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REMINISCENCES

*of the*

BOYS IN GRAY

1861-1865

v. 1

*Compiled by*

MISS MAMIE YEARY

McGREGOR, TEXAS

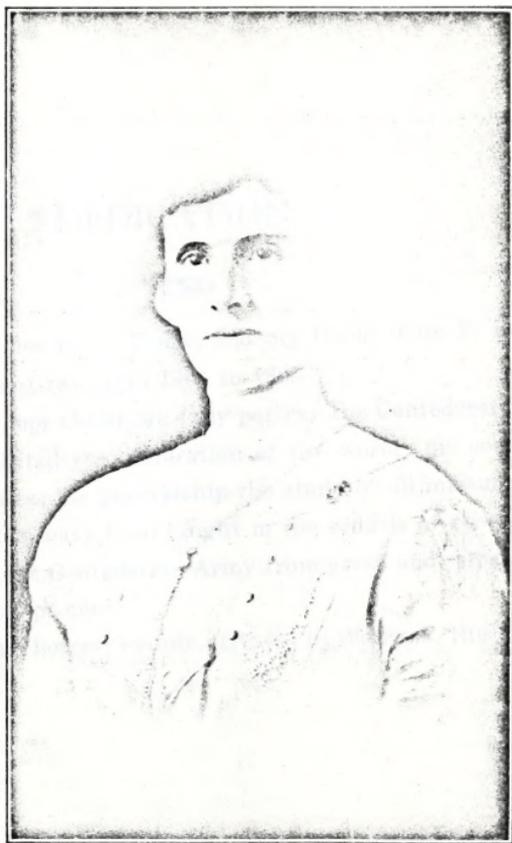
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Marnie Geary.



## DEDICATION



To my Father, James K. P. Yearly, and my Uncle, John P. Hale, and all those who wore the Gray from 1861 to 1865.

No pen, nor brush, nor chisel can fully portray the Confederate Soldier. His patriotism has elicited the admiration of the world; his courage the inspiration of all armies; his generalship the study of all military critics; his strategy and tactics have been taught in the schools of other nations, while the freedom of the Confederate Army from greed and selfishness has been the wonder of all peoples.

To these illustrious heroes, mainly privates in the rank, this volume is lovingly dedicated.



## FOREWORD



In offering to the public these "Confederate Reminiscences" my only apology is to place in permanent form, and in the very words of the participants, as far as practicable, the personal experiences of the "men behind the guns," the "boys in the line," who by their courage, fortitude and patriotism, carved high up in the temple of fame, the names of our commanders and made them illustrious in the annals of war.

No claim is made to literary merit nor elegance of diction; neither do I give further proof of the correctness of the statements made than that they are the recollections of the men who were in the "thickest of the fray"—Men whose inspiration was fidelity to principle.

No one can rehearse the stirring events of the 60's as can the veterans themselves, and generations to come will bless them for giving these brief details of what they saw, did and suffered during those four years of carnage in defense of their homes and their rights.

Many interesting papers, too lengthy for the scope of this work, have been abridged to contain the most important parts. The reader will bear in mind that where a battle line was several miles in length that no one man could see it all, and that the different descriptions, seemingly at variance when taken together, make up the whole battle.

While editing the data so kindly sent me, I have entered fully into each skirmish, battle, march and campaign. I have listened to the first shot fired on old Fort Sumpter in Charleston Harbor at 4:30 a. m., on April 12th, 1861, and have followed you to the last engagement at Palmetto Ranch, Texas, May 13th, 1865. I have been with you with Bragg in the Kentucky campaign; fought with you at Perryville and Richmond; mourned with you over the loss of the gallant Zollicoffer; came back with you through the snows at Cumberland Gap; stood with you in battle line at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga.

Again I went with you with Morgan on his raid through Kentucky, through Indiana and on into Ohio, where he and a remnant of his daring followers at last surrendered.

