TWO SOLDIERS
Facsimile Fly-Leaf from Captured Union Diary
TWO SOLDIERS
THE CAMPAIGN DIARIES OF
THOMAS J. KEY, C.S.A.
December 7, 1863—May 17, 1865
AND
ROBERT J. CAMPBELL, U.S.A.
January 1, 1864—July 21, 1864

EDITED
With an Introduction, Notes, and Maps, by
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CHAPEL HILL
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THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA (which culminated a drive that began on May 4th when Sherman moved out against Johnston from his fortified position about Chattanooga) lasted from July 19th, when the Union armies began to cross Peachtree Creek, to September 2nd when the Confederates evacuated the city and Sherman marched in. The fall of Atlanta, after a siege lasting a month and a half, came when Sherman—who had already broken the railroad to Montgomery on the southwest—succeeded in cutting off the remaining Confederate source of supplies by destroying the railroad to Macon on the south.
TO
MY SISTER
MARGARET CATE
THROUGH WHOM
THESE DIARIES CAME
TO MY NOTICE
The foregoing memoranda was written by federal, and
was I will complete
the book by inscribing
my historic events.

Geo. J. Key.
PREFACE

THE ATTENTION of the editor of the two diaries published herein (one embedded in the other) was first attracted by a little brown notebook—covers of imitation leather—which carries in ink across its fly-leaf these words: "Captured by Captain Thomas J. Key on the 22nd of July, ’64, near Atlanta, on Sugar Creek." Easily discernible also is the inscription in pencil of the first owner, a Union soldier: "R. J. Campbell, Company E, 3rd Iowa Infantry, home: Nevada, Story Co., Iowa." Campbell began his diary on January 1, 1864, and continued it daily through July 21st of that year. The next day, July 22nd, appears the following entry in another hand: "The foregoing memoranda was kept by a federal, and now I will complete the book by inscribing my historical events. [Signed] Thomas J. Key." In addition to the entries made therein by Captain Key, a further search uncovered six more notebooks containing the greater part of the Confederate’s diary from December 7, 1863, to May 17, 1865.

While these diaries shed light on a number of disputed points in connection with the decisive Atlanta campaign of 1864, it is felt that their significance lies primarily in their vitality as human documents—in the intimate day by day recordings of two soldiers in opposing armies. The diary of Captain Key, the Confederate, is doubtless the more im-
important because it is much fuller (it is particularly graphic and detailed in its description of the battle and siege of Atlanta), and because it contains the observations of a newspaper man who exchanged the pen for the sword and who was himself an actor in the bloody drama which he describes. Gifted with a flair for the unusual and noteworthy, and with uncommon ability to express himself, he found time to record his observations not only on the war but on manners, morals, and politics as well. From him we learn of the songs that were sung, the books that found their way into camp, the smoking, drinking, and bobbed hair of the girls, and the open immorality in the neighborhood of the army; of Johnston, removed from command on the eve of the crucial battle to which his whole strategy had pointed; of the devoted but too highly placed Hood; of Bob Toombs, rallying the Georgia state troops before Atlanta; of Howell Cobb and Ben Hill, defending Jefferson Davis against the attacks of Joe Brown and Alexander Stephens; of the gallant Cleburne (Key's best friend), killed in the fierce charge at Franklin; and of final defeat and disaster for the Army of Tennessee in the sleet and snow at Nashville. Robert J. Campbell's record, on the other hand, is chiefly interesting as an expression of the viewpoint of a young soldier in the ranks—a fine boy who thought far more of the health and comfort of those about him than of himself.

The difference in the psychology of the two men is highly significant. For the Union soldier, in his middle twenties and with a girl back home to whom he is forever writing and whom he will one day marry, the war is not such a serious matter. He admires the beautiful southern country, and he has little or no apparent rancor against the foe. The destruction of Meridian, Mississippi, and a day's fishing in the Tennessee River are each objectively recorded as interesting and perhaps equally important occurrences. After all
it is not his country that is being ravaged. With Captain Key, the matter is far different. Thirty-four years of age and separated from his wife and three children, he views the war with disgust, the progressive destruction of the South with sorrow, and Sherman with bitter hatred. When the diary opens, in December, 1863, and until Joseph E. Johnston is removed from command of the army before Atlanta, he is in high hopes of ultimate victory for the Southern cause. From that point, however, his entries mirror the history of the Army of Tennessee—continual disaster and bitter discouragement, only occasionally lightened by news or rumors of the success of Confederate arms on other fields.

Because the editor believes that no one can read these intimate records without having his interest aroused in the men themselves, it has seemed worthwhile to place the diary of each against the background of a brief sketch of his life before and after the War Between the States. Weighed in the balances of history, neither man is of great importance aside from his eye-witness account of a critical moment in our national life; yet each may be taken as a symbol of all the young men who fought that war (as, indeed, young men fight all wars), and who lived to help build a reunited nation.

In closing, the editor cannot refrain from acknowledging his indebtedness to the Julius Rosenwald Fund for the generous grant of the fellowship which enabled this piece of work to be brought to completion.

WIRT ARMISTEAD GATE

Nashville, Tennessee
January 1, 1938
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PART ONE

THOMAS J. KEY
THOMAS J. KEY

CAPTAIN THOMAS J. KEY was born in Bolivar, Tennessee, on January 17, 1831, the son of Chesley Daniel Key who had emigrated from Virginia where he had been reared on a plantation adjoining that of Thomas Jefferson. In his early childhood young Key's parents removed to Mississippi, settling at Jacinto, the county seat of Tishomingo County. Here his boyhood was spent. When he was fifteen years of age, Thomas found employment in the office of the publisher of a weekly paper at Tuscumbia, Alabama, remaining in that position for four years until he had saved sufficient money to enter LaGrange College, in the same state. He was in attendance from 1850 to 1852, leaving school in the latter year to buy the Day Book (more commonly referred to as the "Franklin County Democrat"), the newspaper upon which he had formerly worked at Tuscumbia.

At this time the nation was greatly agitated over the question of slavery in the Kansas Territory, and strenuous efforts toward colonization were being put forth by the slave and free states. At the height of the controversy, Key—with one hundred and thirty persons from Alabama—removed to the Kansas Territory where he himself began the publication at Doniphan of the Kansas Constitutionalist, the first
issue appearing on May 4, 1856. Militantly slave and Democratic in its editorial policy, the paper was received with great hostility by the predominantly Northern population that had settled in this part of the territory. Meanwhile, he was elected to and served in the celebrated Lecompton Constitutional Convention.

Key soon found that the Southern element in Kansas was fighting a losing battle because of the tremendous wave of immigration that was sweeping in from the North and East. Both he and his press were more than once thrown into the river, and when the Lecompton Constitution was rejected he decided to return to the South. Settling at Helena, Arkansas, on the Mississippi River below and opposite Memphis, he published a Democratic newspaper and served in the State Legislature. He was a member of that body in 1860 and voted for secession.

At the outbreak of the war, Key was thirty years of age and had the responsibility of providing for a wife and three children. Hence, it was not until he went to bring home the body of his cousin, Captain Robert Lambert, who was killed at Shiloh on April 6, 1862, that he determined to enter the Confederate army. Enlisting as a private, he was soon promoted to the rank of 1st lieutenant and placed in charge of a battery, then to a captaincy, and—in the severe fighting about Atlanta—to the command, for a time, of all the artillery in Cleburne's division. We shall see how he served with gallantry and effectiveness, but for the moment (and leaving further details of his military career for discussion in immediate conjunction with his own account) let us follow, briefly, his post-war activities.

Having taken the oath of allegiance to the United States in May, 1865, Captain Key returned to Helena, Arkansas, as detailed in his diary, and shortly thereafter removed to Corinth, Mississippi, where he began the publication of a
THOMAS J. KEY

farm journal which, in 1869, was given the name of the Southern Agriculturist. In the spring of 1871 he moved to Louisville, Kentucky, where he continued to publish his journal and organized and became the president of the State Horticultural Society. A decade later, in 1882, he located in Montgomery, Alabama, and in 1890 he became Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture in the administration of Governor Thomas Jones.1 Meanwhile he continued the publication of the Southern Agriculturist in Montgomery, and later in Sheffield. In 1897, at the age of sixty-six, he brought his publication to Nashville, where, under more favorable circumstances, his sphere of influence broadened throughout the South until his death on April 5, 1908. Today, with almost 1,000,000 subscribers, the journal which he founded and edited is one of the largest of its kind in the nation.

Captain Key was a member of that generation which, having fought the War Between the States, was forced to suffer extreme privation in the rebuilding of the ravaged Southland. Faced with the necessity of supporting a large family and building a career in a section which was financially bankrupt, he labored constructively and successfully to an advanced old age. That the South was able to travel back that long and bitter road from Appomattox is largely due to those who, like him, never lost faith in her destiny.

The main facts of Captain Key's military career are soon told. Having determined to enter the army, he enlisted as a private in Company G, 15th (Josey's) Regiment, Arkansas Infantry, on May 1, 1862, at Corinth. Almost immediately, however, he was transferred to Calvert's battery (Arkansas Light Artillery) of Hotchkiss's battalion, and in June he was promoted to the position of 2nd lieutenant. In this

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1 Among the many errors in Captain Key's obituary in the Confederate Veteran, Vol. XVI, August, 1908, p. 418, is the statement that he served as Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture in the administration of Governor Johnson.
capacity, and later as 1st lieutenant, he took part in most of the fighting in northern Mississippi; in Bragg’s Kentucky campaign; and, on December 31, 1862, in the bloody and indecisive Battle of Murfreesboro, fought as the army retreated south through Middle Tennessee. Here he commanded the artillery which henceforth won fame as “Key’s battery.”

At the Battle of Chickamauga, September 19th and 20th, 1863, he served with unusual distinction. In their official reports, Lieutenant General D. H. Hill, Major General Pat Cleburne, Brigadier General Lucius E. Polk, and Colonel B. J. Hill cited him for gallantry and effectiveness, saying that in the fiercest part of the struggle he ran his battery by hand to within sixty yards of the enemy’s lines.\(^2\) At the Battle of Missionary Ridge, fought on November 25, 1863, General Cleburne stationed Key with his battery over the tunnel where the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad passed through the ridge, and placed him in charge of all the Confederate artillery there. In reporting that the batteries of Key and Swett bore the brunt of the fighting, he said that the former depressed his guns to the utmost and fired shell and canister down the hill in the face of a withering fire from the enemy. When the guns could no longer be gotten into position to command the precipitous slope, he led his men in rolling down stones upon the determined foe.\(^3\)

With the retreat of the Southern forces after Missionary Ridge, Key helped form the rear guard which received the thanks of the Confederate Congress for saving Bragg’s army from destruction, serving with particular distinction at Ringgold Gap on November 27th. Thereafter, the army

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went into winter quarters at Dalton while Cleburne's division, including Key's battery, acted as an outpost ten miles to the north at Tunnel Hill, Georgia (not to be confused with the tunnel through the ridge at Chattanooga). At this point the diary begins.
December 7, 1863

Thinking that a diary of events occurring in a soldier's life might prove instructive and useful and improving, I this day take up the task and hope that I shall live to peruse these sketches long and happy years after peace shall be restored to our homes in the sunny South. Today the Confederate Congress assembled at Richmond, Virginia, and it is to be hoped that measures will be speedily introduced to raise the Southern currency and to give confidence in the notes of this new government.

December 8th

Dawn revealed dark and overcast skies. I am quite unwell. Rumors passed from mouth to mouth to the effect that the Abolition cavalry had reappeared at Ringgold, also that they had arrived near Lafayette, Georgia.

December 9th

Rains fell during the night, but about 8 o'clock this morning the overhanging mist swept away. Lieutenant Goldthwaite¹ and I visited Major General Cleburne,² who was

¹ Lieutenant Richard W. Goldthwaite, of whom we shall hear much in the ensuing pages.
² Major General Patrick R. Cleburne, brilliant Irish-born soldier who had been educated at the University of Dublin.
unusually communicative. He was writing his report of the Battle of Ringgold Gap, which he read to us. The General also read for our edification his diary on the events that occurred on the 24th and 25th of November. His account was graphic and beautiful, and was especially full and interesting in respect to the Battle of Missionary Ridge. His criticisms on General Bragg and his military mis-management were quite severe.8

At night an old citizen who lives near Blue Springs, Tennessee, and who was hobbling on his stick from the effects of a wound inflicted by Union assassins, came to my tent. Three of the Unionists a few nights previous had surrounded his home while he was away and as he returned they halted him and then wantonly fired upon him, wounding him in the leg. The assassins had been his neighbors, but were then in the employ of Lincoln despotism. He also made a statement of facts which makes the blood of the patriot run chill to the heart. It was as follows: A wounded Confederate, Rhea by name, was left at the residence of Mrs. Montgomery. A party of East Tennesseans belonging to Sherman’s army took him from her house on Saturday night and after carrying him a few hundred yards shot him in the head. Since there was no man on the premises, Rhea lay unburied until Tuesday when the females took up the corpse and cared for it. Oh heaven, how long will justice slumber and all laws, human and divine, be trampled in the dust!

December 10th

The Confederate soldier is forced to resort to many expedients to obtain clothing. I have been employed this day

8 After the disheartening defeat at Missionary Ridge General Braxton Bragg had resigned on November 9th. He was succeeded by Lieutenant General Hardee, who refused to accept the post as a permanent assignment, and on December 18th—to the delight of the army—General Joseph E. Johnston was ordered to take command.
in coloring a Yankee overcoat which I brought from the battlefield of Missionary Ridge. Overcoats are selling for $200 to $300. It is announced that General Longstreet has raised the siege of Knoxville and is withdrawing his forces toward Bristol, Tennessee. I spent the evening over tea with Captain Semple where, incidentally, a discussion was raised regarding the difficulty in the United States Senate between Senators Benton and Foote. I also contended that J. C. Breckinridge was in the old Congress prior to 1852. All the cannoneers of my battery are industriously employed erecting sheds for my horses. I continue in bad health, neither eating nor sleeping with satisfaction.

December 11th

Rumor has been received that the Federals have burned the bridge over the Tennessee River and are moving their army towards Knoxville, Tennessee. Having no tent, my mess concluded to erect a small log cabin to protect us from the pelting rains and chilling winds. It will be several days' work. My bowels continue inflamed and my health ill.

December 12th

Kept to my tent the most of the day, being unwell and the weather inclement. Read the miscellaneous writings of Bishop Morris, where this precept from Wesley, which I shall try to observe, fell under my observation: "He who lives not by rule, lives not at all." I have one rule to govern me from which I never vary when in camp—that is, to peruse several chapters in the Bible every morning before eating. This has proven a blessing, and I hope made me a better man. I shall try to bring all my business hours to

* Captain (later Major) H. C. Semple, frequently mentioned hereafter.
* Major General John C. Breckinridge, former Vice-President of the United States, who, with his three sons, had gone with the Confederacy.
method and rule. This will give me more time, and time is precious to those who know what it is given to man for.

December 13th

Having orders to build sheds for my horses, the men have worked untiringly for three days. I ordered no work to be done this day, since it is God's Holy Sabbath. In addition to reading my Testament, I looked over the lectures of Bishop Morris and the newspapers. Since no preacher is provided for batteries, we have no opportunity to hear the Scriptures expounded.

December 14th

Gave all the men permission to build themselves cabins for the winter, and several volunteered to aid me and the other officers in rearing our shanty. After the day's labor was over, and while I was lying under a fly before a log heap of hickory wood roasting my feet and drowsily meditating over past happy days and thinking of my dear wife and sweet children, a band of string and brass instruments struck up inspiring music which sent thrills of joy and sacred reminiscences through every avenue of my heart. Among the pieces that the band played was that dear old tune "Home Sweet Home," around which clusters sacred memories of father, mother, sisters, and the hallowed family hearthstone. How freshly it brought to mind my interesting little family and how sincerely did I pray that God would soon return me to my happy home. While the music was pealing softly out upon the still, cold air, the peaceful moon seemed to put on a sad face and keep harmony with the music and my emotions. And even the tall pines stood motionless as if enchanted by the strains of soft music which all nature was drinking in.
December 15th

At early morn we began laboring on our homes. The logs were 14 x 12 feet and bravely the work went up, several of the men lending us a helping hand.

December 16th

Before breakfast I went to the woods and cut 15 pine poles to make what should properly be called the "patriot's spring mattress." Notwithstanding there was ice this morning, we made mud and I began to daub it on our chimney, almost freezing my hands in the process. In the evening, however, when we moved our blankets and scant supply of clothing into our cabin, the smoke was so bad that it was almost impossible to remain within the walls of the building. Before eight o'clock we tore down a portion of the chimney to permit the smoke to pass out of the narrow flue. A hard storm followed, but our roof turned the rain.

December 17th

The Doctor * awoke and found that some of his medical chemicals had been spirited off during the night—for instance, a gallon and a half of Peach Brandy. I had the company to fall in while Lieutenant Marshall and the Doctor searched the tents, one canteen of the missing brandy being recovered. The Catholic Priest this morning had mass, the service being held under the flies combined. It was indeed novel to see candles burning in daylight in the wild forest, while the worshipers bowed before God and reverently crossed themselves.

December 18th

Towards evening the wind sprang up and made everyone feel better. This morning I drew five horses, among the

* Dr. P. R. Ford, surgeon for the battery.
poorest specimens that I have seen since the beginning of the revolution. Major Haxton inspected the battery and Major Hotchkiss called upon me and spent some time in my new domicile. All were highly pleased at the comfortable appearance of our cabins. After night fall I seated myself by the fire and began perusing the [Memphis] Appeal which contained many interesting extracts from the New York News, wading into the Lincoln despotism ungloved and denouncing the test oaths required in the recent elections in the State of Delaware. Being in bad health, I arose after midnight and spent some time by the fire reading the lectures of Bishop Morris on fashion, loquacity, dancing, etc.

December 19th

Nothing worthy of note transpired today. I received my commission as Captain of the battery, which I had been commanding for more than six months.

December 20th

This is the Holy Sabbath and it affords me a deep, quiet pleasure to sit by my dirt jambs and peruse the letters addressed to me by my Savior.

7 Major Thomas R. Hotchkiss, Chief of Artillery, Cleburne's division. After he was incapacitated on July 21st, before Atlanta, Captain Key succeeded him in command of the battalion of artillery attached to Cleburne's command.

8 When the Federals came down the Mississippi River early in June, 1862, the strongly Democratic and Southern Memphis Appeal, which had come to mean so much to the Army of Tennessee and to the Confederacy, was hurriedly moved (on June 5th) to Grenada, Mississippi, where publication was continued. Under the threat of the continually advancing enemy it was subsequently issued at Montgomery, Alabama, and then in Atlanta where it remained—with correspondents in all the armies—until the fall of the city. From Atlanta it was moved to Columbus, Georgia, where it was finally captured and destroyed on April 16, 1865, when the war was almost over. The editor, B. F. Dill, was released on $100,000 bond not to publish another issue. After the war, on November 5, 1865, the paper was revived at Memphis. Cf. J. P. Young, ed., Standard History of Memphis, Tennessee, pp. 449-50.

9 For more than six months he had been officially designated as permanently in charge, but—as a matter of fact—for six months prior to that he had been in command while it was nominally Calvert's battery.
December 21st

Dined today with Captain Semple. Had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of two priests, one of whom told a joke that had been played on him from the fact of his resemblance to Governor Letcher [of Virginia]. For three successive nights I have dreamed of seeing my wife. Oh, how happy I would be if this could be realized.

December 22nd

Nothing worthy of note transpired.

December 23rd

Since the cook had been sent out to purchase something, I did the cooking for the mess. He returned at night with a few articles which cost at the following rates: Onions $2 per dozen; butter $3 per pound; chickens $3 each; pork $1 per pound; also some eggs at $3 per dozen to make some eggnog for Christmas. Today I wrote a lengthy letter to my wife, but the person whom I had intended to carry it had gone. This was a disappointment.

December 24th

This morning battalion guard mounting began for the three batteries. It is Christmas Eve. I am sitting in my little cabin and my thoughts carry me away to Helena where I see my good wife before the hearth with three children around her, the eldest a girl standing and looking earnestly into her mother's face; the second a boy five years old, sitting in a small chair looking into the fire; and the youngest a girl about four, leaning on her mother's lap—all listening attentively to what their intelligent mother is relating in regard to the visits of Santa Claus. This, to children, benevolent being having visited them on former Christmas Eves with presents of toys, their curiosity is at its height to know
if he will come tonight and fill their stockings. Ah, will not these little innocents be disappointed? Their father has not seen them for twenty months, and is now far away battling for home and liberty, and has no means by which he can convey them toys or money to purchase them. Whether their mother has the means to spare in procuring Christmas presents for them is unknown to me, but I pray heaven to provide her with the necessaries of life, and to bless and cheer the young and innocent hearts of my children during the Christmas holidays. Happy Christmas to my wife and children!

December 25th

Before breakfast the Doctor made some eggnog, a worthy luxury that is seldom enjoyed in the army. Had sausages for breakfast, quite a treat, the first within the last twelve months. Ralph Bailey and Willie Smith called at my cabin about eleven o'clock, when Bailey made the second eggnog. All went smoothly in the battery. Out in the open air some of the men were hopping to the notes of an old fiddle, trying to be merry.

December 26th

I am officer of the day for the battalion of artillery. I was invited to dine with some young gentlemen from Montgomery, Alabama, members of Semple’s battery. The meal that they set forth surpassed any that I have seen in the army. There were turkey, oysters, eggs, sausages, and pound cake. I enjoyed the dinner hugely. At night the Doctor and I alternated in reading aloud Botta’s “History of the American Revolution,” translated from the Italian. After midnight I arose from my slumbers, donned my sabre, and went the “grand rounds” amidst rain and mud.
TWO SOLDIERS

December 27th

This being the Holy Sabbath, with faith in my heart and humility I peruse the cheering language of the Bible. The clouds wept copious tears all the day long, and I sat in my cabin reading an old copy of Harpers Magazine.

December 28th

Shortly after roll call Alex Dennis came to my cabin and informed me that one of his horses was gone, and almost immediately it came to my knowledge that Asa Hudson was seen before daylight conveying a saddle to the bushes, a circumstance which at once fixed the theft upon him. I sent to his tent and he was absent. I then put some men on horses and they pursued him and overhauled him several miles from camp. I turned him over to General Cleburne, but Major Hotchkiss had him returned to me with orders to punish him in camp. I protested against the order but had to comply with it.

I called upon General Cleburne and I had scarcely seated myself when he introduced a conversation upon the propriety of bringing into the military service, and at once beginning to drill, 300,000 negroes. He remarked that this was not his idea alone, but that it represented the views of General Hindman, Colonel Govan, General Polk, General Hardee, and General Breckinridge, though the latter thought the period had not yet arrived for calling into the army the negro force. The question at once arose as to whether those slaves brought into the field should have their freedom. Would they not fight better under pledge

10 Major General T. C. Hindman.
11 Colonel (later Brigadier General), D. C. Govan.
12 Brigadier General Lucius E. Polk who commanded the brigade of Cleburne’s division to which Hotchkiss’s battalion of artillery, including Key’s battery, belonged.
13 Lieutenant General William J. Hardee, author of “Hardee’s Tactics” and one of the ablest soldiers of the Confederacy.
that at the expiration of the war they should be free? General Cleburne boldly assumed the grounds that not only those called into the field should have their freedom but that their wives and children should have the same guarantee, and that as an evidence of good faith their present social rights should be enlarged and they should be made to feel that the pledges of the government are valid. Cleburne had despised of swelling materially our army by the plan suggested by the President, and argued that under it the year 1864 would find us as near exhausted as we have been in 1863. He assumed the position that Confederate acceptance of the Emancipation Act would turn it to our advantage whereas the Lincoln Government was now using it to injure us.

The General contended that the negroes could be induced to fight as gallantly as the Yankees, and his promise to illustrate brought forth the Suliote slaves that fought under the Spartans. He contended that arming the slaves and promising them freedom would at once take the wind out of the sails of Northern Abolitionists and cause them to cease the war, for they would no longer have food upon which to keep fanaticism alive. He believes that such action would cause the whole of Europe to look upon the Southern people as wonderfully magnanimous, and demonstrate that we regard the attainment of liberty as paramount to all other considerations. He said that Abolitionists would no longer be able to arouse foreigners against the South by portraying our attitude toward the slaves in the most horrible colors, and that as a consequence the Northern army would no longer be filled with this deceived class of Europeans. He told me his views in extenso and said that in a few days he would publish them over his signature and that he and others would memorialize Congress upon the subject. This is one of the weightiest questions that has been brought forth
since the beginning of this revolution. It will make or ruin the South. It will conclude the war speedily or cause blood to flow more freely than heretofore.

December 29th

Saw the negro man, Monroe, who had been to the banks of the Mississippi River and looked upon the city of Helena across the Father of Waters. This is my dear home, but he could bring me no tidings from my family. Asa Hudson was carried before Major Hotchkiss for an investigation of the extent of his crime and to determine whether he should be tried by Court Martial. It was established that he made two attempts to steal the horse. Captain Semple, Lieutenant McClelland, and I composed a Board to examine the newly elected officers of the battalion. Examined Lieutenant Williams today—report favorable.

December 30th

Had all the drivers ditching and fixing up their stalls, and cannoneers burning brush. I had a small window cut in over our cabin and three panes of glass inserted under which I placed a plank for a table upon which to sketch these items. I related to Captain Swett ¹⁴ the views of General Cleburne upon the propriety of calling into the field 300,000 negroes and also upon the question of emancipating the negroes. The Captain, at the beginning of our conversation, dissented and before we had discussed the proposed action and its results pro and con he said he wanted his negro women to keep his wife from the wash tub. Nevertheless, to close the war and give us liberty he was ready to free his negroes, as he now did not value them above a “dime each.” He said that recently a Yankee rode up to his house

¹⁴ Charles Swett, captain of artillery, frequently cited by Cleburne for gallantry under fire.
and addressing a negro girl said, "Sissy, don't you want to go to camp with me?" To which Mrs. Swett replied, "Go with him, Jane!" Then the Yankee told the girl that she could remain. Captain Swett thus showed how little value was placed upon negro property. The idea of abolishing the institution at first startles everyone, but when it is viewed as the means of giving us victory or closing the war, every person with whom I have conversed readily concurs that liberty and peace are the paramount questions and is willing to sacrifice everything to obtain them. All, however, believe the institution a wise one and sanctioned by God.

**December 31st**

Nothing of moment has transpired today. This is the anniversary of the great Battle of Murfreesboro. How different the last days of 1862 and 1863. We spent the former in the thickest of the battle carnage, the latter in peace in camp. What have been the changes during this eventful twelve months? They have been great and sad. Thanks to a kind and beneficent God, I have been permitted to pass through two hard fought battles and live. I pray that the same good hand may preserve me another twelve months.

Had a mare quite sick with what I supposed was bots, and drenched her with turpentine, but that did not relieve her. I then drenched her with sage tea. At night I laid down expecting to find her dead when I awoke, but to my joy in the morning she was well.

**January 1, 1864**

Hail to the New Year! May its coming bring with it peace and happiness to our disturbed country. May we be re-

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18 Also called the Battle of Stone's River. Federal army 45,400, loss 13,000 of whom almost 10,000 were killed or wounded; Confederate army 37,712, loss 10,266 of whom 9,000 were killed or wounded. Cf. Key's report of the battle in *Official Records of Union and Confederate Armies*, Series 1, Vol. 20, pt. 1, pp. 855-58.
turned to our homes and greet those dear to us before the summer suns shed their parching rays upon the earth. May our Heavenly Father aid us to employ our time profitably and keep us from sin. The morning was very cold, the wind whistling over the lofty hills from the north and making my ears tingle. I am officer of the day for the battalion.

January 2nd

This is one of the coldest mornings that we have had during the winter. At 2 o’clock this A.M. I went the grand rounds, and it was severely cold. Today I walked to Tunnel Hill and passed through its length. At the entrance we met a young lady and man, and some further in the excavation we met another pair of young lovers, the lass assisting the young male whose foothold had slipped while he was walking upon the ice that had formed upon the crossties of the railroad. It is a romantic spot for lovers. This tunnel, the walls of which are of solid rock masonry arched with brick, is cut through what is known as Taylor’s Ridge and is four hundred and ninety-two yards in length. Near the center of the excavation it was so dark that we could see no object except the entrance; it was like midnight. We groped in the blackness, and as we approached the northern entrance we could see, hanging in swordlike shape, the cold stalactites formed by the dripping waters.

Called on Cousin Thomas Lambert who was in great glee. He related the events of the previous night at a party in the village. He said he went to a residence to take a young lady to a party; that he knocked at the door, and, upon its being opened, to his surprise he found that the girl whom he intended to escort to the party was sitting in the lap of a young man. He said the girls smoke and chew tobacco and drink whiskey as if they are fond of the article. The war appears to have demoralized everybody, and the rumor says
that almost half of the women in the vicinity of the army, married and unmarried, are lost to all virtue. Oh, what are we coming to! How shall we preserve our character when the women—gentle, kind and good women—forsake the path of virtue?

January 3rd

No duties today—it is the blessed Sabbath. Spent the day in reading the Bible and Botta’s “History of the American Revolution.” Sent a letter by Captain Arnold to my brother-in-law, R. M. Halsey. Two horses in the battery died this day. The Northern Congress has passed a resolution that it is the duty of Congress to furnish all the men and means that their government may require to crush the rebellion. The vote was 152 for to 1 against. Smith of Kentucky also introduced a resolution that no armistice or proposition for peace should be received as long as a rebel is in arms. The vote to lay on the table was yeas 60, nays 100. The resolution passed, yeas 93 to nays 64. From this it will be understood that Congress is determined to prosecute the war to the bitter end.

January 4th

I spent the major portion of this day in writing a letter of correspondence for the [Memphis] Appeal, endorsing the speech of Senator Brown, of Mississippi. The propriety of asking a furlough to visit the Mississippi opposite Helena occupied much of my thought; also, how I would convey the information to my wife of my arrival near Helena, how I would get to see her, and whether she could come across the river to meet us. Would a visit of that secrecy and caution be of any pleasure to either of us? I would be in danger of being captured and she of being imprisoned for communicating with a rebel. Oh, my dear wife and chil-
dren, how often every day my thoughts dwell upon you and I offer a prayer for your happiness!

January 5th

Sergeant Dade and Walton, of the 15th Regiment, called at my cabin. I filled out an application to have the former transferred to my battery to act as quartermaster sergeant. He says that the whole of the 15th Arkansas Regiment, which now contains only 126 men fit for duty, desires to be transferred to my battery. I composed an article upon the expediency of making a commercial treaty with France and Spain, proposing to give them the exclusive transporta-
tion of cotton from the South if they would furnish the navy to open and keep unobstructed the Confederate ports. The colonies made similar concessions to France in 1776. The South, it is clear, must be provided with a navy or she will never be able to retake and possess the Mississippi River, and to open her harbors. The enemy has a navy numbering about 600 vessels while we do not own one dozen. This is one cause of the great success of the Yan-
kees, for it provides facilities drawn from the whole world while we are blockaded and cut off from the rest of mankind.

January 6th

The weather is cool and cloudy. I address a brief letter to my wife to be sent by flag of truce. I rise very early these mornings, eating breakfast before daylight.

January 7th

Was officer of the day, and while making the grand rounds at night over the frozen ground and ice-covered brush I fell over stumps, dipped in the branch, and in the darkness ran upon mules. In reading the history of the first revolution I
see a striking similarity in all the means resorted to by the British and that now employed by the Yankees.

_January 8th_

This is the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. A citizen came to my cabin and represented that the night just passed his smokehouse was entered by way of the roof and all his bacon, about 600 pounds, stolen. I had my encampment examined. He was much chagrined and disturbed at the condition of his family. At night, in the reading of Botta’s “History of the American Revolution,” I learned that Paul Jones was a native of Scotland but engaged in the service of the United States. He commanded three vessels of some size and two small ones. He fought the British merchant fleet with the frigate Serapis and set her on fire. Paul Jones had 375 men and 300 were wounded and killed. The English had 49 killed and 60 wounded. The English surrendered.

_January 9th_

I sit by a cheerful fire this cold day in my little cabin at the foot of Taylor’s Ridge, or Tunnel Hill, while to the east rears a lofty forest-clad hill or mountain with craggy cliffs. Frost and ice cover everything. The deep valleys in this section are tillable but the country is so mountainous that the land is worth but little. The few inhabitants that I have seen are illiterate and of the poorer class.

_January 10th_

How much, on the Sabbath, I feel the need of a good minister to instruct the mind and move the heart in the holy things of God! Last year I read the New Testament through three times, the Psalms the same number, but even
this did not satisfy me on the Sabbath like hearing an interesting sermon.

January 11th

Had inspection of battery with men with knapsacks on. One, Hathway, refused to take care of his horses. I sent him to the guard house to be punished. He was sent back to me. I ordered him punished in the battery and that was refused. I then addressed a note to Major Hotchkiss, asking if I had any right to punish a man guilty of misdemeanor. The battalion guard and its workings are against the interests of the country and a positive detriment to the welfare of the country.

January 12th

Friday I went to see Captain King 10 in reference to having his servant, Monroe, accompany me to Mississippi, the boy having made the trip before. I found the negro, who I thought would be both an aid and a guide, preparing to leave in the next ten days. I intended to get him to cross the river and inform my wife that by crossing over she could see me, or to ask his master to visit Helena and bring my wife and children to Sunflower Landing. Called upon General Polk. He was despondent of our cause and thought we could only obtain our independence by a revolution in the North or by aid from some foreign power. He thought the men were depressed and that the army was growing weaker by desertion.

January 13th

At daylight I discovered that my riding horse had an attack of scours. I drenched him with salt water but he grew worse. He died a few moments before 3 o'clock P.M.

10 Captain William A. King.
Black Satin was a good animal, and he had passed through the great battles engaged in by the Army of Tennessee. I rode him at Chickamauga amidst the missiles of death and near the mouths of booming cannon, and also at the Battle of Missionary Ridge. This loss I regret and I shall miss him more if I shall ever be so unfortunate as to go into another great battle. Black Satin, you now lie ten steps from the door of my cabin, cold and still, and no more will you snuff the fumes of powder in the battle array. Your cold form tells me that all earthly things are evanescent and that man must soon go down to the gloomy, cheerless grave. May I serve my Heavenly Master as faithfully as you have me. Farewell, Black Satin!

January 14th

Dr. Brickell called on us and spent the day with us. In the evening Wight arrived from Tunnel Hill and informed me that he was told by Cousin Thomas Lambert that Major Moore had arrived from Mississippi and had brought the sad intelligence that my good wife was declining under the wasting disease of consumption. This carried a pang to my heart, and my soul was humbled at the disappointments of man. I had been expecting to apply for a furlough and had anticipated seeing my wife in good health and happy to meet me again. But all these anticipated joys were blasted at the news of her decline under a disease which never releases its hold. Oh, how transient are the joys of man!

January 15th

This morning I called "Joe" to come at daylight and make a fire, but Joe did not respond. Sent to Lupkey's tent to see if he was there, but Lupkey also was gone. At roll call Hattich "come up missing" which at once satisfied me that the three had deserted together. They were all Ger-
mans and I believe that they aimed for the enemy's country. Joe was my cook, a good one, and I shall miss him greatly. I made about a mile and a half to a residence to get a lady to tack some stripes on my pants. The country looked sad and the houses wore a gloomy air as the black winter winds whistled about them. A Miss King sewed the stripes on my pants for $1, but it was not done in the neatest manner. As I returned I called upon Major Hotchkiss and asked him to assign Sergeant Austin to duty as Lieutenant so I could get a furlough to bring my wife out of the enemy's lines. And I told him that if I could not get a furlough after fighting so long, I would resign unconditionally.

January 16th

Have heard that Major Moore has arrived from Mississippi with a letter from Cousin Mary Lambert which brought the unpleasant news that my kind wife is suffering with a severe cough and that the Yankees have taken two rooms from her in my own residence, leaving her but two back rooms. I went to Dalton today to see the Major, who gave me the letter written by Cousin Mary. The Yankees are showing but little favor to Southern ladies in their lines. As soon as I read her letter I determined to make an effort to reach the Mississippi River and get my interesting family from out the clutches of the Federals. I shall apply for a furlough in a day or two.

January 17th

This is my birthday. Thanks to my Redeemer that he has helped me to see its return. May He give me health and prosperity for another anniversary of this day. I was invited to dine with Major Hotchkiss. Found a number of staff officers present and four young ladies. The men had their arms around the girls' waists or necks, and the girls appeared
to enjoy the sport as much as the men. I am disgusted at this state of society. Women should have an elevating influence upon man; for this reason alone I visit their society.

January 18th

This morning I succeeded in making a nice polish for boots. Yankee blacking is selling at $4 per box. The following are the ingredients for manufacturing it good and cheap: To a half bushel of Chinese berries, picked from the stems, add three gallons of water and boil until there remains only a gallon; then strain the liquid from the seed and skin the berries, pouring in a pint of vinegar and stirring in one egg. Mix in enough lampblack to make it black. Let the mixture stand for three days to work, and then bottle it up. By this labor I become independent of the sutlers with their $4 per box blacking.

January 19th

The weather is cool, the wind blowing from the west. The brass band on the ridge some half mile distance—the sound of which always brings to my mind Napoleon’s attack upon the enemy in Egypt and the grand oration that was delivered at the base of those wonderful pyramids—is discoursing sweet music. William Dennis left this evening for Missouri. McDougall introduced a resolution in the Federal Congress declaring that if the French had not withdrawn their troops from Mexico by the 15th of March the United States should declare war against her. The question was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

January 20th

Went to General Cleburne’s headquarters. General Polk says the division is now 500 stronger than it was when we arrived at Tunnel Hill, notwithstanding the desertions. As
a flag of truce would go through tomorrow, I wrote a letter to Cousin Mary and by the same flag will send one, written some time before, to my wife.

**January 21st**

I visited the 2nd and 15th Arkansas regiments and had a conversation with Major E. G. Brashear about the Battle of Missionary Ridge and other matters. A large majority of the 15th Regiment wish to be transferred to Key's battery. They proposed to reorganize or re-enlist if the generals would consent that they should come to the battery.

**January 22nd**

I was quite unwell this morning. Adjutant Hoser came to my cabin and asked if I had seen the proceedings of a meeting at Helena, eulogizing the despotic Lincoln government under the title of "Glorious Union," and just twelve men going through the farce of sending delegates to Little Rock to carry the State of Arkansas back to the North. Was there ever greater treachery? Is not their offense as dastardly as that of Arnold? While these men are eulogizing the North, that government is murdering their sons and neighbors, and one individual who took part in the meeting has a son-in-law, who was killed in battle by the minions of the United States, sleeping in an honorable grave. Oh, my countrymen, how the would-be leaders have fallen! Unlike Tell and Washington they have bowed to the sceptre of the Northern despot. Oh wretched fate—shame will ever cling to their names. Dr. Ford went to the Mayor's for the paper and I have appended the proceedings of that traitorous meeting.¹⁷ And this is the manner in which we are betrayed while we are enduring cold, being pelted by the rain, going

¹⁷ The meeting took place on January 2, 1864. The clipping, which does not carry the name of the paper, is pasted in.
bare-headed, and suffering with hunger. Oh infamy and treachery, is not this enough to make thee hide thy head in shame!

January 23rd

Major Hotchkiss this morning called all the commanders of the batteries to his headquarters to consult on some plan by which the men might be induced to re-enlist. An order was also received allowing a furlough to one out of every ten who would enlist for the war. N. O. Wight this morning failed to reply "here" at roll call, and it is supposed that he has gone to the enemy. I called upon Thomas Lambert who appeared astonished at the proceedings of the Helena meeting and remarked that the Major said if it was true he would disown his father.

January 24th

The weather for the past ten days has been cool and dry. This morning is so lovely that I long to be in Sabbath School. I always delighted to visit the school and see the children so neatly dressed. Oh, God, how long shall we remain exiles from home, banished from thy sanctuary, deprived of the privileges of thy house, and denied the sweet associations of dear wife and children? Oh, how happy I would be this day to be at home and sit around the fireside and converse with my family!

January 25th

This morning battery inspection was held and I had the premises as neatly cleaned as the ground would permit. Received a memorial signed by 73 members of the 15th Arkansas, asking to be allowed to re-enlist "for the war" in Key's battery. These men are from the same portion of Arkansas
as the battery, and for this reason I am desirous that their petition may be granted. These are brave and noble men.

January 26th

I had every man to turn out with his brush broom to clean the battery for inspection. General Joseph E. Johnston reviewed General Cleburne’s command and after he passed through the battery I was honored with an introduction to him by General Polk. He complimented my horses highly, and said the men were fine looking soldiers. General Johnston is about 50 years of age—is quite gray—and has a spare form, an intelligent face, and an expressive blue eye. He was very polite, raising his cap to me after the introduction. At night the band of General Polk’s brigade surprised me with a serenade. Composed of one cornet, one bass horn, two violins, two flutes, and one guitar, its music was beautiful and sweet, and its stirring strains moved my heart and aroused sacred and dear memories. The Doctor set out a bottle of whiskey and I refreshed the band by slicing up a loaf of lightbread; and even these were unusual luxuries for the army.

January 27th

The newspapers bring Northern dates to the 18th instant, on which day, in the Federal Congress, Dawson of Pennsylvania offered a resolution reciting that the present war is not waged for conquest, and requesting the President to issue a proclamation that when any State in insurrection shall agree to submit to the Federal Government, hostilities against such State shall cease and she shall be protected against all interference with her local laws and institutions. The resolution was tabled by a vote of 79 to 58. This clearly proves that the North is bent on subjugation.
January 28th

General Hindman addressed the soldiers in General Govan's brigade today, but being officer of the day I could not attend. In the evening, news was received that the Federal cavalry was driving our cavalry at the Stone Church, and at once we were ordered to be ready to move against the enemy at a moment's notice. Major Hotchkiss had the battalion of artillery hitched up and moved up on Taylor's Ridge. My battery was halted on the east side of the railroad tunnel. I remained with it until 1 o'clock A.M., sitting by the fire warming, for the ground was too cold and rough for sleeping. About 11 o'clock P.M., the moon came up behind the rock-ribbed mountain and rolled its beautiful face behind the lengthened and narrow clouds that sluggishly hung in the east. All nature seemed peaceful, while my men were slumbering on the ground around me. The Yankees returned to Ringgold at night, pursued by General Kelley.18 The losses on our side were small.

January 29th

Last night, while lying on the ground, I heard a conversation among the men about the Guard House. All object to taking their blankets there because of vermin. One remarked that he saw a large grayback with these letters on his rear: "I. W.," which was the insignia that he was "in for their war." 19

January 30th

Today I was on the Board of Administration for the battalion; also on a board to investigate charges of stolen meat. Because I drilled my company in the field at the hour

18 Brigadier General John H. Kelley.
19 In the literature of the period, Confederate soldiers are commonly referred to as "graybacks," though the term is here facetiously applied to the vermin.
of horse inspection, Major Hotchkiss threatened to arrest me. A Captain under this battalion management is a perfect automaton.

