CAMP LIFE

OF A

CONFEDERATE BOY

OF

Bratton's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, C. S. A.
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LETTERS
WRITTEN BY LIEUT. RICHARD LEWIS,
of Walker's Regiment,
to his Mother, during the War.

Facts and Inspirations of Camp Life, Marches, &c.

CHARLESTON, S.C.
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PREFACE.

The writer of these letters was a mere boy when he entered the Confederate service, as a member of the Fourth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, where he served during the first year of the war, being respectively in the commands of Generals Evans and Jones. He afterwards served in the "Palmetto Sharp-shooters," attached from time to time to Generals Anderson's, Jenkins' and Bratton's Brigades, and to General Longstreet's, Pickett's, Hood's and Fields' Divisions. He subsequently served in General Longstreet's Corps.

The letters were written by Lieut. Richard Lewis, to his mother, at various times during the war, and are printed "just as they were written there and then," and illustrate the facts and inspirations of Camp Life, Marches, &c., as created in the then youthful mind of the writer.
CAMP LIFE OF A CONFEDERATE BOY.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 18th, 1861.

We are still rendezvousing at the same station, not conscious where we will be ordered. The company is on parade for at least three or four hours at the present time, and appear to be making great improvement. There was great excitement and enthusiasm created here last night by some of the companies, it being reported that Virginia had seceded, which proved to be false. They furnished us with straw last night to sleep on, which made it more comfortable; we have any quantity of provisions yet, and have all fared well. You write that Cousin Jule Shanklin's company are uneasy for fear they don't go off to the war; Jim Seabom says to tell them that may be they can get a place in Lincoln's army.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 20th, 1861.

I am very much gratified to know that Saturday has come, and we are relieved from drill until Monday. A great many of the company have been suffering from sore feet, and some have been so situated they could not drill. There was great excitement here at the time Virginia seceded, the whole regiment marching into town, saluted by the booming of cannon. Preston, of Virginia, made us a very fine speech, which was very much appreciated.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 25th, 1861.

There is the greatest excitement and enthusiasm prevailing in the city in regard to volunteering for the Southern Confederacy. The subject was brought before the company
to test, and our company responded to the call almost unanimously; so did the gallant Palmettos and Butler Guards.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 7th, 1861.

Our regiment escorted one of their noble corps to the depot on yesterday, who were destined for Virginia, and the regiment reflected great credit on themselves by their fine military appearance on the field. It is reported that our company will be transferred to Aiken as soon as we get our tents.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 10th, 1861.

We are looking for orders to go to Aiken.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 11th, 1861.

We requested Mr. Andrew Calhoun to send us a flag-staff from the summit of Fort Hill, and to the great gratification of our company he presented us with one. It was made of walnut, very finely polished, and the spear at the end was made by Hunter, and is very highly appreciated by the company. The Fairplay ladies subscribed about one hundred dollars for the raising of the flag. We have received orders, so Lieut. Sloan says, to go to Virginia.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 12th, 1861.

We expect to move to Aiken in a few days, perhaps on coming Monday or Tuesday; the men are very desirous to change, from the fact that the building in which they are situated is so mean that we cannot sleep with any comfort or pleasure, being huddled together like pigs in a pen.

A gentleman in town has furnished us with a grove to drill in, and we march out there early in the morning and remain there until twelve o’clock, and return, which makes it far more pleasant, not being exposed so much to the scorching hot sun, which begins to make a perceptible impression on our faces. The flies are increasing in our camp every day, almost in perfect swarms, which is a great inconvenience to us, and they will continue to be worse as long as we remain in these old buildings. Captain Whitner, of the Palmetto Riflemen, has been promoted to Major, though I believe it was not in accordance with his wishes, owing to the incompetency of the officer who ranked him.


There was a heavy fall of rain last night, standing in puddles all over the town, which will render it very inconvenient in drilling. We are remaining here stationary, not knowing whither we will go, though I understand the matter will be tested to-morrow in regard to volunteering for the war.


The booming of cannon and the tolling of bells on yesterday convinced us that another State had gone, and when night approached Main Street was illuminated by tar barrels, and the fire companies making their appearance in a torchlight procession. There is the greatest improvement in our company. We have commenced marching in double-quick time; Charley Mattison coming down and taking a through with us.

Columbia, S. C., May 23d, 1861.

Major Miller has arrived from Pendleton, and says he left
them all in good health and spirits. James Hagood has been here, and remained with us one night, on his way to Charleston.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 7th, 1861.
I have just returned from where the companies were being mustered into service, and will give you as far as I know a full proceeding of all that transpired, though I have not heard how many yet have been rejected, or how the regiment is spoken of by Lieutenant Barnard Bee. He saw our company parading through the streets to-day, and intimated that he thought it was one of the best companies that he had seen since he had arrived here; not rejecting a single man in the company. The Third Regiment have been mustered into service, only two or three men being refused, and have also been granted furloughs until Monday morning. There has been three appointments in our company; Bob Maxwell, Flag Bearer, Cousin Richard Lewis, Second Sergeant, and I have received the other vacancy, which is a Corporalship.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 9th, 1861.
We had a very heavy fall of rain on yesterday, the streets being flooded with water; there was also a great deal of wind, which did not succeed in blowing our tents down this time. Our company had a very unpleasant time in going to dress parade, as the water was standing in puddles everywhere. We have received our rifles and accouterments, and are ready and equipped for any emergency; they are a very superior gun, shooting with great accuracy two or three hundred yards. They have at Sill's Drug Store very fine soda water, but, becoming so contrary, they will take nothing but silver, gathering all the small change the soldiers have with them.
Columbia, S. C., June 10th, 1861.

It was my intention to have written on yesterday, but I delayed until to-day so as to inform you as to whether we were going to Virginia or not. I have no apprehension now but what we will go to Virginia, as all of the baggage is shipped and all of the guns are packed and have gone also. I have been working hard all day, and have not prepared all my things yet, but will soon finish, having nothing but my provisions to stow away now. I have been in the utmost excitement and confusion all day, and so have all the company, in gathering up their baggage and rolling their tents up and carrying them to the depot. The men are very much enhanced at the idea of starting, and are all in fine spirits, and I think when we arrive there if there is any fighting to do, this regiment can do their part. It is impossible for me to write any more, but I will drop you a few lines when I arrive at Virginia. You must excuse this as it is written in haste.

Wilmington, N. C., June 16th, 1861.

We have just arrived here, though I have but a few minutes to write. We left Columbia this morning all in fine spirits, and very much gratified to know that we are on our way to the Old Dominion, which we have so long anticipated. I think our men in the regiment—from the noble and brave spirit which they manifest—will reflect credit upon themselves if they get a place in the picture. The Captain says we will make arrangements about writing in Virginia. I bid you all adieu, and hope that we will meet again.

Richmond, Va., June 20th, 1861.

We had to ride all the way from Columbia on open platform cars, and the smoke blowing in my face produced such a soreness in my eyes that I was almost blind when I got
to Petersburg. We had to ride out in a tremendous storm, and had that night to sleep out in the open air, on the benches and floor of the cars, perfectly wet. There was another incident which I forgot to mention—we had to march three miles out of the city, and had nothing to eat, and had to sleep on the naked ground without any tents.

GAINESVILLE, VA., June 21st, 1861.

We are now nine miles from Manassas Junction, rather to the West, in a line of march to Leesburg. The road is guarded by men for some fifty miles on the railroad to Manassas, to prevent them from tearing up the track. They made an attempt to burn the bridge near Manassas, but it resulted in a complete failure, as the guard repulsed them.

LEESBURG, VA., June 23d, 1861.

We started from Gainesville on Friday morning, and marched twelve miles and encamped for the night, making an early start next morning, and arriving here about 12 o'clock to-day. They manifested the greatest kindness to us on the road—coming out from every house with large pitchers of buttermilk, also any quantity of ice water—which was very much appreciated by the men.

There is the greatest demand you ever heard of for palmetto buttons by the young ladies, some men cutting all of them off their coats and presenting to them. Here comes now a dozen beautiful young ladies, and I stop writing long enough to admire them. Cousin Richard and some of the boys are singing Carolina for them; they think it is a very fine piece.

CAMP CAROLINA, NEAR LEESBURG, July 1st, 1861.

Our camp is a great thoroughfare for the young ladies of
this place—coming in large numbers every evening to see us, remaining all evening, and sometimes of a morning stay until 11 or 12 o’clock. There is great dissatisfaction in the regiment in regard to our Chaplain, the men being bitterly opposed to going to hear him preach. Butter is selling here at eight cents a pound, but I think it will go up in a day or two. Captain Anderson’s company were detached from the regiment, and ordered to the river, to prevent the enemy from crossing, and to fortify.

CAMP CAROLINA, NEAR LEESBURG, JULY, 1861.

We are still remaining stationary at this point. Uncle Ben and Paul Sloan went out scouting a few days ago, some fifteen miles from here, and discovered a United States flag floating in the breeze in some town, and the cavalry from Leesburg went and tore it down, bringing it to our camp amidst the vociferous cheers of the soldiers. Warren Wilkes arose after dress parade, with the flag in his hand, and addressed those of the Virginians that were present in a few very stirring strains, and was very loudly applauded. Major Evans, who is now commanding us, went out on an exploring expedition one day this week, and he and companion were fired at several times.

CAMP TABOR, JULY 13TH, 1861.

We left our encampment, near Leesburg, about 12 o’clock, being exposed late in the evening to a heavy fall of rain. Next morning we proceeded to where we are now stationed—some ten miles distant—arriving at 12 o’clock; which is a very poor country, seven miles from Fairfax. We had not been here I suppose more than an hour, before some six hundred Zouaves, who are from Louisiana, came and encamped within a few hundred yards of us. They are the most fierce looking fellows I ever saw—their appearance being
sufficient to scare the Yankees. They had not been here very long—I suppose a half hour—before they commenced fighting, and it was impossible to quiet them until the captain threatened to shoot them. On yesterday we moved our camp a few miles, and while marching along one of them run his bayonet through a shote and shouldered him, and went on with him a squealing, as if nothing had happened, not stopping even to kill him.

STONE BRIDGE, July 24th, 1861.

As I am at leisure, you may be anxious to hear something of that day, which was on Sunday, that will long be remembered by those who survived the day. We were aroused in the morning, just before the sun began to rise, by the firing of some fifteen guns at the picket guard, who came at full speed to the encampment and reported to us that the enemy were on the advance. Our regiment was quickly drawn in line of battle, facing the direction in which they were coming; our company being thrown out as skirmishers on the creek. We were not there long before we heard the artillery moving up on the hill opposite to us, and the old cannon belching forth told us that the ball had opened. They commenced shelling our battery on the hill, and very soon threw out a line of skirmishers, who emerged from the woods into the open field, with a color-bearer waving his colors. Captain Kilpatrick snatched a gun from one of the men and fired at the color-bearer, and ordered the company to fire, and they retreated to the shelter of the woods. They then commenced throwing shells over at us, which bursted all around us, and we had to creep behind the trees to prevent them from falling on us. Major Evans commanded the Captain to sustain his position on the creek, but before we were there very long we discovered a large force of infantry and cavalry coming in double-quick time towards us. We remained until they approached within two hundred yards of us, and then retreated to our regiment,
which were advanced on in the rear by the enemy and were giving them battle, keeping them at bay until reinforcements were received.

There never was a body of men that displayed more courage and bravery than the Fourth Regiment and the Louisiana Zouaves, to the number of four hundred men.

The Yankees in such a superiority of numbers began to come in from every quarter, and poured forth such a destructive fire into our ranks, that our men were becoming confused and began to fall back. The gallant and noble General Barnard Bee dismounted his horse to rally the men, telling them as Carolinians they should never disgrace or dishonor their banner but die under its folds, and all of them rallied again, and, with a shout and yell that might have been heard for miles, they charged and repulsed the enemy, and drove them back from their position.

It was not long before our brave General Bee fell mortally wounded. Dick Lewis, having some wounded in the battle taking off the field, was hailed by some one, saying: “Are there any Carolinians here?” Dick answered in the affirmative; and he says: “Come hither, and take your brave General off the field.” I saw him when he first appeared on the field, and shall recollect his conduct as long as I live.

The men began to receive some encouragement about now; General Beauregard making his appearance on the field on an old sorrel horse, with fresh troops. The men gave several loud cheers, and it was not long before the tide of battle changed, and the enemy were making their way, completely routed by us.

Our company was lying behind the plank and rail fence in front of the Henry house at one time in the fight, and the enemy commenced shelling us furiously, and the Yankee Zouaves, who were dressed in red, commenced charging us and they scared us pretty badly. We started to run, but Captain Kilpatrick drew his sword and ordered us to lie down, and said if any of us ran he would hew us down; but Johnson Wright, his negro, who had been with us fighting up to that time, was lying behind the rail fence, when a shell
struck the fence and knocked a rail off on him. Kilpatrick’s sword never reached him, for he says he never stopped long enough to get his breath between there and Manassas Junction.

I shall always recollect Captain Mart Gary, of the Hampton Legion. His men started to run when our company did, but he, like Kilpatrick, drew his sword and flashed it in the air, with such curses that it made me shudder to hear him, and made his men stand; and I believe he must have scared the Zouaves, for they did not come right on just then.

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CAMP PETTUS, August 4th, 1861.

I was very much surprised to meet my father and so many of my old Pendleton friends from home; but nearly all of them have retired, some with joyful hearts and others filled with grief and sorrow. Our regiment is in a very bad situation—the men all have taken the measles and mumps—not being able to muster more than three hundred and fifty men, and they are on the decline every day. There are three regiments thrown with ours, making a brigade—all from the gallant Palmetto State—making us feel more safe and secure than when we just had the Louisiana Zouaves. They have taken three men in our regiment prisoners: Pinckney, Bob Lewis and McFall. We have received a letter from Bob Lewis, saying he is in Washington City, and receiving every care and attention.

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CAMP PETTUS, August —, 1861.

You must tell Uncle Ben for me that I sympathize with him very much in not being at the great battle; but he can have many of our places in the next conflict, as we are all very well satisfied with fighting, there not being one but who would willingly shun it any time, if they could do so with honor to themselves. In speaking in regard to my
naming the baby, I will do so only in accordance with your wishes. I have selected the gallant General Bee as the one to call him after.

Camp near Fairfax C. H., August 13th, 1861.

We have moved our encampment from Camp Pettus to within a mile or two of Fairfax; there being now eight Carolina regiments almost together, and in advance of the whole army. I wish the Yankees would not advance now, until our regiments have time to recruit; there are so many sick men at the present time, that we could not muster but a small force.

Camp near Germantown, August 16th, 1861.

We are still here within a few miles of Fairfax, and I think will probably remain here for some time, from what I can understand. But I don’t like our situation, as it is in a very low, damp place, the rain standing about in puddles so long before it dries. I tasted a ripe peach for the first time on yesterday, and I can assure you I enjoyed it. A wagon came into the encampment of the brigade with a load of very fine ones; the men all swarmed around it like bees, and created such confusion and excitement that the General was compelled to order the wagon away. We have had no milk to drink or put in our coffee since we have been here, and on yesterday a magnificent cow came to our camp and John Lewis went out and milked her, and strained the milk through a cup towel; by that means we obtained a sufficient quantity for our supper; but I reckon some one was disappointed last night.

Camp near Germantown, August 21st, 1861.

We are still here within a few miles of Fairfax, and know not when we will be called on to fight. I tasted the first
piece of cake since I left Leesburg on yesterday; it came from that noted little place, and I can tell you I enjoyed it. They are the kindest people I ever saw in my life.

CAMP NEAR GERMANTOWN, August 25th, 1861.

We were very much alarmed on yesterday, the news reaching our camp that the enemy were advancing, and we must make great preparations to meet them, marching in the afternoon towards Falls Church; but before we had proceeded very far we were halted, and ordered to return to our respective camps, it proving to be a false alarm.

There was a Yankee Captain taken prisoner a day or two ago, having ventured too far into our lines, and he was seized by our pickets and carried to Fairfax.

CAMP NEAR GERMANTOWN, September 5th, 1861.

Our Colonel has returned to camp, and assumed command of the regiment. He is rather weak yet, but is improving.

We made a new table the other day, and established rules to abide by; and a very important one is to have a blessing every morning before breakfast. Every member of the mess has his sweetheart’s name written under his plate, and they will not allow anyone to take their places.

There was a regiment in our brigade with some pieces of cannon, who were marched to the river, and surprised some Yankees on the other side of the Potomac. They say they were on police duty, sweeping out the streets of the tents, and fired into them from this side of the river. The Yankees swarmed out of their tents like bees, and retreated, and the artillery, after they retreated, played on the aqueduct that supplies Washington with water, and injured it very materially.
Camp Life of a Confederate Boy.

Camp near Germantown, September 8th, 1861.

We are having little skirmishes nearly every day with the enemy, which they may sometime magnify into a big fight, for the excitement of the public mind is intense. I would not be surprised to hear any day of an engagement, owing to the proximity of our forces.

The company received their flag from Columbia, and it is a very neat and appropriate one.

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Camp near Germantown, 1861.

We have, after an absence of a week, returned to our old camping ground, having been relieved from picket duty by the Georgia regulars Sunday evening, and all starting in fine spirits for camp about 5 o'clock P. M., which was some twelve miles distant, and made the trip in about three hours, without being much fatigued. It is something peculiar that we have remained here twice as long as at any encampment without being removed to any point, it being one of the worst locations that I have seen for a camping place in all our route in Virginia. It seemed as if the men were as much rejoiced on their arrival in camp from Falls Church as if they were coming in sight of home from Virginia, every one greeting their afflicted friends who were left in camp with a warm and hearty shake of the hand, as if they had not seen them for a month.

On Sunday morning I went to the famous Falls Church to hear a sermon preached by the pastor of the place, and was well paid for my visit, by hearing an excellent sermon, besides having the pleasure of taking a seat in a church which was founded as early as the year 1709. The building is made of brick, brought all the way from England, and is very finely finished inside.

Munson's Hill was quite a resort for the soldiers, the road being lined with them from morning until night, all going to get a peep at the old "Capitol."

Ransom Calhoun's artillery company is attached to our regiment; has fine looking men and good guns.
Camp Life of a Confederate Boy.

Camp near Germantown, September 11th, 1861.
As I write, Sergeant Maxwell is engaged in writing to some of the Virginia girls, and fixing some beautiful cockades he received from Columbia to send to some of them.

One regiment in our brigade was ordered beyond Falls Church on yesterday evening to do picket duty. They will have a severe time if they have to endure the hardships they say they have to suffer. Our regiment is improving slowly.

Falls Church, September 19th, 1861.

On Tuesday, about noon, I was sitting in Bill Jenkins' tent, of Captain Shanklin's company, engaged in a lively conversation, when some one came running, intimating to me that three days' rations are to be stowed away in our haversacks, and to be ready to march in a few minutes. I just gave the words a passing thought, thinking that some of the boys had circulated a false alarm; but on going to my quarters I found great confusion among the men, and knew that there was something in the wind. We waited for an hour after we had received the orders, and then proceeded on our line of march, destined for Falls Church, arriving there at 8 o'clock. There was every appearance of rain when we started—but have no regard for the weather when we are ordered to move—and, sure enough, we had not marched more than a quarter of a mile before it commenced raining, and it was one of the heaviest falls of rain I have ever experienced, the roads being flooded with water, and all of us thoroughly drenched to the skin, making no halt to seek shelter from it, and further, we had no dry clothes in our possession to put on when we reached camp that night. We halted in the suburbs of Fairfax, on the other side of a little branch—which had become so much swollen by the rain that it required some time for the men to make their way over it—and then onward we marched, though our clothes were so wet and heavy that it was a terrible drag to us, having also to wade several other large
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branches. Our men became so much fatigued and worn out from the condition of the road, that when we halted to come to a rest, it was as much as the officers could do to prevent the men from lying down on the damp ground and going to sleep. We marched slowly and steadily on as the night was creeping on, and about 7 o'clock we began to come in sight of the camp-fires, and you ought to have seen the rejoicing, and many joyful hearts, that soon their long and weary march would be over; and a few minutes later we were at Falls Church.

