DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON, COMPANY C, FORTY-FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

VICKSBURG, Miss., 8 O'Clock p.m., Dec. 27, 1862.

We left Jackson this morning and arrived at this place a few minutes since, traveling forty miles by rail in twelve hours, and having but one run-off. Considering the road, this is quite remarkable. Officers and men, with a few honorable (?) exceptions, left Jackson considerably tight, if not more so.

8 A.M., Dec. 28.—Left our bivouac in Vicksburg this morning at 2 o'clock, and moved in darkness through mud and over hills; just before day, halted at our present camping-ground, which is on the top of one of the thousand and one hills which surround Vicksburg. While I write, the booming of artillery and the rattle of musketry are waking the echoes far and wide, and grate harshly on the ear this spring-like Sabbath morning. The fight has commenced in earnest on our left wing, and we are expecting every moment to be ordered to the scene of conflict, although we are pretty well worn out already, for the want of sleep and nourishment. But here comes a courier, and, I have no doubt, he has orders for us to double quick to the battle-field. Just as I expected, I hear "fall in!" Heaven protect us to-day!

Jan. 1, 1863.—We have spent three days in front of the enemy, and, notwithstanding the fact that we have been under the fire of one of their batteries and of their sharp-shooters all of the time, the Forty-first has not lost a single man. Yesterday we were out on picket, and were compelled to lie behind logs to prevent the enemy's sharp-shooters from picking us off. We lay in this position for twenty-four hours. Half of the time the rain was pouring down in torrents, but at day-light the rain closed, and the weather changed to freezing cold. We certainly passed a very disagreeable time during this day, for if we attempted to straighten our frozen and cramped limbs by rising to the erect position, the instant bang and whiz of a minnie-bullet about our ears proved the experiment was dangerous. [Donelson repeated] I noticed that some of our fighting men at home were the first to get behind some convenient log and the last to leave its friendly shelter. As for myself, I make no pretensions to bravery at home or abroad, and
I freely acknowledge that I laid very close to my log. The fact is, a bullet, which whistles like it had a shuck tied to it, does not give out a very musical sound to my ears.

Jan. 2.—Yesterday passed off in comparative quiet; a few shot and shell thrown from our batteries into the lines of the enemy, and a few rounds from their sharp-shooters in return, was all that disturbed the Sabbath-like stillness of the first day of the year. The enemy were engaged in burying their dead, under flag of truce, and I understand that they have a big job of it. In Sunday's and Monday's fighting we killed, wounded and captured near fifteen hundred,* and sustained a very slight loss. The Third and Thirtieth Tennessee and the First Louisiana regiments were the troops who bore the brunt of the fight, and right nobly did they do their duty against the fearful odds.

Jan. 3.—Early in the day yesterday it was announced that the enemy were re-embarking on their gun-boats and transports, and before night the report was confirmed. We captured one hundred barrels of crackers and fifty boxes of axes, which they had left in their haste to get out of the way. They did not quite get Vicksburg, after all of their boasting. Our commander is of the opinion that they will endeavor to land at the wharf to-morrow, under the cover of the fog, and take the place by storm. For this reason, we are still held in position, though nearly worn out by exposure and prolonged abstinence.

Jan. 4.—At 4 o'clock yesterday we were moved from our old position to a bridge. We had stood out in the rain since the evening before, and were completely soaked with wet, and had to climb the steepest and slickest hills a man ever lives to stand upon. Half of the time we were down in the mud, and the balance in water up to our waist, while the darkness was so thick that we could n't see our file-leaders; but I never heard a single murmur from the cold, wet and hungry men. Lieutenant-Colonel Tillman, who has command of the regiment, led the way on foot, and was as deep in the mud as we were in the mire; and, after we arrived at the bridge which we were sent to guard, the officers "stood and took it" as cheerfully as though they were basking in the sunshine of an April morning. One of the boys, who was up to his knees in mud, and over whose face the rain was streaming from a narrow brim cap, said to Major Miller, who was leaning against the side of a house and under the drip, "I say, Major, you look like a man trying to hide behind a ladder." The Major took

the joke quite good humoredly, and did not appear more discomposed by the loud laugh which greeted the sally, than he was a few days before, when the Yankee sharp-shooters were making the minnie bullets sing around his ears. At 10 o'clock, the enemy having failed to come to time, we were allowed to drag our weary limbs out to our camps. There being only one tent to the company, we had to stand out in the wet all day and part of the night, when, to our great relief, the wind changed to the north, and the rain, which had been falling for forty-eight hours, ceased.

Jan. 5.—Yesterday being Sunday, and no enemy appearing, we had a day of comparative rest. In the morning we were marched into town for fear the Yankees might return and attempt to land under cover of their gunboats, but five minutes after our arrival we were about-faced and moved back to camps. The day was spent in drying clothes, cleaning guns, and setting tents. The cooking is an easy job with us here, as our ration consists only of musty meal and poor, tough beef. I obtained permission this morning to go to town, and while there learned that the regiment was coming in to take a boat for Port Hudson. I write this entry on the top of the wheel-house of the “Charm,” waiting for her to start.

Jan. 6.—Last night at ten o'clock we got under way for Port Hudson, La., and the motion of the boat lulled me to sleep in a few moments. I have no distinct recollection of what occurred during the night. I awoke this morning at a wood-yard above Natchez, and, as the day was breaking, I concluded to keep awake and enjoy the scenery and the spring-like morning. Mississippi scenery has been described as a “line and a pine,” and I will not attempt a better description of the lowest, flattest, and most dreary landscape in my memory. The only thing to relieve the monotony of the scenery and dullness of the journey was the bluffs at Natchez and the landing of the boat at the wharf. It was refreshing to see the natives running from their 8x10 groceries, and bringing whisky to our boys. Being on the upper deck, and stopped by a guard at each hatchway, I failed to get a supply of the “cretur,” for which I am most heartily thankful. The boys on the lower deck were more (un)fortunate, and procured a plentiful supply.

Jan. 10—Nothing of interest since the 6th. Arrived at Port Hudson on the morning of the 7th, and were bivouac'd until daylight. The regiment breakfasted on a little spoiled meal brought from Vicks
burg; my mess did finely on bread-mush, and "sassafras" tea. At ten o'clock we were marched to our present camping-ground, one mile from the dirty little village of Port Hudson, La. Our camp is on a hill in the midst of briers and cane, and in good weather we could make it quite a pleasant place; but since our arrival it has been raining constantly, and the rich soil has become worked into a muck about a foot deep. Yesterday some men in the Third Tennessee killed three rattle-snakes in camp. Scorpions, lizards, bugs, and green leaves are about as plentiful here now as they are in Tennessee in August. While writing, a small snake crawled up to our camp-fire, and passed between W. M. Woodward's legs.

Jan. 11.—To-day we have another beautiful Sabbath. The boys are engaged in cleaning up guns for inspection, and as we are not in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, and have no hope of marching orders, we may expect a day of comparative idleness, which is more to be dreaded than any hardship that could be imposed, as it disposes the men to immoral practices to kill time. In two hours at least half of us will be playing cards, while a few, true to the principles of religion instilled into their hearts in times past, will be reading their Bibles, or engaged in other devotional exercises. The news of the defeat of our army in Tennessee [Murfreesboro] has created quite an excitement in our camp, as nearly all of the soldiers here are from that State. We are impatient for orders to go to the defense of our own homes, and some of the men say they will go whether they get orders or not. As yet, however, good order and discipline have prevailed, and I believe will to the end.

Jan. 13.—Yesterday we had nothing to do, and spent the day writing letters to friends and relatives at home. In the afternoon had some little excitement over a report that the small-pox was in our regiment, and that we would be sent several miles away from other camps and put in quarantine. I paid but little attention to it at first, thinking it originated as camp rumors generally do, but early this morning orders came to tear down and pack up tents and other baggage, and we were soon on the march.

The report was but too true; four or five cases of small-pox have been taken from our regiment, and we are now in quarantine, four miles from our camp of yesterday. No new cases reported to-day. We are now encamped in the midst of a magnolia forest, entirely away from any habitation, and are confined to a certain limit, beyond
which we dare not go, and inside of which no one is allowed to come.

Jan. 15.—Nothing of the least possible interest to any one has transpired since our confinement in quarantine. We draw our rations, cook, eat, sleep, and play cards, occasionally varying the monotony by telling yarns, abusing the officers, and telling what we will do when we get back to old Tennessee. The latter seems to be the desire of every heart, and is so strong in some that, added to the fear of the small-pox, it has caused a dozen of Captain——’s men to take “French leave”—in other words, to desert and go home. Several new cases reported yesterday and to-day. I fear we will suffer greatly before we get rid of this loathsome pest. Having been well vaccinated, I dread being placed in “durance vile” for such a length of time more than I do the effect of the disease; but I may lose my life, or have my good looks spoiled. I pray God that I may escape. Evening.—The rain has now ceased, and the wind is blowing strongly from the north. I did not expect to find the cold so intense in this land of “everlasting green,” but so it is. A few flakes of snow are now falling, but melt as they touch the earth.

Jan. 16.—After a very cold night spent in sleeplessness, I arose, determined to have something better to eat than our daily ration of coarse meal and poor beef, supplemented occasionally with a little sugar and molasses. I procured a permit from Captain Feeney, which was duly approved by Colonel Tillman, but could not pass the pickets on it: had to return a short distance and go around them, which was no easy job, considering the topography of the country. After cooning logs over the same crooked little stream some half dozen times, we (Arch Conaway and myself) found ourselves in a dense cane-brake, and then in the midst of an impassable swamp. Being lost, we struck out straight ahead, and finally came to a farm-house; asked if we could purchase any potatoes, pork, or butter, and were told “nary tater;” pushed on to the second house, and the same question asked, and the same answer returned: ditto at the third house and the fourth: started on return; found an aged colored individual, who agreed to steal us a small hog at night for the small consideration of ten dollars and a half. No help for it. Must have a change of diet. [A story is told of a soldier in this regiment, when at Port Hudson, which is appropriate in this connection. He, like our author, needed a “change of diet,” and slipped into a farmer’s hog-pen one night to
get it. He saw, what appeared to him, a fine large porker, lying fast asleep, and with practiced skill approached and knocked it in the head with his axe. On attempting to turn it over he found his game had been dead three or four days.]

