforce those occupying that line. It was now nearly sundown. We lay in their breastworks we had captured until it was getting dark, when we retired behind our own fortifications. Thus we had made a desperate charge, lost many of the best men in our corps and accomplished nothing.

Again on the 22d he dashed Hardee's corps against Sherman's left center with the same result as our charge on the 20th. On the 28th he moved us back to our old position on the left and hurled us against Hooker's corps. In this engagement we lost heavily, but failed to accomplish anything, not even driving the enemy from their first line of works, as we did on the 20th. These were the principal engagements during the time we were in Atlanta, though there was continuous skirmishing along the line as long as the siege lasted, sometimes amounting to almost a general engagement. During the siege, and while General Wheeler, with all our cavalry force except a small detachment, was in the enemy's rear, General Kilpatrick, one of Sherman's most dashing cavalry officers, was sent to our rear to cut the railroads coming into Atlanta from the South. Our brigade was sent down the road leading from Macon to Atlanta to intercept him, and on August 20, just as he was ready to strike the road with his brigade of cavalry, our brigade charged him and ran him over to the Ninth Texas cavalry, who were deployed behind him and watching his movements. The entire movement had been so quietly made that he was not aware of any infantry being nearer than Atlanta. When he found it was infantry in his front, he supposed he was surrounded by infantry, and forming his men in columns of four, he told them they were surrounded by infantry and unless they cut their way out they would be captured, as Stoneman was on a similar raid before this, in this same country. So saying, he ordered his men to draw sabres, and heading the column himself, made a dash for the rear. When he struck the Ninth Texas cavalry, who were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, he, supposing they were only the skirmishers, dashed through their line without paying any attention to them; but when they run onto their horse holders with the horses they saw their mistake. They knew there was no line behind the horses, so they let into cutting and slashing among them. I saw one of the men not long after, who had two sabre cuts on his head.

Soon after this we evacuated Atlanta, and on the 30th of August we fought the battle of Jonesboro, about twenty miles south of Atlanta. After this battle the two armies rested for a little while. This battle ended the campaign in North Georgia.

CHAPTER IV.

Reynolds' brigade left Dalton with 1,000 men for duty, according to their official report, and according to the same report they lost 800 killed and wounded during the campaign.

Our company left Dalton with 24 men for duty and had 21 killed and wounded during the campaign. Some who were off at the beginning of the campaign came in during the time; others, who were wounded on the campaign, got well and reported for duty again. So when we started on the next campaign we had 14 men in our company for duty, and the brigade had, I suppose, some 500 or 600.

About the middle of October General Hood, by a flank movement, went back north of Atlanta in Sherman's rear. After reaching the railroad north of Atlanta he followed it for a long way, tearing it up, burning bridges and destroying everything in the way of supplies that could not be used by his army. After leaving the railroad he went west to Tusculumbia, Ala. Here he waited a few days for our baggage to come up, but it failing to reach us, we started on about the 20th of November north. Crossing the Tennessee river at Florence, Ala., we started direct for Nashville. At Franklin we came upon General Schofield, with an army inferior to ours; and here is where General Hood certainly made another great mistake. We got to Franklin about noon on November 30. General Schofield was too weak to come out of his fortifications to attack us, and we had our pontoons along and nothing to hinder us from laying it across Harpeth river, crossing over, and by making a forced march going into Nashville that night. But General Hood thought he could capture Schofield with his entire army. So he formed his men on the south side of town, and reaching from the little river on the east to the mountain on the west, a distance of something over half a mile. By the time everything was ready it was getting past the middle of the afternoon. When the charge was ordered I am sure General Hood, nor any one, knew what was in front of him. From the river, on our right and extending a quarter of a mile, or nearly half the length of our lines, was a young bois d'arc hedge, through which it was impossible for a man to go without an axe to cut his way. To the left of this had stood a thicket of black locust, which had been cut, commencing on the outside from their rifle pits and falling them with the tops in the direction of our approach. As they cut them they cut off the smaller limbs, leaving the larger ones, which they sharpened, making an abatis almost as impregnable as the bois d'arc hedge. To the left of this they had a wide ditch in front of their breastworks. From the river their breastworks ran just behind the bois d'arc hedge which, while impossible for anyone to go through, yet it being winter and the leaves off they could see and shoot through it almost as well as if it had not been there.

General Hood formed his men in three lines of battle, one behind the other. He had, for what reason I am unable to say,

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put one brigade of Cleburne's division in our division, and one of our brigades in support to the balance of Cleburne's division. General Walthall, our division commander, and General Reynolds both objected to the way the attack was to be made, and General Walthall told General Hood, after the lines were formed, that if he would give him Reynolds' brigade and Ector's Texas brigade he would go around and cross the mountain, strike them on their right flank from the rear, and while he (Hood) made a feint in front, capture them with but little fighting. To this Hood objected. Everything being now ready, the advance was ordered.

I am unable to give the position of all the troops on the line, but in this little narration that is immaterial. We were in the center on the third line, immediately in front of the locust batis, referred to above. To our left and joining us was the brigade taken from Cleburne's division and known as the First Missouri Brigade, but composed of men from Missouri, Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, who were captured at Vicksburg, and went into parole camps until exchanged. So you might say they were the cream of what was left of Pemberton's army after the fall of Vicksburg, as they refused to go home, but went into camps and waited until exchanged, that they might go back into active service in defense of those homes to which they refused to go.

In front of this brigade, on the first line, was the remainder of Cleburne's division. Between these two lines was the Alabama brigade, taken from our division. This, when we started on Johnston's campaign in North Georgia, was, without exception, the finest looking brigade of troops I ever saw go on dress parade. They had been at Mobile on provost duty all the war. They were made up mostly of young men, with wealthy parents, and having an easy thing, and a nice time, it was no trouble to keep their companies and regiments full. So when they were ordered to North Georgia, in May, 1864, their four regiments numbered fully 4,000 men for duty, all well dressed and well drilled. But alas! They were like hot house plants set out at noon and exposed to an August sun, and before we reached Atlanta more than 3,000 of them were either in the hospitals or at home. It is surpassingly strange why such men were ever put behind such men as Cleburne's for support.

I used to drive oxen when a boy, and in making up a team we always put the heaviest, best yoke of cattle to the wagon tongue for wheelers; we then wanted a good yoke to put in front for leaders. The sorriest yoke always went between these two, or in the swing, as we called it. I cannot account for General Hood putting that brigade where he did by any manner of reasoning except that he acted upon the hypothesis that they being the sorriest brigade on the field the best place to put them was in the swing, between two of his best brigades.

We had formed in a clump of timber, about half a mile from the enemy. From the edge of this timber to their breastworks was about six or seven hundred yards.

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As stated before, Cleburne went first; the Alabama brigade immediately after his line, and our line was to remain 600 yards in the rear of the second line, or to leave the timber when Cleburne struck the breastworks, which we could tell, as it was an old field from the timber to the breastworks. As the two first lines moved out we followed them to the edge of the timber. Here we were halted and General Reynolds rode slowly down the line, giving the order himself, that there might be no mistake. He said: "Boys, we are to start from here when our first line reaches the enemy's breastworks, and the orders are not to fire a gun until we cross the breastworks; then empty your guns and use the bayonet." Had General Hood known what was in front of their breastworks he certainly would have known that such orders were useless, because we could not get to their breastworks from where we were to the right. The right half of our line went of course no further than the bois d'arc hedge and the locust abatis, but to the left of the abatis Cleburne's men scrambled over the ditch and breastworks, and with clubbed guns forced them out of their intrenchments, but when this Alabama brigade came to the ditch on the outside of the breastworks instead of going over they dropped down into the ditch and refused to go any further.

Had the first Missouri, or our brigade, been where this Alabama brigade was, we would have crossed the breastworks, and with Cleburne's men have driven them back and routed them before help could have come. But Cleburne's men having no support, the enemy rushed in reinforcements from the other parts of their line and overpowered them, so that the greater part of those who crossed the breastworks were killed or wounded or captured.

While this was going on our third line was out of reach, but coming up as rapidly as it could be moved in order. The enemy was also strengthening their weak points. When we were within about 200 yards of their works, we began meeting our men coming out, those in front of us and to our right telling us we couldn't get to their lines on account of the obstructions mentioned above.

But one of the grandest attributes of a good officer or soldier is to do just as near what he has been commanded by his superiors as he can, and as General Hood had told General Walthall to cross the breastworks with his division, and he had given the orders to his brigade commanders and they to their men, and these orders never having been countermanded by General Hood, our line was kept moving on, at the same time our officers trying to rally the men who were going to the rear, but in this failed. They had been to the front and knew what was there, and a bayonet charge from behind would hardly have induced them to go there again.

Our line kept advancing until we reached the bois d'arc hedge and locust abatis. General Reynolds, seeing what was in front and knowing we would be safer there than attempting to retreat across the field for 600 yards, dashed along in the rear of our line himself, and gave the command to lie down and wait for further orders, then turned and rode out. His horse was wounded, but he was

unscathed. He was right about our safety. The ground where we were lying was a little lower than where the enemy were, so they were overshooting us, while we lay still, but almost every one who attempted to go out was shot down. It was almost sundown now. Further orders never came, so we lay there until it was getting dark, then fell back into the timber. General Walthall had two horses killed during the engagement, and every one of his staff, couriers and all. were either killed, wounded or their horses killed during the engagement. We lost nearly half of our brigade in this engagement, in killed and wounded, though our company's loss was light, only two or three being wounded.