Camp near Germantown, September 29th, 1861.

We just returned on yesterday from a march to the other side of Vienna, remaining there for two days and three nights on picket duty. Our regiment moved off at 2 o'clock, under cover of the night, the Yankees being so close to us that we could not wait until the break of day, for fear they would discover our movements. Our forces have all been withdrawn from Falls Church, and the Yankees have possession of it.

Camp near Germantown, September 30th, 1861.

I was rather under the impression that there would not be any prospect of a fight soon, but as the Yankees have taken possession of Falls Church there may be some probability of their making an advance.

Our recruits that Pres. Dean brought with him are drilling every day, and will soon be ready to parade with the company. Our General is now sick with nervous headache, and Colonel Jenkins is in command of the brigade.

I was just startled by a loud yell from the regiment, and ran to see the cause of it, and saw a fine body of cavalry passing down the road. I eyed them for a minute and took my seat, concluding that they were on a scouting expedition. Directly I saw them approaching again, and went
out and discovered Jeff Davis and General Beauregard at
the head of it—I suppose taking a view of the country.

Camp near Germantown, October 6th, 1861.

We are not provided with as great a variety of dishes as
usual, owing to the fellows having almost quit entirely
visiting our camp with their wagon loads of provisions; but
as a general thing we live very well, having plenty of good
bread and nice fat beef. General Evans passed the camp
on his way to Fairfax on yesterday—the first time I have
seen him since he was transferred from the brigade. On
returning, he thought enough of the Fourth Regiment to
pay them a visit, who, as soon as they saw him coming
greeted him with a loud yell, and he remained and chatted
with them awhile, and bid them farewell, being greeted
with loud cheers as he left them. Everything at home
tends to show the day is the Sabbath, but you can hear
the wagons rolling up and down the turnpike, and the
hammer and anvil still show that there is yet something
going on in the camp; you can hear Ransom Calhoun’s
artillery company charging to and fro in drill; in fact,
nothing to impress on your mind that it is Sunday.

Camp near Germantown, October 10th, 1861.

It is rather a gloomy morning, having every appearance
of rain, and I am fearful it will be a wet and muddy day.
There was a violent storm one night this week, the wind
blowing with great terror, the rain poured down in torrents
until midnight, and the ditches around the tents not being
sufficient to protect them from the great overflow, it ran all
through, wetting the men’s beds. There was many a poor
soldier deprived of a refreshing sleep and a good night’s
rest. Our regiment moved off on yesterday to relieve
Blanding’s regiment on picket duty, and will have a pretty
rough time sleeping on the cold and naked ground, and living on such a scanty supply of provisions. The picket duty was pretty severe on the men at Falls Church, and I expect will be much more severe as the weather becomes colder; the men not being able to carry sufficient blankets to keep them warm. The enemy are two miles this side of Falls Church, not making any advance movements.

Camp near Germantown, October 13th, 1861.

Our boys that were on picket duty at the Cross Roads, two miles from Falls Church, were relieved yesterday evening. They say they had a pleasant time the first few days of their stay, but the last night they spent was a dreadful one; a heavy fall of rain coming on, and they being on duty at the time were compelled to take it all. Our regiment is increasing in numbers every day, and we will before many days have our ranks filled up.

Camp near Germantown, October 15th, 1861.

Everything is in the same situation in this regiment in regard to fighting almost as when I wrote to you last, all saying the enemy were advancing in superior numbers. But this morning things were more favorable than ever, the regiment being aroused about daybreak to form in line of battle, and hold themselves in readiness to meet the enemy at any moment. We stacked arms though as the sun began to beam forth, and returned to camp to prepare our breakfast in haste, and at the tap of the drum to go to our places in double quick time. All the excitement subsided, however, in a few hours, and the camp was in a state of quietude until this evening, just about dusk. An order has just been received to send those that were not able to march to the rear in wagons. So, from all appearances, there must be something ahead.
CAMP near Bull Run, October 20th, 1861.

We are very pleasantly situated in a beautiful grove, being within a few miles of Manassas, where I hope we will remain some time. Our camp had been for two months in a state of quietude, but we were aroused from a deep slumber one night, two or three nights ago, and the regiment ordered to form quickly and await further orders. We remained there by our arms until 9 o'clock, and then returned to camp, the excitement being pretty much subsided. On the same evening a dispatch came for all the tents to be struck, packed up nicely, stowed away in the wagons, and sent to the rear; also provisions to be prepared to last us several days, and everything to be ready for marching early in the morning. Instead of marching, we laid by our guns all day, and then proceeded that evening on our line of march to our present encampment.

CAMP near McLean's Ford, October 24th, 1861.

On last Sunday morning we arose all in good health and spirits, with no other idea but that we would spend the Sabbath in praising the Lord; but at a very early hour in the morning news reached us to make preparations to go on picket duty at 7 o'clock. We relieved Blanding's regiment, and were on picket duty for three days.

We went out to the country farms around and got plenty of potatoes, and had a good time roasting them and cracking many a merry joke with each other.

CAMP near McLean's Ford, November 8th, 1861.

Our uniforms have not been received yet, but I hope they will soon come to hand, as we are very much in need of them.

From the kind and close attention of Paul Sloan I am able to walk about in my tent, and am now improving every day. Colonel Sloan has also been very kind to me.
Augustus Sitton arrived from home last night. I saw uncle Tommy Sloan this evening; he is looking well, and in fine spirits.

Camp near McLean’s Ford, November 9th, 1861.

I am engaged in writing a letter this morning to send by Jim Sloan. The men have already cleared up a great deal of the woodland around the encampment, and will no doubt save the man who is in possession of it that trouble, but, at the same time, he may have wished to have kept it in reserve; but when we want wood to burn here, we just pitch in wherever we find it convenient to us, regardless of who it may belong to. Our regiment is employed throwing up breastworks in front of the encampment, so as to have some place to dodge the Yankee balls if they advance. There is a line of fortifications, or will be, in front of our whole brigade. They say they are very strongly fortified at Centreville now. Captain Calhoun has received an appointment in Carolina as Lieutenant-Colonel, and went to see General Beauregard, but he told him it would not do to think of such a thing, that this was the most important point. Captain Calhoun has a very fine artillery company; I expect better drilled than any in service.

Camp near Centreville, November 14th, 1861.

What do you think; no sooner than all of us had made every preparation necessary to make us comfortable at our encampment, near McLean’s Ford, we were ordered to move to our present camping place, in an old field near the town of Centreville. There were five prisoners captured near Occoquan, and brought to General Johnston’s head-quarters this morning; but none of us were permitted to ask them any questions. There are some 20,000 men encamped here in our sight, and you can hear nothing at night but the beating of drums and stirring strains of music, until nine o’clock.
Camp near Centreville, November 19th, 1861.

The last two days have been very cold; the wind blowing with such terror that nearly all the tents were blown down, and a great many torn. The wind blew so very hard that Henry had to keep rocks on the ovens to keep them from blowing off while he was cooking. Our regiment is engaged every day in working on the fortifications, and are making preparations this evening to go off on picket duty to-morrow morning. They captured some thirty-two Yankees the other day, who were on a foraging expedition, and also took some five wagon loads of corn which they were going to take to camp with them. I went in town to see them, and they said they would almost as soon be quartered in Richmond as lying out on the cold ground this winter.

Camp near Centreville.

On the 18th we were ordered to relieve Blanding, who was posted near our old encampment near Germantown. Starting early in the morning, we arrived there between 11 and 12 o'clock. The boys all appeared very glad to see us, which is generally the case after being on picket several days. Two companies, Shanklin's and Hollingworth's, were ordered to relieve those men on post, and the remainder of the regiment were then dismissed. On next morning our company was ordered to go on a foraging expedition. We started, with Captain Long's company, from camp at 8 o'clock, to report at Fairfax to a Colonel who was to take command of the party. On our arrival we found a company of cavalry and infantry awaiting us, when we all organized into one body and proceeded on our way, with a train of wagons. After getting a mile and a half in advance of our lines, we came across some stacks of hay and wheat, which was sufficient to load our wagons. The companies having accomplished what they were sent for were dismissed, and all then made their way back to camp, not having seen a Yankee.
Camp Life of a Confederate Boy.

Camp near Centreville, December 5th, 1861.
We have been enjoying some pleasant weather for the last five or six weeks; but within the last few days there has been quite a change, the ground being white with snow, and all the little streams frozen over. Orders came the other night to have three days’ rations, and hold ourselves in readiness. Don’t know where we are destined for.

Camp near Centreville, December 11th, 1861.
There were two Louisiana Zouaves shot the other day for some misconduct; I believe for forcibly taking a man out of the guard-house. They made their appearance dressed in regular Zouave style, with their shirts thrown open on each side of their breast; they then knelt down, and were tied to a stake and blindfolded. Twelve men being placed in front of each, with nine of their guns loaded, were ordered to fire—the men falling instantly. They were perfectly composed when they came up, not shedding a tear, but meeting their fate like men, though a very trying one.

Camp near Centreville, December 16th, 1861.
We have had some delightful weather for the past two weeks, some days being as mild and pleasant as spring. The men having already experienced some bitter cold weather, are not idle during these beautiful days, but are devoting all their time and attention to building chimneys to their tents. The boys are all employed this morning in striking their tents so they can dry inside, and putting their blankets out to dry—a pretty thing to be employed at on Sunday.

Camp near Centreville, December 28th, 1861.
There was nothing characteristic of Christmas day with us here; the men all diligently engaged during the day in
Camp Life of a Confederate Boy.

putting up their cabins. We concluded that night to make an egg-nog, and all of the boys had quite a fine time, and retired without being very much intoxicated; so that was the last of Christmas with us.

CAMP NEAR CENTREVILLE, January 7th, 1862.
The field where our present encampment is was in cultivation in the summer, and also enclosed by a good fence, but it is a perfect plain now—all the rails burnt up and everything destroyed belonging to the farm.

All of the regiments have gone into winter quarters; the most of them across Bull Run. The ground is still white with snow, and the wind which comes off the snow clad hills and mountains is so cold and piercing that it almost chills the heart of every human. Well, our time to go on that dreadful picket duty has rolled around again, so we will have to go through the snow in the morning.

CAMP NEAR CENTREVILLE, February 22d, 1862.
I have re-enlisted, and so has Dick Lewis and Bill Seaborn. The feeling of the regiment in regard to re-enlisting is very strong, and I think by the time the other boys come back there will be a great many to re-enlist.

CAMP NEAR CENTREVILLE, February 25th, 1862.
After two or three days of rainy and disagreeable weather another fair and beautiful day has shone forth. The frequent rains we have had has put the encampment in an awful condition. The wind was blowing very violently all day yesterday, so it will improve the state of things very much. The nature of the soil is such that the least rain will stir up the mud, and put it in such a state that it is
impossible to travel. This morning we go on picket duty, but the picket lines have been moved within two miles of camp. I have to go on picket in a few minutes, and have not time to write any more.

Camp near Centreville, March 1st, 1862.

We returned from picket duty yesterday morning. We had a much more pleasant time than we anticipated, being provided with comfortable houses to stay in while not on duty. There is great excitement and commotion in camp; all of the extra baggage has been sent to the rear; the men limited to a certain number of blankets, and everything tends to show there is something important in contemplation. Cousin Richard and Bill Seaborn are now sitting down eating their supper, and appear to be in fine health.

Camp Centreville, March 4th, 1862.

The excitement has not entirely subsided yet in camp. We are still under marching orders; don't know to what point we are destined for. There was a large snow on yesterday and the day before, but I think the sun will melt the most of it to-day.

Camp near Centreville, March 6th, 1862.

The boys have been confined to their cabins for several days on account of the bad weather, but are now, as it is a pretty day, running about like school-boys, amusing themselves at all kinds of games and plays. There was a heavy snow on Saturday night, and what do you reckon the boys employed themselves at on Sunday? They commenced snow-balling each other in the different companies, and not satisfied with that they formed themselves in front of Win-
der's regiment, and dared them out to snow-ball; they came out and then commenced the fight, whereupon Jenkins' regiment came to the relief of Winder's, and Blanding's to ours; the battle was then renewed, the whole brigade being engaged, keeping up all the time a continual shower of snow-balls. Everything was conducted in a good friendly spirit, and parted in the same manner. The orders we received have not been countermanded; we would dislike very much to leave our cabins.

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CAMP CENTREVILLE, March 7th, 1862.

The excitement in our camp in regard to our moving has subsided, and everything is dull here now. We are drilling every day when the weather will admit of it. Our company is very much reduced now, in consequence of so many having gone home.

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CAMP NEAR ORANGE C. H., March 21st, 1862.

Our present encampment is within a few miles of Orange Court House, being only a temporary thing though; our destination is expected to be at Rapidan Station, four miles from here. We think we will move there as soon as the weather is fair—being now very bad and disagreeable. The boys have stood the long and tedious march very well, a great deal better than I expected, after being confined in warm and comfortable quarters for several months; if anything, some of the men have improved on this march. I will give you a full description of our march whenever we get to our destination.

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CAMP TAYLOR, March 28th, 1862.

Our encampment is situated within a few miles of Orange Court House. What length of time we will remain here I cannot say, but I expect we will be here for some time. I
don't think there will be any more furloughs granted soon; there may be some after the complete reorganization of the army is effected.

CAMP TAYLOR, NEAR ORANGE C. H., April 2d, 1862.

Our camp is now located within a few miles of Orange Court House. It is a suitable place for an encampment, water, wood, and everything else being convenient—the only thing the men are deprived of is good tents. The health of the regiment is considerably improved; having more men reported for duty than there has been for three months.

CAMP YORKTOWN, April 25th, 1862.

We are now in a magnificent regiment known as the Palmetto Sharp-shooters—being the name our General selected for us. Our Colonel is Jenkins, the same officer who commanded the Fifth Regiment. Our company is thrown on the left this time, instead of on the right. Our fare is very rough, and has been so for some time. We are all lying out in the woods, without tents or anything to protect us from the weather.

CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, April 27th, 1862.

Everything is quiet here, with the exception occasionally of some sharp skirmishing. The Yankee gun-boats are throwing shells over into our fortifications every day, but they never have commenced a regular siege of the place. A great many officers have been thrown out of position in the new organization, and will now have to try a private's place. All of the remainder of the Fourth Regiment have organized themselves into a battalion, electing Mattison their Major. The mess are all getting along finely, and are in better health than they have been for some time, though not very pleasantly situated.
Camp Life of a Confederate Boy.

Camp near Richmond, May 11th, 1862.

Our camp is located within thirty miles of Richmond, being only temporary though, the men being only halted a few days to rest and recruit up. We have had a pretty rough time within the last week, not sleeping more than eight hours out of eighty-one; and from its raining so continually were in mud up to our knees in the fort (Williamsburg) where we were assigned.

The battle commenced early in the day, and raged with great fury until it became so dark that it could no longer be continued, when both sides retired from the hard contested battle-field—leaving the fight undecided, as both sides held their ground. The Fourth Regiment were sent out on picket, and, therefore, were the first to open the fight again. Our company was sent to their relief, consequently we took an active part with them until we were compelled to retire to our fortifications, where we remained the remainder of the day. Well, I will say nothing more about the fight at present, with the exception that I came out without a scratch.

Camp near Richmond, May 24th, 1862.

All of the sergeants are absent sick. My duty is pretty severe; nothing though in the way of exposure. We removed our encampment a mile or two in the direction of the river yesterday, where we expect to remain for some time; but I am afraid we will not realize our expectations. The boys are going to Richmond now every day—so many allowed from each company. As for myself I have no desire to go, it being some distance there. Cousin Richard Lewis has not returned to camp yet; I am looking for him to come to-day, as he is in Richmond.

Camp near Richmond, June 2d, 1862.

I suppose ere this you have heard of the bloody battle that was fought here—one in which victory was again ours,
but dearly bought, many of the brave veterans of our gallant army falling victims. All of our mess escaped again, with the exception of Bill Seaborn, poor fellow, who fell early in the engagement, while driving the Yankees back to the banks of the Chickahominy. Our division was relieved this morning, after remaining in possession of the field nearly all the next day. We came back to camp pretty much exhausted and worn out, and hope to remain here until we get rested. Our brigade suffered awfully, but have won a name which any might be proud to boast of—making charge after charge on the Yankees, and completely routing them from every position. Our Color-Sergeant, Lawrence Smith, was killed, and all of his color-guard, eleven in number, fell wounded under the folds of the old colors. Private Poe, of the Palmetto Regiment, volunteered to carry the colors, and nobly and bravely did he do it, for at one time when the regiment was reeling and staggering under the terrific fire he moved to the front, waving his colors to the men, and with a shout and yell, they followed him, driving the Yankees before them. He was wounded, but never surrendered his colors until after the fight. This is the first fight that brother Dave was in, but he behaved himself well.

Camp near Richmond, June 8th, 1862.

Frank Sitton arrived in camp to-day, bringing a letter for me. The regiment remained but a very short time at their old encampment when it was ordered off to a point near the lines, where it will probably remain until the fight comes off.

Camp near Shepherdstown, September 20th, 1862.

We are now on this side of the Potomac, having retired from Maryland, not until though we had some hard contested battles on her soil. We had to wade the river in crossing, but the boys plunged into it with the spirit that character-
izes a good soldier, coming out on this side with nothing but the sun of high heaven to comfort them and to dry their dripping and wet clothes.

Major Kilpatrick is in command of the regiment, Colonel Walker acting as Brigadier. General Jenkins and Colonel Gross are sick.

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CAMP NEAR MARTINSBURG, September 22d, 1862.

We have been here for two days, this being the only rest the troops have had since they left Gordonsville. All of our force is concentrated here. Can stand on the summit of the hill and see from 40,000 to 50,000 troops, all lying out in the open field in the hot sun. Our company is very much reduced, not being able to muster more than twenty men. We have no officer in the company at the present time, I, as Sergeant, being in command.

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CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., October 1st, 1862.

All of the boys are engaged, while I am writing, in preparing their breakfast, but it is rather a scanty meal after all—our fare being nothing but beef, with little salt, and nothing to prepare our bread with but water—no bacon. We are encamped in a beautiful grove, having been here for three days, and will probably remain here a day or two longer. The boys are recruiting up very fast, and will be in fine trim for fighting soon, being very much worn out when they came here.

Nothing of interest has occurred in this part of Virginia since we crossed the Potomac, but I am looking for something important soon, as all of our forces are massed here. Our wounded are being moved from Winchester, so there must be something afloat.
Camp near Winchester, Va., October 5th, 1862.

The weather is very fine, a great deal more pleasant than it was this time last year. There has been some frost, but it is so dry that we have had very little so far.

Our army has recruited up very much since we have been here. Our brigade, which numbered not more than 900 men in Maryland, has increased to at least 1,900. Everything is very quiet now along our lines. I think we are waiting for the Yankees to make some demonstration. We have a good chaplain in the regiment now, therefore we have prayers every night and preaching on Sunday.

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Camp near Winchester, Va., October 11th, 1862.

After a long spell of dry weather, although it is very dusty, I can hardly say the rain came in a very good time, as there are a great many sick in camp, and they are poorly provided for. I have always anticipated a visit to this part of Virginia, but I believe that I would rather return to my old stamping ground in and around Richmond. The country, from having been overrun by the Yankees and our army, is nearly gleaned of everything—no bacon, and the only thing we have to subsist on is beef and mean, musty flour. Our men are in the best of spirits, however, making the hills and hollows ring with their shouts and cheers in the morning and at night. The general review of all of them came off the other day, and they made a great display. We are now attached to Picket's division, a part of the corps of Longstreet. The enemy have made no demonstration along our lines as yet.

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Camp near Winchester, Va.

We have just returned from division inspection, the troops having been all ordered out, I suppose, to see how well prepared they are for the winter. Many of them are bare-
footed and without blankets. Our brigade is becoming stronger every day, many of those who were wounded in the battles around Richmond flocking to us again, and it is very cheering to see our ranks beginning to fill up. General Jenkins is expected to return to the brigade next week, and will be joyfully greeted by us all, as we have missed him very much. I am in hopes the cold spell will not commence until we leave here and get somewhere to procure tents. It has cleared off again, with every prospect of fair weather.

