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The Ashantilly Leaflets
Series II, Regional History, No. 3
INTRODUCTION
AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The fragmentary field diary here printed covers the period of the writer's active service from March 1862 until August 1863, omitting his months of furlough for wounds and sickness. Jotted down in camp after the day's long grueling march or within sound of the opening guns of an imminent engagement, it has a dramatic immediacy. The original diary is penciled in two battered pocket notebooks. The text is printed without change except where indicated by brackets. Paragraphing and some changes in punctuation have been made for clarity.

* *

THE BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Daughton Stith Haynes was born at Sandersville, Georgia, on November 16, 1837, the son of Doctor William Peyton Haynes and his wife Maria Broadnax (Brooking) Haynes. His paternal grandfather, Thomas Haynes, came with his wife, Frances (Stith) Haynes, from Mecklenburg County, Virginia, via Halifax,
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editor wishes to express his appreciation for the generous help given by the following persons and institutions: Mr. Alexander A. Lawrence of Savannah, Ga., Dr. Robert G. Stephens of Washington, Ga., Mrs. M. H. Barnett of Washington, Ga., Mrs. L. Terrell Moore of Sparta, Ga., Mrs. Elizabeth P. Newsom of Sandersville, Ga., and Mrs. W. T. Scoutin of Brunswick, Ga.; Mrs. Mary Givens Bryan of the Georgia Department of Archives and History, Mrs. Lilla B. Hawes of the Georgia Historical Society, Miss Theodosia Hotch of the Brunswick Regional Library, the Florida State University Libraries, the University of Kentucky Libraries, and the North Carolina State Library.

*
North Carolina, to settle on the frontier of Richmond County, later Columbia County, Georgia, in 1783.

They were men of substance and education, and respected leaders of their community. This section of the state of Georgia was wealthy. Landed holdings of the planters were generally not as large as some farther south and to the west, but they were more systematically farmed by the owners themselves. It was a wealth spread over a far greater number of individual families as is attested by the many comfortable and often very handsome homes which have survived in this region. These people had their roots in a past as rich in refinement as any in the country.

The year 1837 was not so far removed from pioneer days but that there were plenty of lapses into that unrestrained past when the country swains would gather on Saturdays to sample the various barrels and jugs of whisky and rum available; then bold as the lions, there would be cussing and swearing, fighting, walloping, kicking, gouging and cutting between old enemies and the best of friends. During his early years he must have witnessed a good deal of this. At any rate he saw the aftermath of broken heads and bones to be mended, and cuts to be patched, and sewed up by his father. Muster Days were particularly productive of work for the good doctor. One incident Draughton remembered
of a muster day when his mother fainted while threading the needles with which his father was sewing up a more than usually gory individual, but she came to quickly and handed him another needle, before the doctor knew anything had happened behind him.

When old enough Draughton and his brother Harris were sent to Dr. Beman’s Academy at Mt. Zion in the neighboring county of Hancock. Dr. Beman, a Presbyterian minister and a noted educator of his day, drew boys from all walks of life and from all sections of the state. He also had the reputation of straightening out the unruly ones in a proper fashion. It has been said that even bowie knives had been thrown at him, but that did not deter him from proceeding with the well deserved thrashing. Draughton once made his own contribution to the doctor’s educational efforts: a country youngster with an unusually large mop of hair took his eye, and he rolled the boy over and sat on him while he cut his hair. The boy was furious, and complained later of the summary treatment to Dr. Beman, who inspected him carefully, and then said his lessons that day were so much improved that he could not doubt that it was the result of the haircut.

There were relatives and friends in the county to see, and parties to go to. They were a very social folk. It is certain that time did not lag for the two boys. They en-
joyed the hunting field and Draughton was a superb shot: a covey never rose that he didn’t get two birds.

Dr. Haynes died in 1854, and three years later his son began his medical training by attending a course of lectures in 1857-58 at the Charleston Medical College. In 1858 he matriculated at Georgetown College, D. C., and continued there through June of 1860 (class of ’62). A letter dated June 13th, 1860 speaks in the highest terms of Draughton’s character and his general excellence as a student, closing with:

“. . . feeling sure that he will do credit to any institution at which he may be placed,

John Early, President,
Georgetown College

Nor did he neglect the social graces, for music and the arts were an essential part of every gentleman’s education; to this end he acquired a handsome flute and the skill to play it sweetly. His thorough enjoyment of the arts and good fellowship is evinced by an old program of recitations and music by the Dramatic Association with penciled notes about the performers, as:

“very clever fellow,” or “well done,” and “a friend.”

Draughton did not return to college because of family responsibilities and the unsettled conditions of the
country. With the outbreak of the war his studies were interrupted indefinitely. In this interval prior to his enlistment he was teaching, and for a part of this time with Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnston at Rockby near Sparta.

On March 4, 1862 he enlisted at Sparta, sworn in by his uncle Andrew J. Lane. This company from Hancock County was known as Pierce Guards, in honor of a noted Methodist family of that name. It was converted into Company I, 49th Regiment, Georgia Volunteer Infantry, C. S. A. Andrew J. Lane was its captain, and then the first colonel of the 49th. This regiment became a part of Thomas’ Brigade, A. P. Hill’s Light Division, Jackson’s Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, often known as “Jackson’s foot cavalry.”

Promoted from private to first sergeant within the month, Draughton Haynes became 2nd Lieutenant in October 1862, then 1st Lieutenant in September 1863. He was badly wounded at Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862, and was nursed through the critical time of his illness by friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Greener of Richmond, the same family who cared for Col. Lane after he was wounded at Mechanicsville.

