A Private in Gray

BY

THOMAS BENTON REED

Published by
T. B. REED, Camden, Ark.
1905
PREFACE.

This little volume contains the narrative of a private soldier who served in the Army of Northern Virginia during the war between the States from 1862 to 1865.

It enters a field heretofore unexplored by writers of this great war, whose attention has been mainly directed to the movements of large armies, and the strategy by which their operations were directed. The writer of this modest little book has endeavored to give only the experience of a private soldier, as he stood in the ranks with his comrades, and for three long years bore the fortunes of the Confederacy on the muzzles of their guns.

It is hoped a generous public will appreciate the motives that have prompted its author to send it out into the world as an applicant for patronage and support.
CHAPTER I.

My name is Thomas Benton Reed. I was born in the State of Alabama, Blunt county, in the town of Bluntville, in the year of our Lord 1838, on Aug. 17th. My father moved from there to Texas in the year 1842. He remained there six months, and, after forting up twice from the Indians, moved to Louisiana and settled on a creek called "Half Way," because this creek was just half way between Monroe and Natchitoches, and this settlement was made on the old San Antone, or military, road, which was the first road cut through that part of the State.

And right here, at my father's camp, something happened, which is the first thing I remember.

It was this wise: Father had built his camp on the creek. One day he and mother and some of the children were gone some half mile away, where they were building a house; but before this, father had killed a beef and had left the beef's head near the camp, and three wolves came and carried off that beef head. I never will forget how scared I was. My oldest sister was there. I remember very well how she stored my little sister and myself away in the camp, and how she got a big stick and stood in front of the camp and kept the wolves off of us. I remember that two of them were black and one was yellow. I will pass on now.

As a boy who is raised away back in a rural district does not see much, nor know much nor ever gets but a slight education, there is very little to tell. I will say that I grew up healthy and strong, with a good constitution, and before I was 21 years old married Miss Elizabeth Amanda Hart—
in A. D. 1859, on July the 6th, and in June, 1860, our first son was born.

Time sped on, and in 1861 that cruel war broke out between the States, and the whole country was thrown into a state of excitement and turmoil. All of the young men, and especially the poor young men, were enlisting and going to the front. My two elder brothers enlisted in 1861 and were assigned to the Army of Northern Virginian, and in January or February, 1862, a number of their company re-enlisted and came home on furlough. I was very anxious to go and be a soldier boy, still I did not know how I could leave my wife and baby.

Some time in February or early in March, in 1862, I went to Vernon, the Parish site of Jackson parish, Louisiana, an an officer of my brothers' company was there drumming up volunteers, and I went forward and joined the company—for three years, or during the war. The officer in charge gave orders to meet him there on the 13th of March to start to Virginia, and I only had six or eight days to stay with my wife and sweet baby and to go and tell mother and father, sisters and brothers "good-bye," and to make all my preparations. The war by this time had become a very serious matter, and you have no idea how I mourned and grieved over the rash step I had taken, and often I went behind the house and kicked myself. But time rolled on and the day came when I must bid them all "good-bye," with ninety-nine chances to one that I never would see them again. Now smile, you that never went through such an ordeal.

Well, when I left home I had clothes enough to load two men. My father-in-law had a butcher-knife about two feet long and weighing about one and a half pounds. I took the knife with me, with which I was going to chop Yankees into sausage-meat. We started. The old men went as far
as Monroe with us. Uncle Penn Quarles was in the crowd. He had a son who went out in 1861 and died. Poor, old man! I can never forget how he talked to me. I will not repeat his curse words, but he said:

"Poor Harlin! he is gone; I never will see Harlin again. Now Steve's agoing—yes, Steve, my hog hunter; I will never see Steve again."

But he did see Steve again, for Steve got back home without a scratch.

Well, we got to Monroe and stopped all night. A good many of us stayed at the depot. I lay on a bare board outside of the house, but could not go to sleep till late. I don't know how long I had been asleep when some one woke me up trying to pull the shoes off of my feet. I got my big knife, which was handy, but, alas! he was gone. I did not sleep any more that night. Before I left home I thought all men were strictly honest, but before I came back home I thought those that were honest were very few and only one in a hill.

Well, next we boarded the train for Vicksburg. We went from Vicksburg to Jackson, Miss., and from there to West Point. Here we had to lay over two or three days—I never did know why—but finally we started and ran up to Huntsville, Ala., and got there about 8 o'clock in the morning. Some one came in the train where I was and said we would all be taken prisoners—that the Yankees were in possession of the town. So we began to look wild. Some said let us fight them; others said we have no guns to fight with; and the Major in charge said for us to take care of ourselves. My brother-in-law, Lib Bonnard, and myself, decided we could make our escape. We looked out and saw three or four Yankee cavalrymen, which were the first wild Yankees that I had ever seen. How I wanted to chop them fellows
with my big knife, but I could not. Then we decided to
retreat. We went from one coach to another till we came
to the rear. There we left the train and got into a back
alley, and soon found this was fenced up, so we had to open a
gate, which was quickly done. We passed through two or
three gates, and lo and behold! here came a terrible great
big bull dog right at us—bow-wow! here he came—so we got
our forces together and charged him. We had no idea of
going to a Yankee prison. Just as we thought we would
have to retreat the good lady of the house came out and
stopped the dog and we told her why we were in there.
She was very much surprised when we told her of the Yan-
kees being in town. Then she showed us how to get out of
town, and away we went—I believe in a southwesterly direc-
tion. Anyway we got into a field and came to a bodock
hedge-fence, which we could not cross, but finally came to a
gate through the hedge. So we passed on. Next came to
a creek, which looked deep and wide.

Jack said to us: “Now what will we do?”

Lib says: “Wade it.” So in we went.

After crossing the creek we went on until we came to
a farm-house. On going to the house we were halted by a
negro guard, who asked us who we were. We told him, and
he led us to the house and we were received very kindly by
the man of the house. He ordered breakfast for us, and
while we were eating he put out more guards, and when we
were ready to go he carried us over a by-way to the rail-
road which we had just come over. Then we bid him “Good-
bye” and we counted railroad ties the rest of the day, and
oh, how sore my feet did get before we came to a town called
Gunterlanding. While crossing Swan Lake bridge we saw
a lot of men preparing to burn the railroad bridges. We
got supper and went to bed, but told the landlord to wake
us up in time to catch the train which was to go out at 4 o'clock in the morning. Well, we got off at about 6 o'clock, and finally worked our way back to Corinth, Miss. We stayed here two or three days, finally deciding to go to Virginia by way of Mobile, Ala. We started and got down near Enterprise, Miss., when the train jumped the track and ran some distance on the cross-ties. The box-car that I was in was next to the tender, and besides myself there were three or four live men, a horse and a dead man—killed at the Corinth fight. Well, of all the bouncing and bumping and rough riding I ever experienced this was the worst. Finally I got to the car-door and jumped off of the train. I struck the ground on my left shoulder and rolled down the embankment twenty or thirty feet, and when I got on my feet the train had stopped and I ran as fast as I could to see about my comrades. Jack and Lib were pretty well bruised up, the dead man was churned up considerably, and the horse had one leg broken. At the time I did not think I was hurt, but after the excitement was over I found that my shoulder was pretty badly hurt. Several others were also pretty badly hurt. Well, after some delay we run down to Enterprise, and had to lay over there until late that evening. The news of the train wreck reached there before we did, and the ladies, God bless them, were there with well-filled baskets issuing grub to the sick and wounded soldiers. My party was as hungry as could be, and when the ladies came they would ask us:

"Are you sick or wounded?"

We would say: "No, mam."

Still, we were hungry, so finally Lib said to me:

"Tom, why don't you put your arm in a sling and get something to eat?"
I said: "Oh! you don't think I would do such a thing as that; I have been in no battle."

"Yes, but you are as hungry as a wolf?"

So we discussed the situation, and finally I got out my yellow bandanna handkerchief and put my arm in a sling and sat down to await the result. Presently some ladies came along, and one of them said to me:

"Are you wounded, sir?"

I said: "No, man; I got a little hurt in the train wreck, but nothing serious."

She said: "Well, you are a soldier; come and have something to eat."

I said: "No, thank you; go and feed those who are needing it worse than I am."

Another one of them spoke up and said:

"No! Come and have something—there will be plenty for all."

So after a little more talking I went, and they began to pile out the grub—boiled ham, fried and stewed chicken, bakers' bread, cakes, pies and custards. Oh! such a feast as I was having, while Jack and Lib were sitting back a little ways starving. After awhile one of the ladies said to Jack and Lib:

"Come, gentlemen, and have something to eat."

They were very glad of the invitation, but both said:

"No, thank you; we are not hungry."

Then one of the ladies asked:

"Where are you from?"

Lib said: "Louisiana and we are going to Virginia."

Lib could spread it on pretty thick, anyway. By this time all the ladies began to insist on him eating, and it was not long till Jack and Lib were devouring that grub in earnest.
After the feast we got a train for Mobile, Ala., stayed there a day and night, crossed the bay and went through part of the State of Florida, and on until we got to the City of Richmond, Va., in early morning. Jack and I began to look for our breakfast and found a restaurant. Jack says:

"Tom, let us have oysters battered and fried."

I agreed, and we ordered oysters for two. When the waiter came with mine I began to eat, but the second bite I took began to grow in my mouth, so I threw it out and said:

"Here, Jack! do you want this?"

"Why," said he, "yes; don't you want it?"

I told him "No." We finished our breakfast, took the train for Stanton, and when we got there our regiment was not far away. We reported to an officer and drew our guns and ammunition. Now, we were near a whole lot of trouble. After inquiring where the 9th Louisiana Regiment of Infantry was we lit out to find it, and it was not long before we were shaking hands with our brothers, old friends and playmates, and I thought they were the smuttiest, dirtiest set of boys I had ever laid eyes on. Well, I thought, I will never go in that style I am sure. But how shortsighted we all are. It is like the preacher told me in after years—we don't know where we have started.
CHAPTER II.

Well, this was the 24th day of April, 1862, a bright, warm evening. We got supper, and after roll-call we lay on our miserable pallets and talked till a late hour. Next morning the drum awoke me, and as I threw off my covering the snow fell in my face and around my neck, until I was nearly frozen. We got up and answered roll-call, and we had no fire, nor wood to build a fire with. I said:

"Boys, what will we do for wood to start a fire with?"

My oldest brother said: "You come with me and we will get some wood."

We went down near the Rapidan River, where there had been a plank fence, but the boys had pulled off the boards and taken most of the posts, and we pulled up two posts and started back to camp. We had to pass one of the regimental guards, and just as my brother got opposite him the guard said:

"Halt there! Throw down that post." And then, "Corporal of the guard, post number six," he called three times.

My brother says to the guard: "What in the dod-rot! does that mean?"

The guard says: "For disobeying orders."
Brother says: "What orders?"
The guard says: "For pulling up them posts."
Brother says: "We had no orders to that effect."

Presently the Corporal came, and the guard says: "Take these men to the guard-house."
The Corporal says: "What have they been guilty of?"
A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

The guard says: "Pulling up those posts," pointing at them.
Said Brother to the Corporal: "We had no such orders."
The Corporal says: "Move on, boys, to the guard-house."
I was scared badly. I said low to my brother:
"What will they do with us?" I was being initiated faster than I expected.
Brother said: "I don't know. We will soon find out."
On we went to the river bridge, which was covered, and in the end of the bridge was the guard-house. When we got there the officer of the day walked out to meet us. He was a tall, well-dressed man, and wore a red thing around his shoulders and waist, which, my brother told me, was a sash to designate his office that day. I learned all about it in after days, but it was new to me then. The officer said to the Corporal:
"Who have you got there?"
Said the Corporal:
"Two men of Company A."
"Well, what have they been doing?"
"Well, orders were given out this morning not to take up those posts down there, and while they were passing the guard caught them and sent them up here."
Said the officer to us: "Did you get such orders?"
Brother said: "No, sir! We had no such orders, and just before we came to the guard which stopped us we saw two or three men pass with posts on their shoulders."
Said the officer: "If I let you off, will you be caught again?"
Brother said: "No, sir!"
"Well, go back to your quarters and don't let us catch you again."
Now, you don't know how glad I was, but while they were talking I saw a man walking around and around in a circle with a dead hog on his shoulder, nicely cleaned. Around and around he would go. I said:

"Brother, why is that man carrying that hog in that way? Why don't he take it to his camp and take care of it?"

"Oh," said brother, "he is like we were just now—he was caught."

"Well," said I, "how long will they make him carry that hog? Oh, what a terrible thing it is to carry that hog!"

Brother said: "He ought not to have let them fellows catch him."

"Well," said I, "after they get through punishing him what will they do with the hog? Will they let him have it?"

Brother said: "No, they will throw it in the river."

"Well," said I, "I don't want our folks at home to hear of us going to the guard-house."

By this time we had gotten back to camp, and the boys asked us where we had been. We told them of our adventures, and brother told them about the hog. How they did laugh at me, and said: "You will soon get your 'comb cut."

We stayed a few days here, when marching orders came, and we lit out across the Blue Ridge mountains. It was not long until we reached the foot of the mountains and began to ascend. Up, up, the road went, in a circle around deep ravines; up, up we went until about 10 o'clock, when a cloud came along. It was one of those spring clouds with lots of lightning and thunder. Well, it seemed to drag along through the trees, on the ground and everywhere. Up, up we went! Then the cloud encircled us and things were as dark as could be, and when the thunder would crash and roar the boys would moan and groan. As for myself, I was scared almost to death. I could smell something like sulphur
and I lost the road and got down into a jungle of brush and vines and got stuck fast, and how I did yell and bawl for help; but no help came. It seemed like an age, but the cloud finally passed away and the bright sun shone out again. Then I soon found the road, and it was not long until I caught up with my company. When we reached the top of the mountain it was perfectly clear and bright; no rain had fallen up there, but we were all as wet as we could be. On we went, however, and soon began to make a descent down the west side of the mountain, and about nightfall we reached the plains below and struck camp near a graveyard. Here we stayed several days. The whooping-cough, mumps and measles had gotten into our camp. So, one evening, I was feeling awful mean and bad, and when the time came to go to the doctor's office I went with the rest of the sick boys, and when my turn came the doctor said to me:

"Well, what is the matter with you?"

I told him I did not know, that my eyes were all mattered up, my head ached and that my relish and taste were all gone. What do you think he gave me? Some eye salve—yes! that is what he done—and told me how to apply it. We had no tents, so we cut down saplings and made what we called a bivouac. This was made about two feet high at the back and about five feet in front. Under this we would put what we had, spread our blankets out on the ground and stretch out our weary selves on these pallets and think of home and dear ones there. So this night we did, and after some time I went to sleep. Next morning I felt so very bad I told my brothers to answer roll-call for me. They did so, and when they got breakfast done they called me to come and eat something, but I could not, so my oldest brother crawled back to where I was lying and pulled down
the blanket and looked at me. Then he called and said:

"Oh, yes; Tom has got a good case of measles."

So they went for the doctor, and when he came he said:

"He has a good case of measles."

That morning they were sending off a lot of the sick boys, and they took me along with the others, and when they got us packed like sardines we rolled back over the same mountain road to a little town called Hedgesville. We got there late that evening and they carried a lot of us and put us in the second story of a frame building. Our bedding was of wheat or oat straw, piled all over the floor, I would say twelve inches thick. On this floor we were placed, heads to the walls and feet to the center. In the room were measles, mumps and whooping-cough, and you can have some idea how we were situated next morning. The boys would cough, hough and spit just anywhere, and by 10 o'clock that straw was in a mess. That same evening they separated us. I was carried to a church house. But let me go back to this frame house. Some time that morning I got up and looked out the west window. I could see the Blue Ridge mountains, with their snow-clad peaks, that I so lately crossed. The wind was blowing off these snow-clad peaks pretty cool and brisk. This was the first days of May, 1862, and there was no sign of vegetation—the trees, the fields, and everything were bare. As I looked and thought of home, wife, baby, friends, the young corn I plowed out just before I left home—all these things came up before my vision. While thinking over these things my eyes caught sight of a nice little stream of water rippling along down the mountain. I said to myself: "I will go down there and take a good wash," for my eyes were all mattered and I thought that a good wash would make me feel better. So downstairs I went, climbed over two or three ricketty fences
and was at the water's edge, bathing my face and hands. It was a grand treat. As I said, they took me to a church house. The church used those old-style box seats. They had taken two of these, turned the fronts together and made a bed for one man. Into one of these they placed me. This was, I think, on Tuesday, and on Thursday morning, when the doctor came around, he said:

"Well, Louisiana, how are you feeling?"

I said "Very well." And then: "Doctor, do you people up here ever wash your hands and faces?"

Said he: "Oh, yes. Why?"

Said I: "Why, I have been with you two or three days and you haven't even offered me a basin of water."

Said he: "What are you talking about? Who ever heard of a man with the measles washing his face? Why, man, it would kill you."

I said: "Oh, no, it will do no such a thing."

"But," said he, "I tell you it will kill you. How do you know it won't hurt you?"

"Why," I said, "I have tried it."

Then I told him all about washing in the cold branch water and that it did not hurt me; that on the contrary, it did me good. Then he made a great to-do over my experience; he ordered the nurse to bring me a basin of warm water and when I had taken a bath I felt much better.

Well, while I lay there they carried the poor fellows to the cemetery, but I improved right along and in six or eight days I was on my pegs again. But while I was in this hospital I kept feeling something crawling on me, and one day I thought I would examine and see what it was. So I took off my under-shirt—it was a knit woolen under-shirt—and to my great consternation I found five or six body-lice inside of my shirt. You ask: "What did you do?"
Well, right then I came very near committing suicide, for I took that shirt and pitched it out of the window, and it was all the woolen shirt that I had, and I took cold and relapsed and lost my speech, and oh! how I did suffer for that rash act. Now I had to stay here, how long I did not know. Finally the doctor sent me to Lynchburg, Va., and soon after I got there I took erysipelas in my left ear. I remember telling my uncle about it, and the next thing I remember was a man dying right close to me. The nurse said it had been ten days since I had noticed anything, but he said in my ravings I had been home two or three times. He told me a whole lot I had done and said. Well, in a week or so I had gotten pretty stout, but my hair began to drop off of my head and in a few days I was completely bald-headed. In a week or so there arose an abscess on the top of my head, and in a few days I could not rest day nor night, lying down or sitting up; in fact, the most ease I could get was walking the floor, and then I was in great pain. Well, it continued this way for several days, and every time the doctor would come around I would ask him to do something for me, and he would thump and beat on my head till it would hurt me so that I could hardly stand it. One morning he came in, and after he thumped on my head I said:

"Doctor, why don't you cut that place open?"

"Oh," said he, "it won't do to cut that place;" but he told the nurse to shave the place clean and put mush poultices on it, and when one began to get dry to put another one on. This was kept up all day. Late that evening the doctor came in again and said to me:

"How are you feeling?"

I said: "When are you going to cut this place on my head?"
A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

"Oh," he said, "it will not do."

So we quarreled about it a while, and presently he came back, followed by two other doctors. They beat and thumped upon my poor head till I thought they would kill me and then went into the doctor's private office and held a consultation, and after a while the doctor came in and I began again to try to get him to open that abscess, but he said it would not do. I still urged him to open it; so finally he said, as he started to his office:

"I will open it, but it will kill you."