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Camp near Winchester, October 24th, 1862.

We have moved our camp to a better place, and we are now very pleasantly situated—water plenty, and very convenient. The men, for the most part, are destitute of blankets, but I am in hopes that before the weather gets very severe they will be provided for. Our fare is very poor, nothing to prepare our bread with but water—no beef. I got the other day five dozen of potatoes, at twenty-five cents a dozen—an enormous price, but I thought myself fortunate in getting them at that price.

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Camp near Culpepper, November 9th, 1862.

You will no doubt be surprised to hear that we arrived at Culpepper again. The orders came so suddenly to prepare for a march, that some of us were first led to believe that a fight was in contemplation, and others deluded with the hope that we were off for the coast, but time proved to us that it was only a withdrawal of our army from the cold and desolate country in and around Winchester. We were on the march about three or four days; the men having been lying about in camp, without any exercise, did not stand it very well—many of them suffering very much from sore feet. The men were very much gratified on the reception of the news that we were destined for this part of
Virginia, the Yankees having gleaned the country of everything in the subsistence line. I can tell you it was a treat to enjoy a good old piece of bacon, and especially some shortening bread, as we term it, and occasionally something extra from the kind and hospitable people. The men were paid off this morning, and are in high glee. If some fellow would come along with a bag of apples or something to eat, he would get the last cent they have. You must have my boots made and sent to me, for I cannot get a pair here for less than $50.00.

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CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER, November 20th, 1862.

You have, no doubt, been surprised at my long silence, but you must pardon me, for I have had no time to write, having been on picket duty during last week, and just relieved on Tuesday morning of this week.

We have had a very disagreeable time of it to-day, our regiment having been on the march all day, and the roads, from the frequent rains, are in the most deplorable condition imaginable. Well, we moved in the direction of Orange Court House, thinking we were destined for Fredericksburg, which seems to be the great theatre of operations, but we find ourselves at our old camp again—the most muddy and worst looking set you ever saw. I am spotted all over with mud, and completely tired down. The troops are all moving from here in the direction of Fredericksburg, and there is thought to be one more division to leave now, with the exception of ours (Picket's), and it seems to be the impression that we will start in a few days. The men are all lying out exposed to the weather, having no tents or protection of any kind, and I am afraid we are going to have a dreadful time this winter. I thought that I had experienced a rough time of it last winter, but that was nothing in comparison to what we have had to endure lately. There are men in my company who have been barefooted the last month, having to march all the way from Winchester to Culpepper (sixty miles) in that situation—cold and frosty mornings at that.
Sloan Maxwell procured a nice Confederate uniform for me in Richmond, having to pay $125 for the suit.

**Camp near Fredericksburg, November 27th, 1862.**

We are now encamped within a few miles of Fredericksburg. Everything is very quiet in the army, the Yankees having made no demonstrations as yet; both on opposite sides of the river. The weather has been very fine the last week.

**Camp near Fredericksburg, December 10th, 1862.**

We are still encamped at the same place, and are looking for our tents every day, when we will be more comfortably situated. There is nothing of interest going on with us at the present time, and I think myself the campaign is over.

**Camp near Fredericksburg, December 19th, 1862.**

I presume you have received my dispatch before this time, therefore your great anxiety in regard to this last grand battle has been allayed. We were exposed to the fire of the enemy all the time—lying on our arms for six successive days and nights. Our boys are in the very best of spirits, and if we were ever prepared to meet Abe’s boys it is at the present time; I say let them come, if this thing has to be decided by fighting, for I think if many more engagements with them are as destructive as the last, it will bring the war to a close. I succeeded in getting a pair of boots, and the men have provided themselves with overcoats, blankets and all other articles which they needed. Lieutenant Hoyt, acting as Adjutant of the regiment, came around in the morning to the Captains of the companies with strict orders that no man was to leave the camp; if so, they must be reported at head-quarters. Earle Lewis, a gallant and
dashing fellow, of the company, went to Adjutant Hoyt and told him to take his name down, as he intended to go to the battle-field, but, fortunate for him, we were all disbanded in a few hours, and soon the battle-field was thronged with men who thought nothing of stripping a Yankee of such clothing as was necessary for his comfort. I can't imagine how to illustrate the scene, but it did present something similar to a fellow drawing the hide off of a squirrel to see them, one fellow holding him at the head and the other at his feet, drawing off his overcoat. The Yankees are very well clad, being provided with sufficient warm clothing for the winter, and it is of the very best material. If we meet the Yankees a few more times on such fields as this we will be very well provided for. The beautiful City of Fredericksburg is now in ruins, the enemy shelling it furiously during their crossing, and appropriating everything of use during their brief stay.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, December 25th, 1862.

All of the boys are very diligently engaged in putting up their tents this morning—having received them on yesterday. It will be a great treat to them, for it has been an age since they have seen a tent before. We were removed to our present encampment on account of wood being more convenient.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, January 11th, 1863.

I am now very comfortably situated for the winter, having a very nice chimney attached to my tent, and every thing that tends to make this unhappy life pleasant and agreeable. The boys are making themselves very comfortable, the weather being so fine that it has given them ample time to prepare themselves.

They are getting up in the brigade a regular theatre, for the amusement and pleasure of the mind, having already one in the division, which is a great place of resort with
them all; and the most striking feature about it is that the
money which they accumulate is contributed for the benefit
of the sick and wounded soldiers in the army, and is attended
by some of our most prominent Generals.

It seems to be the general impression that the enemy are
falling back in the direction of Washington, and, if this
proves to be true, we will not be disturbed any more this
winter. We are drilling now every day, but the men have
become careless, through having to keep it up so long. It
is hard to get them to take any interest or pride in it.
General Jenkins boasts a great deal of his brigade, and says
he intends to have a magnificent brigade by spring, if energy
or perseverance on his part can do it. He is a very rigid
diciplinarian, having constituted an examining board re-
quiring all officers (newly elected) to be examined before
assuming their duties in the companies.

We had a terrible spree in camp one night during Christmas
week, the boys nearly all getting drunk and kicking up a
terrible hurrah! Earle Lewis, of my company, organized a
so-called prevost guard, and, after I lay down that night,
slipped my sword and uniform out of my tent and doffed
himself off with it, and went around to the different stations
that night, where he knew some of the men in the Virginian
brigades had whiskey to sell, and captured it and brought it
into camp that night, under the pretence that he was a
prevost guard from Longstreet’s head-quarters, arresting the
men, but turning them loose, all being glad to get at liberty
rather than go, as they thought, to head-quarters. Such a
day of reckoning and judgment we have never had, and I
hope will never have again. General Jenkins had us all
ordered out, and an address read to us reprimanding us
very severely for our drunken and disorderly conduct.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, January 18th, 1863.

Our company have been on picket duty for the last two
days of the week, the lines being on the bank of the river.
The enemy are disposed to be very friendly, and try frequently to exchange papers with us, but we are not allowed to hold any communication with them. The day that I was on picket, two men came down to the river, somewhat intoxicated, and invited some of the Yankees over without my being apprised of it, until they had nearly reached this side. I was a little afraid the General might find it out, as the orders were so strict in regard to their crossing, and I can tell you I made the Yankee boys get back to their own side in a hurry.

We are under marching orders now, the Yankees having been making some demonstrations lately, and the impression being that they are going to try to retrieve their lost fortunes at this point; but I can't believe that they will assail us here again, after being so badly discomfited the last time. It would be an unfortunate thing for us to move now, as we are all so well prepared for the winter; but it seems the more protracted the war the greater the suffering we have to endure.

_Camp near Fredericksburg, January 22d, 1863._

We are now having some very disagreeable weather, and I think the men are glad to see it, as it will probably put an end to military movements. The Yankees have been making some demonstrations in the last few days on the river, and it was thought that they were going to try to effect a crossing down on our right under the protection of a swamp, but I think the rain will lead to a cessation of hostilities until spring.

The health of our company is improving very much, and has been recruited up to forty men, with prospects of it still increasing—more men than we have been able to muster since the battles of Richmond.
Camp Life of a Confederate Boy.

Camp near Fredericksburg, January 26th, 1863.
All of the boys appear to be perfectly delighted that they have remained so long undisturbed, and are to pass off the monotony of camp life in all kinds of sports and pleasures. It reminds me very much of my school-boy days. We are fortifying ourselves on the river, and are very strongly entrenched.

Camp near Fredericksburg, January 31st, 1863.
Our fears are now allayed in regard to the Yankees making an advance movement, as this last bad weather we have just experienced will most certainly put an end to military movements. So, I suppose, the Army of the Potomac may rest in peace and security the remainder of the winter, and not be kept continually in suspense.

Camp near Fredericksburg, February 2d, 1863.
We are having a very dull time now—nothing in the world to do—all the drilling being pretty much dispensed with. It is the only objection I have to going into winter quarters, for we have no way in which to spend our time pleasantly and profitably.
The Yankees are just on the opposite side of the river, and keep up a terrible noise every morning—beating of drums—but I don't think they have any notion of visiting this side of the Potomac again soon.
The winter is very mild here indeed, being not near so severe as last. This morning is almost as pleasant as spring; even the birds were singing on yesterday.
We are now comfortably situated, being provided with every comfort that the exigencies of the times will permit. General Jenkins returned home again this morning. His intention is, I think, to gather up the conscripts in the State to fill up his brigade, which is very much reduced at the present time. Colonel Walker returned from home a few
days ago, and I would not be surprised if Major Kilpatrick was present he might get off himself, he being now in Richmond for the purpose of procuring a uniform.

Camp near Franklin, March 20th, 1863.

We were aroused very early the other morning by an alarm that the enemy were advancing. The regiment was ordered to form and prepare for battle, and we had not more than got ready before a regiment of cavalry came charging. They came within fifty or sixty yards of us before we opened on them, and after we had fired two rounds at them they dispersed, leaving the field in great dismay. We captured some twelve prisoners. There was a little Lieutenant who was in command of a battery, and having the guns charged, he set the guns to plow up the ground about fifty yards in front of the breast works, and every time his men fired he told them to put another in the same place, and the consequence was, he never did reach the cavalry. We deviled him so much about it when the battery would pass our regiment, that the Captain came to us and begged our Colonel to get us to stop teasing him; that he was green, and never had any experience.

Camp on Blackwater, March 26th, 1863.

I am having a very pleasant time now, detailed as one of the officers of the Board of Examination—to examine all new officers and candidates for promotion—exempting me from drilling and picket duty. Our company has just returned from picket duty. I was very much amused at Jim Lewis when he first came to camp. Every night he was asking for butter, and thought it very strange we could not afford it. We are having a fine time, riding in boats on the river, and a great many amusements to pass off the time pleasantly, and nice comfortable quarters to stay in. It is
a very unhealthy place, being so low and swampy; some of the men already having chills. I was very much amused at one of our cavalrymen in a little skirmish we had with Speer's cavalry. He came dashing in at full speed with his hat in his hand, and the cavalry close after him; just as he got inside of our lines he exclaimed: "Well, boys; safe once more."

Camp near Blackwater, April 3d, 1863.

Our rations are going to be curtailed so low, that the game of Zouaving will come into repute again. We are having some bad and disagreeable weather, which makes our duty very severe—having to go on picket every three days. We went out on an expedition to capture Speer's cavalry the other day; the scheme was admirably arranged to entrap him, and would have turned out to be a brilliant affair, but miscarried from the negligence of some of the men in firing at the vanguard, instead of waiting until the main body came up.

Camp near Blackwater, April 6th, 1863.

All of the boys are making as extensive preparations as if they expected to remain here for some time; some of them have gone to making gardens—I guess they will have a rich harvest this summer. We had our room honored the other day with the presence of a young lady, though it was brought about by an unfortunate thing on her part. She was on her way to town in a little cart, and when she arrived at the bridge the stream was so much swollen that she had to walk across the bridge, and in the effort of doing so fell in through an opening; some of the boys swam in and rescued her, and the Captain coming along about that time escorted her to our room for a change of clothes. The boys drove the cart up for her when she got ready to leave, and I wish you could have been here to have seen the attention she received; the Captain went out with a chair, think-
ing he would have the pleasure of gallanting her, and he had got but a few paces before several were following him with boxes or anything else they could get hold of, and all that could lent her a helping hand in getting into her cart, and all waved their handkerchiefs and gave her a rousing cheer when she started.

Camp Five Miles of Suffolk, April 16, 1863.

We left Franklin, to the bitter disappointment of all, on last Friday week, marching as far as South Quay the first day, and the following day we moved to our present locality, a distance of twenty miles; a part of the way being through a low marshy country. The marching proved to be very fatiguing to us, many suffering from sore feet. Our advance was so admirably arranged that the Yankees got no information of our movements at all, and were completely surprised, their pickets having so little suspicion of anything of the kind that they were sitting down amusing themselves playing cards. Our cavalry charged on them, and if they had acted well might have captured the whole party. They created great excitement and confusion in our camp, shelling our scouts, as they were reconnoitering around their breast works that evening, furiously. We are placed in a very unpleasant situation, harassed all the time by their pickets, and occasionally disturbed by their shells.

Camp Five Miles of Suffolk, April 18th, 1863.

We went on picket last Wednesday, but were fortunate enough to escape going on duty—being held in reserve. The next day being warm and pleasant, and everything quiet on the lines, all the men sought themselves a nice, soft and grassy place in a neighboring pine thicket, and the most of them stretched themselves out on the ground, and were just nodding off into a sweet and refreshing sleep,
when the Yankees, envying our being in such perfect security and repose under their big guns, dropped a few shells among us, and aroused us from our slumbers, making us retire again to our shelter under the railroad bank. Having rested badly the night previous, I was lying out at the time with the rest of the crowd, and was fast asleep when a shell exploded among us. Being aroused by the stir among the boys, I got up, but feeling rather badly, lay down again, but did not remain there long before another one exploded in the trees over me, and I concluded to move to a more safe position, thinking one of them might come over and sink me into an everlasting sleep.

The way of approaching the city by the front is almost impregnable—all the trees being felled for a mile, a large swamp intervening between us and the city, the country low and flat, and the city on a very commanding position and strongly fortified.

Our force here consists of Hood’s, Picket’s, and the forces of the Blackwater, numbering in all about 25,000 men, and all of them in fine spirits and eager for a fight.

Camp near Suffolk, April 22d, 1863.

We are now bivouacked in the same piece of woods, with no other protection from the weather than the ingenuity of the men can devise. The weather is very pleasant.

Our regiment is very strong, numbering 450 men for duty—stronger than it has been since the battles around Richmond. We just come off picket duty on last evening—very pleasant but dangerous duty—picketing within six hundred yards of the enemy’s fortifications, with all of their big guns frowning down upon us, looking as if they might make us bow in submission to them. Sometimes, when we annoy them a great deal, they let loose with such a furious shelling that they almost bury some of the boys in their rifle pits, but they will get up and shake the dust off, and give it to them again.
We met with a sad disaster on last Monday night, the Yankees capturing Captain Stribbling's battery, considered the best in the service; and the Napoleon guns, which cost us so dearly at Frazier's farm.

Bivouac near Suffolk, April 30th, 1863.
We are now bivouacked out at Bethlehem Church, a few miles from Suffolk—being held in reserve—coming out here yesterday evening. We will this evening go on picket, and I am afraid from the prospects will have a disagreeable time, as it is looking very much like rain. There was a heavy fall of rain on yesterday evening, soon after we started, and we were all pretty thoroughly drenched before we got to our present destination, although on our arrival we made very large fires, by which we were enabled to dry ourselves before retiring. The Yankees seeing the place all around illuminated by our camp-fires, dropped a few shells in among us, without creating much disturbance though.

Camp near Franklin, Va., May 9th, 1863.
Once more have we returned with joyful hearts to our old camp again, having been absent nearly three weeks, and during that time subjected to a great many severe trials and hardships. We were kept on the march all the time, from the Yankees making demonstrations on our lines every day; but I am in hopes though the sad disaster the Yankees met with at Fredericksburg will have a demoralizing effect on their troops at Suffolk, and may check their progress in this direction, and let us rest in peace and quietude this summer.

We started from Suffolk about nine o'clock last Sunday night, keeping up the march until five o'clock the next evening. The first eight miles of our march was very trying, as it lay through a low marshy country. The men were so much elated though at the cheering hope of reaching
their good and comfortable quarters, that they moved in splendid order, and kept in fine spirits all the way. The regiment is stronger than it has been since the battle of Seven Pines; numbering over five hundred men for duty. We will not resume our old quarters in houses, but intend establishing a regular camp in a beautiful grove near our picket lines, so that we will be convenient to picket duty.

CAMP NEAR FRANKLIN, VA., May 19th, 1863.

We were all aroused to the greatest pitch of excitement on last Friday evening, by an alarm created in camp that the enemy were moving forward in force on Franklin. The long roll was instantly beat, and the regiment formed and moved to our line of entrenchments, and thrown in line of battle to await their approach. After awaiting some time for them to make an assault, we sent forward some skirmishers to feel the strength of their force, but it was so late in the evening we were unable to find out much; and as soon as night came on we, after posting a strong picket, returned to camp for the night, where we were allowed to rest in peace and quiet until morning. Well, after a refreshing sleep, we arose at the dawn of morning, to be ready to meet any of the movements of our foe; but we find him the same, seeming to hesitate as to the propriety of pouncing upon us in our entrenched position. Seeing that he was rather slow to make fight himself, we accordingly went forward; but he still was found to be indisposed, and began to retire. We then began to think it was just another visit of Colonel Speer, and, as usual, commenced our pursuit of him; but on drawing near Carsville he began to dispute our ground more stubbornly, and a little further we find him on chosen ground, ready to repel any further advances. So, having only a portion of our brigade, and thinking all the time that his object was to entice us to his stronghold, we deferred making any further demonstrations until we could get sufficient reinforcements, which came too late in the day to be of
service. The enemy, I suppose, thinking it was our deter-
mination to come right ahead, immediately prepared for
battle, and sent their skirmishers out to meet us. We, also
wishing to play a pretty bold front, moved (skirmishers)
forward, and soon a very brisk firing opened on both sides,
more heavily though on the enemy’s. We were kept in
awful suspense all evening—lying some part of the time
under a very dangerous shelling—and expected every
moment to be ushered into a fight; but the day passed off
without any serious encounter with the enemy.

BIVOUAC ON THE MARCH, May 22d, 1863.

As the regiment halted to rest a few miles back, the mail
came up, and I was one of the number favored with a letter.
Though feeling tired and weary after a long and tedious
march, I will, in the few minutes we are halted, endeavor to
make a brief reply to your last.

On yesterday evening we were ordered to Carsville, with
the intention of tearing up the railroad track from that
place to Franklin, but the order was countermanded before
we arrived there, and all proceeded back to camp in great
glee. But lo and behold, what should we find when we
got back but a deserted camp—a sad disappointment to all
the boys—orders coming after we left to strike tents and
have everything ready for a march, and on our return we
made but a short stay at our old camp. We moved out a
few miles and bivouacked for the night, and early next
morning were wending our way along the road to where you
now find me. I think we are going to Blackwater Bridge,
about eighteen or twenty miles from Franklin and five miles
from our present position. It is very dusty and disagree-
able marching, the weather being exceedingly hot and very
dry. I wish very much we could have a refreshing shower
of rain, as it would cool the atmosphere and lay the dust,
which rises in such perfect clouds that it is almost enough
to suffocate a fellow.
We have been for the last week under a state of excitement all the time, from the Yankees making some demonstrations on our lines. It was thought for a while, as they were in very heavy force, that we would have a fight, but they have all retired now, and gone back to their stronghold at Suffolk.

It was the belief of all when we were sent to this point that we would have a quiet time, and would not be as active as we were in last summer’s campaign, but from the prospects now before us I think we are destined to have a severe trial; and our removal from the main army not so much to our advantage as we expected. There is no very easy place to be found in Virginia; if there is any we have not been fortunate enough to find it, being continually on the march or exposed to the perils and dangers of the battle-field nearly all the time.