Draughton was six feet in height, well-proportioned and of a strong constitution to have withstood the terrific strain put upon him in the months of marching in all kinds of weather after a recent recovery from a se-
vere wound. A photograph taken of him in Richmond in March 1864 shows him seated and in uniform, a young man in the prime of life (27 years of age), handsome, distinguished, with dark luxuriant hair, beard and mustache; the direct gaze which looks out at one from the open countenance is in character with the affection and esteem in which he was held by the men of his company and all who knew him. The serious expression disguises his keen sense of fun. He was a modest person, for he never mentions his promotions in rank. The only references to a position of authority were when the responsibility for command of the company devolved upon him; then his only concern was the well-being of his men and how they withstood the fearful marches.

The diary ends abruptly following the retreat from Gettysburg, the last date being August 7, 1863, and there is no entry other than the date. No other notebooks have been found. The temptation here is to wonder whether he was so discouraged by the terrible experience at Gettysburg and the news of the capture of Vicksburg at the same time, that he foresaw the unhappy ending and had not the heart to continue his diary.

Draughton was on extended sick leave from February 10, 1865. His route for returning to duty was by way of Augusta, and he was still in that city when he learned of the surrender at Appomattox. [His own regi-
ment, the 49th Georgia, was a part of Lee’s surrendering army, and there being little point now of his going on to join them in Virginia, the wisest course for him was to go back to his home in Sparta and await events.\]

Because he happened to be in Sparta in early May of 1865, he was called upon to help Gen. John C. Breckinridge make his escape by accompanying him on his way to Florida (see p. 38). Draughton surrendered in Augusta on May 20, 1865.

The necessity now was to provide food for his mother and sisters by trying to make a crop with the help of a few former slaves. They were close enough to the path traveled by Sherman’s army to have received plenty of attention from foraging troops and other marauders. There was little if any livestock left in the counties along Sherman’s route, and those remaining, however decrepit, were at a premium. Fortune was no discriminator for both white and black suffered alike, and it was only by working together that worse chaos was averted. By these means they kept themselves alive, when all the South was laboring under the most dire conditions of poverty, and without any help from her conqueror.

On December 5, 1867 Draughton was married by his old friend and schoolmaster, Dr. Beman, to Belle Louise Simpson, daughter of William W. Simpson of
Rock Mills Plantation and Pomegranite Hall, Sparta. That same year he bought a place at Culverton which he farmed for a time. The loss of three mules helped to bring to an end this period of farming. To lose an animal upon whose labor one depended was bad enough, but to lose three at one time was catastrophic.

The wound he had received at Fredericksburg limited his physical endurance and was another reason for seeking a lighter occupation. He found this in teaching, and for a season or two he taught in one of the northern counties. The year 1875 finds him and his family settled in Washington County at Tennille. Here he operated a store with a post office which was prospering when he died of pneumonia after a brief illness February 16, 1879, leaving a widow and four children.
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Illustrations cut in wood by William G. Haynes, Jr.

B, I  XV
THE FIELD DIARY OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

DRAUGHTON STITH HAYNES

WHILE SERVING WITH THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA C. S. A.

* *

DARIEN, GEORGIA

The Ashantilly Press

1963
PIERCE GUARDS left Sparta March 10 1862, and landed at Camp Davis† the 11th. We left the latter place April 4th, 1862, and landed at Wilmington on the 7th and on the 9th we left the above place for Camp McAston‡ where we arrived on the same night. Here we were placed in [Joseph Reid] Anderson’s Brigade, but shortly after when he was ordered to Virginia and our regiment being unable from sickness to move with him, we were put under [John George] Walker’s Br.’

† Camp Davis was at Guyton, Ga., one of three camps set up in the state in 1862 to receive, equip and give preliminary training to several volunteer regiments.

‡ May be Camp Mason, N. C. The muster roll for April 30th so states, several men in hospital at Goldsboro, N.C.

The evening of May 24th we were ordered to report at Richmond. We are now (May 28) stationed near this place, on the night of the 25th
the regiment went out on picket duty and returned this morning. Last night May 28th immediately after sundown we left our camps three miles from Richmond and after marching all night we landed soon after day, we pitched ourselves (not having tents) having blankets in an oak woods somewhere in Virginia I know not where.

The Peninsular Campaign

Defense of Richmond

May 30th. Saw the 1st Ga. early in morning before marching. Friday morning May 30, 1862. We left a certain camp in the woods and after a few hours march we have found another place of the same kind it is now about 12 3/4 O'clock we are expected to move on during the evening. Warm marching. Canon can be distinctly heard.

Well we missed leaving last evening and for the first time I spent a rainy night without tents and perhaps the loudest thunder and the hardest rain I ever saw fell during the night. I slept but little being slightly wet and having Charlie Medlock with me who was very sick.
Saturday, May 31st, 1862. We have rec'd orders for marching; we have our accoutrements on ready to move at any time.

Here we have been marching for several hours through the mud and it gave "us fits:" we are now resting in a field of oats, the boys are standing up very well. Canon can be occasionally heard. We have marched some two or three miles, our regiment is in line of battle, our company is thrown out as skirmishers. The boys appear to be moderately cool, some are excited.

Since writing the above we have marched several miles our boys are very tired we have marched through creeks and mud for ten or more miles I should suppose 18. We are now in line of battle. Longstreet's division has opened the ball and our Col. [Andrew Jackson Lane] has just passed down the line giving the boys a chat. He is perfectly cool, and says that cold steel and short distances whips fights. No more at present— a man's heart is put in a flutter by the suspense. It is more pleasant to wait for your Duck in a nice parlor than to wait for a coming fight.
Night — we have been under a severe fire for several hours. Several men of our regiment have been killed and three or four of our boys wounded and killed. We are now in line of battle — firing has just ceased to begin again I suppose in a few minutes. I never was so tired in my life. I have lost all fears and here I am dark as it is trying to keep a few notes of the war. If I am killed let my Mother sisters and brother know that I thought of them. My name is Haynes from Sparta Ga. I am worn out, but we are going to make a forward movement. I had rather be taken prisoner most than to move an inch.