Presently he came in with his instruments, and he told the nurse to take hold of me, one hand on each of my shoulders, in front, and he got behind me with his instruments in his right hand and with his left hand upon my forehead he drew me up against his breast; then he split that abscess and I fainted and fell over. The nurse told me when the doctor cut it open it spurted up in his face and shirt-bosom and ran something like a half of a pint without any pressing on it, and before it had quit running I was sound asleep. They pulled me around on my bunk and I slept on. In about two hours the doctor came back to see how I was. After he got me awake, he asked how I was, and I told him to get out! that I had not slept any in a week or two and it was all on his account, and to get out! He then pulled the lint out of the wound he had made and the place ran some more, and I went back to sleep again, and slept all night, which was the first good sleep I had had for nearly two weeks. I improved right along for ten or fifteen days, when the nurse let the wound grow up and the place rose again, and then I suffered again and had a hard time getting the doctor to open it again, but finally he lanced it and I began to get better, until I was able to go around. While I was insensible some one took all the
money I had, which was not much, yet I needed it in my business, and began to want this, that and the other thing. Buttermilk is what I wanted worst, so when, in prowling around, I saw a lady milking her cow, I asked her if she could give me some buttermilk. She told me she could, and filled my canteen. Then I told her I had no money; that while I was sick some one took my money. She then said:

"You come back every morning while you are here and I will give you milk."

So I went every morning and got milk and she told me of her ups and downs and I told her of myself and where I lived. She said I never would get home; that it was so far away. It seemed so to her. After I got strong enough to get about pretty well the officers began to look around for a place to send me, for I was in their way. So, one morning, they gave me a pass to White Sulphur Springs, which is in Virginia. That night we were hustled off of the train like so many sheep and stored away in our quarters, which were very clean and nice. This hospital was kept by the Sisters of Charity, who were Catholics, and they were nice beyond reason. The cooking was done by negroes, and some mornings they would call us to breakfast and as soon as we got in the dining-room we could smell the spoilt beef. Then, if you had been there, you could have heard a howl worth listening to. I don't think those Sisters had charge of the cooking.

Well, I kept on improving, and when I got tired of walking around I would go to my room and lie down on the bed on top of the covering. One day I laid down and did not turn down the cover, and was resting very nicely when I heard a noise at the door. I looked, and there was one of those Sisters standing there. She said to me:
"Just get right up from there and take off your clothes and get under that cover right now."

I said: "Why, madam? I just thought I would lie down for a few minutes."

Said she: "It does not matter what you thought; do what I say, and do it now."

"Why," said I, "are you in command at this post?"

She said: "If you don't do what I say I will have you arrested. Now! not another word from you!"

By this time she was as hot as pepper and away she went, so I decided to take a stroll, and when I came back the coast was clear. But I did not lie down on top of the cover any more.
CHAPTER III.

So time passed on, and one morning I decided I would forage some and see if I could improve my breakfast. I went up the little creek, that ran down between two mountains, about a mile, and found a house, which was occupied by a family of farmers. Well, this house was built in the side of the mountain out of poplar logs, and I did not think there was anything to eat there for the family, much less for a hungry soldier. Then I thought I would go and inquire for some place where I could get something. So I went and asked the good lady about her neighbors. She said yes, she had plenty of neighbors; what did I want? I told her I wanted buttermilk, butter and some baker's bread; that the fare at the hospital did not suit me and I wanted a change. She said she could supply me with all I wanted, and I told her all right. So she invited me to stay until after dinner and I readily accepted the invitation. She set a very nice dinner for me, and when I was fixing to leave she invited me to come back again, and I did visit her quite often. One day I went there she said to me:

“Next Sunday I am going to set a good dinner and I want you and five or six of your friends to come and take dinner with me. Now, listen! I am going to charge you all twenty-five cents each for your dinner, but come on, we will have a nice time.”

So Sunday morning came and I got five of my chums and went up, and such a dinner as we sat down to! I don't think I ever saw any finer table in all of my life. And how we boys did enjoy that dinner. Well, I kept on visiting
this family as long as I stayed at the hospital, and the lady asked me all about Louisiana and about the sugar farms, and how we made sugar and molasses, and all about them, and I never had seen a sugar farm in my life. I knew they would never know any better. Did you ever sit down and think of how treacherous the human family is? I have.

One morning at the hospital I gave out my clothes to be washed; in fact, I carried them to the wash-house and had some trouble with one of those Sisters, and when I got back to my quarters the doctor was there and was sending some of the men to camps. So I asked him to let me go, telling him that I thought I was able to go.

"Well," said he, "I don't think you are; but if you want to go, I will send you. You want to be ready at——" (naming the hour). So I began to hustle around to get ready, and there were my clothes in the wash-house. I went over to get them, and when I walked in there sat one of the Sisters, way at the back of the house. Said she:

"Here you are again. What do you want now?"

I said: "I want my clothes."

She said: "You must be the biggest fool I ever saw. Do you think your clothes could be washed this soon?"

I said: "No, mam! I am going to my regiment and I want my clothes."

She said: "You can't get them now."

Said I: "We will see. Where did you put them?"

and I began to look for them. So she raised a howl and called for the doctor, and when he came he had her get my clothes and told her not to interfere with his business again.

Well, pretty soon we were on the train, on our way back to Lynchburg, Va., and I stopped off and went to see my old hospital chums and found them all well—I mean the
officers. Next day I went to my regiment and found my brothers well, but run almost to death, for Stone-Wall Jackson was doing some extra hard marching and fighting, and I soon found I was not equal to the task, for I was not as stout as I thought I was when I was getting my clothes from the dear old Sister at the hospital. So I drug around and tried to keep up, and would fail every day. The boys, at night around the camp, would tell of their experience in the different engagements; I had nothing to tell but a hospital experience, and some of the meaner ones said I was a hospital rat. Then I would up and want to fight them, and oh! how they did tease me. We would almost hitch up, then they would back down and laugh at me, and that would make me madder than ever. So they had lots of fun at my expense, but I soon learned that they were having their fun.

Well, we got orders to cook up three days' rations, and the Captain told me I had better go and join the wagon train, as I could not keep up with the command. He gave me a pass, and next morning I went to the wagon train. I knew one man who drove a team, by the name of James Bryant, so I went to him, thinking he was my friend. He says:

"Yes, that is right."

So I lolled around there that day. That night Jim Bryant and some more of the boys went out and stole a lot of honey and I was left at the camp without anything to sleep on but one blanket. I went to sleep and some time that night they came in with some honey, and there I was sound asleep; so they put a lot of bees in my clothes and I guess they soon waked me up—at least, I got up without any help, and I roared and howled and wanted to whip the man or men that had treated me so, but no one knew
anything about it. So I howled and howled until I kinder cooled off, when they offered me some honey. I told them I would not eat their honey to save their lives, and you ought to have heard them fools laugh. Well, I did not sleep any more that night, and next morning I decided to make a gang of my own, and when I was ready Jim said to me:

"Tom, where are you going?"

I told him it was none of his business, and off I went, not knowing where to go. After walking two or three miles I came to a farm-house and a small store, and I walked up and the man asked me a lot of questions. I told him I was a southern soldier; that I had been sick and could not keep up with my command.

"Well," said he, "you just stop with me until you get able to do service."

So I stopped with this patriotic old gentleman for a week or more. About noon of the first day the baby girl, who was about sixteen years old, came down to the store-house and invited me up to the house for dinner. We went up together, and you don't know how small I felt in company with that sweet little girl, she clean and nice and me dressed in dirt and rags; but after I took a bath we went to dinner. The madam had me to sit by her and helped me to all that was good. The Federal army had been camped around them for some time, and that was why they were so happy. After dinner I lolled around until supper came on, and the madam had me sit by her again, and while we were eating supper she asked me if I had any extra clothes. I told her all I had were those I had on.

"Well," said she, "I will get you some clothes. What room would you prefer to sleep in?"

I told her to let me sleep out in the yard; that would suit me; that I was used to such fare, but she said she
would not allow that. Then she told me of her different and pleasant rooms and said she had one nice room in the basement, so I told her that room would suit me. When bed-time came on she saw me to my room and gave orders to a negro boy to see after my welfare. She then sent down a full outfit of nice clean clothes, and that boy soon brought in a tub of warm water, and just such a scrubbing as I did get that night—it made me think of my poor old mother, when she used to scrub and spank me. Next morning I came up all dressed in a suit of yellow linen. While I stayed with these good people the girls and I—for there were four of those nice girls—read, sung songs and walked, and had a good time generally. After I was there eight or ten days I thought I was able to stand camp life again, so I told them that I must go, and they all protested against my going. This old gentleman had everything of this world’s goods, it seemed to me, that heart could wish. He told me that the farm he lived on was settled by his grandfather, then his father heired it, then when his father died he fell heir to the estate, and said he:

“I never was as far from this place as to Richmond, which is eighty miles.”

Don’t you know he was happy? While I was there he took me down in his cellar and showed me his wines, brandies and whiskies. Said he:

“I have about five hundred gallons altogether,” and, pointing to one half barrel, continued: “That is peach brandy that has been there for twenty-two years. Did you ever drink any that old?”

I told him that I had never seen any brandy that old, much less to drink of it.

“Well,” said he, “I will draw some and we will try it.” He did so, and I tell you it was so good I could hardly bite
it off. So I parted with that good family and never did get to see them any more, and, worse than all, I can not remember their names.

When I got back to my command the second battle of Manassas had been fought, and in that miserable, hard struggle my oldest brother fell. He was wounded in three places before he gave up. Brother Green buried him the best he could in war times. Up to this time I had never been in an engagement, and I have not got any dates. I write now from recollection, but later on I can give dates.

So time passed on, and winter came on and wound up that year's campaign, and we went into winter quarters on a rich old man's land and we burned nearly all of the old man's rails. Wood got very scarce at this camp, and we moved to a mill pond, where there was lots of good wood, and we were having a nice time for camp life. As I said, winter was on, and the snow had fallen about six inches deep and there came an order to detail two men from each company to go and split rails for this old scoundrel, and I was one and Tom Torrence was the other of our company that were detailed to go and split rails. So, with Captain Pearson in charge of the detail—about eighty men—off we went and soon after we started it commenced raining, for it was warm, and the rain soon got the snow in a slush, and when we got over there our feet were wet and cold, but the Captain gave us our task. It was four rails to the man. Tom and I each had an axe and we soon had four of our eight rails made, when we decided it was too cold to make rails, and went to the fire where the Captain was. We told him it was too cold to be out there and we thought he ought to let us go to our quarters. The Captain was one of those good-natured fellows.

"Well," said he, "I think so myself." So he ordered
us back to camp. By this time there was such a dense fog that you could not see anything twenty yards, and Tom and I soon got away from the other men, and, as we called it, were off sounding. We did not get far before we found a bunch of sheep. Tom soon caught one, but it was too poor to eat and we turned it loose and went on. Our feet were not cold now. Presently we saw a bunch of as nice, white, fat pigs as you are likely to see. They were in the road and there was a fence by the road. Tom says:

"One of them will do."

I said: "All right. I will stand here and you drive them by and I will get one."

So Tom drove them pigs past me—I am ashamed of it now—and I threw my axe at them, and down came one of them and Tom on it and stuck his knife in its throat, and we carried it off in the bushes and hid it. Just up the road, on top of the hill, was a farm-house, where, I guess, lived the owner of the pig that we had killed. Our feet were very cold now, so up to the house we went, and called for dinner. The good woman told us that the soldiers had about taken everything that they had to live on. Then Tom and I put in and demeaned the soldiers and told how mean some of them were, so she and the girls fixed a very nice dinner, and we paid her and started to camp. But we did not forget our little white pig. When we got to where we left it I took off my overcoat and slung it over my shoulder, then put on my coat again, which hid the pig. In this way we carried it to camp in daylight.
CHAPTER IV.

This was the winter of 1862-1863. When spring-time came both armies were camped on the Potomac River, and on April 29th, 1863, the long roll woke us from our slumbers, and in great haste and confusion we fell into ranks, not knowing what was up, for this was the first time we had ever been called up by the long roll, and were marched to our rifle pits. Company A, to which I belonged, was sent out on the skirmish line. We went down the river and crossed an old field and went into the woods near the river and were deployed and stationed about fifty yards apart. We had not been there long until a company of Federals came out of the woods on our left, and the first thing we knew they were spitting away at us and had us flanked, so that there was nothing for us to do but fall back, and we did fall back in a hurry. In this skirmish we had one man wounded. His name was Lit Butler. He was shot in the heel and I don't think he ever got over it.

Well, we got back to our rifle pits and lay in the ditches all night. Thursday, the 30th, we lay in line of battle all day waiting for the enemy to charge us, but they did not come. That evening we had a terrible artillery duel, but it did not amount to much; we were still in line of battle. May 1st we were still in the ditches till late in the evening, when Company A went on picket again. May 2nd we were relieved and sent up to Marie's Heights, and Company A was sent on picket, was called in, and then sent to Hamilton's crossing; was on the move all day long and lay on our arms that night. Sunday, May 3rd, we were
ordered to Falmouth's Heights. The Federals got on our flank, and we fell back three or four miles and lay in line of battle all night. May 4th we moved early in the morning, formed a line of battle and in the evening charged the Yankees, who were in line of battle on the railroad, and drove them helter-skelter for about a mile. This was the first general engagement that I was ever in. We were going through a piece of woods and I stopped to load my gun. The Yankees were shelling us and the shells were bursting and pounding in those large tree tops, and just as I got my gun loaded a piece of shell struck a man just in front of me and tore his head all in pieces and his blood and brains spattered all over me. This caused me to think where I was. So on I went, and somehow I got by myself, and in going through a very thick piece of woods and underbrush I run upon three Yankees, who were lying on the ground. I said:

"Surrender!"

One of them said: "We have."

"Then off with them cartridge-boxes and get to the rear," said I.

So back we went, and after we got out of the woods in the field the minnie balls were flying around us, and I said:

"Move up there; let us get over the hill."

One of them said: "I won't go any faster," but the other two moved up pretty brisk, so that me and old slow were getting behind. I told him again to move up faster, but he said he could not, so I just pricked him with my bayonet and then he could move. This man was an old regular; he belonged to the 20th New York. The second man said he belonged to the 87th Pennsylvania. He said:
"Twenty days ago I landed in New York, and now I am a prisoner of war."

I don’t know what state the third man was from. I took them back to where our boys had corralled a lot more of those fellows and turned them over to the officer of the guard, and when I found my company it had fallen back and formed on the railroad, where we had charged the Yankees. When I came up my first thought was of my brother. I asked for him, but no one had seen him since the engagement, and I went through the regiment and could hear nothing of him, so I came back to the company, and Lib Bonnard had just come in, and I said:

"Lib, have you seen Green?"

He said: "Yes! He is dead. I saw him fall and ran to him and saw he was dead. Then I thought I would carry him back under the hill, but the Yankees had rallied and were charging us; I looked up and down our line and saw all of our boys had gone, and as I was the only man left the Yankees were hailing their lead all around me, so I just got away from there."

"Lib," said I, "let us go back and get him?"

Said Lib: "Tom, we can’t get to him; the Yankee line is formed on this side of where Green is, so it will be impossible to get to him tonight, but we will have him tomorrow."

With this assurance I had to wait, and oh! such a night as this one was. I had come to Virginia to be with my brothers and now they were both dead. One was buried and the other—oh! the horrors of war!—was lying dead beyond the enemy’s line. Day came at last and we—I mean Company A—was sent out to feel for the enemy, but he was gone, and after some time we found he had crossed the Potomac River and was stationed at his old place. After
all of this I got permission to go and see after my poor brother, so myself and L. B. Bonnard went and found him, just where my friend Bonnard had seen him fall. The ball had pierced his right cheek, just under his right eye, and had come out at the back of his head. I suppose when the ball struck him he threw his right hand up to his face and held his gun in his left hand—at least this is the way he was lying when we found him. It seemed that he had not made a struggle. Oh! my poor brother! Oh! the horrors of war!! The immense cruelty, the barbarity, there is in war. Then talk to me about a Christian nation, or even a civilized nation, going into war. It is all done to please the rich man. Said I:

"Lib, what will we do? We have nothing to bury him in. What will we do?"

Lib said: "Tom, sit down and let me talk to you."

I sat down and he said: "Tom, we are not at home now and we will have to make the best of it we can. All we can do is to dig a hole and lay him in it. It seems hard, I know, to put him away like that, but that is all that can be done for him now, and we had better get about it, for we don't know what may happen soon."

I told him to go ahead, and we selected a place nearby, on a little rise of the ground. On this rise was a cedar tree. Lib dug the grave, for he would not let me help him, and after the grave was ready, we rolled him up in his blanket and laid him away. I cut his name on the cedar tree that stood nearby, and I have never seen the place since. After we got through with my brother there was such a heavy rain we did not get to our company that night.

On Wednesday, the 6th of May, we returned and found our regiment at Hamilton's Heights, behind our old breastworks. Here we stayed for the night. The Federals were
settled down on the north bank of the river and we were occupying our old position. In this hard struggle there were a whole lot of good men slain, and among them Gen. J. T. Jackson, who was a very able man and a man whom most of his men liked.

Next day we went back to our old camp-ground, where we had been all winter, and had our same picket-post.

Saturday, May 9th, I wrote two letters, one to my father and one to my sister.

This was the most trying time of my life. Up to this time we Louisiana soldiers were two thousand miles from home and the Yankees had possession of the Mississippi River and all communication was cut off, and we had little hope of ever seeing home and loved ones any more. But in this sad and trying condition we were the boys, who, when called on, were always at our post ready to do our duty.
CHAPTER V.

Time passed on and we only had our picket duty to do, and to show you how unrighteous this and every other war is: We were on the south bank and the Federals on the north bank of the river, and we could talk to each other, and sometimes some of us would swim across the river and talk to the man on post duty over there, and exchange newspapers and tobacco for coffee, and were as friendly as men could be. Then we would be hurled into battle and would take all the pains necessary to kill what was termed our enemy. Oh! the cruelties of war! Well, on Sunday, the 17th of May, Dr. Lacy preached the funeral of Gen. J. T. Jackson. His text was: "I have fought a good fight, have finished my course," etc.

Wednesday, June 3rd.—We are still on picket; no fishing allowed. We had very strict orders and we knew that something would happen soon.

June 4th.—Sure enough, at 10 o'clock tonight we cooked up three days' rations, and at 12 o'clock we took up what little effects we had and started on a forced march. This camp, where we had been so long, was near Fredericksburg, and we marched all night.

On the 5th we passed through Spottsylvania Court-House, and camped about 2 o'clock.

6th.—We fell into line about 2 o'clock this evening and marched until dark and camped on the plank road near Orange Court-House.

7th.—We pursued our march at daylight, crossed the
A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

Rapidan River at Raccoon ford and camped near Culpeper Court-House.

8th.—Passed through Culpeper and took the Spurrsville pike road and camped two miles from Culpeper.

9th.—We lay here until 3 o'clock in the evening and marched down to Brandy Station and camped. I wrote a letter to W. F. ———.

Wednesday, June 10th.—We returned to our old camp on the Culpeper and Perryville turnpike; stayed here a few hours and pursued our march, and stopped late that night on Hazel River.

11th.—Moved at daylight, passed Sherryville, Little Washington, and camped among the mountains.

12th.—We moved at daylight, crossed the Blue Ridge mountains, passed these fruntrogals and camped on the Shenandoah River.

Saturday, June 13th.—We moved before daylight, crossed the South and North Shenandoah Rivers and on to Winchester, seventeen miles. By noon we were thrown in line of battle and moved up some distance, when Company A was sent on picket. We moved on and on until we came to a rock fence, and behind this fence we waited for the cavalry to charge us. After waiting some time we heard their horses. Then the Captain came to each of us and said:

"Now, boys, don't shoot until you hear the report of my pistol; then each man be sure he strips a saddle."