January 31st

After horse inspection I called upon General Cleburne and conversed at length with him about his secret trip to Mobile. He says that he conversed with many of the wealthy men of Alabama upon the subject of freeing the slaves and arming them to fight against the North. He reports that many advocated the measure and believed that it would redound to the advantage of the South. In the evening I attended divine worship in Swett’s battery, Reverend Mr. Hammel preaching.

February 1st

The weather remains warm, though not clear. A slight rain fell last night. I received two pairs of cotton socks, presented to me through Dr. Lyde by Miss Fannie Robinson, whereupon I wrote an “enigma” upon her name. The board met today upon Lieutenant Hopwood’s case and strongly concluded that they could not act without having previously notified him to appear before it. The board adjourned until tomorrow. Since the siege of Charleston began it has been discovered that a shell weighing 80 pounds, thrown from a 100 lb. Parrott gun charged with No. 7 powder, can be thrown 8,453 yards, or over five miles.

20 The only time that Cleburne ever requested leave of absence was to go to Marengo County, Alabama, to act as “best man” for General Hardee who married Miss Mary Forman Lewis. Among the guests at the wedding was Miss Susan Tarleton, beautiful and accomplished daughter of a Mobile cotton factor. She and Cleburne fell desperately in love at first sight and their engagement immediately followed. The General’s secret trip to Mobile is understandable in the light of these facts. Cf. J. W. Dubose, General Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee, p. 402.
February 2nd

The weather is cool and clear. McHensley and Chisholm left yesterday for parts unknown.

February 3rd

This morning General Cleburne sent for me. I arrived at his headquarters before breakfast. He remarked that he had received a letter from General Joseph E. Johnston with the views of the President on a memorial that had been sent to the Secretary of War by General Walker. The memorial was written by General Cleburne, discussing the propriety of emancipating the negroes of the South and placing 300,000 in the army. The letter from the President said that the discussion of the question at the present time would create dissensions and dissatisfaction in our government, and that therefore the matter should not be agitated. At two o'clock General Johnston was to review this division, but he failed to arrive. After we returned from the review, I received the glad tidings that my leave of absence had returned, approved for 30 days.

February 4th

Rose early this morning, but was in no state of mind for business. My thoughts were upon the journey before me and the anticipations of seeing my family. Intend to leave today for Dalton, Georgia, and soon as Major Moore and other friends can write to their relatives I shall take the cars for the west, and in a few days I hope to stand on the banks of the great Mississippi.

21 Except for the feeling aroused in Richmond by Cleburne's proposal (which Davis himself was to favor early in 1865 when it was too late to be of value), many historians believe that he would have been promoted from Major General to Lieutenant General when a vacancy of that grade occurred in the army some time later. In connection with Cleburne's proposal, see Key's entries of Dec. 28th and 30th, 1865. For the entire Cleburne-Walker-Davis-Johnston correspondence on the subject, see Irving A. Buck, Cleburne and his Command, Appendix C (p. 385).
February 5th

Bade my friends adieu for a brief period and took the cars for Dalton where I gathered the letters for friends across the Mississippi. The cars were so thronged with soldiers that I could not obtain a seat, and was therefore compelled to stand in the aisles almost the whole night. Shortly before daylight the train arrived at Atlanta.

February 6th

Before sunrise I visited the railroad depot in Atlanta to get a ticket, and there I met Captains Kearns and Sherer, the former being “boozy,” or in a jolly mood. He drew out a bottle and insisted that I should drink with him. I told him that I did not make a habit of drinking, but he would not excuse me. We took seats together in the cars for Montgomery, Alabama, where we arrived that night, but nothing particular occurred save being most distressingly bored by a pretended doctor who made a hole in our commissary and devoured a liberal share of our medical supplies—whiskey.

February 7th

Early in the morning we arose, deposited our baggage with the bar keeper, and bent our steps for a restaurant to get some genuine coffee, oysters, fish, etc. The Captain took on an overload of “medical supplies,” and insisted (after Captain Sherer and I had eaten very heartily) that we should have more coffee and fish. He made a servant fill our cups and so we began breakfast afresh. The meal for the three cost $30. At 5 o’clock we took passage on a steamer for Selma, Alabama, arriving there about 5 o’clock P.M.

February 8th

In order to see the city of Selma the two captains and I walked from the hotel to the railroad depot. It is a beau-
tiful town, with broad streets, the one which we walked up having a number of artesian wells on it. The residences are of a Gothic style, with front yards laid out in hearts, diamonds, and other shapes, and evergreens looking as fresh as a sweet sixteen Miss. The cars passed through a rich farming country until we reached Demopolis, Alabama, where we took passage on a small steamer down the Tombigbee River to the railroad four miles from Demopolis. At this place we heard that the Federal General, Sherman, had reached Jackson, Mississippi, and that the Confederate authorities would not allow us to go any further, but to our joy the latter part of the story was unfounded. Sunset found us at Meridian.\(^{22}\)

\[\text{February 9th}\]

At 4 o’clock A.M. I was aroused to take the cars for West Point on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, the arrival of the Yankees at Jackson causing me to make a circuitous route, going north and then traveling west. Although I regretted to part from my agreeable captains, I fell in, before the day was gone, with a Mr. R. C. Davis of McNeil’s Virginia Partisan Rangers. He had practiced law in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, was well read, polished in manners, and a true specimen of Southern gentleman. Arriving at West Point, Mississippi, we left the cars and I at once visited almost half of the houses in the town in an effort to get a conveyance to carry us to Grenada. I had about despaired when I was directed to a Mr. Brame, whom I found to have an honest face and who talked to suit my feelings. Finally, he told me that if I could hire no one to take me across the country I should come to his house, a mile and a half in the country, and he would see what he could do for us. We

\(^{22}\) Just one week later, Sherman’s army (of which Robert J. Campbell was a member) was to march into Meridian and begin wrecking the city.
called for dinner at a hotel, where we had pork and beans, but the females were beating eggs and I discovered some cakes which, however, did not reach the table. As we walked into the bar-room I saw three shy lasses whose smiles and coquettish actions told me that a wedding was on hand. Mr. Davis and I paid our bills and bent our course for Mr. Brame's. The latter's conversation indicated an informed gentleman and Christian. After tea it was agreed that if Mr. Davis would leave his valise he (Brame) would send us to Grenada on two horses, accompanied by his son. All consented, and we retired that night with light hearts.

February 10th

Breakfast was announced before sunrise, the horses were saddled, we bade Mr. and Mrs. Brame good morning, and off we rode, feeling that we were on our way home. As we jogged along, the day was spent in conversation, interspersed now and then with a conundrum or an anecdote. Night found us 40 miles from West Point and we took up for rest at a residence in the fine hills of Choctaw county. The lady of the house began at once inquiring the news, saying that the South was conquered and that we had better give up the struggle. Mr. Davis and I began laying before her the promising day of victory and success, and before we bade farewell the next morning she thought the Southern cause in better condition than she did the evening before.

February 11th

Before the luminary of the day shook his locks over the eastern horizon, I was up at the horse lot looking after my mount. We ate a hearty breakfast, paid our bills, and set out for Grenada. The country through which we passed was lonely and the winds sighing through the pines added to the general gloom. At sunset we reached Grenada where,
before I had dismounted, Mr. John King pursued me down
the street telling me that he had just arrived from the Mis-
sissippi River and saying that he had two mules for me to
ride back home. I replied that I had a horse for him to ride
back to West Point; so fortune had favored both of us.
Davis said I was the most fortunate man with whom he had
ever traveled and that he regretted to part with me. I told
him that I attributed my success to my faith in God and
my constant prayers for His blessings.

February 12th

Learning that the cars would not leave Grenada for Oak-
land for two days, Monroe (the negro boy) and I started on
our journey of twenty-five miles on foot to the place where
there were two mules. Monroe attempted to pilot me
through a near route to our animals, but before we had
traveled many miles he had me in a canebrake in the Yalo-
busha bottom without a vestige of a road to lead us from our
bewildered condition. After working my way through the
cane like a rabbit hiding from the pursuing hound, we dis-
covered a road which we gladly kept. Arriving at a house
I went up to it with the intention of hiring horses to convey
us to my mules. Found the farmer spaying pigs and I made
my wants known. He refused to rent me his horses, but
while I was resting my wearied legs I was using my tongue,
and in a few moments the farmer said he would send his
son with me ten miles. The horses were soon saddled and
we made good time for 12 miles, for which I paid him $6.
The negro and I then dismounted and continued our jour-
ney on foot. After plodding for more than seven miles we
reached the place where the mongrel animals were located,
and with no tardy motions we mounted ourselves and after
dark hauled up five miles west of Charleston.
Early in the morning we were fed and equipped to try the mud of the Mississippi River bottom. The first ten miles was muck and water so deep that our mules struggled to extricate their sharp hoofs from its sticky tenacity. By noon, greatly fatigued, we had reached the Tallahatchie River, which had double interest for me from the fact that twelve months prior the Yankee gunboats and transports floated on its narrow bosom. I rode eight miles down the stream, on the banks of which were many beautiful and fertile plantations. The Abolitionists had stolen from these farmers many negroes, but the people were still in affluent circumstances. We crossed the river and made good time until sunset, when we halted at a large plantation and found the gentleman and lady agreeable and polite. At night I heard some artillery firing and was somewhat alarmed, fearing that the Yankees were making a raid.

After enjoying a hearty breakfast of ham, butter, and milk, I handed the farmer a note of Confederate money to pay my bill, but he remarked, “I do not charge soldiers.” This was the first service that I had received on my route for which I did not pay two prices. The road lay on the banks of Cassidy Bayou and was generally dry. Two hours before the sun went down I had made 36 miles and dismounted at General Forrest’s plantation where his mother-in-law and brother-in-law, Mr. Montgomery, live. The ladies let me have a yoke of oxen to drag a “dugout” a mile and a half to the river, and long before night prepared supper for my special benefit so I would not cross the river with an empty stomach. “Bless the ladies” said my heart. But when I had thanked them and bade them farewell and was about driving off, the two negroes who were to steer
my barque over the turbid waters of the Mississippi "backed out," and I was forced to return to the house and remain for the night. But I was determined to see my wife and children even if obstacles rose mountain high.

**February 15th**

The morning was dark and the pelting rains poured down upon the earth. Mr. Montgomery nobly proposed to ride through the rain 10 miles with me to aid me in crossing the river. We reached Mr. William King's after twelve, but so soon as we could warm we were invited in to dinner. Arrangements were made with a neighbor to put me over, but after standing on the banks of that broad stream at a late hour in the night, and becoming thoroughly saturated with the leaking clouds, I had to ride three miles back to Mr. King's for the night. Ten days of my leave of absence were gone and I was not yet on that fearful stream. Oh, how precious time was to me!

**February 16th**

The rain this morning was still falling. I went to see the ferryman, who consented to set me on the "other side of Jordan." We walked two miles to where his skiff was hid, but to our great chagrin there was a steamboat two miles below. Two hours passed and there she lay anchored in the middle of the stream. Whether she was wooding or repairing her machinery we could not conjecture. Three more steamers came and went, covered with Yankees, but the anchored boat moved not. The ferryman's patience being at an end, he said that if the boat did not leave in half an hour he would cross me and run the risk of being fired at by her. This pleased me and when the time had expired I demanded compliance with his pledge. Enough said; into the barque we hopped and he rowed sailorlike for the
Arkansas shore. She touched the western bank all safe, and I paid him $5 for his trouble. I then set out alone on foot for the levee and called at Mr. Hewie's to learn if there were any Abolition raiders in the vicinity. Learning that there were none, I made good speed to Ike Alison's, six miles away, where I arrived before dark. I tried to hire a horse but they were all in the cane; so I continued my journey to the next house, a widow's, where I ate a snack and then mounted the top side of an Indian pony with a boy fifteen years old as a guide.

After making four miles in the dark, I saw two dark looking objects approaching me on the levee. I attempted to escape into the cane but was hailed and ordered to halt. There being a large log almost as high as the pony's back on one side and the levee on the other, I saw that to escape was impossible; so I halted. They called to know who was there. I answered, "A friend!" "What is your name?" I replied: "Captain Key." I asked who they were, but they gave no answer. I remarked, "I am a Southerner." They replied, "All right, if you are a Southerner, ride up on the levee." I rode up and as I approached I saw two revolvers drawn on me, glittering beneath the moonlight. I remarked, "Gentlemen, I am unarmed." Their pistols were lowered from my breast and I was delighted to discover that one of them was Captain Thomas Casteel. A few words passed and we parted. My pony being jaded when we arrived at Mrs. Mat Ward's, I obtained another horse and we made railroad time until we reached Big Creek. The bridges having been burned I would have to cross in a skiff and swim our horses. I offered some boys a liberal price to put us across, but they would not leave warm beds at that late hour. So for the night we had to content ourselves with the trip we had made, and called on Mrs. Hudson to allow us to sleep in her house for the remainder. The Yankees had
taken her husband and sent him to Alton [Illinois], as a prisoner.

*February 17th*

I arose early and made a fire for Mrs. Hudson, fed my horse, and prepared myself for eating. Having satisfied my appetite, I bade my friends adieu and set forth to try my luck in crossing Big Creek. Here I paid off my guide and he turned homeward with the two horses, leaving me on the bank of the stream yelling for some one to bring the canoes to this side. After I had bawled until I was hoarse, two men rode up on the opposite side, took off their saddles, and drove their horses into the rolling waters. I caught the animals when they reached the shore and the men came over in a dugout; then I gladly hopped into the boat and rowed to the other shore.

I had not gone half a mile when I discovered an old gentleman riding from me down the road. I hailed him, but seeing that I was in soldier’s costume and fearing the Yankees he refused to halt. As I approached him I discovered that it was an old acquaintance by the name of Dr. Des Prez, who informed me that the Federals were in the neighborhood and that my house was surrounded by them. This news bore like an incubus upon my hopes and heart. I walked five miles to the Doctor’s where I was kindly received and did justice to a good dinner. After dinner the Doctor escorted me down to Mr. Frank Lightfoot’s and as I approached the house the children gave the alarm that a Federal was coming. As I walked into the yard, Mr. Lightfoot met me and knowing me invited me in. Here I saw several old friends and a half dozen men on their way to attack the Federals, then in the vicinity of Indian Bay.

I waited until dark before I pursued my journey. Mr. Lightfoot sent me three miles, from which point I preferred
to walk through a nearer route, knowing that if the Yankee cavalry were on one of their raids I could dodge into the woods before they could discover me. The night was cold, and as I waded through the "slashes" the water would freeze on the tail of my overcoat, which would dangle against the tops of my legs, creating a constant noise. To prevent this from drowning out the sound of advancing Yankees, I halted every few hundred yards, and so still was everything that I could hear only my own excited and anxious heart beat. Seven miles to walk and numerous sloughs to wade were, however, slight obstacles then, when I was that near my good and loving wife and three little children whom I had not seen for twenty-two months. On I urged my way, nothing breaking the silence that reigned in the towering forest except the almost human hoot of the owl.

The moment my eyes fell upon the house which I supposed to contain those dearest to my heart, thousands of emotions mingled with many fears sent the blood thrilling with double velocity through my veins. Though it was a late hour, I could hear the negroes talking. Taking a circuitous route I reached the rear of the house and knocked at the door before I was discovered. A voice from within inquired, "Who's that?" I answered, "Thomas Key." A servant opened the door and as I stepped in, expecting to find Mrs. Judith Lambert and Mrs. Key, I encountered a Mrs. Wiggins who, thinking I was a Federal, would not inform me but directed me to the negroes, and, as she afterwards told me, was so suspicious that she sent a servant to watch me. I went to the cabin of a faithful servant named Wash, and called him to go and show me where my wife lived, as I had frightened Mrs. Wiggins so badly that I did not wish to surprise my wife.

Wash knocked at the door and called Mrs. Key, asking her to open the door a moment. My wife answered and
began calling Cousin Jane, believing that the Abolitionists had come to search the house for Rebels. To keep her from being alarmed I said, "Nancy, open the door." Knowing my voice she exclaimed, "Oh mercy!" and ran for the door, turning over rocking chairs and other obstacles. But when it was opened she seemed to hesitate to approach me, thinking she might be deceived. It is useless to try to describe the meeting of two hearts that loved like ours. A candle was lit and I went to the beds and kissed my two youngest children, who were sleeping. The eldest, Julia—about seven years of age—was soon up to see her "Pa." My wife told me that the Federals had left the plantation since sunset and that they might return before day or before early breakfast; also that 17 of Captain Casteel's men had fired into 20 Federals two miles from the house, wounding one and taking five prisoners. I was in hopes that this would cause them to leave the neighborhood. However, I concluded that it was unsafe to remain all night in the house, but since it was now midnight and I extremely fatigued with the night's march, I concluded to sleep two or three hours and then leave for the woods.

I lay down, but my wife had so much that had transpired since we separated to relate that I was too interested to sleep. Among other things she informed me that a man who arrived at Helena on a steamer said he "saw Lieutenant Key wounded on the battlefield of Perryville," and that he, Key, told him before he died that he had a wife and three children in Helena. This threw a pall of sadness over her heart and for ten months she wore mourning for me, believing that it was all true. Her health under this strain grew ill, and she had become emaciated and almost a shadow. After the return of General Bragg's army from Kentucky, and after I had passed through the hail storm of canister at Murfreesboro, I found an opportunity to convey to her a
letter which she received in August, 1863. The sight of my familiar handwriting undeceived her and she says that she wept like a child over my letter, which had proved that I was still living. Her heart was relieved and was cheered with the hope that she would see again the one who, she thought, had so long lain mouldering on the battlefield.

She related to me many of the events of the Battle of Helena, telling how the Yankees hid behind the levee while she, a woman, remained in her house with cannon balls bursting around and over it. General Prentiss,²³ she informed me, had prepared to destroy his stores and was on the eve of surrendering the garrison when General Brice retreated. General Buford ²⁴ having deprived her of two of her rooms, she determined to move to Monroe County on the place of Mrs. Lambert, her aunt.

_February 18th_

Feeling unsafe I arose before day and called Wash to conduct me to the woods in White River bottom where the Federals could not discover me. He led me across some sloughs so that I could not be tracked, and at those points where they crossed the public roads the water was deep enough to swim a horse. I felt humiliated at hiding out in such a manner, but it could not be avoided. I roasted sweet potatoes and slept on the ground by the fire during the day, making up for rest lost on the previous night. I perused everything in the New York Herald, including the disgusting free soil and traitorous speech of Colonel E. W. Gant of Arkansas, delivered in New York City.

After sunset I attempted to find my way out of the bottom, knowing that the wolves were fierce and desiring to go up to the house. After wandering in the dark forest and

²³ Major General Benjamin M. Prentiss.
²⁴ Major General Napoleon B. Buford.
wading through numerous ponds I discovered an opening in the distance for which I aimed and was soon in the big road. I stealthily approached the house and entered, finding all my family about the fireside. My two youngest children stood off and eyed me, having forgotten me in my long absence. I called them by name and hugged them, but they were still shy. After I had eaten my supper, Mr. Wiggins, a soldier from Captain Mayo’s company, called for me to go and sleep with him in the woods. I was glad to accept the proffer; so I mounted a pony to convey me over the slashes, halting in a thicket which we dubbed “Sweet Gum Hotel” because we made our fire against a sweet gum log.

*February 19th*

We arose from our airy berth, saddled our horses, and rode home to get our keen appetites satisfied. During the day I remained about the premises, though in constant anticipation of seeing the bluecoats coming. I would occasionally spend a few moments with Mrs. Key in conversation, but the load on my mind was too great for me to enjoy myself. After tea Mr. Wiggins and I met and returned to our place of concealment for the night.

*February 20th*

Having no rations in the woods, it was only natural that we should return home to satisfy the demands of hunger. Together we ate with Mrs. Key and then we remained on the lookout for the rest of the day. Nothing of note occurred and at our usual hour we sought our hiding place. The night was very cold and the ice was so thick on the ponds that it was with difficulty that we could urge our horses through them.
February 21st

The night was so cold that our berth on the frozen ground would not permit us to sleep. However, we made our usual trip to the plantation to get our daily rations, finding Aunt with her buggy hitched to visit Helena to purchase some clothing for Cousin Thomas Lambert and myself. As a matter of fact, the ladies—even those in good circumstances—do all the trading with the Federals. They get in an ox wagon with a bale or two of cotton and go into Helena and smuggle out sugar and coffee, meanwhile concealing beneath their hoops one or two pairs of cavalry boots for our soldiers. An instance occurred where a lady donned on her delicate feet a pair almost waist tall. The Yankee picket demanded of her that she pull them off. She refused. The sentinel then wanted to know whether she was in the habit of wearing cavalry boots. She replied, “Yes, and I intend to wear these I have on.” Her determination was as firm as her patriotism was true. She kept them. The cavalrman who was the recipient of these historic boots should have been inspired with the heroic courage of a Ney when wearing them in battle, remembering who had first worn them. No doubt many such noble deeds were performed by the women of Phillips and Monroe counties, Arkansas.

February 22nd

The usual visit to the swamps and return for something to eat.

February 23rd

I came in this morning and spent almost the entire day at the house. It was the quietest and most agreeable day of my visit. Since the clouds indicated rain, Mr. Wiggins and I moved our lodging for the night from Sweet Gum Hotel to a corn pen in order to keep dry in case of falling weather.
February 24th

As we approached the house for our rations this morning, Wash came to meet us, exclaiming that the Federals were at the house shortly after we had departed last night. We retraced our steps and visited Mr. Sam Carpenter's where we were invited to breakfast. After dining we sought a hiding place in the forest and the night was spent as usual.

February 25th

After remaining away from home 48 hours, I thought I would venture to see if the Abolitionists were around the premises. I ate at home and was leaving for the swamps when Mr. Beasley came galloping up the road and hailed me, informing me that the Yankees had passed on to Helena and that it would be safe for me to remain at home. At the same time, however, he extended to Mrs. Key and me an invitation to visit his home with him and spend the day. I accepted the offer and as soon as the buggy could be gotten ready my wife and children were seated in it and I led the way on a mule in order to be mounted in the event that I should be surprised by the Yankees.

Mr. Beasley's family received us with their usual cordiality, and their sociable and agreeable manners made me feel at home. Dinner was announced and Mrs. Beasley had loaded her table with a fat turkey, sweet potatoes, ham, greens, roasted beef, butter, milk and desserts. She is a noble example of wife and companion, and has educated two daughters to fill the same position, one having taken a companion in Mr. B. J. Lambert. Miss Rosa Beasley made me a present of a hat, and Cousin Fannie, her sister, of a nice flannel overshift. I am not in the habit of drinking, but when Mr. Beasley set out his bottle and sugar, I felt constrained to drink the following toast: "To my country and the ladies!" The day was far advanced when I said to Mrs.
Key that it was time we were returning. I should mention the fact that this was the first time I had been blessed with the privilege of mingling with any pleasure with neighbors.

As soon as I reached home I "shucked" myself of the citizen clothes and drew on my official stripes and bars, feeling unnatural with broadcloth on my limbs. I had hidden my soldier clothes in a cotton pen, knowing that if the Federals found them in my house they would, if not burn it, turn everything topsy turvy. I had eaten my supper and was amusing myself with the children when I heard an old faithful servant calling, "Mr. Key! Mr. Key!" and as quick as thought I gathered my overcoat and cap and rushed for the door where he met me and led the way in double quick time towards the garden. As I rushed from the house I had on such a head of steam that I ran over a negro woman who was standing near a group of four other women. By the time we had reached the rear of the garden, the Yankees had my house surrounded, but they were too late, for I had made a good retreat. We continued walking until we had all the points flanked where we supposed the Yankee pickets were stationed, and at midnight I came up to a fire where I found Mr. Oates and some negroes with mules hid out from the Feds. I threw myself down on the ground and dozed an hour, but was too cold to sleep.

February 26th

As day dawned I mounted a mule and bent my course for the White River bottom to conceal myself. The mules were brought to me for safe keeping by three negro boys. I made a fire and called the swamps my home.

February 27th

This morning found me still in the woods, eating and sleeping beneath the stars that nightly twinkled over me. Mr. Fr. Wallace was brought in to see me.
February 28th

At sunset I thought I would venture to my home; so I saddled my mule and approached through the fields. However, half a mile from my residence I tied my long-eared animal so that I could advance with more secrecy. As I stepped in the house I was greeted by my children and wife, and after devouring a hasty supper I returned to my camp.

February 29th

Wash brought the glad news that Mr. B. J. Lambert, my cousin, had arrived from the army at Cotton Plant. He was informed on what bayous he could find me. Shortly after Wash left me, five lovely deer skipped up within a few yards of me, but if I had been prepared for them it would have been impolitic to fire, for I could hear the Federals shoot in the bottom. In the evening cousin arrived, finding me sitting at the foot of a tree reading Harpers Magazine. I was rejoiced to see him. He dismounted and a discharged soldier and negro boy with him did likewise. Of course, I had to relate all the thrilling events and bloody battles that I had witnessed and passed through under General Bragg. After a few hours conversation, he told his servant, "Sol," to make a fire and roast sweet potatoes for our supper. This companionship rendered my spirits more cheerful and the hours more agreeable.

March 1st

Having nothing to eat, it was necessary that Mr. Lambert and I should resort to some house for rations. We called at Mr. Dawson's and after half an hour he brought to us at the corn crib some ham, eggs, eggbread, and coffee which we devoured with a perfect gusto. While we were consuming our hasty meal, we could hear the roar of the enemy's artillery on White River. Thinking prudence was the safer
plan, we mounted our steeds and after crossing about six deep streams reached what is known as “Surrounded Hill” in White River bottom. There we bivouacked in a hut six by ten feet, erected by a man who was turned against the world and made a hermit by the dissipation of his wife. Because she was habituated to drunkenness, he left her and secluded himself from the eyes of the world in this little hut. His own beastly wife had created in him such a dislike for the female sex that he would not live where he could see a woman. He became ill and would have died without a friend near, but the neighbors—discovering his miserable condition—had him removed and he went down to the cheerless grave, a broken hearted man ruined by a wicked woman.

The rain came down like a shower bath. Since it was impossible to be with our families at home and our brief leave of absence expiring without our having enjoyed a peaceful hour with those we loved the dearest, we concluded to send for our wives and camp in the dense canebrake. The rain, however, fell in such torrents that this hope was blasted. Certainly the course of true love runs hard paths! Notwithstanding the darkness of the night and the pelting rains we wound our way through the swamps to our respective homes, but I spent my night’s rest, such as it was, in a cotton house beneath the cotton.

March 2nd

I rose before daylight and discovered that the forest and the ground were covered with sleet, the frozen timbers bending and swaying beneath the mighty weight of ice and the sweeping winds. I knocked at Mrs. Key’s door, entered, and built a fire, remaining until after breakfast when I rode to Mr. Beasley’s, where Mr. Joel Lambert and his wife lived, in order to get Mr. Lambert to return with me
to the little hut in the woods. After partaking of some refreshments we arrived at Surrounded Hill about dark. I gave the hut the name of Fort Lambert. The night was excessively cold and the mighty forest cracked, bent, and fell continually beneath the weight of falling snow and accumulated icicles.

March 3rd

We returned to the house to gather up the clothing my wife had made for me and that which Aunt had made for Cousin Thomas Lambert. I filled a bag with woolen shirts and other clothing, such as could not be obtained in the Confederate lines. Cousin Joe presented me with a fine pair of calf skin boots. Indeed, I did not know how to thank him enough for them. While I was at home, a stranger, who proved to be a Mr. Rodgers who had been a prisoner but who had escaped from the Federals two days prior, came riding up the road. My wife had early supper, as I expected to bid adieu to them all and to leave, for the army that night in order that I might pass over the most public roads under the shades of darkness. Anyone who has been absent from a good wife for 22 months and who has been on the eve of bidding her farewell, bound for the army to breast the storm of battle for his country, may imagine with what feelings I ate my last meal with her.

As darkness was enveloping the earth our horses were saddled and all was ready and waiting for me to give the signal. I took my oldest girl, Julia, in my arms and kissed her; next my kind wife whose tears were trickling down her cheeks, and as I kissed little Emma (four years old), Julia began weeping. This so melted my heart and choked my utterance that I could not speak a word. Near my horse stood my son, Chesley, just over five years old, whom I kissed and then mounted my horse. As I rode away, all of my dear family
stood in the door weeping and looking after me. I dismounted at Aunt’s and as she met me in the hall I said “Goodbye Aunt!” She threw her arms around me and exclaimed, “Oh, my son, God bless you!” Cousin Jane then kissed me, both talking to me as I walked away, tears falling from my eyes. I had seen the battlefield and heard the wails of the wounded mingled with the expiring breath of the dying, and applied the canteen to the pale blue lips of my sinking comrades—all this I have experienced unmoved, but the parting cry of an affectionate family completely unmanned me and I became as broken hearted as a child. Three dark figures moved over sloughs amidst the darkness of the night, but not a word was spoken; even the stranger (Rodgers) seemed to sympathize with me. After traveling until late in the night we reached Miss Lightfoot’s and retired for the remainder of the night. My thoughts were upon my dear wife and children, and I could not sleep.

March 4th

I bade Mr. Joel Lambert farewell. He loved me as a brother and had come this far on my route from the interest he felt in me. He had furnished my family with shelter and provisions after they were driven from my own home by the rotten-hearted Abolitionists, and had been more than a brother to me during my short visit. How can I repay him for his benevolence and good deeds? Heaven bless him and reward him with a contented heart!

Accompanied by Sol I hastened to the ferry over Big Creek but after almost swimming our animals and reaching the bank of the stream, the boat was on the opposite side and no one could be called up to bring it to us. A young Delk 28 showed me where there was another dugout, but

28 This word is written very legibly in the text, but its meaning is not clear. Despite the indefinite article the reference is probably to a member of a family by the name of Delk.
when I reached the point it was in deep water. I attempted to reach it on horseback, but my horse had to swim and I was “ducked” in water that was formed from the melting snows and ice. I was so anxious to return to the army that I did not hesitate to pull off my clothes and attempt to swim to the boat. The water, however, was so cold and it so chilled me that I was fearful of cramping before I could reach the boat; hence I had to abandon the idea of crossing and returned three miles to Dr. Des Prez’s. As soon as I informed Mrs. Des Prez of my mishaps, she insisted that I should put on dry clothes and make myself contented at their house. I acted as philosophically as I could under the circumstances.

The family was so affable and pleasant that I felt really welcomed. By the bye, the children were well educated and taught industrious habits—in short, though young they were men and women in deportment. Miss Josephine was as ready to prepare breakfast as she was to trip her fingers over the piano keys, and as an evidence of her domestic economy she discovered that the socks that I wore when I took the cold bath had a small hole in one of them, and before I arose in the morning that sock was darned and washed.

March 5th

After I had dressed and prepared for the journey, I requested Miss Josephine to play a few parting pieces. She sang and played “Lorena,” “When This Cruel War is Over,” and “The Volunteer.” The words of the latter piece were so appropriate and so harmonized with the sentiments of my heart that they brought before me my weeping wife, and while the music filled my heart and ears, tears gushed unbidden from my eyes. Oh music, how touching and heaven-like! It subdues my heart and drives all evil from it.
I bade this good family farewell with a heart grateful for their kindness.

I arrived at the ferry but there was no change, only the creek was much higher; so I sought to cross at a point further up the stream. About noon I arrived at Mr. Humphrey's where his excellent lady had prepared a good dinner which I partook of with a relish. He had visited Helena in company with Colonel Jim Scafe and Lieutenant Thomas Scafe, and he told me that with a few base exceptions the citizens there were true to the South—that those pretended Union meetings were forced upon them and that they did not do or entertain half the things the opposition newspapers represented.

I rode about three miles to a point where, having driven our animals into the stream and made them swim to the opposite shore, I was ferried across Big Creek in a "dug-out." After dark I arrived at the home of Mr. Thrailkell who lived a mile from the creek. My appetite was soon satiated on milk and honey, and the table cleared away for me to read the traitorous circular issued by Dr. Z. M. Jacks, of Helena. Oh, what treachery! How a Southern man could so humble and debase himself as to eulogize the Lincoln despotism I could not perceive. As the Federals had not been at this house, I slept in safety for the first time in twenty nights.

March 6th

Before the sun smiled upon the earth I was up and Mrs. Thrailkell had prepared some of the best biscuits that ever passed between my teeth. Often have I thought of those biscuits and would have been glad to duplicate them. I rode down the Old Town Country and witnessed the desolation created by the thieving Abolitionists. By noon I had left 22 miles behind me, and dismounting at Mr. Hughey's I sent
Sol back to Aunt's with the two horses. At this place I met with Mr. Abe Gillen who accompanied me to the island to aid me in crossing the Mississippi River. A steamboat was in sight and we concealed ourselves until she had passed, after which I gave $10 in Confederate notes as an equivalent of $2 in "greenbacks" to a negro to set me over the Father of Waters. Soon I was safely over, but the ladies at home had so loaded me with clothing that I could scarcely lug the pack half a mile to the first house, where Mr. Robinson lived. Hearing that the negro soldiers from "Island 66" had been in the neighborhood, I hid my bag of clothes preparatory to making good speed if I should happen to encounter the rascals. As I walked into Mr. Robinson's yard I saw a soldier and several ladies. All looked confused. When I made myself known I was informed that three days prior a Yankee had come to their house dressed as a Confederate and requested them to aid him in escaping. At this point a white captain with twenty negroes came up and took him prisoner (he was obviously a deserter), and when he informed the Yankee captain that Mr. Robinson had advised him to run, the latter was at once arrested and carried off to Helena. This put them on their guard.

I told them that I wished to visit Mr. William King's and desired to hire a horse. As there was no horse there, a Miss Beard proposed to remain at Mrs. Robinson's during the night and let me ride her mule. This offer was accepted and I thanked her from my heart. As I passed up the river bank I could see the negro tents located on the island. Arriving at Mr. King's I found him quite low and gradually sinking into the grave. I was informed of arrangements that had been made to capture the island and take therefrom about 450 negroes who had been stolen from the citizens of the neighborhood. But at dark, as a steamboat was seized to carry across the men, a gunboat and transport anchored just
at the head of the island. Thinking that the move had been anticipated by the Federals, it was postponed.

_March 7th_

Sunday morning I returned and delivered to Miss Beard her mule, remaining at Mrs. Robinson's to cut wood for her. Her husband was a prisoner, and three days prior the Abolitionists had stolen the last negro.

_March 8th_

With the aid of Mr. Ben King I procured a mule about 20 years of age, loaded him with my bag of clothes, mounted, and began whipping and kicking. After swimming the old flop-eared animal over a slough and wearing out a number of withes, I reached Colonel McNeal's beautiful plantation. I was welcomed into the parlor by the Colonel and General Grantt, and here I was introduced to Mrs. McNeal, Miss Grantt, and a Mr. Forbes. The conversation was on the recent Southern victory in Florida, the failure of the attempt to take Island 69, and the general phase of the war. Tea was announced and I was somewhat surprised to have placed before me a bowl of oysters and soup. The company was quite agreeable and the themes discussed of an interesting nature. All of the party proved themselves instructed and informed, and well versed in the gift of language. Since I had been kept up the whole of the previous night, the Colonel and I retired early. But Miss Grantt and Mr. Forbes remained up to enjoy some music, and I suspected to pass a few love compliments.

_March 9th_

Rose about the time the sun did and prepared for breakfast. After doing justice to a good table, I prepared to leave

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28 This is given as "Island 66" in the entry for March 6th.
on my long journey. Mr. and Mrs. McNeal had made my visit very agreeable, and I thanked them from my heart. This residence sits on a level plain, the yard beautified by the luxuriant growth of the bluegrass and near the house a deep lake from which the angler draws many fish and on the bosom of which floated ducks and geese. Oh, how happy should be the people of the Mississippi bottom!

The roads from Colonel McNeal’s to Bobo’s were mud upon mud. My mule about to give down under age and weight, I halted at 12 o’clock at Mr. Childress’s where I procured a few ears of corn for Flop Ear and ate a hearty dinner myself. I mounted Flop Ear but the roads were so muddy that I consumed almost all the evening in making six miles. Passing Swan Lake, which was almost literally covered with wild ducks, I halted at Mr. Bridges’ where I inquired if I might remain for the night. A lady answered in the affirmative and I walked into the house and made myself as agreeable as I knew how. The gentleman being absent, Mrs. Bridges passed an hour in conversation with me after supper. She told me that the bear were very troublesome in the spring, killing their hogs. Her husband killed one bear from which, after it had been split through the back, she rendered 12 gallons of oil.

**March 10th**

At an early hour I bade Mrs. Bridges good morning and was whipping and kicking my way towards the army at Dalton. The clouds lowered, but I could not stop out of the rain. Meeting two young men with three mules hitched to a wagon, I proposed to swap Flop Ear for one of them. I offered $50 "to boot." He wanted $50 in greenbacks, of which I had none on hand. He then demanded $100 difference in the trade in Confederate notes. After hesitating for a moment I agreed to the trade and pulled off my saddle and
transferred it to his mule, he placing Flop Ear in the lead in harness. I gave him the $100 to boot and rode off as large as life, thinking I would make a long journey today. But my new mule had a peculiar way of holding her head to one side with her nose near the ground. What this manner of conveying herself meant I could not imagine. I had not made many miles, however, when I discovered that she was striking her feet against every root and grub in her path. At Moore's bayou I dismounted to be carried across on a raft, and then I discovered that my mule's eyes were quite white, which revealed the secret—she was almost blind. I therefore named her "Blind Peggy."

I managed to work my way over 40 miles today, crossing the Tallahatchie River. Twelve months prior to this day the Federal gunboats were working their way down this narrow stream. I ferried across at the mouth of Coldwater, and for twelve miles traversed a dense wilderness, not passing a house in this distance. At length I overtook a Mr. Mitchell, with two mules in tow, who had carried Miss Hill and Miss Warren to the river near Helena and was returning home, and I accompanied him to his house to spend the night. The rain fell in blinding sheets, but I had passed beneath too many such as a soldier to slacken my gait or grunt as the cold water leaked down my back.

*March 11th*

After paying my bill, the first since I had left the hills going toward Mississippi, I struck out for Charleston in a trot. I traveled all day by myself, nothing transpiring of interest, and arrived at a house six miles from Grenada, Mississippi.

*March 12th*

Soon as breakfast was disposed of, I was on the road. Arrived at Grenada and learned that the Yankees had torn up
the railroads at Meridian and that I would have to ride over to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. While on the ferry boat crossing the Yalobusha, I spoke of the distance I had to travel and about my lazy mule. The ferryman said he had a good mule that did not suit him because she would not work in a cart and that he would swap her to me. As I rode off the boat, he desired me to go home and see his mule. I did so, and the animal proved to be old and sway back, but had good eyes. He proposed to swap even. I thought mine the better, save the fact of losing her sight, but that his would carry me along without such constant whipping. I sprang upon my newly acquired mule and she trotted at a brisk rate for the first few miles. I named her Bridgett. The country east of Grenada is miserably poor—high hills, almost mountains, and three miles out one was fortified. The timber is almost exclusively pine. I drew up after sunset at Mr. Lewis's, having traveled 36 miles.

**March 13th**

This day I had a lonely ride, no company and nothing except the sighing of lofty pines as the north wind whistled through their long hairlike leaves. Night found me about 38 miles from the place I left in the morning.

**March 14th**

This was the Sabbath, and the family with which I had stopped was not in great haste to prepare breakfast. However, I witnessed a domestic scene which made my heart feel that there was no place like home. A mother and daughter were cooking breakfast and a son who had last night returned from the army was sitting near the fire singing to them "Lorena." How happy all looked! Oh, home, sweet home, how I love thee and thy inmates but am denied thy enjoyments. Arrived at Zibly Station and found some
old Alabama friends: D. Halsey, Best, and Cockrill, of General Forrest's command. They were preparing to move upon Tennessee. I rode down the railroad to Arlesia, as the cars did not come up any higher. Put up at a hotel kept by a woman—her husband being in the army.

March 15th

Early walked over the little village of half dozen houses to sell my mule in order to take the cars. Sold Bridgett for $300, clearing in all my swaps and trades $200. Took passage on a box car. The trains could not reach Meridian as the road had not yet been reconstructed after the Yankee raid. So all the passengers left the cars and walked to the Demopolis and Meridian road. Walking in the night we (two negroes and I) lost our way and wandered off our route. About 10 o'clock at night we halted at a Mr. Irdens. At first he refused to let us remain, but my feet were so sore and legs so weary that I begged him out of that. I discovered that he slept in one room and his wife in another. What does this mean? I thought man and wife were one flesh and should not be separated. This home must be unhappy.

March 16th

In the morning we arose from the floor where four of us had slumbered, he telling us how many negroes he had lost and how the Abolitionists had injured him $60,000. A poor excuse for a breakfast, considering his wealth, was set. His wife did not come in to breakfast nor did he have knives and forks enough for the plates; so he waited to eat. He was getting rich again, for in the night I heard a knock at the opposite door and a negro woman said "Becky" was sick. Before day the old man called the servants up and went back to bed, and as the girl came in to make the fire I heard her
tell her master that Becky had brought forth twin boys. When I thought of the miserly manner in which he lived, I did not censure his negroes for going with the Yankees, or anybody else. If masters will not feed and clothe their servants, they deserve to be left.

After making good time for an hour we arrived at the Demopolis railroad and the cars were soon clattering along. At Demopolis I looked upon a picturesque scene that I should like to present here. It was General Polk’s 27 army—a train of wagons on one bank of the Tombigbee and on the other bank tents standing under the heavy forest, horsemen riding, infantry sauntering, and an indescribably romantic appearance was added by the blazing fires and curling smoke.

We rushed from the little boat in which we had crossed the river and the cry was “All aboard for Selma.” Night found us at that beautiful town—a place of artesian wells. Since the boat was gone, all the passengers had to remain for 24 hours. The hotels were so thronged that I could not get a cot for $1 per hour; hence I went for the first time to a “wayside hospital,” sustained by the citizens for the benefit of traveling and sick soldiers.

March 17th

I never before witnessed such a scrambling for berths as when the steamer Republic arrived from Mobile. I waited until all of them were spoken for and considered taken, and then I went to the Clerk and told him that I, a modest man, had stood back while the crowd broke down his awning trying to get berths and that if he had anything like a place for me to sleep I should like to be accommodated. He gave

27 The reference here is to Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, the Bishop-Soldier who was to lead his corps to Johnston’s assistance, and who on June 14th would lose his life at Pine Mountain when he was struck by a cannon ball while reconnoitering.
me one but as there was not a quilt or comfort on a bed in
the boat, I proposed to a friend that he sleep with me and
bring his shawls to keep us warm. He gladly accepted the
offer.

March 18th

The boat arrived at Montgomery after daylight. We went
to one of the hotels, but seeing that a very ordinary break-
fast was $10 we concluded that the price was "too steep"
and accordingly moved our headquarters to the Mont-
gomery and West Point Railroad, where we found hot cof-
fee made of corn, turnip greens, bacon, bread, and sweet
potatoes for $2.50 per plate. Here we ate breakfast, having
with us some excellent boiled ham. The throng trying to
get on the train was so great that at least 200 persons were
left at the depot. Arrived at West Point, and from thence
to Atlanta I could not get a seat.