Since I have commenced writing, the gratifying news has reached me that we will bivouac here for the night, and already you can see the boys gathering around a little fire with a piece of bacon on a stick broiling it, and others who have prepared their scanty meal, appear to be enjoying it as much as if they had something more dainty spread before them.

Captain and Jim are both well, and standing the march finely. I must now close, as I’m afraid you cannot read what I have written here. Give my love to all.

Please send me some cotton drawers.

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At a Rest on the March, May 29th, 1863.

You find me writing while on the tramp again, as we have just merely halted here awaiting orders. I doubt very much whether I will be enabled to make any great progress before we will start out on our destination, but as I am fearful I will not have an opportunity of sending a letter off after we leave here, I suppose I had better make the trial.

You recollect my last letter was written while on the
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march to Blackwater Bridge, and at the time everything was veiled in secrecy as to the intention of our move; but the following day soon brought to bear the true light of it, as towards evening we were ordered to cross the river, and we had not proceeded very far on the other side before the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon resounded in our ears. Everything now seemed to indicate the drawing near of a strong battle. Our regiment as soon as it arrived in supporting distance of "troops" in front, after going through the accustomed preliminaries before going into battle—having roll call, etc.—were ordered to move forward, expecting every moment to be ushered into the pending conflict. But the storm which a few minutes before had been so threatening soon abated, and quiet reigned again all along our lines, having only a little brisk skirmishing, and when night came on we moved back across the river and encamped for the night, and at the dawn of morning we were found wending our way back to Franklin, arriving there after a heavy and fatiguing march about 2 o'clock in the evening. After making a selection of our camping-ground we pitched our tents, and before night were comfortably housed in them. But we were not destined to remain quiet long, for it was not long before we were ordered to Caneville; and after staying there all day yesterday and until 10 o'clock in the night, were marched back to camp, and from there this morning to our present position—near an old Church, in a few miles of Franklin—with hourly expectation of going forward.

So you now see the activity of our campaign down here, being kept in a state of uneasiness and suspense all the time, not knowing but when we lie down at night in our peaceful slumber that before morning we shall be aroused from our rest and found tugging and sweating along some dusty and sandy road, or hauling the ovens and pots preparatory to it next morning. I will hail the day with delight and pleasure, should it ever come, when we start back to the Army of the Potomac, for I am tired and weary of the campaign here;
not remaining settled at any point longer than two or three days before they order us op the tramp somewhere.

**Camp near Franklin, June 11th, 1863.**

On our return from our last fruitless expedition we were not allowed to enjoy the ease and luxury of camp only a few days before we started out on another march to Smith’s Ferry, on the Nottoway, about twelve miles from here, and after lying there on the banks of that stream for a week, we have returned to camp, though to stay only a brief season, as we are under orders, report says, for Kingston, N. C. Our last trip was not attended with as unhappy results as heretofore, for we were extended the privilege of fishing and bathing in the river, and in that way managed to spend our time very pleasantly. The fishing season has about commenced in this country, and the banks of the river are crowded with soldiers for miles, night and day; all, by exercising a little time and patience, being enabled to provide themselves with a nice mess of fish every day, this being one luxury of life that is to us without the expense of our little treasure.

**Camp near Murfreesboro’, N. C., June 21st, 1863.**

This is the first time that I have had an opportunity of writing in a week, so constantly have we been on the march. We were marched to Weldon, and remained there a few days, and then ordered immediately back to Franklin. It is not certain how long we will remain here, for we are this morning formed at the depot ready to take the train. I cannot say yet where our destination is, as the orders came very suddenly and unexpectedly, and I have not been able to ferret out the move myself. We have been riding on the train from here to Weldon and Petersburg the last week, and there is no probability of our remaining settled, for General Jenkins says we are to take charge of the railroad
line from Wilmington to Petersburg, and will be constantly riding or marching on that line.

Our company and another from the regiment were ordered to Franklin, where the brigade left, to prevent the Yankees from crossing the river. About 5,000 appeared on the opposite side and made an attempt to cross, but our men disputed their right to cross so expertly that they were kept in check. We had only one man wounded in our party, all the others escaping without a scratch. Some are sick though, from lying about in the swamp.

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CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, June 25th, 1863.

Our brigade was reviewed by Major-General D. H. Hill on yesterday evening. There was a large crowd of spectators in attendance on the field, who seemed to be perfectly delighted with our performances. General Hill, after the review, made a very stirring and eloquent address, complimenting the brigade very highly, saying it was the most magnificent brigade he ever reviewed. He showered the compliments on Jenkins so heavy, tickling his pride and vanity so much, that he could hardly sit in his saddle. A certain class of citizens were very bitterly denounced by him, telling them that the citizen’s dress worn by a stout and able-bodied citizen was a badge of infamy.

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CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, July 2d, 1863.

On last Saturday night, after rallying around our Chaplain to have the precious words of the gospel imparted to us, and prayers, that we might meet the following Sabbath morning to engage in divine service, all retired to our couches (or, you may say, beds of clay) to seek our earthly repose; but before we had dozed into a sound and refreshing sleep, orders came to prepare to take the train, so, in obedience to orders, we were found wending our way on to Richmond.
On our arrival General Jenkins, ever ready to show off the drill and efficiency of his brigade, had it formed, and marched through the city in column of companies, at the sound of the stirring strains of music, and awaking the old city from its deep and sound revery—the people pouring out from the different streets to witness the passing of our steady and unwavering columns, eliciting the highest praise from them all; but we were not greeted with the warm salutations of the fair ones here as in the City of Petersburg, they being in perfect ecstasy over us there.

Our camp is located within a few miles of Richmond, near by the grounds where we were lying before the grand drama of the scene of battles that were enacted around Richmond last summer, but are not in that state of fear and alarm as then, there being only a small force hovering around through the country, who could not even offer battle with the militia.

Camp near Richmond, July 3d, 1863.

I was greeted one day this week with another of your kind and welcome letters, and would have considered it sooner, but for the interference of our ever unceasing marches.

We were aroused on yesterday at the dawn of morning, and were soon wending our way in the direction of the Pamunkey; but when we arrived in the vicinity we were confronted by the Yankees—cavalry, artillery and infantry—in force. General Jenkins called on some select companies from each regiment (ours falling in the lot), and placed them in charge of Colonel Steadman, of the Sixth Regiment, and ordered them forward as a line of skirmishers to feel the strength of their force. They formed in line of battle and gave us a few shots on our first approach, but as soon as they saw that we were not trifling with them, and were going to give them battle, they commenced a general skedaddle movement, never stopping to exchange a single shot with us, but flying in great dismay and confusion. We
pursued them for two or three miles, picking up a few scared ones who had taken refuge in ravines, and then gave up the chase as utterly hopeless, they being too expert on their heels for us. We were very tired and worn out from our day's expedition, so our General was kind enough to favor us with a ride on the train back to camp, arriving here about two or three hours ago; but I am afraid only to start again to repel their invasion at some other point, as they are making a diversion on Richmond in several ways, so what we lack in strength we will have to make up in strategy.

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Camp near Richmond, July 9th, 1863.

We have moved to the North side of Richmond, and are now more pleasantly situated than before, there being some sign of vegetation where we are now. The country on the Chickahominy being so awfully trodden by our army, that it has a terrible ghastly look. I am afraid it will be an age before it is restored to a state of civilization again.

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Camp near Richmond, July 16th, 1863.

In my last epistle I intimated the removal of our camp to the North side of Richmond; but on last Sunday, after divine service, we had just taken refuge in our tents from a terrible storm that was boding near, when orders came to strike tents and be ready to move. So in the midst of the storm and the rain falling in perfect torrents, we had to strike out for the city on our way, it was thought, for Petersburg; but where should we find ourselves later in the evening but back of our old camp, moving, I suppose, on account of our being more convenient to Drury's Bluff, in case of an attack by gun-boats. The Second Regiment went down to the above named Bluff last night to be ready for the monsters who have been lying around in the James for sometime. So they will find it as impracticable a route
by water as General Dix not long ago did by the White House.

Camp near Richmond, July 23rd, 1863.
On last Monday morning we were reviewed by General Elzey, and the brigade was very highly complimented by him, and by their skillful manœuvring pleased the eye of the spectators very much, and elicited unbounded praise from them. The day, though, was very warm and oppressive, having five men in our company to fall down and faint while in ranks, who were carried from the field, and some of them have not yet recovered from the effects of it.

There is still no prospect of our being removed from here yet, and I sincerely hope we will not be this summer, as we had to weather the scorching hot sun enough in the campaign last year.

Camp near Petersburg, Va., August 13th, 1863.
The location of our camp is in the open field, not convenient to any woods, and in consequence we have to suffer a great deal during the heat of the day. The weather has been so intensely hot during the last week, judging from our thermometer, that some of the men while on guard duty fell from the effects of sun-stroke. The young ladies of the city are still honoring us with their pretty looks, and the boys, as usual, are escorting them to their homes, and are having a gay time, as the Captain says. I guess we will marry about here.

Camp near Petersburg, Va., August 18th, 1863.
General Jenkins had his brigade out, manœuvring them on drill, yesterday evening, very much to the delight and satisfaction of the spectators, but it was death to those who created the scene, tugging and sweating in the hot sun, and jumping over corn-rows and ditches. We are thinking of
moving our camp to-day on the other side of the city, so as to have the men confined in more narrow limits, in order that they can be kept in camp without such a strong guard.

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CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., August 20th, 1863.

The camp is hallowed to-day with more of its old associations than ever, partaking of a natural stillness, where before it has been the grand theatre of officers decked off in their handsome uniforms playing the gallant with some young and captivating girl. The removal of our camp is the cause of this terrible calamity. General Jenkins gathered me the other day, and without giving me time to stammer out an apology, ushered me into a crowd of ladies, and scared me so badly that I dreamed about them all night.

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CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., August 24th, 1863.

There is some little excitement going on in camp to-day, all being under marching orders; but I am in hopes everything will be calm before the dawn of another day. Our present camp is not such a favorite resort for the ladies as our last, hence not so many gallants decked off in their uniforms strutting around the camp.

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CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., September 5th, 1863.

Colonel Kilpatrick and myself have just returned from Richmond, having gone there on business. We paid $11 for a breakfast of coffee, toast and beefsteak, and $5 for lodging.

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BIVOUAC NEAR ROSECRANS, September 30th, 1863.

I suppose you have looked forward in vain for a long
time, for a letter from me, and I have been as much disappointed in not being enabled to get paper, ink and the means of sending a letter off; but our line of communication is open again with home, and I hope the only blessing that is allotted to us in war (letters), will still be dealt out to us. I expected to be greeted by you and my father in Columbia, but I was disappointed in not seeing you; though after thinking of the short time I would have had to have stayed with you, it is better that we did not meet, as it would have been more trying for me to have torn myself from the embraces of my mother State.

The young ladies of Georgia were very enthusiastic in their reception of us in passing through the State, showering bouquets of flowers on us, and cheering our hearts with their winning smiles and graces, and, what is best of all, feeding our hungry souls with an abundance of every thing good. I can say in behalf of the Georgians, that they entertained us in a more kind and hospitable manner than we were received anywhere on our route, there not being hardly a depot we passed that we did not find some of Georgia's fair ones, with baskets of refreshments on their arms, to greet the hungry soldiers. I am sorry to say that Carolina did not receive us in such a welcome manner.

We arrived too late to take any part in the terrible battle between Rosecrans and Bragg. Our division though took a very important part in it—sending Bragg an arm of General Lee (Longstreet) to put to flight his hot pursuers. We are still confronting Rosecrans, who has taken refuge behind his stronghold at Chattanooga. He is very strongly fortified there, so much so that I do not believe Bragg will risk an engagement with him.

Pendleton has had to mourn the loss of another one of her true and patriotic sons—Tally Simpson; a noble fellow too. He fell while gallantly discharging his duty, on the field where many have fallen before him; and many, I expect, will have to follow his example.

I am still enjoying camp life finely. I expect though to experience some rough times in this country, for I do not
see anything but hard fighting and marching ahead of us now. Things may change though if we whip Rosecrans.

You can send Henry back whenever you get ready; sending him by home to stay awhile, as he has been so true and faithful; also to bring anything that I may wish from home. Send me some paper, also make me a haversack, with partitions in it, out of cloth if you can get nothing else, and I can cover it with some India-rubber cloth when it comes out; also have a tin box made and put in it (if you can), to carry meat in. No use in sending me more than two changes of clothes, because I cannot carry them—no drawers.

There is no truth in the report about my flying around at Petersburg. Henry can contradict that report. Give my love to all.

Captain sends his respects to all; Jim and Captain are both getting on very well.

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BIVOUAC NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,

October 3d, 1863.

Everything looks very refreshing with us this morning after the last two days' rain, arousing the boys from the state of drowsiness which the dust and dry, hot air had subjected them to, seeming to revive them as much as if they had been launched out from the freshness and beauty of their country homes, after inhaling the stifling dust of this country. The mountain this morning has been crowded with men from the brigade, chesnut hunting, making the timber crash as if they were felling all the trees. Groups of seven and eight ranging together with axes, and wherever they find a tree loaded they lay the axe to it, without regard to the value of the timber. I have just returned from a hunt myself, and after boiling and feasting on them, I am now engaged in writing to you.

Our company came in off picket on yesterday evening, having had a very disagreeable time, raining all the time
they were on duty; and being on the banks of a creek and low lands, it was a very muddy and marshy place. I, myself, from having suffered with neuralgia the last week, did not venture out with them, but have recovered pretty much from it now.

There is nothing of interest going on along our lines at present, and no indication of a general engagement between the two contending forces soon, as the impression with us is that Rosecrans will, at the first opportunity, avail himself of a skedaddling back to the rear, almost completely isolated from his supplies. Some regiments in our brigade have had some brisk skirmishing with the Yankees since we have been here, but without any heavy loss. Kilpatrick’s and Coward’s Regiments went out a few nights ago and charged some Yankee breastworks, but were met very stubbornly and forced to retire.

This is the hardest looking country I have ever served in yet, looking as if it had never been in a state of civilization. I suppose the reason of it is that the Yankees have been playing their same old game of destruction in our land, and what they have not laid waste to, our army have. Some of the poor women who ran off at the time of the last battle have come in and found their homes pillaged of everything, not even leaving them bedsteads standing, or a pound of meat or dust of meal or flour. So, you see, they are in a state of starvation, and their husbands being in the army cannot provide for them in any way, nor can they expect anything from the country after being sacked by Yankeedom. This is one of the bitter fruits of the war.

Jim Steele came on a day or two ago to see his sons. He is looking in fine health, and was very much pleased with the country he moved to. He told me to present his compliments to my father. I don’t think the old man will pay us another visit soon, as he had to paddle in the rain five miles the day he started before he could get any accommodation to the railroad, and take a soldier’s bed and fare the night before.

There is one bad feature in the country which I forgot to
mention; it is that there are no foxes inhabiting it—so Mr. Steele informs me—a very serious objection, don’t you think so?

There are some things I left out of my memoranda: I wish you to send me a brush and comb, a plate, a knife and fork, a teacup, and also a towel and handkerchief.

Captain and Jimmy are both well, and send their respects to you. Tell Henry to bring on anything we need out here, as he can tell better than I can. Give my love to all the family, also to cousin Mollie.

Well, I will now close, as I have nothing more to write.
P. S.—Send me some wine and some red-pepper pods.

Bivouac near Chattanooga, Tenn.,

October 7th, 1863.

Lieutenant Poe arrived on Monday evening, bringing with him a letter for me bearing the intelligence that all was prospering better at home, which relieved me of some anxiety and uneasiness, from the fact that your last letter intimated that there was some sickness prevailing in the family, and it was thought both of my little brothers were going to be seriously ill. We just came off our regular picket duty on yesterday evening, being fortunate enough this time to have fair and pretty weather for it, having on the time previous such a bad and disagreeable night and day that it looked like we might be smiled upon on this last. The savage spirit between our pickets is now becoming tamed down, and we are having very friendly relations established, without an advance or provocations from one side or the other excite it again, hence a man’s life is not in such constant jeopardy; not afraid to move or make a rustling in the leaves on the creek bank for fear of endangering his life. One company of artillery was moved on the mountain on Monday, and in the evening commenced a tremendous shelling of the Yankees, but it did not result in anything serious on the part of them, for they soon fell into their ditches and hugged
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them closely all the while. Jimmy came very near being killed during the shelling by a shell falling short from one of our batteries coming within a few inches of striking him, and flying pretty close to several of the rest of our men. There is no movement of importance taking place with either of our armies as yet, both lying idle and in a state of quietude, looking as if they were afraid to test the powers of each other. Captain, Jimmy and myself are all getting on splendidly, although we are living in a pretty rough country. You must send me a jug of home manufactured molasses, if you can possibly get it, for I think I could enjoy it the best in the world, ever since I tried that sent by Miss Miriam Maxwell to Jimmy. Tell Henry he must buy me a little coffee and sugar on the road. I will now close, for everything is so dull I have nothing more to note.

Camp near Chattanooga, Tenn.,

October 15th, 1863.

We have never experienced such a crisis in the way of rations since our trip to Yorktown, it being now three days since the men have had a full issue of rations. It is the first time I have ever seen them come down to eating roasted acorns, cracking them on yesterday like hogs, and with as great a relish. One fellow told me he actually saw a fellow picking up grains of corn where the horses had wasted it in feeding, and washing it for nourishment for himself. The consequence of all this starvation is from the incessant rains we have been frequented with this week, causing all the water courses to become so much swollen as to become impassable, thereby cutting us off completely from our supplies. Last night, though, they constructed a raft, by which means they expect to get something across the creek—looking for it now every moment. If Henry would only turn up about now how much our hearts would be gladdened, for our fare has been unusually scanty since we have been in this army—just as much as a fellow can do to keep himself
alive. Tell John to profit by the experience of a brother in the war, and return to his peaceful avocations with a spirit and determination of making amends for past conduct, for he will not know the evil of his rash course until he gets out here, then it will be too late to repent. Feed him on acorns and parched corn awhile, and let him lay three or four nights out in a storm; that is the way he can taste of some of the bitter fruits.

I expect General "Rosy's" boys are all stuck in the mud in the low lands around Chattanooga, and half fed and frozen to death; so that will be some consolation to the starving Rebels, who are closely besieging them. We do meet with the continual pest and annoyance of shells flying around camp since the water has been huddling them about on dry places in the field; and I am afraid if they aggravate us we will pitch into them and shell them back to their wet and damp rifle pits. So the cunning scamps know when to play off on us.

I can give you no clue to the mystery of the programme out here, nothing changing the ennui of camp-life—each day passing with little or no change from the previous day.

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Camp near Chattanooga, Tenn.,
October 18th, 1863.

This morning broke with a clear and serene sky, very much to our delight, and to make the spell still more enchanting, a haversack full of rations, for many hungry Confederates having succeeded on yesterday, by means of a raft of timber and plank, in getting over a full supply of rations, which, I can assure you, was greeted with many smiles. The men, having to abstain so long from any thing to eat, were out on yesterday, before the rations came in, ranging all through the mountains, and late in the evening many came back loaded with beef, hogs, sheep, and a little of almost everything else that could creep. I am afraid some
poor citizens suffered by it, but the men had fasted so long that they were like lions—preying on everything that run across their path.

I don't think I ever experienced a more heavy fall of rain than that which fell one night during the last season, seeming as if it would patter through the tents we were in, and soon swelling all the streams in the country into mighty rivers, and washing a great many of the bridges away that were recently constructed. The little creek that became impassable and cutting off our supplies, which was a little more than what you would call a branch, has overflowed it banks about three or four hundred yards, I suppose, during the rain. There is a very fine prospect now of having some very cold and freezing weather, so we will hear again the familiar sound of the axe, telling us of the chills of the coming night, and the biting frost is going to pinch many of our poor fellows' toes, if they are not shod soon, as many of them are already barefooted, and more will be soon. All of them are looking forward to a terrible campaign, and I don't think they will be disappointed in their expectations, as the most active season seems to be the fall and winter; but this may be the crowning one of the war, or, at least, may bring a brighter omen to the Southern Confederacy than the past. Our ties are so strong for our old army that it is almost like severing us from old homes to take us from it.