The pike road did not come square across this rock fence, but came in an angle, so that when they came in sight of us on the right, they were not in front of those on the left; that was why the Captain gave us the orders he did. Well, it took the Yankees sometime to get ready to come, but after awhile here they come—clatter! clatter!—down the pike road. I was on the extreme right and the
Captain was on the left, and I began to think that he was going to let them go by altogether; but finally, I heard his pistol. Then such a roar of muskets, the like of which you never did hear, and then such a stampede of cavalry. We did strip several saddles and several poor fellows hit the dust, but a few of them returned the fire with good effect, for they wounded Captain Montgomery S. Harrison and M. McGowin.

Late that night we were released and went away back in an old field and were permitted to lie down. Me and my partner spread our blankets down and went to sleep, and sometime that night the rain began falling, but we slept on until the drum woke us up next morning, and we were as wet as we could be. We got up and ate what little cold grub we had, and Jack said—for his name was Jackson Dawkins: "Tom, what will we do with our blankets?"

I said: "We will hang them on the fence."

Said Jack: "Suppose we are called away?"

"Well," said I, "we will get some dry ones tonight."

We lay around until 10 or 11 o'clock, when we were ordered to fall in, and we fell in and moved off like we were going away from Winchester, but presently we turned to our right, and after awhile we turned again to the right, and so on, until we came to a very high hill, which was covered with thick woods. Well, we formed a line of battle and stacked our arms. Then the artillery formed in front or us, right on the crest of the hill. They placed thirty-two pieces, and when everything was in readiness we heard the report of a pistol, and those cannon were turned loose, and such a deafening noise! It seemed like the hill trembled under those cannon. The cannonading continued for about thirty minutes, then we were ordered to fall in, and "Forward march" was the next command. On we went, but
when we got to the bottom of the hill our line was all broken, so we had to halt and form again. Then we moved, until we had gone half way, I suppose, when I heard Gen. Harry T. Hays give the command:

"Hoist those colors in the Ninth!"

I looked and saw a man raising our flag. A shell had burst near and a piece of it had struck our flag-bearer, James Stewart, on the head and killed him instantly. On we went and when we were within about one hundred yards of the enemy's breastworks we came to a kind of stockade. This was made of trees fallen or dragged, with the tops of them outward, forming the breastworks, and the small ends of the limbs were cut sharp. Now, we had to pass through this mass of stuff before getting to the rifle pits, but this did not stop us. The Major of the 7th Louisiana regiment was the first man to mount the works, and I was just behind him. He shouted out:

"Come on, boys!"

I shouted to him, "I am here," and mounted the breastworks. The Yankees did not know that we were on them until they saw us standing over them. Then you ought to have seen those fellows run, and as they ran down the hill we poured it into them, but they soon scampered away and we were in possession of the breastworks.

When things got kinder quiet the Colonel of the 9th regiment came up and fell on the breastworks almost tired to death, for he weighed 330 pounds, and had walked in this engagement. His name was William Peck. Said he, and you could have heard him get his breath ever so far:

"Bully! bully! by God! Bully! for the old Ninth, by God!"

So we laughed at the Colonel's expense.
The Federals had a very strong fort, some six or eight
hundred yards from the works we had taken, but another part of our army had come up on the other side and we had them penned in. We captured the whole thing—about six thousand prisoners, with all of their stores, artillery, guns and ammunition, and we only lost one man of our company.

After we got settled down I decided I would look around a little, so off I went down the hill and found some caissons, which had some nice horses hitched to them, so I plundered through them and found some clean underwear, two dry blankets that looked clean and some stationery. I then went back and was telling the boys about the nice horses, and Colonel Peck, hearing me speak of the horses, said:

"Tom, I will give you one hundred dollars for one of them."

I went back to get a horse, and worked and tugged to get one loose, but I did not know how; and while I was trying to get the harness off the Yankees, away down the turnpike, sent a shell which burst right close to me and the pieces scattered all around me. I went away, but did not stay long until I went back to get my horse, and I had not been there more than half a minute until another shell burst nearly at the same place, so I decided they were shooting at me, and I went back and told the Colonel what had happened to me. He said:

"Well, you had better let the horses alone."

We camped in the Yankees' breastworks, and I and Jack had dry blankets that night.

June 15th.—Moved down the Martinburg's road and camped at the Five-Mile spring. This was as fine a spring and as good water as I ever saw. Here I washed and put on my clean clothes.
A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

Wednesday, June 17th.—We remained in camp until 2 o’clock, when we took up our line of march, on the Charlestown road, and camped near there.

June 18th.—We moved early and marched hard until 3 o’clock, when we stopped for the night. A very heavy rain fell this evening.

Monday, June 22d.—We moved down the turnpike, went through Shepfordtown, crossed the Potomac River, passed through Sharpsburg, Katesville, Boonsborough, and camped on the Hagertown turnpike.

On the 23d we passed through Cavetown, Ringgold, Waynesborough, and camped on a high hill, in a nice piece of woods.

24th.—We moved early, marched hard and passed an iron foundry at Greenwood and camped in Jack’s Gap.

25th.—We crossed the mountain, passed through Marmattown, and on to Gettysburg. We marched twenty-seven miles today. After we stopped I took a stroll, thought I might find something, so I was first at the place. Where I stopped there lived a little Dutch woman, who met me at the gate, crying and wringing her hands, saying all the time:

“Spare me and my children, and you shall have anything we have got on the place!”

She was the worst scared woman I had ever seen.

“Why, good lady, do not be frightened,” said I; “I would not hurt you or your children. All we want is something to eat; we have not come here to hurt you.”

“Well,” said she, “come in and I will give you anything you want.”

By the time she got me what I wanted there was a whole lot of fellows who had come in, and this little woman was almost crazy. I consoled her all I could and left her. I never knew how she got along with those other fellows.
I went to camp and me and Jack had a good supper that night and slept well, for oh! we were tired.

Friday, June 26th.—We left camp at sunrise. Oh, I forgot. We drew whiskey this morning—a half pint to the man. After I took a sup of mine I gave it to one of the boys, and he thanked me for it. You should have been with us. The boys were nearly all full, and such a time as we did have. I will relate one incident of this day’s occurrence. The 9th regiment was marching, left in front, which threw Company A in the rear, and the 7th Louisiana regiment came next, which was composed mostly of Irishmen. Well, there were two men of this regiment, who had been quarreling all the morning, and about 10 o’clock we halted to rest ten minutes, which had been the orders for sometime. When we were all quiet, Colonel Penn rode back to where these men were. Said he:

“Captain, where are the men who have been quarreling all morning?”

The Captain pointed them out; then said the Colonel:

“Pull down that fence,” which was a very stout rail fence. “Now,” said the Colonel, “get in there and fight it out.”

So in they went, and me with them; I wanted to see the fun. Two men made a ring and those two bullies stepped into it. One was a very tall, raw-boned, long-armed scoundrel, while the other was short and puny built. The seconds gave the word—“one,—two,—three”—and at it they went. The long fellow having all of the advantage, down went Shorty, and Old Long started to get on him, but the seconds shouted out, “Foul play! Foul play!!” So up got Shorty, and at it they went again and down again went Shorty; and Old Long waited till Shorty got up this time. The third round Old Long downed Shorty again. This time
Old Long pounced on Shorty and Shorty hollowed enough, so they pulled Old Long off and he said, as he walked off: “Be Christ, I knew I could whip ye,” and Shorty jumped at him, saying: “And be Christ, God damn ye, ye shan’t brag about it,” so Captain Penn interfered and got them stopped and told them to go down to the branch, yonder, and wash and get ready to march. I went along with them to see what they would do. When they got to the water they squatted down right close together and washed; and before they were through washing they were joking each other. Well, we passed two or three villages and through the city of Berlin and camped for the night.

Saturday, June 27th.—We moved early, passed the city of York and stopped for the night.

28th.—we lay still today, and some of the boys made a raid on the merchants of York and got a lot of hats and shoes. I got a nice hat, which I was very proud of.

29th.—Still in camp, and I am on guard. “Old Red Eye” took great effect on the boys today. Company E, of our regiment, who are all Irish, all got drunk and had a general family fight, and one of the Lieutenants got pretty badly used up, so we had a lot of them in the Bull Pen and they would threaten to run over us, who were on post. All of Company E thought a sight of me, until they got drunk. Then they did not love even themselves. But finally they went to sleep and we had no more trouble with them.

Tuesday, June 30.—We moved at daylight, back the same road, passed Berlin six miles, and struck camp.
CHAPTER VI.

Wednesday, July 1st.—We moved at daylight and returned to Gettysburg, and formed a line of battle. Company A was sent out skirmishing. We found the enemy. Then all the troops were ordered forward, and we charged and routed the Yankees and drove them through Gettysburg, and if the General in command had pursued them a little farther our victory would have been complete. My dear friend, L. B. Bonnard, went into this fight wearing a three-story white silk hat and he was shot to death on the picket line; he did not get into the general engagement. While we were chasing the Yankees and getting in behind the houses, I saw their flag fall nine times. We would shoot it down and they would grab it up and run, till finally them scoundrels got it behind the houses and were gone. I will say right here that a man will stay longer and stick closer to his colors than he will to his brother. Before we had this little encounter, I ran down to a plank fence and the Yankees were running across an old field and looked to be as thick as you ever saw black birds fly, and as they ran I took three fair cracks at them. I don’t know whether I killed one or not, but I hope I did not. Well, we slept on the streets with our guns in our arms.

Thursday, July 2d.—We lay in line till late in the evening, when we were ordered to fall in and were hustled around to the heights, which we charged and took, but, our support not coming up in time, we had to fall back. We slept again in the streets on our arms.

July 3rd.—Still in Gettysburg in line of battle. I was
ordered to take a detail of men and go and have a lot of
rations cooked. While we were getting ready, and while I
was going into a house, whack! went something. Then I
heard something drop on the floor on the other side of the
house. I went and picked it up, and it was a ball shot from
one of those globe-sighted guns. The ball had struck the
wall of the house some two feet from the door, and about
two feet up from the floor. He had come that nigh getting
me, and I know he was at least a half of a mile away. The
way these devils did was to climb up trees with their guns
and spy-glasses, and then pop away at us.

July 4th.—We are still in line of battle and we enjoyed
a soaking rain and had a delightful time this Fourth of
July.

5th.—We left Gettysburg at 2 o'clock, came to the foot
of the mountains and camped.

July 6th.—We started early, crossed the mountain, and
camped near Waynesborough.

7th.—We moved early, passed Waynesborough and took
the Hagertown turnpike. Rain began falling about 10 o'clock
and oh! such a nice time as we did have. Some places the
mud was up over our shoe tops and we were as wet as we
could be. While marching in this plight some fellow would
hollow out, “Hello! John, how would you like to be a
soldier boy?” Then some one else would say: “Knock that
fool in the head.” That would get up a big laugh and we
would move on better. The soldier’s is the most miserable
life that can be thought of.

8th.—We lay still today—and such a rainfall; it seemed
as if all the elements had turned into water. We were in
a very close place, but we wool-hat fellows did not know it.
Gen. Lee had raided these Northern chaps, had captured a
lot of wagons, artillery, bacon, flour, horses and mules—in
fact, everything that a starved army needed—and had out-
generated the best talent that the North could bring to bear,
and now we were crammed down here between a raging
Potomac River and the hired legions of the North. But
oh! how we fooled them. We made a stand, while all of
this vast train of wagons passed over the river.

July 9th.—We lay still today. Great clamor and ex-
citing reports.

Friday, July 10th.—Still in camp. Heard cannonading.
Moved at 6 o’clock in the evening; went two miles and
stopped to cook up rations.

Saturday, July 11th.—We lay still till 10 o’clock, then
moved and formed in line of battle; moved again and formed
a line of battle, and commenced to throw up breastworks.

Sunday, July 12th.—Still throwing up breastworks.
Heavy skirmishing. This evening we got orders to move,
and a tiresome march of two miles, through the dark,
brought us to our position. I am on guard tonight.

Monday, July 13th.—Rain this morning and heavy skir-
mishing, and now we have orders to move at 7 o’clock. Now
we’re off! Marched all night. This is two nights for
me straight, without any sleep. You can imagine—sorter
imagine, I mean—how I feel.

Well, it is wonderful why we were not captured, for Gen-
eral Gordon’s little division, which was composed of Jack-
son’s Virginia Brigade, Pegram’s North Carolina, Gordon’s
Georgia and Hay’s Louisiana, was the rear guard, but we
little boys were equal to the task. There were two teamsters
who became impatient or got scared. Anyway, they broke
ranks and drove around to the river. Each man was driv-
ing six mules and they just drove right into the river. The
mules did pretty well until they got near the middle of the
stream, when they became unruly and began to circle, and
soon went under. Men, mules, and wagons were lost. After pretty well all had crossed me and another man crossed above, where the water was not so deep. We waded across by holding to each other's arms. The water here was about waist deep, but when we would step in a hole it would be deeper, according to the hole. After we crossed we went up on the bluff and looked back on the road that we had come over. It looked like a piece of new tin stretching out three or four miles away. On looking around we found out why the Yankees had not pressed us in crossing the river—there were planted a whole lot of thirty-two-pounder cannons. We moved on until about 11 o'clock and camped. I saw more wagons this evening than I ever saw in all of my life altogether.

July 15th.—We moved early this morning out into an old field and lay there about five hours; then moved through Martinsburg and out about three miles and camped.

July 16th.—We moved at 6 and passed Darkville and camped and I went out foraging, and when I got back to camp Jack and I had a good supper.

July 17th.—We are still in camp. It rained this morning and there was a big rain this evening.

July 18th.—This was wash-day with me and I received two letters. Oh! what a treat it was to get a letter from home! And I wrote two letters—one to my wife and one to my father.

July 19th.—Still in camp and I went out foraging; had pretty good luck, and me and Jack had another good supper.

Monday, July 20th.—We received orders to march, but did not move till near night; then we moved some five miles and struck camp. Company A was sent out on picket.

July 21st.—We were woke up at daylight and took
our line of march, crossed the Green Springs mountain-twist, passed through Hedgestown and camped.

Wednesday, July 22d.—We started early and marched through Bunkerhill, and camped about 3 o’clock in the evening.

July 23d.—Moved at sunrise; passed Winchester six miles and camped.

Friday, July 24th.—We moved at daylight and passed Newtown and Strasburg and camped.

Saturday, July 25th.—We left camp at 5 o’clock; passed Millidgeville and Woodstock and camped, with orders to cook up two days’ rations. A heavy rain this evening; bad time for cooking. If you had happened around at such a time you would have known how truly some of our boys had learned their Sunday-school lessons. But we got our beef and flour in a shape so we could eat it.

Sunday, July 26th.—We left camp at sunrise, passed Mount Jackson and New Market and stopped for the night.

Monday, July 27th.—We moved at daylight, crossed Massinette mountain and the Shenandoah River; came out six miles from the river and camped.

July 28th.—We moved at sunrise, crossed the Blue Ridge mountains, passed Shigersville, and camped.

Wednesday, July 29th.—We moved at 7 o’clock, passed Madison Court-House, and camped.

Thursday, July 30th.—We lay up and rested today, for oh! my, we were in a good shape to rest.

Friday, July 31st.—We moved at 10 o’clock, passed over a very narrow, rough, rocky road and camped at 5 o’clock on the Robison River.

Saturday, August 1st.—We moved at 2 o’clock across the Robison and Rapidan Rivers and went two miles out and camped.
August 2d.—We lay in camp today. This was washday with me. If you will look back you can tell how often I had a clean shirt; also that I washed on Sunday; this time Monday.

August 3rd.—We are still in camp. We are having August weather now.

August 4th.—Still in camp.

August 5th.—We are still in camp. I had a fine mess of cabbage for dinner. I wrote two letters today. While here we had a lot of fun at the expense of one Dan Jones, who belongs in Company H. This man was a great, big, lazy fellow, who liked to pulp around the officers, and the Colonel had gotten Dan to cook for his mess; also to feed, curry and water his horse. So when Dan would get astride of the Colonel’s big black horse he would make as fine a display as he knew how. He had to pass down by our line of tents, and when we saw him coming some one would say: “Dan Jones! Dan Jones! Dan Jones!!” like we were giving out a hymn. Then six, eight or a dozen would begin to sing “Dan Jones.” Then when we would sing the first half stanza, some one would give out again “Dan Jones” three times, and we would sing again and Dan Jones would get mad, and such a cussing as we would get. We would sing “Dan Jones” as far as we could see him and he would curse us as far as he heard us sing, and it was the same old way when Dan came back, and the next day it was the same thing repeated.

We had a man in our company by the name of White Murrel. This man was too trifling to feed dogs and no one would mess with him. When he drew new clothes he would put them on and never take them off until he drew some more, and when he drew rations—one, two or three days made no difference with White—he would go and cook it all up and
sit down and eat it all, then starve or steal until next draw day. In winter time he always had his clothes burnt almost off of him. Well, White was always kicking about his piece of beef, so the Commissary Sergeant and we boys did have a lot of fun at White's expense. The Sergeant would say to White:

"Now, White, you accuse me of giving you the shank every time and I don't do it. Now, to show you that I do right by you, you pick out a man and make him turn his back to me, then I will say: 'Whose piece is this?'"

White says: "All right!" So he chose a man, and this man turned his back to the Sergeant, but we all understood.

The Sergeant says: "Whose piece is this?" and when he took up the shank, which was the third piece he picked up, Billy Barry says:

"That is White Murrell's piece."

Then we would laugh at him and White would go off and swear he was not treated right.
CHAPTER VII.

So time rolled on without much change. We had a lot of preaching, some drilling and inspection, a few extra dinners, and so on, until Saturday, September 12th, when it sure did rain, with the heaviest hailstorm and the largest hail that I ever saw fall.

Sunday, September 13th.—We heard heavy cannonading and received orders to march tomorrow morning at daylight. So we cooked up two days' rations and went to sleep.

Monday, September 14th.—We struck camp at daylight, and marched down to Raccoon ford. Company A was sent out skirmishing; out all day and night and no one hurt.

Tuesday, 15th.—Still in front of the enemy. Heavy skirmishing all day and no great harm done.

Wednesday, 16th.—Still in line of battle. A party of the 5th and 9th regiments made a raid today and captured thirty-two prisoners.

Thursday, September 17th.—We are still at the old stand; heavy rain fell this evening.

Friday, 18th.—More rain this morning, and we are still in line of battle but the Yanks don't seem to want to tackle us.

Sunday, 20th.—Yet in line of battle and we are throwing up breastworks.

Wednesday, September 23d.—Frost this morning and the Yankees have crossed the river. Company A was out on picket this evening and the other part of the regiment went into camp.
24th.—We are still on picket, nothing new happened today.

We had about the same thing to do on, and on, until Thursday, October 8th, when we had orders to march, and broke up camp. We marched about three miles and stopped for the night.

October 9th.—We moved at sunrise, marched seventeen miles, and camped after crossing the Rapidan River. Our Colonel was promoted to Bragadier General today.

Saturday, October 10th.—We left camp at daylight, passed Madison creek, crossed Robison’s River and marched on till dark and camped.

Sunday, October 11th.—Marched eight or ten miles and camped. Directly after stopping we got orders to cook up three days’ rations, and that caused us to be up all night. When the rations came, some one said:

“Sergeant, what have you got this time?” The Sergeant said: “Beef and flour.” Then the curse words began to tumble around, but we managed to get it cooked, after so long a time. There was a big frost this morning.