I have been with you with "Old Pap" Price when you took your lives in your hands and went into Missouri; suffered with you from cold and hunger on your long retreat, and wept with you when you have left many of your comrades in the enemy's country.

Again, I was with you with Johnston in that masterly one hundred days' campaign from Dalton to Atlanta; marched with you with Hood into Tennessee and stood by you in the bloody battles of Franklin and Nashville.



I have witnessed Sherman's march of devastation from Atlanta to the sea; watched his wanton destruction of the defenseless homes in the path of his vandals.

I have been with you on your long and weary march into New Mexico, and returned with you to Texas to again take up the march into Louisiana, when you so completely routed Gen. Banks; saw your heroism at the bloody battlefields of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou, and have often wondered how men could live, exposed to the freezing winters and scorching summers, with no more protection than the beasts of the field.

After the battle at Elkhorn I have gone with you to Shiloh and Corinth; then to the ditches of Vicksburg, where you dined on mule beef and pea flour, salted with hunger and a determination to win.

I have gone with you with Stonewall Jackson through the Shenandoah valley and mourned with you when that Christian military genius "passed over the river" at Chancellorsville.

I have been with you with Gen. Lee at Manassas and around Richmond; went with you into Maryland, fought with you at Gettysburg, saw Pickett's charge on Cemetery Ridge at Little Round Top; was with you at the bloody angle at Spottsylvania; witnessed the "blow-up" at Petersburg and went with you to Appomattox, where you stacked arms, furled forever the spotless banner of the South and then went with you to your desolate homes where you started life over again.

But life's battle is almost over with most of you. The last roll will soon be called and you will "pass over the river" to be with Jackson and Lee and Johnston, and all that long list of heroes with whom you fought and suffered through all those long years, and when "all is over" you may rest in the full assurance that a loyal people will still hold in grateful remembrance your heroic devotion to the principles which make men free.

If I shall succeed, in any degree, in preserving to the generations to come, a record of some of the deeds of daring, some of the privations, some of the sacrifices and sufferings of "that thin gray line" of immortals, who for four long years, held at bay the mightiest army of modern times, in an effort to give life and perpetuity to "a Nation born in blood; a storm-cradled Nation that fell," I shall feel amply remunerated for my efforts.

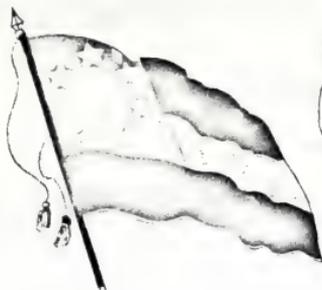
My grateful acknowledgements are due especially to Gen. W. L. Cabell of Dallas, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cavit of McGregor, Texas; Miss Daisy Hale of Farmersville, Texas; my uncle, W. P. Bickley, Farmersville, Texas; my mother, Mrs. J. K. P. Yeary, McGregor, Texas; Col. Milton Park, Dallas, Texas, and Col. W. L. Danley of Nashville, Tenn., besides the host of veterans, S. C. V.'s and U. D. C.'s for valuable assistance in the compilation of these Reminiscences.

MAMIE YEARY, McGregor, Texas.

Nov. 1st, 1912.

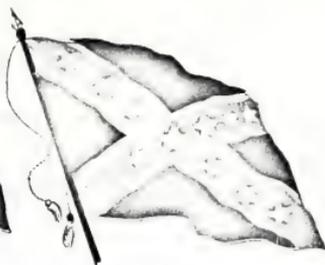
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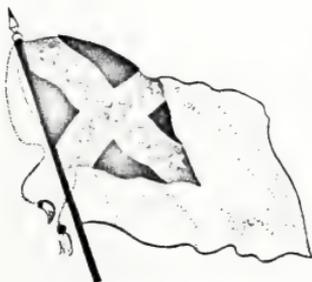
#### THE STARS AND BARS

First flag of the Confederate States, adopted by the Congress at Montgomery, Ala., and raised at the capitol, March 4, 1861, by the grand daughter of President John Tyler.