Last night we marched from the battle field about 1 ¼ mile and was compelled to return. Oh! how disheartened and worried the men were, and I will testify to the justness of the cause. Our men have been on the move ever since last Saturday evening was one week ago — during that time we have had only one day and night’s rest.

Sunday, June 1st. Firing at intervals has commenced, God grant that we may prove victorious. Larkin Long is reported killed, Charlie Skrine,
Billy Carr, and perhaps others were wounded, I will give the names when known.

Sunday, June 1st, 1862. Our regiment is reduced to less than a hundred men from the effects of sickness and fatigue. Our company has about ten men, Lieut.

Lamar and myself and Sgt Barnes are the only officers for duty. Heavy firing is going on I know nothing about the fight although we are ¾ mile of the firing. The Yankee balloon is visible from here.

Every thing has been quiet for some time, I hear there is fighting all around here. McClellan says he intends to take breakfast in Richmond. It will
be a warm & heavy one. I have experienced the effect that shell, cannister, and the musket or minnie ball have on the ears of those at whom they are aimed. The little fellows that come by with a “zip” of a noise is decidedly the most prognostic of danger. The shell gives a fellow a great inclination to dodge. I was standing near three poor fellows who were killed two with fragments of shell and the other by a minnie ball I think.

C Sun about ½ hour high. We have retreated or rather fallen back about ¼ mile. The Yankees have been shelling our original position and I suppose they will attack us later this evening or early in the morning. We are at the outmost post and will be in the fight, our men are considerably exhausted, but appear to be considering all things in excellent spirits. The boys are thirsty and filling their canteens with pond water and glad to get it.

C I forgot to say that we captured two of the enemy’s camps yesterday. I took an overcoat but was too tired to carry it off. Several Ambrotypes and letters & C & C were found and carried away. The man who carried the colors was shot down but
not killed, Lieut Clay I think raised them up and carried them off. I am not certain about the above.

Both the Washington companies were lost from the regiment, but a few of them have returned, and most of them are reported safe.

Monday Morning June 2nd. Last night for the first time in my life I ate raw meat for supper and slept on a Yankee blanket neither went amiss. We slept on our arms in line of battle. The word attention has come.

9 O'clock. Since writing the above we have made two small moves one forward the other backward. We are now stationed in an old field filled with oak bushes. I suppose we shall be in a fight before sundown. These are mere surmises I know nothing about the movements of the army, except they (the generals) have very nearly marched our regiment down. We have many more men than yesterday.

Hot—

We rested all of this evening, but at night our company was put out on picket.

Tuesday, June 3rd, 1862. We stood picket in the rain and this morning we are tired and sleepy.
Orders have just come for us to be ready to march at a minute’s warning in support of the batteries. The movements of war are uncertain. Just as we thought ourselves settled for the day, the order came for us to move as quick as possible. Here we are once more in line of battle and nearer the enemy than yesterday. We are expecting warm work before many days, but I fear that our regiment is too tired and worn out to do much damage.

Wednesday, June 4th, 1862. Whew! How wet, and unpleasant. Last night about ten O’clock we advanced towards the enemy’s (I think for the purpose of attacking them this morning), but it continued to rain from that time till now. We are all wet and sleepy, to tell the truth we have marched so much both night and day during the last ten that our regiment is completely worn out. John Rogers, Billy Mullally and myself are under a blanket which keeps off some of the rain.

Thursday, June 5th. We had an all night’s rest, which has considerably refreshed our boys. Canonading has commenced and the firing is very rapid. I can’t say whether our artillery has
opened yet. Some say so, others not. Judging from the signs the great battle can’t be far distant.

Friday, June 6th. We remained perfectly quiet and housed in our little bunks till about 4 O’clock this evening when our brigade was sent out on picket duty.

Saturday, June 7th. Our regiment is still on picket I was left behind quite sick, and besides sickness, my great toe was so badly bruised by the march on the day of the fight, that it was almost impossible for me to go with my company. I hope to be all right in a few days. Some say that we are preparing to attack the Yankees, but I doubt very much if there ever will be a fight at this place.

Sunday, June 8th. Our Brigade has not returned yet. I am still sick suffering with fever and a painful oppression in the “pit of the stomach.” Nothing has transpired to disturb the stillness of the sabbath save the soldiers firing off their guns. I am now under the fly of a tent and feel more thankful for it than I ever did for a house.

Monday, June 9th. Everything is quiet this morning I still feel quite unwell, our regiment has
not returned yet. If it gets into a fight I intend going to it.

C Tuesday, June 10th. The regiment came in from picket yesterday evening. L. Berry and I are still sick in the woods under a fly.

C Wednesday, June 11th, 1862. The boys went off again this morning and left me. I feel like going to them sick or well.

C Thursday, June 12th, 1862. The boys came off 10
picket yesterday evening and I got with them this morning. They have just gone off again on duty, it is dark.

Friday, June 13th. Our regiment has returned from picket where they saw Yankees by the score. It is a beautiful spring day the first one we have had since we arrived here.

Saturday, June 14th. This has been a day of rest and [the] boys look more cheerful.

Sunday, June 15. This is the most Holy Sabbath I have seen since leaving home. It is a beautiful day and its influence is felt by all. I hope it will prove a day of rest. We have been quiet all day.

Monday, June 16th, 1862. We have just made a march of 3½ miles and joined J. R. Anderson's Brigade where we properly belonged at first.

Tuesday, June 17th, 1862. I have seen three young ladies where I went to get milk, it made me think of old Georgia. We have a beautiful camp in the woods.

Wednesday, June 18th. One more day of rest. I still suffer from night fevers. The Yankees are reported to have crossed the river near here.
Thursday, June 19th. Nothing done except drilling.

Friday, June 20th. The day has passed quietly away.

Saturday, June 21st. Last night about ten, our company was called out for picket duty, and returned early this morning. I was unable to go with it.