Monday, October 12th.—Moved at daylight, passed Culpeper Court-House and Jefferson Court-House and camped near the Rappahannock River.

October 13th.—We crossed the Rappahannock, passed Warrenton Springs and Warrenton Court-House and camped on the railroad.

Wednesday, October 14th.—We moved at 4 o’clock this morning, double-quicked and run all day. Company A had a skirmish late this evening and was relieved, and we lay on our arms tonight.

15th.—Company A was sent out skirmishing this morning and when relieved, went and cooked up two days’ rations. Heavy rain this evening.
Friday, October 16th.—We tore up railroad today. This was a double-track road and I think it was known as the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. We spoiled about sixty miles of it and the rain fell all day long. How we did enjoy this day's work. Our clothes were as wet on us as if they had been dipped in a tub of water, but we went on with the work all the same. I have talked this since I came out of the war in the presence of young men and they would say: "Oh! hell, I would not have done such things!" But, young man, I say to you, you don't know what you will do or where you have started.

Saturday, October 17th.—We are in camp today; this is a very fine marching day.

Sunday, October 18th.—We were waked up at 3 this morning and moved at daylight; marched sixteen miles.

Monday, October 19th.—A heavy rain and hail storm fell this morning. We resumed our march at sunrise; moved slowly, and came to the Rappahannock River. It was frozen over, but after the officers' horses would break the ice we web-footed boys would follow in and go across. The water was about knee deep, and oh! how my leg bones did ache; but I had taken off my socks, and when we got across the river I put on my shoes and my legs and feet soon got warm. And you say: "Well, I would not have done it," and I say I did, and I expect I was as spunky as you are.

Tuesday, October 20th.—Stayed in camp until 1 o'clock and then we moved to new camp. We have fine, hard weather now.

Somewhere back—say, about two months—I was First Corporal, and while on picket with all-of Company A one evening there came along a nice bunch of hogs, and Jim Whittington shot and killed one of them. I tried to keep him from killing the hog, but he and some more of the
boys had their way about it. The next post above us was occupied by Virginia soldiers, and they saw the boys when they shot the hog, so they goes to Gen. Peck and informs him of what they had seen, and when we went to camp an officer came and arrested about nine of us and carried us up to headquarters, there to be examined. Well, it was right funny to hear them scoundrels testify. The Sergeant in charge of the post just lied right square out; said he knew nothing of the hog being killed. I was next in command. The officer asked what I knew about it. I told him that I knew all; that I tried to keep the boys from killing the hog, but could not; that after it was done I helped them to dress the hog and helped to eat it.

"Well," said the officer, "I will reduce you to ranks; you can go to your company."

I thought, well, I will just stay and hear the others. They took them up, one at a time. This one knew one thing, and that one knew another thing, but none of them killed the hog. Finally they called up Whittington, the man who pulled the trigger, and asked him what he knew.

"Well," said he, "I done it, too."

So the Sergeant escaped all right and I was reduced to ranks and the other boys, poor fellows! had to carry rails on their shoulders for eight days, two hours on, and two hours off, and Sergeant Arrington never came out of the next battle.

Wednesday, October 21st.—The 9th went on picket this morning. We were picketing on the Rappahannock River.

Thursday, 22d.—We came in off of picket this morning. We were paid off today. Another fine day. Flying reports of the enemy advancing. I received two letters today.
Friday, 23d.—I wrote two letters today. The weather is turning cold. We have marching orders. A very cold rain fell this evening.

Saturday, 24th.—We moved at sunrise, crossed the Rappahannock River, and formed a line of battle. Company A was sent out skirmishing. We drove the Yankees about three miles and returned to our camp. It rained very hard this evening.

Sunday, 25th.—Clear and cold this morning, and we are in camp. I wrote a letter today for B.

Monday, October 26th.—I washed today. Fine weather now. We hear heavy cannonading. We got hurried orders to march. We fell into line and marched down to the Rappahannock bridge and could not find any wild Yankees, and we about-faced and came back to our old camp and drew some clothes, and, as I have a list of them, with the prices, here they are: One pair of shoes, $10.00; one pair of pantaloons, $12.00; one jacket, $14.00; one shirt, $3.00; one pair of drawers, $3.00; one pair of socks, $1.00. The six articles were worth $43.00.

Tuesday, October 27th.—Yet in camp. I wrote a letter. Heard cannonading. I had beef brains for supper.

Friday, October 30th.—The weather is some warmer. We had regimental inspection and received orders to march tomorrow.
CHAPTER VIII.

Sunday, November 1st.—We moved at 8 o'clock; marched about four miles and camped, with orders to build winter quarters. I will give you an idea of the house Jack and I built. We chose a place on the hillside. The hill was pretty steep. We cut the dirt at the upper side down about four feet, cutting in the hill a place for our fire and chimney, then went off to nothing; at the lower side this excavation was about eight feet wide by twelve feet long. Then we got logs and built up this lower part until we could walk up and down the floor, which was dirt, without bumping our heads. When we got our house done and raised a fire in it, you bet! she was all right. We got moved into our house on Thursday, November 5th.

Friday, November 6th.—Our Brigade went on picket on the river at Brandy Station, and I was detailed to guard a private house and I had a very nice time; also had a fine mess of cabbage for dinner.

Saturday, November 7th.—I am still on guard. Our brigade got into a scrap with some wild Yankees and got cut all to pieces. In this little row my company lost twenty-six men, killed, wounded and missing, and our command is falling back tonight.

Sunday, November 8th.—I came off guard and found the brigade in line of battle. We lay here until sundown, then fell back to, or near, the Rapidan River and camped.

Monday, November 9th.—We moved at 8 o'clock, crossed the Rapidan River, came out one and a half miles
and camped. A light snow fell this evening and Jack and I had cabbage for supper.

Tuesday, 10th.—Nothing new happened today, only we were paid off again, and Jack and I had another mess of cabbage.

Wednesday, 11th.—Still in camp with orders to march at a moment’s warning.

Thursday, 12th.—Still under the same orders. We are having fine weather now.

Friday, November 13th.—Nothing new today. We had prayer-meeting tonight.

Sunday, November 15th.—We had orders to march and went out of camp. The order was pulled in, so we pulled back to camp and are cooking up rations. A heavy rain fell this morning.

So time passed on. A little guard and picket duty was all we had to do, only the wild Yankees harassed us all they could.

On Wednesday, the 18th, we were waked up at 3 o’clock, the officers shouting, “Fall In! Fall In!” So we fell in and doubled-quicked down on the river, helter-skelter, the officers hollowing: “Close up, men! Close up!” Well, after reconnoitering, and not finding any Yankees to soot at, we went back to camp as mad as we could be.

On Sunday, November 22d, we had dress parade, and Major Ring strutted out in his new military suit, that he had just bought in Richmond. After parade was over, and we were going back to camp, Jim Bryant slapped me on the shoulder, saying:

“By God! Tom, I am going to wear those clothes home.”

I said: “What clothes?”

“Why, didn’t you see Ring’s fine suit?”
I said: "Yes, but what of that?"
Said he: "I am going to get those clothes tonight."
Well, I didn't think any more about it. Jack went on guard that night and left me to hold down the tent. About 1 o'clock—and Great Scott's! it was cold—I heard some one lam! lam! bang!! at my door, and it was Jim Bryant, saying:

"Get up, Tom! Get up!! I am nearly frozen."
I said: "Go on to your quarters; you ought to freeze."
"Oh!" said he, "get up and make a fire."
So I got up and made a fire and let him in.
Said he: "By God! Tom, I got them."
I said: "Got what?"
"I got Major Ring's clothes. I told you I would get them."

Then he told me all about how he went and found the Major sound asleep, and how he had left his clothes on a chair, and how he crept in and took the clothes. I said:

"Jim, how mean are you, anyhow?"
He said: "Oh, hell! This is war time, and anything is fair in war time."

So he pulled off his old clothes and put on the Major's suit and strutted up and down the floor, saying he would wear them clothes home and how he would be Major Bryant going home. You see, before this we had got so hard up that we were not allowed any furloughs, but now there was one or two allowed to the company, according to the size of the company, and Company A was allowed one furlough and we were allowed to draw for it. So we drew for the furlough and one of those woe-be-gone sort of fellows got it and sold it to Jim for one thousand dollars. You see, Jim was a slick poker player and he had the cash. As I was saying, he would be Major Bryant going home. After
Jim took off the Major's suit and dressed in his old clothes he put at me to leave the Major's clothes in my shack, saying hell would be to pay when the Major missed his clothes. I said:

"Jim, you know there will be a howl tomorrow, such as you never did hear before, and I will not risk you."

But he kept on until I consented for him to leave them in my shack, and Jim went off to sleep. Next morning, sure enough, there was such a stir as never had been before, and there was a detail of men chosen to patrol all the quarters of the brigade, and I was one of the men. We made a thorough examination of all the tents, and when we came to my shack, I said: "That is my quarters. Go in and look for Major Ring's goods."

They said: "No! They are not there."

So, after we got around, we went and reported to headquarters that we could not find the goods. We were dismissed. Well, before Jim got his furlough he went down to the old Sutler's tent and the old man was showing a pair of shoes he had just gotten, and that night Jim and some more of the boys went to see the Sutler again, and Jim raised the Sutler's shoes and in a few days Jim was gone and the thing blew over, so nothing much happened.

Friday, November 27th.—We moved at 10 o'clock, went near Chancellorsville, and Companies A and B were sent out skirmishing.

Saturday, November 28th.—We fell back this morning, took position, threw up breastworks, turned around and tore them down and fell back again.

Sunday, November 29th.—Took position again and built breastworks.

Monday, November 30th.—Companies A and B were
sent out skirmishing. We fought all day, and drove the Yankees a mile or so, and while we were chasing them I got my gun choked, so that I could not get the ball down at all, and I said to an officer:

"My gun is choked so I can't use it. What will I do?"
Said he: "I don't know."
I said: "I will go back and get that dead Yankee's gun, that I saw just up the hill there."
Said he: "No! No! Don't go away."
I said: "Yes! I will be back soon."

So away I went and happened to go right to my dead man. He had fallen on his face, and it seemed that he had not made a struggle, and was lying across his gun. So I took his gun and cartridge-box, but did not think to sound him for money or any valuables. He had just loaded his gun, so back I went, ready for business. When I came to our line the boys were loading and shooting as fast as they could. Most of them were lying down, so I went in front of our line, some eight or ten paces, and sat down, and was loading and shooting with all of my might when I heard Captain Pearson sing out:

"Get up! boys! Get up! and sit up like Tom Reed there in front of you."

I looked and soon took in the situation. There I was between two fires, so I got up and moved back in line.
CHAPTER IX.

Well, it was not long until the Yankees fell back farther. Companies A and B were left to hold them down and the balance of the regiment went back to our breastworks. After dark the picket line fell back to within four or five hundred yards of our breastworks, and we had not been long on our new picket line when I heard the report of musket firing. I turned and looked, and it seemed that the breastworks had caught on fire, for all of the men in the ditches were firing right at us. I started in a run for the breastworks, but before I ran fifty steps they were firing nearly in front of me, so I fell on the ground and tried to lay flatter than I could. Well, when the firing ceased I got in the ditches without being ordered there. After the excitement kinder passed off we went back to our post, and were soon relieved. We ate what little grub we had, but we did not have any cabbage for supper, and slept on our arms.

Tuesday, December 1st.—In line of battle, behind our breastworks. A young man of the 6th Louisiana regiment was shot in front of our breastworks for deserting his company. It was this way: He said that while in battle the Yankees captured him, and he then took the oath of allegiance to the Federal government. Then he met with a citizen and hired to him to go and fight the Confederates. He got three hundred dollars in gold from this fellow. Then he deserted that part of the army and run sub again for another three hundred dollars in gold, and he was brought back to Virginia, and his own company in the 6th
Louisiana regiment took him with the Federal uniform on, so they court-martialed and shot him. I am on picket to-night.

Wednesday, December 2d.—Well, the Yankees last night tucked their tails and crossed the river. We pursued them to Germenna ford; then about-faced and marched back to our breastworks. There was a detail of men sent out to gather up guns, and I think from the number of guns we picked up we got about all they brought over to kill rebels with, for I never saw as many guns in a pile before, and they were in any shape that you could think of. Some were in two; the stocks were shot off of others; some were bent, some were broken, but most of them were as good as they ever were. While picking up these guns I happened to notice some twigs near the ground that were splinted. Then I began to look, and as low down or high up as I could see I could hardly find a twig but what was splintered. And how was it—oh! wonderful—that I and other men passed through this ordeal without a scratch? This is wonderful. And none but the God of heaven knows how or why it was.

Thursday, December 3d.—We moved at daylight and came back to our old camp.

Friday, December 4th.—We are in camp and all is quiet. I wrote a letter.

Saturday, December 5th.—Nothing new, only we had preaching today and I went on picket this evening.

Sunday December 6th.—Still on picket; heard Dr. Lacy preach this evening, and was relieved tonight.

Monday, December 7th.—I went out foraging today and got a fine dinner.

Wednesday, December 9th.—We had preaching today and I went on picket this evening.
Thursday, December 10th.—Still on picket. Brother Lacy preached today.

I will pass on, for nothing much happened. We had guard and picket duty to do, and so on.

Friday, December 18th.—Cloudy and cold all day, and I am on guard tonight. Each man had to stay on post four hours, but only two hours at the time; so we agreed among ourselves to stand four hours, then when we came off we could go to our quarters; my time was from 10 to 2. I went on post at 10, and oh! how cold it was. The wind was blowing across daddy’s peach orchard and the snow and sleet was about four inches deep. I was guarding the Colonel’s headquarters. I had on a big Yankee’s overcoat and I tramped around and around for sometime. Finally I threw my gun down in the snow by a dogwood tree and sat down on it, and pulled my cape over my head and dropped off to sleep. I don’t know how long I slept, but when I waked up I was almost frozen, and could not get up for some time, but I finally pulled myself up, by climbing this little tree. Then I scratched my gun out of the ice and called the Corporal of the guard, and when he came I was blowing him up for all he was worth. I asked him if he intended to keep me on guard all night.

“No,” said he. “It is not more than 1 o’clock now.”

“Oh, thunder!” said I, “it is nearer 4.”

“Well,” said he, “I know it is not more than 1, but I will let you go. Tell So-and-So to come on and take your place,” and away I went and sent the other fellow, and I warmed up and went to sleep.

There was a little thing that happened in the summer that I forgot to mention. While in camp sometimes there would an old farmer come in. They would bring chickens, ducks, apples, peaches and other things. Well,
one day in drove an old farmer (who are the best people on earth). He had a load of chickens and ducks. Well, we had a man ready for him; his name was Jack McDonald. We all went to see what he had, so the boys soon covered the old man's wagon. He thought he had the top fastened down so that no one but himself could get in, but it was a mistake, for Jack had gotten up on one hind wheel and got a pair of ducks. I was watching him. After he got the ducks he got down and stood around and I thought, "Well, why don't you go on? I know you don't intend to pay for them." Pretty soon Jack walked around to where the old man was waiting on the other boys, and he stood there a little while and then hollowed out at the old man:

"I say, old man! I want my change!"

The old man turned and looked at Jack, then looked at his wagon, and said:

"What change?"


The old man says: "Sir, tell me what you mean?" Said Jack: "You told me the ducks were worth ten dollars a pair, and I gave you a fifty-dollar bill. Now you ask me what change? Now, old man, I want my change."

So Old Rolica gave Jack forty dollars, and Jack walked back to camp with his pair of ducks.

Wednesday, December 23d.—We came off picket this morning. A right smart snow fell last night. We moved today to another place and commenced to put up winter quarters.

Friday, December 25th.—The 9th regiment went on picket this morning and had a happy Christmas.

Right here I will relate a thing that happened on one of
our forced marches. It was this way: We had been on our feet all day, and night came on, and on still we plodded—on and on—and we were so near overcome that we would go to sleep on our feet, and every once in a while some one would say: "Hold up your damn gun! I run my face against it." Then some one would say, "Put your face in your pocket." Then there would be a big laugh and we would brighten up a little. I happened to think of an old song, that I learned when a boy, from an old negro. It ran like this:

Way over on the Ohio bluff, in the State of Indiana. 
Whar we use to live—chock—up, in huba ah!—
Ebry Monday mornen, massy geb me licker. 
I jump in my skiffer, put out so quicker. 
I can catch as nice a sun perch as any negro driffer. 
Ha! ha! ha! And I don't care where.

As soon as I began to sing one fellow would say: 
"Knock that fool in the head." Another would say: "Sing on." Some one else would say: "What fool is that?" And all such expressions, and I just sung on and got everybody interested. This is the next verse:

Old Massy died on de fouty-fort of April. 
I put in troft, what I called sugar mepel; 
I tuc my spade and I lade him in de lebel, 
And I don't bery beleave he is gone to de debel. 
Ha! ha! ha! And I don't care where.

Ole Mis, she tuc fit and she marry Willy Weaver. 
Little did she tink dat he was a 'ceaver. 
He took all her money and gingle 'um in his pocket. 
The way he fool her bad, was a sin to Davy Crocket.
A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

CHORUS.

Big Bill, he beat the drum, and little Billy is the fifer.
Here sets Charles, who can read and rite and cipher.
Twice one am nine and I carry forty-leben;

Twice twelve is twenty-four, fourteen is a dozen.
Well, when I got through singing all I could hear was
cheering me and hollowing: "Sing it again!" Well, every-
body was awake now, and we moved on pretty well until
we filed out into a wood-skirt and stopped for the night,
but after we stopped the boys asked me to sing that song
again, but I was so mean I would not sing it any more.
So I will pass on, as there was nothing of interest happened
to us.

Thursday, December 31st.—A detail of the 9th regi-
ment went on picket this morning, and it rained all day.
So today wound up the year of Our Lord, 1863.

Friday, January 1st, 1864.—We came off picket this
evening. The weather is turning very cold.

Tuesday, January 12th.—We had an old hare for break-
fast and I wrote a letter to my father today.

Thursday, January 14.—Fine weather now and nothing
new passed today. We had a fine mess of turnips for supper.

Friday, January 15th.—I had for breakfast fried
chicken, biscuit, butter and old, sure enough, coffee. It
is quite pleasant today.

Saturday, January 16.—No news stirring today. I
drew forty-four dollars and paid out sixteen.

Monday, January 18th.—It rained this morning. I
bought a watch and am on guard tonight. I paid out
twenty dollars today.

Tuesday, January 19th.—Nothing new, only we drew
some overcoats and socks and I took in eight dollars today.
Wednesday, January 20th.—I paid out six dollars; no news stirring today.

Saturday, January 23d.—Yet warm and pleasant, and I am on guard tonight. I am feeling very well tonight.

Saturday, January 30th.—Cloudy and raining. I wrote a letter to A. E., who is my wife.

Sunday, January 31st.—Yet raining, and I heard Brother Stricklin preach today.

Wednesday, February 3d.—I am on detail making shoes; commenced to work this evening. I took in five dollars today.
CHAPTER X.