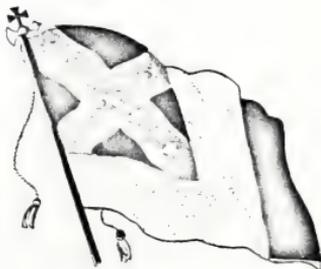
#### THE BATTLE FLAG

Designed by General Beauregard, to avoid the resemblance of the Stars and Bars to the Stars and Stripes; adopted after the battle of First Manassas, and used thereafter in the army.



#### THE NATIONAL FLAG

Adopted by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, May 1, 1863.



#### THE NATIONAL FLAG

Adopted by the Congress March 4, 1865, the red stripe being added to the National Flag of 1863, because the latter, when furled, showed only white.



# Reminiscences of the Boys in Gray

## 1861-1865

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THOS. J. ABBOTT of Aspermont, Texas, was born July 15, 1840, near Fayetteville, Washington County, Arkansas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army October, 1861, at Fayetteville, Ark., as private in Company E., Seventeenth Arkansas Regiment, Gen. Little's brigade, Gen. Price's division, Army Trans-Mississippi. Joe Parks, First Captain; Rector, First Colonel. After the battle of Corinth was sent to Port Hudson. Left Port Hudson March 17, 1863, to meet Sheridan, who crossed the Alabama River and joined Bank's army.

Was in the battle of Corinth, Iuka, Corinth second time, first bombardment of Port Hudson, and in a number of smaller battles.

I took an active part in the hotly contested battle of Iuka. In this battle the armies confronted each other. Rosecrans then sent a brigade to the rear of Price's army and then the battle began, which lasted three hours, during which time we averaged more than forty rounds of ammunition to the man. When the battle began, the armies were about 400 yards apart, but after an hour of hard fighting we advanced on the enemy to within about seventy yards. After another hour's fighting we advanced again to within about fifty yards. We then moved on double quick towards the enemy and when within thirty yards they fired one piece of artillery at us with canister shot; but we pushed on across their line. We captured nine pieces of "Ten Horse" battery, a Sergeant and a private. As we were pushing on to the enemy's line the smoke was so thick that we could scarcely tell the enemy from our own men. This private, who had been wounded, cried out, "You are firing into your own men." I passed the word back and the order came to cease firing. I asked this private to what company he belonged, and found that he was with the enemy's battery. I then passed this word back, and as soon as the mistake was discovered the firing opened again. We pushed on so near the enemy that in the last shot which was fired the blaze of our guns met. Our relief then came and we fell back. Gen. Little, our division commander, was killed.

After the battle was over some of us began searching for our comrades. We came across a Yank, and a Reb inquired of the Yank as to what he was doing and to what company he belonged. The reply came, "Searching for my comrade and belong to the Forty-Ninth Illinois Regiment." We passed on and left him still searching. We found our comrade mortally wounded and tried to take him to the hospital, but could not get within forty yards of it, for the dead and wounded. The next day after the battle we began our retreat, with the enemy in pursuit until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when Price had a battery masked at the mouth of a long lane. When the enemy got to within 100 yards the cannon opened fire on them and they retreated. We then fell back to Guntown, and from there to Corinth, where the next great battle was fought.

When we were within about fourteen miles of Corinth we were ordered



to halt and cook about three days' rations. We drew our rations and were cooking them when we were ordered to the front in "double quick," and formed a line of battle on the outer breastworks, then moved through the outer breastworks and on to the East, where we lay on our guns all night. The next morning we were ordered forward to the breastworks. The left wing was commanded by Price and the right by Van Dorn and other officers. The left wing advanced and got within the breastworks of the enemy, but the right wing, from some cause, failed to advance, and the left wing was forced back.