Tuesday, June 24th, 1862. For the last few days everything has passed off quietly. Yesterday the enemy began shelling our pickets and came near getting several of the boys. It rained very hard last night. We get one pound of bread and half a pound of bacon for rations per day nothing else.

Wednesday, June 25th, 1862. Had a fight below here.

Thursday, June 26th, 1862. Our regiment marched from camps yesterday evening. I was too feeble to go — this evening about 4 O'clock they crossed the Chickahominy and was in the hardest of the battle. Col. Lane was wounded in the arm and one of our company by the name of Little was wounded seriously in the leg.

Friday, June 27th. Firing commenced again.
Battle of Savage Station (Allen's Farm)

this morning — the enemy are evidently falling back.

Battle of Frayser's Farm, (White Oak Swamp)

A BREAK OF TWO MONTHS
IN DIARY

[ Tuesday, August [September] 1st, 1862.

Since writing the above I have been detained with Col. Lane in Richmond who suffered immensely from his wound. Part of the time we were at the American Hotel, and part with Mr. Wm. Greener corner of 20th and Broad Sts. He and his lady were two most excellent people and treated us with the greatest kindness. Yesterday I saw one poor Yankee killed near the road, minus his shoes & hat, and had the disagreeable pleasure catching two “body guards” which very much resembles the common “head-lose,” but some larger with a dark streak down the back. They are abominable creatures, but there is one consolation — every man in our army has them. I have marched all day with the Sidney Brown Infantry and a hard march we have had of it. The day has been warm

W. T. Mullally promoted to 1st. Lieut. Aug. 13


Battle of Malvern Hill. J.R. Anderson wounded Seven Days' Battles; re-signed as Brig. Gen. to return to take charge of Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond. Succeed-ed by Edward Lloyd Thomas, 3rd Bri-gade, A. P. Hill's Light Division.
to Dutch. In that we were routed and in the morning down to see the Rebel's run, as it was telegraphed of the war was a great number of "English" came have seen hundreds of prisoners, but the best think to pass them would almost make a person vomit. I the Yankee bodies had turned perfectly black, and dean them for taking shots off the dead. Many of our men are beat up so, I would not come a few had every rag of clothes taken off. Many of was not a Yankee left with a pair of shoes on and it was the most horrible sight I ever beheld. There sound dead and wounded Yankees by the hundreds, I passed through the battle field of Manassas and again (I know not who) killed Wm. S. Kennedy. Rivers was wounded, at the same time one of the others of smaller note. Last Monday evening Mr. Run — Manassas. No. 2 Regiments and two or three run in search of my regiment — it has been in the Cedar Pany. I have fought it for upward of 100 miles in September, and I have just gotten to my com- and we have come no less than 25 miles. We have
tact with old "Stonewall" who took the proper care of them. I saw about 75 of them. They were decidedly the cheapest looking set I ever beheld.

[September] 4th. After a hard day's march we have passed through Leesburg and now we are a mile from the town and not quite so far from the Potomac. The citizens of the town appeared very glad to see us, and many had biscuits & C for the soldiers as we passed through.

**Lee Begins the First Invasion of the North**

[September] 6th, 1862. Yesterday we made a forced march, and crossed the Potomac into Maryland just as the sun was setting. Never did I behold so many naked legs in my life. The river was about ½ mile wide and many were the jokes passed between the boys as we were going through the stream. We arrived at our camping ground about 11 O'clock at night, I was then too tired to write. The order came for us to gather green corn and roast it for the day's journey. So we have
been living on roast'n ears which is not quite sub-
stantial enough for a soldier. We have had a hard
day's march of it. We have passed a small town
called Buckettown [Buckeystown], and now we are
encamped near Frederick. We are under orders to
cook three days' rations. Where we will go from here
is uncertain to say—there is work ahead. Many of
the Marylanders appeared glad to see us. I hope our
cause is favorable with them. Numbers of horses fell
dead on yesterday's & today's march. It is very
warm here during the day—but quite cool at night.
I had a chill last night. Several of our company
have been wounded and one killed during my
absence.

**Sunday, [September] 7th.** This has been a day
of rest. We had a feeling sermon from our chaplain
John J. Hyman.

**[September] 8th.** We had a prayer meeting to-
night. Many went up to be prayed for.

**Wednesday, September 10th, 1862.** This morn-
ing we left our camping ground about three o'clock
and have just gotten in camps. We are upon a
mountain, which looks down upon one of the pret-
tiest vallies I have ever seen. The sun is setting behind another mountain. The scene is magnificent. We passed through Frederick and Middletown. We met some secessionists & some unionists.

C Sept. 11th. This has been a hard day’s march. We have come through “Boonville or Poolville” I know not which and Williamsport. We have once more forded the Potomac and now we are once more in Virginia. Our troops are very tired and some of the boys have failed to come up.

Sep. 13th. Work is expected we are now in line of battle and near Harper’s Ferry—where the enemy is strongly intrenched. Old Stonewall has just passed on his “cream” wearing a new felt hat. Cannonading has commenced and occasionally a shell comes over, but gets so mad when they see us that they “bust.” Our company is detailed for picket. All are in good health & fine spirits. Our feet are very sore from marching.
Sept. 14th. The smoke from the cannon and shell can be distinctly seen. This is the Lord's day and it is probable that another fight will desecrate it. A shell came over in this direction a few minutes since which made the fellows "skedaddle." A Lieut. was taking fire from my pipe at the time, but trottled off and lost it all.