Capt. R. F. Parks commanded our regiment in this battle and also at Nashville, further on. He commanded it from the time we left Georgia to go on this campaign until near the surrender.

I must say just here a word about the mixed brigade, called the First Missouri, of which I have spoken before. They were joining us on the left, as I mentioned, and occupying the same part of the line occupied by Cleburne's men, who went over the enemy's works. They covered the turnpike which ran on a little ridge and almost level, so they had no protection from the lay of the ground; then they were fronting the part of the enemy's line that had been so strongly reinforced when Cleburne charged it. So, out of the 600 men who went in with that little brigade, 101 were killed and 300 wounded. General Cleburne was killed while leading his division, just before reaching the breastworks. General Adams, of the Mississippi, was killed in the same charge, and so near the enemy's line it was said his horse, which ran forward, fell with his head hanging over their breastworks.

I had often heard of dead men being in piles on the battle field, but that was all the place I ever saw it. I think I would be safe in saying that if our dead had been stood up in a row, side by side, with their shoulders touching, as men form in line of battle, they would have reached half the length of our entire line.

General Hood made the remark, when some of the other officers suggested that he go around Franklin and on into Nashville that night, that Nashville was the goal of the Confederacy and Franklin was the key to it, and he intended to have it.

What a slaughter had been made, apparently to satisfy the ambition of one man, and the opportunity to take Nashville forever gone! Next morning, December 1, our pontoons were laid across Harpeth river, and we took up our line of march for Nashville, but General Scofield had preceded us the night before.

When we reached Nashville General Hood made an attempt to take it, but failing, he fell back out of reach of the enemy's guns and remained there two weeks, during which time the weather was extremely cold. It snowed and sleeted about five or six inches deep and was hard enough to bear up a horse. We had only such baggage and clothing as we had carried during the campaign through Georgia the summer before, and many of the men were barefooted and their clothing almost worn out, and only one blanket to the

man and not a tent in the regiment. This snow and sleet finally broke up with a rain, flooding everything. During this time the enemy were reinforcing in Nashville, and by the time the snow was gone outnumbered us two to one. General Thomas was in command of the Federal forces at this time. On the 15th he moved out and attacked General Hood and after two days' fighting drove him from the field. Here our loss was as great as at Franklin, but the fighting covered more ground, time and territory than at Franklin. Our company lost here five killed and four wounded out of fourteen, all during the first day. It happened in this way: During the first day at one time when coming into line our brigade came behind a stone fence, and this Alabama brigade's place was to our left, in a meadow with only a few walnut and sugar maple trees for protection. But when they got to the rock wall, instead of moving on and taking their places they stopped, and neither persuasion nor threats from their officers could make them budge. This parleying was consuming a good deal of time and pretty soon the enemy came in sight. General Walthall, seeing the situation, rode up to General Reynolds and asked him if he would take their place and give them ours. General Reynolds' reply was: "My men will go anywhere they are ordered," and with this remark ordered a left face and double quick. But the enemy was close to us by this time and subjecting us to one of the most deadly fires any troops ever tried to form under. By the time we got into line the enemy were right on to us and our whole line giving away. When we got back to where the next line was formed we had but five men left of the fourteen who had but a few minutes before stepped out so proudly from behind that stone wall when General Reynolds said his men would go wherever ordered.

We kept fighting and falling back until night, when we dug trenches and threw up breastworks. Our corps was in the center with Hardee on our left. Our division lay in a field, and about 300 yards back of us, at the edge of the field, was a considerable mountain, with a bench very much like the bench on Nebo, only not more than 100 feet above the field in which we were lying. The road crossing this mountain ran upon this bench, north of where we were lying in the field. It followed the bench going south perhaps a half or three-quarters of a mile, then turned over the mountain through a gap going west. Our division had done no fighting until about the middle of the afternoon, though the enemy had moved up in the same field with us and in sight during the night and thrown up breastworks. In the afternoon the enemy moved their right around, down the river, behind this mountain and were driving Ector's brigade over the mountain towards where Hardee's men were. General Ector sent a request for our brigade to be sent over the mountain to help them drive their skirmishers off the mountain. So our line was moved up from the left, so as to fill the gap we would make when we moved out. This was done by the men moving along in the breastworks so that the enemy saw nothing of the move, but we had no way of getting out to the woods

except right across the field, in plain view of the enemy. In order to do this we were ordered to get out of the ditches and run to the timber at the foot of the mountain, where we were to get together and form. As soon as the enemy saw us leaving the ditches instead of firing at us they sounded a charge, thinking we were retreating, and by the time we had got formed and on the bench of the mountain, they left their breastworks and charged ours. Directly after they crossed their breastworks and started towards ours, our Alabama brigade threw down their guns and came as fast as they could run for the mountain. However, they never stopped there and that was the last we saw of them until we had crossed the Tennessee river into Alabama. They got away from Nashville with 119 guns in their brigade, as we learned afterwards. As soon as they gave way General Walthall sent a courier to stop our brigade. Then Walthall came himself and told Reynolds he must hold that bench until Cheatham, who was commanding Hardee's corps, could pass between us and the mountain and out through the gap to the right, if it cost every man we had to do it, as there was no other way for him to escape. Reynolds' brigade held the pass as ordered, but when Cheatham and his men had passed by we fell in not very far behind, and when we crossed into the valley on the other side the enemy were coming down the valley from the north, and if we had been a little later they would have got us.

CHAPTER V.

This valley was quite narrow and at the south end of it ran the Granny White Pike, over which most of our artillery and wagons had to pass. That made this valley as important a point as the one we had just left, and our brigade was called upon to defend it. In order to do this General Reynolds had one regiment formed across the valley, and the others would fall back a piece and form, one behind the other. When flanked or pressed too hard in front the front line would fall back in the rear of the other lines and reform.

This kind of maneuvering was kept up until night, but by this time we had almost passed out of the valley. During this time they had tried every means they could to force us out of this narrow valley before dark. They had tried charging our front with infantry, and failing in this they had tried flanking us with cavalry, then with infantry. Then they would try charging our front again. But our officers had the advantage of choosing their own ground upon which to form, and with this advantage they failed, with all their strategy and superior force, to drive us fast enough to get us out of the valley by dark. But when dark came we were in half a mile of the road, over which our artillery and wagons were passing, and still further on, and in the direction in which we were going, we could still hear the booming of cannon. All supposed that those in our immediate front were the enemy, following our retreating army. The enemy had stopped following us

from the rear, but it seemed that they had closed the mouth of the little valley, through which we had to pass to get out. Our condition was, indeed, a hopeless looking one at that time. With the enemy on three sides, and, so far as we knew, an almost interminable range of mountains on our right, total strangers and without a guide, night had been welcomed by all as a Godsend, but the smoke from the battle that was just ceasing, had rendered the darkness impenetrable, so escape seemed impossible. General Reynolds called a halt here, and after consultation with his officers, sent scouts forward to see who was in our front. We had no further fears from our rear, so long as we did not attempt to go back that way, so while the scouts were out reconnoitering our front the men gathered around General Reynolds to know what was up, and what was going to be the next move, all having the utmost confidence in him and willing to do whatever he suggested. This question was asked by perhaps a hundred men as they gathered closer and closer to him (for General Reynolds could be approached at any time by the humblest private in his brigade with perfect impunity, and with the assurance of an answer to any proper question he might ask). After all had huddled around him, he said: "Men, we have obeyed orders, we have done what General Walthall ordered us to do. Now, if those troops in our front are our men we are all right; if they are the enemy there is but one thing I can see left for us to do and that is to surrender."

This was the only time General Reynolds ever suggested surrendering, under any circumstances, during the whole war. And I will say just here that Reynolds' brigade never had a regiment nor company of men captured during the war. Neither did we ever have our battery of artillery taken from us. Though at Chicamagua, when the enemy charged our line at one time, when they were repulsed, we hadn't enough artillerymen left to man the guns, nor horses to draw the guns forward to a new position, and some of the caisson lids and the tarpaulins that were folded up and strapped onto them were so full of holes that they had to be replaced with new ones. While this is true, we captured not less than twenty guns from the enemy during the war.

Well, to return. When the scouts returned you can imagine how glad we were when they said it was our men. But they were retreating without any order whatever; infantry, artillery, wagons and all going pell mell, trying to see which could get the furthest from the battle ground in the shortest space of time. The rout had been complete. The few troops who were willing to try to hold their ground could do nothing because one brigade giving away forces the line on both their right and left to give back, unless the gap can be filled up immediately.