March 19th

At Washington Hall I ate a tolerably fair meal for $10,
bed included. Took the train for Dalton and arrived at
camp by 4 o'clock, and was welcomed back to my battery. I
had been gone ten days over my leave, but the fact that the
Yankees had me surrounded and the railroads cut to pieces
in my rear was a sufficient excuse. Many, however, had con-
cluded that I was a prisoner.

March 20th

When I visited General Cleburne and related the diffi-
culties under which I returned, he told me that if I was ar-
rested I should appraise him and he would go to see General
Johnston and have me released. The men from Arkansas
seemed delighted to see me, for I had brought my pockets
full of letters from their dear female friends at home. Cousin
Thomas Lambert came to my tent and I divided with him clothes which I had lugged for about six hundred miles. I also gave some to Dr. P. R. Ford, the surgeon in my battery, and to Lieutenant Marshall.

March 21st

Today assumed command of my company. Numbers of friends visited me to hear news from Arkansas. I told them of my "difficulties in the pursuit of pleasures," and what their friends were doing, etc.

March 22nd

The usual camp duties were performed. Captain Semple was arrested by Major Hotchkiss about an ordnance report.

March 23rd

The battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge (or Tunnel Hill) had so depleted my company that I visited General Joseph E. Johnston to learn if he would not transfer some of the 15th Arkansas Regiment who were desirous of being attached to my battery. The General remarked that all his army would go into cavalry and batteries if it were allowed, and that he would not transfer a soldier drilled in infantry to make a bad cannonier. The decision of the General was against my desires, but I resorted to other sources to fill my depleted ranks.

March 24th

The weather was cold and snow fell to three inches depth. A grand battle took place between the different

28 The language here is confusing. Desperate fighting took place at the Battle of Missionary Ridge at the point where the railroad tunnel passes through the mountain. But Tunnel Hill, as the term is commonly used to the present day, is specifically applied to the point in Georgia, between Ringgold and Dalton, where the Western and Atlantic Railroad passes through the tunnel. Missionary Ridge and Tunnel Hill are not synonymous terms, as Captain Key's entry would seem to indicate.
companies, which then united and attacked Major Haxton's battalion only to be repulsed and finally whipped back. Snow balls filled the air and in some instances men had their faces bleeding when they were struck very hard.

March 25th

Nothing worthy of note transpired beyond the usual camp duties.

March 26th

Last night I received a note to come to Captain Kearns', and it was so dark and wet that I did not get back until after reveille. Major Hotchkiss, for the first time since he has been commanding the battalion, came to the company at roll call and found Lieutenant Marshall asleep and me absent. He arrested the Lieutenant and as soon as I returned sent for me to lecture me.

March 27th

The Major went to Marietta and left me in command of the battalion. I visited his office and approved papers and transacted all business that came before me.

March 28th

Went to the battalion headquarters and found that the Major had returned. This relieved me and I returned to my tent to spend the day in reading. Captain Swett returned from Atlanta where he had been on detached duty.

March 29th

Last night a heavy rain fell and I was awakened by its pattering in my face. The artillery of the battalion was harnessed for drill preparatory to a sham fight. A trial was in progress wherein Lieutenant Steele of Swett's battery was
charged by Major Hotchkiss with incompetency. The weather is very peculiar, for the air has the appearance of being full of flakes of snow and there is a hazy appearance natural to northern climates. Since the papers had nothing of particular interest, I spent the day in examining artillery tactics. Received an order for the transfer of Private C. Ross, Company C, 15th Arkansas, to my battery.

March 30th

At an early hour I had the horses and the battery ready for regimental drill of artillery, which, however, did not give me much information. The day was very cold and unpleasant. About noon distant cannonading was heard in the direction of the enemy. The sound grew less distinct and I supposed that it was our cavalry fighting the Yankees and that the enemy was retreating. The [Memphis] Appeal contained the following article: . . .

March 31st

The batteries were harnessed and moved upon a large field to be carried through the maneuvers of a sham battle. All of General Hardee's corps was present and the dark lines of men made a grand display as they moved in battle array, their guns glittering in the sunlight. There were many ladies on a distant hill to witness our fight. One line representing the Southerners threw out their skirmishers and drove back the Yankee line, and in turn the Yankees brought up their skirmishers and drove the Southerners skedaddle. The sham battle was over and we returned to camp expecting to have it renewed the following day with bloody carnage.

20 Lost from the manuscript.
April 1st

This being All Fool’s Day, jokes opened upon Dr. Ford of my mess. The men of the company had their many hearty laughs over “April Fool.” The sham fight, which we expected to transpire today, was postponed from the fact that the ground was quite wet and rain still falling. Spent the day in my tent writing.

April 2nd

The day passed with the usual nature of business. Cousin Thomas Lambert came to my camp and brought me a present of a beautiful pair of spurs, remarking that he presented them to me in “appreciation of you as a relative and as an officer.” I thanked him with all the politeness that I could command and expressed the hope that I would be permitted to wear those spurs through the remainder of the war and after peace is declared.

April 3rd

This being the Sabbath there was company inspection. The battalion was inspected by Captain Swett who pronounced the clothing neat and in good order “except for one dirty shirt.”

April 4th

This being the day for the election of a congressman from the 4th District, Arkansas, I obtained permission from the Major for several of my men and myself to visit Polk’s brigade to vote. The candidates are Judge T. B. Hanly, Major L. O. Bridewell, and one, Mr. Forbes. The latter played the part of a demagogue, visiting the privates in the army from his district and saying that all the officers are against him because he is a private—a base untruth. Mr. Steele, Dr. Ford, and I rode to the polls together. I saw
Captain Phillips, who had returned from Arkansas, and in conversation with him found that his views coincide with mine regarding the action of the people in that state.

*April 5th*

The weather continues cold and disagreeable, with rain falling every other day. The news that General Forrest has captured Union City and burned Paducah made many glad hearts.

*April 6th*

This morning I received 48 sets of harness for my battery. This was the first outfit that the battery has had in three years. I spent almost all day having the collars and gearing fitted to the horses. General Shoup,80 who was the first officer to drill this battery in Missouri, was at my camp. He is very affable and polite. He takes command of the artillery in Johnston’s army.

*April 7th*

This morning all were prepared for the great sham fight which was to come off. I managed Major Hotchkiss’ battalion on the field. The fight, which began between the skirmishers, sounded very much a true battle. Cleburne’s division moved upon the supposed enemy, opening a rapid fire of musketry, and our batteries made the welkin ring while the adjacent mountains sent back the reverberating echo. There were thousands of spectators, among whom were ladies said to be from Atlanta and other cities. They occupied a lofty hill which gave them a commanding view. I was not near enough to see the ladies, though the sight of a beautiful lady makes a soldier happy and brings up afresh

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80 Brigadier General F. A. Shoup, a Northerner by birth and a graduate of West Point who had cast his lot with the Confederacy.
the image of his dear wife or sister or mother. The battle was grand and interesting to those who do not see it in its bloody reality. It is said two soldiers were wounded—one losing an eye. I regretted to see such a waste of ammunition (all to gratify the wives of two Generals) when our forces on the west side of the river have almost no ammunition whatever.

\textbf{April 8th}

Received the papers transferring John Piece of the 5th Confederate regiment to my battery. The morning was damp and gloomy. This day no military duty was required and I gave all my company the privilege of attending divine worship, the President having set apart this day for fasting, humiliation, and prayer to Almighty God to bless our struggling country. The soldiers did not fast much, if any, more than usual, for rations are so scarce that they contend that it is a fast all the time. My heart ejaculated many earnest prayers for peace, liberty, and the opportunity to return to my dear wife and sweet children. Oh, give us back peace and home!

\textbf{April 9th}

Having a leave of absence for 8 hours to visit Calhoun, Georgia, to have a coat cut and made, I jumped aboard the cars two miles from Dalton, where I was camped, and was soon at that town. On the cars I was introduced to a Mrs. Finney, once of Phillips County. I asked her if her husband was in the army. She replied, "He would not be my husband if he were not in the army!" That was saying she would not own a man her husband who was not gallant or brave enough to battle for liberty. Oh, what determination and resolution the women of the South exhibit for her cause! I called at the tailor's shop and had to pay $1.90 to have a coat and pants made—I to furnish the cloth and
trimmings except buttons, which were $4 each. Oh, how this world is given to extortion! I purchased some coffee for which I gave $25 per pound.

April 10th

This being the Sabbath I employed the day as near as possible with reading. Among the articles I perused was one from the New York correspondent of the London Times, giving the state of society at the North and discussing miscegenation, the new doctrine which has gained such popularity in Yankeedom since the beginning of the revolution. The sentiments made my heart yearn to sweep from the face of the earth the base and amorous race of Puritans which has so degraded itself and villified and slandered the Southern ladies. As a matter of record and history I clip some extracts, as follows, from a book titled "Miscegenation":

Is it surprising that the Southerner, whose veins throb with the proud blood of the Anglo-Saxons, should fight with double daring, fearless of death, when he remembers that if the Yankees subjugate his country his sister, wife, and mother are to be given up to the embraces of their present "dusky male servitors"?

April 12th

There was frost this morning. I went to Dalton to see Lieutenant Hill on business. Met with many of my Arkansas friends: Generals Polk and Govan and Majors Moore and Palmer. Returned to my quarters to go through the routine business of camp life. Today I learned an interesting principle of Chemistry.

81 The author of the book is not given. The paragraphs incorporated in the MS are a plea for amalgamation of the races.
April 13th

The morning is bright and nothing that is worthy of historical record has occurred.

April 14th

Called on Colonel Hill, the Provost Marshall, and informed him that I knew where there was a man who was shirking the war and that I wanted him conscripted. I sent one of my men out in company with a cavalryman and brought him up to the music, but he had fixed up his papers to keep out. I called at Captain Kearn's and ate a good dinner with Thomas Lambert, Adjutant Godwin, and Ralph Bailey, enjoying very much a tin cup of milk. General Wheeler brought in 24 Yankees that he had captured.

April 15th

I was not well, so hoarse that I could scarcely talk. I devoted most of my time to examining chemistry. In reading this work I discovered the reason why tight doors are unhealthy. . . . Anyone who sleeps in a close room with a fire will arise in the morning feeling stupid, heavy, and wearied, but in camp I have never felt that dull, sluggish depression, for I am sleeping under a fly or often under a tree where the winds sweep over and my room is the whole heavens.

April 16th

Although it is the middle of the month there was frost this morning. The farmers here planted corn, and after it was up some height it has been cut down by the frost. Doyle and Maddin were transferred from my company to the Navy. I hope the government will be able to raise enough vessels to recapture New Orleans and sweep every Federal gunboat from the face of the Mississippi.
Again there was frost. Surely winter lingers in the lap of spring. Heard a sermon today delivered under a pine arbor near my camp. Heard a rumor from the Trans-Mississippi to the effect that General Smith had whipped Banks, killing, wounding, and capturing 14,000 Yankees.

April 18th
As usual was up just after day-dawn, attended the regular roll calls and dress parades, and signed the usual number of papers and other documents. Heard that General Forrest had captured Fort Pillow, killing 400 negro soldiers and 150 Yankees, and taking 150 white prisoners with the capture of 6 guns and $100,000 worth of Federal stores that were in the fort.

April 19th
Boots and saddles, the name by which artillerists designate harnessing, sounded at 8 o'clock and Swett's, Semple's, and Key's batteries moved to the large field south of Dalton. The whole army was out for review. General J. E. Johnston was the inspector, with hundreds of ladies. The army presented itself in the best condition that I have ever witnessed it, and the thousands of hardy soldiers marching to the notes of the shrill fife and bass drum or the harmonious melodies of brass bands looked grand and cheering. I supposed from other information that the infantry numbered about 40,000 to 42,000, and 3,000 artillerists. Everybody speaks in the highest terms of the discipline and spirit of the troops. All feel confident that the next battle will result in a great victory for this army.

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* General E. Kirby Smith, who commanded the Department of the Trans-Mississippi.
* Major General Nathaniel P. Banks.
April 20th

Carried my battery out to drill. Called on Captain William King who had returned from the Mississippi River 30 miles below Helena. He gives cheering accounts of the condition of affairs in that State, and says that Forrest has driven all the Yankees from Arkansas except on the river and is now in possession of West Tennessee. Frost this morning.

April 21st

Rumors in camp have General Forrest killed in front of Memphis; others that he has taken that city. General Wheeler reports that the Yankees have concentrated at Ringgold, Georgia, 60,000 strong, and we are looking for a battle. General Johnston has built dams on the creek between Dalton and Tunnel Hill, thus overflowing all the valleys between the mountains. If the Yankees attempt to come down the passes and valleys they will be mired in bog and if they try to advance by the ridges and mountains they will meet with obstructions in the shape of muskets with brave hearts behind them. Sent a letter to my good wife by Mr. Clarke.

April 22nd

Called on General Shoup to represent to him the reduced condition of my battery, caused by the two battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and to ask him to aid me in getting more men. Found him very agreeable and courteous. He told me that he had telegraphed General Bragg for conscripts to fill up his batteries, and that he would do all he could for my company. As I returned I called upon Major W. E. Moore, finding with him Colonel Ferguson

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84 Mill Creek had been turned into an artificial lake by closing the culverts under the railroad tracks.
85 After Bragg surrendered the command of the Army of Tennessee, Davis had recalled him to Richmond as his chief military adviser.
who had just come back from opposite Helena. I perused letters from Mrs. Mary Lambert and Miss Maggie Moore, informing us of the escape of Major Colton and the capture of Colonel Duncan, John Hanly, and Robert Casteel. One of the letters spoke of the death of John Hall, remarking that it would not be regretted, and added that Helena was quite sickly now, being crowded with filthy negroes and soldiers.

April 23rd

All of the artillery officers were ordered to appear on the drill ground to hear General Shoup make some remarks on discipline, etc. He dwelt on the minutiae of camp duty and the importance of doing everything right and with precision. Particularly did he impress upon the officers the importance of making the “about” and “counter marches” correctly—obliquing 8½ yards to the right and 4 to the left in these movements. The papers today announce that Harris of Maryland expressed in the Federal Congress the hope that the United States would never conquer the South. Also that F. K. Underwood is a candidate for the United States Senate. He has always been a trimming politician, and like Judas is ready to sell his country for money. I know of no one who would be better adapted than he to bowing at the feet of Abe Lincoln; he will be pulled by the proboscis as the dictator may wish, for he is too cowardly to be a patriot or to have any opinions of his own.

April 24th

This morning the information reached our camp that there had been a battle at Plymouth, North Carolina, and that the rebels charged the breastworks and captured 2,000 Yankees and some negroes. Received the application of Lieutenant Robert Fitzpatrick, asking to be retired because
of the loss of one arm. I approved and forwarded his paper. Captain Swett, acting inspector for General Shoup, assured me that I should have more men given to my battery. Dr. Ford, Lieutenant Marshall, and I have been doing our own cooking, our cook, Andy, having received a furlough and taken to himself a wife. The Doctor cut wood, I brought the water, and Lieutenant Marshall cooked the bread, etc. I did this work to keep from putting additional duties on my men.

April 25th

Had a pass today to go to Calhoun for my coat. Met with a number of friends. Saw some pontoons moving to the front, also 100 supply wagons at Resaca. Returned to camp in 8 hours. At night heard an interesting sermon near camp from the text, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinners appear?" The spirit of God was in the midst of the large assembly, and the harmonious outgushings of the Christian hearts so rang out on the night air in holy songs that it carried me back in memory to a particular camp meeting held in Tishomingo, Mississippi, in 1849 or 1850, when I carried Miss Sue Stegar, Miss Kate White, and Miss Nannie Palmer from Tuscumbia to that meeting. This was one of the happiest trips I ever made, for it was at this time that I thought the last named young lady—who has since become my wife—the best and most lovely on earth. This evening at dress parade an order was read taking Swett's battery from this battalion and sending it to the reserved artillery.

88 A series of great emotional outbursts or revivals seems to have swept all the Confederate armies in the spring of 1864.
April 26th

Received orders to pack up surplus blankets and clothing and send them to the rear. This indicates a move. Received an order from the War Department at Richmond to drop the name of Lieutenant Hopwood from the rolls for continued absence without leave. Heard a very warm sermon tonight from a young man, and many seekers for the Saviour presented themselves.

April 27th

The news from the North shows that the chasm is opening and the difficulties increasing. Senator Henderson, of Missouri, has made a speech in the U. S. Senate taking the attitude that the Union must be all free States or the South be let alone. If the slave power is too strong for subjugation, then the sooner the war closes the better. I drew much hope and pleasure from this speech, and I felt while reading it that peace was not distant. Visited General Cleburne and conversed with him two hours on the affairs of the country, the condition of the Confederate armies, and the recent great victories at Fort Pillow and Plymouth, as well as those in Louisiana.

April 28th

Rumors from the front represent the Federals as concentrating at Ringgold, having there 50,000 men, and that their aims indicate a flank movement to make us evacuate Dalton. General Adams, it is published, has captured a gunboat on the Yazoo River and burned her to the water's edge; also that General Dick Taylor has destroyed two of them up Red River. Heaven at this time smiles upon our just cause. Listened to a sermon tonight, and there was great interest manifested by a large audience. The minister said that 300 Tennesseans had professed in the last week in
this army. There appears to be a wonderful reform among
the soldiery, for they are leaving off card playing, profanity,
and other vices, and are humbling themselves before God.
May the good work deepen and widen. I often feel that if
all the army would unite as one man in prayer and faith we
would never lose a battle and peace would immediately
follow. Oh, humble hearts!

April 29th

Boxed up our surplus blankets and addressed them to
Rev. C. K. Marshall, Atlanta, Georgia, who has promised
to take care of clothes and blankets entrusted to him. News
has reached us that the enemy is advancing and we have
orders to be ready to move at a moment’s notice. Received
a letter today from Richmond from Mr. D. L. Dalton, stat-
ing that he has sent me by mail “Ander’s Artillery Drill”
and “General Orders for 1863,” bound; also the report of
the Battle of Helena.

The [Memphis] Appeal contains the speech of Mr. Long,
of Ohio, in the Federal Congress, boldly setting forth his
views on the war and his conclusion that there are two al-
ternatives: either the acknowledgment of Southern inde-
pendence or the subjugation of the Southern States, and he
chooses the former. For expressing these sentiments a resolu-
tion was offered to expel him from Congress, but when
the proponents of the measure were unable to get a two-
thirds vote, the resolution was altered to one of censure.
This passed, yeas 70, nays, 60.

April 30th

Heard from the skirmish which occurred yesterday near
Ringgold. The Yankees advanced in force, and their cavalry
attacked one of our squads, killing a lieutenant, wounding
eleven men, and taking one prisoner. They carried the lat-
ter a little way from our rapidly gathering forces, placed a
gun so near to him that the powder burned him, and mur-
dered him. He was thus ruthlessly and cowardly slain by
the Abolitionists. There is some talk of raising the black
flag. A few more such events and blood will flow on every
hill, and every valley will be stained with it. An election for
lieutenant in this battery was held today, resulting in the
choice of Sergeant A. Austin, who received every vote cast.

May 1st

Heard a sermon today. I was low spirited, not knowing
how to employ myself. Received the order transferring
E. White from the 45th Mississippi regiment to my battery.
Read the speech of Harris of Maryland, defending Long of
Ohio, delivered in the House of the United States Con-
gress. It is the boldest speech that has been made in favor of
peace and the recognition of the Confederate States gov-
ernment. The North is divided in sentiment and cannot
prosecute the war much longer. Let Lee in Virginia and
General Johnston here gain decisive victories and green-
backs will almost be worthless and peace men in the North
will multiply like flies in the spring.

May 2nd

The morning was unpleasantly cool and there was a slight
frost. The battalion was harnessed for drill and had almost
reached the drill ground when a courier came at full speed,
ordering us back to camp to be in readiness to meet the
advancing enemy. Artillery firing could be heard in the
direction of Ringgold. The feelings of a soldier in expecta-
tion of going into battle can neither be described nor
imagined, but must be experienced for one to know what
it is. The latest information was that the Yankees had dashed
into Tunnel Hill and captured the supplies of provisions
for our cavalry." Everything indicated a battle. At night the camp fires of our soldiery shone out brightly three miles to our left on the lofty range of hills which rear their heads toward heaven.

May 3rd

Since the night was very cool and this morning quite a frost was visible, I am fearful that all the fruit has been destroyed and that the crops have been seriously injured. Three days' rations of hard bread were issued today, and though the enemy may largely outnumber us, we expect to gain a victory equal to that of Chickamauga, and with much better results.

The papers contain the glorious news that General Smith has gained a great victory over Banks, who is retreating from Ecore, Louisiana, to the east side of the Mississippi. Also news to the effect that General Price 87 has cleaned out the Federal General, Steele, 88 capturing 200 wagons, a number of prisoners and guns, and forcing the Yankees to retreat towards Little Rock. I hope in God that all this may be fully substantiated by the facts, for I long and pray to see the day when not a Federal foot shall disgrace the soil of Arkansas and when her patriotic people shall be freed from the jeers and insults of the minions of Abe Lincoln.

May 4th

Arkansans were in a great glee today with the information of another battle west of the Mississippi. This represented General Price as playing off a ruse upon the Federal General, Steele. Price, it is rumored, ran off leaving his baggage train in the hands of his opponents, and the Yankees—thinking that the Confederates were demoralized and

87 Buck (op. cit., p. 290) erroneously says that this occurred on May 7th.
88 Lieutenant General Sterling Price.
89 Major General Frederick Steele.
routed—began plundering the wagons. At this point General Price turned upon General Steele, capturing all his artillery, 4,500 prisoners, a number of wagons, and retaking all his wagons that he had abandoned to the Yankees to deceive them. This needs confirmation, but I trust it may be correct. General Dibrell’s 40 cavalry came up from East Tennessee last night and camped near our battalion of artillery. Every hour we are in expectancy of being ordered into line of battle, for the Yankee General, Sherman, is every two or three days making feints upon our front. He no doubt has the larger army, but General Johnston has as gallant a band of veterans as the world has ever supported.41

May 5th

Heard today that General Sherman—commanding the Federal forces in our front—has 55,000 infantry, 15,000 cavalry, and 5,000 artillerists, and that the troops now have three days’ rations in their haversacks and are slowly moving upon our lines. This force outnumbers General Johnston’s, as near as I am able to estimate, by about 13,000 men.42 Let them come! In the justice of our cause, with the memory of dear ones at home and in the name and power of God, we shall meet them with determined and brave hearts and fight until the God of Battles shall give us the victory. Cousin Thomas Lambert has just arrived from

40 Brigadier General George G. Dibrell.
41 As a matter of fact, the report of Johnston’s army on April 30th showed that he had the following totals: infantry, 57,652; artillery, 3,812; cavalry, 2,392—42,856 men in all. Re-enforcement by Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk’s corps brought the number to 69,000 shortly thereafter. Sherman’s field returns for April 30th showed a total of 110,123 men and on May 1st showed 112,819. Johnston’s army was organized in three corps under Lieutenant Generals Hardee, Polk and Hood, the latter only recently promoted from a Major Generalship. Sherman’s forces were organized into three “armies”: that of the Cumberland under Major General George H. Thomas; that of the Tennessee under Major General James B. McPherson; and that of the Ohio under Major General John M. Schofield.
42 Actually, by 50,000 men. See the preceding note.
Cleburne's division and informs me that Cousin Joel B. Lambert, Jackson, Murrel, and others have been taken prisoner at or near their homes at Indian Bay, Monroe County, Arkansas, and have been sent by the Yankees to the prison at Alton [Illinois]. This we deeply regret and feel much for them in their lonely and dark cells. However, we consoled ourselves on the ground that they had greenbacks enough to purchase such of the necessaries of life as the enemy may allow them to buy. We also drew consolation from the belief that there will be only two more great battles, in both of which we feel that the Confederates will be victorious, and that peace will follow before the expiration of six months.

Affairs are not properly managed in Arkansas or there would not be so many Confederates captured. They are permitted to leave their commands for two or three weeks at a time to return to their homes, and while they are thus dispersed over the country the Yankees make raids and pick them up one at a time. This has gone on until several companies of Southern cavalry have been almost broken up. Such soldiering is a burlesque.

May 6th

While moving for the drill ground I met Captain Swett who said that he had glad news from General Lee of the Virginia army. Grant had marched upon two of Lee's corps and after fighting all day we had captured 40 pieces of artillery from the enemy. Oh, how this cheered my heart and made me feel as if the war was on its last legs. However, the papers of this date bring a different version of the fight at Orange Court House. Lee's dispatch says that he captured 981 prisoners, 4 pieces of artillery, and forty officers. A desperate struggle will be witnessed between Richmond and the Rappahannock, and may the Lord of Hosts give us the
great victory that will close this cruel war. Dr. Nall has been delivering nightly to this battalion interesting and highly instructive religious discourses. Many have presented themselves at the mourner's bench for instruction in holy matters.

May 7th

This morning at 8 o'clock we received orders to be ready to move upon the enemy at a moment's notice. We were to cook one day's rations and have it in our haversacks. General Sherman is moving upon us slowly and the contest may begin at any hour. May we be prepared and nerved for the conflict.\(^48\)

Key was correct in his supposition that conflict was near, for Sherman had already (on the 4th) begun to put into effect his strategy of keeping an equal or larger force in front of Johnston and then—through sheer numbers—lapping around the flanks of the latter's army, thus rendering his positions successively untenable. Johnston's strategy, on the other hand, is accurately revealed by his statement that "we held every position occupied until our communications were strongly threatened; then fell back only far enough to secure them, watching for opportunities to attack, keeping near enough to the Federal army to assure the Confederate administration that Sherman could not send re-enforcements to Grant, and hoping to reduce the odds against us by partial engagements." This strategy had, too, the added advantage of continually drawing Sherman further from his base at Chattanooga, thus making his extended "life line" increasingly subject to attack, while Johnston's source of supplies at Atlanta became progressively more accessible.

\(^48\) The entries from May 8th through July 17th have been lost.
On May 8th Cleburne’s division helped repulse an attack on Dug Gap, and at Resaca, on the 13th, 14th, and 15th, the main body of the Federal army (which had made an unsuccessful attempt to get between Johnston and Atlanta) was driven back with heavy losses. At Calhoun, on the 15th, occurred a skirmish, after which came the Confederate retreat through Adairsville where, on the 17th, Sherman was sharply repulsed. South from this little town two roads lead to Cassville ten miles away. Sensing that Sherman would probably divide his army for the purpose of marching by both roads, Johnston determined to ambush and destroy one of the columns, but the strategy failed because Lieutenant General John B. Hood—in disregard of explicit instructions—did not make the proper disposition of his troops and allowed the enemy to escape. Another opportunity of checking Sherman was lost at Cassville. Here, with terrain favorable to a stand, Johnston (to his lasting regret) abandoned his strong position when Lieutenant Generals Hood and Polk insisted—without sufficient justification, it would seem—that their corps would be enfiladed by the Federal artillery. On the 20th, the Confederates crossed the Etowah River and occupied the Allatoona heights four miles south thereof.

By May 23rd Sherman had extended his lines far enough to the west to begin crossing the Etowah at Stilesboro, below Johnston’s position, thus forcing his opponent to fall back, but on the 25th the Union army found the Confederates still in front of them near New Hope Church, and for three days a severe battle raged. At Pickett’s Mills, two miles northeast of New Hope Church, Captain Key particularly distinguished himself on the 27th. In this encounter, in which the Federals were repulsed with many casualties, Captain Key—according to Cleburne’s report—ran up his artillery by hand (as he had done at Chickamauga) to a
trench in the Confederate breastworks and poured a deadly fire upon the enemy. Enfilading the Federal reserves which were massed behind the hill in front of the spur occupied by the Confederates, he held them out of the engagement. Having repulsed the Union forces in the preceding three days' fighting, the Confederates attacked on the 28th but were in turn driven back with heavy losses.

On June 4th Sherman—whose tremendous advantage in numbers had been further increased on the 1st by the addition of a cavalry brigade and two full divisions commanded by General Frank P. Blair—started a movement to the eastward, planning to pass around Johnston's right and leave him entrenched in the vicinity of Dallas and New Hope Church. The Confederate leader, nicely timing his movement, shifted with him, and when on the 8th the Union forces reached Acworth on the railroad, there was Johnston still barring the way. By June 19th the Confederate army was entrenched on the slope before Kennesaw Mountain—its right flank on Brush Mountain, its center at Gilgal Church, its left on Lost Mountain, and a skirmish line thrown across Pine Mountain to the north. Sherman made an unsuccessful demonstration against Kennesaw on the 24th and then, on the 27th, after his advance had been halted for three weeks, he hurled a massed and frontal attack on the Confederate position, only to be disastrously repulsed. Henceforth, he would no more assault his opponent's entrenched lines.

It was on the 27th, after the second desperate assault, that fire swept through the leaves and underbrush below the Confederate works where hundreds of wounded Union soldiers were lying. Observing their horrible situation, W. H. Martin—Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Arkansas and warm friend of Captain Key—ordered the Confederates to cease firing, climbed the parapet amidst the hail of bullets
from the enemy's guns, and with his handkerchief tied to
a ramrod called for a truce until the wounded Federal sol-
diers could be removed. Friend and foe labored together
until this had been accomplished, then quickly resumed the
bloody struggle.

Taking up again his flanking movements, Sherman, in the
first week of July, threw his right nearer Atlanta than was
Johnston's left, thus making it necessary for the Southern
leader to fall back to the strong positions he had ordered
fortified on the high ground just north of the Chattahoochee
River. Cautiously advancing upon these works and finding
them too strong to be taken by direct attack, Sherman began
systematically to lengthen his lines to the left—as his numeri-
cal advantage allowed him to do indefinitely—and on the
8th he was able to transfer two of his corps across the Chattahoochee at a point several miles above Johnston’s posi-
tion where fords were numerous and broad. As a result of
this movement on the part of the enemy, the Confederate
army crossed the Chattahoochee on the night of the 9th
and established itself about two miles from the river. John-
ston now determined that as soon as Sherman had finished
crossing the Chattahoochee he would move his own forces
back to the high ground just south of the broad and muddy
channel of Peachtree Creek, from which vantage point he
hoped to attack the Union army when it was divided in the
passage of the stream. This movement, which took place on
the 10th, placed Cleburne's division, including Key's bat-
tery, just south of Peachtree Creek, north of Atlanta, and
squarely in front of Sherman's army.

It had required more than seventy days for Sherman to
drive back Johnston's army from Dalton to the Chatta-
hoochee, a distance of one hundred miles. The Confederates
had been outflanked but not beaten, for in not a single in-
stance had an attack of the enemy met with success. Sherman
had been repulsed with heavy losses at Resaca, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mills, and notably at Kennesaw Mountain, and the morale of Johnston's army was better than at the beginning of the campaign. Now, in the middle of July, the Union army stood with the Chattahoochee River at its back, and at its front—separated by the muddy channel of Peachtree Creek—the outnumbered but veteran Army of Tennessee, under a leader who held the entire confidence of the rank and file of the soldiers and the loyalty of his officers with the exception of Hood who had been bitterly critical of the Fabian tactics of his commander.

Johnston had chosen his ground and was prepared to deliver a decisive blow at Sherman's army as it attempted to cross Peachtree Creek. In the meantime, President Davis had become increasingly impatient at the continued retreat into Georgia and had sent Bragg (notoriously unfriendly to Johnston, as was the President himself) to investigate. After two days with the army Bragg had telegraphed back:

“He has not sought my advice, and it was not volunteered. I cannot learn that he has any more plans in the future than he has had in the past.”

Then on the night of July 17th there came a telegram from the Adjutant General at Richmond:

“I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that, as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far in the interior of Georgia, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood.”

Having complied with the order, General Johnston wired the Secretary of War:

“Your dispatch of yesterday received and obeyed. Command has been transferred to General Hood. As to the al-
leged cause of my removal, I assert that Sherman's army is much stronger, compared with that of Tennessee, than Grant's compared with that of Northern Virginia. Yet the enemy has been compelled to advance much more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta than to that of Richmond and Petersburg, and penetrated much deeper into Virginia than into Georgia. Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competence."

Thus was Johnston removed just before the decisive battle toward which his entire strategy had pointed, and replaced by the youthful and impetuous Hood who, with the best intentions in the world, had none of the qualifications for independent command. The order was received with bewilderment and sorrow by the army and with elation by Sherman who, in McPherson and Schofield, had corps commanders who were graduated Nos. 1 and 7 in the West Point class in which Hood was No. 44. "At this critical moment the Confederate Government rendered us a most valuable service," wrote Sherman. "Being dissatisfied with the Fabian policy of General Johnston, it relieved him and General Hood was substituted to command the Confederate Army. . . . The character of a leader is a large factor in the game of war, and I confess I was pleased at this change." Hood was to reverse the policy of Johnston and, with a force greatly inferior in numbers to the enemy, was to charge breastworks until his devoted army was literally ground to pieces.
III

THE SIEGE AND FALL
OF ATLANTA

July 18th

This morning the whole army was surprised by the announcement that the Secretary of War had removed General Johnston from the command of this army and placed it in the hands of General Hood. Every man looked sad and disheartened at this information, and felt that evil would result from the removal of Johnston, whom they esteem and love above any previous commander. His address touched every heart, and every man thought that his favorite General had been grievously wronged. The cause for this procedure on the part of the President at this eventful moment when the enemy is pressing us we have been unable to conjecture. General Hood is a gallant man, but Johnston has been tried and won the confidence of the soldiery. I received an order to accompany Captains Slocum and Perry to examine the guns and ammunition of Captain Beauregard’s battery. He is a son of the General of New Orleans. After I had discharged this duty, I rode to Major Lonford’s to eat dinner, and while eating heard that the corps was moving to the right toward the Yankees across the Chattahoochee River. Bivouacked three miles north of Atlanta.

July 19th

The rumor prevailed that General Johnston was still in command of this army. The report cheered the despondent
hearts, but I was of the impression that it was done to prevent desertions and to cause the troops to fight with their former bravery in the now approaching conflict. So soon as I had dispatched a hasty breakfast, I mounted my horse, which I call General Longstreet, and rode with the other officers of the battalion along the line of battle to select the commanding points for artillery. My position was chosen near a new and beautiful residence on the Atlanta and Decatur road. This residence, nearly completed and newly painted, was constructed in the Gothic style. It contained about ten rooms and looked as fresh as a young bride. Since the line of battle runs within fifty paces of this palace, all the adornments are already destroyed, and if the Yanks attack us here they will doubtless burn it with their shells. Oh, what a destruction of property this cruel war is causing! Most of Sherman's thieves are across [have crossed?] the Chattahoochee River and are now skirmishing about two miles from the lines of rifle pits that we are now constructing. They are making some bold maneuvers for Atlanta, but at the same time will not come up fearlessly and fight us on the ground of our choice. The most reliable data I can procure as to the numerical strength of the contending forces is that Sherman has 80,000 infantry and artillery, and Johnston 55,000 of the same branches.\footnote{Excluding the cavalry, as he does, Key is correct in his estimate of the size of Johnston's army, but he greatly underestimates Sherman's strength. Including all classifications, the former had approximately 60,000 men; the latter 110,000.} Notwithstanding the contrast in numbers, the eventful period of a great battle cannot long be postponed. We have retreated as far as policy or safety will admit. Heard today that Miss Maggie Moore and the Reverend Denton had married in Helena some time in June. Hope that their united careers may be smooth and happy and redound to the welfare of all parties.
THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA (which culminated a drive that began on May 4th when Sherman moved out against Johnston from his fortified position about Chattanooga) lasted from July 19th, when the Union armies began to cross Peachtree Creek, to September 2nd when the Confederates evacuated the city and Sherman marched in. The fall of Atlanta, after a siege lasting a month and a half, came when Sherman—who had already broken the railroad to Montgomery on the southwest—succeeded in cutting off the remaining Confederate source of supplies by destroying the railroad to Macon on the south.
July 20th

This morning all was quiet save the usual sharpshooting. About noon the infantry of Cleburne's division moved to the right and the artillery made a similar movement. In less than an hour we all retraced our steps and Key's battery was chosen at 4 o'clock to go out in front of the line of battle to make a charge upon the advancing Yankees. General Walker's division advanced first and was checked, and Cleburne's division was supporting Walker. The two lines were very close—so near that I walked to within 150 yards of their batteries, which were throwing canister—and I proposed to Major Hotchkiss to run up one gun at a time and load them with canister so as to mow down the Yankee lines when our troops charged. He consented, but while I was in the act of executing this dangerous and difficult movement, Hardee revoked the order for the charge because it was too late in the evening. At dusk I withdrew my battery to a spring near the fine Gothic house to which I have previously alluded. In the night Cleburne's forces moved through Atlanta, resting at one o'clock in the morning a mile from the city on the Augusta Railroad.

July 21st

Before day we were moving for the line of conflict, having slept but two hours. Before sunrise we were in search of the enemy who had come up the evening before and constructed fortifications, and soon we were in position and

2 Major General William H. T. Walker.

3 This day's fighting is known as the Battle of Peachtree Creek. Hood tried to carry out Johnston's excellently conceived plan of attacking the armies of Thomas and Schofield as they crossed the broad and muddy stream. His strategy was good but he failed because of poor tactics and delay in attack.

4 The purpose of this movement was to fight off the third of Sherman's armies under McPherson. Outmanned and outgunned, Cleburne was to call the battle of the 21st the bitterest day's fighting of his life.
had begun fortifying. About 8 o’clock, having wounded many of our infantry, the enemy began a terrible cannonading on our works and then moved forward on the right Smith 8 brigade and on the cavalry that was to the right of this brigade. My battery was immediately run up to the line on high ground (as was also Swett’s, commanded by Lieutenant Shannon), and in full view opened upon the enemy with shell and canister. My shot struck the enemy in the flank, enfilading his whole line. There were several lines and the front one succeeded in driving our cavalry from their position, but by the aid of two regiments of infantry most of our line was re-established. It was a dreadful fight, for their artillery swept at our flanks, making it very dangerous. Johnith Mitts, Sergeant Helfrick, Booth, Corporal Donoho, and McDonald were wounded. Helfrick will probably die from the effects of his wounds. Lieutenant Shannon had one bone in his left arm broken and Lieutenant Williams was wounded slightly in several places. There were also two men killed who were buried under peculiar circumstances. After being lowered in the grave wrapped in their blankets, a chapter was read by a soldier and a hymn sung and prayer offered—all this in the midst of a heavy cannonading and singing of minie balls. The two soldiers, who were from Texas, now lie five steps from me in their lonely graves.

After the assault by the enemy was repulsed, Major Hotchkiss—while walking near Swett’s battery—received a severe wound through the hip bone. He is fearless and too reckless at times when it is unnecessary. This unfortunate occurrence placed Captain Key in command of the battalion of artillery belonging to General Cleburne’s division. At dark I received orders to move the battalion behind the

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8 Brigadier General James A. Smith, who was to be severely wounded the next day.
fortifications commanding the suburbs of Atlanta. At 11 o'clock P.M. I was instructed to order two batteries to report to General Shoup. Kept Captain Goldthwaite with the division.

July 22nd

Just after midnight General Hardee's corps moved through the city to our right to strike the enemy in his left flank. At daybreak the column had reached Scott's Mill, making the circuit without being discovered. When our combined forces were within two miles of the enemy, all precautions were taken and a line of battle formed, Captain Goldthwaite with his battery operating under my orders within 100 yards of our line. About noon the enemy opened his artillery upon our advance, throwing spherical case along the road on which we were advancing.8 I sought an elevated spot and at once ordered one section of Goldthwaite's battery to return the fire, the Yankees being about six hundred yards distant. Simultaneously, the Captain went into action in the woods with the other section, about 100 yards to my right. Under the fire of artillery and minie balls, General Cleburne's division advanced upon the earth works of the enemy, but the fire was so galling that many faltered in the charge. The enemy's abatis was formed of saplings and bushes cut off and bent over, leaving the butt or stump two feet high.

Notwithstanding these formidable works and tangling

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8 Thus opened the Battle of Atlanta, which raged at its fiercest not quite half way between what is now "Five Points" (the heart of the city) and the Decatur town square. The site of the battle—which was fought south of the Atlanta and Augusta Railroad and extended across the tracks into what is now Inman Park—is today within the city limits. This fighting was the most disastrous as to casualties in the history of Cleburne's division, not excepting Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. Particularly heavy was the loss in officers. Here again the strategy was good but the results of the day unsatisfactory to the Confederates because of slowness in making the attack and confusion in the orders given by Hood.
obstructions, the brave Confederates charged over all intervening obstacles and took the dirt works together with many prisoners. The most successful movement was performed by two of General Govan’s regiments which, finding a ravine across which were no fortifications, moved by the right oblique and after passing the line swung to their left, taking the Yankees in the flank and rear. Here some of our men who had gone over the enemy’s works were retaken. This caused the Yankees to evacuate all the fortifications protecting their rear and to abandon four pieces of Napoleon guns. The fire of Captain Goldthwaite’s battery, enfilading the enemy, caused them to go over their works to the south. I had been informed that they were in four lines and were preparing to charge us, but I afterwards learned that they had gone over their fortifications to avoid the enfilading fire that Captain Goldthwaite was pouring upon them, and the rear fire of the infantry. I at once called to the men of the battery for volunteers to go with me across the fortifications and turn the enemy’s guns upon them. Enough to man two guns, with Lieutenant Hart, promptly came forward and with a cheer I led them at a double quick through the abatis to the Yankee guns. However, while my men had one gun in the road in full view of a second line of works of the enemy, and were running it up to commence firing, the Yanks from behind the second works poured such a volley of musketry upon those brave cannoneers that they were compelled to abandon the gun and leave the road. The Yanks re-enforced and came back with a charge, and I thought it advisable to retire, which we did in hasty steps and not in good order, knowing that artillerists are defenseless unless they can get their guns in an effective position.

*This sector of the Battle of Atlanta can be easily located today from the fact that two of the streets which traverse the area have been given the names of Generals Hardee and Govan (the latter recently changed to Caroline). Nearby are others named for Generals Walthall and Manigault.*
Cleburne's men met this charge manfully and in half an hour the Yankees had recrossed their works.

After this transpired I ordered up one section of Captain Goldthwaite's battery to a position where we had just been driven, knowing that if I could get them into position with horses we would rout the enemy. We gained the point and went into battery, but the enemy's line having been already broken I did not think I would be justified by the results in firing upon them. General Cleburne ordered Captain Turner to report to me with his battery, and I ordered one section to follow me to within two hundred yards of the enemy's works and open upon them with canister. Since the Lieutenant desired to see the ground, we rode up together to the point, but he then refused to bring his section to the place I suggested. At this I ordered him to bring up his section, which I thought in the emergency of the case was very tardily done. After learning where our infantry was, this section opened with canister, shot, and shell upon the works where they had been repulsed. It accomplished what I desired, and some of the prisoners admitted that there were 400 who were cut off and escaped as soon as I ceased firing. I tried to get the infantry of General Carter's 8 brigade to charge them while I was firing, but it was impossible to get them forward.