Jan. 17.—Went out this morning for small hog, but could n’t find aged colored individual, so had to go back to camp porkless and in bad humor. Have spent the day in doing nothing at all, and am without energy to think on any subject except that of going home. We are in a most shameful condition here, hundreds of miles from our homes and friends [and fat hogs]. We never see a newspaper or letter, unless some of our Tennessee friends happen to hear of our hiding place, and bring us out these desirable articles. We are badly fed, and have no source of amusement except what is afforded by our camp-jokes and soldier-yarns. We can buy nothing of use or ornament, and, to crown all our miseries, we are in a quarantine which may end in the spring.

Jan. 18.—Lee Kelly died last night of small-pox. He came down with a party of twenty-two of us some five weeks since. He was the liveliest of the party from Deckerd, Tenn., to Canton, Miss. Requiescat in pace.

Jan. 20.—Yesterday my brother-in-law, Jack Smith, came in as a recruit, and, to my great disappointment, brought me no letters. I am certainly the most unfortunate man in the regiment in that respect. I have numerous friends and relatives at home, besides a wife, whom I love better than myself, and yet I never get a letter or a message, while others who are considered as being friendless get long epistles by every one who comes. Ab. Snell, another of the men who came down with me from Tennessee, died yesterday of small-pox. He was full of life and spirits during the entire trip. God save me from such a fate! Fowler, another of my compagnons du voyage, is reported to be dying of the same vile disease. Colonel Farquharson arrived yesterday, and will take command of the regiment immediately. He is beloved by the entire command.

Jan. 21.—Yesterday I was on guard for the first time since I went soldiering. I cannot say that I particularly like the fun, but it gives one an opportunity of thinking over past sins, and meditating new ones. To-day I have been cooking, and, to the great joy of my mess, I made a good pot of coffee out of rice and sweet potatoes. The small-pox is on the decline.
Jan. 22.—It is reported to-day that the enemy is coming up the river; if this is the case, I will have an "item" shortly. I have been sorely distressed for something to write about since our arrival here, and a big fight would be positively refreshing. To-day the booming of heavy guns is heard down the river, but from the faintness of the sound it must be some distance off.

Jan. 23.—An anecdote is told of James B. Wilson, of the Forty-first, during the late fight at Vicksburg, which should have appeared in its proper connection. The Yankees used to deride our Tennessee boys while in prison, at Camp Morton, with the epithet of "Butternuts," on account of their clothing. At the fight at Chickasaw Bayou, one Tennessee regiment (the Third, I think) repulsed six or eight Federal regiments, capturing five stands of colors and five hundred prisoners, besides killing a great number. During the action the enemy's sharp-shooters killed one of our field officers, of which fact they seemed to be aware. As they were being brought in, Jim Wilson remarked, "You ran against the Butternuts, did you?" "Yes," replied a saucy fellow, "yes; and we picked out the kernels (colonels) too."

Sunday, Jan. 24.—Our faces were considerably elongated this morning by the report that John Bland, of our company, was taking the small-pox. As John circulates a good deal among the boys, we all expected to take it from him; but, after a thorough examination by Drs. McNelly and Smith, they pronounced it measles, whereupon we all regained our usual composure, except Joel Neece, who slept with Bland last night, and was too badly frightened to get over it in a moment.

Feb. 6.—We have had no excitement since we left Vicksburg. Nothing has transpired here to cause a "yell" even. We have lived out the allotted time in quarantine, but have received no orders as yet to go back into the world again. There has been no small-pox for over twenty days, and the boys are suffering more from the confinement than from the pestilence. Last night was the coldest of the season. Ice formed to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Arch Sloan, of our company, died night before last of measles.

Feb. 8.—Yesterday we moved back into civilization, and took up quarters in a swamp near the broad Mississippi. Have a good camping-ground for this country, and if we can get good rations, I think we will have a healthy regiment once more. We have been through the
flint-mills since we went into quarantine. The men have suffered a great deal from bowel complaints, colds, and measles: some have died of small-pox, and but for the promptness of Surgeon McNelly in having us well vaccinated, and the infected sent to the pest-house, we might have had a serious time of it. We are now in better spirits, as we can see what is going on and hear the news, besides having the advantage of the sunshine and facilities for purchasing provisions, etc. While writing, I have been detailed as ship's carpenter on board of a steamboat now fitting out to capture the Federal gunboat Indianola, which passed our batteries at Vicksburg sometime since, and has been annoying our transports between this point and Red River. The attempt will be dangerous, and nothing but the exigency of the case would warrant the undertaking.

Feb. 15.—Another week has passed over without any excitement, save what is occasioned by the preparations for the attack on the Indianola, and what is afforded by the weekly visit of the Federal gunboat Essex. This boat is said to be the best in their fleet below this point. She wastes considerable ammunition in the woods, firing at our pickets. On Thursday heavy cannonading was heard above, in which the Indianola is supposed to have a hand. The preparations for the expedition are nearly complete, and the Dr. Beatty, our flagship, will be ready to start in a day or two. The Forty-first Tennessee furnished twenty-five volunteers for the expedition, and of that number Captain Feeney's company furnished twelve good and true men, excepting the writer, who goes as assistant ship's carpenter, provided his detail is approved, according to the promise of Colonel Brend, who commands the "Musquito Fleet."

[Continued in our next.]

THE KILLING OF CAPT. FREEMAN, OF FREEMAN'S BATTERY.

C. G., of Freeman's Battery, gives the following account of this affair: The company was moving, on the 10th of April, 1863, on the Lewsburg-Franklin pike, about four miles from the latter place. Armstrong's Brigade had passed over the same road a short while before,
On Board the Confederate Gun-Boat Dr. Beatty, }
February 19, 1863.

YESTERDAY the expedition for the "wiping out" of the Yankee
Gun-Boat Indianola started, and I had the good fortune to ship as
carpenter for the voyage. After many delays and false starts, we got
under way and came up the river to the little town of Waterloo, where
we tied up for the purpose of cooking and taking on more cotton; but
as soon as the boat touched shore, the men started, at a double-quick,
in search of a certain vile compound called Louisiana rum, and by
night nearly every man and most of the officers were too drunk to
stand on their pegs. About 11 o'clock the command "to arms" was
given, as a boat was seen coming down on us. Then ensued a scene
which, for the honor of some of our officers, had better not be
described; but, fortunately for us, it proved to be one of our own
boats. I think that the effect of this lesson will be good, and may
prove fortunate in the end.

I remained in the cabin and saw the "wounded" brought in. Our
loss was one Irishman stabbed in three places, one (ditto) head broken
in, and several with bruises. If the enemy had been aboard the Frolic,
they could have taken us with ease. In the future, our officers will be
in better condition, and, if they can keep the men under proper discip-
line, they will make a good fight when the hour of action arrives. The
command is made up of one hundred men from Miles' Louisiana Le-
gion, fifty from the Fourth Louisiana, fifty from the Fifty-fifth Tenne-
see, and Capttain Bowen's Louisiana Artillery.

I have been kept too busy to-day to notice the officers in detail, but
I am satisfied they are a merry set of fellows, and will fight well. The
worst to fear is that they will not enforce a strict discipline. Colonel
Brend has pleased every one, so far, by his quiet, pleasant manners
and his agreeable firmness in commanding.

Feb. 21.—Yesterday we had a pleasant time, compared with that of
the day before. The whole command sobered off, and, the day being fine, we enjoyed the trip. It is certainly a great relief to get out of camp for a few days, even on such an expedition as this, from which it is not expected that many of us will return. The men are in fine spirits, and seem anxious to meet the foe. To-day may give them the opportunity, as the signal has sounded to get under way for the mouth of Red River, where the enemy’s boat is posted. It is quite likely we will have to board her before night.

We passed some fine scenery yesterday, and the beautiful farm-houses, which make the west bank look like a long strip of town, certainly belie the saying that the Mississippi is destitute of scenery. 5 o’clock p. m.—We have passed the danger for the present, and our boat is now steaming up Red river. The Indianola went up the Mississippi last night, and left the way open to us. It is the intention of our commander to join our fleet above and make a combined attack on the enemy as soon as our arrangements are complete. I understand that we have several boats up this river, among them an iron-clad gun-boat and the Queen of the West, lately captured by our batteries. We are having fine weather. The morning was ugly, but now it is as pleasant as April. I confess to feeling some relief since we left the Mississippi.

Feb. 22.—Last night we tied up at the mouth of Red river, and this morning found our boat aground; but, after several hours’ work, got her safely off and proceeded a few miles up stream, when we tied up again to take on wood and allow the men to cook. In a short time, the crew had stolen all the chickens in the neighborhood. The New Orleans Rats, of which this command is mainly composed, can beat the world stealing. [What say you, Rats?] I saw several coming in with honey and the bees swarming around it. During our memorable “big drunk” mentioned on a previous page, some one, more drunk than economical, threw away his shoes, and, on waking the next morning and finding himself minus this important article of dress, had to go bare-foot or steal from his neighbor. The latter plan suited his inclination, and the consequence was, a man in a different company was found to be shoeless and the thief with a tolerable pair of boots on. So it goes: one man is bare-foot all the time, but a different man every day.

Evening.—About one o’clock we met the balance of our fleet coming down, and our boat turned her prow down stream to act in concert with them. The whole fleet consists of the Queen of the West, the
Gun-Boat Webb, our own steamer (the Dr. Beatty), and the transport Grand Era. Altogether, we make quite a formidable appearance, and can certainly take one Yankee vessel.

We are steaming down stream at a rate that will soon bring us upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi, and, unless the Indianola has skedaddled, we will soon be in our first naval engagement; and, to judge from the fitting out of our craft, it will be a novel one. I do not know the plan of action, and will have to wait for it to develop itself, when, if nothing prevents, I will record the events as they occur. I am enjoying the expedition more than I expected at the starting, and have no greater desire than to go into action.