Sept. 15th. We moved up nearer the Ferry on yesterday and received the benefit of a few shell. The sun is rising, our battery opened about one hour since, and we have had a tremendous shelling. George Hillman of our company has been wounded in the leg & carried off. 8 1/2 O'clock. How thankful we ought to feel the Yankee batteries have surrendered — the position is very strong. I can't say whether all the forces have surrendered, firing has ceased on both sides. Gen Hill has just passed (in his shirt sleeves as he always goes) with three Yankee officers dressed as fine as could be, quite a contrast. We have bagged the Lincoln forces at this place. The Yankees are PLEASANT enough now. Gen Jackson has just passed amid the cheers of our forces with hat off. We are now in a little town.
called Bolivar, and surrounded by Yankees by the thousand. Most of them say they never intend taking up arms against us again. I have seen two Masons, both profess the same intentions. One Serg Major says he intends coming south and purchase slaves & settle. The boys and Yanks have exchanged many little tokens of remembrance.

C Sept. 16th. We left Bolivar this morning, immediately after the paroled prisoners went off and marched due west for 2½ miles and were then ordered back and now we are stationed on the suburbs of Harper’s Ferry awaiting orders. We are to remain for the purpose of guarding commissary stores.

C Sept. 17th. We are in camps. I slept last night as it was sprinkling in a Yankee tent & caught cold. *Gas proposes to drill holes through the dirt on some of the boys faces & blast it off, as water is thought to be inadequate to the task.

C Sept. 20th. We left the Ferry yesterday morning where we could get a meal for 25 cts and are now in line of battle with skirmishers thrown out—later, our skirmishers are firing. We are under the
severest cannonading I ever heard, one from my company A. Rainwater has been wounded on the hand. May God protect us is my prayer.

C Sept. 21st. We marched all night last night, our boys are tired & sleepy.

C Sept. 23d. We have been resting for two days. Some of the boys cut down a bee tree & found a yellow jacket's nest — there was a scattery among the inhabitants.

C Sept. 28th. We marched from our camps near Martinsburg through Darksville and we are

C, 4 21
stationed near Bunker Hill. We arrived here about midnight, worn out and sleepy.

C Oct. 18th. We have had a long rest, and the army has greatly increased both in numbers & health. We are on the march to some place. We are encamped close to Darksville.

C Oct. 21st. We are now tearing up the Ohio & Baltimore R. R. within 6 miles of Harper's Ferry.

C Oct. 23d. Marched back to our former camps near Bunker Hill. Small Pox is said to be in the army and all are ordered to be vaccinated.

C Oct. 28th. Left B. Hill and had a pleasant march of about 8 miles S. East direction.

C Oct. 29th. Marched two & a half miles and encamped.

C Oct. 31st. Marched through Smithville & Berryville to within three miles of the Shenandoah.

C Nov. 2nd. We are now on picket on the banks of the S. The enemy are shelling around but none have struck in our brigade. The Blue Ridge is just above us—adding grandeur to the scene, but giving the Yankees decidedly the advantage in position.
Nov. 5th. On picquet again. We are still on the S. about one mile from our former position. There is nothing here except a few of the enemy’s picket that ever reminds us of the danger of a fight — there has been heavy cannonading all day up the river. We know nothing of the cause.

Nov. 7th. Snowed all day.

Nov. 11th. Moved within 5 miles of Winchester. Rumor says for the purpose of spending the winter.

Nov. 16th. Our regiment is on picket between Berryville & Charlestown. This is my 25th birthday. Thank Providence I am in fine health. God grant that I am spared for some good purpose.


Nov. 23rd. Marched through Middletown & Strasburg 15 miles toward Staunton. It has been a cold day. Snow falling part the time.

END OF FIRST BOOK

23
THE SECOND BOOK

Nov. 24th, 1862. We have marched about 17 miles through Woodstock, Edenburg and one or two other towns whose names are now forgotten. The boys are complaining considerably of sore feet. My ankles are paining me some.

Nov. 25th. Marched about ten miles & struck camps about 12. We passed through Mt Jackson & New Market. We have left the Valley Turnpike and are now on the road to Gordonsville.

Nov. 26. This has been a hard day on our feet. We have gone through the mountains about 16 miles.

Nov. 27th. Another hard day's march. We have passed over the Blue Ridge which has any quantity of ice and snow on it—distance seventeen miles. Sore feet & ankles are on the mend.

Nov. 28th. This has been a hard day's march, distance 14 miles. Came through Madison.

Nov. 29th. Came 14 miles and encamped not far from Orange Court House. We started in the snow, but continued but a short time. The Blue Ridge was perfectly white.

24
Nov. 30th. 
Came through Orange C. H. 
went 17 miles 
toward Fredericksburg.

December 1st. 
Marched 13 miles.

Dec. 2nd. 
Marched 16 miles, now 6 miles of Fredericksburg.

Dec. 3rd. Marched 12 miles and encamped the same distance as last night from F. The boys are in a better condition for a tramp than on the third day.

Dec. 7th. Snow a plenty & cold weather in proportion.

Dec. 11th. Heavy cannonading in direction of F. Orders to cook rations and be ready to move at any moment has been received.
Dec. 12th. This morning at 6½ O'Clock we marched toward F. where the enemy have landed in force. We are now in line of battle awaiting them—there is heavy picketing and cannonading going on in front.

Dec. 13th. Skirmishing commenced God grant that we may be shielded and that He may give us victory. “The ball” appears to have opened.

WOUNDED
A BREAK OF FIVE MONTHS
IN DIARY

A few minutes after writing in the above I was wounded through the left side and carried to Mr. Greener's of Richmond where I received every attention that could be desired. The 27th of Jan. I started for home on furlough and came back to camps near Guineys May 26th. We are in line of battle on the railroad not far from where I was wounded, it is June 6th. Three years ago when coming from college I never thought of ever being here waiting for the Yankee army. The boys are in
good spirits and are ready for the enemy whenever he makes his appearance. Their balloons have been up & skirmishers have engaged most of the morning. It is almost night. We have a little bunk and it is now raining. I never felt more thankful for a good house in my life.

C Sunday, June 7th 1863. All quiet. We have three day's rations in our havresack.