Right here I want to go back to a little thing that happened last year. When Gen. Lee was promenading his web-footed boys around, we had to cross the Blue Ridge mountains at Sniger’s Gap. Well, it took three days to pass one place—I mean for all of the army. On this tramp I gave out so much that I could not march in ranks, so I got permission to drop out and come on the best I could. It took all day to cross at this place, for it was eighteen miles from the foot of the mountain on one side to the valley on the other side; so I tramped on and on, and finally fell in with two of my company. One of these men was named Charles Moreland, who was a native of Claybourn Parish, Louisiana; the other was named Ola Tristen, who came from Norway. This man could not talk English much, so they both said for me to do the talking. Well, when we came to the foot of the mountain, on the other side, we turned to the right and moved three or four miles, and it was getting dark, so I began asking along at farm-houses to stay all night with them, but they would not take us in. We moved on two or three miles farther and came to a place and I hailed at the gate, as I had been doing, and the lady—for she was a lady in the full sense of the word—came out on the front porch, and I said:

“Can we stop with you tonight?”

She said: “How many are there of you?”

I told her three.

“Well,” said she, “come in; I guess I can take care of you.”
So we went in, and there sat her husband, leaning against the bed sound asleep. He was in the cavalry service and had been on his horse for three days and nights and all the sleep he got was astride of his horse. Well, it was not long until the good lady had us a nice supper, and after supper we went back into the sitting-room, and after awhile the good dame came in and took her seat up in the corner, where her box of pipes and tobacco was. She would take up one pipe and then another one, till at last she said:

“I think I have the worst broken pipes of anybody.”

Said I: “Let me give you my pipe; it is a very nice little pipe.”

It was gutta percha and the stem was made like a hawk’s foot and the bowl was set in this hawk’s claws. Well, she took my pipe and examined it.

She said: “I don’t like to take your pipe.”

“Oh,” I said, “take it; I do not use it much.”

Now I will go back a little. This lady had been down to the village, seeing the army pass. Well, where you get two hundred thousand men together you will get a few bad men in the bunch, so we had quite a number of bad ones with us, and when any of them were caught up with in their meanness they would say they were Louisiana troops, so all of the devilment that was done the Louisiana troops had to bear. Well, after this lady filled and lit her new pipe, she said to me:

“What State are you from?”

And I replied: “We are Louisiana soldiers.”

She looked at me and then at Charles and Ola, and turned as pale as death, then she flushed up as red as scarlet. Then she would turn pale again, then red again. I think she must have sat there a minute and looked at us. Finally she said:
“Gentlemen, you must not think strange of me, but I tell you the very name of Louisiana soldier is a horror to me, and I hope while you are under my roof you will behave yourselves.”

“Why, Madam, we propose to be gentlemen, and I will vouch for our behavior,” I said. “I know that our troops have a hard name, but I can assure you that there are as high-minded and refined gentlemen from Louisiana as there are in the State of Virginia or any other State.”

“Well,” said she, “I still ask you to give me no trouble while you are here.” After this the pretty dame showed us our beds, and we lay down to dream of home and loved ones, for this was the first bed we had slept on for quite awhile. Next morning the husband was up early and came in with a decanter of apple brandy. So we all took a smile. Afterward we had a nice breakfast, and when we were getting ready to leave this good dame came to me with a basket of apples and said:

“You take of these all you want, and I want to say that I am indeed proud that I find in the Louisiana soldiers some gentlemen, and, if you ever can, come and see us again.”

I promised her I would, but never did see her any more. Before Ola left that good man got his canteen full of brandy.

Saturday, February 6th.—Considerable stir in this department. The Yankees crossed the river last night and the boys are having some fun now. Tremendous cannonading this evening.

Sunday, February 7th.—The army is still on the river. Heavy cannonading. This morning the Yankees recrossed the river for their health.

Monday, February 8th.—All quiet now.

I think of another thing, now, that happened on the
Rapidan River sometime last fall. Company A was on picket in a woods; had been very heavy timber, but the big trees had been cut down and left the place kinder open. Well, we had been pecking away at the Yankees and harassing them considerably, so their line of pickets fell back, and directly they ran a piece of artillery down near a school house, and just such a shelling as they gave us. Well, Lieutenant Rowland, who was in charge of the company, said there was no use of all of the company being exposed, and for two of us to keep watch and the other part of the company would go behind the hill just there.

"Now," said he, "who will it be?"

Nute Tugwell spoke up and said that he and Tom could hold them down. So the company left us to keep watch and they retired behind the hill. I got behind a big stump about two feet high, and Nute was about fifty yards from me down the river. He had got him a big stump much like mine. So when the Yankees saw our boys retire they thought the coast was clear, and here they came with their pickets again. Nute and I sat behind our stumps watching them marching down the road, in four ranks. Then they halted. Then the order was given, "File right! As skirmishers, deploy," and when they got broadside to us we began to pepper them with minnie balls, and every now and then we could see a poor fellow drop. They would gather him up and run off with him. Then another would drop and the same thing over again, until we got so hard on them that they ran their battery down again, and, my! how they did heave those shells. They would burst and spatter all around us, and while they were shelling us they tried to station their picket line, but Nute and myself were still behind our stumps and kept on pecking at them, and I expect they lost more men on that picket line than they did on any other picket
line during the whole war. Finally they abandoned the idea of getting their picket line formed. I shot away twenty-seven rounds of cartridges that evening, and next day my shoulder was so sore! And it turned purple, but I am still here.

Nute Tugwell and I were on picket one night and our posts were about one hundred yards apart and we would meet half way between our posts. Well, between 1 and 2 o'clock we heard someone coming on horse-back. We knew he was "off" somehow, so we got together and on he came, and when he got within about twenty paces of us, Nute called out:

"Halt, there! Dismount, advance and give the counter-sign."

The man says: "Who are you, that you are out here giving me orders?"

Nute says: "Dismount, advance and give the counter-sign."

"Why," said he, "this is Col. Monahan, of the 6th Louisiana regiment."

Nute repeated the same order again, and as he did he pulled back the hammer of his gun—click, click, said the lock—and off of his saddle came the Colonel, saying:

"Boys, I don't know the counter-sign."

Nute said: "Halt, there! and give the counter-sign."

The Colonel said: "Boys, this is Colonel Monahan. Don't you know Colonel Monahan, of the 6th Louisiana regiment?"

Nute said: "I don't know any man when I am on post. I say, Halt! and give the counter-sign," and as he said this he leveled his gun at the head of the Colonel.

Then you ought to have heard the Colonel beg. He told us he had been over to Colonel Williams' headquarters;
that they had had a gay time and that he had taken too much booze and had gotten off of the road, and he thought we were too hard on him anyhow.

Nute says: “But hold up! I am on duty; I have more authority, here on this post, than General Lee has.”

“Well,” said the Colonel, “I know you have, but I want to go to my quarters. Now, boys, please let me go.”

“Yes,” said I, “but you have not given us the counter-sign.”

Nute said: “Tom, take his horse and hitch him, and we will keep the Colonel here until we are relieved in the morning.”

So I took the horse and hitched him. Then the Colonel began to remonstrate in good earnest, for he knew the jig was up. Didn’t that old sinner beg? Well, he made all kind of promises, but we were deaf to all, so he lay down and soon was snoring and did not give us any more trouble. Next morning, when we were relieved, the picket that took our places also took charge of the Colonel, and we went scampering back to camp.

Sunday, February 14th.—I wrote a letter today. I heard Brother Keelley preach tonight. This was a very fine day.

Monday, February 15th.—A heavy snow fell today.

Tuesday, February 16th.—The snow all melted this morning; the weather turned very cold this evening.

Sunday, February 21st.—I went to visit the Second Louisiana Brigade today, and heard Brother Stricklin preach this evening.

Tuesday, March 1st.—Rain and sleet fell all night and day. We received marching orders this evening. I have been a soldier boy two years today.
Wednesday, March 2d.—Yet under marching orders. Snow all melted. Fine warm day.

Friday, March 4th.—Ration day, and no grub for the boys.

Saturday, March 5th.—We got some rations this morning and received marching orders. A very white frost this morning.

Sunday, March 6th.—The order for marching was pulled in this morning. The weather is turning cold this evening.

Monday, March 7th.—All quiet now.

So time passed on and nothing of interest took place until Friday, April 22d. Then I was discharged from the shoe-shop and returned to my company.

Right here I want to tell you about what a good dinner we had, before this, some time last year. We were on a forced march and were without rations for forty-eight hours, and all I had to eat was a raw roasting ear of corn and a few green apples. Well, we marched on and on, and it rained and thundered and the lightning flashed. The first evening of these two days some men—I think three or five—stopped under a large tree for shelter from the rain and there came a thunderbolt and struck the tree and killed them all, but the army did not stop to bury them. On the evening of the second day we halted and stacked our arms. I said to Jack:

"If they move before I get back, keep up my gun," and off I went.

I did not go far until I came to a vacant house, so I plundered the house and looked around the yard. This yard fence was made of Choctaw rose or hedge vines. I suppose this hedge had been there a long time, for it was about ten feet wide at the ground. I passed out of the yard
and was walking along the hedge, and before I knew it I walked upon a dead hog. I soon found that it had just been killed, for on its shoulder someone had commenced to skin it, and I could see the flesh jerk or twitch, and while I was standing there a man came walking down the hedge from the other way, and I said:

"Did you kill this hog?" pointing at it.

Said he: "What hog?"

Said I: "Why, there it is. It has just been killed, for the flesh is still twitching."

"Well," said he, "let us pull the hide off of it and divide it." I said: "All right," when someone under the hedge said:

"No, by God! You let that hog alone," and three men crawled out from under the hedge.

"Well," said I, "you boys will have to divide up with us, for I am too hungry for any use."

"All right," they said, and we had the hide off of that porker in a jiffy and I got one-fifth of the hog, and the melt, and away I went to where we had stacked our arms. When I got back and Jack saw the pork he almost shouted for joy. Well, I gathered some sticks and soon had a fire blazing, and lay my melt upon the fire without any salt upon it, and when it was about half done it began to rain. No! it didn't rain! It just simply poured down, and my fire was soon out. I grabbed up the melt and the blood was running out of it, but I soon devoured it without any salt or bread. Now, upon the honor of a Confederate soldier, this was the best meal I have ever had up to this good hour. Now laugh!

We moved into a skirt of woods and the Sergeant brought us some rations and the boys began to ask:

"What have you got this time?"
The Sergeant said: "Beef and flour."

Then such a howl the boys would make, and they were so hungry they could scarcely stand up. They would repeat: "Beef and flour! Damn! the beef and flour!" but they all drew their portion and were glad to get it.

Well, it was still raining some, and we did not have a vessel to cook a thing in. There we were and not a thing to cook in. Well, we went to work and built some big fires and took our beef, stuck one end of a long stick through it and the other end in the ground, and in this way we cooked it. Then we took our flour and poured it on an oil-cloth, and in this way made out our dough. Then we took it and wrapped it around our ram-rods and held it in the fire until it was burnt on the inside, but it was still raw in the middle. And we had two days' rations to prepare in this way. Now, boys, don't say you would not do such a thing, for I know you would.
CHAPTER XI.

I am sorry I can not give dates from about April 22d to Saturday, May 7th. Therefore, I cannot tell exactly the date of the row that started between Generals Lee and Grant, but I find in my diary that on the 7th of May we were in line of battle, but I think that the battle at Spottsylvania Court-house had been fought before this time, which was, according to my thinking, the hardest fought battle during the war. I remember very well that morning, for it was a foggy morning, and our line of breastworks thrown up nearly in the shape of a horseshoe. Gen Earley's division was stationed near the center of this circle. Well, about daylight we saw the Yankees coming, and they came in seventeen lines, one line just behind the other, and we counted them, and some fellow said: "Look out! boys! We will have blood for supper."

Well, before supper-time we had lots of blood, for we fought right there all day long, and part of the time it was a hand-to-hand fight, and there were Federal and Confederate soldiers, all good men, lying weltering in their blood, one on top of another until they were three and four deep. And there were some postoak trees there, six or eight inches in diameter, which were shot with minnie balls until they actually fell to the ground. After night the Yankees fell back, which left us victorious, and we held this position for several days.

Three or four days after this engagement the enemy marched their forces on our left, where our Texas Brigade was stationed. They came against this brigade with
six or seven lines of battle, with fixed bayonets, and when they came within about twenty paces of the breastworks our boys began firing on them, and such a slaughter of men don’t happen every day. But the Yankees moved right on and never fired a gun, and when they got to the breastworks they scaled it and run the Texas troops off, and they were the victors this time. This state of things did not last long, for the Texans were reinforced and retook the works, and when everything became quiet those Texans went across to sound the Yankees that they had killed, and they got money, watches and the Yankees’ canteens, which were pretty well all full of a drug. The Yankee officers had issued it to these poor devils, and after they had drunk it they were as wild as ravenous beasts—they had no fear of death, hell or the grave. You say: “Well, how do you know?” My answer is: As soon as our fellows began to drink the stuff they became raving crazy and had to be relieved and carried off to the rear to get sober.

About this time Gen. Earley’s division was sent on a flank movement, and before Mr. Yank knew anything about it we had pounced on them and captured a lot of prisoners, their baggage train and a lot of arms and ammunition, and were gone with our booty before old Grant was aware of it.

I want to tell you how brutal, cruel, barbarous, and, if there is any other word in the English language that will express a devilish disposition, as you read this just add it and read on. As we were making this flanking movement we crossed an old field, where there had been a bloody fight nine days before. The great General Grant had been in possession of this ground all of this time, and yet the men who happened to fall in the road were literally worn out, except their clothes. I stopped and counted fifty-seven men lying there, whom I don’t suppose were ever buried. Oh!
the cruelties of war! Who can ferret out the sins of these
great Generals? The poor old wool-hat fellow has all of
the blunt to bear and only gets shot, rations and kicked and
cursed around, and the big, fat man up at the General's
big, white tent gets all of the pay and the glory.

Saturday, May 7th.—We lay still until 12 o'clock; moved to the right and put up breastworks; then we moved at dark and marched all night.

Sunday, May 8th.—We stopped a short time, then marched to the right. I gave out this evening and did not catch up any more today.

Monday, May 9th.—I caught up with my company this morning. I went out skirmishing. Was relieved. Not much fighting today. We lay on our arms tonight.

Tuesday, May 10th.—Heavy fighting on our right and left. The enemy broke our line, but we regained our position. Heavy skirmishing in front. We were expecting every minute to have a row with these Yanks, but they did not come, and I went on picket tonight.

Wednesday, May 11th.—We moved down to our left in the breastworks, and we are not allowed to sleep all night, expecting the enemy to charge us. Rained this evening.

Thursday, May 12th.—It rained this morning. Our lines are broken on our right and left. We fell back, then we rallied and drove the enemy some distance. Tremendous hard fighting all day and until night. More rain this evening.

Friday, May 13th.—We were relieved at 3 o'clock this morning. We moved back to the rear to rest and recruit up. Heavy cannonading. More rain this evening.

Saturday, May 14th.—Still resting and heavy cannonading on the right. Rained this evening, and we had inspection today.
Sunday, May 15th.—We went to the front and occupied the ditches. A terrible heavy rain this evening, and I am on picket tonight.

Monday, May 16th.—I was relieved this morning; I was up all night. Cloudy and some rain today. All tolerably quiet along the line. Cheering news from the Shenandoah Valley.

Tuesday, May 17th.—All quiet along the line today. Cheering news from Richmond. Yet cloudy and threatening rain.

Wednesday, May 18th.—Company A was sent out on picket this morning. Just as we were relieving the picket we heard the Yankees giving orders: "Forward! march. Halt! Right dress! One, two; one, two," and so on, till they were done numbering. Then the order was: "Right face! As skirmishers, deploy!" All of these orders were given in an under-tone, but we could hear them. So here they come, and as soon as they were near enough we began to spat away at them. Our orders were to "fire and fall back, slowly." So we toiled along until we got within about one hundred yards of our rifle-pits, when our fool cannoneers turned loose at us all. My! but didn't I get in quick! Well, the Yankees fell back, so we skirmishers followed after them. They had stopped in a thick skirt of woods, so we could not see them, and some of us had gotten behind an old house, and these fellows were placed away on our right, and some more to our left, so they had a cross-fire at us, and they had struck one or two of our fellows. To our right there was a hollow and I saw that by getting into that hollow I could get right close to one of them, so I told Lieut. Rowland my plan. He first objected, then he said:

"Go on, but don't expose yourself."
So away I went. I didn’t intend to expose myself. So I was soon in the hollow and soon came out at a big pile of rails. Well, when I got settled down I watched for Mr. Yank’s smoke. Presently he fired at our boys and I saw about where he was, so I took a shot at him. It was not long until he fired again. I had him pretty well located this time, so I tried him, but did not silence him, but the third time I shot I shot at his smoke, for I could not see him, and this time I stopped his noise. So we spatted at each other all of the balance of the day.

Thursday, May 19th.—All quiet in the front. This evening we fell back. Last night we lay still until 2 o’clock. Gen Earley made a move on the flank, had a fight and fell back to our old position.

Friday, May 20th.—All quiet in front today. We got orders to march at daylight. I am up nearly all night.

Saturday, May 21st.—We moved at daylight. I am sick and am left at 10 o’clock. I slept with the stragglers tonight. It rained this evening.

Sunday, May 22d.—I moved at seven this morning. The Yankees are pressing the rear. I feel some better. I did not overtake my command. I had a very good dinner and camped with Sprawls tonight.

Monday, May 23rd.—Yet straggling; crossed the Northmaner at Buttler’s Mills. I ate some bread and milk. Crossed little river. Ate some bread and coffee at Gen. Heath’s headquarters and camped with Sprawls again tonight.

Tuesday, May 24th.—I caught up with my company, found them near Hanover junction. We moved to the left and then to the right, and formed in line of battle on the railroad.

Wednesday, May 25th.—We threw up breastworks; then
moved and threw up more breastworks. I wrote a letter to A. E. Rained this evening. Not much fighting today.

Thursday, May 26th.—It rained this morning. We lay on our arms all day. Heavy skirmishing on the left. More rain this evening. I am all sick tonight.

Friday, May 27th.—We moved at 8 o'clock. I am sick; got a certificate from the doctor and rode on the ambulance wagon all day and all night.

Saturday, May 28th.—The train moved before daylight, on and on, until about 2 in the evening, and camped in an old field. More rain this evening.

Sunday, May 29th.—Fair and rather cool for this time of the year. I went to my company and found them in line of battle. We moved and formed a line of battle near Pole Green Church and threw up breastworks. I am yet unwell.

Monday, May 30th.—Great maneuvering. We moved by the right flank. About 2 o'clock Gen. Rhodes broke their line. A right smart fight ensued. We fell back about 6 o'clock and took a new position.

Tuesday, May 31st.—We threw up breastworks. We had just got them done when we had to move. We started at 3 o'clock and went back to where we threw up breastworks last Sunday.

Wednesday, June 1st.—We lay still until about 2 o'clock in the evening. Then we moved to the right; again to our second breastworks. Fighting in front, on our right and left. Not much sleep tonight.

Thursday, June 2.—We moved to the right some half of a mile. Nothing more took place, but a little picket fighting and we were resting behind our breastworks. Lieut. Rowland and myself were talking about furloughs. I had been promised a furlough at the end of every twelve months and had never got any furlough, so we were talking about
these things and I said if I was to get a furlough of indulgence I would come back, but if I had to take a sick or wounded furlough I never expected to come back any more. He said he did not blame me.

About 2 o'clock Gen. Even's brigade was sent in and charged and routed the enemy; then all of Gordon's division went in and made a charge, and as they were charging a shrapnel shell burst near me and an ounce lead ball struck me on my right thigh, about half way between my hip and knee joint, just in front of the bone. Well, when the ball struck me it knocked me half around. I had my bayonet set and as I turned around Captain Ring, who was acting Adjutant, happened to be in my circle and I stuck my bayonet in him. He raised his sword and told me, with an oath, he would cut me down. I came to a "charge bayonet" and told him to cut if he was ready. He let his sword down and passed on. Then Captain Pearson said to me:

"Tom, are you wounded?"