Monday, Feb. 23.—We are steaming up the river in search of the enemy, and have just passed the place where he lay-to last night; so that we are now in full chase, though not in sight. We are some distance below Natchez at this writing, and the probability is that we will overtake him there. Our decks were cleared for action this morning, but the alarm proved false, and was occasioned by the Grand Era mistaking the smoke of a sugar factory for the gun-boat. Yesterday evening the Queen of the West, in reconnoitering in Old river, ran aground, and had to signal the Era to come and tow her off; after which we entered the Mississippi again and ran all night without accident or incident. The weather has been quite cool since 12 o'clock yesterday. Evening.—We have just had some sport. Five negroes hailed us, and on being asked if they wished to come aboard, answered "yes" with every demonstration of joy, as they supposed us to be Yankees. The shout that went up when they were safely aboard made the welkin ring. They never found out their mistake until Colonel Brem told the mate to take them below and pay them for their loyalty, which he knew how to do from long practice. They had been working on the fortifications at Vicksburg, and said they had "been trying to get with us for several months." One yellow rascal shouted for Lincoln as he stepped aboard. We are now in sight of Natchez, and have not found the Indianola yet.

Feb 24.—We stopped at Natchez for nearly an hour, and in that short space of time nearly every officer and man got decently drunk. Some of our crew went aboard other boats, not being sober enough to distinguish the difference. We got back the missing men at the wood-yard this morning. The ladies were out in full force on the bluffs, and during our stay presented us with a flag, in return for which we fired
a salute of two guns. 12 o'clock.—We have just come in sight of the Yankee boat, and the excitement of the chase or the terrible conflict will soon begin. 7 o'clock p. m.—We had to stop and take on wood this morning, and that let the Indianola get a start on us, but we are in sight again. She is around a sharp bend of the river, and going at full speed. We will overtake her before midnight, and the darkness will be to our advantage, as it will prevent her taking us at long range with her sixty-fours. My duties as carpenter will consign me to the hold during the action, so that I cannot see the fun. I will probably be safer there than on deck, but I have an almost irresistible desire to witness a naval engagement at night. 12 o'clock p. m.—We came up with the enemy at half-past ten, and, after a spirited engagement of forty minutes, she surrendered to us unconditionally. We lost three men killed and wounded, all on the same boat, but I have not yet learned which. The Dr. Beatty was struck but once—a shot striking between two cotton bales on the upper deck and passing full length of the cabin, without again touching. All of our men behaved nobly, and the only trouble was to keep them behind the cotton bales. The Webb claimed the prize, though she surrendered to the Dr. Beatty, just as we were in the act of boarding her. The first throw of our grapnel failed to hold, and as we turned to make another throw, a head appeared from a hole in the top of the Indianola and proposed to surrender. This was Lieutenant Brown, commanding her, and on his asking to whom he surrendered, Colonel Brend called out: "To Colonel Brend, commanding the Confederate States Mosquito Fleet." The Webb is probably entitled to the prize, as she disabled her by ramming her in the wheel-house. She is said to be sinking. We got a fine lot of the ardent in her liquor chest. I know a man who came on board the Beatty with his arms full of fine bottled wine.

Feb. 25.—We took one hundred and five prisoners on board the Indianola, and a few are said to have gone down the river on a coal barge. The Beatty was sent down to look after them, and, on her return, she was run into by the Queen of the West, who mistook us for a gun-boat from above, which was reported as having passed Vicksburg a short time before. On our return we had passed the fleet in the darkness unobserved, and when we turned again, the Queen ran at us with the full speed of her powerful engines [they were the most powerful on the river], and did not discover her mistake until too late, although we signalled with might and main. At the last moment she managed to
sheer a little, and only took off our larboard quarter, carrying all of the cotton bales into the river on that side. The Beatty then careened to the heavy side, and we had to throw off the cotton in haste to keep her trim.

I have just been aboard the Indianola, and find her to be a splendid craft, mounting four guns: two 11-inch Columbiads forward, and two 9-inch Parrots aft. She is heavily ironed. We rammed her in the only vulnerable place, and if she could have worked her guns and her men had been more gallant she would have blown us into the middle of next week. However, she had little chance to work her guns, for the action was fought at close range, and our infantry poured a constant stream of bullets into her port-holes. Thousands of balls had flattened on her sides, particularly in the neighborhood of the port-holes. The prisoners themselves say that she was their best iron-clad.

The boys, following the example of the officers, have stripped her of every thing portable, from a fine sofa down to old newspapers. We didn't get much in the way of commissary stores, as the water was too deep in the hold this morning. A few barrels of flour and a box of soap were fished out. We will get a great many articles if we succeed in raising her, which is extremely doubtful unless we go about it with more energy than has yet been shown. We have two men at work making pumps, but every one is too intent on plunder to think of raising a gun-boat worth millions of dollars to our government at this particular time.

The affair is now being badly managed, and I fear that the Yankees will run another boat past Vicksburg and recapture our prize before we can get her up. We are only twenty-five miles below this place, and they could plainly hear the firing. In our present crippled condition we could 'nt make much of a fight, if we were to attempt it at all.

The Webb is in almost a sinking condition, from damage to her prow. The Queen of the West is the only one of the fleet uninjured. She is now up the river reconnoitering, and if danger approaches, will give us timely warning.

Feb. 25th, 7 o'clock, P.M.—About 4 o'clock this afternoon we went up the river to bring down a company of artillery, and one of cavalry, to assist us in raising and repairing our prize. When we had taken the last man aboard, the Queen of the West was descried coming down stream under a full head of steam, and signalling violently that a gun-boat was in close chase of her. Lest we might not understand the sig-
nal, some one aboard called out for us to follow at once. We now had a panic. The officer in command of the Beatty, Captain McDonald, of the Fifty-fifth Tennessee, ordered the two companies just taken aboard to get off. The order was misunderstood, and every man of the expedition, even to the cabin boy, started ashore, but the mistake was rectified, except as to five of them, who failed to return. We are now in full retreat, the Queen of the West taking the lead, the Webb following in her wake as fast as her crippled condition will allow.

The Grand Era is some mile and a half behind the Webb, while the Beatty is bringing up the rear, and covering the retreat. She has thrown off some cotton to make her more trim and increase her speed. What is to become of our prize we have 'nt the remotest idea, and the natural inference is that she will fall into the hands of the enemy again. We made no attempt to destroy her; and, in fact, the attempt would have been useless, unless we could have gotten to her magazine and blown her up; she would have only burnt to the water, which was deep in her. I am surprised at the precipitateness of our officers in abandoning the boat without an attempt to hold it. If they had placed some artillerymen on board, they could have made an impregnable battery of it. Such is not their judgment, however, and it becomes not a private soldier to set up his opinions in opposition to superiors.

[To be continued.]

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**TALES OF FORREST’S ESCORT.**

The names of few of Forrest’s Escort have ever appeared in the gazette of its many desperate battles and combats. As a body of horsemen, having no superior in any age, its fame is widely known, but history has never recorded their names even, or given to its members the individuality on which that fame rests for its basis. This corps was not a machine of simply trained soldiers, delivering its blows compactly, but each member was a host in himself, ready to act single-handed in any emergency, and to perform intelligently the work at hand in the most efficient manner.

We will select for this sketch the name of G. W. Cooper, as the most available at present, and as a fair type of the rest of this body.
weighty matters from a momentary consideration. In such cases he might as well act upon the toss of a penny as to hope to reach the best conclusion by any species of ratiocination he could bring to bear on the question. Posterity will be apt to decide that General Beauregard acted wisely with the lights before him in withdrawing his exhausted army to a place of safety, while he had the power to do so.

**Vieux Seconde.**

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**DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON, COMPANY C, FORTY-FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.**

[Continued.]

**PORT HUDSON, LA., Feb. 27, 1863.**

We arrived at this port yesterday at noon, having made a quick run from the scene of our late action, coming through without accident or incident worthy of note. The rest of the fleet went up Red river, I suppose, as we have not seen them since night before last. They have a part of our command and some are up the Mississippi. We are badly scattered, which speaks poorly for our discipline.

We are to start on another expedition this morning, but I do not know the nature of it yet.

**WATERLOO, Feb. 28th.**

We got under way yesterday evening and came up to Waterloo, the scene of our *first battle*, where we again tied up, to allow the men to cook rations and take on wood. We will impress some negroes here, and make some other preparations for the voyage, so that we might get started to-day, our gallant commander being too much of a sailor to begin any great undertaking on Friday.

We had quite a peaceful time last night, as the officers and men were not allowed to approach the vicinity of the Bad Spirit, as Surgeon Houston facetiously terms the Louisiana rum on which we all got so drunk on the first voyage. Speaking of the Doctor, I will say that he is a trump. He keeps a journal in which he jots down every good thing that is said and done, and has written an account of our late victory for the papers.
We have no better fellow on board; and during the fight with the Indianola, he was on deck all of the time, though his proper place was below. It is now ascertained that we are going to raise the wreck of the Indianola, if possible, and have twenty-five carpenters on board for this work. It is confidently believed by practical men, that she can be raised without much trouble.

We are now opposite Bayou Sara, once a pretty village of which nothing remains except the blackened walls and a few scattering houses which escaped the flames. It was destroyed by the Federals last summer, in retaliation for the loss of one of their gun-boats which got aground on the opposite shore and was burned, after it was abandoned, by some of our cavalry. This morning the weather is decidedly wet.

Sunday, March 1.—Went up to Atchafalaya last night where we threw off our cotton and took on wood. This is a bright, sunny morning, though rather cool. I have observed that nearly every Sunday since the first of the year has been beautiful and bright. No matter how gloomy the weather has been through the week, I have come to look for a pretty Sunday as regularly as the day comes.

Friday, March 6.—After a lapse of several days, I again resume my diary. I was taken sick on the 1st inst., and have been unable to note the incidents as they occurred, and will have to depend on my memory for the facts. On Sunday morning we met seven skiffs loaded with men from the wreck of the Indianola, who reported that there was another Federal gun-boat in the vicinity, and that our men had thrown part of her armament overboard, and had burnt her to the water's edge. They gave, however, a rather confused account of the appearance of the vessel, and all acknowledged that they had not been near enough to make her out, but believed her to be quite as formidable as the Indianola. Colonel Brand determined to go on up the river until he got some more reliable information, and at Natchez the report was confirmed that the Federal vessel was above and the Indianola was destroyed. It was then determined to go up Red river as far as Alexandria and prepare for the capture of another prize. Accordingly we returned to the mouth of Red river, and ascended that muddy, crooked stream to Alexandria, where we arrived on the morning of the 5th, and where we are now lying, waiting for General E. Kirby Smith to assume command of this department and give us orders, as General Dick Taylor refused to have anything to do with us.
We had a good time generally at Natchez, and left there with regret. As soon as the boat touched the shore, the boys struck a bee-line for town, and paid no attention whatever to the guards. In a few hours every man was in a glorious state, and it was with a great deal of difficulty that they could be gotten on board again. In fact, some were left.