The enemy concentrating all their artillery on this wing, our men were swept down like grain before the scythe. The enemy pursued us to the Hatchie River, where we found our wagon train. The enemy had attacked our reserve forces and we turned and went through the woods twelve miles below to an old mill. Here we crossed the river and went on to Holly Springs. Here Price's army was divided. Part of it remained here and part was sent to Richmond and Vicksburg, and others to Port Hudson. The fragments of the Fourteenth and Seventeenth Arkansas Regiment went to Port Hudson, where they were consolidated.

A. G. ABERCROMBY, of Cumby, Texas—Was born Jan. 22, 1840, in Montgomery County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 at Wetumpka, Ala., as private. Tom Mitchell was first Captain.

Immediately after my enlistment I was sent to Montgomery and detailed to work in gunsmith shop, where I remained until the close of the war.

H. P. ACKER, of Sulphur Springs, Tex.—Was born March 15, 1844, near Talladega, Talladega County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army October 15, 1861, in the town of Talladega as private in Company H, Twenty-Fifth Alabama Regiment; Col. Deaver's Brigade; Gen. Thos. Hindman's division; Gen. Pope's corps, Army of Tennessee; first Captain, Ed Turner; first Colonel, I. K. Loomat.

Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner July 3, 1864, and sent to Camp Morton, Ind., and remained there until May 18, 1865. Here we received very hard fare and bad treatment. I remained a private during the entire war; was in the battles of Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, Bardstown, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga., New Hope Church, where I was captured, and remained in prison until the surrender.

ARCHIBALD GRAY ADAMS, Marshall, Texas—Born July 4, 1833, near Zebulon, Pike County, Georgia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the summer of 1861, as Lieutenant in Company D, Seventh Texas Regiment; Gen. Granbury's brigade; Gen. Cleburne's division; Gen. Cheatam's corps. First Captain, K. M. Van Zandt; first Colonel, John Gregg. Was taken prisoner at the battle of Fort Donelson, and sent to Johnson's Island; remained in prison seven months, when I was exchanged. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Port Hudson, Jackson, Raymond, Missionary Ridge, besides every battle in and around Atlanta, Jonesboro, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, Hood's retreat from Nashville and was with Joseph Johnston at the surrender in North Carolina.

I came of fighting stock, as my great grandfather was a soldier in the American Revolution, and my grandfather in the war of 1812 and in the Indian wars, doing such valuable service that tracts of land were granted to them by the State of Georgia. On Johnson's Island the prisoners were



well treated and given plenty to eat. Each comrade took his turn at cooking, but not always with great success. Many of the boys amused themselves by making various articles of jewelry inlaid with gutta percha, which articles are now highly treasured by these same "boys." While in prison I dreamed one night that there was a battle on the Mississippi River, and the Confederates beat the Yanks, and drove them into the river under the gunboats. I got up the next morning and was telling my dream when comrades announced "that is too good to be true, come and take your beating," so they laid me on the "cooling board" and gave me a dressing.

A short while after that the news of the battle of Shiloh reached us, which occurred on the very night and exactly as I had dreamed it. After seven months on Johnson's Island we were exchanged and sent to Vicksburg. From which place we entered upon a campaign that showed us war in all its horrors. Battle succeeded battle, incident followed incident, until the Seventh Texas made for itself a name that will go "sounding down the ages." I was leading a scouting party and came upon a Yankee Colonel and his aide. These I captured, receiving the sword and field glasses of the Colonel and carrying the prisoners to camp. These field glasses are still in my possession and the lens are as perfect today as they were forty-nine years ago. Was in Hood's retreat, barefooted from Nashville until he reached Tupelo, Miss.; then on to South Carolina, where Joseph E. Johnston took command of the army. The last battle I engaged in was Bentonville, N. C., where Johnston's surrender was made. Here these poor, worn-out, ragged, barefooted soldiers received the sum of \$1.25 each for four years' service, and that dollar was a Mexican dollar. The 25 cents he was obliged to spend, but the dollar is handed down to his children and grandchildren, a silent history of "the men who wore the gray."