General Jenkins and staff have just passed on their way to the mountains. He is looking as gay and dashing as ever, and, I think, in the event of another engagement he will add new lustre to his never-fading laurels.

The health of our company was splendid before we left Petersburg, but since we have been here, in this rough country, it is rather on the decline, men dropping off every week to the hospital, which will soon dwindle us down very weak.

There has been a perfect calm along our lines since the last rain; looks as if "Rosy" was drowned or frozen out.
Camp Life of a Confederate Boy.

CAMP NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,

October 25th, 1863.

I will now, this morning, make a feeble attempt to respond to your last most kind and welcome letter, but can promise little, from the fact that I have been suffering a great deal from neuralgia, and, therefore, feel rather weak and low-spirited.

We have been visited again with some more dreary weather—not raining though as incessant and hard as the season before last—seeming as if we were going to have nothing but rain here in the mountains, and not going to be allowed to bask in the rays of the sunshine of many more warm days.

We are having some very severe picket duty at present—going on duty every three or four days, and remaining twenty-four hours—being at first more of a recreation than anything else to get away from the bustle and excitement incident to camp, but it now becomes something more serious as the approaching blast of winter makes itself more apparent. Our picket lines are in very close proximity to those of the Yankees—picketing on the banks of a creek the size of the one near Pendleton, ours being on one side and the Yankees' on the other. Very friendly relations are established between each other, however, and no firing or offensive movements shown by either party on any part of the lines.

The men are very busy fortifying themselves against the cold weather, and, from the extensive preparations they are making, will soon be prepared for the winter. I'm afraid, though, many of them will not enjoy the comforts they are surrounding themselves with, as there is a prospect of hostilities opening again at any time.

Henry got in safe with all the things, and I can assure you our hearts were gladdened to receive something nice again from home. I don't think a box could have come in a more acceptable time, or have been more heartily enjoyed by a mess. My uniform fits me admirably well; better, I think, than the last, and a great deal more handsome, and you must accept my deep and profound gratitude for it, and
my high appreciation of the beauty and texture of the cloth—could get more than two hundred dollars for the suit. The haversack which aunt Mary was so kind to send me was the admiration of every one; and, as a matter of course, you will tender my most cordial thanks and very high appreciation. I am glad to think I have an aunt that feels such an interest in me. I would write more, but my pen is so bad it is impossible to do so; hope you will excuse this, and I'll do better next time.

Henry says it was reported at home that he was very careless and unconcerned about his duty and my affairs. Allow me to contradict that; for never has a servant been more true and faithful.

Give my love to all, and tell John to write to me.

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Camp near Chattanooga, Tenn., October 30th, 1863.

Since writing to you my last, I have braved the fiery ordeal of another battle, and through the special favor of a divine Providence have been spared; but, alas! how many of my gallant and noble comrades are now lying as bleeding victims, or sleeping in the sweet embraces of liberty.

On the morning previous to the fight, all was as calm and quiet as the peaceful and serene clouds of a summer sky; but still later there was commotion in the elements, caused by the thundering of artillery, and not long thence before the angry and fierce clouds of war were seen flouting in the direction of those mighty peals. The ever ready summons to arms commenced its drama of drums on the right, and was soon rolling along our front to the left. Then all for a time was bustle and excitement, breasting themselves for the conflict. Soon there was a calm, and we were beating with a steady tramp over the mountain, halting for a few hours at the foot on the other side, waiting for darkness to cover our movement.

We had an awful time in climbing the mountain, it being
so steep and rocky it looked frequently like an impossibility to clamber up it all. We kept pushing ahead though, until we got in the valley; all there came to a halt for a while, thinking our night's work was done, when came orders in a few minutes: "The enemy must be driven off the steep hills towering above you," too by the shining and bright light of Luna peering forth in all her glory. The brigade was drawn out in regular array of battle, and soon the loud and sonorous voice of Walker gave our regiment the command "forward!" Then the whole line was seen moving with a steady and unwavering step, each soldier with a spirit of determination stamped on his brow. One hill after another in succession did we clamber over, still only a few flying Yankees to be found. At last though we began to come in sight of their camp-fires twinkling in the distance. All now began to realize soon some Yankee picket would raise the battle cry. Sure enough, as we advanced nearer the camp a volley from them disputed our ground any further. After a very sharp contest between our line of skirmishers and the Yankees, the whole line raised a yell, and moved up to within a few hundred yards of the enemy, and poured a tremendous volley into them, which was so terrific that everything was shrouded in silence for the time. But, ah! only for the time, for it soon raged with more fury than ever. Coker, the gallant captain of the sixth, acting adjutant, came around about now with orders for us to bear on the enemy's flank. So we accordingly advanced beyond the skirt of woods we were in, out into open field, and there halted in front of a battery which was belching forth its iron hail of destruction into the regiments on our right. Here the Colonel commanded us to concentrate our fire on it; and with one murderous volley the sheet of flame and smoke were no longer to be seen gushing forth. Moving back but a short distance the thundering voice was to be heard again. We then laid down and exchanged long and continuous volleys with them, until we were ordered to cease firing and shelter ourselves. After lying for sometime with the minies pegging away at us, we were com-
manded to retire, as the enemy, in very heavy force, was trying to get in our rear. So we moved back very leisurely to the creek, and formed in line of battle to cover the re-
etreat of our division, afterwards moving across ourselves.

On falling back what an awful thrill chilled my breast to hear of the death of our noble Kilpatrick. Oh! there have been many gallant leaders who have fallen in this war; none though whose loss has been more deeply felt in a bri-
gade. Going up to the General and greeting him by the hand after the fight, that noble and chivalrous leader said to me: "Sir, it feels like one-half of my heart is gone with the last pulsations of Kilpatrick. Never has a friend been more true and sincere to me, or could one's loss so com-
pletely desolate me; feeling as if the strongest link of friendship in the army has been severed—no longer that adviser to appeal to in all matters."

We were moving all night long over the mountain, and did not get back until seven or eight o'clock in the morn-
ing, the most completely broken down set you ever saw, having not recovered from the scrape yet myself.

You, I suppose, have got the details of the fight long before this through the press, therefore I will forbear to mention anything further in regard to it. Bill Poe, poor fellow, lost a leg, and I am afraid will lose another one. Give my love to all.

BIVOUAC NEAR TUNNEL STATION, TENN.,

November 8th, 1863.

I have not received any letter from home since the one written after my box was started, being indebted to the kindness of Mr. Derrycourt for bringing it to hand; Sloan Bomar coming no farther than Augusta. You must excuse my not communicating at an earlier day, as I have been suffering awfully from neuralgia in my head and teeth all the week, and just getting relief enough the day we started for this point to take the tramp with the boys; but I am par-
tially recovered though from it now. My box could not
have come in a more acceptable time, finding us in a state of starvation, having been three days without anything scarcely at all to eat, so you may know how well it was appreciated, when bacon and corn bread would have gladdened our hearts at such a time. We are now destined though for the vicinity of Knoxville, a more plentiful country, and being also out of the main army will no doubt be better provided for; all of our divisions, except one brigade which has gone ahead, are laying here at the stations waiting to take the trains. Our brigade will move next, and I don’t think it will be but a few hours before we will be off. It was with joyful hearts we all bid adieu to the Lookout Mountain, which has been the scene of so much starvation and bleeding feet climbing over her high hills and rocks, and we were not any the less reluctant in leaving Bragg and his department, or, at least, in getting as far from it as possible, for he had not inspired us with such confidence as our immortal Lee, or connected us with such ties to his army as that noble leader. Our regiment left Lookout Mountain in the night, and were nearly on the summit on picket when it started, and experienced one of the most awful nights on the tramp that any men ever did—it raining almost in torrents, and so dark and gloomy you could not see your hand before your face, and they had to beat their way over a road, too, equal to the Manassas, marching most places over knee deep in mud most of the way until they got out of the valley and over Missionary Ridge; some fellows falling down and breaking their arms and legs, and a great many spraining themselves, and few there were who did not find their coats and pants lined with blue mud next morning.

How few there are who can realize in the least what a soldier has to brave and endure, thinking frequently it is all exaggeration with us; but, ah! they are very much mistaken, for it would take volumes to write what we have to endure; and, after all, how cheerfully it is all borne up under—not near so much croaking and complaining as among the elegant men of leisure at home.

The train is coming, so I cannot dwell any longer. Hope
when you hear from me again it will be in a more cheering country than this. So, with love to yourself and family, I'll bid you farewell.

BIVOUAC NEAR KNOXVILLE, TENN., November 22d, 1863.

I will now, while peace and quietude on this beautiful Sabbath morn is reigning along our hostile lines, snatch these few moments of leisure for communicating with you, though, I'm afraid, my time will be rather limited, as there is a prospect, since taking my pen in hand, of the opening of an artillery duel. So, from sitting behind the battery, if it does commence, will necessitate my dropping my pen and taking shelter from the missiles of Yankeedom.

We are now lying on a very commanding hill confronting the town of Knoxville, which bids us defiance for the present with its immense bulwarks, waiting for our immortal Longstreet to give us the command to wade through mire or gore to the portals of that strong and fortified little town, though it may subject the lives of many in the storming of it, still we believe, as of yore, that Providence will crown our legions with victory.

Since crossing the beautiful and majestic Tennessee, which waters such a rich and fertile valley, our travels have been one of incessant marching, mingled with a battle and occasional skirmishing, until we arrived at this point. Here we have been allowed a little repose and rest, though with the big guns of the town frowning down upon us, not a mile distant, and the singing and buzzing in our ears of the death-sting of the little minies from the Yankee picket lines, only a few hundred yards in our advance. This is the peaceful solemnity which presides over our two armies, who have been grappling with each other for the past week. I am afraid it is the awful presage of a terrible and mighty struggle which will rend the hills and hollows of this beautiful and quiet little town with the shrieks and cries of many wounded and dying, and will be the decisive blow that will be struck in the re-
demption of our lost country in East Tennessee. We have been laying siege to Knoxville for several days, expecting at any moment to hear the tocsin of war sounded along our lines; but still the awful and fatal day is a mystery. Each day, though, bears the scene of constant and heavy skirmishing.

Our company and Captain Foster's, on their way here, were selected to brave the hazardous undertaking of first crossing the Tennessee, so as to take possession of the bank on the opposite side of the river and protect our pontooners while engaged in constructing a bridge, and you will readily realize the spirit that pervaded all of our breasts, for we did not know but what we would find the opposite shore crowded with men ready to salute our landing with a hail of musketry in our faces. We went over in boats, which were conveyed quietly by men down to the river and launched, taking an officer and eighteen men aboard each boat, and then pushed off from shore. All, for a time, was silence, nothing to be heard but the rippling of the water against the sides of the boats, and each moment was counted as lost or gained, for we expected at any moment to hear the splashing of minies in the water. Alas, though, Providence was with us, and guided us over in safety. On landing we started to capture some picket posts, but the Yankees had got some intimation of our coming and made a general skedaddling. So our pontoons were put down without any fear of harm from the enemy, and we were soon in hot pursuit of them, who were making their way in all haste for this point. At Lenoire we pressed them so heavily that they had to abandon some seventy-five of their wagons, and from there we gave them such hot pursuit that they had to give us battle at Camel Station, to save their transportation. Our company being thrown out in front that day had to skirmish with them up to the last named point, and were, therefore, first at the opening of the battle, which lasted several hours, and, though not a very mortal one, was a very important one to the enemy. We lost Lieutenant Butler of our company, a very nice and gallant young fel-
low, in the fight, being killed by a shell; besides, one more mortally wounded and another slightly. We have experienced some pretty rough and severe campaigns in Virginia, but nothing to be compared with what we have had to endure out in this country. I suppose the army are now snugly housed in their winter-quarters, from what I can learn, in Virginia—reading and sympathizing with their comrades in arms out here.

You could not have made my shoes in a more appropriate time than you did, for I will soon be barefooted. I was just thinking the other day how to manage to get something to shoe myself with, but find you are in time for me.

Tell Sue I inclose in this letter a paper of pins for her, which I captured in the last fight, thinking they might be acceptable these times. Tell Pa "Old Gabe" is so trifling that I find it impossible to hire him any longer, and to tell me what disposition to make of him. He says there is a lady out here that is very anxious to buy him—wishes him to take charge of her plantation. Captain and Jim are both well.

I must now close, for my paper is so bad I'm afraid you will not be able to discern what I have written. Give my love to all.

Bivouac near Knoxville, Tenn.  
November 26th, 1863.

After a cold and freezing night you now find me this winter morn basking in the warm and genial sun, and I will under its soothing rays devote these few spare moments in response to your last welcome letter. I am now sitting or leaning against the outside of our breastworks which rise on the crest of a beautiful and commanding hill of the town, from whence can be very plainly seen the old United States colors floating proudly and defiantly in the breeze, but I hope ere long though to see them lowered and our own torn and tattered banners hoisted instead. Since laying siege to the town there has been constant and heavy skir-
mishing going on all the time, but that changes the tide of war here but little; things will have to wear a more bloody aspect before there will be a more material change marked in the campaign in this department.

There has been some terrible scenes enacted the last few nights in the outskirts of the town. The Yankees, from our advancing our line of pickets the last two or three nights, anticipated a grand assault of the town, and, therefore, fired the houses with shell and other combustibles and put the torch to them, causing loud and heavy explosions, and enabling them in case of such an attack to descrie the advance of our columns. I think the enemy, in case of an evacuation, will leave the town in ruin and ashes. Our company were on picket night before last when the lines were ordered to advance, and they went forward with a yell and charge and drove them from their rifle-pits. Their attention was then turned to fortifying their position as strong as possible, for they expected the enemy to attempt to retake their pits next morning, being right there in the suburbs of the town. Sure enough, about dawn there came marching on them a regular line of battle; they knew it would be perfect folly to offer battle with only a slender line of skirmishers, and therefore had to make all haste and speed back to our lines, losing all their blankets and knapsacks and coming very near in the end all being captured—having two of the best men in the company killed, and Lieutenant Steele wounded in the thigh. I fortunately escaped, also Jimmie—I being detached to superintend the throwing up of fortifications that night, and Jimmy being on the working detail with me. The Captain came out safe.

We are kept in terrible suspense all the time here, not knowing at what time in the day or night we may have to march into some bloody conflict, being every morning aroused an hour before the break of day to guard against a surprise of the enemy, and then have to lay on our line of battle all day to be ready for any movement on the part of our leaders.

The Second Michigan, the morning our boys were run back and came very near being captured, made a desperate
charge to break the lines on our right, and were almost completely annihilated. There was said to be one hundred and seventy killed and wounded on the field and fifty or sixty taken prisoners, their Major badly wounded and Adjutant killed; so that will more than revenge our boys for their chase.

We are now putting our lines in a very good state of defence, and will soon be ready to receive Mr. Burnside and his host; but I am afraid that as of old Longstreet will have to partake of their hospitality of lead and powder.

Some of the people in this country clapped their hands with joy on seeing a band of Confederates treading on their soil again, and were willing to make any sacrifice in our cause—entertaining us in the most kind and hospitable manner; others, though, gave cheers for Abraham, and were very bold and defiant in doing it, and would almost sneer at a Confederate on approaching them. We have been faring very well of late; Captain Blasingame, who is in our mess, getting a box from home, also Captain Lewis receiving one from Tate. Tell Taddy I send her a Yankee needle out of the case I captured in the last battle at Camel Station, which she can use and keep as a relic.

With much love to you and the family, I now close.

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**Bivouac near Rogersville, Tenn.,**

December 11th, 1863.

After a long march, and a few days of awful suspense before starting, you find me again at a halt, in the vicinity of Rogersville, sixty-six miles from our starting point, near Knoxville. The cause of this detention on our route is a mystery with all, as we have been under the impression that we were making all haste and speed for Bristol.

We raised the siege of Knoxville on Friday night, the 4th December, commencing the movement a little after dark on the right of our army, and moving off in succession to the left. Our company being on the extreme left was
the last of the troops to retire, laboring, too, under some little disadvantages, in consequence of the constant check of our columns in moving over the bad road just outside of the town. But we soon got well stretched out, and were wending our way with a steady tramp. About two or three miles from the town we had to wade a creek, and halting on the other side, without fires (on account of the proximity of the enemy), came very near being chilled to death. The men suffered very much, and it took several hours of marching to get their blood in circulation. Our pickets were withdrawn without creating any excitement among the Yankees, and the whole army retired from the siege very leisurely, neither followed by the enemy that night or the following day; nor has our trip been attended with any serious difficulties by them, for they were so crippled up by the siege that they were glad enough to be relieved without attempting to gather up any more fruits of the campaign in a pursuit.

We have been very much favored on our march with good weather, and most of the way with fine roads, and, therefore, have had to make little or no sacrifice in the way of artillery, wagons or men; whereas, if we had had bad weather and roads, would not only have lost a great many men, from being poorly shod, but, from the bad condition of the horses, would have left in the hands of the Yankees many pieces of artillery and a number of wagons.

The most serious embarrassment we have met with was in the way of rations—having, either from the scanty resources of the country or the bad management of our Commissariat, been subjected to a great deal of starvation and hunger—men frequently being almost entirely dependent on their own energies, after a halt for bivouac for the night, in foraging the country for something to eat. I, myself, this morning, have partaken of my breakfast—bread and water—and am now destitute of anything else until morning, unless Henry should be fortunate in his forage excursion and bring in a supper. I am in hopes, though, of a better time, should we remain here and get the mills in the country in opera-
tion; or, if we go ahead, may have something awaiting us at the station—Bristol.

Our campaign in Tennessee started out with very cheering prospects, but has been rendered utterly fruitless by the disaster that has befallen Bragg, in allowing Thomas to manoeuvre him out of his position. It was disheartening to our men, after such innumerable sacrifices, to abandon a campaign which was so near, and would have been so gloriously, consummated—redeeming our lost country in East Tennessee, and giving that productive country a chance to contribute something more to the resources of the Confederacy.

We met with one serious disaster in investing the town of Knoxville, and that was our failure in making an assault on Fort Brownlow, of the town, which was said to have been the key to their whole position. Our men, though, acted gallantly, charging up to the fort, and some on the rampart, but, owing to the steep ascent of the walls around the fort, failed in surmounting in sufficient force to accomplish anything; therefore, we had to abandon it, after a slaughter of about one thousand of our men. If it had not been for that, our campaign here would have cost us but little. I'm afraid, too, there is a bad chance of making an atonement, for the winter will soon put an end to all campaigning.

This has been one of the hardest and most fruitless campaigns of the war with us, and is causing a sad, dispiriting feeling among our troops, all wishing the fortunes of war to so change that we may return to our grand and noble army in Virginia, where nothing but glorious success crowned all our arms and movements. I don't like the tone and sentiment of the people here at all—the majority of them sympathizers of the North, and of the most rabid kind; they won't give a soldier any quarters or take any money but greenbacks or silver.

I can give you no clue to the mystery that clouds all of our movements here; not knowing what we have halted here for, how long we are going to stay, or what our future intentions are. You must send my shoes the first oppor-
tunity you get, as my boots are almost gone and there is no chance of a fellow ever getting shod again in this country. All of our mess are prospering well, having health and all the blessings of life, except something to satisfy their hunger. I have not had an opportunity of writing before now, and I am in hopes this may arrive in time to relieve you of any uneasiness in regard to myself. Tell Mollie Bomar I answered her letter sometime ago; I am afraid though it will never come to hand. With much love to all, I will now close.

CAMP NEAR MORRISTOWN, TENN.,

December 28th, 1863.

Sloan Maxwell rode by a few minutes ago, and communicated to me that there would be a courier starting in the morning for Pickens Court House, so I will embrace the opportunity of letting you know that I am still in existence, though I feel quite sad and desolate, shut out from all communication with home and the rest of the world. Our men have been diligently engaged all day in fortifying against the cold and wintry blasts, and I am happy to say that our tent has a good and nice chimney attached, and all other conveniences for making us comfortable for the winter; but, ah! the demon of all our ease and happiness come around a few minutes ago in the shape of an order to be ready to move at any moment, and the booming of the cannon, the last few days, of General Martin’s cavalry, has been a forewarning to us that there is still an enemy hovering around us, trying to disturb the peace and security which has been somewhat guaranteed to us here in winter quarters near Morristown. It would be very hard indeed that our barefooted and ill-clad men, after enduring so patiently and nobly the rigor of such a severe campaign, should be called into action again. Such, though, are our fortunes in the West; called upon to brave the most trying scenes, without acquiring to us any important or beneficial results—nothing so cheering like the brilliant campaigns consummated on the
soil of the Old Dominion, and done too at less cost and sacrifice than out here in Tennessee.