The boys had another spree here yesterday, but the fun was cut short by some fool officer emptying the whisky into the street. I am sorry to see a strong feeling of jealousy existing between the officers and crews of the different boats engaged in the capture of the Indianola, and a strong prejudice in the minds of the people of this place against the crew of the Doctor Beatty. The feeling extends even to those highest in command, whose minds should be above such petty considerations. General Taylor makes an open display of his feelings against the men who are from another Military Department. This morning his Adjutant came down to Colonel Brand with the request that we take ourselves away from this vicinity, as we were a nuisance. Our Colonel did not see fit to notice the request, however, and we still lie at the wharf. I fear that there will be a fight before we leave here. The officers of the Webb and Queen refuse to give us credit for doing anything in the late action.

March 9.—We left Alexandria yesterday, to the manifest joy of the inhabitants of that village, and I believe our own crew is as happy at the parting as the Alexandrians. I have no pleasing reminiscences of the place, being eased of a good deal of my confederate during our stay. General Kirby Smith arrived there Saturday, and will take command of that department immediately, as he ranks General Taylor. We were telegraphed to return to Port Hudson forthwith, as it was stated that the enemy were to make an attack on that place to-day. We are going down at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Our expedition has fizzled out. The Grand Era went up to the wreck of the Indianola, and returned yesterday laden with guns, iron, etc., of that notorious craft. There was no other gun-boat below Vicksburg. So it is clearly proven that we fled when no man pursued us.

PORT HUDSON, March 11.

We arrived in port yesterday, having made the run without incident worthy of note. Colonel Brand has taken a list of our names, for the purpose of drawing prize money, and has discharged the crew of the Doctor Beatty, as there is no longer any necessity of using her as a
gun-boat, the river being clear of the enemy's vessels from here to Vicksburg. I now write from the camp of the Forty-first, where I intend to remain. We expected to find our army engaged with the enemy on our return, as we had heard some heavy ordnance reports at Atchafalaya; so we approached the bend very carefully lest we might, inadvertently, run into the Essex. The firing which we heard was below, and it is expected that we will have a general engagement this week.

March 14.—We have had no fight here yet, but from the indications it can't be deferred much longer. We have drawn one hundred rounds of ammunition, the batteries are training their horses, and many other unmistakable signs of an early engagement are to be seen at all hours of the day. A considerable force was sent out last night to watch the movements of the enemy, and reported this morning that they were landing troops, guns, etc., below. Their men are deserting and coming over at the rate of five a day. They assign as a cause that they are placed on a level with the negro regiments in Bank's Army. Evening.—Eight of the enemy's vessels appeared around the bend at noon to-day, and commenced throwing shells into our fortifications, but the range was too long to justify our guns replying. We were ordered to our position, which is on the right wing, and near the river batteries, decidedly the most dangerous one that could be assigned us. Here we spent the evening very pleasantly dodging shells, quite a number of which fell within our line.

March 15.—About sundown the shelling ceased, and nearly all of us returned to camp to endeavor to sleep, as we had been up all the night preceding unloading a corn boat. We had all got comfortably settled for the enjoyment of that sweet restorer of tired nature, when the whole fleet of mortar boats, ships-of-the-line, and I do not know how many gun-boats, turned loose their storm of iron hail into our midst without giving any warning. The effect on soldiers suddenly aroused from sleep can be imagined. We sprang to our feet, and hardly taking time to draw on our coats, took to our heels in search of shelter. Indeed it was enough to make the stoutest heart quake to hear the shells hurtling over our heads and the fragments crashing through the timber or ploughing up the earth at our feet. I started to the trenches to get with my company, which had been left on picket, but as I had to go through the thickest of the fire to get there, I backed out after going several hundred yards, and made for the shelter of a
large tree in a swamp near by; but found five men crouched down behind it; tried another with a like result, and another and another, and found all "full;" concluded that the front seats were all taken or reserved for the officers. Saw a wagoner driving his team through the thickest of the shells and observed that the mules took it quite easy; concluded that a soldier was as good as a mule and emulating their unconcern, I made for the river bank, where I got a good position high and dry, and watched closely the progress of the fight. I enjoyed the grandeur of the scene to the fullest extent.

Simultaneously with the opening of the mortar boats, the men-of-war and gun-boats attempted to run past our batteries, which one of them, a large steamship, succeeded in doing notwithstanding the terrible fire which was poured into her. It is said that she would have surrendered if our men had ceased firing upon her. Two others attempted to follow in her wake, but one of them was forced to retire badly crippled, and the other was set on fire by a hot shot from one of our guns, when her crew abandoned her, and she burned to the water's edge. She drifted down with the current, and a tremendous explosion a few hours later told that she had blown up. Others of their craft are supposed to have suffered considerably. After a hot engagement of two hours and a half, the firing ceased and the enemy withdrew. Our loss in the whole bombardment, is, so far as I can learn, five killed and wounded, while the enemy's loss must have amounted to hundreds, as nearly every shot from our guns took effect. From some of the crew of the burnt vessel who were picked up this morning, we learn that nearly all of her men, over three hundred in number, were either killed, burnt or drowned; only a few swam to the shore. Our batteries sustained no damage whatever. Taken altogether we came off well, and if they are not satisfied that they can't take this place, let them come again. The vessel which passed last night was lying in plain view this morning, and firing signal-guns as though she would like to get back to her consorts below, which are also in view today.

The train from Clinton, La., came in this morning at an unusual hour, bringing the sick from the hospital, and reported that the Federal cavalry were near that place in strong force. If this is true, and we can't get the Yankee ship from above, our supplies are cut off, as we have but limited stores of subsistence here. So that if the siege is prolonged for some time, we may expect to undergo all the pangs of
hunger; we are now, and have been for weeks, living on half rations of meal and pork. We now calculate on living on half an ear of corn per man, before this place is given up. To-day we have been allowed to live in peace up to the present hour, 2 P.M. We are cooking rations, expecting to be sent to the ditches again to-night.

March 20.—The gun-boats and steamers are still below the bend, where they have been since Monday. They come up every day and throw shells at our batteries, but seldom elicit a response. Yesterday our guns were engaged about an hour in shelling the Yanks on the opposite side of the river, and their aim was so accurate that one shot cut one of the enemy in two. Several other shots were very accurate. The enemy’s fleet is busy all the time, and it is thought that they are landing a force on the west bank, but for what purpose, I am unable to say, as the whole country is overflowed, and unless the water falls it will be impossible for them to plant batteries, or any thing else, on that side. Yesterday four boats came down from Red river laden with corn, bacon, etc., which relieves us of the fears we were beginning to entertain on account of the scarcity of provisions. It is said we have enough to last through a long siege. No news of the two vessels which passed our batteries on Sunday night. They have passed above the mouth of Red river.

[To be continued.]

ATTACK ON FORT GILMER.

[The paper of Adjutant Cross, though referring to events in another Department, deserves a place in the Annals, and we gladly yield space to the gallant men of Johnston’s and Gracie’s brigades, who for three years were an integral part of the Army of Tennessee. Their shining conduct on the fields of Virginia is simply what we would expect from men who had won honors at Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Hoover’s Gap and Chicamauga. In the latter battle, Johnson’s Brigade fought alongside of Longstreet’s veterans, and was mainly instrumental in capturing and dispersing the battalion of artillery which at one time threatened to successfully dispute the advance of the left wing of Bragg’s Army.]

To give a few details not contained in Mr. Charles Johnston’s letter in the Southern Historical Society Papers, June number, 1876, is the object of my writing. Mr. Johnston gives great credit to my old
MARCH —. We have had a week of comparative quiet since my last entry. The enemy have ceased shelling, and it is believed that they have abandoned the idea of taking this place at present. We have now some hope of being sent to reinforce General J. E. Johnston, who is in command of the army in Tennessee. Spring has fully opened here, and the woods and flowers are in full bloom. The weather has been oppressively warm for the last two weeks, until within a couple of days, when it has been rather cool.

April 15th.—I have allowed a huge gap to occur in this Diary, for which I can offer a poor excuse. I have been sick with head-ache for about three weeks, until a few days ago, when it left me, and simultaneously with its departure disappeared also the feeling of lassitude with which I have been almost prostrated; but I again feel my usual flow of spirits and a desire to place on record the doings of the Forty-first. Since the bombardment of this place on the night of the 14th of March, our daily life has been somewhat interesting, compared with what it was before. The Yankee vessels remained below the point a week or ten days, occasionally throwing a shell into our midst, and finally disappeared entirely; but soon after our old acquaintance, the "Essex," hove in sight, evidently with the intention of paying us a protracted visit. During the last month, our regiment has been worked every day at the rate of two hundred and fifty men to the detail, and, when not on fatigue duty, we have drilled constantly. Our rations have improved greatly in quality, but not in quantity. We now draw bacon, meal, rice, sugar, molasses and peas, and fish are also very plentiful, but dear. For a while, after the poor Texas beef gave out, we drew spoilt pork, but it was preferable.

During the intervals between the appearance of the Yankee vessels, we have managed to pass off the time very well. The weather has been beautiful, and our minds have been kept about as busy as our hands, between hope and expectation—hope that we may get marching orders, while we have been anxiously expecting the re-appearance of the Yankee fleet. As yet no marching orders have come for us, but
the gunboats have made their appearance above and below. The first intimation we had of their coming was from an order for the regiment to take position on the river bank, to act as sharpshooters during the engagement. The fleet above, after a stay of a few days, during which they sent up rockets and fired signal guns to the lower fleet, steamed up the river. After being gone over a week, they reappeared a few days since. The situation now is: we are menaced above by three formidable vessels, while the fleet below is in plain view and very busy. The probability is that an attack may be made at any hour. We are ready for them.

Camp 15 miles north of Jackson, Miss., May 15th.—Another month has passed away since my last writing—a month big with events in the history of the Forty-first Tennessee Regiment, and I regret exceedingly that I have not been able to record the incidents as they occurred, while they were fresh in my mind, and before succeeding eventse flashed them from memory. As it is, the reports will be meagre—more so than their importance deserves.