The brigade in our division which I have mentioned before giving way, and there being no reserve line to take their places, the whole line was forced to retreat. And they being near the center of the line, and our line from there to our extreme left lying in front of a mountain, had it not been for the determined resist-

ance of the few troops who preserved order, the great part of our army, with our artillery and wagon train, would have been captured. That night a consultation of war was held, and it was decided to put all the troops who had preserved their organization, amounting to something like 2,000 men, under General Walthall, and he under General Forrest, to guard and bring up the rear. From there to the Tennessee river we guarded the center, while Forrest protected our flanks with his cavalry. The remainder of the army General Hood piloted out. It could not be said that he commanded them on the retreat, because there was no order, and consequently no army to command; it was simply a rabble, and only held together because that was their only chance to obtain subsistence. It was, to use another homely comparison, more like driving a herd of wild Texas cattle, General Hood in front with a bell on his horse, in order that they might know which way to go, and we behind as drivers, and at the same time to protect them from the hordes of hungry wolves which were howling at our heels all the time. On Christmas night we marched eight miles, through mud from shoe mouth to knee deep, and about 11 o'clock crossed Sugar creek, wading it and washing some of the mud from our feet and legs, and going across a farm and through a lane we went into camp for the remainder of the night, about a half mile from the creek, driving out some stragglers and taking their fires and their rail piles, which they had arranged for beds. Here I got one of the best night's sleep I got on the campaign. Our color bearer being sick and not going on the campaign, I carried the colors for him, and slept with our adjutant and surgeon. The adjutant and I ran upon some fellows that night who had a good fire, and their bed fixed by laying a log with one end to the fire, and then taking rails and laying one end on the log and the other in the mud. This arrangement put the side of the bed to the fire instead of the foot, and the adjutant being a large man, allowed me to take the side next to the fire, and while the bed was none too soft, nor our cover too heavy, yet being worn out with fatigue, and with a large man behind me and a good fire in front, I slept soundly until reveille sounded the next morning. We were now pretty close up to the herd, so next morning General Reynolds was in no particular hurry about starting out. About the time everything was ready to start, some scouts came up and said a brigade of Federal cavalry was crossing the creek where we had crossed the night before. Our battery had limbered up and driven out into the road to start, and to show those who are not acquainted with the facts how little our infantry cared for the enemy's cavalry. I will relate what occurred here. Captain Humphrey, of the battery, rode up to General Reynolds and said: "General, shall I unlimber and get ready for action?" General Reynolds' reply was: "No, Captain, you may drive out. I don't want a battery in my way when I go to fight cavalry." And this, too, in the face of the fact that they had more men than we, and we had no support right near. We threw up some little rail piles, so as

to conceal our line partially from them. No effort whatever was made to prevent them from crossing the creek, and forming on the side that we were on. While they were doing this, General Reynolds walked along the line and said: "Boys, let them get up close before you fire. Then go for them, and every one of you that gets a horse may ride it until we cross the Tennessee river." We got very few horses, however, for when one of them was killed or wounded, the horses would follow the others out. We had but one man wounded in the brigade in this engagement. We left a squad of Forrest's cavalry there to watch their movements. They staid all day and the next night, and said when they left the next morning they were still on the other side of the creek, shelling our rail piles with their artillery, but had not ventured across any more. This is where they stopped following us and turned back.

Nothing of any importance occurred from here to the Tennessee river. Before reaching Florence, where we crossed as we went in, it was learned that the enemy had ascended the river to that point and a little above, to the foot of the mussel shoals with gun boats. This caused our army to have to make a deflection to the left and cross over the mussel shoals. This was almost like laying a pontoon over a cataract, and having light boats, and them not all good, made it extremely hazardous; but that was the only way of escape. However, we were near the last ones crossing, and if any accident occurred we heard nothing of it. The river was very high, and to say it was swift would be too tame an expression to give you anything like an adequate idea of it, but the piece in the school reader describing how the water comes down at Ladore suits my idea of this scene better than any description I can give. There was no road to the river. We descended to the river through a narrow defile in the mountain, and ascended the mountain on the south side through another. We were carried back some ways south of the Tennessee river and remained there until some time in March to rest and recuperate and try to get into shape for a spring campaign. At least three-fourths of the men were barefooted, a great many not even having the semblance of a shoe or sock. Our clothing, light to begin with, was now, the most of it, in tatters, and our rations light, consisting mostly of corn meal and the very poorest of beef; some of the beef so poor as absolutely to have no marrow in the bones, and in many instances had the whole beef been put in a kettle and boiled and set off and cooled, there would not have been a tablespoon full of tallow on the water. This sounds like fiction, and many who have grown up since the war no doubt will not believe it, but it is as true as the Bible itself. Not more than ten or twelve thousand of the forty thousand men turned over to General Hood by General Johnston on the 18th of July before were here, and I doubt if 5,000 of that number could have been induced to go into battle under General Hood at all. But General Johnston was asked to take command of this little squad of half-clad and fed soldiers and try to put them in fighting shape again as he used to have

them. Most everybody would have said that was an impossibility. But as soon as it was known that Johnston had agreed to take command again, you could hear men all over the camp saying they were willing to go anywhere under Johnston, and subsequent events proved what they said was true. While we remained here our little army recruited up to thirteen or fourteen thousand men. With that little band Johnston was ordered around to North Carolina to meet Sherman with his 60,000 men, who had been to the coast of Georgia and swept around through South Carolina and turned back north.

We were carried there as rapidly as possible and concentrated between Goldsboro and Wilmington, where we met Sherman at Bentonville about the 10th of April. Here the last battle of any importance was fought. Here old Bob, General Reynolds' horse, that he had ridden since the spring of 1862, when we went east of the Mississippi river, was killed, and General Reynolds lost one of his legs at the same time; and in this our Alabama brigade acts a conspicuous part again. When we came into line their place came in a field, and they refused again to take it, and General Walthall called upon General Reynolds to swap places with them again, as we had done at Nashville. They were not to take the field until the line was ready to move, and had they gone on in the first place, they would, perhaps, not have suffered any worse than they did. But in the maneuvering to get into position the enemy got sight of us, and as we were getting to our place a shell struck General Reynolds' horse, cutting off one of his fore legs at the shoulder, and striking Reynolds' leg, tearing off the cap and injuring it so badly as to necessitate the taking of it off above the knee, then passed on and tore off the horse's hind leg on the other side. After this we moved in behind the line just to the left of the field and lay down. Just before the order to move forward General Walthall rode up to our brigade and said: "Boys, you have lost your commander, but you shall not suffer for the want of one. I'll command you myself," and our advance was managed so adroitly that, though we took the old field, our loss was no greater than many other places on the line. General Walthall, as I said, took command of our brigade as we lay just to the left of the field and behind the line. Cleburne's division lay just to the right of the field, and when we came into line would fill up the gap. Cleburne's men were ordered forward first to attract the attention of the enemy, so when the battle began there was no one in the field. Just at that moment our division was ordered forward, and General Walthall rode to the head of our brigade and gave the command right face, double quick. Every man in the brigade knew what was to be done, so there was no confusion, and before the enemy had discovered us we had double-quickened out into the field, left faced, and by another double quick were in line with Cleburne's men, and in 15 minutes more were crossing their breastworks. Here we hardly halted long enough to reform, but pushed on after the first line and drove them and the second line out of

their trenches. Here a halt was made and before the small arms ceased, General Johnston came riding in front of the line, and as he passed our division he made this remark: "It has been reported to me that the Army of Tennessee was demoralized; if that be true I had rather command demoralized troops, because they fight better."

This demonstrated what men will do when they have confidence in their commander. For this little army, which so short a time before had been so completely demoralized that a great many thought it could never be reorganized again, was that day, under his magnetic influence, in as good shape and fought as determinedly as any troops ever did, and notwithstanding the fact that the enemy lay in front of us with two lines, and they behind intrenchments, yet when everything was ready and the command given to go forward, the order was obeyed with such impetuosity that, as before stated, both lines were taken almost at a single dash.

After this battle we moved back to the little town of Jamestown, where Johnston learned that Lee had surrendered on August 9, and desiring to avoid all the bloodshed possible, and knowing that further fighting was useless, he entered into negotiations with Sherman for terms of surrender, as soon as it had been positively learned that Lee had surrendered.

Everything being arranged, we stacked our guns and surrendered May 9, just one month from the time Lee had surrendered at Appomatax Court House, Virginia.

CHAPTER VI.

According to the terms of surrender, both officers and men were to retain all private property. The troops were to be given transportation to the capitals of their several states, and there be disbanded. This latter was done in order to prevent the men from straggling over the country where the surrender was made, which had been devastated of everything, almost, upon which they could subsist.

When the surrender was made, and the last roll was called, there were just seven present of Company H to answer to their names. They were: H. C. Cunningham, Renel Williams, F. G. Brown, W. A. Ellis, W. D. Jennings, R. H. Dacus and John Spencer. Ruel Williams was fourth corporal, the lowest officer in the company, but had been commanding officer since Henry Cornelius, the orderly sergeant, was killed at Franklin. Of the 118 men composing the company, twenty were killed and wounded at Oak Hill, ten of that number being killed, one wounded at Elk Horn, Ark., one wounded at Richmond, Ky., thirteen killed and wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., four killed and wounded at Jackson, Miss., eleven wounded at Chickamauga, Ga., twenty-one killed and wounded on Johnston's retreat through Georgia, three hundred at Franklin, Tenn., nine killed and wounded at Nashville, Tenn., five of the nine being killed, and one wounded at Bentonville, N. C. Sixteen died from sickness, making a total of 100 killed, wounded

and died; some two or three were left behind or sent off to the hospital and never heard from afterwards. Several others were killed and wounded after leaving the company and coming back to this side of the river.

Now when it is considered that thirty-four of the company were discharged during the first year of the war, and in the spring of 1862, who had never been wounded. it will be seen at a glance why there was so few at the close, and, indeed, you will be ready to say that it is impossible for so many to have been killed and wounded, because there were not that many left in the company. But the seeming discrepancy can be easily explained in this way: Quite a number were wounded twice, and sometimes three times. in different engagements; while others were wounded once, and in some instances twice, and then killed or died afterwards. These were all counted as so many different men, wounded and killed.