After I moved the enemy from these works, some troops began driving them on the left, and I galloped back to Generals Cleburne and Hardee and informed them of what I had done and how we were driving them, remarking "Generals to the front," which caused a smile to play upon Cleburne's face. They sanctioned my suggestions, and in a few moments Cleburne and I were riding rapidly over the ground that I had gained with Turner's battery. As I rode

8 Brigadier General John C. Carter, who was to be mortally wounded at Franklin a few months later.
I told the stragglers to rally—that the Yankees were running—and my remarks seemed to infuse new life into everyone and together we moved forward on the enemy. I also ordered forward the lieutenant commanding the section of Turner’s battery and opened a fire upon the retreating foe. In a few moments General Lowrey \(^9\) advanced between my guns and the enemy, and knowing the direction of the Yankee lines I rode to the right and informed Generals Cleburne and Govan of the position. Then, in a few moments, a tremendous and bloody conflict followed. The battery was withdrawn, being no longer serviceable. Our forces carried a portion of the works, but night closed on the bloody tragedy.\(^{10}\)

There were many gallant officers and brave privates who offered up themselves as sacrifices for their country. Among them General Walker of Georgia was killed.\(^{11}\) Colonel Colquitt \(^{12}\) of the 1st Arkansas lost a foot and Lieutenant Colo-

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\(^9\) Brigadier General Mark P. Lowrey, soldier, educator, and minister.

\(^{10}\) It was in this bloody encounter that Robert J. Campbell and his diary (reproduced hereafter) were captured. Just how fierce was the battle is revealed in the official report of General Giles A. Smith who commanded a Federal division opposing Cleburne: “Rebel commanders with [their] men . . . were not infrequently occupying one side of the works and our men the other. . . . The flags of two opposing regiments would meet on the opposite sides of the same works and would be flaunted by their respective bearers in each other’s faces. Men were frequently bayoneted across the works and officers with their swords fought hand to hand with men with, their bayonets.” According to General Strong, Chief-of-Staff to General McPherson who lost his life in this battle: “It seemed to us that every mounted officer of the attacking column was riding at the front of or on the right or left of the first line of battle. The battle from half past three was desperate and bloody in the extreme, and the result was extremely doubtful until late in the day. Our lines were broken and pierced in several places, and batteries and regimental colors were lost and won again and again.” “At the memorable Battle of Atlanta, July 22,” wrote Colonel Robert Ingersoll in his *Iowa and the Rebellion*, “the Third Iowa Veteran Battalion [of which Robert J. Campbell was a member] literally fought itself out of existence. . . . A large portion of the command were killed, wounded, or captured. There was a desperate combat for the colors.” Cf. Buck, *op. cit.*, pp. 284-85.

\(^{11}\) At a point twenty feet west of the present Glenwood Avenue and two hundred feet north of where it crosses Sugar Creek.

\(^{12}\) Colonel John W. Colquitt.
nel Martin, of Little Rock, of the same regiment, was shot through both thighs. On the morning of the battle, as we were marching on the road for the enemy, he appeared low spirited and I thought he was of the impression that he would be wounded. We had a conversation at the same time upon religious matters, speaking of the consolation that a Christian enjoys even in the midst of imminent danger. He asked me if he fell in the battle to let his Arkansas friends know how he had done his duty to his country, and that he did not dread death. Colonel Martin is a gallant soldier and bravely has he borne himself. There were other Arkansans killed and wounded whom I would gladly name, but at this time I do not know who they are. Colonel Murray, of Pine Bluff, a brave and talented officer, fell in the battle, and Lieutenant Colonel Watkins, son of Judge Watkins of Little Rock. Colonel Baucum was wounded. He too is a brave soldier. Colonel Warfield and Colonel Brashear were also wounded while going heroically upon the enemy.

July 23rd

I am much wearied this morning, having been up all night moving the batteries to points of safety. Generals Hardee and Cleburne were up consulting and appeared to be in hesitancy whether to give up the ground that we had gained in the battle. In the meantime our forays were bringing off the field small arms, ordnance wagons, and other

18 Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Martin, who at Kennesaw Mountain had called for a truce to allow the removal of wounded Federal soldiers when fire swept through the underbrush below the Confederate works.
14 Colonel John E. Murray.
15 Lieutenant Colonel Anderson Watkins.
16 Colonel George F. Baucum.
17 Lieutenant Colonel E. Warfield.
18 Lieutenant Colonel E. G. Brashear, only recently promoted from a majorship.
19 Sherman, too, had heavy casualties but his chief loss was the death of young Major General James B. McPherson who refused to surrender when surrounded by Cleburne's skirmishers and was killed.
implements of war. There was no firing during the night, and the pale faces of the dead men seen beneath the mellow rays of the moon gave the scene a ghastly and unearthly appearance. After midnight Generals Govan and Lowrey, who had asked me to join them, laid out a new line and I moved back Captain Goldthwaite’s battery to a new position. Day dawned before I had completed the defensive preparations.

There was no firing after sunrise in Cleburne’s front, and about 10 o’clock a flag of truce was agreed upon to bring off the wounded and bury the dead. The ground was strewn with dead men from both armies, and the foes mingled in the one duty of paying the last sad tribute to the fallen of the battlefield. General Cleburne’s division captured eight pieces of artillery, three of which I ordered to be carried to the rear with many rounds of ammunition. The loss in General Cleburne’s division was 1,350, including killed, wounded, and missing. Generals Govan, Lowrey, and Smith acted nobly, and all their men fought with the courage of lions. The flag of truce expired by limitation and in the evening skirmishes began again the work of death. This battle occurred about two and one-half miles south 20 of Atlanta, not far from a Mr. Wilson’s house. As I know no name I call it the battle of the 22nd of July.

*July 24th*

This is the day of rest, but soldiers know no Sabbath. Arms are being used, and the heavy guns are firing upon Atlanta. Early this morning, with Generals Hardee and Cleburne, I rode down our newly extended lines, and needing another battery I hastened to the city and called upon General Shoup who sent me Captain Meben’s. While I was in Atlanta shells were bursting among the houses and ladies

20 Rather southeast of the city.
were walking the streets apparently unconcerned, though there were very few people there.

On the 22nd General Cheatham, commanding Hood's old corps, charged the Yankee lines of works capturing 20 pieces of artillery. His men could not, however, hold their position and succeeded in bringing off only six pieces. The conflict at that point was not so desperate and bloody as that in which Hardee's corps was involved.

We still remain at the house occupied by C. C. Rider. All parties continue to strengthen their works in anticipation of a still more desperate conflict. It is said that Sherman has notified General Hood that tomorrow he will shell the city of Atlanta, and for the non-combatants to be removed. This notice was sent after he had been shelling the women and children for five days, and to cover his cruel and ungentlemanly conduct, for I saw the effects of his cannon balls several days prior to this. At dark the Yankees, with some evident intent at deception, sent up skyrockets which illuminated the heavens as they burst high in the air. This drew forth cheers from the troops of the opposing lines. Skyrockets can be used to indicate the lines so that the whole army can understand the position of their own troops, or to indicate a retreat or an advance.

July 25th

But little firing to be heard, both belligerents regarding skirmishing as effecting no important results. The nights and mornings have become too cool for one blanket and comfort. I rode to Atlanta to see General Shoup to get the Napoleon guns that General Cleburne had presented to me. Found that General Shoup had been made Chief-of-Staff for Hood and that Colonel Baucum was commanding the artillery. Learning that the captured guns were at East Point, I ordered Lieutenant Marshall, commanding my own
battery, to take the captured howitzers and turn them over to Captain Humphreys, then to draw the captured guns.

I regretted to part with one of those howitzers. Before the State of Arkansas seceded from the Union, and while the arsenal at Little Rock was under the control of Captain Totton, a Federal officer, I as a member of the Legislature voted for a resolution to remove this gun, with others, from the authority of said Totton and place it subject to the order of the Governor. The gun belonged to the State Military Institute. Since that event I have stood by that gun through the battles of Tuscumbia Creek, Munfordsville, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Lost Mountain, Kennesaw Ridge, the running of the line with Granberry's brigade, and the terrible assault from the Yanks two miles east of Atlanta on the 21st of July, 1864. So it cannot be thought strange that I regret having separated from my command a gun that has been my companion under such trying and bloody circumstances. I would delight to take this No. 1 Howitzer back to Helena and to Little Rock, and to present her again to the State. Indeed, I have made up my mind that if through the providence of God I am permitted to live, I shall address the War Department on the subject. Farewell gun—you have slain your hundreds for our glorious cause.

July 26th

This morning unusual quiet prevails along the entire line, and I am anticipating a terrible bombardment from the untiring Yanks. No doubt the few remaining ladies and children in the city are in great and unpleasant suspense. General Stephen D. Lee arrived from Mississippi and assumed command of Hood's corps.

The day has passed off without anything of deep interest
occurring. An order was issued allowing but one clerk to each commissary and the same number for other departments. This returned many men to the ranks. Among those whom I highly esteem who were affected are Ralph Bailey and Thomas Lambert, and there were others who should have nobly volunteered but did not have the patriotism to do so. This is emphatically the crisis of our destiny, and every man should rally to the aid of our small but noble army.

July 27th

Before day this morning I was aroused by General Wheeler 21 who was calling for General Cleburne, and I immediately concluded that a move or fight was coming. General Cleburne then ordered me to open all my batteries upon the enemy’s lines. However, before this was put into effect it was discovered that the Yankees in our front had disappeared during the night. The Generals and a number of us rode over the enemy’s breastworks where the battle raged so furiously on the 22nd instant. Their fortifications were like rat holes in a curve and were thrown up on all sides. A Northern paper which was picked up in their camps admitted that General McPherson had been killed 22 in the battle five days prior. He was one of their ablest and most gallant generals, and was commanding the left wing of Sherman’s army.

The fact that the enemy was gone necessitated a counter move on our part. Accordingly, General Hardee’s corps began to move to the left and by noon General Cleburne’s division had reached to the northern side of the Augusta Railroad and was occupying the defences of the city for the length of one and a half miles. This line of fortifications is

21 Major General Joseph Wheeler, Confederate cavalry leader.
22 At what is now the juncture of McPherson and Monument Avenues.
more than a mile from the heart of Atlanta, though there are many costly and beautiful residences near where the work of death is being carried on. We halted at General Stephen D. Lee’s headquarters, and for the first time I saw this officer. He is of medium height with dark hair, blue eyes, and affable manner. Many in this army think that General Cheatham, the “rough and ready” fighter, should have been promoted and placed in command of the corps to which Lee has been assigned; hence he assumes command with the prejudices of the army against him. General Cleburne’s headquarters were in a beautiful cottage whose occupants had fled to a more healthy clime. Shells have been falling in our midst all the evening. The enemy moving on our left flank.

July 28th

Early this morning I mounted my horse, Longstreet, and accompanied by Lieutenant Phillips rode down the breast-works to place his battery in position on the brunt of Mercer’s 22 brigade. I placed Goldthwaite’s under fire of the enemy’s artillery in a small redoubt near General Lowrey’s headquarters. General Sherman is making demonstrations on the southwest in an attempt to cut the city’s communications, and our troops are being placed in the works thinly, one rank, to leave the more to fight the Yanks on their movement. By request of General Hardee I rode along the line of General Cleburne’s division and ascertained the number and calibre of guns and the number of redoubts, reporting the facts in tabular form to the Generals. There were 53 guns and three redoubts.

Major Benham, Chief of Staff for General Cleburne, was wounded while at dinner by the explosion over the table.

22 Brigadier General H. W. Mercer.
of a shell which cut him severely near the eye.24 The Major is a gallant officer, thoroughly educated, and prompt and fearless on the field. This evening the cannonading on the left of the army has been very heavy, and it is said that the battle storm is now raging fearfully between Sherman’s right and Hood’s left wing.25 At dark several large houses were in flames in front of Hardee’s lines, fired because they furnish a rendezvous for the Yankee pickets. Oh, the hun-

24 Captain Irving A. Buck (op. cit., pp. 288-89 and note) has an interesting account of this occurrence. It seems that Major Calhoun Benham was a very unusual and original personality. A college graduate and prominent Louisville, Kentucky, lawyer, he was the brother-in-law of George D. Prentiss, the editor of the famous Louisville Courier. “A few hundred yards to the rear of the line,” according to Captain Buck, “division headquarters were established in a fine old stone house located on a knoll covered with a grove of large oaks. The house was directly in line of Sherman’s fire and had been abandoned after a rifle shell had shattered a partition wall and converted two rooms into one. The same battery was in the habit of throwing a few shells every day about noon... Several shots had passed over just before dinner was announced. Benham, whose courage was beyond doubt, was addicted to the vice usually ascribed to the Army of Flanders. As he approached the mess table he noticed that it had been placed without the protection the house afforded had it been situated a few yards in a different direction, and he remarked that while he was perfectly willing to take all legitimate risk of battle, he could not see the sense of unnecessary ones, especially when nothing was to be gained by it. Scarcely was the group seated before a shell exploded a few feet immediately above them, scattering fragments in every direction. Benham arose, staggering from his chair, with blood streaming down his face. A small jagged piece had struck him in the corner of his right eye, laying open the flesh back to his ear, but fortunately not penetrating the skull. So soon as he recovered from the shock he first swore fiercely at Stiefel, the cook, next called for a drink of whiskey, and then exclaimed, pointing to his wound: ‘This is not as deep as a well, or wide as a church door, but is good for thirty days’ leave of absence.’” As a matter of fact, Major Benham resigned from the army after the fall of Atlanta and made his way to Mexico where he joined the forces of Maximilian. Upon the execution of the latter he returned to the United States and settled in San Francisco. Captain Buck reports that in December, 1906, he “sought and found the place” in Atlanta where the Benham incident occurred, by this time “several miles within the city limits, but the ground not having been built over, it was easily identified. Only the foundation of the house remained, but the fine old trees were still standing and plainly showed the scars of the shells here spoken of.”

25 This is known as the Battle of Ezra Church where, for the third time (July 20th, 23rd, and 28th), Hood had his meagre army charging a superior force behind breastworks. It took place directly behind and within what is now Mozley Park, and a half mile due east of the present Battle Hill Sanitarium. The church building itself was situated in the southeast corner of the park.
dreds of beautiful and costly homes that have been made desolate and laid in ashes by this cruel war! The sins of Lincoln and his abettors will rise up before Heaven like mountains.

July 29th

The information concerning the battle of last evening is very indefinite, though the loss of field officers was heavy, among them being Generals Stewart, Loring, Brown, and others whose names I have not learned. No doubt many noble patriots have fallen for their country's cause. Peace to their ashes. I called upon Colonel Smith, who commands the regiment of artillery, to have my battery returned to the division. This I finally accomplished by visiting Colonel Baucum, Chief of Artillery for the army. Cannonading has been going on all day. While I was at General Hood's, shells were exploding near his headquarters, shot from guns that were so distant they could scarcely be heard—at least three miles. The Yanks are now pressing the skirmishers in our front, no doubt with the intention of digging parallel lines and mining our position.

July 30th

Early this morning the skirmishing and artillery firing resembled much the sound of a battle. This fighting occurred on General Cheatham's line. The unpleasant news arrived that the Yanks had made a raid in our rear, some ten miles from Atlanta, burning ten wagons and capturing Major Walt, the quartermaster of Cleburne's division. General Wheeler sent a party in pursuit of the raiders, but up to this time nothing is known of the result. It is said that

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28 No one of these three generals (Lieutenant General A. P. Stewart, Major General W. W. Loring, Brigadier General—later Major General—John C. Brown) was permanently incapacitated and each of them saw distinguished service later in the war.
our losses in the fight on the left of the army on the 28th will amount to 2,500. Our forces found the enemy in advance of their fortifications and attacked them, driving them back and even taking a portion of their works.

July 31st

Truly this morning appears like the Sabbath, for there is almost a perfect calm along the lines around the city. The clouds hang darkly over Atlanta, pouring their watery substance upon the dirty and wearied soldiers in the entrenchments. The Yankee raiders have met a serious repulse, it is said, at Macon, Georgia, at the hands of a force under General Joseph E. Johnston; 27 also a dispatch has just been received from General Wheeler informing us that he had met one party of the raiders and caused them to abandon their artillery, their ambulances, and 500 Confederate prisoners. Further, that the Yankees were much demoralized. Rumors are current that Wheeler has taken 1,000 prisoners and a number of horses. It is to be hoped that the whole raiding party will be brought to repentance for its attempt to destroy our communications.

August 1st

Cannonading opened with the dawn, and the heavy, dull thunderings continued all day. Heavy shells are now bursting around and over the large stone house in which I am writing and which houses the headquarters of General Cleburne and his staff. Because the Atlanta and Montgomery Railroad has been cut, depriving us, at least temporarily, of our source of supplies, the artillery horses are becoming materially re-

27 Upon being relieved of his command, General Johnston had joined his family in Macon where he witnessed a defense of the place conducted by Major General Howell Cobb with a force of Georgia State troops. Later he removed to Lincolnton, N. C., where he was residing in February, 1865, when returned to command.
duced from lack of their usual number of pounds of corn. We are now foraging from the fields of green corn, which is not yet in roasting ears and has but little substance, but by salting my horses I think I shall keep them strong enough to draw their batteries.

**August 2nd**

Not an event transpired today beyond the shelling of our lines and the constant pecking away at the pickets. The rains caused a change in the atmosphere, and all nature looks like fall. The official information was received from Macon that General Stoneman,\(^\text{28}\) commanding the Yankee raid that attempted to destroy that city, had surrendered with five hundred of his men, and that those who had escaped were wandering through the country in squads, being daily captured. Almost half of the raiders, who were divided into two parties, were captured by Wheeler and Iverson.\(^\text{29}\)

**August 3rd**

This morning General Cleburne's division was relieved from the ditches and bivouacked on the south side of Atlanta, not far from General Hood's headquarters. About 5 o'clock this evening the Yanks assailed our pickets on the northeast side of the city and drove them from their posts. Fortunately, our artillery commanded the line and when the gun wagons opened upon the Abolitionists they soon evacuated the picket works and made tracks to the rear. The cannonading was rapid and effective for near an hour. After the fight I returned to General Cleburne and reported the situation, then ate supper with Captain Mangum, Lieutenant Hanly, Lieutenant Jetton, and Charles Bailey. As I was riding through the city in the night, a 20 pound shell burst

\(^{28}\) Major General George Stoneman.

\(^{29}\) Brigadier General Alfred Iverson, Jr.
across my path, and I had but passed the spot when a solid shot swept across the road just in my rear. The residences on both sides of the street were occupied by women and children.

August 4th

Every five minutes throughout the whole night one or two 20 pounder guns threw shells into the city, striking through houses and exploding amidst families, killing women and children. All day that same cruel piece of cowardice has gone on under the direction of the inhuman and ungentlemanly Sherman. The citizens have excavated holes in their yards and covered them with timbers upon which they throw dirt, and when the shelling begins they resort to these for safety.

Yesterday I saw an aged man of corpulent dimensions riding behind the lines and telling the Georgia troops to “stand by the artillerists and you will whip the Yankees like the devil.” His remarks “took” so promptly that an involuntary cheer was raised, and I walked near the individual to get a close view of him. It proved to be Hon. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, who in better times had figured largely on the political stage in the capital at Washington, and who had a wide reputation as a debater and statesman. He is no longer known as a Senator but now goes by the title of General of Militia. It was to the Georgia militia that he was addressing himself.

The newspapers contain information of another battle between Grant and Lee in Virginia, reporting that the Federals lost 10,000 wounded and 700 killed, while the total Confederate loss did not reach 3,000. The Yanks mined and blew up the works, destroying a number of our men in that unfair and dishonorable manner. Heaven will repay them for their wickedness.
August 5th

There was almost a calm last night in the war spirit, and I thought it ominous of some Yankee trick. This morning—after I had transacted some business with Colonel Smith—I rode with Dr. Ford and Lieutenant Marshall over the battleground of the 22nd of July, which will be called the Battle of Sugar Creek 80 from the fact that it was fought over a small stream by that name. The signs of the bloody conflict were visible, and the offensive smell from decaying men and horses infested the air and drew swarms of pestiferous flies. The Yanks had abandoned about a mile and a half of the works and made the terminus of their line on the Atlanta and Augusta Railroad.

A rumor prevails today that General Forrest has attacked Huntsville, Alabama, and we confidently trust that Sherman will have his communications cut and his supplies shortened. From Camp Sumter I received a letter from one of the Yankee prisoners whose name is Leroy L. Key, Sergeant in Company M, 16th Illinois Infantry, addressing me as his brother. He evidently has a brother with the same initials as mine, and his relatives are in the South, though he has betrayed all these and enlisted under the black banner of Abolitionism. He speaks of his mother and sister, and one, Lucy, of near Cahaba, Alabama. Leroy L. Key, you are no brother of mine, and if you were I would disown you; therefore I cannot correspond with you.

August 6th

The times are actually becoming monotonous. We have become so accustomed to the constant explosion of powder that to dulled ears it has lost all its stirring qualities. This

80 Sugar Creek traverses the terrain of the Battle of Atlanta south of the railroad and not quite three miles due east of what is now known as “Five Points.” It flows southeast into South River some seven miles from Five Points.
morning I procured an order from Colonel Smith to exchange two Confederate Napoleon guns in Swett's battery for two U. S. guns that Cleburne's division captured at the Battle of Sugar Creek on the 22nd of July. The Confederate guns weigh about 1,500 to 1,600 pounds, while the United States guns weigh only 1,200 and the carriage is also much lighter. There was a brisk fire on the left of our lines, and Sherman is working as usual to avoid attacking our fortifications. Heavy rain fell this evening while the raw militia were in the street preparing to go into the trenches on picket for the first time. They appear ready to do their duty as well as the best fighting they know how. It is laughable, however, to see their awkward motions and blunders at the simple military evolutions. But in two months they will prove good soldiers.

August 7th

This morning a book entitled "Titcomb’s Letters to Young People, Single and Married," fell into my hands, and I must confess that I was agreeably surprised at their good sense, for the preface included a dedication to Henry Ward Beecher whom I dislike so much that it was nature to be prejudiced against the whole book. The advice to young married people is very instructive, and if it were read and made a course of action there would not be half the divorces nor one tenth the unhappy marriages that one sees daily. Young men and women who wish to make useful and happy husbands and wives should purchase "Titcomb’s Letters" and read them carefully. The great majority of unhappy marriages arise from the ignorance of human nature and from husband and wife misunderstanding each other. The perusal of these letters will prove a blessing to anyone who will follow the wholesome advice therein inculcated. This is the Sabbath and the Yanks have not fired a
shell into the streets of Atlanta. This is contrary to their
general course. No firing save some small arms.

August 8th

As soon as I had consumed my scanty meal of cornbread
and fried middling, I was on Longstreet and making for
General Cleburne’s division which had been moved to the
left of the army. The lines have now been extended until
they must be fully ten or twelve miles long. I found that
gallant band of men near Herring’s Mills, some supporting
Bate’s 81 division and others fixing rifle pits. Two evenings
previous the Yanks had made a charge, effecting but little
and losing some of their men and one or two banners. As I
rode by the mill I saw the face of a healthy, hale woman, and
I at once knew that she was the miller and that she was nobly
doing a man’s labor while her husband was warring for her
home, her virtue, and the dear rights of freemen. The rain
fell in torrents during the day. Captain Goldthwaite’s bat-
tery was planted on a prominent point near the mill. We
heard the unpleasant news that the Yankee fleet had gotten
men past Fort Morgan and after a desperate conflict had
captured the “Tennessee” and one or two other Confederate
gunboats. Our government has been peculiarly unfortunate
with her navy on the rivers of our country. The “Merri-
mac,” “Arkansas,” and “Tennessee” were destroyed after
making about one fight each. The navy on the high seas has
been very successful.

August 9th

Have employed some of the day in repairing a vehicle in
which to carry my baggage, cooking utensils, and rations.
The weather continues wet. All the evening the Yanks have

81 Major General William B. Bate, subsequently Governor of Tennessee
and United States Senator.
been throwing chunks of iron weighing twelve pounds all around me, often passing within five steps of me. The balls of iron have splintered the trees and torn ghastly wounds in the houses nearby. The Federals are at some of their tricks, either to demoralize the troops with artillery and then attack them with infantry, or to attract attention to this part of the line and then assault us at some other point. However, the rebels don't sleep. We are ready for them and invite them most cordially to come out and meet us.

August 10th

As soon as I had eaten my breakfast I rode to Lieutenant Green's to give some orders and to transact such business for the battalion as was necessary in the quartermaster department. I then hastened down the Sandtown Road about five miles from Atlanta where some of my batteries were stationed in line with General Cleburne's division. There were several very fine positions on the line, and parapets were thrown up at two or three places for batteries. I raised my little cotton house near the Widow Connally's spring. Captain Goldthwaite's battery was stationed near Thomas W. Connally's Mills. There was no enemy in our immediate front.

At night we had quite an alarm. The horse of Lieutenant Dosher, my adjutant, began standing on his hind legs, jumping about, and struggling as if suffering from strangulation. In great haste we cut his halter but as soon as he was released he fell and kicked as if dying. In a moment he recovered sufficiently to get to his feet, and struggling wildly he ran with great violence against trees until he knocked himself down where he lay as if dead. For safety, in the meantime, we had all left our little fly without putting on pants or shoes, believing that he was attacked with the disease known as “blind staggers.” The horse appeared to be wild, groan-
ing and trembling and running frantically about, alternately falling and getting up; so I suggested that we bleed him to take the blood from his head. After this had been done he lay on the ground and neighed in a tone so pitiful that it aroused all the sympathies of my heart. The bleeding had the desired result. His sight and mind were restored.

August 11th

This morning I carried up to General Cleburne the interesting correspondence that passed at Niagara Falls between Hon. C. C. Clay, Jacob Thompson, and Professor Holcombe on our side and Horace Greeley on the other, wherein our envoys asked whether they, with G. W. Saunders, would be allowed safe conduct to Washington and out again with the view to bringing about some terms for a negotiation of peace. The letters which passed between those gentlemen and Mr. Greeley were of the most dignified and courteous nature, and no doubt would have resulted in one of the most humane acts known to man had it not been for the dictatorial and low note issued by Abe Lincoln in rejecting the commissioners. His terms were so disgusting and humiliating that Greeley would not compromise his honor as the bearer of the note, but left it in the hands of Hay, the private secretary of Lincoln. The President is determined to prosecute this inhuman war and will allow no one to approach him with the olive branch except on such humiliating terms as no gentleman or nation will accept.

Generals Hood and Cleburne rode along our front this morning and I was surprised to find the former so sociable and affable to all persons. He had none of that disgusting stiffness which so frequently attaches to men when they reach high positions. He saluted the humblest private in the road, conversed freely upon the condition of the army, and appeared in hopeful anticipation of ultimate victory. I
called his attention to the reports of General Thomas, the Federal, on the fights of the 22nd and 28th of July. He pleasantly remarked that Thomas had killed more rebels in his report than we had in the battle, or words to that effect.

**August 12th**

Mounted and spurred I set out to visit all the batteries under my charge, but when I reached General Cleburne’s headquarters he asked me to ride with him on the skirmish line and to help select the contemplated line of defense. General Scott, who had just arrived on the extreme left and had reported to General Cleburne with his brigade, caused his command to cover the Atlanta and Newnan dirt road, and it was here that Captain Fellin’s battery was stationed. Before we had returned, Captain Douglas’s and Goldthwaite’s batteries had engaged the enemy, who had planted batteries at the house once occupied by Mr. Fleming.

**August 13th**

The usual trip before me, I visited Captain Howell’s, Captain Douglas’s, Captain Turner’s, Captain Goldthwaite’s, and Captain Fellin’s batteries, and everything was fixed and primed for the contest whenever the Yanks might see proper to bring it on. The firing today is confined to Bate’s line mostly, the enemy still moving his column slowly to our left. We remained at the spring near the Widow Connally’s.

**August 14th**

This being the Sabbath I turned my face toward Atlanta and arrived at the Trinity Church just as religious serv-

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22 Brigadier General Thomas M. Scott.

23 Located on the corner of Whitehall and Peters Street (now Trinity Avenue), three blocks west of the site of the present Trinity Church.
ices were commencing. The pulpit was occupied by a man
of low stature, dark hair, black eyes, heavy short beard,
and broad forehead shaped like an old-fashioned hat—
larger at the top than at the base, but well filled with
brains. His text concerned Paul's devotedness to Christ,
when he said that he was not only willing to be bound but
to die at Jerusalem for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. The
minister portrayed the devotion of Paul in beautiful and
truthful colors, and pictured his Christian character as ad-
mirable. The music was excellent—vocal especially so—
the parts being sung by the choir. It was the first time for
more than twelve months that I had been in a church, the
last place having been Wartrace, Tennessee.

The congregation was composed principally of officers,
old citizens, and old and young ladies. The soldiers looked
sunburned and hardy with colored shirts corresponding to
their brown faces, while the gentlemen citizens were dressed
in white and black suits. The latter nodded and napped
during the service, but not so the soldiers who were all
ears and eyes—ears to hear the glorious gospel and eyes to
look with pleasure upon the neatly dressed and beautiful
ladies. You may know that I appreciated all these things,
for on the Holy Sabbath I delight to attend religious
worship both because there is something elevating, noble,
and sublime in singing praises to our Redeemer, and be-
cause I am a constitutional admirer of the female sex.

The scene brought back to memory days of happiness
and the early associations of life, especially the period
when I gave my young heart to God and to the noble girl
who afterwards became my companion for life. Trinity in
Atlanta is of the same architecture as the Methodist Church
at Helena, and amidst the surroundings and the revivings
of memory my heart was softened and tears came as I
wished for peace, home, and the consolation of our sacred
altars. Some may think my reflections were strange, but let them be thrown into the woods and not know what it is to see civil society for three years, or to be sheltered by a roof, or to have access to female society, or to be allowed the exalted privilege of seeing within a house of worship once in twelve months, and then they will understand the emotions that arise in a person's mind as they did in mine today.

August 15th

For two weeks the nights have been sultry and so unpleasantly warm that I have not slept with comfort even in the open air with only a fly stretched over me. There are no events of moment transpiring, save the absence of General Wheeler who, with about 6,000 cavalry, aims to destroy the railroad in the rear of General Sherman's army. Major E. W. Moore informs me that news has been received to the effect that Wheeler had cut the railroad near Acworth. The enemy's artillery has been very quiet and I think that the silence is produced by a depletion of their supply of ammunition.

August 16th

As soon as I had eaten my rations I rode to the front to place Captain Gorrity's battery in position in a new fort near General Govan's headquarters. I discovered that the Yanks had thrown up a new line of breastworks on the west side of the Fleming house. We have our scouts who slip in the enemy's rear and occasionally bring in a prisoner with valuable information. General Hardee today sent me an order placing under my supervision all the artillery on General Cleburne's line. This was unsolicited and unexpected as there were other officers on the line who were my seniors.
August 17th

The firing on the lines has been much less than usual today. Met with Captain Sykes who was my college mate at LaGrange, Alabama, and who afterwards passed through the struggles of Kansas with me. He informed us that the Yanks were extending their works on the Sandtown Road and fortifying at that place. The silence of the enemy artillery caused me to "feel for them." Accordingly, I turned loose some pieces of artillery and from the reply I soon learned that they were not gone.

August 18th

This morning orders were received to be ready to move at a moment's notice, General Hood thinking that the Yanks were massing on our right in front of Atlanta. By noon, however, the enemy made their appearance on our extreme left. Their pickets drove in the cavalry vedettes and a line of battle advanced and began working. I ordered the batteries to throw shell in a thick woods in front of the position where the enemy had concentrated. The officers on picket duty reported that almost every shell would kill or wound a Yank, for they could hear the pitiful cries and friends calling for the litter bearers. I kept up the artillery fire almost all night.

August 19th

The morning was broken by some roar of musketry, but the enemy's new lines and works were soon developed. In the night they approached near and threw up a long line of works from which they opened their batteries. Through my spyglass I could discover the Yankees moving very conspicuously, and I determined to bring up a section of Parrott guns and try my luck upon them. Accordingly, I ordered Lieutenant Bond of Gorrity's battery to the de-
sired place, and it was not long until he struck a Yankee caisson more than a mile and a half distant, igniting the hundreds of pounds of powder and filling the air with ammunition chests, carriage wheels, and other objects too distant to be known. This created a wild commotion among the enemy, and the battery at that point has not responded since. I kept up cannonading until after midnight.

_August 20th_

The enemy had crossed the Atlanta and Newnan wagon road. This morning they retired to the north side of the said road. General Kilpatrick 24 left on a raid in our rear to destroy the railroad between Atlanta and Macon, and rumors are now current that he has burned the depot at Jonesboro. Today Major Courtney reported for duty and took command of all the artillery on Cleburne’s line, leaving me in command of the battalion. I am bivouacked in a fine grove near a school house a half mile from East Point, Georgia. Heavy rain has just fallen.

_August 21st_

Packed up this morning and moved into the suburbs of Atlanta in order to be nearer the center of the batteries. As soon as I had selected my place of encampment I left Lieutenant Dosher to pitch my tent while I rode to church. Heard the same minister that I described last Sabbath, but neither so good a sermon nor so large a congregation. The worshipers were few because the clouds were leaking and town people are always dressed too neatly and richly to get wet. The poor soldiers are glad to go to church to keep out of the rain, as ordinarily they have to stand under a tree or a blanket stretched over a few sticks.

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24 Major General Hugh J. Kilpatrick.
August 22nd

For ten days the weather has been unpleasantly warm, but this morning the wind from the Eskimo's land lifts the locks of my hair while I sit beneath a bushy pine tree recording these items. The pickets near Peachtree Street fought all last night with the rain pelting down on them. I feel quite unwell today. After transacting for the battalion the business that came from the different departments, I consumed the remainder of the day in writing letters to Mrs. Key, Mrs. Lambert, Dr. Silverberg, and Frank Lightfoot, all of Arkansas.

August 23rd

The wily Yanks did not let the citizens or soldiers in Atlanta sleep much last night. They kept their 20 pound Parrots throwing shells into the heart of the city the whole night. Whether anyone was killed I have not heard. Not many days since, one shell killed a woman and her child while another poor child, who was lying in the bed sick, was struck by a shell and torn to pieces. Oh, is there a gulf of deep despair where plagues with untiring nerves will ever pour their torments on Lincoln and his fellow abettors of this cruel war!

Heard that another great victory had been gained in Virginia by the Confederates, also that General Forrest was in possession of the city of Memphis. Hope that it is all correct. The New York Herald has openly proclaimed itself in favor of peace. This is regarded as an omen of unusual moment, as that journal has always been accused of drifting with the strong party. This army seems cheerful and confident of victory and peace.
August 24th

Early this morning I heard the fire bells calling up the frightened denizens of the city to witness the destruction of their property. Whether the fire originated from the enemy’s shells or from accident I cannot say. As a matter of fact, Sherman is gradually destroying the city. A lady was killed yesterday by a cannon ball. Heard a rumor that the negroes in Helena had risen in an insurrection and burned Judge Sebastian’s residence, driving him from the town; also that they had come into collision with their white brothers, the Yanks in arms.

August 25th

The incendiary shells of the enemy destroyed the oil factory and several other buildings last evening. Not brave or strong enough to drive Hood from Atlanta, Sherman is trying to burn the city. I was told that one shell killed six ladies in the same room. No fighting except skirmishing and very little of that, for both armies are apparently saving their ammunition for emergencies or for a great battle. The Northern Democrats are clamorous for peace and very denunciatory of Lincoln. A gentleman by the name of H. H. Dodd, of Indiana, has made a speech giving the strongest and clearest views on States’ Rights that it has been my fortune to read. He declares that Lincoln has trampled beneath his feet every right that belongs to the States, and that the rights of the people are only secure when those rights are respected. He says that McClellan is not much better than Lincoln on the question of the war.

The nights are beautiful, and as the soft rays of the smiling moon penetrate the thick pine grove and here and there show the white little cottages, the brass bands fill the air with harmonious notes which stir the hearts of the lover or husband and carry him back in memories fresh to
other and happier days when near those who are dearer than life.

August 26th

Yesterday the enemy tore up six miles of the Augusta Railroad iron and moved it for some purpose, and this morning they have evacuated their works from the Augusta Railroad to Peachtree Street in front of Atlanta. As General Wheeler has cut the railroad in the rear of Sherman, it is believed that the latter is retreating, though he may be massing his forces to attack Hood’s left. The significant thing is that for twenty-four hours they have ceased throwing shells into the city. Later in the day I learned that the Yanks had withdrawn from our left in front of a portion of General Cleburne’s division. In the evening I rode over the abandoned works on the enemy’s left where I found that bowels [sic], chairs, and ammunition boxes as well as other kinds were strewn so thickly that it was difficult to ride through them. The scales have turned in favor of the South, and the Abolitionists are moving to the rear toward their own homes. Thank heaven for this and for the gallant soldiers who so nobly have fought against overpowering numbers.

August 27th

Suspecting that Sherman was retreating last night, our artillery kept up an almost continual fire upon their withdrawing forces. These loud mouthed gun wagons made the night hideous with their bass voices, and no doubt caused many bluecoats to fall in the cold embrace of death. The ladies of Atlanta look relieved since those frightful shells no longer come singing their songs of death and

The latter surmise was correct. Sherman was shifting the body of his army around Hood’s left in order to cut his railroad connections with the south.
consuming beautiful residences into ashes. The women have proven themselves to be heroines under the bombardment.

_August 28th_

Early I donned my new uniform suit to attend church, but Thomas Lambert informed me that Lieutenant Harkleroad was about to leave for Arkansas and insisted that we should ride seven miles on the left of our line to talk to him and send kind words to dear friends across the turbid Mississippi. Together we journeyed and when we reached Cleburne’s division hospital we met Lieutenant Harkleroad searching for my battery to carry glad tidings from me to my dear family. I was grateful for his thoughtfulness and presented him my letters and “Titcomb’s Letters” to be delivered to my wife. After I had given my experience in crossing the river last winter and related my numerous narrow escapes from capture by the Yanks, we expressed the hope that he would have a more pleasant trip and bade him adieu.

As Mr. Lambert and I rode toward the church, our theme was home, peace, and what we hoped to do and enjoy when we should be allowed to live again in peace and independence. The minister should have been proud of his congregation, for it was the largest that had turned out in the three succeeding Sabbaths. This, however, arose from the fact that the Yankee batteries were not making the holy day awful by their horrible shells bursting in the streets, passing through houses, and singing their hissing tunes of death around the temples dedicated to the living God. The man in the pulpit delivered his lecture with force and emphasis, and it was received with marked attention.

After leaving church I called at Major R. Lonford’s where I met with Judge Wright of Tennessee and Mr. Norton of New Orleans with whom I spent several hours
in interesting conversation. One question of much moment was discussed: whether, if there should be peace, there would be a treaty between the United and Confederate States, pledging both parties to protect and preserve the property of individuals living under the different governments who in the war had opposed those governments. This conversation arose from a threat by a certain individual that when he returned to Tennessee or Arkansas he, with like minded individuals, would drive from the soil those who had opposed the Confederates in their struggle for independence, and perhaps might deal more harshly with them than take their property. Judge Wright thought that this government would, after peace, be compelled to adopt the common law of England, not allowing foreigners from the North or from Europe to become citizens with the right of suffrage or to own real estate in the Confederacy. He thought that as the whole world was against us and our institutions we should be a peculiar people. He contended that we would have to pursue this course, for otherwise our land would soon be overrun by Abolitionists and then this terrible revolution, created by Abolitionism, would have to be fought again. These were questions of paramount importance, and they created in my mind thoughts that have occupied many of my moments since.

August 29th

One of my first thoughts this morning was that this day the Chicago Democratic peace convention assembles. It was my sincere hope that they would lay down a Democratic platform recognizing the rights of States and proclaiming the fact that the South, on the thousands of battlefields that now stain the soil of this young continent, has nobly defended herself and the great Democratic principles of States' Rights and States' Sovereignty. The enemy still appears in
front of General Hardee’s corps five miles southeast of Atlanta, but all his movements are concealed in mystery and conjecture. Some believe Sherman to be retreating; others think he is preparing for a flank attack on our corps. We have the glad news that A. P. Hill attacked Grant’s force on the Weldon Railroad in Virginia, carrying his works and capturing 2,000 prisoners and 9 pieces of artillery. General Lee, with his usual dignity and reverence, returned thanks to God, the giver of victories.

August 30th

I struck my tent in town and moved to the spring at Mrs. Connally’s on the Sandtown Road. General Cleburne’s division moved three miles to a position south of East Point and began temporary works to meet a flanking movement of the enemy.\textsuperscript{86} Some skirmishing occurred two miles from the line, but it was a feint while Sherman moved upon the railroad at Jonesboro. Three corps drove our cavalry within a mile of that place, as a result of which General Hardee’s corps was ordered to move for its defense. At day-dawn, after marching all night, we reached the designated position. I ordered up my omnibus and ordnance train, but the courier neglected to deliver the message or could not find them.

August 31st

The enemy have up strong rifle pits and are firing briskly along their picket line. We are preparing to charge them. About 10 o’clock they attacked General Lowrey’s line and it was supposed that they would advance upon us; but it

\footnote{\textsuperscript{86} Just as Cleburne started this movement he was handed a letter written by certain ladies of Dublin, Virginia, announcing that Christopher Cleburne, his youngest brother, but twenty years of age and a captain in John H. Morgan’s cavalry, had been killed in the Battle of Cloyd’s Farm on May 10, 1864. Cf. Buck, \textit{op. cit.}, pp. 19-20, 292.}
proved only a demonstration and General Cleburne's division, supported by Cheatham's, moved out upon the enemy south of Jonesboro. I ordered up Swett's, Key's, and Goldthwaite's batteries, but General Lee's forces attacked Sherman's fortified position before we struck him on our front. The batteries kept within one hundred yards of the line as it advanced, and as soon as the infantry engaged the enemy, my batteries also poured hot iron upon them. Two batteries from the enemy felt of us, but we were too stiff in the backbone for them and they yielded the argument. After firing several rounds, the batteries were advanced to the hills near Flint River, where we gave them a few more of the same sort. General Lowrey had orders not to cross the stream, but the men could not be checked. He, therefore, withdrew them as soon as possible to the east side of the creek, leaving no time for me to make an effort to bring off the captured guns. The enemy being routed on the south of Jonesboro and driven across, the two divisions on that portion of the line were re-established on their original positions. General Lee, on the right, carried some portions of Sherman's works but was unable to hold them. He lost near a thousand men in killed and wounded. The forces that Lowrey attacked proved to be Kilpatrick's cavalry. Our loss was too small to be considered of consequence. The Yanks cut the railroad south of us, but before they did much damage our cavalry drove them off. Night closed the work of death, and thousands of wearied men threw themselves upon the ground and slumbered sweetly without pillows or blankets. I accommodated my dimensions to the length of a cotton bale, which answered finely after

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37 Years after the war, one of Cleburne's staff officers was to recall the gallantry and effectiveness with which Key pushed his batteries forward with the infantry in this day's fighting. Cf. Buck, op. cit., p. 295. He was also commended highly in the report of Brigadier General M. P. Lowrey. Cf. Official Records of Union and Confederate Armies, Series 1, Vol. 38, pt. 3, p. 728.
I had pulled out some of the cotton to make an elevation for my head.