During the last week in April, I was in the country foraging (and to that trip I intended to devote at least a page), and, on returning to camp on the evening of the 1st of May, I found the Forty-first in fine spirits, caused by an order to cook up four days' rations and be ready to march by the morning of the 2nd of May. Those who have never been cooped up in a fortified camp for four months, out of the pale of civilization and out of reach of home and friends, living on half rations, with the prospect of having them reduced still lower by the cutting off of future supplies, and in such a climate in summer, can form but an imperfect idea of the joy with which we hailed the prospect of a change of scene. Our happiness was not of a kind to be confined to our bosoms, but found vent in long and oft-repeated cheers and other demonstrations of satisfaction, as we were making our preparations to leave.

It would be impossible now for me to write a correct history of the long and tiresome march from Port Hudson to Jackson, Miss. [Was a soldier ever happy longer than twenty-four hours at a time?] How many of us started with loads heavy enough to break down a mule; how Jack Smith went some distance before he found out he had left his cartridge box, and the laugh we had at his expense; how we trudged along through hot, dusty lanes, panting with heat and thirst, breaking down under the unaccustomed loads, our feet blistered and legs swollen; how on the first day we were refused water by a wealthy
Louisiana woman, whose servants kindly offered to sell it to us at twenty-five cents a canteen full; how loth we were, at that time, to drink of the dirty pools by the way-side, but had to. These form some of the incidents of the first day's march of eleven miles. Each succeeding day we suffered an increase of these hardships; our feet became so sore that we could hardly put them to the ground, and many of us threw away our shoes and surplus clothing. We had to make longer marches; our rations gave out, and the heat and dust became almost insufferable; at the same time, we had to keep a sharp lookout for Yankee cavalry; and, to crown our misery, on reaching Osyka, seventy-five miles from Port Hudson, where we expected to take the cars, we found that the railroad had recently been destroyed by a raid under Grierson as far as Brookhaven, except about ten miles, and that we would get no more rations until we got to the latter place. Parched corn and peas, with a little rice, constituted our ration at Osyka; but the next night we succeeded in reaching Magnolia, where we took the cars and rode to Summit, a distance of ten miles. At Summit we were most kindly treated by the ladies, who vied with each other as to who could do the most for us. They fed at least half of the brigade.

We took it afoot to Brookhaven, a distance of twenty miles. Here we boarded the cars for Jackson, where we arrived on Saturday night, after being one week on the route. At Jackson we were allowed to rest all of Sunday, but at five o'clock Monday morning we were ordered under arms without a moment's preparation, and had to start without cooked rations. Many of us left our clothing, thinking that we were only going to move to a more suitable camping-ground, and were not a little surprised when, after marching through Jackson in column of platoons, we turned our faces westward, and it leaked out that we were going to attack the enemy.

We had a hard march, and when the brigade filed into a field near Raymond to camp, the men were too tired to stand in line long enough to "right dress," and every one dropped to rest as soon as halted. I went out foraging here, and was so fortunate as to meet up with some kind ladies, who gave me something to eat and a magnificent bouquet of magnolias, and one also of onions, both of which were very acceptable. At an early hour the next day we were ordered under arms, and formed line of battle on the square at Raymond. About 9 o'clock our forces met the advance of the enemy, some two miles be-
yond, and the engagement began. At 12 o'clock the Forty-first, which had been held in reserve, was ordered to advance and support the left wing, which was said to be in danger of being flanked by the enemy. We advanced at a quick step, under a broiling sun, through a dusty lane, for nearly a mile, when a courier came up with orders for us to return to town and guard the ordnance. We had hardly reached our destination when a second order came to file off on a road leading to the center. After marching a mile in this direction, another order turned us back to town, which we had hardly reached before we were again ordered to return to the battle-field on the same road. On reaching this point we were formed in line in the center, and then obliqued across a field to the extreme left. Here we piled our knapsacks in a heap and double-quicked a mile and a half. Lieutenant-Colonel Tillman performed a splendid maneuvre under the fire of the enemy's artillery, forming line of battle on the tenth company with great precision of execution and without the least confusion. We then advanced under fire to our position across a field, and gained the edge of the woods in which the enemy was concealed. Captain Ab. Boone's company was thrown out as skirmishers, while we formed along the road in an excellent defensive position. While waiting here for the advance of the enemy, we learned that Captain Boone was killed while deploying his skirmishers. His death cast a momentary gloom over the regiment, but the circumstance was soon forgotten in the excitement of the hour. We remained in position something over an hour, waiting for the enemy's advance, when an order came for the Forty-first to bring up the rear and cover the retreat of the rest of the brigade. It was now ascertained that Gregg's Brigade had been engaged all day, with a force eight or ten times its superior in numbers, and had successfully held it in check until it had orders to quit the field. The task assigned the Forty-first was performed in perfect order, though a Federal battery, on observing the movement, had advanced to within five hundred yards and opened fire on it as it crossed an open field. We fell back to a point four miles from Raymond and eleven from Jackson, where we met General Walker's Georgia Brigade, which had come out to reinforce us. We bivouacked here until the next morning, and then marched and countermarched along the road, expecting the enemy to attack, until five o'clock P.M., when we learned that the Yankees were marching on Jackson in three columns, each of which greatly outnumbered our force. General Gregg now ordered
us to make time to this place, or the enemy would beat us there, which we did in four hours, without making a single halt.

Our sufferings during this engagement were such as perhaps few soldiers have endured in this war. The day was unusually hot, and the roads so dusty that we could n't see our file-leaders on the double-quick. And, to make our misery complete, we had no time to drink the cool water which the ladies of Raymond had brought to the doors and the sidewalks, though we were parching with thirst. Our loss in killed and wounded was slight—not exceeding twenty-five—but was heavy for the time we were engaged. We lost them all, except Captain Boone, while crossing the open field in front of the enemy, and it is surprising we escaped so well from a point-blank fire in plain, open view. George Saunders and Billy Floyd were wounded at this point, also Captain John Fly, who was color-bearer. Taken altogether, the behavior of the Forty-first was all that could have been desired. The brunt of the battle was borne by the Third, Tenth, and Fiftieth Tennessee Regiments and the First Tennessee Battalion—all of which sustained a considerable loss. The loss in the whole brigade is estimated at five hundred.

The morning after our arrival at Jackson, rations were issued to us, but, before we had time to cook them, an order came to pack up cooking utensils and get ready to move. I had just gotten a fire started and one skillet of bread down, and I never did an act in my life which cost me a greater effort than it did to throw out that dough, not knowing when I would have a chance to cook again, as the enemy was in a mile and a half, and a bloody battle was expected that day. The rain was pouring down that morning in torrents, and the roads were ankle deep in sticky mud. Notwithstanding all this, we were soon under arms, and marched from the left to the center; then across fields, knee deep in mud, to the extreme right. We heard the artillery booming away on the left as we plodded across the fields, but saw no Yankees. About 12 o'clock we were ordered back to the city to guard the baggage train, but, before getting there, learned that the enemy had possession of the place, and that the army was then retreating. We then changed direction, and filed off on a road leading north, and halted on top of a hill for the rest of the brigade to get before us. On looking back, we saw a column of black smoke rising over the city, caused by the burning of the ordnance stores. I could n't help a feeling of pity for the helpless women and children, though the citizens had shown us very little sympathy on a previous visit.
DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON.

[Continued.]

TUESDAY, May 26.—Still at our camps near Jackson doing absolutely nothing, living on the shortest possible commons. Had dress-parade yesterday for the first time in four weeks, and on Sunday a sermon from the lips of the Reverend Colonel Fountain E. Pitts. The news from all quarters is cheering; the victory of our Vicksburg friends is complete, and the loss of the enemy is estimated at fifteen thousand (15,000); we hear of John Morgan’s work on the Cumberland, Lee’s victory over Hooker in Virginia, while “Old Papi” Price is said to be stirring the enemy up lively on the other side of the Mississippi. Kirby Smith, we also hear, has bagged a whole army of “blue coats” in Western Louisiana. Altogether, we feel quite confident, and while the feeling lasts we will be able to endure all sorts of privations, short rations not excepted.

May 28.—This morning at four o’clock we left our camp of the last four days, and came to our present abiding place, in a thick grove, about two miles east of Canton. We are well situated as far as shade and wood are concerned, but the water is very bad; in fact, all that we have had for the last four weeks was hardly fit for swine to wallow in. Yesterday our hearts were gladdened by the arrival in camp of some of our Tennessee friends who, hearing that we had been engaged at the battle of Raymond, and being ignorant of the casualties, had come on to render any needed assistance to their sons and friends. The party was composed of Messrs. Goodloe Woods, the father of “Our Jeems”; R. S. Woodard, the father of Galen and James (or “Daddy,” as we call him); W. H. Webb, James’ father; D. P. Holman, “Bud’s dad”; and R. P. Ferney, the father of our gallant Captain. Their presence seemed to have brought a new ray of sunshine into camp, and cheered the boys greatly.

May 31, noon.—Yesterday morning the brigade left Canton, heading northwest. We made twenty miles and encamped for the night in a grove convenient to water, badly broken down by the march. Our division is now composed of five or six brigades of infantry and cavalry, under acting Major General Walker, and it is in fine fighting
spirits. Nothing of interest on the route yesterday, except the crossing of the Big Black on a pontoon at 3 o'clock, p. m. To-day we have made about eight miles, and are now halted in a hot lane awaiting orders. The Forty-first Tennessee is the advance guard for the division. We have passed the little town of Benton, and are in eight miles of Yazoo City; by day after to-morrow we expect to meet the enemy. Besides our own, there are two other columns marching on the enemy, each said to be fourteen thousand strong, the whole under command of General Joseph E. Johnston. It is thought to be his intention to fall upon the enemy's rear at three points, while the Vicksburg garrison assails from the front. I expect some bloody work, but we are confident of the result.

Camp near Yazoo City, June 1.—The division arrived here after dark last night. The troops suffered greatly from heat, thirst, and fatigue. Two of our brigade dropped dead, and some fainted, while more than half are straggling into camp this morning. We traveled all yesterday without water except what we could get through charity of the citizens on the route.

June 6.—Left our camp yesterday, and moved to our present stopping place, four miles southwest of Yazoo City. We are on half rations of corn bread and poor beef.