After the surrender we had to march from Jamestown, N. C., across the Blue mountains, a distance of 200 miles, to Greenville, East Tennessee. before we could get transportation. After arriving at Greenville, to complete our humiliation, I suppose, they had a negro brigade to open ranks and stand at present arms, with bayonets fixed, while we marched through, between their ranks. While passing through they tantalized us considerably. They told us to remember Fort Pillow, where Forrest had killed the whole garrison and buried them in their breastworks, and Nashville, where Cleburne's division slaughtered the Thirteenth United States Volunteers. For a little while it looked as though we might meet with the same fate that befell Fort Pillow. or perhaps our bones be left to bleach on the side of the mountain.

It was at Greenville Gen. John A. Morgan was killed, and to the shame of Arkansas, and Reynolds' brigade in particular, it must be said that the man who claimed the honor of killing him was a deserter from the Second Arkansas, McIntosh's old regiment. He was at Greenville when we arrived and was sent out as transportation officer, to get the number of men and to ascertain what cars and other arrangements would be necessary. But, instead of coming out as one coming among friends, he brought a body guard of 100 well-armed men with him.

He was a very strong man and after killing General Morgan he put him on his horse and carried him out to show that it was General Morgan. The United States gave him a lieutenant's commission for the deed. However, with all this he met with a very cool reception from his old comrades.

After arrangements for transportation were completed we were loaded onto freight cars like so many cattle and started for Little Rock. The engineer in charge of our train was drunk, and seemed determined to take us through as quickly as possible. Everything went well for the first fifty miles. or until we were in ten miles of Knoxville, Tenn., when, while running about thirty miles an hour, and crossing a bridge that had been burnt and replaced with a temporary one, the track spread and let the wheels drop onto the

stringers. The wheels ran the stringers all right until they struck the cross-ties on the levee, when everything collapsed. In this accident ten were killed and fifty crippled.

Here I shall have to bring this narrative to a close so far as what occurred to the company from here home is concerned, as I was one of the unfortunate ones. When the car I was in left the track I was standing between the doors. It was the first car that ran off; the engine, tender and two flat cars in front of it having passed over all right. As it left the track the coupling broke and it turned over. As it turned over I fell through the door and landed about the bottom of the levee and the car on top of me. Here I lay until almost every one of the others had been cared for, as I was head and heels under the car and was not discovered until I was missed and a search made for me. I was conscious all the time and knew that death was at the door and that the door was ajar, and unless help came soon he would step in and claim me as his victim. I could hear men running here and yonder, calling for help to relieve those who were hurt; I could hear the groans and cries of those who were mangled by the cars. I attempted to call for help but in the din and confusion I could make no one hear me. The car was gradually settling down upon me closer and closer every minute, and every minute I called for help took an extra amount of breath, the one thing of all others I stood most in need of just at that time. As calling for help was only shortening my breath and hastening the end, without any hope of bringing help, I determined to lie quiet and await results. After a while I heard some one say: "There's a man under that car." Then I heard Henry Cunningham say: "I believe it's Bob Dacus." During everyone's life, I presume, there is some word or act that is looked back to with more pleasure than any other. To my mind those were the most welcome words I have ever heard spoken, either before or since.

After some delay another train was sent to the wreck, and those of us who were crippled were taken on to Knoxville and put into a prison hospital. No one who saw me expected that I would come out of there alive. I was carried into the hospital on a litter. My shoulders and hips were so badly injured that I had no use of my limbs at all, and when moved by some one else the pain was so excruciating as to be almost unbearable.

I lay here several days, seemingly suspended between life and death; but after a while, to the surprise of all, I commenced improving and by the middle of July was able to start for Arkansas. During my stay in this hospital I feel that I am under special obligations to Colonel Brazzleton, of the First Tennessee Cavalry, and an old citizen friend of his, who were in prison there at the time. Their homes were at Greenville, but they had many friends in Knoxville, who brought them delicacies every day, such as one sick could relish, and through them and their friends those of us who were worst hurt were tolerably well cared for. They staid up stairs, and I down, and as soon as I was able to crawl off my

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bunk I would crawl off on the floor and crawl on my hands and knees upstairs to play dominoes, which was about all the amusement we had. When I got so I could get out on the floor and walk around my bunk by holding to it with my hands and supporting myself I felt almost as proud as when I was taken out from under the car.

As stated above, about the middle of July I thought I could get to the depot, which was about a quarter of a mile from the hospital. There were three others to start that morning, coming west. I supposed I would be sent home, or as far as Little Rock at any rate, but they put us on board the cars and sent us down to Nashville under guard, and there gave us our paroles, and told us if we got any further help we would have to call on the Southern sympathizers for it.

There was a government boat lying at the wharf, which was to start for St. Louis in a short time. They told us we might go where we pleased on it, or rather we might ride on it wherever it went, provided we furnished our own rations. We decided we could not worsen our condition by going to St. Louis, or anywhere else for that matter. We all drew a dollar in silver apiece at the surrender, and some of us had some of it yet. With this we bought some loaf bread and a piece of ham and went aboard of the government boat, not caring much where we went; but when we got to Cairo, Ill., there was a boat just landed, loaded with Southern prisoners, going south. The captain was a Southern man and told us he would take us to Memphis, so we gave up our trip to St. Louis and went to Memphis instead. Here I got off and made my way out to Covington, where I was born, and where I got money to come home on, after stopping there and making a short visit. I landed at Dardanelle August 16, making four years, one month and three days since I left. As for the injuries referred to above, I have never recovered from them, nor do I ever expect to, as they have been gradually growing worse for the last ten or twelve years. And yet my recovery has been so much nearer perfect, and my physical suffering so much less than anyone, under the circumstances, could have anticipated, that I feel that I have much, very much, to be thankful for.

At the reorganization in May, 1862, our brigade was commanded by Gen. T. J. Churchill. It and a Texas brigade, commanded by Gen. W. L. Cabell, formed the division which was at that time commanded by Maj. Gen. J. P. McCowen. Our brigade afterwards became known throughout the army of Tennessee as Reynolds' Arkansas Brigade, and the Texas brigade became as well known as Ector's Texas Brigade. The two brigades were in the same division from this time until about the time Vicksburg fell, when we were separated by General French, as stated in another place.

There seemed to be an enmity existing between the two brigades from the time the division was formed until the battle of Richmond, Ky. That was the first opportunity they had of trying

each other on the battle field. Here they fought side by side, each trying to out vie the other, but at night either one was willing to concede the other his equal, and from that day their enmity was turned into a friendship that nothing ever marred during the war. That friendship could not have been stronger had they all been not only from the same state, but from the same county. One great dread of soldiers in battle is being flanked and cross-fired upon. That day's fighting taught us that with Ector on our left we had nothing to fear from that quarter. At Murfreesboro again they were on our left. but our right failed to come up, and as I said in a previous article, had it not been for Cleburne's timely appearance we would have been swept from the field, both Ector's and our brigade. Almost the same thing occurred at Chickamauga. In the last charge on the 19th our right support failed to come up. (However, they had orders to halt.) Longstreet was to our right and everything was not just ready to move forward. Neither did we know we were so close to the enemy. Orders were given for the line to halt, and Longstreet's men got their orders in time to halt, but as General (then Lieutenant Colonel) Reynolds rode up with orders to halt he discovered the enemy only a few yards in our front, and instead of giving orders to halt, right in the face of the enemy, and they in ambush and ready to fire. he gave the command to charge, and by the time both ranks of their line had fired we were almost close enough to use the bayonet; but they had commenced giving back. We drove them back for something ilke a mile. They couldn't swing their line around on our right, as they attempted to do at Murfreesboro, but after we passed they turned their battery on us and raked our line with canister shot. Several of our brigade were killed and wounded by this battery. It was from this battery I was wounded.

Ector's brigade and ours were separated just before the fall of Vicksburg by old General French.

It was out east of Vicksburg and some time in June. The weather was fearfully hot and dry, and the dust in the roads in places almost shoemouth deep. General French had been commander of some post pretty much all the time till then, and had a set of dudes for his staff.

When we would stop to rest they would come dashing up and down the road every few minutes. raising all the dust they could, and almost running over some of the men. We got tired of it after awhile. Our officers had never treated us with such contempt. So when they would ride through quietly we said nothing, but we got to singing for them when they rode so fast. The brigade they struck first would start the tune to the patter of their horses' feet and as they passed on others would take it up until they had passed clear through the two brigades. They stood it a few days and reported us to General French. He issued orders to have any man arrested who sang any more when his staff of orderlies were passing their ranks. Next morning the orders were given and for a while everything went pretty quiet; only occasionally some one would call out to

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the others not to sing. "It is against orders to sing." "Boys, if you sing you will be arrested," and such remarks as that as they went through. Finally, some one suggested there were no orders against whistling and started a tune. It only needed a suggestion, for all hated General French and his staff, and in a little while they were whistled in at one end of the division and out at the other. This so incensed his chief of staff that he rode up to Colonel Reynolds at the head of our regiment while we were resting one day and said: "Colonel, if you don't have your men to treat my men with more respect I'll have my men to fire into them." Reynolds says: "All right, Colonel; but if they do my men will return the fire. If your men will treat mine like gentlemen they will treat yours the same way, but until they do it, I shall not try to restrain my men, and whenever you feel like firing into them, do so; but you do so at your own peril." They never fired into us, but General French got so mad, and knowing the attachment between the two brigades he had us separated and put into different divisions. He called us devils, and said no one could do anything with the two brigades together. Our fighting together from then on was accidental, but the friendship and confidence that grew between the brigades were just as strong to the close of the war, as was proven at Nashville, when Ector's brigade was being overpowered and driven from their place on the skirmish line, they sent for our brigade to come and help them instead of their own division. Another little incident will serve to show what confidence our officers, and especially General Walthall, than whom a braver officer never went on the battlefield, had in the two brigades. I refer to his proposition to General Hood at Franklin to take the place with the two brigades if he would give them to him.