I told him I was.

"Well," said he, "you had better go to the rear."

By this time my thigh had begun to hurt and bleed profusely, and I threw my gun and cartridge-box down and went to the rear. I started down the turnpike road, but the Yankees were heaving their miserable bombshells down that way, so I side-tracked to the right and soon struck a dim, old road that ran parallel with the pike, and there were no shells flying this way, so I was getting along very well. Presently I heard a racket behind me and I looked, and there came a man behind me in a canter. Said he:

"Are you wounded?"

I told him I was.

Said he: "So am I."

I said: "Where at?"
He clasped his hand on the left seat of his trousers and said: "Right there!"

By this time he was ten paces in front of me, saying: "Come on, if you are going with me."

I said: "Go on, for I can't keep up with you."

Well, as bad as I was hurting, I could not keep from laughing at him. So I hobbled along the best I could, and I found that I was bleeding worse, and finally I took down my pantaloons. Oh my! I was hurt so much worse than I thought I was that I sat down right there. As it happened I was near a road that the ambulances were traveling, so presently one came along, and after the driver informed himself that I was the genuine stuff he helped me in, and away we went to the division hospital. Well, after I got settled down, there came in a little old doctor who hailed from Baltimore, Md. He had been with us all of the time, and he was the proudest little scoundrel that you ever saw. He wore more brass on his clothes than any little man I ever saw.

"Well," said he, "where are you wounded?"

I told him. Well, he began to examine me, and said he would have to take off my leg. Said he:

"It will have to come off right here." Then he ran his two little fingers in the holes, for the ball had gone clear through. Said I:

"Great Scott! What do you mean?"

"I was just feeling for fractured bones," said he. "Well, I must take that leg off."

Said I: "You don't have to do any such thing."

"Oh!" said he, "I know my business."

"Yes," said I, "but you don't have to take off my leg."

Said he: "You don't know what you are talking about."
I said: "Now, here, if you are going to dress my wound, get at it, for you will never cut off my leg."

So, after awhile, he dressed my wound and gathered up his traps and pulled out. I did not get much sleep tonight.

Friday, June 3.—Well, the first pull around they gave me was to send me to the Corps hospital. I did not stay there long until they sent me to the railroad; then they pulled me on the train and I was run into Richmond, and reached the Chimmberrasor Hospital at 12 o'clock tonight.

Saturday, June 4.—I am right sick today. Nothing much to eat. I am in the fourth division, ward K. It rained this evening. Right here I suffered more mental and physical agony than I ever did. In this ward, and three or four bunks from where I was, there was a great big, double-jointed young man, and I suppose he would have weighed two hundred pounds; at least he looked that big to me. Well this fellow had fits, and some days he would have from two to five, and when these spells would come on he would rear and buck and it took all of the nurses and negroes they had in the ward to hold him down, and he would foam and froth at the mouth and bite his tongue. Well, there I lay on my back and could not turn over, get up or help myself in any way. These nurses would go to bed, or somewhere else, about 11 o'clock, and leave us poor devils there to make the best of it we could, and I would lie there and could not sleep through pure fear, thinking and expecting every minute that this fellow would pounce onto me. Sometimes I would drop off to sleep and dream of "Old Red" coming, and then I would wake up and jump or jerk and hurt my wound and it would be a long time before I could sleep again. And so I passed these
wearisome nights away, yet I mended very fast, considering my condition and treatment.

Sunday, June 5.—It rained this morning. I am feeling some better today.

Monday, June 6.—Rain this morning. I feel right smart better today.

So time passed on without much change.

Thursday, June 9.—I signed the pay roll. I am feeling very well today.

Monday, June 13.—Very cold and cloudy. I am mending fast. I think I will be able to travel in a few days.

Wednesday, June 15.—I received four months’ wages today, paid me by Major Cairy. It is some warmer and I am still mending.

Friday, June 17.—I had a shave and hair cut today, and speaking of a hair cut reminds me of how I come to cut hair. Before my brother, Green, was killed there were eight in our mess and brother was kinder “head-push;” that is, when there was any change to be made in the mess we all would leave it to Green. Well, there was a fellow by the name of James Willet who had been driving a team in the wagon yard for I don’t know how long, but long enough that he was too lazy for buzzard bait. Well, the wagon master fired him off of his job and sent him to his company. When he came no one would mess with him and he came to us and we all sent him to Brother, saying it is all right if Green says so. Well, Brother was good and kind to everybody, so Brother took him in. He was dirty and slouchy, and his hair did not look like it had been cut since he left home. It hung away down on his shoulders and it was full of head lice.


Brother said: “Yes!”
I said: "Well, I am not going to mess with those lice."
Brother says: "Is he lousy?"
"Yes! His head is thick with lice."
Jim happened to hear us talking, and he asked me if I could shingle hair.
"Yes! I am a splendid hand to shingle hair."
"Well," he said, "will you shingle my hair?"
I told him I would. So we went out of the tent and I got him down on a stump and began my work. I never had cut any hair before—didn’t know a thing about cutting hair—but I lammed in on it. And his head was a big, round, pumpkin-shaped head, and that helped me out much, and I soon had him peeled close to the scalp, and the boys said I was a splendid hand and had made a nice job. Well, when I had finished him up I said:

"Jim, you take your fine comb and get those small lice and nits off of your head; I have gotten all of the large ones. We can’t have those lice in our mess."

Jim said: "I have no fine comb."
I said: "Here is mine. Now, don’t stop until you get yourself rid of those things."

Monday, June 20.—I went before the medical board and they gave me a forty days’ furlough. Clear and rather cold.
CHAPTER XII.

Wednesday, June 22.—I started on furlough this morning. Went to the commission house and drew forty dollars compensation. After I got on the train there came a woman along with some ice-cream. I asked for a placte, and she gave it to me, saying: "It is worth one dollar," So pretty soon we were gone, and I have not seen the city of Richmond since. We run all night.

Thursday, June 23.—Arrived at Danville this morning and took the Piedmont train; ran to Greensboro; here I missed the train and had to wait over until 2 o'clock a.m.

Friday, June 24.—I changed cars at the Atlas River. Passed two or three towns and changed at Charlotte and run all night. Got refreshments at Rockhill.

Saturday, June 25.—Changed cars at Columbia. The ladies of South Carolina gave us refreshments at Orangeburg, Badenburg and Williston. At the last-named place the train stopped and the ladies had a long table set in waiting for us, and all that were able to walk went to the table and those that could not walk much kept their seats and the ladies came in and waited on them. Well, I was sitting at the front end of the coach and in came an old lady with a well-filled basket on her arm, and her daughter next, with strawberries and cream; next came the house girl with a two-bushel bow-basket, and it was full to the brim. The good matron came to me and said:

"I have brought you something to eat. What will you have?"
"Oh," said I, "just anything. You see, I am wounded and can hardly walk."

"Oh! Are you wounded? Let me dress your wound for you."

I said: "No, thank you; it has just been dressed."
So she lay out a good supply of victuals and she passed on to the next. Then the young Miss came in and said:

"Have some strawberries and cream?"

"No, I thank you. That is not for a rough old soldier, like myself, to eat. You sit down here by me and eat it and I will eat something rough and solid."

"Oh," said she, "I prepared this for you soldiers, and I want you to eat it."

"No! No!" said I. "That is too nice for such as me to eat."

"Well," said she, "I will go and see if these men will have any."

So she went to the other fellows and they treated her as mean as I had, so presently she came back to me and said:

"Here, you must eat all of them up. I cannot afford to throw them away."

"Well," said I, "little Miss, sit down here by me, and we will eat them together."

So she sat down and we did eat strawberries to a finish, and while we ate, she asked what State I was from, where I had been soldiering, and where I was wounded. And she began to beg me to go home with her, vowing that she would take care of me, that her father had plenty, that I never should suffer, and all such talk. I told her that I had kinfolks in Alabama that I had not seen since I was a small child. Pretty soon the train pulled out and we had to part.
Sunday, June 26.—I arrived at Atlanta, Ga., at 12 o'clock and took the train for West Point. Somewhere on this road was a place called Opelika. Here we stopped and got refreshments and here a young lady came on the train and wanted to dress my wound, but I told her that it had just been dressed; so she gave me as nice a bouquet as I ever saw with her name and address on a slip of paper. It read like this: "Presented by Susie Farney, Opelika, Ala." I changed cars at West Point at 5 o'clock and run into Montgomery and got on the steamboat at 2 a.m. Back at Columbia, when I stepped off of the train onto the platform one of my crutches slipped and I fell on the crutch and broke it and hurt my wound, and I can't get around as fast as a man with two legs, so I was about the last to get on the boat, and the berths were all taken. I sat down, thinking I would get a good night's sleep and rest sitting up in a chair, but fortunately my Texas friend came to me saying:

"Have you got a berth?"

I told him that when I came on board all of the berths were taken. "Well," said he, "that is too bad, but I will find you one. Come here." So I followed him, and when he came to his number he said: "This is my berth. Take this card and when you want to 'turn-in.'"

I said: "No, sir!"

He said: "Yes, I will get a place to sleep, if I sleep, but I don't think I will lie down at all tonight."

So I "turned in" and got a good night's rest.

Monday, June 27.—I awoke this morning and found myself sailing down the Alabama River, and presently the bell rang for breakfast and this was my bill of fare: Before going to the table I went to the bar and took a long toddy, for which I paid $5.00; when I got through eating I paid
$5.00 for my breakfast, and I went back to the bar and called for a cigar, for which I paid $1.00. This shows you how much our money was worth. I got to Selma at 12 o'clock and went to the Way-side Hospital, but things didn't look good to me at this place, so I went to a Mr. J. Payton and stopped with him.

Tuesday, June 28.—I took the Selma and Tennessee River train at 9 o'clock, and ran up to Lime station; there I got on horse-back and rode out four miles and stopped with a Mr. Fletcher.

Wednesday, June 29.—I got on the freight train and ran up to the coal mines and stopped tonight with a Mr. Forney.

Thursday, June 30.—I got on a mule wagon, came up to the Iron Foundry and took dinner with Mr. Jordan, who was superintendent of this institution. All of these good people treated me just like I was a lord. Nothing they had was good enough for me. They never had been over-run by soldiers, like other States, and were all big-hearted, quiet people.

Friday, July 1.—Mr. Hickman sent me twelve miles on horseback to a Mr. Green's. Here I took dinner. This was as nice a farm as ever I saw. The house was built on an elevated piece of ground that overlooked the farm. Oh, it was a beautiful farm. Mr. Green sent me six miles to a Mr. Hopkins, and this good man sent me six miles to Mr. Smith's. Here I stopped for the night.

Saturday, July 2.—Mr. Smith sent me one and a half miles; then a little boy took me two miles; then a Mr. Selph sent me four and a half miles; then I walked a half mile and stopped with a Mr. Poe. Here I stayed all night. How worn and tired I am. It seemed like I never could get to my grandfather's.
Sunday, July 3.—Mr. Poe sent me seven miles; then I got on a wagon and rode into Blountville, Ala. Here I found an old neighbor and friend of my father's, and he put me on his horse and walked before four miles to my uncle, William Nation's. When we got there Mr. Graves hailed at the gate and Aunt Celia and her three grown girls came to the gate and Mr. Graves said:

"Here is a man I want to leave here tonight. He says he is a wounded soldier right from Richmond, Va."

"Well," said Aunt, "I guess I can take care of him, but tell me who he is?"

"Well," said Mr. Graves, "he tells me he is a son of Austin Reed."

And then they all gathered me and were pulling me off of the horse. I told them not to be so rough, they would hurt me. Then I got off of the horse, and such a hugging and pounding as they did give me. Well, Mr. Graves bid me good-bye and went home and we went into the house and Aunt introduced me to Uncle William Nation, who was an invalid and had been for sixteen years. After supper we talked a long time, but finally they showed me to my room and I slept well, considering my condition and being weary.

William Náñon married my mother's sister, Celia, and she had three beautiful daughters. Their names were ———, Sis and Manilia. Well, we had never seen each other until now, and they were all attention to me, so kind and good they were. I never can praise them enough. These good people lived in the mountains and raised all they subsisted on. They had the finest fruit and fine cider, apple and peach brandy. One day we were talking and I said something about a barrel of flour. They said: "A barrel of flour?" for they had never seen a barrel of flour.
When they wanted flour they would yoke up their oxen and put their wheat in their wagon and carry it to mill, and when they came home they would have a nice lot of fine flour. Well, I had a host of kinfolks in and around Bluntsville and Brooksville, so I will not worry you with a full detail of my visits while I was among them, but there are a few things that I wish to mention. Aunt Celia Nation carried me to my Grandfather Scott’s on Tuesday, the 5th of July. Grandpa was one of those old time, broad-minded, big, hearty and jolly fellows of Irish descent. His name was Patrick Scott and he was then seventy-eight years old. He was a very large and had been a powerful man, but good natured to a fault. Grandmother was seventy-five years of age, small, but sprightly for her age, and could quarrel more than three women ought to. Well, everything on the place did as she said, or there was a row. I was scared of her on the start, though Grandpa and I got along pretty well. One day while I was there she said:

“Well, Tommie, I have learned that you can make shoes, and I want you to make me a pair.”

She went on to tell me she had a last and pattern that fitted her. I told her I would make her shoes for her, so she got up her leather, tools and lining. She wanted them lined and bound, and I was soon at work and had the shoes cut out and the lining pasted to the uppers, which were of a nice calf-skin, and it nicely black, on the flesh side. Well, I had commenced to put on the binding when Grandma came along saying:

“Ah, tut! tut!! Tommie! You have ruined my shoes. Tut! tut!!”

I said, with surprise: “Why, Grandma, how have I spoiled your shoes?”

“Why, Tommie, I wanted the black side turned in.”
“Well,” said I, “I can turn the black side in, but the black side ought to be out.”

“No! no! Tommie. If you turn the black side out that would ruin my stocking.”

So I pulled the lining off and pasted it on the flesh side, and after I got them done, with which she was very well pleased, she got her some sweet milk and copperas and made a solution and blacked the grain, and now she had both sides of the leather black. But if it suited her, you bet it suited me. Another time, when I was there, Grandma and Grandpa were sitting off to themselves, and were very busy talking. Now, Grandma hated a black chicken, and Grandsire had a beautiful black chicken and Grandma wanted to get rid of him, and she had a white one, and to get rid of Grandpa’s chicken she was saying:

“Now, Paddy, if you will kill your rooster I will kill mine.”

Grandpa said: “All right, Betsy! I will do that.”

“Well,” said she, “let us go and get mine, and, turning to Jane Kelso, she said:

“Jane, put on some water and have it hot. We are going to kill a chicken.”

So out they went, the two old, crooked fellows. It was real funny. They went to the hen-house and caught Grandma’s rooster and took him to the chopping-block and Grandmother held the chicken and Grandpa took the old dull ax, and, as he thought, cut his head off, and back they came with the chicken and laid it down on the hearth. Now, the chimney and fire-place were built of stone and the arch-stone was about eight feet long, which made the hearth very long. Well, they sat down and were talking, just as nice as two old children could talk. Presently Grandma saw that Grandpa had not cut the chicken’s head off.
"Why," said she, "Paddy, you did not cut his head off."

The old man said: "Yes, Betsy, I did."

The old lady got up and got a case knife and took the chicken by the head and began to cut on his neck, which brought him back to life, and he began to flounce and scratch with his feet, and Grandma threw him down, and the chicken fluttered and jumped and strewed his blood all over the floor. Such a storm arose that I thought the house-top would go, but Grandpa took it all without a word, and Aunt Mary and Jane soon had things in order again, and the two old ones went to bed and left us to laugh at them, for we were afraid to laugh while Grandma was there. So time went on and I was having a good time. It was not like it was in Virginia, being shuffled around by Generals Early, Dick, Ewel and Lee, for they were having those wild Yankees shooting at me; but here, when the Yankees would pass, I would go to the woods and when they were gone I was all right again. Sometimes I think I was not much of a soldier nohow.
CHAPTER XIII.

Saturday, July 30.—I went before a medical board at Blountville and had my furlough extended thirty days and drank some cider at Mr. Graves’ and stopped with Cousin Rachel Hood tonight.

Monday, August 15.—I made myself a pair of shoes today.

Tuesday, August 16.—I went before the medical board at Blountville again and they gave me another extension of thirty days on my furlough. Stayed tonight with a Mr. Sexton.

One day when at Grandpa Scott’s he said to me:
“Tommie, go feed the mares and we will go over to Berry’s this evening. Berry is going to ‘double’ this evening.”

I said: “All right!” for I did not know what else to say. I never was at a still house and didn’t know what he meant by “doubling.” So, after he took his evening nap, I caught and saddled the horses. I led his horse up to the block and he got on and we rode slowly over to the still house, and when we got there there were five or six old fellows who had come in to try Berry’s “doublings.” I hitched the horses and Uncle Berry introduced me to these old gentlemen. Then Uncle Berry drew some of his “doublings” and those old fellows began to drink, and soon they began to crack their jokes and soon they were having a big time. Well, we sat around and chatted and laughed until it was getting late and I saw they were getting pretty full. I said to Grandpa:
“Hadn’t we better go home?”

“Why!” said he, “no, no! It is early yet. We have plenty of time.”

“Yes,” said the others, “we have not had enough of Berry’s ‘doublings’ yet,” so I had to wait their time.

After an hour or so Grandpa decided to go, and I led his horse to a stump and he got astride and off we rode. Soon after we got out of sight Grandpa shouted: “Whoopee!” and clasped his heels to his horse and away went the horse at full speed. I started after him, for I thought he would be dashed to pieces, but I could not overtake him until he checked up his horse. So, after I caught up with him I asked him not to run his horse again—that he would get hurt; but he laughed at me and said that he was a peach on horseback, and before I knew it he was gone again, the same way, and I followed on as fast as I could, and when I overtook him he was jogging along quietly and then he laughed at me again. When we got home I felt greatly relieved, for I was sure he would get hurt before we got home, and when I got done feeding and came to the house Grandma was giving Grandpa a lecture, just as if he had been a sixteen-year-old boy, but he did not mind it, for he was all fun and frolic.

One day when I was at Cousin Sarah Hood’s a troop of cavalrymen stopped there and one of them had a lame horse, and he wanted to give the horse to Cousin Sarah, but she did not want the horse, and I got a chance and told her to take the horse, and that when they were gone I would take the horse off of her hands. So she took the horse for me. Then I bought a saddle and bridle and was fixed pretty well, for I soon cured the horse of his lameness.
Thursday, 18.—I wrote three letters. Two for Cousin Sarah Hood and one to Amanda E. Reed.

Sunday, September 11.—I went to the Primitive Baptist Association this morning and stopped with a Mr. Allgood tonight, and I think there were a hundred or more people besides myself who stayed there.

Monday, September 12.—I went to church again today and the meeting broke up and myself and cousins went back home. I had a jolly time, which I will remember some time.

Saturday, September 17.—I had my furlough extended today.

Saturday, October 1.—I am at my old trade, shoemaking. I have been working at shoe work for two weeks. Speaking of shoes, while I was in Virginia I had seen the boys march on those turnpike roads barefooted and their feet bleeding so that you could track them by the blood, but the finest things that I ever walked in on a cold morning were the forelegs of a fresh beef skin. Cut them off just above the knee and wrap them around your feet with the hairy side in. Sew them fast around your feet. They are soft and pliant to your feet. I have worn them for two or three days, or until they would get so dry and hard I could not stand them. Then I would get some beef knees and go again.