June 9.—Still at our camp of the 6th inst., with plenty of wood and abundance of good spring and lake water; no improvement in the rations. Yesterday I went to Yazoo and bought rice, sugar and molasses, upon which the mess is living high. No news of the enemy, but cannonading is heard every day in the direction of Vicksburg. Heavy bodies of troops are arriving every day at Jackson, and it is thought that we will make an advance before long. The health of our brigade is pretty good.

June 14.—Left camp in the vicinity of Yazoo yesterday morning at daylight, and after a hard day's march nearly due south, arrived at the Big Black, which we crossed on a pontoon bridge last night at eight o'clock. This march of twenty-eight miles was the hardest yet made. We bivouaced on the south bank, and spent the rest of the night cooking rations, against leaving at daylight.

June 16.—On Sunday evening left Big Black and moved to Church, occupying our old camping ground of May 20th, where we are resting and waiting orders. Occasional cheering reports come in from our besieged friends, one of which is to the effect that the enemy
attacked Vicksburg again on Friday, and was repulsed and driven five miles from the field; our loss said to be seven hundred. From some causes we are placed under greater restrictions now than ever, and are not allowed to go outside of the guard line without a pass. Yesterday two men of Comb's Tennessee Battalion, who had fallen out of ranks at Yazoo, came up and were immediately arrested, tried, and had one side of their heads shaved, all in the space of a few hours. Rations still short, consisting of beef and meal.

July 5.—Last Wednesday we moved from our encampment at Mound Bluff Church, and after two days' marching, came to this place, and we are now encamped on —— Creek, between Canton and Edwards' Depot, and twelve miles from the latter place. The enemy's out-posts are only three miles off, beyond the Big Black, and a collision is expected at any hour. The situation at Vicksburg is unchanged, as far as we know, but General Price is in possession of Helena, Arkansas, which will create a diversion in favor of the besieged, as he is in a position to cut off Grant's supplies. The "Fourth" passed off very quietly with us, there being an order against making any loud noise. A speech was made by some one in a brigade just across the creek from us. Night.—We have just received orders to march at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning with this additional injunction: "On this march there is to be no loud hallooing, firing of guns, or cutting down of large trees. The men are to march in their files, and company officers are to see that this order is enforced or they will be cashiered. Penalty for the disobedience of this order is death." This order, signed by the Commanding General, together with the various reports of the enemy's movements, put us on the tip-toe of expectation as to what was up. The very latest is to the effect that General Pemberton has surrendered to General Grant. The news comes so direct, and bears such a good face, that we all believe it. We are now satisfied we are to begin a retreat in the morning; whither, we know not.

July 7.—While waiting for the brigade to move, I will endeavor to write up what transpired yesterday. At about 1 A. M. we were aroused from sleep with orders to fall into line, but no movement was made for nearly two hours. We saw that the wagon-train was in front, and this indicated a fight or a retreat; at 3 o'clock we began the march at a quick gait, which was kept up until evening, when we bivouaced on the Jackson road, fifteen miles from that place, and three from Clinton.
We had passed in a few miles of the enemy early in the morning, but so silently that he was probably unaware of the movement. The wagon train was sent by another route for safety. We now have confirmation of the news from Vicksburg. There is no longer any doubt about its truth. The place surrendered after the garrison had subsisted ten weeks upon mule meat and pea meal. The officers and men are to be brought within our lines and paroled, the officers to retain their side arms. It is said that there is a heavy column of the enemy, under General Osterhaus, following in our wake. General Johnston is having the pond, which afforded water to the army last week, ditched off, and to make it palatable for our pursuers, is having dead mules thrown into it. It is the only chance for them to get water this side of Big Black. Bragg's army is reported falling back to Chattanooga, leaving our homes to the mercy of the foe. It is now ten o'clock, and Ector's Brigade, which is in line of battle in our rear, and ours are all the troops left here, the rest having gone ahead.

July 8. Evening.—Yesterday we made short marches, halting at every good shade to rest. The heat was very oppressive. At Clinton a brigade was sent to meet the enemy, reported to be advancing on the Raymond road. The force in pursuit is said to be close up. Cheering news from General Lee's army to-day. At nine o'clock arrived at Jackson in a heavy storm, which raised the dust in great quantities as we marched through the streets, and the rain followed about the time we reached our camping place, a mile east of the city. It is probable that the place will be evacuated as soon as the stores can be sent off—probably to-morrow; but no one knows where this army is going. Old Joe is too old to tell anybody that.

Jackson, July 14.—We took position in the ditches early in the morning of the 9th, and have been here ever since, under fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, and occasionally of their batteries. The opening shots of the second siege of Jackson were heard on the Clinton road on the morning of the 9th, where Jackson's Cavalry were disputing the advance of Grant's army, and in the course of the day the firing grew nearer. A number of citizens abandoned their homes for a place of safety, and we had free access to their houses. The regiment was posted in a yard under fine shade trees, and nearly every man had a book, while some were seated in rosewood chairs. At ten o'clock General Johnston and staff rode along the trenches, and seemed in fine spirits. We drew crackers and bacon, and had our water
hauled to us. Early on the morning of the 10th, it was reported that the enemy was advancing to storm our works, and at eight o'clock skirmishing and cannonading were lively at the center. At 4 p. m. firing began on our wing, (the right). Several prisoners were brought in during the afternoon, and it was reported that a Louisiana regiment had charged a battery, and captured two of its pieces. After nightfall several fine residences, outside of the lines, were set on fire to prevent the enemy's sharpshooters from taking shelter behind them, and the vicinity was soon brilliantly lit up. Sharpshooting was kept up until late at night. At daylight on the morning of the 11th, the Yanks opened fire on our front from a clump of trees on a slight eminence, and their long-range guns enabled them to keep us in hot water, while very few of our guns could reach them. The firing was pretty constant all along the lines during the morning. Private Estes, of Captain Cunningham's Company, was wounded in the temple, while looking over our breastworks, and another (name unknown) wounded in the hand. A call for fifty volunteers from the regiment, to act as sharpshooters, was promptly responded to. While on this service, in a cornfield, Private Renegar, of Captain Little's Company, was killed, and Corporal W. C. Gracy, of Captain Feeney's Company, severely wounded. This evening the Yanks made two vigorous charges on our right wing, and were badly repulsed. At 6 p. m. the artillery firing on the extreme left was very heavy. The Forty-first was ordered on picket, to remain twenty-four hours.

At 5 a. m., on the morning of the 12th, heavy skirmishing began along the entire line, and continued until nine o'clock, when the artillery opened, and rained on our works a terrible shower of shot and shell for the space of an hour. Our skirmishers were driven in by this fire, and we fully expected a charge to follow, but were doomed to disappointment. Throughout the day shells came at regular intervals, our guns replying slowly. About 9:30 a. m. fifty skirmishers from each regiment went out to recover the lost ground, which they succeeded in doing after a sharp battle. At 11 o'clock heavy firing was heard on the left, and news soon came that Breckenridge's Division had signally repulsed the enemy with heavy loss to them in killed, wounded and prisoners, besides two stands of colors. This was soon confirmed by the appearance of the captured flags, which were borne along the entire line of our works. The casualties in the Forty-first, in this day's operations, were three men wounded. On July 13th
skirmishing began in front of Gregg’s Brigade before daylight, and continued briskly all day. Barrett and Robinson, of Captain Cunningham’s Company, came in off picket and said they had killed a Yank. Some of the boys afterwards went to the spot they pointed out, and brought off the body, when it proved to be a member of the Third Tennesse. He was in advance of the line, and hence this mistake.

On the 14th there was very little change in the state of affairs. At one o’clock a truce of three hours was held, to enable the enemy to bury his dead. There was quite a mingling of the Gray and the Blue during the cessation of hostilities on this part of the line. Two or three casualties occurred in the regiment during the day, among them Private Goodfum, wounded in the head, while seated at the bottom of the ditch.

[To be continued.]

THE EVACUATION OF NASHVILLE.

The Panic that Succeeded the Fall of Fort Donelson—Incidents Connected with the Surrender of the City.

BY JNO. MILLER M’KEE.

"It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever."—SHAKESPEARE.

The panic which the announcement of the fall of Fort Donelson created is without a parallel in the history of Nashville, and a narration of the events of the three or four days that preceded it is necessary to a proper understanding of the subject.

Immediately after the fall of Fort Henry, it became evident that the next point to be attacked by the Federal Army would be Fort Donelson, and vigorous efforts were made by the Confederates to prepare that post for the expected onslaught. The extent to which these preparations were carried was such as to inspire confidence in the strength of the Fort and the ability of the garrison to withstand a combined land and water attack. The commencement of the fight was announced in the following dispatch to the Nashville Union and American, received here the night of its date:

CUMBERLAND CITY, Feb. 12.—One Federal gun-boat appeared in sight of Fort Donelson this morning about 10 o’clock, and opened fire upon the Fort. The fire was returned by the Fort, when the boat retired.
wretched week than while here. Both of my fellow-sufferers died, and
their bodies were prepared for their rude coffins in front of my tent.
The weather was intensely cold, and their bodies had frozen in the po-
sition they occupied at the time they died. It was horrible to see the
attendants breaking their arms and legs in order to force them into
their coffins. When I left the hospital, my clothes were burned and I
was supplied with a suit of United States clothing, the coat having the
tail cut off to mark me in case of escape. As I walked into ward 36
I called, "Attention!" and the boys sprang into line at once, thinking
I was an officer; but when they discovered the mistake, they crowded
around for a general hand-shaking, and I was welcomed as one from
the grave.

As evidences accumulated that the war was nearly over, our fare
was improved; but at the assassination of President Lincoln some
cruelties were practiced, to give way, however, to a better spirit when
the general surrender took place. June was soon on us, and President
Johnson having issued an order for the release of prisoners of war,
they began to leave as fast as they could take the oath. I was in a
squad who refused to subscribe to it, and we were put in a barrack to
ourselves, to be sent to the Dry Tortugas, as the authorities threatened.
About the last of July, I received a letter containing a check from my
good friend, Judge Whitworth, advising me to come home. I had
been of this way of thinking for some time, and I accordingly did so.

Nashville, Tenn.

MARCUS J. TONEY.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON.

(Continued.)

JULY 15TH.—Nothing out of the common routine took place
during this day. Skirmishing continued and some shelling.