September 1st

At 2 o'clock A.M. we were ordered to change base to the position occupied by General Lee, and Lee moved back to Atlanta. Major Martin, with his battalion of artillery, now reported to General Lowrey with three batteries, and being the ranking officer he took command of the artillery on the line. Six batteries were placed on the line. Seeing several hundred Yankee wagons in a field, I procured a section of Rodman guns and tried to blow them up, believing them to be loaded with ordnance. General Ross, to whom the battery belonged, ordered his lieutenant to cease firing, but we had created some commotion in the midst of the train. About 3 o'clock the enemy made an attack upon General Govan's line which was facing to the north, and Key's and Swett's batteries opened such a deadly fire upon them that the line was broken. The Yankees then brought up three or four additional lines of batteries and concentrating for a desperate assault they charged up in this massed condition upon Govan's lines and against a portion of General Lewis's forces which had just been thrown upon the right of Govan and, of course, had no defenses. General Govan's works were fairly strong though manned very thinly, about a rank and a half. Their fire upon the advancing enemy was steady, and that of Swett's and Key's batteries very destructive, but the immense num-

38 Hood, at this time, seems to have been almost unbelievably misinformed in respect to Sherman's movements. On the night of the 31st he ordered the greatly outnumbered Hardee to hasten one of his two corps (Lee's) back to defend Atlanta from Sherman whom he still believed to be in front of the city. As a matter of fact, the Union general had concentrated his entire army, with the exception of the 50th Corps, on Jonesboro. On September 1st, as a consequence, Hardee's one corps was faced with six commanded by General Sherman himself.

39 Brigadier General L. S. Ross.
40 Brigadier General Joseph H. Lewis.
bers and overwhelming forces of the Yankees ran upon the works, sweeping over the right of Govan's fortifications, striking the lines at both batteries, and capturing the General and several hundred of his gallant Arkansans. The cannoneers continued to pour canister upon the enemy until they were within ten steps of their guns, and all of Key's battery were captured except twelve men. Swett's had a similar loss. Lieutenant Williams was seen to fall, but I hope that this brave officer may only be wounded. Our lines fell back about 200 yards and then rallied and checked the enemy until re-enforcements were brought up. I was at Captain Goldthwaite's battery at the moment of the charge that carried our lines, and I caused the available guns of his battery to bear upon the Yanks.

The defense of the Confederates was noble, but they were too weak to contend against such numbers. General Cleburne authorized me to bring up a battery from any position that one could be found, and Captain Bledsoe came up at a gallop to engage the advancing Yanks, taking position near a large white house. The enemy's loss, however, had been so terrible that they did not advance. Night brought the bloody contest to a close, and in my opinion our opponents lost ten men to our one. Indeed, we had but few killed and wounded, if they were not fouldy dealt with as was one of Key's batterymen who, after being taken prisoner, was cut down by a Yankee officer and then pierced with the sabre after he had fallen. I withdrew Captain Goldthwaite's battery after dark and General Cleburne ordered me to report to General Hardee for instructions as to where to move. All the artillery was withdrawn from the line, and we began to retreat toward Griffin. About midnight we reached Lovejoy Station where we halted for

41 A few days later, on September 9th, a special exchange of 1,000 prisoners was arranged and General Govan and his troops were among those released. They had only gotten as far as Nashville, Tennessee.
the night. I lay down but there was no sleep for me. The events of the day had been so unexpected and surprising that slumber could not drive sad thoughts from me. The knowledge that the brave men with whom I had gone through so many bloody battles had nearly all been captured depressed my heart, and could it have restored them I would have wept tears of grief. The long hours of the night wore away before I fell asleep.  

*September 2nd*

As soon as it was light I was up and looking for the Generals in order to find out what duties I had to perform. Learning that we were going to make another stand, I rode along the proposed line to select the commanding places for the remaining battery and any others that might be ordered to report to me. I was almost worn out for the want of rest and something to eat, for I had been so engaged recently that I had only had one meal a day and my strength was so reduced that it was with pain that I could remain on my horse to carry out my duties. But always with me the first thing was duty to my country and comfort next. Dr. Young, knowing my wearied and hungry condition, invited me to come to his hospital and eat with him as soon as I had located my batteries on the line. I accepted the offer with great pleasure, and with him enjoyed the first meal placed before me within the past twenty-four hours. The last was partaken with the gallant and good General Govan of my own Phillips County, Arkansas. Towards dark, when two lines of battle presented themselves in front of Cleburne's division, I ordered the artillery on the line to open upon them, causing the bluecoats to recede some, but they halted and began digging in for

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**42** In the fighting on August 31st and September 1st, the loss in Cleburne's division (to which Key's battery belonged) was 89 killed, 344 wounded, and 659 missing, a total of 1,086.
the night. Since Major Martin had two batteries on the line, I asked General Lowrey, commanding the division, to release me from command there, explaining that the Major ranked me and I did not wish to be giving orders to my senior officers.

*September 3rd*

Last night I rested comfortably until the rains began to pelt in my exposed face. Then I arose and found lodgment in a corn wagon until day. There was not much firing until evening when the Yankee batteries created their usual racket. General Hood’s forces having evacuated Atlanta, I saw Stewart’s corps marching to our relief and we were informed that Lee’s would be along the next day.48 So Atlanta has fallen and with it was destroyed one million dollars worth of ordnance which we so much needed. The explosions of our magazines were heard thirty miles, and the flashes of powder lit up the whole country. Four engines and about 100 box cars were destroyed. These are heavy losses, and I believe that if General Johnston had remained in command of this army there would have been 5,000 more men in it, and all these trains been saved. I asked Lieutenant Green, acting quartermaster, to ride with me to select a camp for the battalion. We found an old house about two miles from Lovejoy Station where we pitched our tents. I caused Lieutenant Steele, in command of Swett’s horses, and Lieutenant Marshall, of Key’s, to move to the same place, and finding an opportunity to go to the rear, I turned my attention to the improvement of the stock.

48 Sherman first learned of the evacuation from the sound of the explosions of untransportable ammunition and ordnance in the early morning hours of September 2nd. That day his troops entered the city. Evacuation was decided upon when it became evident that the Confederates could no longer keep open their one remaining line of railroad communication to the south.
September 4th

The usual picket firing was kept up. I called on General Cleburne to procure two batteries (or eight guns) for the battalion, but he said that that could not be attended to for the present. Sad and discontented I lost myself in a historical novel written by Mrs. Lee Hentz, called "The Southern Planter's Northern Bride." The language is beautiful and the characters are well drawn except one or two, and thus I dreamed away 40 hours over these pages.

September 5th

Heard today that the Chicago convention had nominated General McClellan for President and Pendleton for Vice-President. Don't like the sentiments of the first man, but believe that he will be for peace because he is so earnestly supported by peace delegates. The usual firing has been going on, but no such demonstration as an attack.

September 6th

This morning not a gun was heard, and everything was as calm as if there were no war. Shortly after breakfast the news was announced that General Sherman had withdrawn in our front, but whether to return to Atlanta or to make another flank movement we are not yet informed. Heavy rains fell today.

September 7th

On their retreat toward Atlanta the enemy have withdrawn as far as Jonesboro, four miles. Some of our wounded men were found at that place, but all who were able to walk had been carried to Atlanta. I have been so low spirited since the loss of my men and guns on the 1st that I have tried to forget myself in perusing such books as I could obtain, among them one relating the bloody and
cruel acts of Charles IX of France and his mother, Catherine, when Paris ran with the blood of 50,000 murdered men, women, and children.

September 8th

General Hardee's corps moved today from Lovejoy Station to Jonesboro. General Sherman had caused the railroads to be torn up and the heavy bars of iron were wrapped around the trees like horse collars. He was determined to render the rails useless to us. For miles along the road the stench was so offensive from dead horses, decaying men, and the debris of the battlefield that it was nauseating to pass over it. The Yankees had expressed themselves to the citizens as doubtful about conquering the South, and as wanting peace. Also that General McClellan would be elected and propose to the South to come back into the Union with all her constitutional guarantees secured by the North.

September 9th

I made my headquarters in a frame building on the west side of the railroad near the church in Jonesboro. The cool cloudy weather passed away, and this morning Sol came out in his warmth. I rode over the battleground of the 1st instant, and found our men digging up their friends and burying them in a more respectable manner. Saw but few of our graves and believe the Yanks lost at least five to one Confederate. One soldier told me that he had counted 242 Yankee graves near the breastworks. The ground had that desolate and ravaged appearance that characterizes a battlefield.

September 10th

The town of Jonesboro begins to have a more lifelike appearance. The exiled citizens are returning to their houses
to find their furniture broken to pieces, their clothing and beds stolen by the Yanks, all their fencing burned, and hogs and cattle eaten. The poor women are coming to the village with their bags to draw meal and bacon to keep from starving. They have been robbed of everything that sustains life. I now see two of them sitting on the side of the street waiting for some neighbor to come with her rations of meal and meat. Oh, heaven will avenge these wronged people by adding torments to the hirelings of Abe Lincoln!

_Sep tember 11th_

The quietness that has prevailed for a week has been so deep and unexpected that every day seems like the Holy Sabbath. The enemy has retreated to East Point, six miles south of Atlanta. There has been an armistice agreed upon by Generals Sherman and Hood, this arising from infamous and inhuman orders compelling every man, woman, and child to leave the city of Atlanta by going north or south of that place. This will drive from their homes hundreds of families who will have to live on the charity of the Confederate government. Sherman is one of the most heartless men that has ever disgraced a nation. He told women in Jonesboro that the North intended to subjugate the South to the last man, woman, and child. His banishment from Atlanta of the helpless families is carrying out his threat, for in this way he intends to accomplish his purpose by starvation and robbery. He is as great a brute as Butler, save in a different way.

_Sep tember 12th_

Early this morning I met Major Cobb and Captain Turner at Colonel Horton's for the purpose of drawing

*44 Benjamin F. Butler, notorious for his activities at New Orleans.*
horses for our respective battalions. Captain Bledsoe's battery was ordered into this battalion to fill the vacancy occasioned by the mounting of Swett's as scouts. He is an old officer from Missouri, and no doubt has done much service for his government. Since he is my senior I shall return to the command of my own battery. Four battalions have been ordered to Macon, Georgia, to guard that town and to recruit horses for more active service in the fall.

September 13th

This morning we moved our quarters a half mile south of Jonesboro between the lines where two powerful armies, thirteen days prior, had struggled for the victory in mortal combat. The ground half a century gone had been plowed by the steady farmer, but now had overgrown with thick stubby pines beneath a cluster of which I halted and under their thick foliage laid myself on the ground to restore nature and dream of home, wife, and peace. Since during the armistice I have nothing that demands all my time, I find myself listening to the words of Lord Byron entitled "Don Juan," spoken in verse.

September 14th

General McClellan's letter of acceptance has decided me, for he still harps upon the Union and says that two governments cannot exist over this territory in peace. Either he is playing a bold game for the Union vote or he is deceiving the peace men who nominated him and are supporting him. A majority of the Chicago delegates were for peace in the Union if it could thus be obtained, but for letting the South go free and stopping the war if she refused to return. These are the only true and sensible conditions on which this war can be terminated.

As I continued to follow Juan in his wanderings, I was
very much impressed by one statement which Byron af-
firms as true. He says that Haidee's hair waved down to her
heels and flowed like an Alpine torrent, affirming that he
knew four women who possessed hair in this profusion.
Their locks were of that length and quantity that when
let down they so shaded the person as nearly to render
dress a superfluity. Certainly the hair is one of those pecu-
larities of woman which adorns and adds grace and beauty
to the lovely form. The present fashion of clipping it
almost as short as a man's has shorn them of that grace and
effeminate loveliness which so completely overpowers man's
affections.

September 15th

This being the day which Governor Brown of Georgia
has set apart by proclamation as a time of fasting and
prayer, all military matters are dispensed with and every-
one is requested to attend religious worship. I visited a
beautiful grove of gigantic poplars and oaks where seats
made of logs covered almost half an acre of ground, and
were occupied by the veterans of Cleburne's division. Gen-
eral Lowrey offered up an humble and beautiful prayer
and then read for his text the 15th verse of the Fifteenth
Psalm, as follows: "And call upon me in the day of trouble:
I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." He particu-
larized the troubles of this people and nation at this hour,
and then appealed to the audience to pray that the Con-
federacy might be made free and we returned to our homes
in peace and rejoicing, giving the glory to God. The news-
papers have an interesting correspondence between Gen-
erals Sherman and Hood upon the course of the war, the
treatment of families within the lines of hostile parties, and
the barbarous orders of Sherman in banishing all the
families from Atlanta.
September 16th

The times and newspapers are truly becoming stale and uninteresting, for we have had no fighting for almost two weeks. Today I received two new and beautiful Napoleon guns from the Augusta arsenal; also 18 Arkansans who had been with Swett’s battery were assigned to duty with mine.

Last night I witnessed one of the sublimest sights that it is the fortune of man to behold. As the hidden sun tinged the clouds with the lingerings of his glory, the beautiful and love-inspiring moon smiled as sweetly and kindly as if there were no war, and the fall breeze was just at that temperature that renders everything comfortable. My footsteps were directed toward the spot where holy and devout men met to praise God. The hymn was being sung, and as I approached the stand the throng bowed in humble reverence before its Maker. The uncertain light from the flickering torches made it impossible to distinguish one individual from another, the reflection of the fire lamps revealed the rich leaves of the sturdy oak, the clustering hickory, and the form of the towering poplar, while the forest was vocal with katydids whose chirrupings were interspersed with the croakings of the frogs. Mingled with these were the voices of devout men at a distance making sweet melody, the chopping axes, the rattle of the military wagons, the neighing of horses that had sniffed the breeze of war under their brave and heroic riders, while from still further in the distance came the sweet and soul-enlivening harmonious airs from a brass band. But above all arose the earnest voice of the minister pleading with God for the souls of men and the deliverance of this troubled and down-trodden country from the relentless foe. As the minister pronounced the word “Amen,” hundreds of manly forms, whom I recognized as the sunburned veterans of Cleburne’s
division and who had fought their hundredth battle and bowed to none but God, arose from their knees. I have not the language to convey even a faint idea of the grandeur of this scene, which is so imprinted and lithographed upon my mind that time alone can obliterate it. It can be felt but not described.

September 17th

Today, General Hood, accompanied by Lieutenant General Lee, reviewed Hardee's corps in the presence of a large bevy of ladies. I spent an hour at General Hardee's headquarters conversing with the General on the larger phases of the war, the incidents of the battles of the 31st of August and the 1st of September, and the turn that politics has taken at the North since the publication of McClellan's letter of acceptance. The platform on which he was nominated was formed with a view to peace, but he appears to be for war. This has driven from his support such peace men as Vallandigham, Wood, and Long, and so weakens the Democratic party that it will probably ensure Lincoln's election. The peace men demand another convention. Time alone can determine what will be the result of the election in the North.

September 18th

The morning was dark and the clouds hung threateningly over the defenseless heads of our army. Before midnight I sent Lieutenant Marshall to Griffin to bring up two caissons. At 11 o'clock I received marching orders, and after we had struck our flies the pelting rains were as merciless as the enemy. We left Jonesboro at 9 o'clock P.M. and marched over the battlefield of the 31st of August, bivouacking for the night after we had traveled five miles.
September 19th

Reveille sounded this morning two hours before dawn and I swallowed my hasty breakfast by moonlight, after which we marched toward Fairburn on the Atlanta and West Point Railroad until noon when we halted three hours for rest. In the evening, when Hardee’s corps crossed the road and camped on the Sandtown Road, my omnibus broke down and I was apprehensive of losing all my clothes as well as rations. I ate my supper at half after ten P.M.—rather long between meals.

September 20th

This is the anniversary of our great victory at Chickamauga. By seven o’clock this morning I had ridden along the new line of defenses to select suitable ground for my battery. We are now about five miles from Fairburn and the same distance from the next station, known as Palmetto. Many rumors are afloat as to what General Hood is about to do: Some think he is on the eve of a flank movement by way of Blue Mountain, but I have hoped that we would take the cars and move through Corinth and Tuscumbia to Nashville, thus gaining back all of Tennessee. Something should be done in the way of generalship, for we have not the force to meet them.

September 21st

The weather continues damp and unpleasant. About 10 o’clock I moved my battery one mile to the right of the position that I occupied yesterday. Saw some of our soldiers who were captured at Jonesboro and asked how they were treated. They were not pleased at the Yankee treatment, having received only three crackers per day. This was much less than the Federal prisoners get in the Confederacy, where the Yankees have had us starving for three
years. I read the following extract from a private letter signed “R” and published in the Mobile Advertiser & Register, obviously written by an eyewitness of the Battle of Jonesboro: “Of course, when the enemy got in our rear, our artillery went up. The last shot I saw fired was from one of Key’s guns. It was a battery borrowed from Mr. Sherman on the 22nd of July last. Since the Yanks were not more than ten yards off and the gun was loaded with a double charge of canister, I think that just then Old Nick must have welcomed about one hundred new visitors into the lower regions.”

September 22nd

While the men are working on the fortifications, I divide my time between superintending and perusing such books as I can obtain. In reading the sketches of French history, I am struck with the sacredness of the familiar song known as the Marseillaise hymn. . . .

The armistice for the exiling of the women and children of Atlanta expired today. I received a kind letter from Mrs. Octavia Hobbs benevolently extending to me the hospitality of her house during the armistice or in case I should be wounded. Oh, the women of the South are the heroines of the age! May they be rewarded for their self-sacrifice and devotion to our great cause.

September 23rd

The weather is remarkably warm for fall, and showers of rain come as in blooming, cheerful spring. Having completed our breastworks we moved back about half a mile into the woods and pitched our flies to rest. My ambulance driver, who had been bringing out the exiled women and children from Atlanta, returned today and gave a gloomy story of the demoralization, or rather at the disgusting
equalization, of the whites and blacks under Sherman. A trustworthy lady told him that the day before she departed from Atlanta a big black negro man went to one of the most respected young ladies in the city and offered her $10 if she would come to his tent and spend the night with him. The thought of such an occurrence arouses every nerve in my body for vengeance, and I feel like crying: "Raise the black flag and let slip the dogs of war." 

Lost are the entries from September 24th through October 30th.
WHILE Sherman was resting safely in Atlanta and Hood encamped some twenty miles south thereof, President Davis had set out for a visit to the Army of Tennessee to ascertain for himself its condition and to assist in laying plans for the ensuing campaign. On September 24th, the day after the last entry for that month in Key’s diary, he was in Macon where—in a public address which Sherman characterized as “very significant”—he indiscreetly divulged his plans for Hood’s operations. On the evening of the 26th, with the army still encamped at Palmetto, he delivered an even more explicit and unwise speech to Cheatham’s division, composed in great part of Tennessee troops. “Be of good cheer,” Davis told his audience, “for within a short while your faces will be turned homeward and your feet pressing Tennessee soil.” Equally indiscreet was Hood, who added: “Within a few days I expect to give the command ‘forward.’” Then, on the 3rd of October, at Augusta, Davis completed the work of giving the Union commander “the full key to his future designs” in a speech in which he said: “We must beat back Sherman. We must march into Tennessee...and push...the enemy back to the banks of the Ohio....” The Confederate strategy had now been
fully and boastfully divulged for all the world to hear, and Sherman was delighted. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," he commented, and he began confidently to draw up his own plan of action.¹

In addition to having its strategy given away, the Army of Tennessee had suffered an irreparable loss in the transfer of Hardee. Immediately upon the removal of Johnston (whose military skill and character he greatly admired) and the assignment of Hood to the command, he had applied to the War Department to be relieved from duty and had only consented to remain temporarily because of urgent representations from Richmond. When Davis arrived at Palmetto, Hardee renewed his request, stating very frankly that while he regarded Hood as a "tried and gallant officer," he believed him "to be unequal in both experience and natural ability to so important a command." Faced with what amounted to a demand for a transfer (which, indeed, was favored by Hood who characteristically and unjustly placed much of the blame for his own failures upon his brother officer), Davis complied and Hardee was assigned to the command of the Department of South Carolina and Florida.

The loss of "Old Reliable," as Hardee was admiringly called by his devoted troops, was a shock to his corps quite comparable to the feeling elicited in the army by the removal of Johnston before Atlanta. Distressed beyond all others was Cleburne, who had served under him since early in 1861 and who would now have gone with him except for the feeling that he must not desert the troops of his division. As a matter of fact, Cleburne had every reason to expect that he would be offered the merited promotion to the post of lieutenant general vacated by Hardee, but his known sympathy with the latter did not recommend

¹ Cf. Thomas Robson Hay, Hood's Tennessee Campaign, pp. 22-23.
him to Hood, and Mr. Davis still harbored resentment because he had had the temerity to suggest to Richmond the arming of the slaves—a course of action advocated by the President himself when it was too late to be effective.²

Mr. Davis, meanwhile, had reason to be concerned over the condition in which he found the army. Himself received with coolness as he rode down the lines or with cries that "We want Old Joe," he could not fail to observe that its morale had been shaken and the hope of ultimate victory dimmed in the minds and hearts of the soldiers in the ranks. With the always slight confidence in Hood's leadership further impaired, and discouraged and fatigued, henceforth the army would fight on with dogged courage and desperate heroism, but without the buoyancy and optimism as to ultimate victory which had characterized their earlier campaigns.

With only 40,000 men (hardly more than a third of the number in his opponent's army), Hood now proceeded to apply the strategy which had been so openly and unwisely discussed by himself and Davis. On September 28th he put his army in motion with the view to doubling back on Sherman's communications, and by October 1st he had crossed the Chattahoochee by means of pontoons at Pumpkin Town and Phillips' Ferry and bivouacked eight miles north of Pray's Church. By the 3rd the main body of Confederates had proceeded to within four miles of Lost Mountain, A. P. Stewart's corps continuing to Big Shanty, just north of Kennesaw Mountain, capturing the garrison there and completing the wrecking of the railroad by the morning of the 4th. Having accomplished this and directed French's division to take Allatoona and destroy the bridge

² Major General B. F. Cheatham was assigned to command the corps and no promotion was made to the grade left vacant by Hardee's transfer.
over the Etowah River just to the north, as had been ordered by Hood, Stewart then set out with his two other divisions to join the main army, now encamped at New Hope Church. As it happened, Allatoona was much more heavily fortified than Hood had suspected, and French—after taking part of the fort on the 5th and suffering heavy losses—was forced to abandon its reduction at the approach of heavy Federal re-enforcements. On the morning of the 6th he rejoined the main army with what was left of his shattered division.

Moving northward, Hood reached Cedartown on the 7th and two days later he was at Cave City where he held a conference with Beauregard who was "sadly impressed" not only by the condition of the army but by Hood's lack of a well-formulated plan of action and by his all too apparent incapacity for independent command. However, no such doubts seem to have troubled Hood himself and on the 10th he led his army into Coosaville, ten miles southwest of Rome, and on the next day crossed the Coosa River and marched toward Resaca and Dalton, occupying the latter on the 15th after its surrender had first been refused. Coincidently, Sherman's line of communication had been broken by the wrecking of the twenty-five miles of railroad between Resaca and Tunnel Hill, though the highly mobile and effective Union engineering corps soon had it back in use. From Dalton, Hood cut sharply to the southwest and moved toward Gadsden, Alabama, where he arrived on the 20th.

While the Confederates were pushing northward, Sherman had not been idle. After starting two divisions for Tennessee on the 28th of September and ordering Thomas to hasten to that state on the 29th, he had continued with a large force to follow Hood as far as Gaylesville, Alabama, where, at the end of October, he satisfied himself that his
opponent actually planned to invade Tennessee. Clear on this point, he immediately ordered General Wilson with several thousand cavalry, Stanley's Fourth Corps, numbering 15,000, and Schofield with the Twenty-third Corps, containing 12,000, to join Thomas who was organizing his forces at Nashville. Further, General A. J. Smith was ordered to lead two divisions from St. Louis to Nashville with all speed. Then—leaving Hood to Thomas—Sherman superintended the demolition of the city of Atlanta preparatory to setting out with 68,000 men on his wrecking March to the Sea, "to ruin Georgia and bring up at the sea-coast," as he telegraphed General Amos Beckwith; to effect "the utter destruction of [Georgia's] roads, houses, and people," as he informed Grant, and to "make Georgia howl!"

Hood had arrived at Gadsden on October 20th. At this point his strategy (which was to be wrecked by a combination of unfortunate circumstances and his own indecision) was to cross the Tennessee River at Guntersville, destroy Sherman's communications at Stevenson and Bridgeport, and then move rapidly upon Stanley and Schofield in an attempt to defeat them before they could join Thomas. On the day after his arrival at Gadsden he laid this plan before General Beauregard, who now commanded the department and had nominal supervision over his movements, and they were approved. On the next day, the 22nd, the Confederates moved forward, changing the crossing of the Tennessee to Florence in order to make a juncture with Forrest and his cavalry. On the 27th and 28th the army was in the vicinity of Decatur, which was garrisoned by Federals, but only a gesture was made against it in order to allow Hood's forces to pass without interference toward Tuscumbia (situated on the south bank opposite Florence) where the army arrived on October 31st.
October 31st

Last night we rested on the banks of Town Creek. Before the sun had driven darkness from the earth, I had eaten my allowance and visited Generals Cleburne and Cheatham to ask permission (which was granted) to ride ahead to Tuscumbia to spend the night with dear friends. As I passed down the once beautiful valley of the Tennessee, I saw nothing except wrecks of palaces and devastated plantations. Indeed, so fiendish has been the work of the Federal General, Dodge,* that there was but one house in sight of the road from Town Creek to Tuscumbia. He may dodge some things but in the future world he will not be able to dodge the fiery torments that justice will heap upon his guilty soul.

Before noon I arrived at Tuscumbia and dismounted at Mr. Charles Palmer’s where I was cordially received by his attractive family. Soon I was seated at the table and satisfied my appetite by dispatching a good meal. From thence I walked to Mr. R. M. Halsey’s where I felt at home, for there I found true and unfailing friends. It is a noble family, generous and kind, and to me it is next to home in dearness. The evening was pleasantly spent in the parlor with Misses Annie and Mattie Halsey, listening to beautiful and heart-melting music.

November 1st

Since the morning was unusually beautiful, I made arrangements to accompany five or six of the young ladies to the pontoon bridge that spanned the blue waters of the Tennessee near Florence. I sent my own private ambulance for them, and soon we were walking upon the pontoons that rode the rushing current as a steamer skims the water. A shower of rain fell, causing us to retrace our steps to the

* Major General Grenville M. Dodge.
carriage for shelter. Through my opera glass we could see across the river the effect of the cannon balls from our guns two days prior. The Yankees were taunting our men and daring them to come across and fight, evidently thinking it was Roddy's cavalry. However, they were greatly chagrined and skedaddled at the double quick when twelve pieces of our artillery opened upon them.

November 2nd

The weather has changed and the clouds are leaking. I spent the day with Mrs. Palmer, enjoying myself in recapitulating the events of my early life. Oh, how pleasant it is to sit down and eat a good dinner with a nice lady presiding at the head of the table. This is an experience seldom enjoyed by me or by any other old soldier.

November 3rd

I visited the business part of Tuscumbia and found a large portion of the town burned and all the streets looking weather-worn and dilapidated. Saw many of my old acquaintances and friends. Happily the hours passed away with Mrs. Halsey's family, and I was loath to leave the roof where joy and music prevailed to return to the monotony of camp. Orders were issued to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

November 4th

The weather continued damp and unpleasant, and the army still under marching orders. The evening was gleefully spent in the parlor with the ladies and several of the officers of my battery. The pieces known as "The Fall of Women," "Some Things Love Me," and "Just Before the

*Brigadier General Philip Dale Roddy.
Battle Mother," were so appropriate to my feelings that they invariably drew tears from my eyes.

November 5th
I pursued my usual way of visiting, spending half the time with Mrs. Palmer's family and the remainder with Mr. Halsey's.

November 6th
This is the day of rest. Mattie and I attended worship at the Methodist Church in the building where I first went to Sunday School and where I afterwards knelt hundreds of times in devout prayer. Oh, the sight of the benches and pillars of this house brought back to memory's tablet many events of joy and happiness that had buoyed up my heart in my early years. Here young ladies greeted me to whom I had taught their lessons in Sabbath School but who had grown up so rapidly that I did not recognize them. Dr. McFerrin delivered one of his usual eloquent and touching sermons.

November 7th
Early in the morning I rode to camp to see how things were going on. Mike Wilson, Asa Hudson, and Tom Wiley had deserted and stolen three horses and saddles. Desertion was disgraceful but theft made it iniquitous. Heard that General Forrest had attacked Johnsonville and destroyed four gunboats, ten transports, and 15 barges with a large supply of government stores.\(^5\) This is cheering news, for

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\(^5\)Having captured a gunboat and transport on the Tennessee River, Forrest had manned them with his cavalrmen and finally lost them after a fight with the whole Union flotilla. He then marched up the west bank to a point opposite Johnsonville and by artillery fire across the river he destroyed a huge store of supplies that had been accumulated there for re-shipment to Sherman, and sank or burned nineteen federal vessels that were tied up at the wharf. It was a brilliant exploit, but the consequent delay in making a juncture with Hood was costly.
the victory will help to give us control of the Tennessee River.

November 8th

The weather continues warm and disagreeable. The heavy rains have filled the streams, and since the army is on one side of the river and the beeves on the other, it is almost impossible to feed the men. We are now encamped on the bluff overlooking the river two miles above town. This day the Presidential election is held at the north, and it is to be hoped that their animosities will result in strife and even bloodshed between the peace and war men.

November 9th

This morning the weather was gloomy and wet, and the army suffering from the rains. There has been so little raised in this section of the country that enough cannot be obtained to feed the horses, many of which are becoming weak and poor from their prolonged fasting.

November 10th

The morning was clear and cold and the army was under moving orders. With weeping eyes I bade my relatives farewell and rode to camp, but before reaching there I learned that the river had risen so rapidly that the pontoons could not reach from bank to bank. For this reason orders were issued returning the troops to their camps. This delayed the movements and I fear that the army will suffer on account of high waters.

November 11th

Much to the delight of the drowned soldiers, the weather turned considerably cooler and the clouds disappeared. I visited Mr. Halsey’s and spent the day very pleasantly in
conversation and in listening to vocal and instrumental music.

**November 12th**

Last night the soldiers drove off two of Mr. Halsey's beef cows and committed other outrages on citizens. Everything is being prepared for a movement and General Hood has assured the army that he will soon move and possess the enemy's communications.

**November 13th**

This morning Cheatham's corps marched for the pontoons spanning the Tennessee at Florence. After the infantry had crossed, a drove of cattle was started on the bridge. Becoming frightened they stampeded wildly and drove the men before them, finally massing such a number of bees at one place that their weight sunk several pontoons and threw two mules and about 45 head of cattle into the river. The excitement was great and fears were entertained that some men had been knocked overboard and drowned. The work of the engineers in remodeling the bridge detained the column for twelve hours, and my battery was sixteen hours making the distance of four miles. At 2 o'clock in the morning we passed through Florence and halted on the banks of Cedar Creek, a mile from the town.

**November 14th**

Dawn brought to view the craggy cliffs which bound the deep waters of Cedar Creek and which had been invisible in the shades of last night. The army has gone to work preparing temporary headquarters with the view to enabling a small force to hold Florence and to protect the pontoon bridge which connects us with the railroad at Tuscumbia. Dr. Young and I enjoyed the romance of a
ride in a skiff on the blue bosom of Cedar Creek. There are many marks of the vandal Yankees in the vicinity, for mills and valuable factories have been burned to the ground. I called upon Major Moore and learned the sad intelligence of the death of Theodrick Moore, of Helena. Heard that Miss Sue Godley was in town and made a special visit to her to converse about events of old.

November 15th

While in town last evening I heard the band playing lively airs interluded with vociferous cheering, and upon inquiring the cause I learned that the great cavalier, General Forrest, was in town and that he was being serenaded. Rumor says that all the Northern States except New Jersey, Delaware, Kentucky, and Missouri have given majorities to Abe Lincoln for President. With him the executive we may expect the war to continue for another term of four years unless we shall be able to conquer the peace.

November 16th

This morning I took my cannoneers to the line of fortifications around Florence and prepared temporary works for my guns. Since this is a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, I visited the Methodist Church and listened to a sermon from Dr. McFerrin. The building was thronged to overflowing with soldiers, but the day being wet few ladies were present.

November 17th

The whole earth resounded and echoed with music this morning before the rising of the sun. Band after band commingled their soft and impressive notes, melting the hearts of some and buoying up the spirits of others. There was a rumor in town to the effect that Lincoln has issued a draft
for one million Northern soldiers. If that be true the war will be waged with renewed vigor and more bloody than ever this year has been. How the South will be able to contend against such overwhelming numbers we cannot imagine, for she now has almost all her available force in the field and her only hope would be in organizing the negroes as an auxiliary to aid her in the struggle. Many Southern men have preferred the election of Lincoln to McClellan, but we have thought it a strange course of reasoning to desire the South’s bitterest enemy to rule the nation with which we are at war, and expect to treat with, and at the same time hope for amity and reconciliation.

The telegraph announces that General Buckner has gained a victory at Morganza, Louisiana, capturing 1,700 Yanks and about 50 heavy guns, but that he was forced to evacuate the town in a few hours because it is situated on the bank of the river and he had no gunboats.

November 18th

The morning was humid and gloomy, and I seated myself under my fly to spend the disagreeable hours in perusing the British Poets. Especially was I charmed with the eloquent verse of Thomson’s “Seasons,” the following lines of which struck me with unusual force because soldiers think so much of home and dear wife, mother, and children:

“For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where
Supported and supporting, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.”

* Major General Simon Bolivar Buckner.
November 19th

There has been no shifting of the monotony of camp further than orders to be ready to move, but the continually falling rains caused the forward movement to be postponed. I spent the day in camp reading the British Poets. Rumor says that after burning Marietta, Atlanta, and Dalton, General Sherman has cut loose from his base and is now making his way to Macon and thence to the ocean where his troops will be transported to Richmond to join Grant, thus combining two armies to crush General Lee. General Beauregard has taken his departure from Tuscumbia to meet and attempt with a few regulars and the militia to check Sherman’s four corps. A strange maneuver of generalship is now being enacted: the Federal army marching south and the Confederate army marching north, both changing countries and neither having a base.

November 20th

This morning with high hopes and a smiling face I procured a pass from General Cheatham to visit Tuscumbia and spend 24 hours with my kind and esteemed relatives, but upon arriving at the pontoon bridge to my great chagrin I met General Stewart’s corps crossing and there I stood from morn until eve awaiting permission to cross. At dark the wagons still continued to come, and greatly disappointed I returned to my humble camp.

November 21st

The whole army this morning with steady steps bends its way northward towards the fruitful lands of the gallant

\* On the night of November 15th the destruction of Atlanta had been completed and early the next morning Sherman began the devastating march to the sea. "Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins," he was later to write, "the black smoke rising high in air and hanging like a pall over the ruined city."
Tennessee. My battery was ordered to remain with General Smith’s brigade to guard the rear of the army and to escort the pontoon safely through the dangers of the trip to Duck River. There is now a snow storm raging, but of feeble force. The wind howls mournfully from the west and it is impossible to keep comfortable between the pelting snows and piercing blasts.

**November 22nd**

Before day we had dispatched our scanty meal of corn bread, bacon, and coffee (made from parched corn), and were ready to move to Pride’s Ferry, to which point—because of the better roads and fifteen miles shorter distance—the pontoon bridge was ordered to cross supply trains from the Memphis and Charleston Road. General Hood has moved his army from Florence to Waynesboro *en route* for Middle Tennessee. The morning is excessively cold, the ground frozen hard, and the wind cutting as a two-edged sword. I lay and shivered all last night, and have suffered distressingly all this day. By 2 o’clock I arrived

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8 The three weeks’ delay at the river, however, had well-nigh destroyed Hood’s chances of overtaking and defeating in detail the several bodies of soldiers that had been started to Nashville by Sherman. Hood explained that he had to wait to gather supplies before pushing on; that it took time to get the troops across; and that he was held up by Forrest’s delay in making a junction with him, as well as by the heavy rains. These, however, are rather excuses than reasons. As a matter of fact, “the paralysis of Hood’s decision cost him many lives, the campaign, and finally his command.” When Hood entered Tennessee he had about 41,000 men in all and he could look for deductions from this force (by death, desertion, and capture) without hope of material re-enforcement. At the same time, Schofield and Stanley were in Pulaski (sixty miles south of Nashville) with about 27,000 men; J. B. Steedman was at Chattanooga with 7,000; a small force under General R. S. Granger still held Decatur; and the able Thomas was training a raw army of recruits at Nashville. All in all, Thomas had 60,000 men at his disposal and A. J. Smith was hurrying to his support with 14,000 more.

9 Brigadier General James A. Smith.

10 Hood, with the body of his army, hurried forward in a belated and futile attempt to catch Schofield before he got across the Duck River at Columbia.
with my battery at Pride's Ferry where we halted. Our mess soon rolled together a few logs in order that we might warm our numbed limbs. Today I met with a Mr. Buck Key, who may be a relative of mine. He formerly had a delightful home and was living in affluence until robbed by the Northern vandals.

November 23rd
Finding that the river banks were so steep that it was impracticable for loaded wagons, it was thought prudent to drop down the river to Cheatham's Ferry where we are now encamped. Through the laziness of a sergeant, two wagons last night were driven into a pond, drowning one mule and near drowning and freezing a negro teamster. His clothes froze on him and it was with strenuous exertion that his life was saved.

November 24th
The weather is cool and bright, and all are cheerful and buoyant. We are awaiting the arrival of flatboats with which to cross the supply train. Nothing of note is transpiring here, but it will not be long until this army will raise a stir among the bluecoats. The papers announce that General Breckinridge has defeated the Federal forces at Bull Gap, capturing six pieces of artillery and 200 prisoners. I met with a Mr. Grenade from Arkansas, who denies the report that General Price has been driven from Missouri and represents that the patriots of that State are flocking to his command.

November 25th
Great battles always make lasting impressions on the minds of the soldiers who participate in their heroic and
bloody conflicts. This is the anniversary of the Battle of Missionary Ridge, where Grant found our army greatly reduced and his large one re-enforced. General Sherman charged Cleburne's division four times on the ridge (I was commanding two batteries on the extreme right), and he was as often repulsed with heavy losses. The enemy came so close that between the intervals of the firing of my guns I did actually throw stones upon them, and numbers of the enemy were wounded and even killed by stones from the hands of our men. But while we so nobly and unwaveringly held our ground, the Confederates one mile to our left gave way and the army was forced to retreat to Tunnel Hill, Georgia. Many and thrilling have been the events that have transpired during the period of this twelve months. The flatboats arrived last night, and ordnance and supply wagons are now being ferried across the river, but the work is being slowly executed by inexperienced soldiers.

**November 26th**

The news from dear home bears down my heart like a mighty incubus. I have received a letter from my wife in Arkansas which brings the sad intelligence that our little Emma, 4 years old, has been salivated. The calomel has eaten away her chin, her gums have sloughed off from the jaw bone, and her teeth have fallen out. But with all this suffering she was not relieved, and because the poison had taken root in the bone, the Doctor administered chloroform and cut away a portion of the jaw, disfiguring her for life. Oh, how this grieved my heart and distressed my good wife. Yet this was not the only dark and threatening cloud that shadowed my distant and once happy little family. I shall let the fluent pen of my wife describe the heinous and thieving acts of the Federals and their black imps:
My Dear Husband:—

I annex to this a few words to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but you must learn of it some time and it may as well be now. Soon after breakfast this morning the Feds (negroes and whites) under Carmichael and Woods (negro colonel) came. Here they were in the yard before we knew it and I had only time to put my purse in my pocket and hide your miniatures when they came in. They plundered everything, searched everywhere for arms, killed all my chickens again, trampled my garden down, pulled up my flowers out of the boxes and broke the boxes, took away every tin and wooden vessel on the place—even to a small tin dipper, carried off my lard, dried fruit, pickles, and vinegar, and broke up all my stone ware (you know we had a good stock). They took all my bedclothes except one blanket and a few sheets, my wool, mosquito bars, all those nice window curtains, my nice table mats, all your letters, papers, and deeds, all the children’s toys, a good many of my nice clothes, and even Julia’s and sister’s miniatures, rubbing them out and throwing them away.

The negro soldiers would not even wait for me to unlock the trunks for them to search, but got on them with their feet and jumped on them, kicking them all to atoms. Such cursing, snatching, and fighting over the contents you never saw. They held up some of my finest things and shook them at me, laughing and shouting: “She’s a Reb! She’s a Reb!” They set fire to what wheat I had and the cotton in the cotton houses and burned them up. A great black negro set the cotton on fire. Well, I saved one trunk, thank God. When they threw it out on the ground I jumped up and ran to it just as a host of the black imps were about to kick it open. I put my hands on it and there I stayed with them dancing and yelling about me. One negro drew his sabre on me and another his gun, but I held on until a white man from Illinois took pity on me and carried my trunk back into the house, but even he compelled me to open it and I had to take out all the articles. One black fellow snatched up your cap and went dancing off with it, but the same white man took it away though he did not
give it back to me. He asked if you had worn the cap in service. I told him you had. He said he had orders to take all such. They gave all my nice things to one of Aunt's negro girls, Belle, whom they took away with them. They ransacked Aunt's house the same way, taking all she had to eat, some of her clothes, all the mules, and two of the negro boys, Frank and Sol.

This is badly written, but the vandals are not far off and I am looking for them to return every minute, God help me! I could do very well, but with the children screaming and so frightened it is all I can do to keep calm. Chesley (five years old) 11 stood it like a man. He was pale as death, but stood by me and never shed a tear. But poor little Julia (seven years of age), so weak from her late illness, was thrown into a fever. Now to you I will say that you must not be uneasy about us, we will not starve. Take the Bible, turn to the 5th Chapter of Job and read the 8th verse down, and see what I have to help me. And remember that if they should take the last piece from my back, I'm not conquered. They may conquer the wood by fire, and rend my garments and scatter them to the four winds and all that; but I'm not conquered. So like the old oak, the more the wind blows the firmer I stand. Well, all I can say is "Thank God! He is our help and our shield."

November 27th

My heart is so much depressed with the sad intelligence from dear home that I have thought of but little save the barbarous treatment that my family received from the hateful Abolitionists and their negro associates.

November 28th

This being the Sabbath I mounted my war horse and rode to Dr. Conner's plantation where I was cordially received by himself and lady. The Doctor was an old acquaintance whom I had known many years before in Tusculumia. His home is a beautiful place adorned with sylvan

11 This is Key's interpolation as is the similar one just below.
groves of stately oaks which in summer furnish a delightful choir loft for feathered songsters. This was the birthplace of Mrs. Conner who in childhood had sported with lambent step beneath these trees and now in womanhood reverenced them. The Abolition thieves had nearly broken them up by their thefts. After freely indulging in a good dinner I returned to my camp, much improved in spirits.

**November 29th**

At daybreak we were preparing to bid adieu to Cheat-ham's Ferry and proceed with 60,000 pounds of salt, a large quantity of meal, and ordnance stores to rejoin General Hood who is now at Columbia, Tennessee. The first part of the road was through a rich farming country which in prosperous times had been under cultivation but now lay in idleness because all the laborers had been kidnapped by the unprincipled Yankees.