As long as Walthall commanded our division, when he expected harder fighting at any particular place along the line, or was called upon to send a brigade to any important point, to be taken or held, or do any kind of hazardous work, he always called upon General Reynolds.

He always called this the post of honor. And when such orders came General Reynolds would tell us in a joking way: "Boys, we are to have the post of honor again today." We all knew what that meant, and the position was tendered us so often during the last two years of the war that we hardly had a respectable body guard for the commander of the post left at the close of the war.

This closes all the history except the roll,



CHAPTER VII.

PREFACE TO ROLL.

A part of the work which is to follow has been done about twelve years. Naturally a great many changes have taken place since that time. Those with stars set opposite their names have since died. The number of stars that have been placed there in that time, when compared to the few who are left, admonish us that what is done to preserve a true record of the deeds of the Southern soldiers must be done quickly, as we are, like "Poor Lo," fast fading away.

And when the present generation has passed away, with such men as Barnes to write history, our children will be taught that the South was to blame for all the misery and bloodshed caused by the war, and it will be thought a disgrace to be called the son of an ex-Confederate soldier. Then such men as General Woodberry, of Massachusetts, can say with impunity what he said at Chicago at the World's Fair, that "We are willing to give our Southern friends credit for believing they were right while the war was going on, but now they will have to acknowledge they were wrong," because the South will have no Governor Turney then, as she had at Chicago to get up and reply to such calumny by saying: "I believed I was right when I went into the war, I believed I was right when I came out of the war, I believe I am right yet, and I shall teach my children I was right."

THE ROLL.

1.* T. J. Daniels, captain; resigned October 1, 1861. Came home, but afterwards raised another company and joined Hill's regiment. He is still living on his farm, five miles west of Dardanelle.

2.* L. T. Brown, first lieutenant, promoted to captain when Daniels resigned, which position he held until the reorganization, May 22, 1862. Has died since the war at his home above Dardanelle six miles, on the Fort Smith road.

3. H. C. Dawson, second lieutenant. Killed at Oak Hills. Mo., August 10, 1861.

4.* M. A. J. Bonville, third lieutenant, was promoted to second lieutenant when Dawson was killed, and then to first lieutenant when Daniels resigned to take Brown's place. This position he held until the reorganization. Not being re-elected, he returned home but soon re-entered the army again as quartermaster of Hill's regiment, which position he held until the surrender in '65.

5. J. C. Banks, first sergeant, was elected third lieutenant to fill Bonville's place when he was promoted, and was afterwards promoted to second lieutenant when Bonville was made first lieutenant. This position he held until the reorganization. Not being re-elected he returned home, but soon entered Hill's regiment, where he served until the close of the war. He was wounded slightly at Elk Horn, and after his return from east of the Mississippi

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was wounded and captured at Dardanelle. He is living at present on his farm five miles west of Dardanelle. Moved to Muscogee, I. T., since the above was written.

6. J. A. Jacoway, second sergeant. Discharged some time in the summer or fall of '61. Died since the war in Mississippi.

7. G. T. Holmes, third sergeant. Was appointed ordnance sergeant of the reorganization, which position he held until near the close of the war, when he came home on account of bad health. Is practicing medicine in Fourche Valley. Since the above was written he has moved out to the Arkansas river, where he is still practicing.

8. Jacob Cowger, fourth sergeant. Was discharged in Kentucky, October, '62, on account of being over conscript age and in bad health. He died at his home, five miles west of Dardanelle, in April, 1881.

9. B. B. Banks, first corporal. Furloughed on surgeon's certificate some time in July or August, 1862, while in Kentucky. He came home and died shortly afterwards.

10. Bostie Dawson, second corporal. Discharged on surgeon's certificate in 1861, came home, but afterwards entered Hill's regiment and was killed in Dardanelle, at the time Banks was captured.

H. W. C. Atkin, third corporal. Discharged in 1861, on account of accidental shot in foot, but afterwards entered Hill's regiment and served until the close of the war. He died at Dardanelle in March, 1871, after a long and painful confinement, caused by a burn received from the explosion of a coal oil lamp while lighting a fire in a stove.

12.* R. N. Atchison, third corporal. Discharged on surgeon's certificate. Date of discharge forgotten. Was in Texas last account. He and I were in the same mess during the winter of 1861. After we went into winter quarters at Spadra Bob came home on a few days' leave of absence, and when he went back he took a negro along to do his part of the cooking, and to attend to his horse. Teaching him to cook was out of the question, and could he have been taught to cook he was so filthy that even a soldier could not have eaten his cooking. But Crusoe was all right when it came to bringing wood and water, provided some one went with him; but if sent alone and some one told him to leave his load of wood in their house he would do so, thinking it was all right, and if coming with a bucket of water and some one met him and told him to empty into their bucket and go back and get another he would do so, thinking that was all right, too. Then if he sent him to feed his horse alone, and some one told him to give the feed to another horse he would do so, provided he didn't meet a third person, who would tell him to give it to still another horse, and so on. No matter what you sent him to do, he would always do what the last one told him to do. Not only our company but the companies adjoining ours, soon found out these peculiarities about the negro, and in order to have a little fun some one or other was nearly always playing pranks upon him, which caused Bob a good

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deal of trouble, and kept him in hot water about Crusoe a good deal of his time. Crusoe was like most negroes—he wanted to be close to the fire of nights. This little peculiarity gave the mess a good deal of trouble, too. He would get down on the hearth of nights and the chunks from the fire rolling down burned his blankets and clothing, and singed the wool on his head until he looked like a regular, sure enough singed cat. Another one of his peculiarities was to want to see into everything in the house, and know all about what was going on. One day while all were out of the house, Crusoe got down one of our cartridge boxes and proceeded to examine it. (As many young people of the present day never saw a cartridge box I will describe one. It looks very much like one side of a country doctor's saddle bags, and is carried upon a belt, worn around the waist and sometimes supported by a shoulder strap. It has a tin can inside, which is divided into little receptacles, just large enough to hold a cartridge. They are usually intended to carry forty cartridges each.) The box had only two cartridges in it. He set it down on the floor, placed the two cartridges side by side, then got him a coal of fire and laid on the top of them, and commenced blowing. Pretty soon the fire burnt through the paper of which the cartridge was made, and the powder exploded, blowing Crusoe over and burning him badly about the face and head. He had been so completely surprised by the explosion that, though he was badly hurt and suffering a great deal of pain, yet he was still worse scared if possible. He thought his time had come to hand in his checks. After he had become quiet enough to learn anything from him and when questioned about the matter he said: "I thought them things was candle moulds. and them little things was little candles, an' I was tryin' to light 'em." It now came Bob's turn to wait on Crusoe, and by the time he had gone through with a two weeks' seige, feeding him and leading him around everywhere he went, he concluded it would be less trouble to wait upon himself than both Crusoe and himself, so as soon as Crusoe was well enough for him to get a bill of lading, signed up in good order, he shipped him back to Dardanelle.

13. J. W. Arnett, killed at Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 1864.

14. Frank Armstrong, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861.

15. L. D. Armstrong, discharged some time in June, 1862. Last account was traveling for some commercial house.

16.* H. C. Atkinson, absent on surgeon's certificate at time of surrender. He is living at present somewhere in Texas.

17. Laught Atkins, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861.

18. W. T. Brown, wounded at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. Died June, 1862, in Mississippi.

19.* F. G. Brown, one of the seven at the surrender, May 9, 1865. At Frankltn. Tenn., Felix Brown came nearer obeying orders than any man in the company. We had orders, as stated else-

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where, not to fire until we had crossed the breastworks of the enemy, then empty our guns and use the bayonet. We failed to cross their breastworks, as stated elsewhere also; so Felix Brown came out with the same wad in his gun he started in with, though he went as far as any one of the company or brigade. After coming out some one asked him how it happened, or why he never shot. He said: "Because we had orders not to fire until we had crossed their breastworks. We never crossed their breastworks. Neither was the order not to fire ever countermanded; that's why I didn't shoot." He is now living five miles south of Dardanelle.

20. Paul Busholt, missing at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. Has never been heard from since.

21. B. Buchannan, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861.

22. J. D. Burk, discharged in July or August, 1861. Afterwards raised a company in Mississippi and served as captain until the close of the war. He is living somewhere in the southern part of this state at present.

23. D. F. Berry. Being solicited to accept an office in another company at the reorganization, he was transferred for that purpose. Their captain being afterwards killed, he was promoted to that position, which he held to the close of the war. He died in Dardanelle in 1878.