Sunday, November 20.—I had my furlough extended, and received two very nice presents. One was a home made gray jeans overcoat, which I am very proud of.

There is a spring near Uncle Tommie Scott’s which is a mystery. It is called the cave spring. It is at the foot of a bluff that is almost perpendicular and the water runs down this bluff. This pool of water, which is twenty-five or thirty feet across and nearly round, don’t run off as you
see and don't get any fuller, and the ground is perfectly dry all around. I suppose this bluff is two hundred feet high.
CHAPTER XIV.

While I was floating around I met with Captain Gilbert, who was in the cavalry service under the brilliant General Forest. I asked him about his service. He told me he thought he was having a very good time for a soldier. Said he:

"Come and go with us. We would like to have you."

"Well," said I, "I will go with you, with a proviso."

Said he: "How is that?"

I told him I would go with him; that I would make as good a soldier as he had and all I wanted of him was rations for myself and horse, and clothes; that I would not go on the pay-roll, and that when I got a chance that I thought would do to get across the Mississippi River he was to turn me loose. Would these terms suit? He studied awhile and said:

"Well, I agree to your terms, but why don't you want to go on my pay-roll?"

Said I: "You know without an explanation. When do you start to your command?"

"Oh," said he, "it will be two or three weeks. You make ready and I will let you know in time."

So it was arranged that I should go to Forest's command with Captain Gilbert, who was from Texas and had married a young lady in Blunt county, Ala.

Now, before this I was at Uncle Jesse Aldridge's and he said:

"Tom, don't you want to be a Mason? It would be
a great help to you in getting home, and in many other ways."

I said: "No, sir. Why?"

"Well," said he, "I am going down to the lodge at Bluntville Friday, and if you want to I will present your name and application to join, and a month from then we will go down and you can join."

I said: "Uncle Jesse I don't know anything about masonry, and it takes money, and lots of it, when you go to join the Masons, and that I have not got."

"Oh," said he, "it don't take so much money, and, as to the money, I will furnish all that you will need."

I said: "Uncle, I am very much obliged to you for your kindness, but I will have to beg you to let me off this time, for I cannot accept it."

Uncle Jesse was a good, honest, big-hearted fellow and was always ready to help the needy. Another time I was there Uncle said:

"Tom, don't you want to go home?"

"Why, Uncle Jesse," said I, "you know I want to go home. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Oh," said he, "I have been thinking—that is before I got my horse—that myself, Paddy (that was Grandpa) Berry, Celia and Uncle Tom Scott could all chip in and buy you a good horse, saddle and bridle—and I can fix you papers that you can cross the river on—and would never miss it."

I said: "Uncle Jesse, I am so thankful to you, for I believe that you are always studying my interest, but I will get home."

Said he, with a little warmth: "Why? Don't you think it would be the better to ride home than undertake to walk so far, and you can't walk much nohow?"
I said: "Uncle Jesse, while I am with you I expect to share with you at your table, and all like that, but for me to receive anything further than that, please excuse me."

"Well," said he, "this is twice that I have offered you my services and you have in both instances refused my offer, and I must say I think you are the biggest fool I ever saw."

He was hot now.

I said: "Uncle Jesse, call me fool, or anything you please to call me, but there is one thing certain; when I am gone neither you nor your children can say that I was burdensome to you or that I came here to sponge on you."

"There, there," said he, "I did not look at it that way and did not mean it that way."

I said: "Uncle Jesse, that is the way I see it, and I will not accept your very kind offer."

Back in Virginia, one evening, there came a terrible rain, and about that time we stopped in a low, level place, and the rain kept on falling until late in the night and the water was all over the ground and we could not lie down to rest. I squatted down by a tree and tried to rest and sleep, but I soon got stiff and numb; so I had to get up and walk and I was so tired that I could scarcely walk, but I walked off some hundred yards and came to a rock fence. I thought to myself, "This is the place." So I spread my blanket and lay down, and presently these rocks began to hurt me, one in this place and one in that place, and there I was the rest of the night trying to shape myself to fit those rocks, and made a complete failure. I thought then, and think yet, that a rock fence is about the hardest and most disagreeable bed a man can possibly find.

I left Uncle William Nation January 24, 1865, with Captain Gilbert, going to Mississippi to join General Forest's command. We were seven days on the road on horseback,
and it was the coldest fair weather I nearly ever saw. The
ground was frozen so long that the road got dusty, and we
crossed several lagoons that were frozen over so hard that
our horses did not break the ice. One young man that was
with us was riding a very fine young mare, and she was
barefooted and got lame, and he tried and tried to get her
shod, but could not for two or three days, till finally her
feet would bleed on the ground and the young man would
walk and lead and drive her. Finally we came to a black-
smith’s shop and got her shod.

We passed over about the poorest country that I ever
saw. One evening the Captain tried at several places to
get corn for our horses, but failed until after dark, when
we came to a farm house set on a hill, and the ground was
full of white pebbles from the size of a pea to the size of
a goose egg. Well, we stopped here and the old man said
he could not let us have any corn at all. The Captain told
him that we must have corn, and that if he did not let us
have it he would press it.

“Well,” said the old man, “I will let you have ten ears
to the horse.”

“Well,” said the Captain. “Go in, boys, and don’t
take but ten ears each.”

“All right!” said the boys, and we went in and I said
to one of the boys:

“Ten ears will not be half enough for my horse.”

“Oh,” said he, “get twenty-five.”

So I took that amount and we went a little farther and
struck camp and had plenty of corn.

Well, we got to Verona, Miss., on the 31st of January,
1865. We were here about ten days and while here I caught
the itch, for several of the boys had it. We had a time do-
toring ourselves, but we soon got well of it. On February
10th we left Verona and went to West Point. This was a prairie part of the world, and of all the muck of mud I ever saw, it was here. The ground had thawed and it was simply bad, but we got to West Point on February 13th, and soon after we got settled down I was sent as guard on the train from West Point to Verona. I could make a round trip a day and could tend to my horse and stay with the boys at night. And on March 7th we all went up to Verona on the train. General Forest had bagged a lot of Yankees and wanted us to take charge of them, so we came back to West Point with our prisoners on the 10th of March. I found out that these prisoners had to go to Meridian, Miss., so I decided that this was the time for me to get across the big river. Accordingly, I went to Captain Gilbert and said to him:

"Captain, do you remember our contract?"
"Why, no," said the Captain. "What contract?"
I told him, and said the time has now come for me to go, and I want your consent.
"Well," said he, "you have complied with your part and I guess I will have to give you up, but I hate like h—l for you to go. How do you aim to get off?"
"Well," said I, "I want you to send me with those prisoners to Meridian, and after I get there I will manage the rest."

Said he: "But what will you do with your horse?"
Said I: "The horse is all right; I have sold him."
"Well," said Captain Gilbert, taking me by both hands, "I don't like to give you up, and what hurts me worse is that I cannot go with you; but you have my full permission to go and my best wishes for your future happiness."

It did seem like Captain Gilbert was completely wrapped up in me. Well, before I slept I had all of my arrange-
ments made, and next morning, March 11th, I boarded the train with the other guards and ran down to Meridian. There we turned our prisoners over to Captain —— somebody, I don't know who. Next morning, March 12th, I started to go in the ladies' coach and there stood a fool guard, and said he:

"Get down! This is the ladies' coach."
I said: "I have a lady in charge."
Said he: "Get out! Get out! That is too old; it will not answer today."

"All right," said I, and I stepped down and out, and did not know how I was to get on that coach, for I wanted to go on the ladies' coach. So I strolled around, and presently I saw two Indians selling some cane baskets to some ladies. I walked to where they were and said:

"Good morning, ladies."
They returned the salute. Said I:

"Ladies, can't one of you claim kin with me? I want to ride in this coach."

"Why, yes," said one of them. "Here, you take my check; that will bring you on."

So I took the proffered check and walked back to the same guard, and when he saw me coming he said:

"Here you are back again. Get out now!"

"Oh," said I, "you get out!" holding up the check. He gave way and I walked in, and went to my lady friend, handed her the check and thanked her and took a seat.
CHAPTER XV.

In those days railroading was at a very low ebb, and we had to stay there quite awhile, I don't know why; but we finally moved out. Before we came to Pearl River, two miles from Jackson, Miss., the Yankees had burned the bridge across Pearl River and we had to foot it into Jackson. Well, after we left the train, I ran up with about eighty of my old comrades of the 9th regiment of Louisiana infantry. Oh! how glad I was to meet them. They were all parole prisoners and we had ridden on the same train from Meridian and did not know it. So we had to walk to Jackson, and when we got there I told John Thomas, who belonged to Company H of the 9th Louisiana regiment—we were old chums—I said:

"John, can you manage for me? I am here without any furlough or any papers whatever."

"Why," said he, "yes. I can draw rations for you and that is all you want now."

I said: "All right! If you will it will be quite a favor to me."

So he went and drew rations for two for two days, and we were healed for two days longer. Next morning, the 13th of March, we rustled around and boarded a train going to Hazelhurst and soon got there, and the boys went and drew more rations, and we found out that we could cross the Mississippi at Brewinsburg, going by the way of Port Gibson. So we struck out and traveled twelve miles west of Hazelhurst and stopped at a church.
14th.—We moved out early and marched twenty-six miles and camped within six miles of Port Gibson.

15th.—We passed Port Gibson, came sixteen miles and camped within seven miles of Brewinsburg.

16th.—Just before we got to the Mississippi River two men overtook us. One of them called himself Major——— somebody. Me and a man from Texas were behind the others, and this Major called out:

“Halt! gentlemen! I want to examine your papers.”

Now, all of these men had a parole which read like this: “To go anywhere in the bounds of the Confederate States; not to cross the Mississippi River,” but before we got here the boys had each taken their paroles and knocked the “not” off. Then it read: “To go anywhere in the bounds of the Confederate States and to cross the Mississippi River.” Well, I thought he would throw us into line and then examine our papers, and I did not have any furlough or any showing at all, so I was sure he would get me. I said to this Texas fellow:

“How will I pass this examination?”

“Well,” said he, “let me see. Yes! I have it. After he looks at my papers you be standing off and I will get to you and you take my papers, and he will not know the difference.”

So about the time we had fixed up for him, he stopped and the men got all around him, four or five deep, saying: “Here is mine! Here is mine!”

And he was looking over the papers as fast as he could and did not know who he examined or whether the papers were right or wrong. I said to my Texas friend:

“Hold on! I will do him.”

So I stepped a little behind and stood there a little while, and then I passed on beyond him and lay down on
the ground like the others were doing. When he was through one of the men who owned the yawl that we were to cross the river in, said:

"Are these papers right, Major?"

"Yes! All right, Mr. Boon."

Then said this man with the oars: "Come, gentlemen, we have no time for parleying; let us go."

So off we went to the river, and at this point, the men said, the river was about two miles wide. Ten of us got in one yawl, and after we got settled down, one of the oarsmen said:

"Gentlemen, your money before we move an oar."

Some one said:

"How much is it?"

He said: "Fifty dollars each."

So we ten men dug up $500.00 to start on. Well, as soon as we got out in the river we could see, ten miles below, the Federal gunboats. They were lying at St. Joseph, and that far away they looked awful black and ugly, and it seemed to me that we would never get across, for I expected all the time that they would be after us. But we finally got across on Jordan's side, and I felt good, and greatly relieved. And soon after we got over the river—I never knew how it happened—I got separated from the other boys. Anyway, I went up the river, and they went down the river and I did not see them any more. I struck a road that run between the river and a lake, which looked to me as wide as the Mississippi River. I walked on and on and kept looking back, thinking some of the boys would come in sight, but they did not show up, and I began to feel quite lonesome. But I kept shuffling on, and the sun began to sink lower and lower, and I had not seen a white face since I had left the boys. So, finally, I stopped at
A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

a negro hut and asked for something to eat. She told me she had nothing but some corn bread and a little piece of bacon. I said:

"Give me some of that," and so she did.

I asked her how I could get out of there, and told her I wanted to go to Monroe, La.

"Oh!" she said, "you can never get to Monroe this way. Further, the river is rising and you will soon come to the Tensaw River, and it is spreading all over the swamps. Boss, you will just have to backup and go down by St. Joseph."

"All right!" said I, and I pulled out, but not down the river by the way of St. Joseph. I went on and soon came to the Tensaw River. I turned down the river and tramped on until after dark, for I was afraid to stop at a negro's house. I did not know who was in that swamp. After awhile I got so tired I could scarcely go at all, so I pulled myself out into a very thick thicket of woods, and it makes me shudder now to think of that night. I got a little ways from the road, lay down and after I lay down I thought of the Jayhawkers, Yankees, rattlesnakes, catamounts—well, everything that could harm me, but I was so tired that I fell asleep, after so long a time. On the 17th I awoke greatly refreshed. The sun was up, so I got up and dressed and found that nothing had caught me, for the God of heaven could and did watch over me—there in that swamp, the same as he had done on so many battlefields. And oh! how ashamed I felt, that I could not trust Him last night. But so it was, and so it is yet with me most of the time. Well, I pulled back into the road and went on—this was the 17th of March, 1865—and soon came to a bayou which was rising very fast. I soon saw the water was too deep to wade, so I went down stream and found a log and was
soon across, and on I went, for I was alone and in command. I soon came to another bayou, which was a great deal larger and looked deeper and I could not get any log that I could cross on. Well, what will I do? I can't turn and go back. That will never do. So I looked around and found an old Choctaw log, which was lying near the bank. I took hold of it and found that I could get it in the water, so I turned it over and down it went, and when it got near the edge of the water I stopped it and took off my clothes and placed them on the log, after I had gotten the log in the water. I then waded in and turned it across the stream, for there was no current, scarcely. I then waded out until the water came up around my waist; then I pushed it as hard as I could and away we went—I mean me and the log. I was still holding to the log and was pumping with my feet, and I was soon across and my clothes were dry, so I pulled them on and tramped out again, and it was not long until I came to the third one of these bayous, but it was narrow and there was a log handy, and I was across directly and was on the road making up for lost time. It was about 10 o'clock and breakfast had not been served yet, and the boy was getting pretty hungry; but after a bit I saw a house near the road, so I switched off and when I came to the house I found that it was set on stilts—long posts or pillars. The first floor was fully twelve feet high. They had built the house in this way to get above the overflow. I asked the lady for something to eat, and she said:

"Why, certainly. 'Come up."

So I climbed the stairway. She told me her husband would be in soon; that she would give me something soon. Pretty soon the man came in and gave me a hearty welcome. I related to him some of my adventures, and told him where I wanted to go. He shook his head and said:
"You have entirely missed your route. You should have
gone by the way of St. Joseph. I don't see how you can get
through this way, on account of so much water, and the
river is rising very fast."

Now, you don’t think I took the blues? Yes, but I
did. After dinner he said:

"You stay here till morning and it may be that I can
fit you up."

So I consented, and he went off to see after his stock.
And how I did enjoy that evening's rest! This good man's
name was Lynch.

Next morning, the 18th, I asked him how far down
the river it was to a settlement or road. He said:

"It is thirty miles to Coutier Point, and if you were
there I hardly think you could get across these swamps to
Ouachita River."

"You give me great encouragement. Have you a skiff,
or anything in that line?" I said.

He said: "Yes, I have lots of dug-outs, but you never
could get there in one of them."

I said: "Where are they?"

"Oh," said he, "I will let you see them."

So we went and I selected one, but I could not get it
to the river. Said Mr. Lynch:

"I will have it there soon."

He went and got a horse and soon had the dug-out on
the river bank. These dugouts were made out of Cypress
logs. They would dig them out and then kinder sharpen
off the ends. Well, we soon had it in the river and Mr.
Lynch got an oak board about six feet long and made a
paddle for me, and after bidding these good people good-
bye, I placed all of my worldly effects in my craft and
started on this perilous journey.
CHAPTER XVI.

Now, it was thirty miles to the first place where anyone lived, but away I went, paddling, down! down! I did not know where. My hands were very tender and I had not gone far until they were blistered. In places the current was very swift and strong and my old log was hard to control. So after awhile I found my dug-out balanced across a log, and there I was. I could not go forward at all, and I had to sit very steady to keep the log from turning over. Well, I worked some time before I got clear of this place and went on my way rejoicing, and thinking I will be more careful. When I quit paddling, the old dug-out would drift any way. So on, on I went, and soon got into another whirlpool and was caught on another log. I worked sometime again before I got my craft extricated, but I did. So down the river I went. I had left the Lynch farm about 9 o'clock that morning and at about 3 o'clock that evening I blew my whistle at Couter Point, and, after I had fastened my dug-out, I walked up the river bank and could not see anyone; but soon I heard someone out in the overflow cursing and quarreling, and I found out that he was the ferryman, and when he came to where I was, I found that he was a full-blood Irishman and was as mad as two old he bears:

"Well, Pat," said I, "what is wrong with you this fine evening?"

He said: "To h—I with the fine evening. Last night the d—d soldiers came and stole my boat and took it off to the mouth of Mason River and went off and left it,
A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

and I had a h—l of a time getting back this morning. But they will be d—d smart if they get it tonight, for I have it hid out there in the overflow."

"Well," said I, "how will I get out of here? How far is it to where I can stop tonight?"

"Well," said he, "h—l! You can stop here for all I care. You can't get out of here nohow; it is six miles to the first place, and there are five or six sloughs that will swim my horse. No, you can't get out there. How did you get here, anyway?"

"Why," I said, "I came down the river in a dug-out."

"The h—l you did. Well, you can take your d—d dug-out and go down the river to h—l; I must be going."
About that time I heard someone hollow:

"Bring over the boat!"

I looked and there came a man on horseback, and I saw he was leading a horse, and I said:

"Go and get that man across."

Said Paddy: "I'll be d—d if I do; he can go to h—l for all of me."

"Well," I said, "here, you go and bring that man over, or you or I one will die, and that pretty soon. Now! go put him over."

So Paddy went off after his boat, cursing and saying, "why didn't you go on sooner," and all such. When this man was landed on Jordan's side, he was riding one horse and leading two, and as he came up the bank I said to him:

"Now, just anything you say, just so I can ride out of this swamp."

Said he: "Mount and let us be off."

So I got on one of his horses. "Now," said I, "let me lead the other one for you."
"No! no!" said he, "I can lead one better than I can lead two."

Paddy was mounted by this time and Texas told him to lead out, and we would follow. This man was from Texas and was in the cavalry service, and was a gentleman of the first water, and I am sorry I have forgotten his name, but so it is. Well, we jogged along and crossed the Mason River and stopped for the night. After we were in our bed-room I said: "I guess you will let me ride your horse until we get to Harrisonberg."

Said he: "Yes, if we don't overtake two men to whom I promised the horses. If I overtake them I cannot."

The next morning, March 19th, we went to settle our bill. I saw Texas was fixing to pay for all, so I told him I would settle for myself and horse. He said:

"No, I will pay for all."

The horses were brought out and we mounted and were off, and he would not allow me to lead the other horse. So on we went, and just as we came to the edge of the overflow we overtook one of the men that Texas had promised the horse. He had taken off his socks and rolled his pantaloons up and had gone out into the water about one hundred yards. Texas called him back and he was soon mounted and we were gone again. I don't remember how wide this water was, but it was several miles wide. About the time we got across this water we came to an island called Cisley Island. It was a very beautiful spot of earth. I thought then I would visit it again, but I never did. The people treated us like lords, but we did not stop long. We were soon on the move, and got to Harrisonberg before sundown and crossed the Ouachita River. My Texas friend was going by way of Alexandria, La., and my road led up the river, and then out across the country, so we had to part. We
shook hands warmly, and I was loath to leave him, and I never met him any more.