C June 8th. We are still in the R. R. cut at Hamilton's Crossing— evening late— cannonading from Stafford heights. The boys praise Pemberton's address, and say they prefer living on dogs to subjection.

C June 9th. Clothes were issued to the company about mid-night. Nothing astir to-day except a little shelling.

C June 10th. All quiet— Every precaution is used to avoid surprise, but I hardly think we will have a fight here although the enemy is on this side of the river.

C June 11th & 12th. All quiet.

C June 13th. Three years ago today I passed by this place on my way home from college little
dreaming that I should ever be here in defense of the South.

June 14th. Today I am on the Rappahannock in command of the picket, but few of the enemy can be seen on the opposite side.

June 15th. Letter from Miss — All quiet here.

June 16th. We left Hamilton’s Crossing this morning and came due West till arriving at Chancellorsville and there filed right and came North. Crossed the Rapidan at Ely’s Ford. Came seventeen miles and camped near the ford in an old field without shade, the men suffered much from heat & fatigue. The battle field where our regiment & the balance of the army fought the first week in May has still fresh signs of the havoc. Dead horses and men are buried by the hundred. Many of each are not half covered, and not infrequently portions of the latter can be seen, where the beasts and birds of prey have eaten the flesh from the bones. The scent is awful.

June 17th. Just arrived in camps, foot sore and weary but I am standing the march much better than expected. Many of the men fainted by the
way and a few are reported to have dropped dead. We are now near Stephensburg having come 17 miles and halted at 12 O'clock for the purpose of cooking the days rations. A fight is ahead I reckon.

C June 18th. Commenced the line of march and have come 12 miles. Passed through Culpepper C. H. The march was not a hard one, but the men fainted & fell dead on the road side by the score. They were completely overcome by the heat. One of my company (J. Smith) fainted, others were compelled to fall to the rear the heat being so oppressive. I am (with the kindness of Providence) still in good health.

C June 19th. Had right smart of a shower last night. In marching our feet stuck tight to the ground and when pulled lose it is with a "pop."

Crossed Hazel and Thorton [Thornton] rivers on "Lee's Pontoons," and with PANTS all of the same color. Halted for about two hours on the road and started out and marched to Gaines' X Roads distance 15 miles in the rain.

C June 20th. This has been a trying day to the soldiers. It commenced raining just as we marched
off and continued till we arrived here on the Blue
Ridge at Chester's Gap— the march was very
heavy, and there was no small amount of strangling
[straggling]. From G X R to this place a
distance of 12 miles is one mud hole. We passed
through Flint Hill, a little village. Gen. Lee has
marched us everywhere and has even taken us above
the CLOUDS.

C June 21st. Marched 12 miles— the most
pleasant we have ever had. Came through Front
Royal noted for one of Jackson's fights. Forded the
North & South Shenandoah.

C June 22nd. Commenced the march at usual
hour (4 O'clock) came twelve miles passed through
White Post.

C June 23d. Rested till 3½ O'clock P. M. Saw
the 59th Ga. Came through Berryville distance 10
miles.

C June 24th. Moved off at 4 came through
Smithfield distance 17 miles. On our way to
Maryland— recd orders to that effect on the 23d.

C June 25th. 4 O'clock came through Shepherds-
town, Sharpsburg and Tilmington. Also forded
30
the Potomac. Stood picket at night—marched 12 miles.

C 26th. Came six miles to day with rain, mud by the wholesale. Drew whiskey rations.

C June 27th, Saturday. We are now in Pennsylvania among the Yankees and doing finely. We have provisions in abundance. The boys have played havoc with hogs, sheep, poultry, & C, which is wrong if the Yankees have treated us badly. But all such will now be stopped as orders are very stringent. We came through Hagerstown, Leitersburg, Waynesborough, Quincy and Funkstown distance 25 miles, the men don’t appear very much tired.

C Sunday, June 28th. We have had inspection, otherwise this has been a day of rest.

C June 29th. All quiet.

C June 30th. Moved at 4½ O’clock came through Greenwood — now on the Baltimore Turnpike on the Blue Ridge — distance 10 miles.

C July, Wednesday 1st. 8 O’clock. Marched about six miles — cannonading commenced about 10, musketry about two, my brigade is now supporting D, I 31
a battery. A severe fight with small arms is going on in front — God grant us victory — The enemy were driven back some distance. My company sent out at night to bring in stragglers.

3 July 2nd. Skirmishing heavily in front, several of my regiment have been wounded and one of my company — 5 O’clock heavy canomading. Since writing the above we have been under a severe shelling. Many of my regiment & a few of my company have been wounded by the picket.

3d July. The most terrific shelling I was ever under — my brigade was stationed midway between our own & the enemy’s batteries. We charged the last but were repulsed. Ben Waller and W. Brantley were taken prisoners — the latter wounded.

All of us have much to thank their Maker for.

4 July 4th. We are in breast works, still near Gettysburg. All quiet except skirmishers.

5 July 5th. Commenced the retreat at dark last night & halted about sunrise this morning. The mud was from ankle to knee deep all the way. The march was awful — 5 O’clock P. M. commenced the march again halted at midnight —
distance the two nights 23 miles.

C July 6th. 4 O’clock P. M. Marched through Waynesboro & C—camped near Hagerstown distance 13 miles.

C July 7th. 4 A. M. Came 5 miles & returned 3, and now on Picket on the Cumberland Pike.

C July 8th. We had considerable rain last night, it was amusing to see how we were floated out of our bunks. Returned to camps. Inspected arms.

C July 9th, 10th. All quiet. I am quite unwell.

C July 11th. Moved from camps and formed in line of battle. My company with myself as commander is thrown out as skirmishers. I feel unwell but hope to have strength to do my duty. A little firing late this evening.

C July 12th. Here we are on God’s day lying behind breast works awaiting an attack from the enemy. How much better we could spend the day in the house of worship—Skirmishing in front.