24. S. Betterton. He was the only substitute ever hired in the company. He being hired to take the place of David Arbuckle in 1861. He was put on detached service as a mechanic, in the spring of 1862. Was never with the company any more.

25.* G. W. Bryant, one of the sergeants from reorganization, wounded at Richmond, Ky., August 30, 1862. and at Chickamauga, Ga., September 19, 1863, losing his leg from the last wound; no discharges being granted at that time, he was given an unlimited furlough, placing him on the retired list. He was living in California when last heard from.

27. H. C. Cunningham. wounded at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, and at Bentonville, N. C. Was one of the seven present at the surrender at Jamestown, N. C., May 9, 1865, and it seems that he must have made a vow, then or at some subsequent time, never to surrender again, as he stands behind his counter, leans back upon his bachelor dignity and defies all the beautiful young ladies who may attempt to capture him by their smiles. But all who are at all familiar with the fate of war know that sometimes by well directed, continuous firing, the heaviest guns are dismounted, the strongest battlements razed, and the enemy walk in, take possession and compels the fort to surrender. So if he is not careful some one may yet fire the shot that will knock down the seemingly impregnable door to his affections, walk in, take possession and compel him to make another surrender. Since the above was written he has surrendered again, as predicted above. He concluded there was no use trying to hold the fort longer against such fearful odds, since all had followed but himself and 'Fayette Hart, so he decided to capitulate while he had the chance to do so upon

fair terms. And now he sits in the corner and trots the baby on his knee, seemingly as well contented as if the world and the fullness thereof were his.

CHAPTER VIII.

28. A. B. Cox, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. He was not related to any of the Coxes here. I don't know where he came from.

29. Robert Campbell, died in Missouri some time in September, 1861. He was a brother to John Campbell, the father of W. A. and Charley Campbell, of Dardanelle.

30. H. B. Cornelius, wounded on Johnston's retreat through Georgia and afterwards killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. He was elected orderly sergeant at the reorganization (May, 1862), which position he held until his death. His position, next to the captain's, was the hardest to fill of any in the company, as all reports had to be made by him, and everything coming to the company had to be distributed by him to the men, making it the most difficult place to fill, satisfactorily, of any (except the captain's) in the company, yet no one ever accused Henry Cornelius of being incompetent or unfaithful in discharging the duties of his office.

31. G. F. Cornelius, wounded on Peach Tree street, in front of Atlanta, Ga., July 20, 1864. Furloughed on account of wound. Died some time since the war at his home near Gravelly Hill in Fourche Valley. Date of death not known by the writer.

32. S. Cravens, was elected third lieutenant when Daniels resigned, October 1, 1861, which position he held until his death, which occurred some time in December following.

33. A. J. Dyer, transferred to medical department after battle at Oak Hills. He is living at present at his home in Dardanelle. Moved to Texas since the above was written.

* 34. R. H. Dacus, wounded at Chickamauga, Ga., September 19, 1863. One of the seven at the surrender at Jamestown, N. C., May 9, 1865. He sustained injuries in a railroad accident on the way home from which he has never fully recovered, nor is it likely that he ever will. He is living at present four miles from Dardanelle on his farm on the lower Danville road, and practicing medicine.

35. R. Dunford, died some time in September, 1862.

36. W. Douthett, discharged some time in 1861. Cannot say whether dead or alive, at present.

37. W. A. Ellis, one of the seven at the surrender at Jamestown, N. C., May 9, 1865. Died in Carden's Bottom since the war. Date of death not known. Though he was never wounded, yet he was as faithful a soldier as the company had; always at his post and ready for any duty that came up.

38. T. A. Fowlkes, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861.

39. Robert Fulton, wounded at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861, and at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862. Being

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permanently disabled at Murfreesboro, he was given an unlimited furlough. One very remarkable thing in connection with Robert Fulton's soldier life is that he was with the company about twenty months, made a good soldier, was wounded twice and yet never fired a gun. At Oak Hills he was wounded before the company became engaged; at Elk Horn, though we were under fire two days, yet both General McCulloch and General McIntosh being killed, we were never brought into action. At Richmond, Ky., he was on detached duty, and at Murfreesboro he was again the first man wounded in the regiment. He died at the old Fulton homestead seven miles south of Dardanelle, April 25, 1883. But few have ever died in Yell county that have been missed more by the poor than he.

40. Thomas Fowler, left the company at the reorganization, May, 1862, and after coming home, joined the Federals. He is living at Gravelly Hill, in Fourche Valley.

41. H. J. Fry, wounded at Chickamauga, Ga., September 20 and furloughed. Afterwards served in Hill's regiment. He is living at present in Western Texas.

42. William Fry, discharged, over age, at the reorganization.

43. S. V. Fry, sick at hospital at time of surrender. Died since the war near Gravelly Hill, in Fourche Valley.

44. W. A. Gafford, died in Atlanta, Ga., some time in 1863.

45. John Gafford, killed accidentally at Camp Sevier, Ark., July, 1861.

46. E. A. Gaylor, died at Shelbyville, Tenn., April, 1863.

47.* George Garner, wounded at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, and furloughed. He is living at present on his farm near Gravelly Hill, in Fourche Valley.

48. J. C. Garrett, received several minor wounds in different engagements. Was a good soldier. Left our command and joined a company in the Trans-Mississippi Department, with which he served until the surrender. Still living in Texas at last report.

49. Russell Garrison, wounded at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. Died some time in 1863, at Atlanta, Ga.

50. D. H. Grace, died at London, Tenn., some time in December, 1862. Was left there as we came out of Kentucky, before the battle of Murfreesboro.

51. Q. V. Haney, discharged on surgeon's certificate some time in 1861. Afterwards died. He was an uncle of J. L. Haney, also to Dr. J. B. Foster, and Mrs. Charley Meyers, of Dardanelle.

52. J. L. Haney, was fourth sergeant, from the reorganization in May, 1862, until his death. He was killed on Peach Tree street in front of Atlanta, Ga., July 20, 1864. He was rather of an impulsive, excitable nature. I don't mean cowardly, for such was not the case, but easily excited about anything, and the reason I mention this peculiarity is on account of a remark he made just a short time before he was killed. Once during the siege of Jackson, Miss., Captain Parks spoke to John about this, cautioning him for fear he would excite the men in the company, and John

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often referred to this afterwards, calling himself "Old Excitable." On the 20th of July, 1864, we were called out in front of our breastworks and ordered to form in line of battle. General Sherman, with the Army of the Cumberland, numbering three to our one, lay between us and Peach Tree Creek. General Hood had been placed in command of our army two days before this, with a pledge to hold Atlanta at any sacrifice. To do this he had determined to drive Sherman back across Peach Tree Creek. With the odds against us, we expected nothing short of bloody work; neither did we expect that all who formed with us on that line of battle would ever form together again. In neither of these were we disappointed. As we formed our line John Haney remarked laughingly, as he stepped into line: "Here comes 'Old Excitable,'" and then said in a more serious manner: "Boys, I know I am excitable, but if I am killed today no man can say that John Haney ever acted cowardly." Sure enough, when we returned John Haney was missing. He had answered to his last roll call this side of that turbulent stream that separates us all from an endless eternity. But no man ever accused him of acting cowardly. The charge was over and we had captured their first line of breastworks, and John was distributing a fresh supply of ammunition to the men when he was killed; that being one of the duties of his office. He died at his post.

53. G. L. Harn, killed at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862. This was Gaz. Harn, as he was familiarly known to everybody here before the war. He was a brother to Col. E. G. Collier's first wife, and an uncle of Charley Harn's.

54. W. N. Henry, wounded at Murfreesboro. Tenn., December 31, 1862, and at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864. Having lost his hand at Resaca, he was given an unlimited furlough. He was in business in Dardanelle awhile after the war, and went by the title of Major, which was an assumed title. Was in Texas when last heard from a few years ago.

55. L. Hensley, sent off to hospital from Meridian, Miss., in the spring of 1862, and never heard from afterwards. Supposed to have died.

56.* F. C. Huckaby, elected first lieutenant at the reorganization in May, 1862, and held the office until the close of the war. He was wounded at Murfreesboro December 31, 1862. and at Lovejoy Station, Ga., August 20, 1864. Rather a singular incident occurred with his first wound. He was wounded in the middle finger of his right hand with a minie ball, the ball striking on the back of the finger of right hand between the first and second joints, crushing the bone, and then lodging without passing through. The wound at Lovejoy Station disabled him for the war, so he was given an unlimited furlough. Has died some time since the above was written in Mississippi.

57. L. G. Hart. furloughed from Meridian, Miss., January 20, 1864. He came home, and when his furlough expired, reported for duty on this side of the Mississippi river, and was wounded

during Price's campaign into Missouri that fall. He is merchandising at present in Dardanelle, and the only one of the company left to keep Henry Cunningham company and console him in his state of single blessedness.

Since the above was written he and Cunningham have both taken down their colors and surrendered. 'Fayette fought manfully for a while, but after Cunningham fell he concluded that it was useless to try to hold out longer, all alone, so he grounded arms again. When Generals Lee and Johnston saw they could gain nothing by holding out longer they both surrendered upon honorable terms, rather than carry on the war when they saw our cause, though just, was hopeless, and I think 'Fayette did well in striving to emulate them, instead of trying to hold on to a forlorn and hopeless cause.