I have just jumped into my new suit of jeans and feel somewhat abashed in it to see others in such a destitute condition; but with what proud impulses does my heart beat each time I look at myself, to know that I have a kind mother that so well consults my comfort and welfare. I am standing the service exceedingly well, feeling as stout and robust to-day as I did at the commencement of the campaign, and the only apprehension I have is in getting shoeless. I hope I may receive a pair from home before my boots are entirely gone. Sloan came by so late that I will have to close, and that too by the glimmering of the camp-fire. Tell them all that my Christmas was spent with my coat off cutting logs to stretch my tent over, and it was pretty much the same with all my comrades.

Remember me kindly to all. Captain and Jimmie are both well, and send love.

Camp near Morristown, Tenn.,

December 31st, 1863.

Chance has afforded me another means of communicating with you—Mr. Dodd's son starting home in the morning—so I will try by the faint and glimmering camp-fire to pen you a few lines to somewhat allay the anxiety and suspense that is felt in regard to me in, you may say, this foreign country. We have just partaken of a hearty supper, bread and beef; and having it served in our snug little quarters, instead of under some old tree or on the roadside, under hourly apprehensions of danger, or without hardly a minute in which to swallow it down, makes us more thankful and gracious to our God for our allotment in life than many who are in ease and luxury at home, and are indulging in the richest and daintiest of dishes. The excitement that was prevailing in our camp in regard to the threatening of the Yankees has been lulled into a quiet and peaceful calm again,
and we now begin to feel once more in some safety and security, and hope that we may be allowed to rest for a season out of their hearing and mean and contemptible sight; and we will be ready by the coming spring to meet them in any attitude as an enemy.

Having been ensconced in warm and comfortable quarters ourselves, we have been busy at work all day lending Charles and Henry a helping hand in building them a little shanty to cook and live in, which they will soon have fixed off, and will then be prepared against the cold and icy winter. After enduring one of the most hard and trying campaigns of the war we were brought here without anything at all and turned loose in the woods and told to make ourselves comfortable for the winter; so from various contrivances the men have almost got themselves comfortably housed, and will settle down now with about as light and cheerful hearts as men could under the circumstances. It seems to me that there is little in the trying ordeal of a soldier that we have not experienced in Tennessee, and if it had not been because of their strong hearts and their iron constitutions, many of them would have been lying as lifeless corpses in the cold sod, or in the torturing hands of our barbarous and inhuman foe. Longstreet’s men before the closing of the campaign had become to be a breechesless, shoeless, lousy, starving band, roving all about through the woods, preying on cattle, hogs, sheep, and almost every creeping thing they could run across, destroying a ten acre field of corn with all ease in one night and be squealing for more next morning; sitting around the fire cracking parched corn with as much grace as an old hog ten years old. In fact, our retreat was so hasty and through such a poor and exhausted country, we had to resort to the issue of corn, and frequently we got nothing for two or three days, except what the men could steal and forage through the country.

Our company has been in two battles since we have been in Tennessee, and have had several skirmishes. The enemy came very near capturing our company twice, our fleetness being our only salvation. We have lost as many as twelve men
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since we have been in the State. It will soon be two months since I have heard from home, and it is having a low and depressing effect on me, being the first time during the war that I have not heard from home once a week. I never knew before how dispiriting it was not to receive one of your kind and cheering letters at times. I will now have to cease, as I am about to burn my head up by the fire. I hope to soon hear from you, as our line of communication is nearly established again.

Give my love to all. Captain and Jim are both well, and send respects.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

On rising this morning we found the ground covered with snow, and all felt gloomy at the cold and chilling prospect. But lo and behold! we spy a line of skirmishers in the distance coming over the hills, advancing in array of battle. The cry and alarm is raised—the enemy are advancing! and the drums commence beating the long roll. Our gallant General Jenkins, with his characteristic pride not to be outdone, orders the regiment to quickly form in line of battle. He then had a line of skirmishers thrown out and deployed, and put his adjutant, Bob Sims, in command of them, and onward they moved to meet the enemy, and as they moved off, the Sixth Regiment band struck up one of its stirring martial airs. Our brigade then formed in line to await the advance of the enemy, who were coming over the hills, following their line of skirmishers. Our skirmishers soon became hotly engaged, and commenced falling back, loosing their commander, Bob Sims, who is taken prisoner, and wallowed good in the snow. Some of the officers of the enemy came riding his horse back with their skirmish line. He commenced galloping up and down the skirmish line, urging his boys on, when Lieutenant Steele, with some of our boys, plays Jackson on him, and makes a flank movement and captures him and Sims' horse, and pulls him off. About this time our brigade commenced advancing, and
their skirmishers fell back, and the boys buried him good in the snow. Now, our line of battle and the enemy's (Law's Alabama Brigade) meet, and such a grand and exciting time as we had; the whole air seemed to be filled with snow-balls and the battle raging fiercely for hours, but, with our brave General to encourage us, we routed them, and drove them back in great confusion. They then joined our brigade, and we went over and charged the Texas brigade, making a surprise movement on them and routing and driving them out of their camp, and capturing nearly all of their cooking utensils—some of our boys bringing back pots, frying-pans, and anything else they could find use for. I don't think we acted fair with the Texans, in both of our brigades charging them; and then, after driving them from their camp, to plunder them.

Some of our boys this morning are badly bruised about their faces and feeling pretty sore. Lieutenant Steele, of our company, was so badly pelted that his face is all skinned and bruised up terribly, and his eyes so much swollen and inflamed that he is not able to leave his tent; I'm afraid it is going to be something serious about his eyes. And as to poor Bob Sims, General Jenkins' Adjutant, they gave him such a wallowing in the snow at the start that I think he went to the hospital, for I never saw anything more of him during the fight.

_Camp near Morristown, Tenn._

February 9th, 1864.

I arrived safely in camp last night, and will enclose a few lines in Captain Blasingame's letter to you this morning. I was six days traveling on the road, and had a very disagreeable time indeed. I was harrassed a great deal with my trunk and boxes, on account of the trains being so much crowded with furloughed soldiers going back to their commands, that I don't think I ever will start with anything again. My box gave me a great deal of trouble, the jug of molasses breaking in it from Weldon to Petersburg, and
smearing nearly everything; so I had to buy a trunk at Petersburg and transfer everything I could into it. When I started I put Norris in charge of an old soldier and recruit of Captain Denny’s company, fearing that I was going to have great inconvenience on the way with my baggage. We got on finely until we reached Charlotte, and there I had great difficulty in procuring transportation and getting my baggage on the train, and seeing nothing of Norris, concluded he had got on the train with the rest of the party; but on enquiring after him when the train got in motion, found that he was missing. I suppose he must have been carelessly walking about, and the train moved off and left him. I regret very much it should have occurred, on account of Mrs. Dickson, who labored so earnestly in getting him, but I have taken every precaution to have him sent on, ordering the Provost Marshal at Petersburg to forward him to his command, should he pass through that city.

I found Captain and all the old mess well at the old camp, the regiment being stationed for the present at New Market, twenty miles below here; I will go down there perhaps to-day. I am sorry I did not meet John in Columbia, as I am afraid it will be an age before I’ll have another opportunity of meeting him. Give my love to all the family.

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Camp near Bull Gap, Tenn., February 19th, 1864.

It was my intention to have endeavored to frame a long and interesting response to your last kind and welcome letter on yesterday evening, so as to have had it prepared to send by Jimmy Lewis, who started en route for home this morning; but we were all ordered out for review and inspection by General Buckner, and I, unfortunately, while on the field, was prostrated with a very severe case of neuralgia, rendering me incapable of my task, which I will try to perform to-night by the faint glimmering light of a camp candle. I have had several attacks of neuralgia since my return to camp, being threatened with it almost every
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change of the weather, only getting a temporary relief by means of morphine and quinine; it seems as if I am destined to suffer all winter with this terrible malady. Uncle Overton, I suppose, will meet with quite an agreeable surprise in Jimmy effecting his exchange into the cavalry, which at one time seemed to put at defiance all efforts on the part of the Captain in his behalf; but through his untiring energy and perseverance the thing has at last been partially carried into effect, the work of completion being left in the hands of Jimmy and friends at home. He is a boy that has exercised a great pride and conscience in the discharge of his duties in the company, and it was with a certain degree of reluctance on that account to bid adieu to one who had contributed so nobly to its reputation, besides being the jovial and pleasant companion of so many long and eventful hours in camp. Captain will start home in the morning; would have been off earlier if it had not been for getting Jimmy home with him. I think he intends going by Richmond on his way, therefore he may not arrive at home for nine or ten days.

We are now encamped at Bull’s Gap, a very strong, natural position, and I think, from the information I have been enabled to glean, that we will probably establish our base of operations here until the opening of the spring campaign. I suppose we have had to contract, from our forces not being adequate to such a long and extensive line. “Our Boys” are now very well supplied with rations, and are as comfortable, being in a state of activity, as “Yankee tents” (small tents they captured in their several campaigns, accommodating two or three men) and what comforts their own ingenuity can devise can make them; finding them also after the rigor of such a severe campaign with not all of their spirits wasted away and depressed, but still alive, with a certain sense of enthusiasm, making the welkin ring with their loud cheers when the band strikes up some old enlivening air on an evening, which recalls so vividly to their mind and touches upon a chord which vibrates with scenes so much more enchanting and lively than the rude haunts of
the wild and desolate region of this part of the West. Our regiment, after passing through the trying ordeal of many bloody campaigns, and consecrating the plains of many of our hardest and most sanguinary struggles with so many of her noblest veterans, still can boast of chivalry enough to add another crown to her never fading honors in all re-enlisting for the war, without any tempting bounty or the promise of home greeting them again soon. So you see the spirit and determination the Yankees will have to conquer in the ensuing spring before they can wield their sceptre with full sway in the land of liberty and freemen.

You are all under a fatal delusion at home in regard to my being engaged to a certain young lady. I will not attempt to correct any of your reports, but will just leave it to the arbiter of time. Give my love to all the family.

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**Bivouac near Strawberry Plains,**

February 21st, 1864.

We are now bivouacked near Strawberry Plains, and thought for a time we would be making nearer approaches to Knoxville, being busy the last two days constructing pontoon bridges; but on last night some strategic move of the Yankees frustrated all of our forward movements—this morning finding our pontoons knocked up, and the broad Holston as a barrier between us again, and every evidence of a skedaddling movement on our part.

General Jenkins left in high glee and spirits for home this morning, leaving in command of the division General Buckner, who comes out in assuming command in a very stirring and eloquent address; and this gallant chieftain—who might be called the hero of the West—will, no doubt, make illustrious those banners which our one-legged hero, Hood, won such immortal fame with.

Our boys are still on the tramp and exposed to the cold and chilling blasts of winter. It seems as if Longstreet's veterans are either to fight their existence out or break the dark cloud that is overhanging us with the bright omens of peace.
Camp Life of a Confederate Boy.

Camp near Bull Gap, Tenn., March 9th, 1864.

Gibson starts from our company for home very early this morning, so I concluded to send you a few lines by him, as we are going through the country, and will make a pretty quick trip of it, therefore I have made an early rise—being just at the peep of day over the hills in the East—in order that I might get this letter off.

The drums have just began to sound the reveille as the light breaks the mist of the morning. Henry himself also announces its approach by the cracking and blazing of a big fire, and the tinkling of the pots and ovens, getting them in readiness to commence their fuming and boiling over our starved and unpalatable beef, so as to get it so we can choke it down, for you might as well try to chew up a piece of glue and swallow it, as to keep this beef from sticking to your throat.

We had a beautiful day yesterday, the sun shining very warm and pleasant until towards evening, when, after a severe gust of wind, the heavens were entirely obscured by dark and threatening clouds, which presaged a heavy fall of rain in the course of the evening and night. It did not come though for some time, for I had been wrapt in sleep, and the first thing I heard on awaking this morning was the rain pattering away on the tent, and is even now falling, though very slow and gentle. We will be very much disappointed in this bad and disagreeable weather, for it was our intention to move to our newly-located camp this morning, having remained here until we are about freezing out. So, if we have a long spell of weather like this, I do not know what we will do for wood, without we move the camp in the rain.

General Buckner, very much to our regret, has been taken away from us, and General Fields assigned to the division, I think, permanently. I don’t think, though, they would put any but a good General over such men, and I’m in hopes, therefore, we will be pleased with him.

I have no other news this morning. Gibson is getting ready, so I will have to close. Give my love to cousin Carrie, and tell her that Blas is well.
CAMP NEAR BULL GAP, TENN., March 20th, 1864.

In consideration of the service Henry has rendered me, and his comparative disability from the rigor of such a severe campaign, I will during the season of quiet and inactivity with us, give him the opportunity of going home and recruiting his health. So I will, therefore, make an early start this morning to frame a letter to send by him (starting to-morrow), before preaching, which will be held at 11 o’clock, and I wish to attend. I am afraid, though, everything is so dull in camp, that it is going to tax my energies to the utmost to indite an epistle which will be worthy the perusal.

Henry is just making preparations for our morning meal, nominally known with us as breakfast. He is now hacking the beef so that we will be able to masticate it. They say in camp the beeves that are brought to our market now are all drove from the “valley of starvation.” You would say so, too, if you could see them coming reeling and staggering along the road, with their eyes glaring like death was right on their heels. The boys say they have to drive up props all over the field for them to lean up against to keep from falling down and dying; and we will soon have to make out a detail to keep the carrion from preying on them. It is a fact that you can put a piece on and boil it down until it is cooked, and with the exception of the stain of the beef, the water will be almost as clear and transparent as ever, being sort of a glutinous substance. So you see if glue was in demand we could barter for provisions. The girls that have sweethearts in the war need not to be scared about their letters coming sealed.

Tom Scott went out about thirty miles in the country, and was gone two days foraging. He came back on yesterday with an old hen—I think one of the first settlers in Tennessee. So we are all in bright anticipations of a big chicken pie for dinner, which you may know tickles our palates no little. Guarding against the security of it, we placed it in close proximity to our heads last night, and our dreams were so seasoned with it all night that no stealthy step would have found it fluttering long before we would have created a panic.
This country is nothing now but a land of waste and desolation, not being able to purchase anything in the way of provisions, or even the less refined mode of "Zouaving" it at least within some thirty or forty miles from here. All of the boys that go out generally provide themselves with a supply of tobacco to barter. Judging from the scarcity of it that it rules the articles of this country. The young gallant that stalks out here in society, must, if he expects to create a sensation, go with a pretty heavy pocket of tobacco, for the first thing they wish to know after he is introduced: "Have you got a 'chaw of tobacco.'" If so, you are the man, and they will sit and chew with you all night. Don't think any of the boys are so gay that they will be apt to "marry about here," for they have got no oceans of money, and their greatest accomplishment is chewing tobacco.

Since writing to you my last letter, we have moved our camp to a nice grove, with plenty of wood convenient, and also with two or three springs near by, which is quite an object in this country. If, therefore, the Yankees remain quiet and let us alone, we hope to enjoy the rest that has been denied us all winter, and give us a chance to breathe once or twice freely before the terrible avalanche of war in the spring comes bolting down upon us again.

The Yankees made an advance movement in three corps as far as Morristown and Russellville last week, and created quite an excitement with the military in this department. McLaw's Division moving down from Greenville within supporting distance of us, gave every prelude of a coming battle. Finding that they were not intent on making any further demonstrations, three or four brigades were sent down from us as a sort of corps of observation; but before they got there, it seems as if they, anticipating an offensive movement on our part, made a grand skedaddling on Knoxville, which, as usual, is succeeded with a quiet and calm over the military arena.

Gen. Jenkins has got back from home on furlough, stopping at Greenville to attend the court-martial in the case of McLaw's. He will then, I presume, return to his old com-
mand. All seem to wait his coming with pleasure and satisfaction, as the brigade has been shifted about in the hands of so many different commanders, it is going to ruin very fast, and will need such a commander as Gen. Jenkins to remodel it and bring it back to its former efficiency and discipline.

Blas left me on last Wednesday on furlough, and ere now is launched with a proud and exultant heart in the bosoms of the dear and loved ones at home. My mess is dropping off so fast, it leaves me now quite lonely and deserted, only for a brief season, though, I hope.

Since commencing writing, a letter from you has come to hand. I am sorry to hear that my father is unwell. I hope it is nothing serious. I also have got information from Pres Dean that he was going to leave for home in the morning. He will go through the country, therefore I will send my letter by him. Henry leaves in the morning, and will go under the charge of Major Whitner. Send me back by him the History of Greece I had reading while at home—I did not finish it; also put aside your Columbia papers to send, as we do not get any papers here. Give my love to all the family.

BIVOUAC AT ZOLLICOFFER, TENN., April 2d, 1864.

We arrived here on yesteaday morning about ten o’clock, after trudging through the march from six miles back of our bivouac of the preceding night; and from being somewhat fatigued from the tramp of the morning, we all lay down to bask in the sunshine for an hour or two, and then proceeded with all dispatch to pitching our little Yankee tents, as there were small black clouds to be seen floating in the West, which we thought might soon expand and be pelting down a shower of rain. After everything had been put in order in our bivouac, and we had partaken of our scanty meal of the “new issue” and some more of your “hard times” (old beef), the arrival of the mail was announced, and being one of the “glad anticipants,” started immediately to see if it
was laden with anything for me, and, happy to say, my anticipations were not in vain, for I found it freighted with as many as two large and interesting letters.

The "new issue," so called by the men, is the unbolted flour ground up just like meal, only, I believe, it is not quite as fine; makes, I think, a very good and palatable bread for our soldiers, but I don’t think would be at all tempting to a very refined appetite.

I suppose ere this Sloan has wended his way across the mountains safely at home, very much, I reckon, to the surprise of all, and there is no doubt great rejoicing in the family at this time.

I was prostrated at the time he was leaving us, with a very severe case of neuralgia, suffering very much from it in my jaw and head, consequently I was not able to pen you a few lines by him. I started Henry, just a few days before him, through the country, and hope he got home all right, and will enjoy his trip there. Don’t wish him to come back till he can hear of us getting to our destination; then to bring me two cotton shirts, and two pairs of cotton drawers and socks.

Several days previous to our departure from Bull’s Gap, many were the speculations in camp as to the mystery of the move, so, you may know, "madam rumor" was busy. I believe all prophesied a retrograde movement. That far, only, they were correct; but the rest of their programme has proved perfectly futile. I was lying in my tent on last Saturday (the day that Sloan left) suffering very much, as I have already said, from my face, when late that evening, to aggravate me, came marching orders: "Cook up rations and be prepared to move early in the morning!" So what an awful dilemma I thought myself in—the idea of marching with my jaw all swollen and paining me almost to kill; but after a little rest and ease that night I arose next morning, feeling somewhat refreshed and relieved; and the order being countermanded for the present, gave me a little more assurance that there was a prospect of my being able to take the tramp in a few days. It was, to my disappoint-
ment, in the evening, to receive the same orders, to leave the following morning, and, from suffering a little that day, did not feel much in a spirit for marching; but on getting up at dawn of day to strike my tent and roll up, preparatory to marching, found, with a little persuasion, I could summon courage enough to start, though it was very bleak, cold and windy. After marching about three or four miles it commenced snowing and sleet, but soon cleared off, and we had a very favorable time the rest of the day, and went into bivouac very early, and, being little inactive for some time past, felt rather jaded—lying around, stretched out the rest of the evening. We had a fearful, blustering night, the wind blowing like a perfect hurricane and scattering fire all over the woods, causing us to have several little battles with it in the night. But the worst prospect of all was to rise next morning and start off with it snowing and sleet, with a perfect vengeance, which was kept up all morning with little intermission, and clearing off again in the evening. So this is the kind of weather we were favored with on this trip. We were five days on the march to this point, which was a very heavy and fatiguing one, for the wagons that were in front left the roads in an awful condition for us. It’s a great satisfaction to us though to know we have got here, and are receding from this State of pollution. It is the general impression of all that we are going to join our old army in Virginia, so as to be ready for the grand “on to Richmond,” which seems to be the opening of the spring campaign with Yankeedom. We would be highly elated to be with our old comrades once more, though, I believe, all are anticipating bloody work with them there.