C July 13th. Skirmishing going on in front. This is the second day the boys have been without bread, I have two Irish potatoes in my havre-sack—what would home folks think.
July 14th. Still in line of battle.

July 15th. Tired, worn out. Last night we commenced a move from Hagerstown. Yes we have had an awful time—mud from 8 inches to two feet deep, nothing to eat since yesterday. It is now 4 O’clock P. M. just halted, distance 13 miles.

July 16th. Came through Martinsburg distance 16 miles.

July 17th, 18th, & 19th. All quiet.

July 20th. Moved camps about one mile.

July 21st. Marched through Winchester distance 12 miles.

July 22nd. This has been a hard day’s march with us. Came to Front Royal distance 19 miles, crossed the Shenandoah on pontoons.

July 23d. Came twelve miles towards Gaines X Roads—came through Chester’s Gap.

July 24th. Came through Flinthill by G X Roads came 16 miles.

July 25th. Marched eight miles now two from Culpepper C. H.

July 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st. All quiet.
Saturday, Aug. 1st. Massed our division ½ mile North of C. C. H.

Aug. 2nd. Last night at 11 we moved back one mile and spent the night cooking rations. Late in the evening we marched through the edge of C. C. H. and now 1 mile North of that place.

Aug. 3d. We took up the line of march at 5 O'clock and came through Culpepper and by the battlefield of Cedar Run. Crossed Robertson's river. The weather is very warm.


Aug. 6th. Went on picket yesterday—relieved today.

Aug. 7th.

[End. Followed by blank pages.]

SUBSEQUENT movements of the 49th Regiment and Draughton Haynes' presence can be determined by military reports and the company muster rolls, helped out by passes which have survived among the family papers.
On January 23rd, 1864, he wrote to General Jubal Early and applied for a leave of 24 days to go to Georgia for the purpose of moving his mother and sisters from Washington County to a place he had purchased for them in Hancock County. By this move they would be better situated for supplying their needs of subsistance. The letter was endorsed on the back, first by the senior officer of his company, and then by the Colonel of the regiment, who added his plea that the leave be approved because of the urgency of the request. He stated that although Company I had no captain, and only two officers for duty, he would supply that company during Lieut. Haynes's absence with a man from a company which had more than three officers for duty. The leave was granted.

He was on sick leave for part of June and July, 1864, and again from the 10th of February 1865 until April 8th. He was on his way to join his regiment in Virginia when the surrender at Appomattox came.

*

Information from records in the National Archives, Washington, D.C.

Draughton Stith Haynes enlisted as private in Pierce Guards by A. J. Lane at Sparta, Georgia, 4 March, 1862.

Promoted 1st Sergeant 22 March, 1862 from private.

Promoted 2nd Lieutenant 4 October, 1862.

Promoted 1st Lieutenant 15 September, 1863.

Surrendered and paroled at Augusta, Georgia, 20 May, 1865.
A NOTE ON THE 49th GEORGIA REGIMENT, VOLUNTEER INFANTRY, C. S. A.

After organization and training at Camp Davis at Guyton, Georgia in March 1862, and additional training in North Carolina, the 49th Georgia (Companies A to K) was assigned to J. R. Anderson’s Brigade. When Anderson was ordered to Virginia in April the 49th Georgia because of sickness was left at Goldsboro, temporarily assigned to J. G. Walker’s Brigade. This brigade reached Richmond about May 25th, 1862, in time to take part in the Battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks) May 31st—June 1st. By Lee’s reorganization of the army, the 49th Georgia was reassigned to Anderson’s Brigade, A. P. Hill’s famous “Light Division,” fighting in the Seven Days’ Battles around Richmond. When Edward L. Thomas succeeded to the command of Anderson’s Brigade, the 49th Georgia remained in Thomas’ Brigade along with the 14th Georgia, the 35th Georgia, and the 45th Georgia until the surrender at Appomattox. Serving successively under division commanders Ambrose P. Hill, William D. Pender, and Cadmus M. Wilcox, the Brigade saw action in most of the important battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia from mid 1862 to 1865.

*
THE following is an account of a conversation I had with my father’s friend, Colonel Richard Lee Warthen, of Sandersville, Georgia many years after Draughton Haynes’ death. I was then about twenty-five years old.

Every summer Col. Warthen would visit in Atlanta and he always came in to see me and always had something interesting to tell me. On this particular morning he said, as I remember, “Did you read that recent article which told of the escape of Gen. John C. Breckinridge? If your father were alive he could have shown that the facts were different. The reason I know this is because of what I shall now tell you.

“When the surrender was announced we were all stunned as we had no idea such a thing would happen. There was a lieutenant like myself, a staff officer, with whom I had become very friendly, and when the news came and with it the ending of our day-to-day existence under pressure of war, our dilemma was, what do we do now? Naturally, I had become familiar with my friend’s circumstances: that he had no immediate family, his home in Kentucky
destroyed, and of course no slaves with which to pick up the pieces and to begin to farm again. I asked him to come home with me and stay as long as he liked while he made plans for the future. I had a good house and plenty of food as my place lay outside of the path of Sherman’s army.

“Soon after the surrender we had reached my home in Warthen, Georgia which, as you know, lies a few miles out of Sandersville on the road to Sparta. We had hardly been there any time when one day I heard someone calling from the road which passes close to my house. I went to the front door to see who it was and I found your father with a rather distinguished looking older man on horseback. We were just about to sit down to dinner, and I asked them to come right in and join us at the table. Your father replied, smiling ‘Lee, that’s just what we had planned, that we would get here in time for dinner,’ he continued, turning to the gentleman with him, ‘Col. — this is my friend, Lieut. Warthen.’