FRANK A. ADAMS, of Ennis, Texas—Was born Dec. 28, 1846, near Verona, Miss.; enlisted in the Confederate Army August, 1863, at Verona, as private, in Company I, Eleventh Mississippi Cavalry; Gen. Armstrong's brigade; Gen. Chalmer's division; Gen. Forrest's corps; Southwestern Army, with John F. Story, first Captain, and Tom Ashcraft, Colonel. Our brigade was transferred temporarily to Atlanta at the siege, and placed in Walthall's division, Stewart's corps, Army of Tennessee, after first fighting the Federals at Jackson, Miss., July, 1863, and Harrisburg in July, 1864. I was wounded at Atlanta July 28, 1864, in the shoulder and slightly wounded at Selma, Ala., in 1865. Was taken prisoner at Selma, Ala., in 1865; was kept in prison for seven days and then paroled at Montgomery, Ala., April 13, 1865. I was in the battles of Atlanta and Selma. Our brigade was held in reserve at Harrisburg. Our regiment fought at Jackson, Miss., July 8, 1864. We served as dismounted cavalry from July, 1864, until November of the same year.

GEORGE H. ADAMS, of Brownwood, Texas—Was born in Humphreys County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 7, 1862, at Houston, Texas, as private, in Company A.; J. J. Cook's heavy artillery, Army of Trans-Mississippi Department; J. T. Riley, first Captain, and J. J. Cook, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battle of Galveston in January, 1863.

JAS. ADAMS, Austin, Texas—Born March 17, 1833, near Drogheda, Ireland. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 19, 1861, as private in



Company D of the First Louisiana Volunteers; Gen. Blanchard's brigade, Gen. Huger's division, Gen. Jackson's corps, Army of Northern Virginia; first Captain, Jas. Nelligan; first Colonel, A. G. Blanchard. I was wounded at Malvern Hill, Va., on July 11, 1862, in both legs. Had both legs amputated—one two inches below the knee joint and one four inches below the hip joint.

No epaulets graced my shoulders, on my collar I wore no stars, only a private in the ranks I fought for the "Stars and Bars." Was in the battles of Sawyer's Lane, Seven Pines, King's Cross Roads and Malvern Hill. Was discharged July 16, 1862, on account of disabilities. Many things come to my mind as I write these lines which I would be glad to jot down, but poor vision prevents much reading or writing.

**JAS. A. ADAMS**, of Mabank, Texas—Born Feb. 29, 1848, at Talbotton, Ga. Enlisted in Confederate Army July 29, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., as private in Company C, Cobb's regiment, reserve corps, guarding prisoners at Andersonville Prison. First Captain, W. F. Scott; first Colonel, Cobb. Was taken prisoner April 6, 1865, and paroled. Was in skirmishes on Salt Cache River, S. C., and Girard, Ala.

**JOE ADAMS** of Madisonville, Texas—Was born October 22, 1835, in Carroll County, Georgia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Madisonville, Tex., as private in Company E, Burnett's regiment, Gen. Randall's brigade, Gen. Walker's division, Gen. Kirby Smith's corps, Army of Trans-Mississippi; W. C. Young, first Captain, and Burnett, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, La., Saline River, and Jenkins Ferry, Ark.

**S. O. ADAMS**, of Floydada, Texas—Was born July 20, 1845, near Talbotton, in the county of Talbot, in the State of Georgia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company K, Second Georgia Regiment, in Gen. Bob Toomb's brigade, Gen. Jones' division, Gen. Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia; J. I. Ball, first Captain, and Paul J. Simmes, first Colonel.