**November 30th**

Last night we crossed the boundary between Alabama and Tennessee, and this morning we are on the soil of the State that gave us birth, with our faces turned toward the enemy. General Sherman has gone to the capital of Georgia and burned the penitentiary and other buildings, and is aiming for Augusta. After we had left the river fifteen miles behind, the country became poor and barren and there are but few inhabitants. Here we were warned to be on the

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12 Schofield succeeded in getting across Duck River, but on the 29th, at Spring Hill, Hood managed to throw a large force in his rear. Apparently the Union general, with only 5,000 men in position to fight, was inextricably trapped by the Confederates who had 25,000 effectives at hand. Here again Hood's strategy had been good but poor tactics were to rob him of the fruits of victory. Orders for the battle were confused and though Hood was at hand he did nothing to straighten them out. As a result, the troops of the enemy and an immense wagon train were allowed to march to safety in the darkness along a road within less than half a musket shot of the Confederates. The annals of war record no more flagrantly wasted opportunity.
alert, for there was a band of Tories inhabiting this section, killing and robbing indiscriminately. Some cavalry captured and killed six of them today.

December 1st

Before daylight we had dispatched our allowance of poor beef and corn bread and were trudging through the mud on our journey. The country is very sterile and fruitless, and on today's march we passed but two houses. The ground is so soft that my carriages mire up to the hubs and my horses are so jaded that we have had to abandon two on the roadside.

December 2nd

The clouds let their bottoms loose and long before day I was forced to rise from my humble couch on the ground and roll my blankets without more rest. We bivouacked at a small place called Henryville, Tennessee. This day General Hood sent a courier to General Smith instructing him to hasten up the train which he is conducting, as a heavy battle has been raging at Franklin and Generals Cleburne, Granberry, Adams, and Strahl were killed and General Brown wounded.\(^\text{18}\) These were gallant officers, and the

\(^{18}\) At dawn on November 30th, the day after the failure at Spring Hill, the Confederate army was put in motion toward Franklin, eighteen miles away. Shortly before four o'clock that afternoon, Hood slaughtered the flower of his army by ordering them (against the advice of his subordinate commanders) to charge more than two miles across an open field against the Federal fortifications. The butchery was needless and horrible, the fiercest fighting being confined within a space of about fifty yards, lying between the historic Carter House and the cotton gin across the pike. In this narrow space alone lay 1,500 killed and wounded (900 Confederates, 600 Federals). The Confederates lost twelve generals: killed, Major General P. R. Cleburne, Brigadier Generals H. B. Granberry, S. R. Gist, John Adams, and O. F. Strahl; wounded, Major General John C. Brown, Brigadier Generals John C. Carter (mortally), F. M. Cockrell, A. M. Manigault, William A. Quarles, T. M. Scott; captured, Brigadier General George W. Gordon. More than one-fifth of the 26,897 Southerners engaged were casualties (one fourth of the infantry), and 3,524 of the 27,099 Union soldiers. More men were involved and it was a longer and bloodier charge than that of Pickett at Gettysburg.
whole nation will weep over the death of General Cleburne, and especially will Arkansas put on mourning for his loss. He was as brave as the bravest and his division has always been the first in the thickest of the battle. They were as gallant as their heroic leader. History will record his name in living letters of unfading renown. This evening we reached the beautiful, rich country of Mount Pleasant, which looked the more lovely after having passed through so poor a blackjack country.

December 3rd

Last night we slumbered on the bluegrass of proud Tennessee, three miles from Mount Pleasant. The hard macadamized roads enabled us to march about 20 miles per day. Tuesday we passed through the beautiful town of Columbia where there had been quite a skirmish four days prior involving the advance guard of General Hood's army. Yesterday the remains of Generals Cleburne, Adams, and Granberry were interred at Columbia. Sleep, honored dead!

14 Pat Cleburne, a native of Ireland who was educated at the University of Dublin and came to the United States at the age of 21, rose in a short time from private to Major General in the Confederate armies and lost his life at Franklin at the age of 37. Publicly acclaimed as the "Stone-wall Jackson of the West," he was affectionately known to his idolizing command as "Old Pat." The day before the Battle of Franklin, the road passed through Ashwood, six miles from Columbia, where beautiful little St. John's Episcopal Church (still regarded as a fine example of Gothic architecture) is located. As Cleburne passed by, he could see the walls and sharp pointed roof almost concealed by the ivy, while the shrubbery looked fresh and green even on this bleak, November day. Reining in his horse he lingered for a moment to admire, remarking to one of his staff that it was "almost worth dying for to be buried in such a beautiful spot." After his death, the next day, he was interred at Rose Hill, near Columbia, but recalling his remarks his staff had his body removed to St. John's at Ashwood beside those of Granberry and Strahl. Later his remains were carried back to Helena, Arkansas, and reinterred under a beautiful monument. Cleburne was a brilliant leader. Robert E. Lee referred to him as "a meteor shining in a clouded sky"; Hood thought his loss "irreparable"; and Davis declared that his men "followed him with the implicit confidence that in another army was given to Stonewall Jackson, and in the one case, as in the other, a vacancy was created which could never be filled." Cf. Buck, op. cit., pp. 543-45.
Though your bodies are silent in the grave, you will speak in eloquent tones by your examples. On a high hill at Columbia the Federals had erected a strong fort in which there are held prisoners today 1,500 of their own men, taken in the Battle of Franklin on the 30th of November. Hundreds of our wounded were in Columbia and Spring Hill, and angels in the shape of lovely women were there dressing their wounds and furnishing refreshments. Oh, woman, what would inspire men to breast the storms of bullets and face death fearlessly except thy happiness and thy influence!

December 4th

Last night the train halted midway between Columbia and Franklin. The whole of this country is in a high state of cultivation, the fields enclosed with rock fences. The scenery is beautiful, the level plains and towering hills covered with gigantic oak, walnut, and beech, whose pendant branches in summer give a lively and refreshing appearance to the whole country. By noon we reached the battleground of Franklin, which will be remembered as the scene of one of the severest conflicts of the age, and because of the number of gallant generals who here offered up their lives for their country. I saw the spot where our beloved General Cleburne fell, and saw his horse dead near the Federal breastworks. General Adams’ horse lay on the parapet of the second line of enemy’s works. General Gist fell gallantly leading on his brigade. Franklin was thronged with beautiful ladies, married and single, coming from and

Before the battle Cleburne had called together his brigade commanders and told them that the enemy positions must be carried at all hazards. With his subordinate commanders he led the desperate charge in person. Just before Cleburne reached the Federal breastworks, his horse was killed under him. As he mounted another, it too fell dead in the hail of bullets, but without pausing he charged on foot at the head of his men and fell, shot through the heart, on the enemy’s parapet near the gin house across the pike and about one hundred feet from the Carter House.
going to the different hospitals to give aid and comfort to the wounded Confederates. I saw Lieutenant Thomas Moncrief, of Helena, who had received two wounds—besides him I saw no one with whom I was acquainted. One young man in the charge saw his home behind the Federal forces, and exclaimed: "There is my home and I intend to go to it." He fell within fifty yards of his mother's and father's house, pierced by five balls. This is said to have been the most heroic fighting that has ever transpired in the West.

**December 5th**

This morning we could distinctly hear the booming cannon at Nashville six miles distant. We moved on the pike for that city and when in two miles we could see the Yankee forts and their flags waving from the lofty hills around the city. Their heavy artillery opened upon my battery and threw some close shots as we passed in full view. I sought an eminence and with my opera glasses drew close to me the costly marble capitol of Tennessee on which waved the stars and stripes. The enemy's lines were strong, and yet they continued to work on them. Citizens informed us that the Federals reached the vicinity of Nashville about

19 Captain Theodorix Carter, 20 years of age, was the youngest of three brothers who joined the Confederate army. At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of November 9th he could see, for the first time in three years, the familiar red brick walls of his home, located just fifty yards behind the Federal parapets and almost hidden by the surrounding evergreens. After the battle, when the family ventured into the yard, they found his crumpled body lying near the doorstep. Tod Carter had come home to die. See "The Old Carter House at Franklin, Tennessee," by Will Spencer McGann, *Tennessee Historical Magazine*, Series 3, Vol. III, no. 1, 1932, pp. 40-41; also Roberta S. Brandau, ed., *History of Homes and Gardens of Tennessee*, p. 285.

17 After the Battle of Franklin, at between 10 and 11 o'clock that night, Schofield retreated to Nashville. Hood—who should have saved his army from further disaster by hastening to cross the Tennessee River—was foolish enough to follow with 25,000 men and lay siege to the city where Thomas now had approximately 70,000. His lack of wisdom was also shown when, before proceeding against Nashville, he sent Forrest to invest Murfreesboro and thus deprived himself of the services of his ablest lieutenant and a considerable part of his own meagre forces.
Legend
1) Confederate advance line on morning of Dec 15th
2) Confederate main line on Dec. 15th
3) Confederate advance line evening of 15th and morning of 16th
4) Confederate main line on Dec 16th

Capitol

Confederate cavalry attached gunboats at Charlotte Pike

Murfreesboro Pike

R.R. to Johnsonville

Harding Pike

Hillsboro Pike

Pike

Granny White Pike

R.R. & to Franklin

R.R. & to Murfreesboro

Norestsllle Pike

Battle of Nashville
Dec. 15 and 16
1864

Scale of Miles
0  1/2  1

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
midnight on the same evening that General Hood attacked
them at Franklin, and that they were frightened and mov-
ing at great speed. Many of the Yanks who had come down
South to settle abandoned their homes in such rude haste
that they did not even move any of their furniture one mile
into the city. Some skirmishing has been progressing all
day on the lines. General Forrest captured two steamboats
loaded with mules, all of which he saved, but gunboats
came up and he had to abandon the steamers so unexpect-
edly that he did not have time to burn them.

December 6th

This morning before day I took position in the line of
battle south of Nashville, and we are now erecting re-
doubts.\textsuperscript{18} The Yanks made a demonstration a few moments
since, as if they intended fighting, but I think they were
-guarding some trains to strengthen their forces at Murfrees-
boro. Anyhow, we have just captured six trains loaded with
supplies. General Hood, as he rode along our lines, said
that he had ten days' big rations for us. The gunboats are
now fighting our cavalry below Nashville. Their broad
mouthed cannon roar like thunder and the prolonged sound
echoes over the hills around the capital.

December 7th

At an early hour this morning the Yankees marched a
line of battle, composed of white negroes and black negroes,
against our pickets and after the first assault was repulsed
the attack was renewed with the same result. There were
several of the misceginators killed and wounded. Save this
attack there has been but little skirmishing. The cars and

\textsuperscript{18} When Hood's army left the Tennessee River, Key's battery was de-
tailed, as we have seen, to act as an escort for a wagon train. It was for
this reason that he missed the Battle of Franklin.
gunboats in Nashville keep up a noisy racket with their whistles. Today I perused a Nashville paper which gives some of the particulars of the burning of Atlanta by Sherman and his hordes of thieves. I think that our generals should adopt the *lex talonis*.

**December 8th**

This morning the northern blast swept chilly over the hills and the soldiers suffered greatly for comfortable clothing. General Lee ordered forward his corps either to feel of the enemy to ascertain if they were evacuating Nashville, or to obtain a more commanding position for his lines. With glasses I could see the bluecoats running, and I think the Confederates gained some advantage. General Forrest, with two divisions, is at Murfreesboro investing the Federals in their forts at that point. At the suggestion of Thomas Lambert we sought one of the prominent hills south of the Federal fortifications and were taking a close view of their works when a 30 pounder Parrott opened upon us. Seeing our animals, the Yankees must have supposed that we were general officers and sent one of those deadly missiles traveling over our heads at the rate of 800 miles per hour to tell us to desist from our observations.

**December 9th**

The weather is cold and sleet is falling fast and thick. The sleet obliterates our fire and keeps us wet, and if we go under our little fly we suffer with cold so that our teeth chatter. The only alternative is to pile up under our blankets to keep warm. All my leisure moments are consumed in reading Thomas Dick's "The Christian Philosopher"—a discussion of the relationship of science and philosophy with religion—from which I shall occasionally copy in order to fix the principles in my own memory....
December 10th

Nature is clothed in winter's bleak costume—snow and ice. The soldiers stand around their fires warming one side while the other grows cold, and shed tears from the strong smoke that puffs in their eyes. An occasional shot from the towering hills of Nashville is all that disturbs the scene under our observation. Our artillery carriages are frozen in the ground, and ice half an inch thick coats my brass guns. Don't want to fight in such weather as this.

December 11th

This day will be remembered by the soldiery around Nashville as “windy Sunday.” The winds have been sweeping all day long at the rate of 60 miles per hour, and the icy blasts are so piercing that it is impossible to keep warm. I have been forced to resort to my blankets to shield myself from the pinching cold. The Yankees, who are cut off from timber, have suffered equally as much, for this evening they advanced in line of battle and drove in our videttes to get some rails.

December 12th

The extreme cold weather has moderated some, but the ice and snow make it difficult to walk. I made a circuit today on the picket line to take close observations of the enemy's movements and their works. I discovered the Yankee lines in the suburbs of Nashville and could witness their movements in the vicinity of our pickets, the two firing at each other constantly. As I am a constant admirer of the ladies, and they are lovers of flowers, I shall give some interesting particulars of a flower called the “carnation,” which was examined with the help of the microscope by Sir John Hill....
December 13th

This morning I was notified that I had been placed in command of this battalion of artillery. In the evening the Federals came out from Nashville with a strong line, and skirmishing continued until dark. Nothing of moment has transpired at Murfreesboro, though General Forrest has the place invested and it is believed that the garrison will be forced to surrender ere long. The soldiery of this army will remember the grandeur of the scenery from Walden’s Ridge and Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga, but these sink into insignificance in comparison with the Himalaya chain north of Bengal, on the borders of Thibet. . . .

December 14th

This day the flag on the tower of the capitol hangs so heavily over this opaque ball that it looks as if it were draped in mourning for some sad catastrophe. The mists are cloudlike in their thickness and the rays of the sun are so perfectly excluded that at noon it is almost impossible to discern a man ten steps away.19 This, of course, has suspended all fighting.

December 15th

Just as I was dispatching my beef soup and corn dodgers, a brisk skirmish began on the right of the Nolensville Pike, whereupon I hastened to the lines and found that the Yankees were advancing upon our forces.20 Being in command of four batteries, I sought our Captain Goldthwaite,

19 This condition, familiar today to all citizens of Nashville, is probably to be accounted for by the fact that the hills which encircle the city keep the winds from blowing away the vapors which rise from the Cumberland River.

20 By this time Thomas had assembled at Nashville more than 70,000 effectives (infantry and cavalry) to oppose to Hood’s less than 35,000 battered and dispirited troops. Actually taking part in the battle were some 50,000 Federal soldiers and 25,000 Confederates.
who was nearest the enemy, and in a few moments a brisk fire was going on in our front, and ere long, balls were coming into our right flank and rear, singing their peculiarly inharmonious tune. When a colored brigade, led by white officers, was within 200 yards of our line, our batteries opened on them and they were routed in ten minutes, leaving quite a number of the fuliginous skins lifeless and vimless on the cold ground. The enemy suffered severe loss at the hand of Granberry's brigade. After the repulse of the enemy I walked over the ground and counted 14 dead and wounded negroes, and their white officers, within the space of two acres of ground; what was the extent of their loss it was not then prudent to examine. In the meantime the fight began to rage furiously two miles to our left, and the gunboats jarred the earth under their volcanic belchings of nitre. About 2 o'clock the cannonading from the Yankee lines was terrific and [so] rapid it resembled one continual roar; and after attempting to demoralize our men by such shelling, they moved near the bank of the Cumberland under the shells from their gunboats, and thus turned the left flank of General Stewart's corps. This was a grand and sublime sight as I witnessed it from one [of] the lofty hills that overlooked the scene of conflict as well as the city of Nashville. The whole valley was overshadowed by the white smoke from the burning powder. General Thomas [*s] forces captured from Hood about 20 pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners. My heart ached at the news that our lines had been broken. Before midnight Gen. Cheatham's corps 21 withdrew from the right, falling back three miles on the Franklin Pike and taking position on what is known as Granny White's pike. We slept only two hours this night.

21 Hardee's old corps which contained Cleburne's division, including Key's battery.
Facsimile of Part of a Page from Diary of Thomas J. Key
December 16th

At daylight our new lines were formed, and the battle began to rage on the left and right. The Yanks brought to bear upon us about 50 pieces of long ranged guns, and shell [ed] furiously for two hours, blowing up two limbers and killing a number of men. They then advanced on our right near the Franklin Pike and were easily repulsed. Not satisfied with their effort, they renewed the cannonading and the charge and met a similar defeat. Failing on our right, Thomas brought on an assault on our left which was for a short time checked, but upon being re-enforced the enemy pierced the lines in front of General Bate's division, which shamefully broke and fled before the Yankees were within 200 yards of them. Then ensued one of the most disgraceful routs that it has been my misfortune to witness. All the batteries on the extreme left were captured, containing about 40 pieces of artillery, and hundreds if not thousands of the infantry fled in such shameful haste that they threw down their guns—their only means of defense. This occurred about 3 o'clock and every carriage, wagon, and ambulance was in a race to reach the Franklin Pike and the woods were thronged with stragglers. Now we miss the great General J. E. Johnston who was so unwisely taken from the command of this army. The number killed and wounded on our side was very small in the two days' fighting and must have been quite double on the part of the enemy, as they advanced upon temporary works. The whole of our army moved down the Franklin Road, having been flanked out of the Granny White Pike.

22 The detachable fore wheels, axle, and pole of a gun carriage.
23 The panic, quite as bad as depicted by Key, was rather to Bate's left.
24 Key's assumption as to the Union casualties is correct. Their total loss was 5,061 of whom 587 were killed, 2,562 were wounded, and 1,512 were missing. Hood's similar casualties were probably less than 1,500, but to this must be added the 4,462 prisoners taken by Thomas.
December 17th

This morning about 1 o'clock we reached Franklin where we halted until daylight, and then the column continued to move to the rear for Columbia. At sunset we reached within a mile of the Duck River and there we stood all night in the rain and mist waiting for wagons to cross. Oh, how fatigued and hungry we were, for we had not eaten in two days. In the face of such hardships and defeats I cannot express how much the soldier desires "this cruel war soon over." 25

December 18th

Crossed the Duck River, passing through Columbia and camping two miles from town on the Pulaski Road. Here we were permitted to remain for the day and to eat some meat for the first time in almost three days, having been marching and fighting all the time without sleep. Everybody is despondent. General Forrest had to raise the siege around Murfreesboro and come to the aid of General Hood. 26

December 19th

The weather adds to our gloomy feelings—the clouds leaking upon our exposed persons and stock, while the thought of having to evacuate Tennessee after having possessed it but two weeks was extremely depressing. There has been some fighting on the north side of Duck River.

25 Reminiscent of "When This Cruel War Is Over," one of the most popular of Southern war songs.
26 On the 19th Forrest and his cavalry were placed on guard at the Duck River while the Confederates finished crossing. On the 20th he selected the brilliant E. C. Walthall, the youngest Major General in the army, to assist him in forming a rearguard. With 4,500 picked men they saved the army from annihilation by contesting the ground inch by inch until the Tennessee River was crossed on the 27th.
December 20th

All the artillery moved out from near Columbia this morning, under the pelting rains. We moved towards Pulaski and bivouacked for the night about 18 miles from Columbia. The rain and sleet fell on us all day and it was so cold that my clothes froze on me. We were so cold and the ice on the wood so thick that we were two hours getting a fire, and then as the ground thawed it became so sloppy that it was almost impossible to sleep at all. Oh, the suffering we endured was so intense that we shall never forget this bitter cold night! 27

December 21st

Arrived today at Pulaski. The northern blasts were piercing and intensely cold. Our mess joined as one and made a very large log fire which kept us warm all night. Pulaski is a very nice town, having some beautiful mansions. The Court House is one of the finest pieces of architecture that we have noticed in all our soldiering peregrinations. It was said that the people of Giles are Union in sentiment, but I saw nothing to sustain this assertion.

December 22nd

The advance guard of the army struck its tents and moved toward Florence. The weather had been so cold that the ground was frozen several inches deep. We halted for the night eight miles from Pulaski and devoured fat pork and Graham bread by the pound.

27 With rain, sleet, and snow falling, the teams often went belly deep and the infantry up to their arm pits. A large part of the army was without shoes, and blood frequently stained the ice. When an ox fell dead from exhaustion, the desperate men stripped the hide from its body before the blood had congealed, and bound up their feet.
December 23rd

At early dawn my battery was rattling over the frozen roads and we traveled 22 miles this day through country which is very poor.

December 24th

Reported today to General Cheatham to assist in bringing up the rear with the corps. Reached within 12 miles of Florence and since it is Christmas Eve the forest echoed with explosions of powder in celebration of this anniversary of the birth of Christ. Even the sorefooted soldiers were enlivened and cheerful, but the urgent necessity for crossing the river would not permit of any halt.

December 25th

Before day the army was in motion. Reaching Shoal Creek we met with much detention because the water was so deep and the rocks so large that carriage after carriage was stalled and mules and horses were drowned by dozens. Heard the roar of the enemy's gunboats at Florence.

December 26th

So soon as darkness had fled, our forces were marching for the pontoon bridge spanning the Tennessee at Bainbridge. Just after I crossed the river, two gunboats attempted to break the bridge, thus hoping to cut the army in two and drown hundreds of men. The boats were repulsed and driven down the river. I rode ahead of the army to Tuscumbia where I was cordially received by dear friends and relatives.

28 When it reached the Tennessee River, Hood's army, with all coherence and morale lost, probably numbered less than 15,000, no more than 5,000 of whom were in condition to fight.
December 27th

Moved four batteries to the south bank of the Tennessee to engage the Yankee gunboats, but before we could reach the river they had passed down stream. We were anxious to raise a row with them, for we had fought all ways except against those ugly monsters.

December 28th

The day passed off quietly except for gunboats shelling the banks at Cheatham's Ferry.

December 29th

The army moved off from Tuscumbia and camped for the night near Barton. Our horses had not been fed for so many days and had become so weak that we had abandoned many on the roadside. Oh, the want of foresight and confusion that now prevails in this army has never been witnessed in it before!

December 30th

Arrived at Big Bear Creek before noon, but the want of a few wagon loads of planks for decking delayed the whole train until in the night when the bridge was finished, and we crossed the artillery in the midst of black darkness and cold pelting rains. Our suffering was intense. After hard labor we ignited wood, and, with the sleet falling and the northern blast sweeping around our exposed heads, laid our weary selves in the mud for the remainder of the night.

December 31st

We labored through mud holes and over hills with our half starved and jaded animals, making only seven miles today and arriving at Iuka at sunset. This is the second anniversary of the great Battle of Murfreesboro; long will the fearful struggle of that day remain fresh in my memory.
THE FINAL DAYS

January 1st, 1865

This is a new era, and 1865 is pregnant with events of weal or woe for thousands of gallant soldiers. Oh, God, into thy hands we commend ourselves and trust that thou wilt preserve us from harm, and bless our country with peace and independence.

Before day I visited Colonel Smith's tent for the purpose of asking permission to ship our guns by railroad to Corinth, as my horses were too weak to draw them. This was granted. Iuka being about 18 miles from Jacinto where my parents live, I obtained a leave of absence for 24 hours and rode there in advance of the army, arriving at my father's before night. The Yanks had persuaded off from him eight valuable negroes and had taken all his mules and killed and eaten all his hogs and cattle. The country looked desolate and forsaken, and more than half of the houses were tenantless. The evening was agreeably spent in conversation around the fireside with parents and brothers and sisters, I recapitulating the hundreds of thrilling events that had transpired on the battlefields since we had been separated.

January and

It is superfluous to attest that the moments at home—the place where my boyhood was spent—were happily im-
proved and agreeably employed. Since I was last under the parental roof, two sisters and a brother-in-law had passed from this stage of existence to some of the bright orbs of God that whirl in the immensity of space. General Lee's corps passed *en route* for Rienzi today.

*January 3rd*

My leave of absence having expired, I prepared to bid adieu to my dear relatives. Judge C. D. Key, my patriotic father, is today living to see the seventieth anniversary of his birth, this being the second war that he has witnessed. I left my old home expecting to find the army halted at Rienzi for the winter, but to my surprise we retraced our steps for a short distance and bent our course towards Columbus, Mississippi, camping near Mr. Swing's, 8 miles from Jacinto. Our horses were so near starved that many of them were abandoned on the roadside, and my cannoneers had to push the carriages up the long, steep hills.

*January 4th*

I was up long before the morning star smiles in his celestial course, and was prepared for the day's march. The country through which we passed was covered with scrubby pine but the land was much more productive than that would indicate. In the evening we camped at a little town called Marietta, on the line between Tishomingo and Itawamba counties. Here we heard that a number of wagons had been captured and burned near the road on which we were traveling, and that the Yanks were 12 miles from us.

*January 5th*

This morning we traversed a poor, hilly country, crossing the Tombigbee River at Walker's bridge. The east side of
this stream is a desolate piney country and the people are poor and ignorant; yet the climate is remarkably healthy and the women are unusually productive for this day. Indeed, I counted fourteen children at one log cabin and the eldest was not twenty years of age, while the mother still looked young and vigorous. Rumor is current in camp that President Davis has died of typhoid fever at Richmond. If this be true, the ablest statesman on this continent has fallen and the Confederacy will feel heavily the loss of his guiding intellect. He was one of the most graceful and polished orators that I ever heard address an audience.

January 6th

Last night we bivouacked eleven miles from Fulton. The town looks dilapidated and abandoned, there being only two or three residences worthy of the name. I was told this morning that it is believed that Abe Lincoln has proposed to the Confederacy an armistice to allow the Southern States an opportunity to decide by ballot whether, with their constitutional rights guaranteed, they would consent to return to the Union with the understanding that slavery would be entirely abolished by 1865. Such a proposition would have thousands of advocates, but its acceptance would be a reflection upon the hundreds of thousands of gallant men who have fallen for the cause of liberty.

January 7th

This regiment of artillery camped last night two miles northeast of Fulton. Today’s march was over a very hilly country until we arrived at Smithville, Mississippi, which is located near one of the branches of the Tombigbee in a level section where the soil is of a very productive character. For miles the countryside is adorned with beautiful residences and is almost as flat and smooth as a floor.
January 8th

We fared sumptuously last night, having a bushel of sweet potatoes and a gallon of sorghum (paying $4 for the first and $15 for the latter). For months our fare had been simply bread and meat, and you cannot imagine, you well-fed home people, how soldiers relish such a change of diet. The women had baked ginger bread for which they received $1 per cake.

January 9th

Before daylight the clouds were leaking, and all the day's march was through slop water and cold rain. It was distressing to see the brave soldiers wading barefooted in mud a foot deep and then forced, when they halted for the night, to sleep in several inches of water or build a scaffold. My suffering this day was equal to what I endured on the 20th of December, 1864, when my clothes froze on me.

January 10th

The batteries were compelled to leave the main road to Columbus because the rains had raised the Buttahatchie to the point that it could not be forded. We crossed at Gallagher's Ferry, carrying over two carriages at a trip and going into camp near the river.

January 11th

After a good rest last night I felt much improved, and at daylight we were on the road to Columbus. The country which we traversed was very level, so much so that there were no streams. However, the heavy rains had so flooded the flats that the water stood like a mighty lake (often 24 inches deep) through which the soldiers were compelled to wade despite the bitterness of the weather. Arrived this
evening within 1½ miles of Columbus and in hearing distance of the whistles of the cars and the steamers.

January 12th

Last evening witnessed our usual large log heaps for fires and to our delight we were entertained with music from the violin and the banjo. A number of small negroes from a plantation adjacent to our camp came to hear the music, and when the soldiers got the darkies to shuffling their feet many hearty laughs rang out on the cold air at the antics of the Africans. Boots and saddles sounded and at about 9 o'clock we entered the city of Columbus. There were many magnificent palaces and residences as we approached the business section of the town, and the handiwork of beautiful women was displayed in the tastily arranged gardens that furnished indubitable evidence of her cultivated mind. The streets of Columbus were wide and well arranged, and the buildings looked new and in good repair. We crossed the Tombigbee on a pontoon and took up camps a mile and a half from town. The soil was alluvial and many large ravines had been cut in the bottom by the receding high tides of the river. The company ground was densely covered with small gums, hickories, and pines.

January 13th

In company with Colonel Smith I rode to Columbus to take a more minute view of the place and to learn the latest dates of events from other portions of the Confederacy. There were a number of mercantile houses open, but the supply of goods was not large. I met with Mr. Frasher, the official in charge of the Newsome Hospital, who carried me through the spacious buildings, showing me the conveniences provided for the sick and wounded soldier. The war has been raging for almost four years,
and I have passed through as many as one hundred days of continual fighting, but thanks to Heaven I have never been sick or wounded seriously enough to be sent to a hospital. In one parlor today I met three generals on crutches: Generals Brown, Polk, and Vaughan.\(^1\) General Polk and I had a lengthy conversation on the condition of our government, the spirit of the army, and the policy of arming the negroes to defend our homes; also upon the propriety of furloughing all the Trans-Mississippi troops in this army for 90 days. This is the first day's rest that we have enjoyed since the 14th day of December, around Nashville, since which time we have been marching through rain, mud, and snow, and I have lost by starvation and overwork 20 horses from my battery. It has been the most trying period that has yet aggravated my soul.

*January 14th*

This morning I returned to my usual habit of perusing the Bible before breakfast, after which I devoted my time to the study of philosophy and historical matters. Books and newspapers are my best companions in camp, and were it not for these in which to lose the tedious hours I should die of *ennui*.

*January 15th*

This cool and bracing morning I mounted my horse and rode to Columbus to worship. The streets contained hundreds of finely dressed ladies on their way to the different churches. I sought the Methodist Church where I found more ladies and more fashion than I had witnessed at any time since “this cruel war.” The appearance of all indicated education, refinement, and affluence of the commu-

\(^1\) Major General John C. Brown and Brigadier Generals Lucius E. Polk and A. J. Vaughan, Jr.
nity. Dr. McFerrin delivered a plain, pointed discourse upon the duty of secret, family, and public prayer. I returned to my big camp-fire improved in feelings and thinking there were pleasures yet to live for, though for three years I had been deprived of all society except military, which is the coarsest character. At night Sergeant Bailey and I again attended religious services.

January 16th

The weather continues pleasant and cool, and the whole army is in expectancy about obtaining furloughs to cross the Mississippi River. I was invited to a "storm" party which met at a residence in the suburbs of the town. There were assembled a half dozen or more young ladies and twice the number of officers, and in an hour after the gathering assembled music rang through the hall and merrily the dance went on. The pontoon bridge, which was sunk by a stampede of unruly oxen, prevented me from crossing the Tombigbee to camps; so I was forced to spend the night with Mr. Daughty.

January 17th

By request of Captain Vandiver I called at General Elzey's office to talk about reorganizing the artillery of this army. So many guns were lost at Nashville and so great a number of horses were killed or starved on the retreat that all companies cannot be furnished, and as a result many batteries will have to be consolidated. I expressed a desire to be assigned to heavy artillery at Mobile or some other city.

January 18th

The world wagged on as usual and the monotony of camp life was unbroken. No news except the rumor that

\footnote{Major General Arnold Elzey.}
France had recognized the Confederacy on condition that these States emancipate the slaves. With me, independence is the paramount question. At night I rode two miles to town to hear Rev. P. Nealy preach. Needless to say his sermon was eloquent and full of good sense. He is an excellent declaimer and his floral style is interesting and instructive.

*January 19th*

The appearance of floating mists indicates rain; so at my suggestion the remainder of the officers and I began cutting logs to make a shelter to be covered with flies. We constructed a large log cabin which added much to the comfort and convenience of the mess. The papers announced that General Taylor has been assigned to the command of the Army of Tennessee in place of General Hood. He may prove a good officer, but J. E. Johnston is the man that this army wants and the circumstances demand.*

*January 20th*

Visited Columbus and hearing the mournful sound of the funeral bell as I approached the city, I turned my steps to the church where was assembled a large concourse of ladies and men. In front of the pulpit rested three beautiful coffins, covered with wreaths of evergreen and laurel, which contained the bodies of three heroic officers who had fallen in the Battle of Harrisonburg. The address of the minister was pregnant with feeling and wise counsel as to the duty of everyone to strain every nerve to obtain our independ-

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* The leadership of the devoted but too impetuous Hood was discredited both in the eyes of his army and the Confederacy at large. On January 9th the Virginia Legislature had unavailingy requested that General Joseph E. Johnston be returned to command. On the 13th Hood himself asked to be relieved and on the 15th he was instructed to turn over the command to General Beauregard. Then on the 17th General Dick Taylor was put at the head of the Army of Tennessee, Hood actually turning over the command on the 23rd.
ence. Oh, how many thousands of noble and gallant soldiers have fallen on the bloody battlefield without their bodies receiving interment! It is dreadful to contemplate being killed on the field of battle without a kind hand to hide one’s remains from the eye of the world or the gnawing of animals and buzzards.

**January 21st**

The Trans-Mississippi troops are greatly disappointed, as the whole command expected to be disbanded for 60 days to visit their homes. Today, furlough orders were received in lieu of disbandment. The weather is very wet and I have been all day preparing furloughs for my company. I sent up an application asking to exchange my battery in the field for a siege battery at Mobile. As I spend my leisure hours in reading philosophy, I shall now and then introduce some items in astronomy....

**January 22nd**

The day was gloomy but I rode to Columbus to Church and heard Dr. McFerrin deliver a powerful sermon on growing in the grace and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. All was preparation in camp for the movement to Columbus, Georgia. The papers are harping on the reported alliance between England, France, and Spain, the rumors being that they have informed the United States that unless the war has ceased by the 4th of March they will arm and interfere in behalf of the Confederacy.

**January 23rd**

Having orders to move, we packed up our blankets, ovens, camp kettles, and other accoutrements, and transported the guns across the pontoons to the steamboat land-
ing to await the arrival of the boats. The horses were sent by land to Montgomery while the remainder of the battery bivouacked on the banks of the river opposite Columbus. The weather was very cold and my wet bridle reins were freezing while I held them without gloves. Having received a telegram from Thomas Lambert announcing that he was about to take his departure for Arkansas, I began inditing epistles to my dear wife and relatives. I was rejoiced to hear that he was going home, for he had not seen his mother in almost four years and in whatever position he was placed he had deported himself like a true and gallant soldier. Many other gallant Arkansans have received furloughs to visit their mothers, wives, and sisters.

January 24th

The weather continued very cold and since we had nothing with which to make fires except pine (which exudes black smoke), we suffered from cold and became as sooty as colliers. The time went as usual in camp, awaiting the arrival of a boat to carry us to Montgomery.

January 25th

Since I am in command of the battalion, I received General Elzey's orders, delivered early in the morning, to begin loading the pieces of artillery on the steamer, "Lily," and in the evening we steamed out from the beautiful and gay town of Columbus. Because there was no means of cooking on the boat at night, she was tied up while the men went ashore to build their fires and cook a day's rations. Meanwhile, I sought a berth in the front part of the boat near

* Most of what was left of the army was started by land to oppose Sherman who had almost completed his devastating sweep through Georgia and was about to enter the Carolinas. General Dick Taylor was left in charge of Alabama and Mississippi.
the chimneys where I fixed up a fly to protect us from the winds, and since the floor was warm from the boilers beneath, we found it more agreeable than the frozen ground.

**January 26th**

The morning was cold but there was romance connected with our mode of traveling—riding on the steamer during the day and camping on the bank at night. The bright camp fires lit up the surrounding woods and showed the boat in her full proportions, while my men spent the hours until bedtime dancing after the music of the fiddle, banjo, and bones.

**January 27th**

Daily our steamer traversed something more than 125 miles, tying up at night for the want of pilots and because there was not enough room for the men to lie down. At Demopolis I granted four days' furloughs to 40 of Goldthwaite's men to go through and see their parents, and the extra room made our trip down the river more pleasant. Lieutenants Austin and Bowlin obtained leaves of absence.

**January 28th**

The weather continued extremely cool notwithstanding the fact that we were so far down in Dixie. Today we passed the salt works which operate under the direction of the State of Alabama. The monotony of the passage on the little steamer, "Lily," was relieved in the evening by the fiddle, banjo, and triangle. We passed the wreck of the steamer, "Dick Keyes," which had blown up a few days prior to this, killing her officers and wounding a number of persons.
January 29th

Arrived this morning at the city of Mobile. The river for a number of miles has but little current and the country around is flat and swampy. Here the magnolia grows so thick that the forest in midwinter looks green and verdant. This beautiful tree, often as high as fifty feet and as much as two feet in diameter, is a beautifully picturesque sight with its waving moss and bright leaves glistening in the rays of the sun. Mobile is visible for six or eight miles down the Alabama River, and the flat country is overgrown with some species of tall swamp grass. As soon as we touched the wharf the newsboys came aboard with the good tidings that Blair * had visited Richmond with a peace mission and that President Davis, in return, had sent Senator Hunter, of Virginia, Vice-President Stephens, and Judge Campbell of Alabama as commissioners to Washington. The impression is general that an armistice will soon follow.

January 30th

The Yankee fleet now lies about five miles out in the bay, blocking this port from connection with the outside world. It is provoking to see those large ships of war spreading themselves so near, and I long to have command of a navy sufficiently strong to give them a struggle for the mastery of these waters. Mobile does not look as if she is materially affected by the war, though one must pay an extremely high price for everything. Board at the hotels is $80 per day and every other article is in proportion. Today I transferred the battalion of artillery from the “Lily” to the “Reindeer.” There has been some firing on the bay between the enemy’s gunboats and our water batteries. The guns were very heavy and sounded over the waters like the

* The venerable Francis P. Blair, Sr., who had figured so prominently as the staunch friend and adviser of Andrew Jackson.
flashes from the heavens. I met General Cheatham who appeared much pleased to see me, and as soon as I explained that the delay in my arrival at Montgomery was attributable to the want of pilots, he expressed himself satisfied.

*January 31st*

Last night, in company with Dr. Ford, I visited the theatre and witnessed the play known as "Pauline"....

*February 2nd*

The steamer arrived at the beautiful town of Selma. This is a great manufacturing place for the government and most of the ordnance used in Mobile is made here. The surrounding country is rich and beautifully located. The scenery on the Alabama River is much more picturesque than that along the Tombigbee.

*February 3rd*

Before day the steamer had made fast at Montgomery and I at once began preparations to remove the battalion of artillery to the railroad depot. Having given forty of Goldthwaite’s men papers to go ahead to Montgomery, I fired a salute to cause them to assemble at the boat and aid in transferring the pieces of artillery. Montgomery is a neat and prosperous place. The State House is a creditable piece of architecture.

*February 4th*

Before 8 o’clock we were all aboard for Columbus, Georgia, but the road was in such a miserable condition that the cars were twelve hours in running 80 miles. The ladies of Columbus, anticipating our arrival, had prepared refreshments for the soldiers, and while the men stood in
two ranks they gave to each a supply of the staff of life. After the food had been distributed, the cry arose for a "speech from Captain Key," to which call I properly replied by mounting one of my guns, laying my piece of bread and meat on the ammunition chest, and complimenting the generosity of the ladies of Columbus. In addition, I gave a brief history of the three batteries and the many battles through which they had fought, and wreathed the brows of our comrades with perennial laurels. This cordial greeting of the ladies of Columbus buoyed up the hearts of the soldiers, vivified their spirits, inspired their hopes, and nerved afresh their hearts to go forth in the gigantic struggle for liberty. I regret that I have forgotten the names of the ladies who waited upon us; however, their memories will remain in our hearts.

February 5th

We traveled all night on the cars and at 8 o'clock this morning reached Macon, Georgia. Here we halted, expecting to have some rest from the ten months campaign. Since it was the Sabbath, I sought some place of worship and reached the Presbyterian church where I found everything done up in order—but such as I think is out of place in a house of worship. Many of the pews were rented, a custom which I disapprove because the house of God should be free to every individual and there should be no reserved seats to bar the stranger when he attends worship. A negro boy acted as sexton, but I did not wish to be conducted into the church by a negro or anyone else; therefore I sought my own seat, and in five minutes some ladies presented themselves at the pew, whereupon I vacated it. Oh, the religion of Christ is free to all, and His house should be so, and the rental of seats is a degenerate innovation upon Christianity. The telegraph reports that Seward, Secretary of State for
the United States, has met our commissioners at Fortress Monroe, whether to escort them to Washington or to learn their proposals and then turn back, it is not announced.

February 6th

Since the horses of the battalion are 15 days behind us, coming by land, we halted at Macon to await their arrival and pitched our little cotton shanties about one mile east of the city in a pine grove. When in camp I employ my leisure in reading and writing. In recording what I saw at Mobile, I neglected to give a description of an "animal" that was towed down the river while I was there. It was shaped like a trout, measuring 15 feet in length, 6 in breadth, and 10 in depth, and it was sharp at both ends. It was made exclusively of sheet-iron and was called a torpedo boat. In the front of an infernal machine of this type is fixed a pole about 12 feet long on which the torpedo is placed, after which the whole boat is sunk by letting in a certain amount of water, and a small engine sets the craft in motion, striking the torpedo against the enemy's vessel below the water level and causing a terrible explosion—mayhap blowing the vessel into atoms and throwing guns and marines high into the air to sink into the briny deep. This particular boat was not quite completed, but I hope that it will soon be at work lifting the Yankee fleet entirely out of Mobile Bay.

February 7th

The weather has been wet and disagreeable, but I have endeavoured to fix my mind on Dick's philosophy to keep off the blues. The more I learn of the extent of space the more I am astonished at the wisdom and omnipotence of its Author. Independently of the sun, which is a vast universe in itself, and of the numerous comets which are con-
tinually traversing its distant regions, it contains a mass of material existence, arranged in the most beautiful order, 2,500 times larger than our globe. From late observations, there is the strongest reason to conclude that the sun, along with all this vast assemblage of bodies, is carried through the regions of the universe toward some distant point of space, or around some wide circumference, at the rate of more than 60,000 miles an hour; and if so, it is highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that we shall never again—during the succeeding ages of eternity—occupy that portion of absolute space through which we are at this moment passing.

February 8th

The telegraph announces the return of the Confederate commissioners from Fortress Monroe where they were met by Lincoln and Seward, having failed to accomplish anything towards an honorable peace. Lincoln met them as if he were a king or emperor and laid down the terms himself, not even appointing commissioners as Mr. Blair had induced our authorities to believe he would. His terms were our return to the Union and the abolition of slavery (or, rather, obedience to the laws of the United States, which has recently passed a law abolishing slavery in all the States). The hope of our people for peace was predicated on the possibility of a treaty, offensive and defensive, fashioned after the Monroe doctrine, or a dual government to prevent monarchs from obtaining territory on this continent. Captain Bledsoe and I were invited by and accompanied Lieutenant Green to his home where we were agreeably entertained and participated in a good dinner. He has an interesting family.
February 9th

The weather is extremely cold and the wind comes cutting and slapping so keenly that there is no such thing as comfort around our fires in the open air. Since the smoke and sparks blow in my face and the ashes fill my eyes when I approach the fire, I am at a loss how to keep from freezing. Having a large box with the top off, I drew it near the blaze, crowded into it, and by submitting to be smoked as boys do a rabbit I managed to read about 70 pages of an English translation of that interesting novel-history entitled "Joseph II and His Court" [written by Frau Klara Mundt].