July 16th.—Everything went on quite smoothly until 9 o'clock
A.M., when, to our surprise, the enemy ceased firing entirely. The
cause was soon made known. In clear, lively tones their bugles
sounded the "Forward," and in a short time a strong line of skir-
mishers was seen advancing on the run—ours falling back to the
ditches. Following these came their main line, also at a double-
quick. Our impatience got the better of our judgement, and we began firing on their skirmishers, while the artillery threw a perfect torrent of grape and shell into the main line. The consequence was, they were scared back before we could do them much injury. They took refuge in a ravine some five hundred yards off and remained until the afternoon, when General Gregg determined to drive them away and re-establish his skirmish lines. To effect this, the batteries shelled the place furiously for a half hour, when several of our regiments advanced, and, after a spirited fight of fifteen minutes, routed the party and recovered the lost ground. While the picket fighting was in progress, our Orderly Sergeant, Joe English, was badly wounded in the leg, and Dick Smith and I carried him off the field. Nearly all of the regiment was on picket during the evening and night. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 17th an order came for the pickets to fall back noiselessly to the trenches, which we did very quietly. On arriving here we found the main body of the enemy had slipped off during the night. By a rapid march we reached Brandon, on the Southern Railroad, having made fourteen miles before the heat of the day. The retreat was admirably managed throughout, and it was not until late in the day that the enemy learned that the bird had flown. At this place, the progress of the brigade was delayed some time to allow another body of troops, coming by a different road, to get in advance, and it was late in the evening before we reached a camping-place, three miles east of Brandon. On this march we suffered greatly from hunger, in consequence of not finding our wagon-train in time to save the rations from being spoilt. Corn-fields suffered that night.

July 18th.—We marched seven miles this morning, and, while resting several hours, cleaned out a corn-field near by. Started again, and again halted to allow half of the army to pass. Soon after starting again, a heavy rain fell and continued for several hours. The road, from the continual tramping of those in advance, got in a terrible condition, and it was 9 o'clock at night before the brigade made camp, having to pass the entire army. As a consequence, fully two-thirds of the men fell by the way-side. The mud, darkness and fatigue had been too much for them, and many of them slept in the mud where they gave out. A sole roasting-ear diet was not equal to the task of the hardest march we had ever had.

July 19th.—Drew flour this morning for the first time in eight months. We are to stay here to-day and draw ten months' pay. Our pay-rolls
are in the hands of Sergeant English, who is, probably, a prisoner, and, consequently, we will make no draw.

Morton, July 20th—Made three miles yesterday, and are now encamped in a thick forest with an abundance of good spring water at hand. We are washing clothing and fixing up generally, but ready to begin the march at any moment. We draw flour every day, with bacon occasionally, and roasting-ears are to be had for the gathering.

July 21st.—In camps yet, with nothing to do and plenty to eat, and no fear of the enemy’s pursuit. We had a military execution here yesterday, on the person of ——, of the 29th Georgia, who had deserted to the cavalry. The sentence seemed so harsh that a paper praying for his pardon was signed by all of the officers, even to Major-General Walker; but General Johnston refused to grant it. An example is needed in this army, and it is well to crush out the spirit of desertion in the bud. It is said that some —— regiments have lost half of their men since the evacuation of Jackson. It is a trying time, but I believe light will dawn again on us.

July 24th.—Nothing of interest doing here. The news is not encouraging. Grant has burned Jackson and evacuated the place, falling back toward Vicksburg. It is also reported that a portion of his army has gone to New Orleans, destined for Mobile. Bragg is at Chattanooga, and the Federal army all over Middle Tennessee and North Alabama. Lee is falling back slowly from Pennsylvania.

July 26th.—Our camp yesterday was enlivened by the joyful news that we had orders to take the cars for some unknown destination, and it is generally believed that Gregg’s Brigade is to join Bragg’s army, a petition having been sent up some time since with this request, if any are allowed to go; in it it was urged that most of this brigade were Tennesseans, who had not seen their families since the day of their enlistment, in 1861. With a day’s ration cooked, and another of crackers and bacon in haversacks, we were on the cars ready to start at 5 p.m. The entire night was consumed in going to Meridian, a distance of sixty-one miles. While waiting this morning, a train load of paroled Vicksburg prisoners, under the influence of whisky, made a charge upon a lot of sugar lying near the depot, and guarded by a detail of the Fourteenth Mississippi. In the melee a guard fired a blank cartridge at the crowd, when a lieutenant shot him in the head with a pistol, making a severe, but not dangerous, wound. The guards then left their posts, and the sugar was given up to pillage. Our brigade is
now at Enterprise, from which place it can reach any needed point very quickly.

August 4th.—We have been at this camp over a week, and have enjoyed a season of quiet and good living, in striking contrast with that which has been our lot for many months. A peach-cobbler every day is well calculated to provoke the comparison. However, our tasks are heavy enough, with heavy guard duties and daily drills. One furlough out of every twenty-five men is now granted to the troops here.

August 9th.—Still at Enterprise, but there are rumors of marching orders. The rolls have been made out for pay until the first of July. Two years' absence from home, part of which time was spent in a Northern prison, and the hard service of the last eight months, are beginning to tell upon the morale of the regiment, and the consequence is, a good deal of desertion.

August 20th.—Still at our pleasant camp near Enterprise. Time is passing very smoothly, and we are living well enough at our own expense. The ration of poor beef and corn meal issued day after day and week after week is counted as nothing, and hardly touched while a fellow has any money. There is a glorious revival of religion going on in this and Maxey's Brigades. Services are held morning, noon and night at the camp and in the churches. The news from Tennessee is that our people are faring roughly in person and property, and that all are compelled to take the oath.
After events showed that a cavalry force of the enemy arrived at Allatoona as we were withdrawing.

Very respectfully submitted.

S. G. FRENCH, Major-General Commanding.
To, Lieutenant-General A. P. STEWART, Commanding Corps.

DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON.

(Continued.)

EMPIRE HOSPITAL, ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 4th.

SINCE the 20th of August, I have had little opportunity, and less inclination, to write in my diary. About the 10th of September, Gregg's Brigade received orders to take the cars for Atlanta, Ga., and we were soon on our way via Mobile, where mean whisky upset some of the boys. At Montgomery, I went to the theatre and witnessed a very poor play. On the way from this place to Atlanta, a soldier was killed by falling between the cars while running. On arrival at Atlanta, we camped two days near the city, and then took the train for Resaca, on the road to Chattanooga, where we again rested for two days. In leaving Atlanta, I became separated from the regiment, which left at 7 o'clock p.m., and did not get off until the next morning, when I succeeded in getting aboard of the train carrying the Fiftieth Tennessee, General Gregg and Staff, and the brigade commissary stores. Three miles north of Marietta, the car containing the subsistence broke down, and had to be thrown off the track; consequently, about twenty-five of us had to walk back to Marietta and wait for the next train. The order turned out to be a piece of good fortune for the party, as the train we left was run into by a down train that night and completely demolished—eighteen men being killed and seventy-five wounded, mostly of the Fiftieth Tennessee. This accident occurred on Sunday night, September 13th. On Monday, I got on board the passenger train, and, after a run of a few miles, the rear coach ran off, but no one was seriously injured, though the escape was miraculous. This accident occurred at Big Shanty, and here I had to remain until the following day, when I was enabled to get through to my regiment at Resaca without further delay. Wednesday morning,
we were again en route to Ringgold, and reached the burnt bridge, two
miles below that town, just at night-fall. Soon after, the Forty-fourth
Tennessee came up and camped near us. In this regiment we found
many friends and acquaintances. Thursday morning, we had orders
to cook two days' rations, but our supplies being behind, we could not
do so. Saw where General Forrest had whipped the enemy a few
days before. During the day we heard that a battle was expected
every day between Bragg and Rosecrans, and that we were now in
seven miles of the enemy's advance. General Bragg had increased
his army by reinforcements from Virginia and Mississippi, and was
supposed to have about sixty-five thousand men wherewith to match
Rosecrans' one hundred thousand hitherto victorious and well-armed
troops. Thursday evening, a courier announced to General Gregg
that the enemy's cavalry had driven in our pickets beyond Ringgold,
and were then in possession of the place. In a short time, the brig-
ade was under arms and on the march. Had to wade the Chicka-
mauga three times in going one-half a mile. Heard artillery firing
ahead, but, after taking position on a hill overlooking the town,
learned that Bushrod Johnson's Brigade had driven the enemy off.
The brigade was then marched back to camps and ordered to cook
four days' rations, which consumed the greater part of the night.

At 4 o'clock Friday morning, the march was resumed, with the un-
derstanding that there was to be a vigorous pursuit of the enemy.
Gregg's and Johnson's Brigades were formed into a division under
command of the latter—Colonel John S. Fulton succeeding him in
command of the brigade. By daylight the troops were fairly in mo-
tion, and, passing through Ringgold, took a westerly course, which,
in seven miles, brought us up with the enemy. Our line of battle was
quickly formed in an open field, and ordered forward to the edge of
the woods in which the enemy was supposed to be covered; but, after
advancing some four hundred yards it was halted, and skirmishers
were thrown forward. No hostile force was found, and, after a vigoro-
ous shelling of the woods, the brigade was moved by the left flank
some distance and again ordered forward. The Chickamauga Creek
was waded and the steep acclivities beyond were climbed in vigorous
pursuit of the enemy, who showed no disposition to come to an en-
gagement. The line of battle kept pushing ahead for several miles,
through thickets and dense woods, until more open ground was
reached, when a short halt was made to rectify the alignment; after
which the advance was resumed, passing through a Yankee camp which had been abandoned a short while before. Just about dark our brigade came up with the enemy's skirmishers, and, the whole division joining in the yell with which the Thirtieth Tennessee opened the ball, these were quickly driven in. Night now being at hand, a halt was made and the men were ordered to sleep upon their arms. A general silence seemed to pervade both lines, in view of the prospect of a heavy battle on the morrow. The night was remarkably cool for the season of the year, and before morning we were allowed to unsling blankets for comfort. At sun-rise, September the 19th, our brigade was thrown into position on a rocky ridge along the west bank of the Chickamauga, and skirmishers thrown out in readiness for the attack which we had reason to believe the enemy would make during the morning; but it was near 10 o'clock before the battle opened with artillery and heavy musketry on the right. In our front every thing was quiet except the rattling of artillery-wagons, as they were being moved up to where the fighting was going on. The engagement gradually extended along the line until at midday it had reached the right of Johnson's Division, and the roar of conflict had been continuous. We could hear Cheatham's men cheering as they charged and drove the enemy, and the feeble cheer of the other side as it took the offensive, and, in turn, drove Cheatham back.