I was discharged on account of being under age, but afterwards enlisted with the Tennessee Cavalry. I was not wounded, but was struck several times; had bullet holes in my hat and in my clothes, but was never disabled. Was never taken prisoner; resolved at the beginning that I would never be captured with a whole hide. In the latter part of 1862 was elected Second Lieutenant of Company B, Second Georgia Regiment; but we were soon disbanded, and I was sent to Gen. Wheeler and placed on scout duty. Arrived at Manassas in time to assist in the burying of the dead. Then returned to Yorktown. Was in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Franklin, Decatur, Ala., seven days around Richmond, Atlanta campaign, and in most all the battles in Northern Georgia.

My command at Malvern Hill charged across a field 600 yards and captured thirty-two pieces of artillery. The scene here was awful. There were six or eight horses to the wagon, all down in a pile, some dead and some wounded; with dead and wounded men mixed in with them. After the battle we went to Garnett's Farm on June 27, 1862. There were three companies off on picket duty, which left us with about 1,000 men. However, we opened the ball about 3 p. m. and staid in the fight until 10 o'clock that night.

We had roll call the next morning and found that we had sixty-three



whole men, and with this number we formed in line of battle and captured eight lines of breastworks. I was courier and spent a good part of my time within the enemy's lines and had many narrow escapes. I have ridden with the enemy and heard their conversations. I went into their lines near Rome, Ga., to ascertain how many men they were sending back after Hood, and when I started back picked up two Indiana soldiers and carried them to Summerville, Ala.

There I was put on courier line in front of Decatur, Ala., carried orders with two men following me. They did not think I would get through. I was courier for Hood at the battle of Franklin, after which I was sent back to my command on the coast of South Carolina. Was with Wheeler when Lee surrendered. Wheeler thought we could get across the Mississippi River and sent around to know who would volunteer to go with him. H. C. Moore and I were the only ones who volunteered out of our regiment. The next day Gen. Wheeler came around and gave us a talk. He told us it would be the same if we were on the other side, and that the whole thing was surrendered and that the best thing for us to do was to go home and make the best of it, so we took his advice and returned home.

GEORGE W. ADCKOCK of Terry, Texas—Was born in Monroe County, Alabama.; came to Jefferson County, Texas; enlisted in the Confederate Army in November, 1862, as a private in Company E, Gen. Speight's battalion, with G. W. O'Brien as first Colonel. Was never in battle. I was on post duty most of the time at Sabine Pass and Beaumont, Tex. I had a very good time compared to what some of the boys had.

T. H. ADKISSON, of Dublin, Texas—Was born Feb. 8, 1842, near Hawkinsville, Pulaski County, Georgia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, as private in Company E, Thirty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Holtzclaw's brigade, Gen. Clayton's division, Gen. Hood's corps, Army of Tennessee; E. W. Martin, first Captain; Ketchum, first Colonel.

We were changed first to Mobile, remained there about twelve months, then to the Tennessee Army. The change was made on account of Tennessee needing men. Was wounded in the leg at Missionary Ridge. Was also wounded at Jonesboro on Aug. 31, 1864, in the left arm. I was taken prisoner twice, but got away on the ground that I did not want to go North, and took chances on running. The Yankees shot my hat off, but I got away just the same. I was in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, New Hope Church, Atlanta and Jonesboro.

D. W. ADRIAN of Longview, Texas—Was born in Franklin County, Georgia, near Carnesville. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861, at Pine Bluff, Miss., as Third Lieutenant, afterwards promoted to Second Lieutenant, in the Fifth Mississippi Regiment, Gen. Chalmer's brigade; Gen. Wither's division; Gen. Hardee's corps, Army of Tennessee, with Womack, first Captain, and Dr. Fant, first Colonel. My company was placed under Cleburne. After we returned from Kentucky, Fant, our first Colonel, became disabled, and A. Dickens was made Colonel of the Fifth Mississippi, and the company was placed with Gen. Lowery, who was in command at Ringgold, Tenn. May 15, 1864, I was wounded; my leg was shattered below the knee, and eleven years after the doctor took from it the fourth part of a ball. I, with others, was shipped to Atlanta, Ga. Three of the six placed in the hospital were wounded in the leg. Capt. Parks died from his wound. After this I joined my company at Atlanta. Was in the battle of Murfreesboro, which was fought in 1863. We lost



seventy-three men killed and wounded. Our Captain, John Morgan, was killed by being shot through the head.