58. T. L. Hill, wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1864. Had it not been for me Tom Hill would have died that night. He was wounded by a limb or tree top that had been cut off by a cannon ball, falling on him and mashing his breast and shoulders. That night after the battle was over, I got permission to go back to the field hospital to hunt him up and see how badly he was hurt. About 9 or 10 o'clock I found him a little off to one side, lying on his blanket, and in so deep a stupor that I could not arouse him at all. He was suffering severely when brought from the battle field, and the doctors had given him too much morphine. I didn't know that that was the trouble with him, at that time, but supposed it was caused from the effect of the injury he had received. He and I had been messmates and close friends for a long time, so, as soon as I saw the condition he was in, I tried to get a doctor to see him, but failed, as they were all so busy with other wounded. Not being able to get a doctor, and believing he was dying, I went back to him, and took my seat by his side, on his blanket, determined to stay with him until the end came. He lay just as I found him, until some time after the turn of the night, when he began retching, as though he was sick, and presently commenced vomiting. This he kept up at short intervals for the remainder of the night; and this is where and how I saved his life. He was still in as profound a stupor as when I first found him, so I watched him closely, not so much as allowing myself to doze all night, and when he would commence retching I would turn him on his side just as he commenced to vomit. Had I not done this, he would have strangled to death, with the fluids and other matters that were being ejected from the stomach. Next morning he began showing some little signs of returning life, and eventually regained consciousness. He was furloughed when he was able to leave the hospital. Was not able to soldier any more during the war. Is living somewhere in Kansas at present.

59. A. B. Hoy, wounded at Chickamauga, Ga., September 19, 1863, and afterwards killed at Vining Station, Ga., July 4, 1864. He was a nephew of Capt. H. P. Barry, and had only been here a short time from South Carolina when he enlisted.

60. A. M. Johnson, discharged in Kentucky in October, 1862, being over conscript age. He came home, but afterwards joined Captain Daniels' company and served in it. He has died since the war in Carden's Bottom.

61. W. D. Jennings was one of the seven at the surrender at Jamestown, N. C., May 9, 1865. He and S. V. Fry were detailed to cook for the company during the last year of the war, so we gave him the sobriquet of Nancy, or Nance, as he was generally called. He is living on his place and farming nine miles south from Dardanelle.

62. William Jordon, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. As I have been asked by some persons lately who William Jordon was, I will state here that he was a half brother to J. S. Atkins, and also to Laught Atkins, who was killed the same day, close to him.

63. Vest Jones, wounded at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, and discharged on account of wound, but afterwards joined Daniels' company in Hill's regiment and served until the close of the war. He is living on his place at present above Dardanelle, on the Fort Smith road.

CHAPTER IX.

64. B. J. Jacoway, transferred in 1861 to Holowell's company, afterwards killed in attempting to swim the Arkansas river below Dardanelle. He and Ira Hunt, having been surrounded by bushwhackers, were compelled to swim the river under their fire. It being in the night, Ira made it across and escaped, but Ben was never seen any more. It was never known whether he was killed or drowned.

65. David Kirkpatrick, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861.

66. S. T. Lyon, killed at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864.

67. J. L. Lyon, was elected orderly sergeant when J. C. Banks was elected lieutenant. At the reorganization in May, 1862, he was elected second lieutenant, which position he held until his death. He was wounded at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. Some time in 1863 he was given a furlough and while at home was killed by bushwhackers.

68. T. G. Langly, was wounded at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. Was on detached duty most of the time afterwards (as teamster) until his death, some time in 1863.

69. Sammie Lawrence, killed at Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 1864. He was the only boy in the company that was under age at the reorganization that remained. General Reynolds afterwards made him his orderly, in recognition of his fidelity and bravery. Nor did he ever betray his trust. When he fell, we left five killed and four wounded, out of fourteen, leaving but five not hurt.

70. G. L. R. Lafferty, wounded at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861, killed at Jackson, Miss., July 10, 1863. He and T. J.

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McCray and I got permission to go out in front of the line for the purpose of reconnoitering. We had to go some distance to the right of where we were lying in order to miss the field in our front. This we did before starting to the front. The Twelfth Louisiana Regiment was lying where we left our line to go to the front. We told them where we were going, so they would not mistake us for the enemy and shoot at us. After we began to get pretty close to the enemy we dodged from tree to tree until we came near a house. Here we stopped and parlied for some time as to what we would do. We were right up to the horse lot fence and just beyond it was the yard around the house, and just beyond the house a short distance, in a grove of timber, we could see the enemy. They had already shot several times at us before we reached the lot. Tom McCray and I wanted to turn back from here but Lafferty wanted to go to the house. The lot had a high staked and ridged fence, all around it, and in order to get to the house from where we were we would have had the fence to climb, where we were, then run across the open lot and climb the same kind of a fence on the other side to get into the yard, then cross an open yard to get to the house. All this had to be done in plain view of the enemy. We told him it would be impossible to get to the house without being killed, but he argued that we could climb the first fence and run across the lot to the other before they would notice us, and then wait awhile and climb the other and run across the yard to the house, as we had run from tree to tree, getting to the lot. Finally, however, he agreed to go no further, and after staying here for some time we decided to go back. This had to be done as we had come, by making short runs from tree to tree. McCray and I started, and Lafferty kept saying he would come directly, for us to go on. After getting back some distance, and knowing how venturesome he was, we stopped and begged him, and tried every way to prevail upon him to come back. He kept telling us to go on, that he would not try to go any further, but would come back directly; yet he kept staying where he was, and shouting occasionally. We finally went on back to the line, believing he would come after a little while. When we got back to the line we found everything in a stir, getting ready to charge the enemy. In making the charge the Twelfth Louisiana went right by where we had left him. After the charge we fell back to where we were before. That night Lafferty failed to come to the company. Next day some one of the company went up through the Twelfth Louisiana and found his gun. We knew our guns wherever we found them, because they were Sharp's rifles, and the only ones in that part of the army. The guns were all numbered, and the numbers of each man's gun was set opposite his name on the roll. They said they found him dead, about half way between the lot fence and the house, in the yard. He had undertaken to go to the house after we had left him, and almost succeeded in doing it. The Louisianaans said they picked him up when they found him, as they were making the charge, and laid him in the house. After

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the charge, as they fell back, they took him with them and buried him. One of Lafferty's greatest faults was to want to always be doing something daring; something that no one else would try to do. Had he been more cautious he might not have been killed and yet have accomplished as much good as one so daring and reckless.

71.* Robert Linn, wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862, and furloughed. He came west of the Mississippi river, and when well re-entered the army over here.

72. N. H. Maxwell, killed at Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 1864. He was a step-brother to Orderly Sergeant H. B. Cornelius, who was killed at Franklin.

73. Benjamin Menasco, died some time in October, 1861, in Missouri.

74. T. J. McCray, was on detached duty, as one of the Whitworth sharpshooters for nearly two years during the latter part of the war. He was wounded at Kennesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864, and at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, after which he was furloughed. He is living at this time on his farm, three miles southwest from Dardanelle.

75. T. B. McClure, killed at Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1864, while carrying the colors of the regiment. He and I were the two boys whom Captain Daniels rejected when the company was first made. When we offered to join the company he says: "Boys, I would like to take you along, but I can't. I don't want boys in my company. I want men with beard on their faces; men who will stick, through thick and thin, for twelve months." But future events proved how erroneous was the idea that beardless boys would not make good soldiers, and today, were I going to raise a company of volunteers, and had my choice in selecting, I would take good, healthy young men and boys, from 16 to 25 years of age, and all single. Another thing that was proven during the war and might be mentioned here, is that small men, as a rule, stood marching and other hardships better than the larger ones.

76. Wiley J. Meyers, wounded at Chickamauga, Ga., September 20, 1863, and at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864, and furloughed. He has died since the war at his home in Ward township, this county.

77. William Meyers, discharged in Kentucky, October, 1862, being under age. After coming home he joined the Federals.

78. Miles Moss, left the company January 10, 1864, and started home. He was captured on the way and carried North, where he joined the Federal navy to keep out of prison.

79. John Mills, discharged in 1861, came home and was elected captain. The company joined Colonel Lemoyne's regiment, which was organized at that time at Dardanelle.

80. J. M. McClendon, left in Arkansas with horses, April, 1862, and dropped from roll at reorganization, on account of being over conscript age. Died some time in 1882 at his home in Sebastian county.

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81. G. W. McLendon, left January 10, 1864. Has died since the war in Sebastian county.

82. L. G. McLendon, wounded at Chickamauga, Ga., September 20, 1863. Left the company January 10, 1864. He is living at the present in Sebastian county.

83.* James K. Nettles, absent most of the time on surgeon's certificate. Was absent at time of surrender. Went to Texas after the war. Died at Hot Springs, Ark., date unknown.

84. William Neal, died some time in April, 1862. He was not related to the Neal family, who has lived so long in this county, near Chickalah.

85. William Oxford, died in Kentucky, September, 1862. Don't know where he was from.

86. Philip Ottenheimer, captured in Kentucky in 1862 and was paroled. Was wounded at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861.

87.* Abe Ottenheimer, captured with Philip in Kentucky and paroled. They both went back to Memphis and went into business. They are doing business at present in Little Rock.