“We had dinner and afterwards your father asked me where there was a safe place to spend the night near Dublin. He said he had not been in Sandersville for a long time and did not remember very well anything about the Dublin section. I gave him the names of several families, the Aelines, Guytons, and others who could be trusted not to talk. Thanking me Draughton added, ‘We have a long way to go and we had better get started.’
"After their departure my friend the Kentucky officer said, 'Lee, do you know who that was with your friend Lieut. Haynes?' I said, 'Well no, only that Draughton introduced him as Col. ——.' Then he told me, 'That was Gen. John C. Breckinridge. As a courier I have carried him a hundred messages at least, and I know him as well as I know you.'

"I was not much surprised at this statement because I was sure something was up when Draughton had said, on dismounting, that he would tie the horses behind the house where they could not be seen by anyone passing on the road. From the way he spoke I knew that this was more than the usual precaution against roving Yankee troops who were not very particular how they commandeered fresh mounts.

"In about two weeks Draughton returned and stopped with me. He told me that the gentleman whom he had brought to my home was indeed Gen. Breckinridge, the Confederate Secretary of War, as my Kentucky friend had insisted. He said that they had ridden hard, stopping only to rest their horses and themselves in an effort to get beyond any Yankee horsemen who would be scouring the countryside after escaping Confederates. On reaching Florida safely, and leaving the General in the hands of friends, Draughton was returning home."

Col. Warthen did speak in more detail about the actual hap-
penings and where they differed from the article he had read; but I do not remember these, for this conversation took place over seventy years ago. However, that which I tell you I remember distinctly.

Later that day I told my aunt, Miss Maria Brooking Haynes, from Sandersville, who was visiting my mother and sisters at the time, what Col. Warthen had told me. I asked her if she knew anything about this adventure of my father and Gen. Breckinridge.

"Why, yes!" she said, "your father brought Gen. Breckinridge to our home near Sparta to rest, and his horse being exhausted, I gave the General my little riding mare 'Minnie' and he left his horse with me." When she told me this which bears out the story of Col. Warthen, my aunt was then about fifty years of age and in possession of all her faculties. She was born in 1844 and was twenty-one years old in 1865 when this incident occurred, and so I have every reason to believe that my aunt gave a faithful account of what happened.

The foregoing story, and my family's silence, is an interesting comment on the times immediately following the end of the war, in that this story was never talked about even inside the family circle. Had the Federal authorities learned that they had assisted Gen. Breckinridge to make his escape there is no doubt they would have suffered severe consequences. By the time it was safe to speak openly silence in my family about these events had become a habit, and I
might never have learned the story if Col. Warthen’s memory had not been prodded into sudden activity by the inaccuracies in an article which he had read.

It is known that Gen. Breckinridge was in the vicinity of the Savannah River on May 3rd and 4th, where he was attempting to protect the escape route of President Davis which lay from Abbeville, South Carolina through Washington, Georgia. In all likelihood, after making disposition of the troops, the General would have left that area on May 5th, and begun his hazardous journey of escape by traveling to Sparta, a distance of approximately 65 miles. He might have tried to make it in one day because of the urgency; the fact that his horse was exhausted does suggest that possibility. Gen. Breckinridge’s movements are obscure until he joined Draugh- ton Haynes in Sparta; he becomes again an object of speculation after leaving Col. Warthen until he reappears in Florida on the night of May 15, at the home of Judge Benjamin F. Wardlaw near Madison.

There is a legend that he came to Col. Lane’s home at Granite Hill near Sparta which is probably correct, for it was the logical place for Draughton Haynes to have met Gen. Breckinridge. There were close family ties between Draughton and his aunt and uncle, and he was often with them at Granite Hill. As to how Gen. Breckinridge found his way to Granite Hill is more speculation.
Col. Lane was prominent throughout that countryside, a staunch supporter of the Confederate cause, having himself raised a volunteer company, Pierce Guards, Company I, of the 49th Georgia Regiment, and as the colonel of that regiment he had been severely wounded at the Battle of Mechanicsville. His name was not unknown in Kentucky, for he maintained a good stable which was kept well stocked with Kentucky thoroughbreds. Rylander Toddhunter came with a drove of horses which his father brought from Kentucky to Hancock County before the war. Col. Lane was one of their best patrons. Young Toddhunter joined the Confederate army, and was badly wounded at Chickamauga September, 1863, and found his way to Col. Lane's at Granite Hill, and stayed there several months until he recuperated.

Following these conjectures of time, their dinner with Col. Warthen would have been about noon of May 6th, or the next day. The fact that Draughton Haynes surrendered in Augusta, May 20th, 1865, leaves him only 14 days to have made the trip to Florida and back to Augusta. It was possible.

My father's old friend Col. John T. Jordan told me this story of my father at Fredericksburg. Col. Jordan commanded the 49th Georgia in the last years of the war, but at the Battle of Fredericksburg he was then captain commanding Washington Guards, Co. C of the 49th Ga., and of an age with my father. He found my father
among the wounded, and asked, "Draughton, are you hurt badly?" And he had replied, "Well! I'll tell you, John. Some woman came very near losing a good husband."

Even when I was quite a small boy he often took me with him hunting in the nearby fields. He would set me upon a fence, then disappear among the bushes in the field, leaving me to wait in apprehension until he returned with a handful of birds, and lifted me down. When I grew older my grandfather sent me a gun no taller than I was, which had belonged to my uncle Edward Simpson when he too was a little boy. It was a muzzle-loader of course. My father taught me to handle a gun properly, and to shoot with some accuracy, but I could never equal that incredible natural skill which he possessed. Whenever I went out to shoot he insisted that I must always go alone.

The old wound which he received at the Battle of Fredericksburg continued to trouble him, but in spite of those extremely painful moments he remained always sweet-tempered and in command of himself, and was never provoked by the pain into showing irritation. The sound of his flute, as he played for our enjoyment while we sat upon the porch of a summer's evening, spoke only of a serene and cheerful spirit.

THE END