February 10th

Nothing of interest transpired in camp. Sherman's cavalry has made a raid on the railroad beyond Augusta, thus depriving us of news from Virginia. It is said he is moving with his forces upon Columbia, S. C., and rumor also says that General Lee has sent a small force to meet the Federal General.

February 11th

I have been employed all day in reading an interesting book entitled the "Reveries of a Bachelor," by Ik Marvel. It is the truest exposition of the human heart that ever I perused. He compares fickle love to a flame that goes out, and again the heart of true woman—where love endures as long as life and expires only with the departure of the spirit from the body—to anthracite coal. He likens death to ashes. We recommend this book to old bachelors and maids, and even to young ones.

February 12th

This morning, after cooking my own breakfast, I brushed up my soldier clothes and set out for the Episcopal Church in Macon where I arrived later than I intended and found
the building thronged with richly dressed men and ladies. The finish of the interior is beautiful and the stained glass windows give out many rays of different hues. The sermon was fair, but cold and unfeeling. At night I attended the Presbyterian Church and found that at that service the seats were free to all.

February 13th

The east wind has been blowing freezing all day. The news of a fight in Virginia has reached us. General Pegram * fell among the gallant dead. By invitation Dr. Ford, Sergeant Bailey, and I visited Mrs. Rodgers in Macon and were accompanied by Lieutenant Strong, his lady, and Mrs. Terrill. After being entertained with music and conversation we were introduced to an amusing game or play called "scissors," also a very laughable one called "the third man." We laughed over these innocent amusements until my sides were sore. Indeed, it was the youngest assembly of old people that I have ever met with. We returned to our cold camp fires and pallets on the damp ground, longing for the happy day when we should be allowed to mingle with dear ones at home in the felicities of the family circle.

February 14th

Nothing of moment is occurring in camp, and we are awaiting the arrival of our horses to continue our march for Augusta and from thence to face Sherman's forces.

February 15th

Events move on as usual. The Georgia Legislature met today, but there was not a quorum present.† I devoted the

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* Major General James Pegram, killed at Hatcher's Run, Va., on February 6, 1865.
† Sherman having taken Milledgeville, the State capital, the Legislature assembled at Macon.
day to the perusal of "Joseph II and His Court," seeing the many absurdities of royal life.

February 16th

Early this morning I visited Macon to behold the legislative talent of the State, but still there was no quorum present. Captain C. Freeman invited Sergeant Bailey and me to walk up to the Female Seminary where he carried us upon the college buildings and into the observatory, giving us a good view of the whole city, including that portion known as Vineville. Macon is dotted with some residences as fine as can be found in any large city, and the evergreens and the taste in the arrangement of the yards are beautiful beyond description. The residences are palacialike and superbly furnished. Captain Freeman was very kind in his attentions, and after describing the most notable places he invited us in to dinner and we did justice to a good table.

From Captain Freeman’s home we sought the cemetery. These grounds are laid out in lots, and the habitation of the sacred dead is adorned and beautified to an extent that is surprising. The graves are excavated and then walled with brick before the dead are deposited, and the lots are enclosed, in hundreds of instances, with rock basement and cast-iron railings of the finest pattern. The monuments are costly and beautiful. There are 20 acres of ground enclosed and laid off into neat walks, with here and there fresh springs gurgling from the hillside. At one point the ground is excavated to form an artificial grotto floored with crystal rocks which give the name to a beautiful spring which flows there. The good people had also made several artificial ponds in which the finny tribe sported gleefully, giving life to the city of the dead. Par-

8 Wesleyan College.
particularly interesting was one ceiled vault in which the long metallic coffin, which had not been affected in the least by the ravages of time, could be distinctly seen.

February 17th

Last night the city hall was densely thronged to hear the Hon. (now General) Cobb upon the duties of the hour. His principal theme was the avarice of the people, the question of whether we had the strength to conquer the peace, and the means by which all our forces could be brought into the field. His remarks were received with the utmost attention and he was often interrupted by immense applause. He said that there are annually 50,000 young men arriving at the age of military duty. His speech did much good in calming the dissensions that were arising in this state. I attended the session of the Legislature and found the members of the Georgia Assembly to be a reasonably able-looking body of men. Governor Brown’s message, which began with military matters and harped almost exclusively upon President Davis and the management of the government, was read. It was a tirade of abuse and personalities unworthy of a patriot, and as I listened to it I thought that it was an invitation for Georgians to desert their country and join the foe who is destroying and invading their homes. His hatred of the President was so bitter that he urged the Legislature to propose that a convention be called to change the Confederate Constitution so that a general could be appointed to command all the

* Major General Howell Cobb who had served as Speaker of the House of Representatives and Secretary of the Treasury under President Buchanan. Sherman, on his devastating march through Georgia, had spent the night of November 22, 1864, at his plantation home near Milledgeville, leaving it in ruins for no reason except that its owner had dared to resist invasion. Says Henry Hitchcock, a member of Sherman’s staff, in his diary: “I don’t feel much troubled about the destruction of H. C.’s property—one of the head devils.” Cf. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, ed., Marching with Sherman (Letters and Campaign Diaries of Henry Hitchcock), p. 84.
armies and thus deprive the executive of this power. My opinion is that the Governor is an ambitious demagogue who is willing to destroy his country in order to accomplish his wicked and seditious purposes.

February 18th
I visited the city last evening to hear an address from Senator Hill upon the crisis. He is a chaste and beautiful speaker, and he argues with force and effectiveness. He told the audience that he could assure them that Virginia and North Carolina have an abundance of provisions to feed Lee's army until harvest; that the Confederate States are annually manufacturing 50,000 arms exclusive of pistols; and that if the enemy were to take all our principal cities we would have enough machinery and powder and ball to continue the war for ten years. He lifted the guise that Governor Brown had thrown over his strange and obstinate course in opposition to the government. Hill proved to the satisfaction of all that the course of the Governor is obstinate, selfish, unfounded, and ambitious. The speech was eloquent and created great enthusiasm.

February 19th
The weather is remarkably dry and pleasant for winter. The Legislature is still driving on in its local business, only occasionally touching upon questions pertaining to the whole country. Today I visited the Methodist Church and was greatly surprised at the minister's discourse, since his information and intelligence far surpassed his appearance. He threw entirely new light upon Christian faith, hope, and charity, and delivered an exposition different from any that I had ever heard. Every Sunday the audiences of

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10 Benjamin H. Hill, President Davis's spokesman in the Senate of the C. S. A., and after the war U. S. Senator.
Macon—all the places of worship—are thronged with beautiful and finely dressed ladies, and there are also many men who are fixed up in a style too rich for such a crisis as this. In the evening I visited the cemetery and was more delighted with my second visit than with my first. Indeed, the provisions for the care of the dead surpass anything that I have ever seen in any Southern city.

_February 20th_

After transacting some official business I rode to Macon and there attended the sitting Legislature. A discussion arose in the House on some resolutions which had come from the Senate condemnatory of the recommendation of the Governor for a State convention, and announcing to Lincoln that Georgia—in view of the dishonorable terms he has offered the South—is for the war to the last. The discussion evoked much animosity, Stephens 11 and his faction sustaining the narrow and unpatriotic views of Brown, while one speaker from Coweta County took the true and patriotic side and produced arguments that were unanswered. I fear trouble will arise in Georgia from the party that Brown, who is another ambitious Aaron Burr, has gathered about himself.

_February 21st_

There is a perfect dearth of news, as General Sherman is between us and Charleston and we are in suspense as to his movements. However, the terms that Lincoln laid down to our commissioners are so dishonorable that it has had the happy result of uniting our people for a more energetic prosecution of the war.

11 Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy.
February 22nd

Today I received an order from General Beauregard to the effect that, as my battery had been greatly reduced in numbers by constant service and the many hard fought battles in which it had participated, I would be stationed at Macon, Georgia, to let my command rest and recruit, and that W. C. Jeffries would take my place in the field. The rest I needed and desired, but I could not for a long time consent to part from the remainder of the battalion, and especially General Govan’s, Granberry’s, and Lowrey’s brigades or General Cleburne’s entire division. I had stood by these gallant men in so many heroic charges, and the booming of my guns had cheered and inspired them in so many instances, that alike we shall miss each other.

February 23rd

I was intending to visit the legislative halls today, but while preparing to do so I received an order to move camp to the position vacated by Captain Jeffries on the Columbus and Macon road. With regrets we bade adieu to our old associates and especially to Dr. P. R. Ford who for almost four years had been the surgeon for my battery and who had slept with me for three years of that time. Our intimacy was so close that he seemed like a brother, and around the camp fire and in hours of converse and discussion his presence will be more especially missed. At our new encampments we found two rows of good cabins for the troops, and gladly and for the first time in twelve months did we find shelter from the snows and storms, not even having had tents heretofore.

February 24th

The day is gloomy and the rains are pelting fiercely the brave soldiers of the Confederacy. While in the process of
getting my new camp in order, I visited Colonel Hallonquist 12 and General Mackall 13 to learn what orders in the way of papers, reports, etc., I should be governed by in the new position in which I have been placed.

February 25th

The rains have been falling almost incessantly during the day, and I have clung to my little cabin with the tenacity that a groom adheres to his beautiful young bride. Oh, how we sympathize with the soldiers on the march, for we spent many such days as this in rain and mud. At night the wind blew furiously and the storms howled.

February 26th

Visited the Methodist Church and found there a large and intelligent audience. The wagon trains of Beauregard's army are passing through Macon towards the army in South Carolina.

February 27th

This morning the sun rose in unusual splendor, tinging the floating clouds with purple, violet, and gold, and a brisk northerly wind gave buoyancy to everyone around the encampment. Since the events of the day are not as stirring as when we were in the field, I must intersperse my account with questions of history, etc., that may come under my observation...

February 28th

Having an order from Colonel Hallonquist, I mustered my company this day. Several foreigners whom we had captured and whom the Lincoln government had refused

12 Colonel James H. Hallonquist.
13 Adjutant General W. W. Mackall.
to exchange because their time had expired, came to my camp and asked to be enlisted in the Confederate service. Since these prisoners had been abandoned by their government, yesterday I swore in two of them (one from Hungary and the other from Ireland) to the cause of independence and the South.

March 1st

Having taken up a negro man who had deserted his owner, I rode to the city to advertise him. The weather continues wet and gloomy, and I spend my leisure moments between philosophy, history, and grammar. The morning papers contain General Lee’s acceptance of the position of Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Confederacy.14 Also the news from Richmond that 500 negroes, employed in the hospitals, had volunteered to defend the city against the Yankees, and had been accepted by the government.

March 2nd

Gloom seems to have settled over nature and the clouds lower and continually pelt the earth. I took up a negro boy who had left his owner, and advertised him.

March 3rd

Today the members of this company assembled, organized themselves into a meeting, and proceeded to pass resolutions on the problems confronting the Confederacy.15 There were but few items of news this day.

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14 The Act creating the new office of General-in-Chief of all the armies was passed by Congress and became law when the President approved it on January 23, 1865. Mr. Davis at once appointed Robert E. Lee, the Senate confirmed him, and on February 6th his appointment was published to the armies. On February 23rd he restored General Joseph E. Johnston to his old command.

15 According to a newspaper clipping pasted in at this point (the name of the paper not given), Captain Key presided over the meeting. Having called attention to the many engagements in which the company had taken part and eulogized Cleburne’s division as a whole, resolutions were passed
March 4th

This day has Abe Lincoln been president of the North for four years and has tried to be of the South, but our brave soldiers have been invincible. Rumors are afloat that Grant has attacked Lee and that Lee has killed, wounded, and captured 15,000 of his men. Since the United States has set forth such unreasonable terms, there appears to be a great revolution in sentiment in favor of prosecuting the war with renewed vigor.

March 5th

This being the day of rest, I sought the church and for the first time in three years saw the Lord’s Supper administered. Oh, how many more privileges we are now enjoying, stationed here, than we have had at any time during the war! Macon is truly a church-going city.

March 6th

The clouds have blown away and the north winds are drying up the waters that have so many days saturated the ground. A great battle is a grand sight, but heartsickening; the burning of a volcano must be even more so.

March 7th

Evenings in camp are now few and uninteresting. Mr. Wilder, an old and highly esteemed citizen, came to my cabin and invited me to call upon him, as we are now near neighbors—my battery being only 100 yards from his residence. Through Dr. Hannum I visited Mr. Burnly and was proclaiming the re-enlistment of the entire company for an additional period of four years; denouncing Governor Brown of Georgia as another Aaron Burr; appealing to Georgians to stand by the Confederacy; and deploring the effect of Lincoln’s re-election. These resolutions, signed by Thomas J. Key, President, and P. W. Bolling, Secretary, were sent to the newspapers of Macon, Augusta, and Columbus, Ga., and to the Memphis Appeal which was being published at this time in the latter city.
much pleased with my reception at his home. Indeed, it has been so seldom for three years that I have been in the society of ladies that such a visit brings back happy memories and causes new hopes to spring in my heart, and I long to be back with my own dear wife and pet children.

March 10th

This is the day designated by President Davis as one of fasting and prayer to Almighty God to continue his blessings to our people and to reward us with peace and independence. The business houses were closed in the city and everyone appeared to be in earnest in his petitions to God to bless our cause, give victory to our arms, and restore us to our homes and dear ones. The weather was very cold and windy. I believe that the Supreme Ruler will soon reward the Sons of Liberty for their prayers with a great victory. Almost every national day of humiliation and fasting has been followed with some marked triumph on some bloody battlefield.

March 11th

The morning is extremely cold for Dixie Land. No event of moment is occurring in this section. The Federal fleet is increasing around Mobile and the enemy is gathering his forces to invest the city. General Lopez, commanding the French forces in Mexico, expressed warm sympathy for the Confederates, a sentiment which was returned by a colonel of the Confederate army.

March 12th

My time is consumed in perusing books and in thinking of home and the cruel war. As spring is now upon us, the flowers are blooming, and soon the many colored butterflies will be floating upon the air.
March 13th

I rode to the city to get a recruit from the barracks, but there being charges against him he could not be released, nor did I desire it. Met with Lieutenant John Yerley and Captain Ewing of Arkansas who were on a board to examine the question of rations. The government is now issuing one third of a pound of bacon per day and only three days in the week, and about a gill of sorghum the four remaining days in lieu of the meat. Since this is not sufficient to feed men, we are now all the time hungry. As unpleasant as it is to be stinted, I try to endure it with good grace, believing that the higher officials have the interest of the country at heart and intend doing the best they can for all parties.

March 14th

After eating our limited quantity of corn bread and sorghum, I called upon Dr. Hannum to visit the country with me, for two purposes: to become acquainted with the denizens of this section and to get something to eat. I mounted my palfrey and by "suring" and whipping I went at the speed of a slow trot. After traversing seven miles of desperately poor country, we rode up to a neatly painted residence where a Mr. Hollingsworth lives, the owner meeting us at the gate and cordially inviting us into the parlor. After we had conversed for a short time, dinner—to which the Doctor and I felt that we could do ample justice—was announced. Having eaten heartily, as hungry men will do, we returned to the parlor where the state of the country was discussed as well as the unreasonable disaffection of Governor Brown and his followers. Mr. Hollingsworth is an intelligent, whole-souled gentleman who is for prosecuting this struggle until we shall become free and independent of the North. I was pleased with our entertainment, and will again avail myself of his hospitality.
March 15th

The weather is leaky again, and gloomy. I have occupied the most of this day in reading the historical novel entitled "Margaret Moncrieffe, The First Love of Aaron Burr." This book is predicated on facts which transpired in 1776 while the colonies were struggling to free themselves from England. It is, therefore, the more interesting.

March 16th

The monotony of post duty is varied but little, and the only excitement enjoyed is over the news from other portions of the army. The telegraph announces a battle between Bragg and Schofield near Kingston, N. C., in which the former drove the Federals, capturing 1,500 men and three pieces of artillery. Also that General Beauregard had attacked Sherman, driving him from his position and checking the raids in his march through North Carolina.

March 17th

Rode to the city to have published some thoughts that I have compiled on the duty of the ladies to return their husbands and brothers who are absent from the army without permission. To this I added the letters of my wife giving a description of her treatment by the Federals, white and black, and appealing to the ladies of Georgia to follow her self-sacrificing example. I addressed a paper to General Mackall, asking to be furnished with twenty horses and guns to bring in some deserters who were concealing themselves in the country. If I get the horses, I shall bring some of the cowards back to the ranks, for I shall call on them in the evening shades when they are pleasantly slumbering in the arms of Morpheus.
March 18th

The items are short and insipid. The movements of the enemy in North Carolina are unknown or it is impolitic to publish them. The rains have prevented the movements of the Federal forces under Thomas in North Alabama.

March 19th

Dr. Hannum insisted that I should accompany him to the country to see our mutual friend, Mr. Hollingsworth. I tried to beg off, as I thought Sunday was no day for visiting, but my special pleadings were unavailing with him and after I had mounted my war horse, General Longstreet, off we rode. We found this clever and liberal man at home with his family, also his two daughters who were absent at school on our prior visit. The conversation, as usual, turned on the condition of the country and the gigantic efforts being made by the United States to subjugate the South. There was some uneasiness and quite a commotion in the neighborhood, caused by a number of cases of smallpox and several deaths. Mrs. Hollingsworth had prepared an excellent dinner, and we aided in dispatching the first turkey that we had seen on the table in a long while.

March 20th

I procured from Mr. Wilder about half an acre of ground for the purpose of putting in a garden for my battery. Having heard there were deserters in the country, I made application to General Mackall for horses, which he did not have, but he ordered thirty cavalrymen of Colonel Blount's battalion to report to me.

March 21st

The morning was wet and gloomy, but before evening the weather changed to cool and the clouds vanished. I sat
half asleep in my little log hut, ruminating over the past
and building towering castles of pleasure and happiness in
the future. Feeling my deficiency in English grammar, I
have been directing my attention to Professor I. J. Mor-
ris's treatise on that subject. His approach differs from that
of all other works on grammar that I have ever seen.

March 22nd

Through the influence of Mr. Barker I was introduced
into one of the Odd Fellows lodges last night, and formed
the acquaintance of many other brothers of this benevolent
and excellent society. The evening passed off agreeably and
brought reminiscences that made me feel as if I were in a
civilized business and not engaged in the bloody work of
killing men. The morning papers contain news of a great
battle that has been fought near Raleigh, N. C., and the
report is that the Confederate forces drove the Yanks one
mile on the 19th instant, and that the terrible conflict was
renewed on the 20th.

March 23rd

Last evening sixteen mounted men reported to me, in
compliance with a special order from General Mackall, to
aid me in arresting deserters. To these I added ten of my
batterymen afoot, as I had no horses to mount them. Leav-
ing camp about 1 o'clock P.M., we marched thirteen miles
by sunset, when I halted and took an hour's rest and a
few chews of salt meat and corn bread. At this point the
person on whom I had relied as a guide refused to accom-
pany me, thus forcing me to assume military authority and
take him without his counsel. Although I could not get
men in the neighborhood to inform me of the names of
the deserters, I would not be thus thwarted on account of
their cowardice, and appealed to the ladies, two of whom
boldly and fearlessly condemned desertion and gave me the names of several deserters. I complimented them in the best manner that I commanded and pronounced them in this crisis the heroines of the heroes.

Having my guide mount—it was now 10 o'clock at night—I began what was to me this novel enterprise of bringing from their homes those men who had abandoned their country's flag and who were lying around in the day time and at night concealing themselves in the woods like sneaking runaways. Five miles brought us to within four hundred yards of a house where lived a young man who had never taken up arms against the invader. Having dismounted and ordered five men to follow me, I gave Lieutenant Marshall the same number and we separated and deployed to surround the house and prevent anyone from escaping. We could see a light shining between the logs and the clapboards and I was fearful that the shirker had taken the hint and escaped, but while I was knocking at one door and inquiring of the woman whether there was any man within, one of my soldiers was heard to cry "halt." He had discovered in the chimney corner a man with a bag of unshelled peas on his back. Seeing that he was surrounded, ... 18

In the period from March 23rd to May 2nd (the entries for which are lost from the diary) the dissolution of the Confederacy went forward with great rapidity. On the 9th of April, Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia stacked their arms at Appomattox, and on the 18th Joseph E. Johnston, who had been restored by Lee to his old command, arranged with Sherman an armistice which was followed on the 26th by the surrender of the shattered remnant of the

18 At this point the entry for March 23rd ends abruptly.
Army of Tennessee. On the 21st, having been informed of the negotiations between Johnston and Sherman in North Carolina, Captain Key surrendered his small force to Major General James H. Wilson, a detachment of whose cavalry corps was shortly to capture President Davis himself. For Key there remained only the long journey homeward through the heart of the stricken Confederacy.

**May 2nd**

Having swapped my war horse, General Longstreet, to the Federals for a mule some larger than a rabbit, I visited Macon to get a "seat" in the cars for the aforesaid animal. I got him in his berth and left him for the night to the mercies of thieves, doubting that he would hold his position until morning. I made arrangements with Mr. Artope's family to keep my papers, muster rolls, and official orders, also to keep my clothing until the railroads could be rebuilt, and then to have all expressed to me. The ladies kindly volunteered to pack my clothes and appeared to be as solicitous for my welfare as if I had been a brother leaving the parental roof. The evening was pleasantly spent in the parlor listening to instrumental and vocal music, some of it church music.

**May 3rd**

The thought of starting a long journey to my home, which I had not seen in fourteen months, and the dear inmates thereof, caused me to throw off my slumbers earlier than usual, and I arose to prepare for the trip. A warm and excellent breakfast, to which I paid my hearty compliments, was soon on the table, and after bidding Mr. Artope's good family farewell, I jumped into the carriage with my host and was soon at the residence of Mr. Burnett where the generous ladies had prepared some delicacies for my re-
freshment on my long march. I also halted for a moment at the home of Mrs. Green who had liberally made me some clothing and prepared biscuits for me. Although it had been only two months since I was an entire stranger in Macon, I was treated with as much generosity and consideration as if I had been an old neighbor, or almost as a brother. With farewells said, I hastened down to the train where I found that neither the thieves nor the rats had carried away my mule, and having given him his breakfast I left him to do his own kicking for the day.

The train was so heavily loaded that it did not reach Atlanta until 6 o’clock, two hours behind time. Twelve months had elapsed since I was in this city, and as I passed around the piles of ruins I could not realize that I was in the “Gate City.” Sherman had literally laid it in ruins, leaving but one block of business houses and a few residences. Where once stood beautiful edifices, nothing now remains except rubbish and naked brick walls. The ladies were banished from their own homes and then their beautiful palaces committed to the flames. Sherman has caused thousands of women to weep over the ashes of their sacred homes, and made ten thousand children cry piteously for bread. Oh, how can the Southern people love the country that endorses such cruel and relentless officers as Sherman? The hatred will linger as long as this generation shall exist, and perhaps longer if not avenged.

Sergeant Burns and I, with my mule, went into the once beautiful park in Atlanta and there made us a small fire and “rented” for the night a room six feet square under a small tree. Since there were so many soldiers on their route home, many of whom doubtless would not be averse to riding, I gave my mule a berth under the same tree and he was polite enough not to intrude on my humble bed. During the night a crowd of soldiers assembled to break
open the commissary in the city and take all the rations. What was the result of this ill-advised proposal I did not learn.

May 4th

As soon as it was light we arose from our grassy couch, and, having partaken of the rations furnished by my lady friends in Macon, we began the long journey—Sergeant Burns and I riding alternately on my mule. As we passed out of Atlanta we had a full view of the works thrown up by both the Confederates and the Yankees; also beheld the places where we had fought many days. The railroad was completely wrecked by Sherman for a distance of 45 miles. At noon we halted in the once beautiful town of Marietta, which had been destroyed by the vandals who came under Sherman to burn, consume, and steal. The whole country carries the mark of war. Even the remains of hundreds of horses and mules still rot on the highway and offend the nostrils of the traveler. For the distance of 30 miles from Atlanta scarcely a house is left and all the fencing has been burned. We made a long march this day, traversing forty miles, and at dark we halted at Allatoona. Having washed my blistered feet and donned a neat pair of socks, I threw myself on the ground to refresh my weary limbs.

May 5th

Allatoona is a depot situated about half way up the mountain by that name. The railroad runs in a natural cut wherein—because it is a natural fortification and easily defended—the Yankees deposited their supplies for Sherman's army in 1864. General French's 37 division charged the works located on this range of mountains but after taking a portion of them was repulsed and had to withdraw. The

37 Major General Samuel G. French.
fault arose from Hood not sending a corps, as he should have done. As a matter of fact, all our generals have always expected too much from their men, hence the many failures on our part. About 600 of our soldiers were killed and wounded at Allatoona and not a thing accomplished.

At noon we halted in a meadow in which fat cows were resting over full stomachs and lazily browsing beneath the pendant branches of bushy trees. Here there gushes from the foot of a small hill a bold stream as clear as crystal and so cool and refreshing that I could hardly determine when to refrain from heavy draughts of its delicious nectar. This rural paradise is situated three miles north of Kingston, Georgia.

Night found me near Calhoun in company with a captain of cavalry. After dark rather adventurous circumstances occurred. While the Captain was frying some meat for supper and I washing my face, the clatter of horses feet was heard down the lane and as our animals were grazing we at once sought them. To our chagrin we found that some bold thief had sneaked up and mounted the Captain’s horse and was making 2:40 for other quarters, my mule in full pursuit. The thief made good his exit, but so far distanced my mule that he gave up the chase and returned towards camp where I met him as kindly as if he had been an old friend. The remainder of the night was spent in vigilant watchfulness.

May 6th

As soon as day dawned I was on my mule and headed for Dalton to make connection with the railroad. I lost my route, however, and crossed the river Oostanaula at Field’s Mills, having traveled 12 miles off my road. When I finally arrived at a large stream that I could not ford, I called at the nearest house where I found two young women who,
when they understood my situation, offered to steer the canoe while I held the mule. It was romantic to see two robust girls paddling and pushing with the poles to set a man with his mule across a swift stream. I gave them $4 and my thanks, and by noon I had arrived at Dalton where I sold my fine young mule for the sum of $30, but could not dispose of my saddle and bridle.

A number of soldiers, I among them, now took the cars for Chattanooga where we arrived before sunset, but we had no sooner descended at the station than a guard was placed around us. This was the first time that I was ever guarded either by Confederates or by Federals. Finally, we were halted on the street before the Provost Marshal’s where I succeeded in selling my new Texas saddle and bridle for $5. About 100 prisoners, including myself, were then marched into the guard-house and placed in the third story of the brick building where the warm weather, with so many persons herded together, made the air very oppressive. When I asked to be allowed to sleep in the yard, my request was not granted, but instead I was sent to a room with six other officers.

*May 7th*

This morning the warden issued three crackers and about one pound of raw bacon to each of the paroled prisoners. It was the first time that I had witnessed this manner of feeding soldiers. At noon pea soup with crackers broken in it was issued, and nothing for supper. It was said that all prisoners would be required to take an oath of allegiance to the United States, and this was the principal theme of discussion with the officers. Some said that only citizens of Tennessee and Kentucky would be obliged to subscribe to the oath because only those States, of the ones which seceded or lent substantial aid to the Confederacy,
were now in the Union. We who under the armistice had surrendered at Macon without firing a gun thought that our detention here in prison was in bad faith and in violation of the pledges and parole given by General Wilson, who had assured all prisoners that they would be furnished transportation direct to their homes without delay or interruption. Had they been aware of this non-compliance with the terms of the parole, thousands who have voluntarily come by way of Chattanooga to reach their homes could have gone a different route and not been in the least molested.

May 8th

No change in affairs yet, and all my hopes of reaching home in a few days have been thwarted. I was confident that before this hour I would be in the vicinity of those dearest to me on earth. Our rations were the same as yesterday. Forty officers and men swore allegiance today to the United States. It is said that we shall be compelled to do likewise or be sent to prisons north of the Ohio River. Sporadic rains refreshed the air much this day, and clouds could be seen floating around the top of Lookout Mountain, occasionally enveloping it and entirely shutting from view its summit. Through the iron grates that enclosed my room I looked at the flashes of lightning that played on the side of this lofty mountain, and admired the beauties and sublimities of nature.

May 9th

Everyone is restless and anxious to know when we shall get out of this prison. I talked with Judge Stone of Helena, who changed his mind and concluded to take the oath as the best thing, under the circumstances, that he could do for himself and relatives. I endorse his position. All were
called up to have their names enrolled, and commissioned officers were called out first. I gave my name, rank, and place of capture. Those having charge of us said that General Wilson’s parole was not valid and that we were considered prisoners of war; moreover, that we would be sent to Nashville where we must swear to obey the laws and uphold the constitution of the United States or be confined in northern prisons. I determined to take the oath if it came to this, since for three years I had sacrificed everything for the South, even neglecting my good wife and dear children. But it is folly longer to forego every pleasure for a hopeless cause. The South is crushed, having neither government nor army, and it becomes sensible men to bow meekly to their fate and to act nobly their parts in the government which God seems to have predestined for them.

May roth

A large number of paroled Confederates arrived this morning from General Johnston’s army. I was more than anxious to see the cars arrive, for I had been informed that I would be taken from this prison and I hope that as it is the first so it will be the last time that I shall ever look through iron bars. About noon all the enrolled names were called and we were ordered to march out as our names were read off. I saw in front of the prison a company of negro soldiers who were, I conjectured, to guard us, and I saw them load their guns and take position on the front and rear of the column of prisoners. This was humiliating, but “might makes right,” and we had to submit without a murmur. We were then marched to the depot near the Crutchfield House and there remained in the scorching rays of the sun for three hours. Deo vence. God will avenge. At 5 o’clock we passed at the foot of Lookout Mountain and I saw again the ground on which the Battle of Chattanooga
was fought, also where Grant charged Bragg’s lines on Lookout Mountain at night.

May 11th

Early this morning it was raining and on the train it was so cold that my teeth chattered. At noon the cars reached Nashville where about 150 officers and men marched under negro guard to the Provost Marshal’s office. Here the paroles given us by General Wilson were declared of no effect and we were notified that we would be compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the United States or be sent to northern prisons. All our armies having surrendered, Congress having broken up, our capital fallen into the hands of the Federals and the President fleeing for his life, with one exception we thought it prudent, and even patriotic, to comply with the terms rather than be stubborn, which would only have prolonged our suffering and been equivalent to divorcing ourselves from our wives and making orphans of our helpless children. Under the circumstances it was more manly to submit than to be mulish. Many of the officers, having no Federal money, went to the Refugees’ Home to remain for the night. Oh, the miserable, dirty, and lazy concourse of women and children and men in that house was horrible to behold!

May 12th

As soon as the offices were open we sought for passes and took passage on the Northwestern Railroad to Johnsonville. The supplies at Nashville were astonishing—in fact, there looked to be more locomotives and rations in this city than there were in the whole of the territory held by the Confederacy at the time of Lee’s surrender. I am even astonished that the Yankees did not crush us at least two years ago. The country west of Nashville is level and lovely
to behold. At every station or bridge on this road there was at least one company of negro troops. Indeed, the Federal Government appears to have more negroes in its service than there were white troops in the Confederate armies at the close of the war. At 5 o'clock the cars reached Johnsonville on the Tennessee River, the place that Forrest shelled from the opposite bank, destroying such an immense quantity of government stores. The Federal commander, fearing that all the transports would fall into Forrest's hands, burned 13 of them himself. On the levee more than $1,000,000 worth of stores were consumed.

May 13th

This day has been long and wearisome, for I have been waiting 48 hours for a boat. The nights are so cold that with our limited number of blankets I cannot keep warm, and last night I had to be up piling wood on the fire to keep from suffering. Johnsonville is located at the point where the railroad between Nashville and Memphis crosses the Tennessee River, and is one of the dullest places that I have seen recently.

May 14th

Two gunboats have been here during our stay. The discipline is rigid in the navy. Indeed, it is so strict that often for twelve months at a time the marines do not get to walk on ground, though all the while they are within two hundred yards of the shore. The naval service, except for the confinement, is the most pleasant branch of the military. At noon today, to my great delight, I saw a steamer moving down the river, and soon I had my squad upon the boat and headed for Paducah, Kentucky.
May 15th

Before the shades of night had passed off the scenery, the steamer was in the waters of the Ohio River, and we went ashore at the city of Paducah. After visiting almost a baker's dozen of officers, I obtained papers, transportation, and rations. At Paducah, as well as at Nashville, I saw the novel sight of negro girls on their way to school with their books, slates, etc. Whether or not they are instructed in the same school with the white children I did not learn. There has been a marked change in social and domestic circles since the revolution began. The education of the negroes may result in their moral development and give them a higher sense of honor.

The steamer, "St. Patrick," arrived before noon, and as I could not wait for government transportation the Captain kindly reduced the fare to suit a Confederate's pile of greenbacks. In a few hours the swift steamer reached Cairo where I was rejoiced to meet my esteemed old friend, W. Rallston, under whom I learned the art of printing and in whose family I lived as a member for three years. He very much desired me to remain over and visit his kind family, but having been absent so many years from my own dear ones at home I could not consent.

An official despatch was current in Cairo announcing the capture of Jeff Devis with his cabinet by a portion of General Wilson's command in Georgia. There had been a $100,000 reward offered for him, and if anything will move a Yankee it is the almighty dollar. Mr. Davis will, of course, be tried for treason to the United States, and should he not be executed under that charge he will then be prosecuted as having been an aider and abettor in the assassination of Abe Lincoln. Should the United States take his life on either of these pretexts, it will create great excitement in
this country and by foreign governments it will be de-
nounced as a blot on the national honor.

May 16th

That very sociable little bird, so prevalent on the Father of Waters and familiarly known as the mosquito, became so intimate with my hands and face last night that I could not sleep for his caressing, and I was forced, as soon as day broke, to arise from the guards of the "St. Patrick," roll up my bed, and walk. Looking out upon the shore I recognized the lofty bluffs of Fort Pillow. Before noon the "bluff city" came in view, but not with the deformity and change that generally marks the Southern cities which fell into the hands of the Yankees.

At Memphis I shipped on the steamer, "Tycoon," for Helena. While I was sitting in the cabin, Captain Hoshie, who was just from Helena, came aboard and informed me that a newspaper had just made its debut in that place. This was of interest to me, since it had been my intention to begin there the publication of the Notebook at as early a date as possible. Before the hour arrived for the steamer to depart, I was surprised and rejoiced to see Mr. B. J. Lambert and Mr. Edward Cotton come on board. With these true friends, who as prisoners of war had been confined for twelve months in that horrible Camp Chase, I no longer felt lonely. Soon the boat shoved out and we were on our way home.

May 17th

Morning found us at the mouth of White River and at noon we went ashore at St. Charles. Here we procured a skiff to carry us through the bottom which was eight miles wide and inundated to a depth of from five to twelve feet. Two of us pulled at the oars while the third man steered
the craft, but we found the labor fatiguing and soon had blistered hands because we were ignorant of the mode of operating the oars. It was difficult to pull through briars, cane, and saplings, the more so since there was no certainty that we were traversing the road. Snakes could be seen hanging on bushes above the vast expanse of water. After rowing from 1 o'clock P.M. to sunset, we reached high land near Mr. Trotter's where we tied up our boat and set out for our homes only two miles distant.

All were surprised and rejoiced to see the lost return to their homes. We found our wives and families all well and made happy by our return. Thus terminates my soldier's life, and now I can say:

"O the young cannon was my bride,
Her orange is wreathed with bay,
And on the blood-red battle field,
I have celebrated my wedding day."

ROBERT J. CAMPBELL
AND THE 3RD IOWA INFANTRY

CAPTAIN Robert J. Campbell, son of James Campbell and his wife (both natives of Ireland), was born in New York City on February 3, 1837. In August, 1855, after the death of his mother and the remarriage of his father, the family removed to the Middle West, settling on a farm near the little town of Nevada, Story County, Iowa.

On May 22, 1861, at the age of twenty-three and in response to President Lincoln’s call for volunteers, he enrolled for an initial three-year period in Company E of the celebrated 3rd Regiment, Iowa Infantry. Since the entire roster of Company E was drawn from Story County and many of the boys from the little town of Nevada itself, the local interest in the company was very great. On May 27th the citizens of the town tendered them a farewell banquet and that same evening they were taken in wagons to Iowa Center where, on the following day, they were honored with another.¹

¹ For an account of the 3rd Regiment, Iowa Infantry, see W. O. Payne, History of Story County, Iowa, I, 180-216; II, 170. Also the records in the office of the Adjutant General at Washington, D. C.
Enrolling in Company E were many of Campbell's best friends. Of these Elisha B. Craig and George W. Grove (presumably a brother of his sweetheart, Emma, of whom we hear so much in the diary) died of typhoid during the first year; J. A. Fitchpatrick served until the Battle of Atlanta where he was captured along with Campbell himself; and Thomas D. Casebolt and John U. Schoonover were permanently disabled. Thomas M. Davis, one of his most intimate associates, was to be captured and finally to die in Andersonville on June 30, 1864, and a few weeks later Obed R. Ward was to die in the same prison after he had been severely wounded and captured in the Battle of Atlanta. Others of Campbell's close friends who joined Company E and who are frequently mentioned in his diary are Jesse R. Woods, William J. Mullen (wounded at Atlanta as described in the last entry in the diary), and George W. Crossley who entered active service as a sergeant and rose to a lieutenant colonelcy.

On June 8th the company assembled at Keokuk, where they had been ordered into quarters by Governor Kirkwood, and the Articles of War were read to them. The fact that nearly all violations of the regulations called for the death penalty or some other severe punishment so depressed a number of the boys that six of them hurriedly made their exit and were not thereafter heard of in connection with the company. However, seven other men were mustered in, thus restoring the unit to its full strength of 108 officers and men, all except 23 of whom were to be killed or wounded in the war. The aggregate strength of the 3rd Iowa Regiment, to which Company E belonged, was ten companies, totaling approximately 1,000 individuals.

Throughout the fall and winter of 1861 the regiment campaigned in Missouri, taking part in a number of en-
gagements, including the Battle of Blue Mills, fought September 17, 1861. In the early spring of 1862 the 3rd Iowa embarked at St. Louis as a re-enforcement to General Grant who had just captured Forts Donelson and Henry, arriving in time to take part with heavy losses in the Battle of Shiloh. Thereafter, for more than a year, the regiment operated in the Mississippi campaigns, including the siege of Corinth and the final movement against Vicksburg which surrendered on July 4, 1863. A week later, on the 12th, half the regiment was killed or wounded in a period of twenty minutes when it charged the Confederate works at Jackson, Mississippi, Campbell himself receiving a severe arm wound. For the balance of the year the 3rd Iowa had a comparative rest at Natchez and in the vicinity of Vicksburg.

In February and the early days of March, 1864, the regiment participated in the Meridian expedition under Sherman (as detailed by Campbell in his diary), after which those who had re-enlisted were given a thirty-day furlough and the others were sent with General Banks upon his disastrous Red River expedition. Before Campbell and the other Story County boys returned (accompanied by a number of recruits) from their furlough home, Sherman had started his famous Atlanta campaign, and although Campbell had reached the theatre of war and was engaged in active fighting by June 9th, it was not until July 17th, just three days before the intensive struggle began around Atlanta, that he took his place in Sherman's front line.

The last entry in Campbell's diary is under date of July 21st. The next day, in the fierce Battle of Atlanta, the 3rd Regiment, Iowa Infantry was trapped and almost annihilated when Cleburne's division turned Sherman's flank. Since only twenty-three of the approximately 1,000
men in the regiment reported for duty after the battle (Campbell himself being among those captured), the regimental organization could no longer be maintained and the survivors were merged into the 2nd Iowa Infantry. Let it be said, incidentally, that in this day's fighting, Cleburne's division, which cut the 3rd Iowa to pieces, suffered the heaviest casualties in its history.

Several accounts survive of the fierce engagement in which the 3rd Iowa Infantry was nearly wiped out, many of them fanciful stories concerning the struggle for the regimental colors. After the war a correspondent of the Dubuque Times gave what purported to be a "reliable" account. "As the battle grew raging hot and desperate," he wrote, "a handful of our undaunted men gathered amidst the pelting showers of shot and shell, and there around our flag and banner they stood its guard in the most perilous moments. The color bearer, the bravest of the brave, relinquished his hold by death alone. Still the masses stood there madly fighting for its defense. Their numbers fast decreasing by death, their hopes began to fail, and, as they surrendered themselves to the enemy, they tore the emblem... into pieces and into shreds, which concealed, they proudly brought back to us, untouched and unsoiled by impious and traitorous hands." 2

As a matter of fact, General Pat Cleburne himself was in immediate command when the flag—instead of being torn to pieces—was captured, the last Union soldier to bear it having fallen pierced by several bullets. After the battle the gallant Cleburne, who three months later was to lose his life in front of another Iowa regiment at Franklin, gave it to a Georgia girl who laid it away among her souvenirs. Almost twenty years later the following letter was delivered in the State Capitol of Iowa, at Des Moines:

2 Quoted in Buck, op. cit., pp. 287-88.
St. Louis, July 28, 1883.

TO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL, STATE OF IOWA, DES MOINES,

Dear Sir:

In overhauling some old articles a few days ago we discovered an old battle-scared flag of the Third Iowa, captured by General Pat Cleburne before Atlanta, Georgia, and by him given to my sister, who was then living in Georgia. It was folded, put away as a relic of the war, and forgotten until resurrected a few days ago. If the Third Iowa still exists and would like to have this flag that plainly shows how gallantly its bearer carried it, my sister would be glad to send it to the regiment.

Yours very respectfully,

H. F. Massengale.

General Alexander's immediate reply, requesting that the flag be sent and saying that it "would gladden the eyes of the regiment" on the occasion of its reunion the following September, brought a second letter:

GENERAL ALEXANDER,

Dear Sir:

Your favor is at hand, and I send you today by the United States Express, the flag.

This flag was captured about the 24th of July, 1864 [on the 22nd, as we have seen], near Atlanta. I was at the time a major of cavalry and on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston, where I remained until I was surrendered by him in North Carolina. When General Johnston was relieved of the command of the army, I remained with him and had nothing to do with the engagement that this flag figured in, as General Hood was in command. My sister, now Mrs. Laura J. Pickett, then Miss Laura J. Massengale, was living near Columbus, Georgia, on my father's plantation and was on a visit to my family, whom I had quartered temporarily near Atlanta. General Pat Cleburne was a very warm friend of our family and particularly so of my sister Laura. He took this flag during the engagement referred to, and presented it to her the next day as a relic of the war.
She put it away in a cedar chest and lost sight of it until a few days ago, when she accidentally discovered it. I regret it was not found long ago; for it would then have been returned promptly to its proper owners. My sister has written to two or three friends who were officers in the same engagement, and if any new facts can be had we will send them to you.

Yours truly,
H. F. Massengale.

With half of its surface shot away and still bearing traces of the red Georgia clay, the 3rd Iowa flag now hangs with the other banners of the Iowa regiments "in the hermetically sealed recesses about the rotunda of Iowa's state capitol."