88. R. P. Parks, was elected third lieutenant to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Samuel Cravens, December, 1861. This position he held until the reorganization, May, 1862. He was then elected captain and served as such until the close of the war. He commanded the regiment all through Hood's campaign in the winter of 1864, in Tennessee. He was one of the captains of the regiment who was always at his post and never shrank from what he conceived to be his duty, either in camps or on the battle field. He was wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., at Chickamauga, Ga., and on Lick Skillet Road, July 28, 1864, during the siege of Atlanta. He died some time in 1883 at his home at Gravelly Hill. He was absent at time of surrender on leave of absence.

89.* J. S. Parks, was marked on the roll deserted, and while that was true in one sense, yet it could not be called deserting. It occurred in this way: In the early part of the winter of 1863-4, while we were in winter quarters at Meridian, Miss., we got news from home, stating the terrible outrages that were being committed by the bushwhackers. J. S. Parks' family was right in the midst of the country where the worst of this was going on and no chance to get out, and he, believing, as every other reasonable man does, that the next duty after that to God is to take care of his wife and children, naturally felt that he ought to go to them, and the rest of us wanting to send word by him, he went to work to secure him a furlough. At that time there were no furloughs given to come further west than our lines extended, so there was no use trying through the legal channels. We got hold of a blank furlough, filled it out, and then Henry Cornelius, I think it was, signed Captain Parks' name, some one else signed the regimental commander's name. I signed General Renyolds' name, John Haney General Walthall's and Tom McClure General Polk's. With this he had no trouble in passing our lines. He came home, got his

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family out, then joined Daniels' company and served in it until the close of the war. So I do not consider that he did more than many others, at least, would have done under similar circumstances.

90. Thomas Parks, died some time in April, 1863. He is the man that stepped off sixty yards and offered to let Dave Youngblood shoot at him all day with a little parlor seven-shooter, one day while in winter quarters at Spadra. Youngblood fired three shots, the first two missing, but the third took effect in the hip, ranged back and buried itself four or five inches in the flesh. If it had been a few inches higher, so as to have passed over the illium, it might have proved a serious thing, but as it was it only gave Parks a sixty days' furlough.

91. J. K. Perry, wounded at Jackson, Miss., during the siege of that place. Being disabled from further active service, he was given an indefinite furlough. He went to Texas, and after recovering sufficiently from his wound to be able to ride, was assigned to duty in the quartermaster's department of the trans-Mississippi, where he served until the surrender. He is at present in the mercantile business in Dardanelle.

92. H. R. Pool, was wounded at Chickamauga and at Kennesaw Mountain, and was killed at Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 1864. Rather a singular coincidence connected with his first two wounds is that at Chickamauga, while marching by the right flank he was cut across the small of the back with a twelve-pound shell before it had struck the ground, bruising him badly and making a severe wound, and at Kennesaw Mountain, a shell bursted so near his head that the blood ran from his nose and ears both. Both these were severe wounds, both from shells, and yet the skin was not torn in either.

93. O. W. Patty, left the company at Meridian, Miss., January 10, 1864, without leave, but came to this side of the river and joined Hill's regiment. Was killed in the spring of 1865 by bushwhackers, near Baty's Mill.

94. George Robinson, left the company at Meridian, Miss., January 10, 1864, without leave, but came to this side of the river and joined Hill's regiment and served until the surrender. He has died since the war in Carden's Bottom.

95. Pat Rush, missing at the battle of Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861. T. J. McCray saw him after we went east of the Mississippi river, with a company from Mississippi. He came to this state from Mississippi just before the war.

96.* B. F. Swilling, wounded at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862. Left the company some time in the spring of 1865, after coming out of Tennessee.

97. W. H. Swilling, killed at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862. He was a brother to Frank Swilling.

98. M. V. Snockley, died some time in August, 1862.

99. R. S. Spinks, missing at the battle of Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861, and never heard from since.

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100. John Spencer, one of the seven at the surrender. Living at present in North Carolina.

101. Matthew Sloan, I think was sent back with horses at DeVall's Bluff, on White river, in April, 1862.

102. Joseph Tillman, came home some time in 1864. Is living at present in Ward township, this county, on his farm. Joe was the bee hunter of the company, and when in camp for any length of time in summer, his mess had a good deal of honey to eat, if there were any bees to be found anywhere in the woods. And I think in a few instances he coursed them into somebody's yard. Be that as it may, when Joe found the bees it was no trouble to get some one to help rob them. On the 4th of July, 1863, the day Vicksburg surrendered, part of our company had a royal feast. We had moved some distance the day before, so the country around us was a little fresh, that is, it had not been much overrun by soldiers for some time. So a couple of us went out a ways from camp that morning early, and an old lady gave us a mess of roasting ears and some peaches. Joe Tillman found a sure enough bee tree in Big Black bottom near by, and some of the boys had supplied us with two nice hams from General French's larder a short time previous. It would be unnecessary to say here, for the benefit of old soldiers, that we didn't regard it as a breach of honor to take anything to eat that we found too much exposed around a commanding officer's quarters, and especially one who had made himself and staff so obnoxious, as had General French, to us. But without this explanation the young people might think this was casting reflections. If you don't understand from what I have said, boys, if you will ask some old soldier he will be able to explain to your satisfaction. There was a little incident occurred in connection with the getting of those hams, however, that I will relate here. When General French missed the hams, he ordered all the camps in the division searched. We had cleaned up our camps the day before, but had not burned all the trash yet. When Captain Parks got orders to have his company searched, he came walking down the line, asking who had General French's hams. No one denied having them, but several said they got them. Near the end of the company there were two piles of trash, one larger than the other. He walked up to the larger one and kicked it over with his foot. Tom Hill says: "Captain, those hams are in that other pile, there." But, thinking Tom was joking, and not expecting to find the meat in the company, he turned around and went no farther. Had he kicked over the smaller pile he would have found the hams, sure enough, for they were covered up in it. That night they were divided between the members of the two messes. The next day we moved to Big Black, and while Pemberton was surrendering to Grant to prevent his men from starving, at Vicksburg, just 18 miles away, we were feasting on peach pie, roasting ears, ham and honey, and Captain Parks, as an invited guest, of course had too much good sense to inquire too close as to where and how the viands were procured.

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103. Thomas Thompson, killed at New Hope Church, Ga., on Johnston's retreat, some time in June, 1864. He was brave and daring to a fault. His life was sacrificed by the want of caution on his part. We were in 150 yards of the enemy's line, both sides having strong fortifications. Each side kept little bunches of twigs stuck up on top of their breastworks, so arranged that they could watch the other's movements, and yet protect themselves from view, and every man who exposed himself to view might expect a shot from the other side. Tommie, as we always called him, was standing up, watching from behind one of the bunches of twigs, when he saw some one out of the enemy move. He made ready to fire, at once, and perhaps half a dozen voices spoke at the same time, telling him to take his head down as soon as he fired, for all knew that there would be a half dozen or a dozen shots fired at the smoke of his gun; but he waited a moment to see if he could tell whether his shot had taken effect, and that was the fatal moment, for the shots were fired, as all expected they would be, and one of them went crashing through his head, scattering his brains all around.

104. John Toomer, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861.

105. John Taylor, discharged on surgeon's certificate some time during the fall of 1861.

106. C. H. Underwood, discharged at the reorganization. Over age. Was wounded afterwards and died.

107. Matthew Williams, was wounded at Jackson, Miss., July, 1863, and died afterwards from the wound.

108. T. C. Williams, transferred to General Churchill's staff, at the reorganization, May 25, 1862.

109. H. H. Williams, killed at Oak Hills, Mo., August 10, 1861.

110. R. R. Williams, left the company some time during the summer of 1861, after the evacuation of Atlanta, Ga. One day while on retreat, and worn out with fatigue and heat, and lying down on the side of the road resting, there came along two men belonging to a regiment of Texas cavalry, leading a horse. They let Red ride the horse, and the ride pleased him so well he went on to camps with them, and staid with them until the surrender.

111. Reuel Williams, wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864. One of the seven at the last roll call at Jamestown, N. C., May 2, 1865. Died since the war at Ola. When Reuel was wounded it seems almost like a miracle that the whole company was not wiped out of existence. We were advancing through a perfect hailstorm of minie balls and bombshells, when a shell bursted just a few feet from us, and directly in front of the company, and not more than three or four feet from the ground. When the smoke cleared away it was found that but one man had been wounded, and he not dangerously. It seemed as if, indeed, we were being cared for by Him who is able to protect as well in the storm or on the battlefield, as in our homes, where all is peace and quiet.

112. I. N. Wilkinson, elected third lieutenant at the reor-

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ganization, in May, 1862. This position he held until the close of the war. He acted as inspector for General Reynolds on Hood's retreat out of Tennessee. Was absent on furlough at the time of the surrender. He was wounded in the hand at Resaca, Ga. Is living in Western Texas at present.

113. W. C. Wilkinson, wounded at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. Was absent on furlough at time of surrender. He is living at present in Texas. Postoffice, Proffett, Young county.

114.* John Wood, left the company January 10, 1864. He came to this side of the Mississippi river, joined Hill's regiment and served in it until the close of the war.

115. H. H. White, left the company some time in 1861, and went to Federals.

116. Henry Weaver, left behind sick when we went east of the Mississippi river, in 1862.

117. George Wampee, left behind sick at the same time Weaver was. Don't know what became of either afterwards.

118.* I. D. H. Youngblood, transferred to a North Carolina regiment in the spring of 1864.

Note.—Names marked with an asterisk (*) have died since the above was written.

(THE END.)

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