At the battle of Atlanta in July, 1864, my little company came out with four men. Pat Cleburne on this day captured about 1,600 Federals and two pieces of artillery. Here we lost our Adjutant—my first Lieutenant—in the charge. Dan Latimore snatched up the flag when the bearer fell, but he, poor fellow, fell soon after.

I prefer to tell what others did. And now, I want to speak of the kind ladies who visited us while in the hospital. They would call on us every morning, bringing us all kinds of nice things to eat. Many of the daughters of those noble women are members of your organization today, the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

**JOHN ADRIANCE**, Galveston, Texas—Was born at Freilburg, Colorado County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 7, 1861, as private in the Columbia Blues, R. R. Brown's regiment; H. B. Perkins, first Captain, and R. R. Brown, first Colonel. Was never wounded. Was kept in the State to guard the Texas coast. Was in several skirmishes, but no real battles.

**G. M. AGEE**, Honey Grove, Texas—Was born May 14, 1843, in Patrick County, Virginia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 14, 1861, as private in Company D, Fifty-First Virginia Regiment, Gen. John B. Floyd's brigade; Gen. Heath's division, in the army of North Virginia. My first Captain was D. Lee Ross; first Colonel, G. C. Whorton.

At the opening of the campaign in 1861 we were in West Virginia, combating with Gen. Rosecrans, then went from here to Kentucky. We were ordered to Fort Donelson, Tenn., and then back to Virginia. Was at one time in sight of Washington, D. C.; later captured by Phil Sheridan in Valley, Va. I received a gunshot wound in the left side at the battle of Winchester, Va. Was taken prisoner March 2, 1865, and remained a prisoner until June 16 of the same year. I was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Newmarket, Winchester and Cedar Creek.

**WM. A. AGEE**, Fairy, Texas—Was born Dec. 13, 1842, in Lawrence County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 1, 1862, as private in Company K, Twenty-Seventh Regiment, Infantry, Gen. Scott's brigade; Gen. Loring's division; Gen. Stuart's corps, Tennessee Army. My first Captain was H. A. McGhee; first Colonel, Hughes. Was in the battle of Port Hudson, La., and all the campaign through Georgia.

**F. W. AHLDAG**, Wharton, Texas—Born in Germany near Kleinbremen, Westphalia, and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Shelby, Austin County, Texas, in September, 1861, as private in Company G (known as the Dutch company), Fourth Texas Cavalry. First Captain was Van Hoeval and first Colonel was Riley. After our return from New Mexico we were in Gen. Tom Green's brigade, under Gen. Magruder. We captured the "Harriett Lane" at Galveston and then went to Louisiana. Was in what was afterwards known as the "Val Verde battery." Was in the battles of Val Verde, Glorietta, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. After the battle of Val Verde, where we captured six pieces of fine artillery. I was left as Provost Guard on account of my horse being disabled. I could not speak the English language and consequently could not be promoted. Came to Texas in 1847. Our company were all Germans except two. The



father of one was English and his mother a German, and the other one was a Jew. We all spoke German, hence the name "Dutch Company," and it was the best one that ever came from the "Fadder Land."

THOMAS P. AILLS, Bettie, Texas—Was born Dec. 16, 1832, near Jacks, Hinds County, Mississippi. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March, 1861, at Gilmer, Texas, as private in Company H, Fourteenth Texas Infantry, with T. W. Stephens, first Captain; J. L. Camp, first Colonel, in Gen. Walker's division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Went first to Vicksburg, Miss., and served through the siege, then to Corinth, and later to Nashville, Tenn.