In the bitter struggle near the flag, Robert J. Campbell himself was captured. For a while he was imprisoned at Andersonville, Georgia, and then transferred to Florence, South Carolina, where he escaped and was recaptured, only to be released on October 11, 1864, near Newbern, North Carolina, by a detachment of the 12th New York Cavalry which forwarded him to his regiment. Campbell was re-mustered into service as 2nd Lieutenant of Company A of the 3rd Iowa Volunteer Infantry, to date from July 21, 1864, and on November 4th was transferred by consolidation to the new Company A, 2nd Regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry. On April 11, 1865, he was promoted to the captaincy of the company and on July 12th, at Louisville, Kentucky, was honorably discharged from the service.

After the war, Captain Campbell returned to Nevada, Iowa, where he married the Emma Grove so frequently mentioned in his diary and purchased a farm several miles northwest of the town. Here he lived for many years with

* Still living in the town of Nevada is a nephew and namesake, Robert J. Campbell, who also has a son and grandson bearing the name.
his family, later moving to Hollenberg, Kansas, where his wife died. In his old age he returned to Iowa and spent the last years of his life in the Soldiers’ Home at Marshalltown, dying there on August 15, 1927.

The more important facts of Robert J. Campbell’s life are now told. As his diary opens, on January 1, 1864, the 3rd Iowa Regiment is in winter quarters near Vicksburg as a part of the force under the command of Major General James B. McPherson. Sherman, meanwhile, having played his great part in raising the siege of Chattanooga, is laying plans to collect from the forces of McPherson at Vicksburg and Hurlbut at Memphis some 20,000 men with whom to march the one hundred and fifty miles to Meridian, devastating the country on the way and destroying the railroads that crossed at that point.
MARCHING WITH SHERMAN

January 1, 1864
Cold day; excitement about veteran volunteers; 1 draw 10 days' rations; some snow.

January 2nd
Cold; mail arrives; ink and potatoes freeze in tent; excitement still prevails.

January 3rd
Rains some; roads very poor; talk of going home; night off.

January 4th
Cloudy, with rain; a number of log cabins going up; 20 of Company E gone into veterans; 7 of our mess in; quite a number going in.

January 5th
Enlistment time extended till 5 P.M.; expect to go up river soon; weather cool; 200 of regiment in.

1 Agitating the regiment, in its winter quarters at Vicksburg, was the question of the re-enlistment of the veterans whose three-year period of service was about to expire.
January 6th
Day cold; Cos. K and I going in; quartermaster makes out requisition for clothing for veterans.  

January 7th
Talk that members of the Iowa brigade have all gone in; expectations run high.

January 8th
Cold day; Lieutenant Moe starts to Natchez; receive letter from M. Jane; draw check for shoes, $1.48.

January 9th
Cold day; rumors that General Hunter ⁸ assumes command of this corps on 17th.

January 10th
General policing; I am in police; rumors that furlough is played out; orders to march, but countermanded.

January 11th
41st and 76th Illinois go out with three days’ rations; roads bad again; rumors of going home; estimates of clothing sent in.

January 12th
Rains some; plenty of mud; tents leak; forage train heard from; no forage.

January 13th
Weather clears up at noon; I write several ballads; 41st and 76th Illinois return; several mules drown in mud.

⁸ At this time Campbell is a sergeant, evidently charged with some responsibility in connection with the quartermaster's office.

⁸ Brigadier General David Hunter.
TWO SOLDIERS

January 14th
I am on camp guard; cold day; we are reviewed by Generals McPherson and Smith; * veterans still volunteering; boys better contented; few signs of going up river.

January 15th
I am off guard; boys making Pemberton canes; mail arrives; better feeling.

January 16th
Fine weather; forage train goes out; detail of 3rd Iowa working on road; write letter for Sawyer; Natchez papers in camp; orders to be ready for scout.

January 17th
Lieutenant Alloway, 1 sergeant, 2 corporals and 20 privates go out 6 miles after cattle and hogs; roads bad; have a lively time; return at night with a large load; rain is awful; I am wet through.

January 18th
Chilly days; one of our recruits wants to go in veterans; mail arrives; one letter from home; others from John Schoonover, Company 119 Iowa battalion, Jess Woods, Emma Grove, Rankin, and Mat Austin.

January 19th
Draw 11 days' rations; a good time reading my letters but hate to answer all of them.

January 20th
Write home and to Joe and Emma Grove; also to G. Rankin, John U. Schoonover, Co. 119; receive one dollar order from the sutler; feel well.

* Brigadier General Andrew J. Smith.
January 21st
Write to Jess Woods; mail arrives; talk of battalion drill.

January 22nd
Fine weather; feel well; all hope of going up as a regiment is played out.⁵

January 23rd
Fine day; regiment has battalion drill; not much of a one, either.

January 24th
Our brigade has a review by General A. J. Smith; a fine day; talk of marching.

January 25th
Fine day; mail arrives; I received letter from home; boys somewhat discouraged about furloughs.

January 26th
I go on picket; a fine day; General Smith passes by; one of Co. K arrested for improper conduct while on picket; send him to camp; buy Lieutenant Alloway's watch (no. 48048) for $25.

January 27th
Relieved from picket; fine day; write home; talk of march; buy this book.⁷

⁵ Evidently there had been hope that the whole 3rd Iowa Regiment would be furloughed home, up the river, as a unit.
⁶ The initials appear to be "A. J.," though they are somewhat blurred in the MS.
⁷ It is clear that the entries up to this point were transferred from other memoranda.
January 28th

Fine day; Crossley goes to town; talk of muster into veterans; boys remonstrating against muster; Colonel Scott in camp; receive letter from Emma Grove.

January 29th

Moon cloudy; Colonel Scott in camp and boys all glad to see him; Wint and I go to town on pass; see 14th and 32nd Iowa; boys all well; have a good time; they are looking for a move; I stay with Turner McClain all night.

January 30th

Cloudy morning; leave the boys and go to see Doc. Evans who pays the Montgomery debt; arrive in camp at 3 P.M.; write to Emma Grove; receive letter from Gardner Price.

January 31st

Cloudy morning; I feel well; rains some; I go on picket; 1st brigade moves over to General Crocker's headquarters. January 18, receive letters from John Schoonover, home, Jess Woods, Emma Grove, George Rankin, Mat Austin; 20, write home, Emma Grove, George Rankin, John Schoonover; 21, write to Jess Woods; 25, receive letter from home; 27, write home; 28, receive letter from Emma Grove; 30, write to Emma Grove.¹⁰

February 1st

Fine morning; waiting for orders to be relieved; acting as rear guard; baggage being moved over; wagons all in and we start for camp some 4 miles away; hot time.

¹ Colonel John Scott, the first captain of Co. E and lieutenant colonel of the 3rd Iowa, who had been transferred and promoted.

¹ Brigadier General Marcellus M. Crocker.

¹⁰ A like recapitulation appears regularly at the end of each month except when he is on his furlough home.
February 2nd
Fine day; we fix up camp and it looks like staying; General Crocker reviews our camp; 3rd Iowa boys being mustered in; some refuse muster; talk of leaving.

February 3rd
Fine day; leave camp at 9 A.M.; 3rd and 4th Iowa divisions cross Big Black at 1 P.M. and rest; 33 of Co. E rank and file are along; Rebs are in front. 11

February 4th
Pass over Champion Hills; heavy skirmish all day; advance in line of battle; we are in rear; quite a number killed and wounded.

February 5th
3rd Regiment on wagon guard; houses are being fired along road; enemy skirmish all day; we are fighting Jackson’s 12 cavalry; quite a number of killed and wounded on both sides; Hurlbut’s cavalry cut off the retreat of some of the enemy.

February 6th
Fine day; start at 7 A.M. and move up to the front; enemy leave; arrive at Jackson at 10 A.M.; enemy retreating; General Hurlbut around in the division; enemy in full retreat in line of battle; bivouac east at Jackson.

11 Having instructed Brigadier General William Sooy Smith with his troops to set out from Memphis by the 1st and meet him in Meridian, Sherman on this day started eastward through Jackson with 20,000 infantry, wrecking and burning as he went. His troops marched in two columns of two divisions each, the left (including the 3rd Iowa Infantry) commanded by McPherson, the right by Major General Stephen A. Hurlbut. Meridian, their objective, was at this time held by a small force of Confederates under Lieutenant General (Bishop) Leonidas Polk.

12 Brigadier General W. H. Jackson, subsequently the owner of the famed Belle Meade stock farm outside of Nashville.
February 7th
Move at 4 A.M.; plenty of forage; roads good; Rebs in full retreat; pass through Brandon and halt east; more forage than I ever saw; rich country; a general good time.

February 8th
Fine morning; leave at 7 A.M.; move up to front; Rebs in full retreat; march 18 miles; Rebs still going; General Sherman passes by; Reb picket captured; a general good time; halt at Lime Creek.

February 9th
Weather good; start at 11 A.M.; move up to Morton's Station; halt at 1 P.M.; 16th Corps passes by; see Cousin George and others; plenty of forage; Rebs in full retreat; halt at Morton's Station.

February 10th
Fine morning; 16th Army Corps in advance; we pass through Hillsboro; town burnt up; plenty of forage; march 15 miles and halt 3 miles east of Hillsboro; enemy reported in full force nine miles away; roads very good.

February 11th
Fine morning; we move off at 2 A.M.; 3rd Iowa center acts as train guard; country low and roads bad; railroad being destroyed; report abroad that General Grierson 12 is in Meridian; halt at 10 P.M.; water very good; draw 3 days' rations.

February 12th
Lay by till 2 P.M., then start; roads good most of way; 3 of 12th Wisconsin shot by Rebs close to road; march 14

12 Major General B. H. Grierson, U. S. A.
miles and bivouac at Decatur; town most all burned up; Rebs charge on General Hurlbut’s train.

**February 13th**

Start at 7 A.M.; march delayed because tree fell across road and corralled Hurlbut’s train; Company E in advance; forage party sent out; march ten miles and halt at 7 P.M.; boys feel well.

**February 14th**

Cloudy morning; start at 7 A.M.; road at first swampy, then rocky and hilly; bridges burned; road obstructed; Hurlbut reaches Meridian; Rebs in full retreat; halt on Chunky River; march 13 miles; looks like rain.

**February 15th**

Start at 7 A.M.; it rains very hard; we march 9 miles; arrive at Meridian at 12 M. and we are quartered in houses; plenty of forage; see 16th Army Corps; Rebs in full retreat; nights cold; town destroyed, also railroad.14

**February 16th**

4th division starts at 7 A.M.; fine day; we march to Enterprise, 20 miles; halt at 6 P.M.; camp on Chickasaha River;

14 Sherman entered Meridian with Hurlbut’s column and the next day McPherson marched in. Here for five days Sherman impatiently awaited the arrival of General William Sooy Smith, meanwhile totally wrecking the Mobile and Ohio Railroad as well as the one leading from Vicksburg to Selma, Alabama, and destroying large stores of supplies and the city itself. As a matter of fact, General Smith had allowed his seven thousand cavalry, twenty guns, and a brigade of infantry to be routed and turned back to Memphis by a force no larger than one-third his own under Nathan Bedford Forrest. Sherman, with his plans thus disarranged, started back to Vicksburg, the two columns of his troops taking slightly different routes until they converged at Canton.

15 Describing the Meridian expedition as a “pleasant excursion,” Sherman says that “for five days 10,000 men worked hard and with a will in that work of destruction, with axes, crowbars, sledges, clawbars, and with fire, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the work as well done. Meridian... no longer exists.” See Official Records of Union and Confederate Armies, Series 1, Vol. 38, pt. 1, pp. 176-78.
Marching with Sherman

Eat; drive out the enemy; boys burn town and destroy R. R.; plenty of forage; quite lively time.

February 17th

Cold morning; destroy R. R.; town set on fire and general destruction going on; plenty of forage; lots of forage; Mobile and Ohio Railroad destroyed at Enterprise; night cold.

February 18th

Cold morning; destruction of Enterprise and of Mobile and Ohio Railroad going on; 3rd brigade comes back; plenty to eat; day cold; night cold.

February 19th

Day cold; leave Enterprise at 7 A.M.; great number of refugees and negroes come along; we march 18 miles and bivouac on Chunky River; boys all well; plenty to eat; night cold.

February 20th

Cool day; start at 8 A.M.; march 14 miles and halt on Little Chunky River; our train has gone on to Decatur; halt at 4 P.M.; feel weary; pass over Tunnel Hill; quite a number of refugees along.

February 21st

March at 7 A.M.; day fine; cross Big Chunky; forage scarce; march 13 miles and halt at Decatur; train had gone on; no coffee or sugar.

February 22nd

Move off at 7 A.M.; march 18 miles and find train gone on; rations of coffee and sugar sent back; day warm; see

18 Not, of course, to be confused with the more famous Tunnel Hill in Georgia.
some of the Choctaw tribe; Hurlbut on our right; forage party sent out.

February 23rd
Day fine; move off at 7 A.M.; Hurlbut comes in on our road; we come up with the train at Hillsboro; march 8 miles and lay over; forage parties capture plenty of supplies.

February 24th
Blankets hauled; day warm; forage parties capture forage; march on Canton road 12 miles; halt at 5 P.M.

February 25th
Day warm; feel well; march 5 miles and halt 3 miles east of Pearl River; Iowa brigade on ahead; build bridge; Hurlbut's corps passes by; pontoons give way; troops lay by.

February 26th
General Sherman goes to Vicksburg; day fine; lay by; build pontoons; troops pass by and 4th division moves at 3 P.M.; cross Pearl River at 5 P.M. and halt 2 miles west; forage party captures 4 loads of meat and 40 mules.

February 27th
33rd Wisconsin goes to Madison; forage party of 100 goes out and is attacked; one of Company H wounded and left behind; 13 of 3rd Iowa Regiment missing; Tom Davis and Harris missing; lay by to give orders to train; 53rd Illinois and 53rd Indiana to guard it; two of 3rd Iowa Regiment come in at mid-night; ¹⁷ send letters home.

¹⁷ Since he appears later in the diary, one of those who returned must have been Tom Davis, reported as "missing" earlier in the entry. The files of the War Department, however, record only his capture.
February 28th

March at 9 A.M. and move to Canton some 12 miles distant; cavalry fights on our right; General Smith's cavalry heard from; nice country and forage plentiful; road dusty; one day's ration still left.

February 29th

Cool day and we lay by; cloudy, with rain; supplies come for three days; enemy cavalry charges on our picket; 3rd brigade goes out; Rebs repulsed; big fight looked for. Rec'd letters from Emma Grove, J. W. Montgomery, T. J. Miller, home, Margaret Rankin, M. E. Dunning (2), John U. Schoonover of Co. D, 17th Reg., I. C. (2), valentine from Chip H., Nevada.

March 1st

Heavy rain; showers very disagreeable; Hurlbut moves in front; start at 2 P.M.; roads very bad and day cold; move along slowly; pass through Canton, beautiful town; Reb cavalry charges through after we leave; pass over a swamp—an awful time; hard march; fine country.

March 2nd

Friday we march 9 miles and halt at 2 A.M.; move at 9 A.M.; rebel cavalry and ours have been fighting all day; some cannonading on both sides; beautiful country; large plantations; Rebs close to our rear; march 13 miles; halt at 1 P.M. [In margin: "Pass through Livingston."]

March 3rd

Start at 8 A.M.; rolling country; Rebs not so bold; day fine; pass through Brownsville, a small place; halt at 8 P.M.; Co. E on picket.
March 4th
Start at 8 A.M.; march in fine order; cross Black River at 12 M.; see several friends; arrive at camp 3 P.M.; boys all feel well.

March 5th
Fine day; had a big time writing; received 9 letters; draw lightbread and rations; health poor.

March 6th
Fine day; boys all fixing up and general good feeling; still unwell.

March 7th
Health poor; talk of march; beautiful camp; boys go to see G. Jones and G. Ramsey—doing well.

March 8th
Cloudy morning; order for march; 3 days' rations distributed; feel unwell; go on sick list; see several old friends from Story.

March 9th
Day cloudy; 1st brigade moves at 6 A.M.; arrive at Vicksburg and go on boat Diana to take post up Red River; vets recalled and march back; 18 an awful time with the mud.

March 10th
Day fine; boys resting well; prospects of going home are slim; no money; Major Crossley goes to Vicksburg.

18 Those veterans who had re-enlisted (Campbell among them) were withdrawn from the Red River expedition and shortly given a 90-day furlough home. Those who had not were sent on the disastrous expedition with Banks. Campbell himself had re-enlisted on December 15th and been mustered in on December 23rd.
March 11th

Fine day; health good; prospect of pay slim; boys start on Red River expedition; regular organization in two companies under Lieutenant Colonel Tullis; I draw 5 days' rations.

March 12th

Cool day; health good; 4 of company unwell; sign pay-rolls.

March 13th

Cool day; dry time; expecting to leave.

March 14th

Fine day; things look dry; Company E all right; slim prospect of pay soon.

March 15th

Fine day but cool; draw five days' rations; order to march; transportation ready for trip up river to our homes.

March 16th

Members of Co. E draw 8 days' rations for journey; fine day but cool; leave camp at 10 A.M.; roads dusty; arrive at Vicksburg and go on board transport, "J. Roseback," and off at 7 P.M.

March 17th

Fine day; Co. E on boiler deck; good time; Col. Brown in command; a general good time with no cash.

March 18th

One of 53rd Illinois boys overboard and drowned.
March 19th
Fine weather but cooler than below; Co. E on boiler deck; draw five days' rations.

March 20th
Weather becomes cooler; move on slowly; plenty to eat but no cash—hope to see some at Cairo, Illinois; not crowded to any extent.

March 22nd
Fine day but cooler as we glide up river; stop at Island 10; we are having a good time.

March 23rd
Fine day; arrive at Cairo, Illinois, at 6 A.M.; disembark, march up to barracks and on board transport, "Aurora," and off at 12 M.; Guthrie and Leshion left behind.

March 24th
Fine time on river; pass by several boats loaded with troops.

March 25th
Arrive at St. Louis at 5 A.M. and received and escorted by 1st battalion of cavalry to reception room of Veteran Commander; dinner and speeches by Col. Trimble; received pay and clothing; a good time; leave at 4 P.M. on boat Muskatine; ration boy lives in cabin; issues our clothing; day fine and a general good time.

March 27th
Arrive at Keokuk and see old friends; have a good time and leave at 12 M.; get stuck fast on rapids; Montgomery aboard; cold, stormy time.
March 28th

Very cold day and still stormy; unable to move up rapids; some of boys go ashore; have a dry time of it; an examination going on.

March 29th

Off rapids; good time; most all boys ashore; plenty of ammunition aboard.

March 31st

Arrive at Muscatine—a good town. March 6, I answered Emma Grove, J. W. Montgomery, T. J. Miller, home, J. U. Schoonover (2), M. E. Dunning (2); March 9, received letters from home and from Joe and Emma Grove.

April 1st

Arrive at Davenport; move off boat and receive transportation and furlough; see General Stone and Major Crossley; take cars and go to Iowa City; Jim Guthrie and Trotter left behind but overtake us on train; arrive at Iowa City at 7 P.M.; see snow.

April 2nd

Cold morning; at Hutchinson House, Iowa City.

April 3rd

Arrive home; wet day; folks look for me; Willie and Charlie meet me half way to town.

April 4th—May 1st

The following thirty days I was at home in Story County, Iowa. Despite muddy roads and plenty of rain which made it disagreeable for some time going around, I nevertheless did well. But toward the last of the month the weather was
beautiful and I made up for lost time. Had a good time. Grass began to grow. Went around a good share of my time and found the people of Iowa, Story County, enjoying all the luxuries of life. Peace and plentitude were apparent everywhere. Some excitement concerning bank failures in Iowa and about so many of 32nd and 14th Iowa being killed. Citizens of Story County, despite prosperity, cast a general gloom over all the place. Quite a number of my acquaintances killed and unaccounted for. I am uneasy concerning the Non-Vets and the security of the 3rd Iowa, for haven't learned whether or not they were in the latest battles. I feel interested in their luck as only soldiers know.  

It seems to me that if the blessings of peace shone once more upon the land I could remain at home among my friends, enjoying those sweet comforts which are only appreciated by those who have been deprived of them for the past 3 years. Young people appear as if they have taken a sudden start toward manhood and womanhood. Old people seem much older and those silvery locks look venerable. Yet, alas! I miss many, very many, of those dear old friends and neighbors with whom I have associated in bygone months and who have fallen by the cannon's fiery ordeal or by the rude hand of disease. I could remark many vacant chairs in every household I entered and I looked upon the Copperhead at home as a fit viper to be pitied and then trampled upon, and the person who could and would not go out and fight in the cause of the Union as a contemptible coward and one only beneath the notice of the soldier. It seems hard to be again parted from home, as soon I shall be.

The reference is to those members of the 3rd Iowa who had not veteranized (or re-enlisted) and hence had been sent on the Red River expedition.
May 2nd
Fine morning but in the evening it snowed and the wind blew dreadfully. I remained over on Skunk till late in evening, then came home in the night.

May 4th
Fine day; I go to Nevada; Pa and Willie go to Ft. Des Moines after a plow.

May 5th
At home and leave at 3 P.M.; bid farewell to boys in town; waiting; look for passes.

May 6th
Leave Nevada at 6 A.M.; roads bad; arrive at Clinton at dark; stay at Soldiers’ home.

May 7th
Cloudy but rain stops; send picture and book to Emma Grove; leave Clinton at 2 P.M.; take packet and arrive at Davenport at dark; stay over night.

May 8th
I report to Capt. McCall and find regiment gone; dull day; 9 of Co. E here and 3 others of 3rd Regiment; write home and to Emma Grove and Mat Dunning; news good.

May 9th
Fine day but dull; news very cheering; Vets returning; Major Crossley comes up and orders us to be ready to go south.

May 10th
Cold morning; start at 8 A.M.; boys feel good; reports are still good; make La Salle at 1 P.M.; lay over and start
at 3 P.M.; arrive at Centralia and change cars; no sleep; move all night; rains some.

May 11th

Arrive at Cairo at 7 A.M., just one hour too late; regiment gone; all boys start off at 10 A.M.; I stay with Major Crossley; lay around all day; send a paper to Emma Grove; Generals Blair, Crocker, and Leggett aboard.

May 12th

Move off at 3 A.M. and lay by one hour; fog on hand; reach regiment at 10 A.M.; all reported but two—Hayden and Kendall; received guns.

May 13th

Fine day; feel well; beautiful scenery; write to Emma Grove and send photos of Generals Grant and Sherman, also of Big Eagle; write home and send General Sherman's picture; write Mat Austin; write to cousin J. Campbell.

May 14th

Disembark at 7 A.M.; warm day; Generals Blair and Leggett here; draw rations; no news from the outside world; talk of a big march.

May 15th

Start at 5 A.M. on the pike road and find it desperately hard to march; pass through Wayne County [Tenn.]; very quick march.

20 Brigadier General Francis P. Blair, Jr.
21 Brigadier General Mortimer D. Leggett.
May 16th
Still passing through Wayne County; fine day; feel well; road very hilly and rocky; desperate time on feet; transportation slim.

May 17th
Fine day; we are guarding 2,200 head of cattle; it rains very hard; storms; mud; plenty of mud; pass through Lawrenceburg.

May 18th
Warm day; feel well; feet hold out well; march 16 miles; march until 2 o'clock.

May 19th
Wade water all night; fine day but warm; march over a very rocky road and arrive at Pulaski at dark; have a good night's rest.

May 20th
Lay by; warm day; Tip Ross goes to hospital; I write to Jess Woods, J. Rankin, T. and S. Miller, George Hightower, and Emma Grove to whom I send ballads also; write home and send ballads; draw three days' rations; go to bed at mid-night.

May 21st
Reveille at 3 A.M. and start at 5; day very warm; pass through Elkton, Tenn., and make Elk River; a darky drowns; an awful time.

May 22nd
Warm day; reveille at 5 A.M.; start at 6; roads good; pass over several streams; halt within twelve miles of Huntsville, Ala.
May 23rd
Lay by; draw clothing; Captain making preparations to leave; receive letters from Maria Belle and Mat Dunning; have a busy time making preparations to leave.

May 24th
Start at 6 A.M.; bid good-by to Non-Vets; I send by Captain McCall 1 blanket, 2 shirts, 1 coat and vest, drawers; march 16 miles.

May 25th
Leave and march 16 miles; roads good; have some of baggage hauled; E and J companies consolidated.

May 26th
Start at 6 A.M.; good roads; have a good time fishing on Tennessee River; cool day; halt on Tennessee at Decatur.

May 27th
Lay by till morning; receive letters from Emma Grove and William Casebolt; write to Maria Belle and Emma Grove; cross Tennessee River on pontoons; march all day and night until 1 A.M.

May 28th
Rest till 4 A.M.; march all day; have a warm time; march 16 miles; have sore feet; left home 3 years ago today.

May 29th
Reveille at 4 A.M.; still on the move; boys' feet sore; on Big Sandy; mountains poor and country same; skirmishing.

May 30th
Warm day; my feet rather sore; stand the fatigue well; march till morning.
May 31st

Up at daylight and off; march all day and halt at midnight. May 7, send miniature and book to Emma Grove; 8, write home, Emma Grove, and Mat Dunning; 11, send paper to Emma Grove; 13, write to Emma Grove and send photos of Grant, Sherman, and Big Eagle; write home and send picture of General Sherman; write to Mat Austin and to Cousin John Campbell; 20, write to Jess Woods, G. Rankin, Tom and S. Miller, G. Hightower, Emma Grove and send her some song ballads; write home and send ballads; 29, receive letter from Maria Belle Campbell and Mat Dunning; 27, receive letters from Emma Grove and William Casebolt; write to Maria Belle and to Emma.

June 1st

Start at 6 A.M.; still on Big Sandy Mountains; quite a lot of table land; began to descend at 3 P.M.; at dark reach the valley and draw 3 days' rations.

June 2nd

Fine morning but at noon the wind blew and rain fell for an hour; several showers later; detail goes out but forage scarce; boys enjoy a rest.

June 3rd

Up and off at 7 A.M.; day warm and roads very muddy; have an awful time; halt at 10 P.M.

June 4th

Up and off at 4 A.M.; feel old and played out; march all day and halt at 5 P.M.; rains hard in evening; draw two-thirds rations.
June 5th

Rains very hard and road desperately muddy; make out estimate for clothing; rains nearly all day; several wagons break down; in evening weather clears off; march 16 miles and halt at Rome, Georgia.

June 6th

Warm day and feel played out; leave Rome on Coosa River; march 16 miles and halt at Kingston; draw clothes and rations; receive a letter and picture from Emma Grove, also one letter from home.

June 7th

Write to Emma Grove and home; warm day; our officers leave us for Chattanooga to be mustered out; boys feel bad; 3 of 53rd Indiana officers take command of us; march 16 miles to Etowah River, Ga., and halt; fine place; a good time anticipated.

June 8th

Rains some but fine day afterward; 3 years ago today 3rd Iowa was mustered in; build bunks and houses; plenty of lumber; camp on a high hill on Etowah River 6 miles from Allatoona; Companies B, E, and F consolidated for the present and Lieutenant Dawson in command; duty heavy; build a fort; train and pack mules going constantly to Sherman; rain in night.

June 9th

Cool—nice morning; fatigue detail heavy; rains some; write letters to Emma Grove, home, and Willie Gilmore; draw 3 days' rations; look for an attack; cavalry post driven in; Wheeler 22 around.

22 Major General Joseph Wheeler, Confederate cavalry leader.
June 10th

Warm; trip from Clifton on Tennessee River to Etowah River 300 miles; heavy detail for fatigue on breastworks; up in line of battle at daylight; look for an attack by Wheeler's cavalry; make preparations all day; mail arrives; news still good; rains, showers, all day.

June 11th

Still rain; bridge across Etowah River 700 feet long by 70 high completed; train passes over to the fort; boys have up good booths and bunks; news still very good.

June 12th

Rain; some forage; detail goes out but some members meet with enemy and are captured; mail comes but none for me; news good; Wheeler! cavalry whipped [Whose?]; out duty heavy; rains all night.

June 13th

Rains nearly all day; health good; I write to Gardner Price and mail Lieutenant A. Alloway's letter to him; 5 trains pass over Etowah River for front; heavy firing in front; weather clears off again.

June 14th

Fine morning; heavy firing up in front; send a few lines to Captain McCall; Sam goes to Chattanooga for company books; receive note from Livi Chandler; fine day; good times; rations slim; up in line of battle; heavy firing.

June 15th

Up in line of battle; 17th Army Corps drives enemy 2 miles; receive note from G. Bassett; receive letters from Emma Grove and Maria; beautiful night; rebel cavalry destroys part of road.
June 16th

Fine morning; up in line of battle at 3 a.m.; send 3 rebel papers and a letter to Emma; firing going on; draw 5 days' rations; we have a good house.

June 17th

Fine morning; feel well; in line of battle at 4 a.m.; I write to Maria Belle; heavy firing heard in front; trains run regularly.

June 18th

Fine morning but soon clouds up with rain; one of 44th Illinois patrol killed and one mortally wounded on railroad by enemy 2 miles in front of camp; 2 of our soldiers escape from rebels and come in; lose Tom Davis 22 and I write to his wife.

June 19th

2 guns of Mann's battery come from Allatoona; also 15th Illinois; a number of 45th Illinois men wounded; man dies and is buried this morning; cannonading not so terrific this morning; receive a letter from Emma Grove dated March 5th; I send Emma a Rebel paper and forward two letters to Lieutenant Alloway, also letters to Casebolt and to Doc. Ramsey; rains some in the evening.

June 20th

Rains some in morning; I wash; draw 2 days' rations; go to Allatoona after them; boys fixing up well; a good chance to stay here this summer.

22 Davis, who was captured, died at Andersonville on June 30th.
**June 21st**
Rains all day; very heavy cannonading heard in front; J. H. Trotter on pass to front; report of General Hooker being wounded; write to Emma Grove.

**June 22nd**
Beautiful morning; Trotter returns; firing still continues and victory still crowning our efforts; I sign muster rolls.

**June 23rd**
Fine day; rains some; receive letters from Emma Grove and from Maria Belle; day warm; write to Emma.

**June 24th**
Warm day; feel well; make out inventory of guns and equipment belonging to Company E; one of 45th Illinois drowned in Etowah River; fine morning.

**June 25th**
Fine morning; feel well; Lieutenant Alloway arrives in camp; receive letter from Emma; draw 5 days' rations; day warm; general health of troops good; ready for any attack.

**June 26th**
A very warm day; report of Rebels around; 90 from this post go out on scout; no Rebels seen; large mail arrives but none for me; Lieutenant Alloway goes to front; I turn over my gun to J. A. Fitchpatrick; Rebs tear up tracks at Kingston.

**June 27th**
Warm day; wounded; still going.

---

24 Major General Joseph Hooker.
June 28th

Receive muster rolls to make out and monthly returns; wait on lieutenant to come from front with papers; record not coming; I go to work.

June 29th

Day very warm; feel well; finish rolls; finish monthly returns.

June 30th

Muster day. June 6, receive letter from Emma Grove and picture, letter from home, and write to Emma and home; 9, write to Emma, home, and William Gilmore; 13, write to Gardner Price; 15, receive letter from Emma and one from Maria; 16, send three rebel papers to Emma and letter; 17, write to Maria Belle; 18, write to Mrs. M. E. Davis; 19, receive letter from Emma Grove and send her Rebel paper; 21, write to Emma; 23, receive letter from Emma and answer it; also receive one paper from Maria Belle; 23, write to Emma; 25, receive one from Emma.

July 1st

Warm day; health good; G. Barrett, G. Jones return from front; draw five days' rations; go in swimming; less firing heard but wounded going by all time.

July 2nd

Beautiful day; health good; write to Emma Grove; draw lightbread for first time; boys in good spirits; Lieutenant Alloway leaves for home.

July 3rd

Warm day; feel well; Sherman telegraphs back that Kennesaw Mountain is evacuated by Johnston; captures
1,000 loaded wagons with teams, 1,000 prisoners, 400 negroes; I send to Hinsdale, N. H., for sample of papers.

July 4th
Beautiful day; feel rather unwell; have quite a celebration in the grove; speeches made by Colonels Rodgers, Brown, and several other notables; good music by band; news good from front; write to Emma Grove; construction corps leaves for the front.

July 5th
Feel well; general health good; news good.

July 6th
Fine day but rather warm; feel well; no mail; boys half despondent.

July 7th
Feel well; receive letters from Emma, Mat Austin, and Jess Woods; health good; day warm; amuse myself by washing.

July 8th
Cool day; write to Emma Grove; feel well; 14th Illinois stationed here; we have orders to move; boys don’t fancy the program; rains—heavy showers.

July 9th
Up at 3 A.M.; ready to march at 6 A.M.; morning cool; arrive at Allatoona at 10 A.M.; don’t find as fine a place as we left; heavy picket called out; right wing goes out on picket to guard train.
**July 10th**

Fine day, cool; health good; storm on the mountains; scene grand; Kennesaw Mountain in sight; news good; write to Emma.

**July 11th**

Beautiful day; rains some; large mail arrives; receive letters from Gardner Price and from Captain McCall; write to Captain Mc.; right wing returns to Allatoona.

**July 12th**

Warm morning; feel well; write to Gardner Price, also to Emma Grove; Elias Pocock here on visit; duty in regiment heavy.

**July 13th**

Warm day; orders to be ready to march at 11 A.M.; start at 2 P.M.; day very warm; march to Acworth, distant 6 miles from Allatoona; blackberries very plentiful.

**July 14th**

Warm day; start from Acworth at 7 A.M.; march to Kennesaw; lay by and receive order for consolidation; some little excitement; fighting on front; receive letter from home and one from Emma.

**July 15th**

Beautiful day; lay by at Kennesaw Mountain; I go up the Mountain—scenery grand; view Stone Mountain, Wild Cat, and Lost Mountain; write to Emma; receive letter from Captain McCall.

**July 16th**

Warm day; companies of 3rd Regiment consolidated: A, E, and F form Co. A of battalion; B, D, and H form
Co. B; C, F, G, and J form Co. C; boys as well satisfied as possible under the circumstances; general health good; pile up bunks; march at 6 a.m.

July 17th
Warm day; march about 18 miles; pass through Marietta and move east of Atlanta; flank movement; pass through Rossville [Roswell?] on Chattahoochee River at 9 p.m. 25

July 18th
Warm day; feel well; keep eastward of Atlanta; Rebels flanked; Stone Mountain occupied; march 10 miles; teams go back after rations; Captain McLemore leaves regiment; wagon returns with one day’s rations.

July 19th
March all day; boys in good spirits; look for warm times; many killed and wounded.

July 20th
Heavy fighting all day; move out at daylight; march 6 miles; charge over field; Jim Guthrie wounded; 6 of regiment killed and wounded; 26 receive letter from Emma Grove and one from C. Davis.

July 21st
Move over works to support 32nd Ohio at 8 a.m.; charge across a field; 18 of our battalion of 3rd Iowa killed and wounded; 7 of Co. E wounded; Wm. Mullen [wounded]

25 On this day, July 17th, Robert J. Campbell takes his place in the line of battle about Atlanta after having been for several weeks on detached duty in the rear of Sherman’s army. On the night of this day Johnston is replaced by Hood in command of the opposing Confederate forces.
26 In the Battle of Peachtree Creek.
on leg; sight Rebels in force in front; dig works all night & Abernathy killed; Wm. C. is killed; W. Smith, Co. K, killed.

July 22nd

THE FOREGOING MEMORANDA WAS KEPT BY A FEDERAL, AND NOW I WILL COMPLETE THE BOOK BY INSCRIBING MY HISTORICAL EVENTS.  
[Signed] THOS. J. KEY

On July 22nd, in the bloody Battle of Atlanta, Robert J. Campbell was captured and his diary taken from him. How Captain Key “completed” the little book—and something of the career of each man in the post-war years—has been indicated in the preceding pages.
APPENDIX

NOTATIONS FROM KEY'S DIARY
[1864-65]

Officers' Mess
Dec. 13th       Dr. to R. N. Bailey $10.00

To Lt. Bolling
Nov. 17th      bacon, meal, & salt 15.50
   25th          5 lbs. bacon @ $2.50 12.50

To Lt. Marshall
Dec. 25th      coffee & meat 28.00
   Jan. 4th     beef & molasses 10.00

To Captain Key
Sept. 13th     3 lbs. bacon @ $2.50 7.50
   "           18 lbs. flour @ .20 3.60
   "           5 lbs. soap @ $1.00 5.00
  18th         ½ gal. molasses @ $6.00 3.00
  20th         1 bush. potatoes 3.00
   27th        ditto 8.00
Dec. 23rd      coffee 20.00
Jan.  6th      potatoes & molasses 21.00
   10th        ditto 8.00

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**TWO SOLDIERS**

*To Lt. Austin*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 27th</td>
<td>honey</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dec. 23rd</td>
<td>coffee</td>
<td>20.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 10th</td>
<td>potatoes</td>
<td>55.00</td>
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*To P. R. F.*

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<tr>
<td>Oct. 19th</td>
<td>potatoes &amp; molasses</td>
<td>10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“ 21st</td>
<td>soap</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“ 22nd</td>
<td>onions</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“ 25th</td>
<td>3⅛ lbs. bacon @ $2.50 (pd. Herring)</td>
<td>9.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 19th</td>
<td>5⅛ lbs. pork @ $1.50</td>
<td>8.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“ 20th</td>
<td>potatoes</td>
<td>35.00</td>
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*To James Mullens*

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 11th</td>
<td>bacon</td>
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*P. R. F. to James Mullens*

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<tr>
<td>Dec. 6th</td>
<td>washing</td>
<td>19.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“ 14th</td>
<td>sundries</td>
<td>11.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>“ 22nd</td>
<td>services rendered</td>
<td>15.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 5th</td>
<td>1 pair gloves</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 27th</td>
<td>tobacco</td>
<td>2.00</td>
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*Officers' Mess to Captain Key*

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<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mar. 18th</td>
<td>for molasses</td>
<td>5.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 13th</td>
<td>ditto</td>
<td>10.00</td>
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*To Lt. Marshall*

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Apr. 14th</td>
<td>paid on old account</td>
<td>3.00</td>
</tr>
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NOTATIONS FROM CAMPBELL’S DIARY

MONEY SENT HOME:

Quincy, [by] E. B. Craig  $50.00
Sturgeon, Mo.  5.00
Before Corinth, [by] McCowan  53.00
Memphis mail  20.00
Left at home  40.00
Keokuk mail  20.00
Rear of Vicksburg  20.00
Natchez  20.00
Leave home, on Veteran’s Furlough  25.00

CARRIED OVER FROM 1863:

Dr. to Tom Davis  $20.00
“ to E. Sawyer  39.00
“ to J. A. Fitchpatrick  .50
“ to G. Barrett  2.00
“ to B. Pardee  1.00
“ to C. B. Nichols  7.25
“ to sutler  3.00

Total  $72.75

To Lt. A. Alloway, for watch  $25.00
   No. of watch—48048.
To sutler  1.00

January, 1864

8, draw from U. S. one pair of shoes  $1.48
20, order from sutler  1.00
26, note to Lt. Alloway for watch  25.00
TWO SOLDIERS

March, 1864
Cash Account Summary
U. S., $220.21

May, 1864
6, R. J. Campbell, dr. to G. Bank $5.50
8, R. J. C., dr. to Sawyer 5.00
12, rec'd of G. Mullen $5 in lieu of $5 borrowed

June, 1864
7, Obed R. Ward, dr. to R. J. Campbell for watch, $26.00
30, Obed R. Ward turned a note of H. G. in lieu of his.
30, R. J. Campbell, dr. to Obed R. Ward per gold rendered, $3.00

Addresses:
Mrs. Margaret Rankin, Mound Station, Brown County, Illinois.
Elijah Rankin, Co. C, 3 reg., Mo. Cav., Rolla, Mo. Care of Captain T. G. Black.
John Rankin, Mount Sterling, Brown County, Illinois.
James Haselet, Clayton, Adam County, Illinois.
John U. Schoonover, Co. 119, 1st Bat., I. C., Indianapolis, Indiana.
Gardner Price, Co. D, 12th Iowa, Memphis, Tennessee.
Emma Grove, Nevada, Story County, Iowa.
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

I. Manuscripts

Captain Key's diary (now in the possession of his daughters, the Misses Emma and Pearl Key) originally consisted of ten notebooks, as follows:

I. Dec. 7, 1863—April 29, 1864, with no entry for April 11th, and the April 29th entry continued into the second book.

II. April 29, 1864—May 7, 1864.

III. May 8, 1864—July 17, 1864 (missing).

IV. July 18, 1864—August 20, 1864.

V. August 21, 1864—Sept. 23, 1864.


VIII. Jan. 16, 1865—March 23, 1865, with part of entry for Jan. 31st and entry for Feb. 1st lost and no entries for March 8th and 9th.

IX. March 24, 1865—May 1, 1865 (missing).

X. May 2, 1865—May 17, 1865.

Of the ten notebooks that comprised the diary of Captain Thomas J. Key, seven (I, II, IV, V, VII, VIII, X) have survived and are here printed with the omission of a few paragraphs wherein the diarist had copied or briefed irrelevant matter from books that he was reading. No. V is the little brown notebook of Robert J. Campbell in which Captain Key kept a part of his own record. The captured
Union diary itself covers the period from January 1, 1864, through July 21st of the same year, with entries lacking only for March 21st, 26th, 30th, and May 3rd.

II. PRINTED MATTER

In preparing these diaries for publication, the editor has found particularly useful the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, published by the United States (1880-1901), which include a series of 1,006 maps and charts; the *Photographic History of the Civil War* (New York, 1911), 10 vols., a remarkable collection of contemporary photographs accompanied by a detailed account of the war itself; W. O. Payne’s *History of Story County, Iowa* (Chicago, 1911), 2 vols., which has much to say of the 3rd Regiment, Iowa Infantry and Co. E thereof, to which Robert J. Campbell belonged; Joseph E. Johnston’s *Narrative of Military Operations* (New York, 1874), well written and unusually dispassionate and accurate; John B. Hood’s *Advance and Retreat* (New Orleans, 1880), which contains many errors both of fact and interpretation and is primarily a work of self-justification and exculpation; William T. Sherman’s *Memoirs* (New York, 1875), 2 vols., interesting and revealing to an unusual degree; Irving A. Buck’s *Cleburne and His Command* (New York, 1908), which has supplied valuable information with which to fill in the missing portions of Captain Key’s diary; Thomas Robson Hay’s excellent *Hood’s Tennessee Campaign* (New York, 1929); and Robert Selph Henry’s finely balanced *The Story of the Confederacy* (Indianapolis, 1931). Less important for the present work but referred to in the footnotes are J. P. Young, ed., *Standard History of Memphis, Tennessee* (Knoxville, 1912); Roberta S. Brandau, ed., *History of Homes and Gardens of Tennessee* (Nashville, 1936); Henry Hitchcock, *Marching with Sherman: Letters and Diaries,*
ed. by M. A. De Wolfe Howe (New Haven, 1927); J. W. Dubose, General Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee (New York, 1912); and the files of the Confederate Veteran (1892-1932) and the Tennessee Historical Magazine (1915 to date). As a matter of fact, so staggering in mass and variety is the literature on the War Between the States that in respect to any given incident the problem of the historian is chiefly that of balancing and evaluating the differing versions.
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