So I was by myself again and in command. Well, I moved off pretty rapidly and stopped at a farm-house at about dark and got supper and a bed, and told my host that I would leave there by 4 o’clock in the morning, and I wanted to settle my bill. Said he:

"Your bill is done settled, and you can go when you choose, though I had rather you would stay until you had some breakfast."

I thanked him and turned in. So about 4 next morning, which was March 20th, I got up and started, for the nearer I got home the more anxious I was to get home. So I walked on until about sunrise. Stopped at a house and got breakfast, and as soon as I could I was on the road again. So I plodded along until about 8 o’clock. Then there came a hard shower of rain and I ran into a farm-house for shelter. About the time the rain was over I saw a man on the road riding a mule and leading two more mules. So I hailed him and he stopped and I went out to where he was, and asked him where he was going? He said:

"To Arkansas."

I said: "I am going up that way, and I would like to ride one of your mules, and will pay you besides."

"Oh!" said he, "if that is all that you want mount, and let us go."

So I got astride the proffered mule and away we went. He had been to Harrisonberg with his son and one of his neighbor’s sons, and then they were going across the Mississippi River. His mules were fat and fine and we made good time, and don’t think we stopped for dinner. But when night came on we stopped with a Mr. Meridith, and next morning we were up and gone. This was March 21st.
So we rode on together about ten miles, when our roads ran in different directions and we had to part. I dismounted and limbered up and was gone, for I was fresh and felt good. I was within about twenty miles of my father’s, so I did not let any grass grow under my feet. I did not stop for dinner, but tripped along until about three o’clock, when I came in sight of my father’s house and saw one or two of my sisters on the front porch. I walked up to the yard fence, and here come old Nailer, the old black, stump-tail dog that I had hunted with so often. I tipped my cap, for I wore an artillery cap and had on a long overcoat, to my mother and asked her for a drink of water. She turned to get the water and I said:

“Nailer, Nailer, don’t you know me?” And over the fence he came just like he would take a fit, he was so proud. By this time my mother and sisters were hugging, beating and pounding on me, and old Nailer was just as glad to see me as any of them. Well, it was not long until my father and youngest brother were there, and we had a grand meeting, for I had been away a few days over three years.

Well, I rested that evening and night, for they would not hear to me leaving, but I wanted to go and see my wife. She lived twelve miles away, and I was tired, so we talked and I rested. Mother had plenty of milk and butter and that suited me exactly, so by morning I was not hungry. Well, the next morning, the 22d of March, 1865, two of my sisters and myself pulled out for Amanda’s house, and we reached there about 10 o’clock. My wife hardly knew me. Such a meeting as this was brings back memories that one can hardly make a record of. It brings joy to the mind that is too sacred, too sublime, for me to express. So I will say that my baby that I had left, three years before,
that loved me well—now! now!! what, now?—would not own me at all. So you see it was joy and sorrow mixed. Now, if my boy had come and hugged me like he did before I went away my joy would have been full, but it was not many days until he was my boy again. But I found another boy that I had never seen, and that I had named while I was in Virginia. I named him Patrick Scott, after my oldest brother, who fell at the second battle of Manassas. Well, I stayed at home two or three weeks, and here come one of those "home guard" enrolling officers, who had stayed at home, who had never seen a day's service, who gloated in human misery, who gave everybody all of the trouble they could. He said he was informed that I was at home and had no furlough. I told him that he had it straight.

"Well, what do you propose doing?"

I told him: "Anything that is honorable. I have been away three years in the thickest of the fights, and have heard the owl hollow. Now, what are you going to do?"

"Oh," said he, "I will see you later."
CHAPTER XVII.

Well, I stayed at home about ten days longer, and then I went to a parole camp in Natchitoches and reported to the officer in charge. This was somewhere about the 20th of April. Well, I stayed here ten or twenty days—I don't know just how long; but I had a brother, who was camped near where I was stationed. Troops were leaving every night. My brother's name was Joel. He had gone out in the cavalry service and had been dismounted and put in the infantry service. Well, I was sure, from what I could learn, that the war was about over, and that we would be better off at home than in camp; so I put at my brother to let us pull up and leave, but it was a long time before he would consent to go.

But before this an officer had taken a fine horse that belonged to a young man of my brother's company, and this young man swore that he would have his horse. Said he:

"I am going to ride my horse home."

So one day he said to me and Joel:

"Come and go down in town with me and I will show you something."

So we three went down in town and were walking along the river, which was Red River, in Louisiana, and he said:

"Hold on, here! This is the place."

So we all stopped, not knowing what was going to happen. Presently a negro boy came riding a fine gray horse along, and when he got to where we were he turned and rode down the river bank, to let the horse have water, and as soon as the negro had gone down the river bank the
young man followed him, and after the horse had drunk and was coming up the bank the young man said:

"Halt, there! Get off of that horse."

The negro just fell off and the young man mounted the horse and up the bank he came, and as soon as he got on the street he put the horse to full speed and Joel or I have not seen him since.

Well, in a few days after this I got Joel to consent to go home. So one evening—I think about the 1st of May, 1865—we gathered up our alls and walked down and out. While I was here, myself and about one hundred more bullies were sitting and lying around and talking about the war, and about the war being over, and what we would do when we got home, and they all said, but about eight or ten of us, that they would be d——d if they were going to work; that they had lived four years without working. And for five or six years after the war there was more horse stealing than I had ever seen in these parts and I guess that is what some of them did for a living. Well, in three or four days I managed to get Joel home, for he was the worst whipped boy I ever saw. He kicked himself all day every day until we got home. Soon after we reached home we learned that General Lee had surrendered, and we knew if he had the war was over. Now, I was in a nice shape to make a fortune, for I was below the bottom round. I had a wife and two baby boys, and my wife owned a cow and a dog. These were our earthly possessions. The niggers were all free, but old Abe did not free "our niggers," for we had none to be freed. We had some money, but we could not buy anything with it. It was too late now to plant a crop, so I went around and got work wherever I could. Old man Charles Stringer had a lot of negroes on his
plantations, so he came and asked me to make a lot of shoes for his freed men. Said he:

"I have no money, but I have corn and bacon that I can give you."

Said I: "That is good. How much corn will you allow me for a pair of shoes?"

"Why," said he, "I will give a bushel of corn for every pair you make and I will deliver the corn."

So the trade was made, and the old man came with the leather and brought me some corn and I went to work and I made him thirty-six pair of shoes before he let me quit, and that gave me plenty of bread, and we had milk and butter, so we did not need much else. I suppose there were hundreds of others that were in the same deplorable condition that we were, but we managed to live through that year. That autumn I bought a small tract of land and built a house on it. There was about nine acres of it in cultivation, and in 1866 I planted this little field in cotton. By the 1st of August I thought I would gather at least one bale of cotton per acre, but soon after this the army worms struck my cotton and by the 1st of September they had stripped every leaf off of the stalks, and when I was done gathering I had thirteen hundred pounds of seed cotton, not enough to make one bale, much less nine bales.

Well, on October 8th my dear wife died and left me to care for three little helpless boys. I had passed through the war and many other troubles, but this was by far the worst trouble that had ever befallen me. After we had laid my dear wife to rest, my father and mother said:

"Tom, you will have to go and live with us, so we can help care for the children."

So I moved to my father's house. Time passed on and my father's house was not home to me, like it had been in
days or yore, so on the 13th of the next September I was
married to a Mrs. Eliza Ray, who had two boys, and we
had five boys to start on. The greater part of our courtship
was how we would control these boys; but we did control
them and kept them together until they were grown and
married. Besides, there were six more children born to us,
three boys and three girls, and we raised them all up to-
gether, and a stranger could not tell any difference, and
today the Ray children call me “Pa” with as much rever-
ence as my own children do. I expect our covenant in rais-
ing our boys was different from most any other people’s
way of raising boys. We always kept shot guns and hounds,
playing cards and violins—well, everything for home at-
traction—and then we had the Old Note Book, called the
Sacred Harp, and I thought then that we could sing the
fifth part in music. Most always, when I went to market,
I would take two of these little fellows with me, and after
we would have our teams fed and cared for, and supper over
with, we would take a stroll, and I generally went to a
bar-room. Then I would make them sit down and tell
them to see all that was going on, and tell them not to let
anything escape them, and next day, while returning home,
I would tell them of the horrible crimes that were com-
mitt ed; that in these places was where all vices and immor-
ality originated, and would say: “Now, boys, you have
seen these horrible places and you must not visit them.
You keep good company and live sober, pay your honest
debts and—oh! well, I would give them a regular Sunday-
school lecture.

Well, after I moved and shaked around for sometime
in Louisiana I moved to Union county, Arkansas, and set-
tled on a place in the woods: Here we opened up a farm
of about one hundred acres, and had a fine, orchard of about
four acres. We had a good building and finally I built a gin-house, got in debt, lost my place, and I have been moving from one place to another ever since. I lived happily with my second wife about twenty-seven years. We had gotten to a new town and my poor wife took slow fever, and on the 7th of October, 1895, she was called to a better land, and I was overwhelmed with grief and sorrow. I was left again, but did not have but one small child, and this was our baby girl, who was only seven years old. The other children made arrangements for my son Jesse to take my baby away from me, and he took her some three hundred miles from me. I stood this for awhile pretty well, but the longer she was away from me the worse I wanted to see her. I got so I could not sleep much. I did not know whether she was sick or well, or how she was treated, so at last I boarded the train and went and got her and brought her home. Well, I could not take care of her alone, and I soon decided that a man did not have sense enough to know how to raise a girl child, so I looked around and found me an old maid who agreed to come and raise her for me. Her name was Eliza Jane Hill. So on the 5th of January, 1896, we were married and have lived in peace and harmony ever since. Now my baby is in her eighteenth year and has been blessed with a mother in the true sense of the word. So you see I have been married three times. As I tell the boys sometimes, I have fooled three good women. Well, I took advantage of that Scripture that says: "And the Lord saw it was not good for man to be alone, so he made a helpmate for him." Now my children are scattered to the four winds of the earth. I have three sons in Union county, Arkansas, and one in Calhoun, Arkansas, one in Washington county, Arkansas, one in Texas and my baby son is in Louisiana. My two oldest daughters are dead. The young-
A PRIVATE IN GRAY.

est one of them left an infant girl baby, which has been
left to our care, and which is a great burden to me in my old
age. Yet she is smart and sweet and is quite a comfort
to me, and the Lord has blessed me all of the days of my
pilgrimage here in this sin-smitten world. I have never
had any fears of starving, still sometimes the way looked
rather crooked, and if I was left to myself I would most
surely fall by the wayside, but, bless His holy name, He
has ever been with me, has guided and directed me, and has
promised to be with me, even to the end of the world. He
is great in goodness, and good in greatness, and is ever to
be adored, Lord God Almighty.
CHAPTER XVIII.

Now, I am about through with this biographical sketch, and I think of something that happened back in Virginia. We were on a forced march, I think in July—I know it was very warm—and one brigade had stopped to rest and we Louisianians passed and stopped in a nice shady place, and the North Carolina brigade had passed us. Well, always after a brigade passes there are stragglers who come on. Well, these North Carolina stragglers were passing, and among them was a six-footer, who came trooping along with a forty-pound knap-sack buckled to his shoulders and a brown jeans overcoat that struck him below the knees. One of the boys of Company E, who was an Irishman, said to old "Tar-Heel:"

"Say, mister, do you wish to rent the lower story of your coat?"

The man turned and said:

"What did you say?"

Pat said: "Do you wish to rent the lower story of your coat?"

"Old Tar" said:

"You go to h—l, G—d— you."

You know, then, how we all did guy that poor fellow, and he went on saying his Sunday-school lesson.

And another thing I saw one of Company E do. We were behind our breastworks and the Yankees were shelling us, and one of their bombshells dropped down in the ditch right among Company E, and the fuse began to sputter. It was almost between one of these men's legs
and he just stooped down and grabbed it in his hands and threw it over the breastworks, and about the time it struck the ground on the other side it burst, and if he had not thrown it over there, there is no telling what would have happened.

Well, General Early took his division into West Virginia. After we had crossed the Green Brier mountain we came to a beautiful valley, and an old field, which was not in cultivation, which was literally covered with dew-berry vines, and the vines were covered with the finest berries I ever saw. Well, General Early had us all deployed, so that we could all have a fair show at the berries, and this was the first time I had ever eaten my fill of dew-berries. When we started on this tramp our rations were due, but did not get them, and we were all hungry. So, after we ate our berries we moved on until evening, and I was so hungry I said to Tom Torrence:

"Let us go foraging."

He said: "All right." So I gave my gun to Lieutenant Dansby, and Tom gave his gun to someone, and we struck out. We soon come to an old dim road, and it was an awful dreary, lonesome looking country and we had no fire arms with us; did not know where we were going, but on, and on we went, and after awhile we heard roosters crow and we knew we were near where some one lived. So on we went and pretty soon we saw a house. Tom said to me:

"Tom, you must do the talking."

In we went without any ceremony and I said:

"We came to get some bread, butter and milk," and the little woman said:

"All right. I have plenty. Don't you want your dinner?"
I said: "Yes, mam!"

So she soon had the table spread and we were sitting with our feet under the table, doing justice to the occasion. This little woman thought we were Yankees, and while we were eating she said:

"Why don't you fellows go and whip those Rebels out, and go home?"

I said: "That is just what we are going to do."

"Yes," said she, "there were some of you here the other day and they said the same thing. I believe all of you are afraid of those Rebels."

"No, mam!" said I, "we are not afraid of no Rebels we ever saw."

About that time we saw the old man beckon to the lady and she went to him, and such a change as came over that little woman. You see her husband knew us—that is, he knew we were what he called Rebels, and when she came back to us she was not so talkative. But she had gathered us a lot of bread, butter and milk, and when I went to settle for our dinner and other things I handed her some Confederate money. It was in one and two-dollar bills. It was what we called the second issue and she had never seen any money like it before and refused to accept it. I told her it was good money and was all we had; that we had no gold or silver. It was all right, but she was obstinate and went to her husband about it, and he told her to take the money and let us go—he did not come near us or speak to us—so she gave us the change in silver and we pulled out.

When we caught up with our command they had camped and were as mad as they could be, for they had had nothing to eat since the evening before. Pretty soon we learned that the commissary wagons had not come over
the mountains with us, and that General Early had given out orders for the Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia brigades to send out foraging details to collect in rations and he would settle for it. Some one said:

"What will become of the Louisianians?"

"Oh," said he, "they will have more than anyone else."

Well, we got this word pretty soon and Nute Tugwell said to me:

"Come, let us go away."

We went and did not go far till we come to an apple orchard. Oh! there was several acres in the orchard and the owner had turned his hogs in there, I suppose, for safe keeping. So in we went and pretended to be getting apples. The hogs were gentle, so we could walk all among them. Finally I got close to a nice pig—I guess it would weigh about fifty pounds—and I struck it just above the eyes with a pretty heavy stone and down it dropped. Tom Torrence had joined us by this time, and he picked the pig up and threw it over the rock fence, and when it struck the ground it began to squeal and Nute hopped the fence and gathered a rock and piggy soon quit squealing. So Tom and Nute gathered up the pig and off they went with it.

I had seen some turkeys that had gone to roost in some low trees, and I wanted one of them. So I loitered up to them, and there sat a large gobbler on a low limb. I cut me a stick about two feet long and got under him, and he would stretch his old neck down at me and say: "Cut, cut, cut," and I would motion at him with my stick and he would not dodge, so I threw my stick at him and struck him on the neck, and down he fell, and as he struck the ground I caught him up and was gone in a run. Nute and Tom had stopped by a hedge to wait for me, and our little drummer, Henry Cloud, took after me hollowing: "Stop!
Stop!!" but I just ran on. Nute and Tom saw me running and Henry running, and saying "Stop! Stop!!" and they thought the guard was after me, and they pitched piggie under the hedge and away they went. Well, when I got them stopped I was almost exhausted, for when I hit the gobbler I just stunned him, and he soon came back to life again, and the way that old turkey did pound me with his wings was not a little and quit. Well, soon after we got together at camp, and soon some of our company came in with a bag of flour, and another squad came in with a hog that weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds. All of this was turned over to the company commissary, and he issued it as he had usually done, and, oh! my! didn't we have a feast of good things after fasting so long.

Well, next morning we got in the same road and marched back to the Shenandoah Valley, for all of the wild Yanks were gone.

Now, I will relate a little experience I had going to New Orleans to the reunion, in May, 1903, of the Confederate States Army veterans. We left Camden, Ark., Sunday evening and went by way of Shreveport, La., Monroe, La., and Vicksburg, Miss., and then down the Vicksburg and New Orleans railroad. We got to the Crescent City about 8 o'clock Monday night, and we were met by a committee who were to guide us to our quarters, and while passing through the depot a lady caught my hand, saying:

"Here is one of the old veterans. Don't he look good?"

I said give me your card and I will see you later. She gave me her card, but I never did find her. So on we went and got to our quarters, and after I got supper I tried to sleep, but did not sleep much, for the men that were in there all seemed to be wild, and I think some of
them talked all night. The next morning, after I took a long toddy, I took a stroll down to Jackson square, and when I got there there were lots of old fellows, young fellows and middle-aged fellows, doing their loitering around, and there was General Hickory Jackson, mounted on his black steed, and all around him, in the inclosure, were growing bananas and various other tropical fruits. We were all talking about General Jackson and his heroic deeds, and, while talking, there came into my mind a war song that had been composed upon that memorable occasion. I had learned it when a boy. I said:

"Gentlemen, let me sing you a song."
And they all said: "Let us have a song."
It ran like this:

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair, who grace this famous city,
Just listen to me if you have time to spare, while I rehearse a ditty,
And for this opportunity conceive yourselves quite lucky.
For it is not often that you see a hunter from Kentucky.

Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!

Old Pakenham! he made his brags, if he in his fights was lucky,
He would have our gals in cotton-bags in spite of Old Kentucky.

Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!

Old Jackson, he was wide awake, and was not afraid a trifle,
For well he knew what aim we take with our Kentucky rifles.

Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!

We raised a bank to hide our breast, not that we thought of dying,
But still we always like to rest unless the game was flying.

Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!

Behind it stood our little force, not wishing to be any greater;
For every man was half horse and half alligator.

Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!
Oh! Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!

When I was through singing some of them rushed to
me and shook my hand, while others cheered, throwing up
their hats, and still others hung their heads and seemed to
be overjoyed, but could not give utterance to their feelings.

Well, I went to the French market and got breakfast,
and then went to the grand stand. Here I met several of
my old army chums. Well, I stayed in the great Crescent
City four days, and it would have taken me four weeks
to see all of that city. The fourth day was the grand
parade, but I did not march with the old boys for the rea-
son that there is so much pomp and show and so many
maids-of-honor and gentlemen-of-honor. It makes me tired
to see honor bestowed where it does not belong. But these
reunions have become a graft, like everything else. If they
would bestow honor on the old veterans, why it would be a
different thing, but the old soldier must take the back seat,
I mean the private soldier, the man that bore the brunt of
all the hardships, and everything that was trying to the
soul of man. Well, I left New Orleans on Friday night, at
8 o'clock, and was safely landed in Camden, Ark., Satur-
day evening, and found my dear wife and daughter well,
thanks to His kind and protecting care.

THE END.