About 2 o'clock, being on the skirmish line, my attention was drawn to matters more directly in our own vicinity by the whizzing of a few minnie bullets at the front. I then saw a brigade of "blue coats" approaching in splendid order at a double quick, and I apprised Lieutenant Chafin, the officer in command, of the fact; but every one said they were our own men, and it was concluded not to fire at any event until they came closer. When they were within two hundred yards or less, we saw they were Yanks, and no mistake, and firing one round we ran in, according to orders. I took deliberate aim at an officer on horseback, but never learned the effect of my shot. As we reached the main line it was kneeling and at a ready, and perfectly cool. The retiring skirmishers had hardly time to get into their places before the enemy appeared and opened fire with a heavy volley. Our boys now opened with a will, and a severe combat of thirty minutes ensued without any relative change on either side, when our opposers fell back out of range. Bledsoe's Missouri Battery aided materially in the repulse by its splendid firing, which it kept up after the enemy was be-
yond the range of musketry. About this time General Gregg rode up to Colonel Tillman, commanding the Forty-first, and told him to "move forward and see what those fellows are doing down there in the heavy timber." The command was given to forward along the whole brigade, and forward we went in splendid order. At the foot of the hill a halt was called, while skirmishers were thrown out. Colonel Tillman ordered Lieutenant Chafin to detail some of his best men and deploy them as skirmishers at least three hundred yards in advance of the brigade; the three first files of company C were called for, and we went forward, deploying at a double quick, and firing as a "blue coat" came in view. We found the enemy lying down in line of battle waiting for us, and reported the fact. I heard General Gregg's stentorian "Forward!" and a wild yell, as the boys came on at a charge. We waited until they came up, and fell into our places. The whole division was yelling and firing as it went; the bushes were too thick to allow good order or much execution. The yell seemed to have done the work, for the enemy gave way, leaving their dead and wounded and throwing down their guns and knapsacks. The charge was kept up for a half mile, when progress was stopped by a heavy battery in front of Johnson's Brigade, and which we had to give them time to take, the order being for us to preserve line. While waiting here we learned that our gallant General Gregg had been severely, if not mortally, wounded. Colonel Walker, of the Third Tennessee, took command of the brigade. At this stage word was passed along the line that the enemy was moving up in our rear, and we were ordered to fall back, which was accomplished just in the nick of time. After reforming, a half wheel to the right was made to protect the flank, and this position was maintained the rest of the evening. Captain Feeney's Company was thrown forward as skirmishers as night was coming on. The fighting in front of our brigade was over for that day, but was still heavy on the left wing. Of the casualties in the brigade I knew nothing. In the Forty-first the loss was very light, considering that, for a time, we were exposed to a heavy cross fire. We had killed and wounded a great number of the enemy, and captured a few prisoners, besides a number of guns and knapsacks. Three-fourths of a mile of ground had been gained since morning. Of individual acts of heroism on the part of officers and men I will not speak, nor of the few who showed arrant cowardice at the first fire. At dark, Company C was relieved from skirmish duty by a company
DIARY OF PRIVATE W. J. DAVIDSON.

(Concluded.)

SUNDAY MORNING, Sept. 20th.

We were up and ready for battle at an early hour, and, after day-light, were allowed to build small fires.

Under the dense fog, no demonstration was made on either side until a late hour in the morning, and the opportunity was improved by our generals to make a better disposition of their forces than had existed on the preceding day. Gregg's Brigade was moved to the right where the heaviest fighting had been, and was expected to take place again. It formed the second line, of which there were three, and was not expected to make the first charge. As soon as the fog cleared away, the battle opened on the extreme right and gradually came on down to the left, the artillery firing being much heavier than it was the day before. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, the enemy's batteries at one point opened and shelled us furiously for some time, our line lying down and taking it easy until the command "Forward" was given, when it advanced steadily and in splendid order until it overtook the brigade in front, which, after capturing the first line of works, had halted in the face of a terrible fire of artillery and musketry from across a field. There were said to be sixteen pieces disputing our advance here, supported by lines of infantry. The brigade in our front being sheltered by a shallow ravine, seemed loth to quit its vantage-ground, and Colonel Sugg, commanding Gregg's Brigade, asked permission of its commander to pass over it, which was granted. We sprang forward at the word with loud yells, and in a few seconds were under the play of the enemy's batteries in an open stubble-field. Our line made no halt or waver, but dashed ahead, and in a brief time had captured the guns, shooting down some of the gunners and clubbing others as they stood at their posts. The second line of fortifications, just in rear, was carried by the same assault—the infantry flying in disorder before us. This brigade being now ahead of every thing, was halted to allow other parts of the line to come up. when, if it had been pushed forward a couple of hundred yards, it could have captured, almost without resistance, a large train of wagons and ordnance. Its advanced position created some apprehension
of a flank-fire, and, to meet this contingency, it was filed to the right, and skirmishers were thrown out to find out the situation. I was again called upon for this duty, though very tired and thirsty. We advanced, cautiously, from tree to tree, and sprang the game a half mile off, posted in a strong position among the hills. While on this duty, a solitary horseman came dashing through the woods from the front, and, not knowing our whereabouts, found himself in unexpected range of our rifles. Every man in the line fired upon him except myself. He looked so fine, on his gray charger, with fancy trappings, that I had n't the heart to do so. Only one shot took effect, and this was fired by John Jobe, just as he was in the act of escaping over the hill. Moving forward to the top of a ridge, we found the enemy's skirmishers on the other side, but Captain Feeney's Company soon drove them back on the main body. The brigade now came on, and took position on the ridge, and waited for the enemy's attack, which, from the signs at the front, was momentarily expected. It had not long to wait. With a feeble cheer, a heavy force advanced through the woods and opened a furious fire. The brigade to our right—the same over whose heads we had charged at the opening—gave way and left us exposed to a heavy cross-fire. The colonel now ordered us to retire a short distance, until the other brigade could be rallied, when we moved forward again. Now ensued the hardest and closest engagement we ever had, the enemy being in heavy force; but, notwithstanding that our line was thinned by the casualties of battle already, we held our ground against the odds for two hours before reinforcements came to our help. These came under the same withering fire to which we were exposed, and suffered heavily. The fire was kept up obstinately by both sides, and it was not until a little before sunset that the enemy showed signs of weakening, when we made a charge, driving them over the hill, which they contested to the last inch. Again they rallied, but this time for a few minutes only, when they gave way and quit the field in disorder. Night and the tired condition of our troops prevented any further pursuit. Just before the enemy retreated, and as I was in the act of ramming down the last out of sixty cartridges, I was struck in the hip and rendered hors du combat.

Our loss this day was heavy, both in officers and men, though my company was comparatively favored. Doc. Conway had his shoulder shattered; Robert Fulton, flesh wound in arm, which proved
fearful; Charley Bagley, in the shoulder; Billie Hill, in the shoulder, severe; and Tom Pinkerton, in the chest. Other companies in the regiment lost heavily, and other regiments in the brigade lost more than ours. Colonel Tillman was wounded in the shoulder; Major Robinson, in the groin; Colonel Beaumont was killed; Captain Wm. March, of the Forty-first, fell while leading his men in a charge. I was carried off the field, after the fight, by Lieutenant Chafin and Mathew Hathcock, and reached the Field Hospital during the night.

The hospitals were all crowded with our own and the enemy's wounded, and the surgeons could not attend to half of them. I remained there nearly a week, when I was so much improved that I could assist my friends who were worse hurt. Thos. Halbert was wounded in his good arm, but I don't think he will lose it. Doc. Conway is badly hurt, but we are keeping his arm cool with water, and hope to save it. We came to this place (Empire Hospital) last Tuesday, and are comfortably situated. I intend returning to my command to-morrow.

Camp Near Chattanooga, Oct. 8th.

Arrived in camp this evening. My wound is not yet well, but I prefer doing duty to staying in a hospital. The boys are doing well, and in fine spirits. I was greatly disappointed in not getting a letter from home, which came in my absence and was destroyed, under the impression that I would be away for some time. We hold the river above and below Chattanooga, leaving Rosecranz but one outlet—through Sequatchie Valley. There seems to be no danger of his attacking us, or of our attacking him. His position has been made very strong. Our siege-guns on Lookout can reach the city at long range.

President Davis is expected every day.

Oct. 10.—Had orders last night at 12 o'clock to cook rations and be ready to move at 4 A.M., but this morning nothing farther is said about it. The order was given in anticipation of an attack, in consequence of some demonstrations made by the enemy last night.

It is now three weeks since the great battle, and I understand that a great many of the enemy's dead are yet unburied. I found, four days after the fight, some of their wounded still unattended to. One of them, belonging to the Sixth Ohio, I made as comfortable as possible, by filling his canteen with water and furnishing him some matches.

11th.—All quiet. Mr. John March arrived last night, and was
shown the grave of his son, Captain Wm. March. President Davis rode along the line to-day, and was cheered by the brigade.

19th.—Cannonading in the direction of Bridgeport. The President is making speeches to the soldiers—telling them that they will be in the heart of Middle Tennessee in two weeks. Captain Feeney has sent in his resignation, which, if accepted, will deprive us of one of the best officers in the regiment.

THE RETREAT FROM MURFREESBORO.


CHUNCHULU, ALA., January 17, 1863.

The report being circulated that the retrograde movement of our army at Murfreesboro was ordered by the commanding general, in opposition to the advice of corps and division commanders, is not sustained by the truth. The movement was suggested by two division and sustained by a corps commander, after 12 o'clock on the night of the 2nd instant, and was then rejected by the general commanding. On the morning of the 3rd instant, the general ascertained that all the corps and all of the division commanders concurred in the opinion that the army should be withdrawn, and not, in its then worn condition, be put to the hazard of another general engagement. He, about the same time, learned the fact of reinforcements having been received by the enemy. It was then that he yielded his opposition and ordered the movement. Suppose that the general had adhered to his first determination, and disaster had been the result, what would have been his position then? If this movement did not command the approval of every brigade, division and corps commander then present with the army, I have to hear of the exception. I cannot believe the army numbers among its generals one of those creatures who is wise after the fact, and bold when there is no danger. A man who has given his all to his country should at least have justice.

J. M. Withers.

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