I am sorry to hear of Billy Sloan’s death. It will certainly be a great shock to his father, who has met with a very great affliction in the war.

Have nothing more to write at present. Give my love to all at home.

BIVOUAC NEAR ZOLLICOFFER, TENN., April 7th, 1864.
I had just written to you on yesterday, but as a very
favorable opportunity presents itself—Charley Simmons of our company having received a furlough and starting home to-day—I will pen a few more lines to send by him. Everything is stirring in camp this morning, all being busy in the preparation of their morning meal, which will consist of a little “hard times” (beef) and the “new issue.” The so-called “new issue” was so rough on last drawing as to scratch a fellow’s throat to pain, but the last that came out on yesterday was so mixed with both wheat and oat bran it began to startle the “natives.” General Fields, having to indulge in a little of it himself, was kind enough to inform General Longstreet to feed us on corn, as we were not beasts enough to come the bran or “mixed feed.” There was a party in General Wofford’s brigade, McLaw’s division, in bivouac near Bristol, who assembled themselves a few nights past and made a raid on some commissary depot at that point for the purpose of capturing some supplies, but I am sorry to say it resulted seriously; the guards making resistance and killing one and wounding two or three. I am in hopes that there will be no repetition of any act of the same kind, as it is very demoralizing indeed to any body of troops.

In Robinson’s Texas brigade there is a Sutler who has been extorting on the soldiers; so the other day they got very indignant about it, and a crowd of them gathered around him and made an assault on his stores, laying waste everything in his possession, and appropriating all they saw fit to their own benefit, putting a check on his guilty conscience. It would be a glorious event if some such fate would befall the rest of them at home, as they are the worst enemies we have to contend with in our growing Republic, and will come nearer snapping the most vital parts than the most cunning “Yankee” we have to battle with. From the “foragers” who have been exploring the country for the past few days, I learn the people are more true and loyal than is their wont to be in East Tennessee; though it is some pleasure to breathe in an atmosphere that is rather of a secession element; still the country is so much exhausted they are not able to lavish much of the necessaries of life
on a poor hungry soldier, and their sentiments are not so much appreciated as if they could express more freely with a little bacon and corn meal.

On coming from Bull’s Gap here one evening, the boys were in fine spirits, giving every old Union citizen a practical joke or two; hence, along on the side of the road some one of our crowd espied a very fine and intelligent looking lady leaning on the fence, with a beautiful little girl in her arms, seeming to be very intent in watching the movements of the troops, and thinking her to be “secesh,” told her he would like the little girl reared in “style” for him. She said she would do so “if you will lay down your gun and go home.” That is the principle of some of the most rude and unenlightened of the women in these parts. I don’t think I ever will be so gay to “marry about here.”

There is no movement in contemplation with us soon. My impression is that we will remain here until the active season, then will move to join the old Army of the Potomac, and co-operate with it in the glorious results that all anticipate will crown our arms in the expected campaign around Richmond. Henry can return as soon as he gets ready; he will have no difficulty in making his way back to us, even if we move. I wish you would obtain for me the history I was reading before the war; it belongs to Mr. Ligon, and is called “Modern and Ancient History.” I will get it transported, and take good care of it. I am very anxious for something to read to engage my time and attention. I send you a fine sample by Simmons of our bread, more as a curiosity than anything else. Tell Captain Lewis the company is getting on finely; recruit Norris arrived in camp day before yesterday, and Brown has got back sound and healthy again. I wish you would send me a penholder and some good pens.

I would write more, but Simmons is going to leave in a few minutes—earlier than I expected. Give my love to all.

CAMP NEAR ZOLLCOFFER, TENN., April 14th, 1864.
I have not been greeted this week with one of your kind
and affectionate letters, but I'm expecting Captain Lewis to turn up every day and bring me tidings from home, if he does not go by the "Junction," and become so much infatuated with the charms of his lady as to forget to render his duty here; or, like Blasingame, come rolling in on extension "for marrying." Don't think it's a very seasonable time for "matrimony," but as Blasingame saw proper to celebrate those nuptials during his "indulgence," I give him a hearty congratulation, and wish him all felicity and happiness in his conjugal life; and may his partner be a restraint on the wild and roving disposition of yore—tamed already by himself and sanctified by all purity and religion.

All hearts are now beating with pulsations of joy at the bright prospect of leaving the Sodom of all of our afflictions in this war to breathe in a more congenial clime, where hearts are throbbing in unison with ours, and when beset with heavy trials and difficulties a smile of cheer and encouragement may brace our nerves and spirits. Not like in this country, when all is obscurity and gloom, everything is mockery and derision among the "Union" in our cause, and are ready to uncoil at any moment to sting you. Though, I believe, we are to brave the fiery ordeal of a grand and bloody campaign, wheresoever we are to have our destiny. "Madam rumor" tells us we are to join our old comrades in Virginia; and there to stem the tide which is rolling back from Yankeedom to Richmond again, and bathe that land in the blood that has already made its fields and plains illustrious. This shapes the orders in a more acceptable light than usual. It is not the locomotion of an individual this time, but to ride an engine. So, I reckon, this is the horse that Longstreet intended Jenkins to mount sometime ago, when all the rage was "cavalry." Alas, 'tis not all a hoax! we are to be mounted to Lee on an engine. Any one wishing to join us about Pendleton now is the accepted time. We will give them good insurance as far as the old Army of the Potomac—don't think we will get into battles between here and there, without it is with "spirits" on the road. We may start to-morrow or
next day—the time is not limited, although everything is in preparation, ready to be put in motion at the tap of the drum. Since our camp in this part of Tennessee, our peace and security have been in perfect repose, no Yankee cavalry hovering around our camp all the time, or foul reports ventilating in its precincts; a rest though that has been mingled with joy and satisfaction. Gabriel, I think, has blasted his trumpet the last time with the army. He left me at Russellville, en route for Greenville, to await my arrival, but we stopping at Bull’s Gap, consequently did not meet with his excellency any more. It was my intention to have sent him by Captain Lewis, to Richmond, and sold him, but he has outgeneraled me. Let him go; for my part I am willing to make any sacrifice never to see him again, but would rather had converted him into money.

Give my love to all the family and respects to Henry, who I heard had got home. Start him back when you think his time suffices.

CAMP NEAR GORDONSVILLE, April 28th, 1864.

We moved here on day before yesterday and located our camp, and by the time we had become pretty well established Henry came rolling in with a nice lot of provisions, which made all hearts glad in anticipation of a “grand feast.” He came through with all things safe, and had very little difficulty in coming on. He brought the book from Mr. Ligon. I think it a very handsome present, and will certainly tender him a letter of thanks. Captain has not made his appearance as yet, he was in Columbia the last intelligence; I am looking for him to turn up every day. I also heard that Jim had effected his exchange.

We left Zollicoffer, Tennessee, about ten or twelve days ago, and made the trip to Charlotte in two days, being very much favored on the route (our regiment), having passenger coaches to come in all the way, which made it more pleasant than being crowded in box cars like hogs and horses. For-
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unfortunately, we drove right opposite Mr. Maury's and bivouacked in an adjoining piece of woodland. I, myself, as soon as we came to a halt, started for Maury's, where I met with a most hearty welcome. The division did not start after we got there for five or six days, and consequently I, through the indulgence of my officers, found myself comfortably ensconced, enjoying some of the kind hospitality of my Virginia kin. I am very much indebted to them for their kindness to me, and I am in hopes to be able to repay them in some way, as they seemed as if they could not do enough for me, and made me feel as if I was almost home again. They told me to present their kindest regards to you and father. They were all well, with the exception of cousin Nannie, who was in delicate health. When we marched through the town we created quite a sensation among the ladies, they never having seen such a grand parade of troops before. We could not make a display though like we did in Petersburg, from not being rigged out in such splendid uniforms. We are to have a grand review of our corps to-morrow, and we are in hopes General Lee will give us a chance to greet him again, as it has been a long time since we have been graced by his noble and majestic appearance. We are getting good rations now—bacon and meal, also coffee and sugar. Will have to close as mail leaves in a few minutes.

Richmond, May, 1864.

I am now in Richmond, and expect to get off home in a few days. I was badly wounded in the left wrist in the last day's fight at Spottsylvania, we being sent to reinforce the line—where the Yankees broke through Johnston's line—the Yankees charging us about 9 o'clock in the night, and I was wounded about that time. It was raining all night, and I had an awful time—so dark I could not find the hospital, nor anyone that knew the way, and I had to camp all night in the rain around a camp-fire with some men, and
the next morning went to the hospital. I had to lie and suffer in camp at the hospital until evening, when Dr. Bailey took a minie-ball out that had passed through my wrist and lodged. The bone is terribly fractured, and I’m afraid I am ruined. For fear I don’t get off for home, and have nothing to do, will tell you of some of the terrible scenes and times.

On the morning of the 6th we commenced our line of march before daylight, and, after crossing the creek, commenced a double-quick, and kept it up for miles. About sunrise we halted, and could hear the heavy musketry fire. Our noble and beloved Chaplain, McDowell, called on us to rally around him, and we knelt down and had prayers for a few minutes; but before we got through the troops were already moving ahead of us. We moved up until we got on the plank-road, and were ordered to throw off our knapsacks and detail a man to guard them. What a chill and horror to us—enough to unnerve and unman us! The groans and shrieks of the men lying on each side of the road; the huzzah of the Yankees; the rattle of the musketry; and then here comes the wounded from the Texas and Benning’s brigades, of our division, and two men on each side of a horse, carrying General Benning to the rear. But still onward we marched, and formed in line of battle in an old pine field to the right of the road. Our brave and lamented Jenkins came down our lines, with a smile on his face, saying, “now, my boys, don’t get scared before you are hurt.” Then forward we went, driving everything before us from that time, until our beloved General was killed and Longstreet wounded, which seemed to check our movement. We were not engaged the next day; but that night we commenced our line of march to Spotsylvania, and had a heavy, fatiguing march of it. The men were so completely worn out, that when the column halted they would lie down and go fast asleep, and it was very difficult to wake them up and get them started again. We marched all that night and next morning, and what kind of a greeting and welcome do you suppose we got, all broken down as we were
and still marching? Why, some of Stuart's cavalry came galloping up, and telling us to hurry up, as the Yankees were coming, and they couldn't hold them in check any longer. The boys told them to get down off their horses and go and fight them; that they hadn't tried to keep them back; and that they were not going to help them until they got rested. But, instead of resting, we hardly had time to halt and form in line of battle, when here comes a regiment charging on us, but they were so crazy and drunk they never hit a man in the regiment, and when we fired into them they just laid down and surrendered, and we captured the most of them. I got a fine pistol which I took away from one of their Captains.

There is a great deal to write about, but I cannot write any more now. Colonel Coward, of the Fifth Regiment, remained with me last night, and was very kind to me; he is wounded very badly in the arm. I met with General McGowan, who was also wounded, and he was very kind in giving me what assistance he could in getting off to Richmond.

BIVOUAC NEAR PETERSBURG, September 17th, 1864.

After a long and tedious ride, I turned up in camp day before yesterday, having to mount the top of the car all the way from Columbia to Richmond, coming near rolling off into eternity while lying there asleep. I had the honor of coming down on the same train with General Lee, and I am glad to say I found him looking remarkably well, Grant not being able so far to rack his brains from his plans. I rode down the lines on yesterday in the direction of Ream's Station. I rolled up on the train to Petersburg about dark, taking up the line of march immediately, and after a tramp of three miles began to steal on the brave old city, finding it enveloped in darkness, and a sad and solemn quiet reigning over it; the only thing lending an air of cheerfulness to it is in the shape of a terrible messenger of death from Grant coming singing its awful death knell,
throwing out its lurid flame and almost shaking the very foundations of the city.

I made a halt just outside the suburbs of the city with Pres. Dean all night, and next morning started out early in pursuit of my regiment, and after a march of five or six miles we began to come in sight of their little tents dotting the field. We were soon with them, and they gave us a shout and welcome; but about the first thing after their acclamations in receiving me was: "You big fool, what did you come back here for?" My Colonel sympathized with me, and told me that I might go back if I wished. I declined though, until I could give myself a trial. It seems as if they are going to initiate me very soon, having to go out to the front on picket duty yesterday; being relieved this morning without kicking up any excitement on the lines. I am sorry to say I am suffering some inconvenience from my wrist; I don't think I will be able to stand hard service. Send me a box of provisions. Write again soon.

BIVOUAC NEAR PETERSBURG, September 18th, 1864.

The boys are all very diligently engaged throwing up fortifications in the front, being gone every day from 6 o'clock until about two or three, and will soon have the noble and brave old city almost impregnable, though the stout hearts around it are almost strong enough bulwark. The troops are all very enthusiastic and confident of their ability to whip Grant. They seem to be anxious that the trying and arduous campaign should be decided, and, I believe, the final issue of it will come to a close in a very short time, as Grant has got back from the valley and is receiving heavy reinforcements. General Longstreet is again in the saddle, and I am in hopes will soon be the terror of Yankeedom. He has not, according to our bright anticipations, resumed the command of his old corps. There is an impression that he will go to retrieve the lost fortunes of Early in the valley. We are all bountifully supplied with rations, better, I
believe, than we have been for the last twelve months—feasting lately on some of the fine beeves Hampton drove in from Grant's range in Southwestern Virginia. I am not able to carry my hand without a support as yet, and am sorry to say have been suffering some inconvenience from it. I have been offered a furlough by my Colonel, and am advised by my surgeons to go home, but I am going to stay and share the campaign for weal or woe with the boys.

POINT OF ROCKS, October 12th, 1864.

I was wounded in the left leg on the 7th inst., charging the enemy's entrenchments, and fell into their hands. They sent me off the field to the hospital as soon as it was convenient, where I had to suffer the amputation of my leg, just below the knee, from its being so badly fractured; I was then sent to the Point of Rocks, where I still remain. I am happy to state that I am doing remarkably well, and receiving every care and attention I could ask, and think, if I do not meet with any misfortune, there is every prospect of my recovery. I am very much resigned to my fate, and will try to keep in the very best of spirits. Give my love to all the family.

CHESAPEAKE FEMALE COLLEGE,
NEAR FORTRESS MONROE.

I have been transferred from Point of Rocks to this place. I have been here for some time and am doing well. I am in a Yankee officers' hospital—a building five stories high—and I am in the fifth story, which they call the fifth ward. Dr. McClellan has charge of the department, and Dr. Rush of our hospital. I have a brother Confederate in the same room with me, by the name of Lieutenant Hawes, from North Carolina, who is terribly wounded—lost his right leg, shot in his left leg, and through the right and left shoulder. There is also one other Confederate in the same hospital, by
the name of Colonel Lamb, of Norfolk, who was wounded at Fort Fisher. Dr. Rush calls me his "pet rebel," and brings all the ladies who come here to see me. They have cut all of my buttons off my coat, but just so they don't cut my other leg off I will be satisfied. The Yankee officers are very kind to me, treating me with every kindness, particularly a Captain in Speer's cavalry, with whom we had some lively skirmishes during our campaign at Franklin and Suffolk. We have talked our campaign over with each other frequently. My wounds on the hand and wrist have healed up, but I have no use of my hand yet. My stump is doing very well, but the doctor makes me carry it in a sling yet. I have a strap running around my neck and under and just above my knee, which holds it up. Every morning I take a walk in the ward; the nurse ties the crutch to my left arm, and in that way I can use it very well.

Dr. Rush told me the other day I could go down stairs whenever I felt able. I watched some of the Yankee officers crutching up and down the steps, and concluded to take a step or two myself, and if I could not go down, I would go back. So I started, and sure enough it was only a step or two, for down I came flat on my back, the steps being these winding ones, and I never stopped until I got to the bottom alarming the whole hospital. They say no one ever saw such an amusing and laughable scene, for I had my stump supported with a strap around my neck, so when I fell the strap kept my leg right straight up, and it looked like I was completely rigged for a sail. They gave me a grand reception when I arrived at the station below—they say that I came in ahead of schedule time—and picked me up and carried me back to my ward. I was not hurt very bad, the strap keeping my stump up and saving it, but the skin was rubbed off my back in several places, and my head felt like some one had been beating the long roll on it all night. The Yankee officers worry me a great deal about it whenever I crutch it by their rooms; they want to know of me when the train will start, and if it is going to run on schedule time.
I had my first experience in tailoring the other day. My old pants had worn pretty threadbare, and I concluded that by turning them I could make them look a little more respectable. I got the nurse, who is very kind to me, to get me a pair of scissors and a needle and some thread, and I sat down in the room and commenced work. My old friend Hawes could not get out of the bed to help me, but said it was all simple enough, just to keep every piece to itself and I could not get wrong. To save sewing, I concluded to cut off one leg, as I had no use for it. I and Hawes argued for some time which leg to cut off, and came to the conclusion that as my left leg was off I should cut off the left leg of the pants. So I cut it off and ripped my pants and arranged to keep the pieces to themselves, but having so little use of my left hand I found that I could not get them together and sew them up. I thought to myself, Lord have mercy on me, and just about that time the nurse of the ward, who is a little Frenchman, came in, and is very clever and polite; volunteered to help me out of my trouble. He sat down, put them together, and sewed them up very nicely, and I thanked him for getting me out of my trouble. Hawes took them and looked at them and said they looked mighty nice, and that I had made a great improvement on them. Well, I concluded now to put them on and go out in the ward to see the Yankee officers about my train starting for the next station. Well, God knows, what do you think, when I go to put my pants on I find out I have cut off the wrong leg, and I had the long leg of the pants on the stump side. I slipped my pants under the head of my bed, and got Hawes to promise to say nothing about it, for I did not want the Yankee officers to find it out, for they would have a worse joke on me than the train. I went to bed bemoaning my situation, and Hawes, who is a good humored and lively fellow, joked me all evening, telling me if he could get out of bed he would kneel down by my bed and pray for me. Dr. Rush came around late that evening, and wanted to know if I had been out exercising myself; I told him no, I was feeling badly—which was so, for no mortal ever felt
worse than I did. I believe in a special Providence, for I prayed all night for a pair of pants, and sure enough next morning an old gentleman by the name of Simpson, from Bridgeport, Connecticut, came in to see us, and was enquiring very particularly about our condition, so I laid in my distress to him, and he went out and bought me a pair of pants. I don’t think if I was starving to death I would try tailoring for a living.

Dr. McClellan has turned me loose on my parole of honor, and says I can go where I please, so I don’t leave the Department at Fortress Monroe.

General Ord and his wife are here in the same hospital, and if ever there was a Christian woman, Hawes and myself have come to the conclusion that it is his wife, even if she is a Yankee General’s wife. She has brought to us all kinds of delicacies and refreshments, and always presents them to us with such a womanly grace—never taunts us with being Rebels, or comes to us as a ministering spirit to show us it is our duty to take the oath, and go back upon our country, but seems to sympathize with us that we are here as prisoners of war; poor, one-legged Rebels, with no mother to comfort us in our afflictions, and no friends, only such as we find in the camp of our enemies. And may God, in His crowning grace, bless and preserve her, for her womanly charities and magnanimity to these two unrepented Rebels; and there is one thing certain, if we ever get back to the Confederate lines, and General Ord is taken prisoner, I would feel bound to help him, on account of his wife’s kind and gracious spirit. And if the women ever get into this fight, I will raise the white flag before I will fight such a woman as her.

There is another woman who is very kind to us, and that is Mrs. Chaffey, of Providence, Rhode Island. Colonel Lamb, who is here wounded, married her daughter before the war, and she came here to nurse him. She is a jolly old lady, and comes in to see us every day, and will sit down on the bed and sing to us, and joke us about the war, and tell us how badly the Yankees are going to whip us, and if we
will take the oath she will carry us home with her and take care of us until the war is over; that she is afraid of us as Rebels, for if she takes us home that way our legs might grow out and we would rebel against her and old man Chaffey. She will come into the room sometimes and talk about whipping us because we are Rebels, and says our mothers ought to have whipped us good and made us stay at home. But she don’t mean any harm by it, and only does it because she finds us sometimes low-spirited and wants to cheer us up. She reminds me a great deal of Major Seaborn’s wife.

The Yankee soldiers all call us Johnny, and seem to respect us. But lookout if one of the bomb-proof, refugeed Yankees come in with a swallow-tail coat on and a standing collar, putting on more military airs than General Grant could. They don’t know the first military term of the war, that is, to call you Johnny, but, about the first thing they say is “you damn Rebel, you might have known you couldn’t whip the Yankees.” And, just about this time, Hawes, who is like an old grizzly bear when you get him mad, commences cursing them, and, I can tell you, it don’t take much grape and canister of that kind from him to shell them out of the room. He says he don’t care if they do kill him, for he will never be of any use to himself or his country, and he wants the Yankee soldiers to finish the job, and if them blamed fellows want to curse Rebels, let them go up and stay with Grant awhile, and he will send them to Petersburg every day, if they want to go, where they can find live Rebels to curse.

There was a little, black curly-headed preacher come the other day to convert me and Hawes, but the old grizzly bear, as I call him when he is mad, was not in a very religious mood. He knocked at the door, and we told him to come in, and he opened the door and asked us if we would like to have some tracts to read. We told him yes, and to come in. He chatted very pleasantly awhile, and he then got on religion, and from that he got on our taking the oath, and how we had sinned against our God and our country, and that we were being punished for it now. Well, just
then Hawes, you might say, mounted a Napoleon gun, for I never saw a man get such a shelling. I think he must have thrown bomb-shells at him, for when he went out of the room his hair looked like it was straight instead of curl-
y, and the nurses said he never stopped to distribute any tracts on his way down, and that he was on schedule time, and never stopped to fire up. Hawes and myself thought he had played the devil, but we found out from the nurse that he was a Chaplain of the negro troops, and the officers of the white troops wouldn’t allow him to distribute any tracts in their rooms, and they all seemed to be glad we had routed him for the way he had talked to us.

I was pretty sick the other day for awhile. There was a Yankee shaving himself in my room, and when he got through I asked him to shave me. He commenced shaving me, and let the razor slip in some way, and came very near cutting off part of my ear. I fainted away, and he got me some whisky, and after drinking it I soon got better; but my ear was very sore for several days. Hawes thinks he did it purposely, but I don’t think so; anyway, I am not going to risk any more of them, for they might let the razor slip and cut my head off, and it would be too late then to call it a mistake. Dr. McClellan says there is no chance of our being exchanged soon, and we might as well take it easy, and that we can stay here as long as we behave ourselves.

An old gentleman by the name of Francis Decordi, of Norfolk, Va., gave me ten dollars a week ago, and, I can tell you, I feel about as rich as a man that owns a plantation of negroes. He is the strongest Union man that I ever heard talk, but he is not like our little negro Chaplain—he has got some soul.

You need not fret and worry about me, for I cannot be of any use or service to my country or at home, and I am going to take life easy. Give my love to all the family, and tell Ella Sloan that I don’t reckon we will ever run any more horse races.
DIARY OF LIEUTENANT WM. STEELE,

WHO SERVED IN THE 4TH REGIMENT AND P. S. S.—EVANS', JONES', ANDERSON'S, JENKINS' AND BRATTON'S BRIGADES.

June 2, 1861. Sunday, left home in the evening for Pendleton; stayed with Mr. Sitton that night.

June 3d. Monday, left for Columbia at 4 o'clock A. M.; went in camp at 4 P. M.

June 4th. Tuesday, drilled in the evening.

June 5th. Drilled six hours; went on dress parade at 6 o'clock.

June 6th. Drilled six hours; went on dress parade at 6 o'clock.

June 7th. Drilled six hours; went on dress parade at 6 o'clock; rained this evening.

June 8th. Drilled six hours; went on dress parade at 6 o'clock; rained this evening.

June 9th. Went to the Presbyterian Church in the day and the Baptist Church at night.

June 10th. Drilled and dress parade.

June 11th. Drilled and dress parade.

June 15th. Left Columbia at 8 o'clock A. M. for Richmond, Va.

June 16th. Arrived at Wilmington at 9 A. M.; had a hail and rain storm in the evening.

June 17th. Arrived at Weldon at 11 o'clock A. M.; left at 2 o'clock P. M.; arrived at Petersburg at 4 o'clock P. M.

June 18th. Pitched tents two miles from Richmond—near the water-works.

June 20th. Left Richmond for Manassas at sundown; all in high spirits.

June 21st. Reached Manassas about 11 A. M.; left for Gainesville at 4 P. M.; camped there that night.

June 22d. Took up our line of march at 7 A. M. for Leesburg; marched fifteen miles and camped for the night, not far from Alden.
June 23d. Left our roost early; marched within one mile of Leesburg, and camped in a pretty grove.

June 24th. Cleared off our camp and fixed up the springs.

June 26th. Some of the cavalry brought a United States flag to our camp; W. L. Wilkes addressed the crowd; we tore up the flag.

June 27th. Detected a spy in camp—Captain Shanklin—he was sent to General Evans; he sent him off.

June 29th. In the evening were ordered to cook one day's rations; slept on our arms all night.

July 4th. A neat garrison flag was presented to us by the ladies of Leesburg; there was a large crowd present.

July 5th. A detail of fifty men was made from the regiment to throw up breastworks one and a half miles East of Leesburg.

July 7th. Preaching in camp by a Methodist Preacher; said in his sermon he was converted thirty-four years ago in this grove at a camp-meeting.

July 10th. Left Leesburg for Frying Pan; rained very hard in the evening; camped at Gum Springs.

July 11th. Left camp at 7 A.M.; arrived at Frying Pan at 12 o'clock.

July 12. Great excitement in camp; orders to move at the shortest notice.

July 13th. Received orders to leave Frying Pan in fifteen minutes; false alarm; marched three miles to Camp Holcombe.

July 14th. R. A. Thompson came to us at this camp.

July 16th. J. T. and B. P. Sloan left for home.

July 17th. Left Camp Holcombe for Stone Bridge; arrived about night.

July 18th. We were formed in line of battle at S. B.; heard the guns below us of the Bull Run battle.

July 19th. Great excitement; the enemy reported advancing.

July 20th. Left the hill at S. B.; moved back three hundred yards, and slept on a little creek.

July 21st. At daylight we were ordered back to our position on the hill.
July 22d. I spent the most of the day in going over the battle-field. Such a sight I never expected to see, and hope may never see again.

July 23d. Was detailed with one hundred men to bury the dead Yankees—any thing but a pleasant job.

July 24th. Pitched our camp the day before near S. B.; drilled to-day.

July 25th. All quiet in camp; all the dead are not buried yet.

July 29th. Left S. B. for Camp Pettus—two miles East of Centreville; left General Evans' command to join General Jones.

July 31st. Nothing of interest at Camp Pettus, except I saw Prince Napoleon.

August 12th. The regiment left Camp Pettus for Germantown; I went to the hospital with measles.

September 13th. Marched nearly to Fairfax C. H. and about-faced and came back to camp.

September 17th. The regiment marched to Falls Church; came back to camp on the 22d; threw up breastworks while there.

September 25th. Marched to Counsville; came back to camp on the night of the 27th; companies K and G were on picket.

October 3d. The whole army reviewed by the President; our regiment was formed on the turnpike road, near Germantown.

October 8th. Went on Picket at Mill's Cross Roads for three days; our company went with some wagons as a guard; within sight of the enemy; saw their colors flying.

October 17th. Left camp near Germantown for camp near McLane's Ford; got there in the night.

October 20th. Went on picket at Post No. 3 for four days; went on picket again at the same place for four days.

November 11th. Moved our camp to Centreville.

November 28th. We were presented with our battle-flag by General Beauregard.
December 7th. Went on picket at Post No. 3 for four days.

December 17th. The right wing of the regiment went on picket at Post No. 3 for four days.

December 29th. The left wing of the regiment went on picket at Post No. 5 for four days.

January 8th, 1862. The right wing of the regiment went on picket at Post No. 5 for four days.

January 20th. The left wing of the regiment went on picket at Post No. 7 for four days.

January 28th. The weather is warm; nearly all the sleet is off the ground, and nothing to do.

January 29th. All the sleet is gone; Major Jones came back from home.

January 30th. James Reid came to see us from Evansport. Tom Gerrard and Bill Smith had a fight; Tom was drunk.

January 31st. General Jones reviewed the brigade; I was appointed color guard.

February 1st. It sleeted and snowed about two inches deep last night; six companies of regiment went on picket at Post No. 7 for four days.

February 2d. Part of our company went on post, the other part came off post.

February 3d. Commenced snowing about 5 o'clock last night; snow about five inches deep; our company came off post at 12 o'clock.

February 4th. We were relieved by the left wing of the Fifth Regiment about 12 o'clock, and returned to camp; Colonel Sloan got a telegram that Lieutenant Sloan was dead.

February 5th. The snow is about half gone; General Beauregard's farewell address was read to us.

February 6th. Raining and very cold—rain is freezing as fast as it falls.

February 7th. Great excitement about re-enlisting; Dick Williams spoke to part of the regiment.

February 8th. It is reported that a large number of the enemy's cavalry are at Fairfax C. H.
February 9th. Fourteen of our company left for home on forty days' furlough, and a good many of the regiment.

February 10th. Warm, sunny day; detached the camp to-day; General Longstreet's appeal was read to the twelve months' troops.

February 11th. Commenced snowing about 2 o'clock P. M., and continued till night.

February 12th. Orders to prepare to go on picket for four days.

February 13th. Went out on picket at Post No. 7.

February 14th. Our company are in a little negro house; had a valentine drawing, no girls present in person.

February 15th. Commenced snowing about 7 o'clock A. M., and snowed nearly all day. It is three inches deep.

February 16th. We were relieved by part of the Fifth Regiment and returned to camp.

February 17th. Raining and sleeted nearly all day. More of our regiment left on furlough for home; Captain Kilpatrick got back from home.

February 18th. General R. H. Anderson assumes command of the Second Brigade. We put a window in our cabin.

February 19th. Rained nearly all day.

February 20th. A good many of the Palmetto Rifles re-enlisted last night. David Hopkins died last night; regiment marched out and fired off their guns.

February 21st. Had a battalion drill and inspection of arms, and dress parade.

February 22d. Raining, and the ground is frozen.

February 24th. Very windy, and the regiment is preparing to go on picket.

February 25th. Eight companies of the regiment went on picket to-day.

February 26th. Sent off all the sick of the regiment not able to march.

February 27th. We are ordered to have all our heavy baggage ready to send off to-morrow.

February 28th. Sent all the heavy baggage to the head of the railroad.
March 1st. Inspection of arms, blank accoutrements, etc.

March 2d. Snow about two inches deep; men had a
great snow-ball ing.

March 3d. Snow on the ground all day; commenced
raining very hard about sundown. We are under marching
orders.

March 4th. Clear and cold, and the ground is frozen
hard. Company drilled twice.

March 5th. Clear and pleasant. Company drilled twice.

March 6th. Clear and pleasant; in the evening snowed a
little.

March 7th. Clear and cold. Battalion drill this morning;
got orders to be ready to march at a moment’s notice—have
our wagons loaded by day in the morning.

March 8th. Up by 4 o’clock A. M.; had our wagons
loaded by sunrise; left camp about 12 o’clock. Owing to
the great number of wagons in front of us only got one mile,
about-faced and came back to camp; got back at sundown.

March 9th. Left Centreville about 10 o’clock A. M.,
passed through Groveton, two miles from S. B., got to
Gainesville at sundown; camped in a pine thicket, not far
from where we camped the 21st of June, 1861.

March 10th. Marched at 8 o’clock, passed through Buck-
land, four miles from Gainesville, and Warrenton C. H.,
eleven miles from Gainesville, and camped one mile West
of Warrenton. Great excitement in Warrenton when the
troops passed through.

March 11th. Left camp at 11 A. M., and passed through
Waterloo, on the Rappahannock; crossed the Rappahan-
nock, passed through Amosville, and camped about four
or five miles West. We marched about twelve or fourteen
miles.

March 12th. Left camp at 8 A. M., passed through Wash-
ington and Sperryville, and camped about four miles from
Sperryville. Marched about thirteen or fourteen miles.

March 13th. Left camp and marched through Woodville,
about one mile from camp, and on to the Hasel River, about
eight miles; camped about 10 P. M. on the top of a little
mountain in the Blue Ridge Mountains.
March 14th. We never moved to-day, but stayed on the top of our mountain; cloudy, and threatening rain.

March 15th. Remained in camp to-day. Rained nearly all day; everything wet and muddy.

March 16th. Left camp on the mountain about 3:30 o'clock; marched four miles to within three miles of Culpepper C. H., camped in a pine thicket, and slept well on our bed of pine leaves.

March 17th. Left camp about 9 A. M., marched through Culpepper, three miles from camp, and camped six miles from Culpepper in a pine thicket.

March 18th. Marched about 12 o'clock, crossed Cheat River and Rapidan River, and camped within three miles of Orange C. H.

March 19th. Remained in camp. Rained in the evening and all night; could not sleep any, or even lay down. One of the Fifth Regiment was killed by a limb breaking off a tree and falling on him.

March 20th. Remained in camp; rained nearly all day. C. White and myself went out to an old barn and slept.

March 21st. Remained in camp; rained some through the day and nearly all night; did not sleep but little; got very wet.

March 22d. Left camp at 11 A. M., got to Camp Tabor, two miles South of Orange C. H. Expect this to be our permanent camp.

March 23d. We lay about all day, nothing to do. Got a few tents from the regiment.

March 24th. Had a battalion drill; rained on us while drilling.

March 25th. Drills as usual, company and battalion.

March 26th. Drills as usual, company and battalion.

March 27th. Drills as usual, company and battalion.

March 28th. General Anderson marched his brigade five or six miles from camp and back for exercise.

March 29th. Rained and sleeted nearly all day and night.

March 30th. The trees covered with ice this morning; rained all morning.
March 31. Inspection of arms and ammunition, and battalion drill.

April 1st. Drills as usual.

April 2d. Drills as usual.

April 3d. One drill extra for the regiment making sport of the drummer.

April 4th. Our brigade took another march eight or ten miles for exercise.

April 5th. Drills as usual, and Irish potatoes for dinner.

April 6th. Had preaching by Mr. Walters. Got orders to march and left Camp Taylor about sunset; marched on the plankroad towards Fredericksburg nine or ten miles.

April 7th. Marched about 8 o'clock A. M. four or five miles, and camped; rained and snowed all evening and night; had no tents.

April 8th. Left camp about 11 A. M., marched towards Louisa C. H.; rained on us all day. Got water-bound on a little creek; had to go down the creek to another bridge. We marched about ten or eleven miles.

April 9th. Left camp at 9 A. M., and marched two miles below Louisa C. H.; marched about fourteen miles. I. L. N. Smith and myself slept in an old barn about one mile from camp; rained and sleeted on us all day, the ground was covered at night.

April 10th. Remained in camp; the sun shone out and was a pretty day. The cars were running all day and night.

April 11th. Remained in camp and rested well; got orders to be ready to march by six o'clock towards Richmond.

April 12th. Left camp at 6.30 o'clock, marched sixteen miles and camped.

April 13th. Left camp at six o'clock, marched twenty or twenty-one miles and camped. The best road we have marched on.

April 14th. Left camp at 6.30 o'clock, marched within two or three miles of Richmond, and camped on a little creek Northwest of the city. Marched ten or eleven miles.

April 15th. Remained in our camp. Got our baggage
that was left at Orange C. H.; got orders to send our heavy baggage to the wharf.

April 16th. Colonel Jenkins’ regiment was formed out of the regiments of Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Regiments, took the steamer about 3 o’clock A. M. and landed.

April 17th. To-day at Alin’s Mill; took up our line of march and camped six or seven miles from the river, at Lebanon Church.

April 18th. Formed the regiment and marched about 2 o’clock four or five miles—within two miles of our picket line.

April 19th. Our brigade marched one mile down the road, near the picket line; skirmishing kept up all night.

April 20th. Kept up cannonading and musketry all day on the line.

April 21st. Got orders to reorganize the regiment; there were five companies formed; I joined Captain Kilpatrick’s, in Colonel Jenkins’ Palmetto Sharp-shooters; rained hard in the evening.

April 22d. Two company drills; W. M. Bellotte and Elias came to us; joined Captain Daniel’s Company, P. S. S.

April 23d. Company and battalion drill.

April 24th. Company drill in the morning; got orders to be ready to march in fifteen minutes; kept in readiness all night.

April 25th. Were under marching orders nearly all day.

April 26th. Great deal of firing of musketry and cannon this morning; got orders to hold ourselves in arms.

April 27th. Our regiment went on picket at 6 o’clock; were dismissed after an hour.

April 28th. We are near our ditches; the enemy are firing shells at our batteries; some of them bursted near our regiment.

April 29th. Were relieved by the Tenth Alabama Regi-

April 30th. Nothing of interest; rained nearly all day.

May 1st. Went on picket at 6 o’clock P. M.; relieved the Fifth Regiment; one man killed and one wounded.
May 4th. Got to Williamsburg about 2 o’clock; were ordered to Fort Magruder; on the lookout all night; raining all night.

May 6th. Our brigade left Fort Magruder about day, after a miserably spent night—in mud and water about half leg deep, and raining all the time; marched about fourteen miles.

May 7th. Still on the retreat; very much worn out; the enemy still following us up; they will get the best whipping they ever got soon.

May 9th. Still on the retreat, in about twenty-five miles of Richmond; our division is back in the rear; picketing the enemy in front of us; crossed the Chickahominy River to-day.

May 11th. Marched within one and a half miles of the long bridge on the Chickahominy and camped.

May 15th. Left our camp near the long bridge; moved on the road towards Richmond.

May 16th. Marched six miles and camped nine and a half miles from Richmond.

May 17th. Marched within five miles of Richmond and camped; remained in camp the 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d, and drilled.

May 23d. Left our camp about 12 o’clock, and marched two miles, to within one mile of Drury’s Bluff, and camped.

May 24th. The right wing of our regiment went on picket on the river; remained in camp the 25th and 26th.

May 27th. Moved back near Richmond and camped; remained in camp and drilled the 28th and 29th, and on the 30th rained very hard all evening; drew one day’s rations, but could not cook them for the rain.
LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT STEELE.

BIVOUAC P. S. S., October 8th, 1864.

Mr. Lewis:

Dear Sir—Lieutenant Lewis was wounded yesterday—his leg was supposed to be broken—and he was left in the hands of the enemy. I did all I could to get him but failed. We were within forty yards of the enemy’s works when he was wounded, and not one in the company saw him, and we did not know he was wounded until we had fallen back. I then went back, but could not get to where he was. We have lost a good friend and officer, but I hope it is only for a while. He was in good health at the time.

I told his boy, Henry, to wait a day or so, to see if we could hear anything of him; if not, he will then go home. Sloan Maxwell said last night he would telegraph to you.

Our regiment lost eighty-seven men. I will give you the names in our company: Sergeant Bowden, severely in the side; Sergeant Jelley, dangerously in the face; Corporal Carden, dangerously in the head; Corporal Simmons, left arm broken; Allen, slightly in the arm; W. T. Simmons, dangerously in the face and shoulder; G. W. Singleton, leg broken, and in the hands of the enemy; David Gaillard, poor fellow, was killed, and left on the field. His boy and Henry will go home together. Both the Jenkins boys are wounded.

Respectfully, yours,

WILLIAM STEELE.
PLAN OF FORT SUMTER
CHARLESTON HARBOR, S.C.
AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED,
AND AS COMPLETED IN 1861.
SCALE 1 INCH TO 50 FEET.

Furnished by the War Department
to the City Council of Charleston, S.C.

SoCar
Map 3
1861
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