At Vicksburg I was shot in the knee, also wounded in the side in a battle fourteen miles below Nashville. Was never taken prisoner. Remained a private all through the war. Was in the battles of Vicksburg, Corinth, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Pilot Point, Lookout Mountain, Mansfield, La., and at Appomattox Court House.

E. P. AKINS, Breckenridge, Tex.—Enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1861. Was captured at Fort Donelson in 1862, and exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., about August, 1862. We were then sent to Jackson, Miss., and reorganized and enlisted for the war; sent from there to Holly Springs, Miss., and from there were ordered on a forced march to reinforce Gen. Price, but were ordered back. We suffered from heat and lost several men. We were then sent to Port Hudson, La., and were in several fights around there and went into winter quarters at Dalton, Ga. We were on picket duty until spring, 1864. We suffered a great deal for the want of food and clothing. From there back to Atlanta, I was under Gen. Wheeler, and his command was sent back to Middle Tennessee. I was captured there about September, 1864, and carried as far back as Louisville, Ky., where I made my escape and returned to Columbia, Tenn. I then fell in with Gen. Hood's army and went South, then on to North Carolina. We were next sent into Virginia on a raid. The last fight I was in was the battle at Hanover Court House, Virginia. We then dropped back to North Carolina and surrendered in May, 1865.

E. T. ALAGOOD, Era, Texas—Was born Dec. 26, 1836, near Dublin, Laurens County, Georgia, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, as private in Company C, Fifty-Seventh Georgia Regiment, Smith's brigade, Western Army. My first Captain was Tucker, and first Colonel was Barkuloo. We enlisted at Savannah, Ga., and were sent to Chattanooga, Tenn., and from there to Kentucky, then back to Chattanooga, then to Corinth, Jackson and Vicksburg, Miss. I was wounded just above the ear at Lovejoy Station, and was sent to the hospital at Cuthbert, Ga. After the battle at Baker's Creek we went into the works at Vicksburg, where we fought forty-seven days, finally surrendering to Grant and were sent home till exchanged. I was not promoted. Was in the battles of Vicksburg, Atlanta, Savannah, New Hope Church and Jonesborough, Ga., where Gen. Hood superseded Gen. Johnston, and when our real slaughter and trying times began. We were taken out from the front of Sherman and you might say opened the way to Savannah, Ga. Gen. Hood then went to Franklin, Tenn., where he lost the greater part of his army and then to Nashville, where we did not stay long, as the enemy was too strong for us. We then went to North Carolina and the war soon closed.



J. C. ALEXANDER, McGregor, Texas—Was born Nov. 16, 1843, near Brenham, Washington County, Texas, and enlisted in the Confederate Army April 19, 1861, at San Antonio, Texas, as private in Company D, Gen. H. E. McCulloch's division, Army of Texas frontier. Name of first Captain, Tobin; first Colonel, H. E. McCulloch. Disbanded at Fredericksburg, Tex., April 19, 1862, and re-enlisted June, 1862, in Company A, Willis' battalion, Waul's legion.

I was in the battles of Coffeeville, Miss., Holly Springs, and in many other skirmishes in the northern part of Mississippi. Returned with my company to Texas in August, 1863, after the fall of Vicksburg, and did service in Texas until the close of the war.

When the war began, Texas being a frontier State, was protected from the Indians by the regular soldiers of the United States, and they were made prisoners of war. Some of them joined the Confederate Army, and others remained prisoners until exchanged. After the Confederates came in control of the South she had to replace her United States soldiers with Confederate soldiers; hence my first fighting was with the Indians. During my Indian service, my company broke even, we having one man killed and killing one Indian. We had some hard fighting at times, and then we would have a fine time killing buffalo, deer, bear, turkey and rattlesnakes.

OSCAR W. ALEXANDER, Wellington, Texas—Was born June 10, 1843, near Columbus, Colorado County, Texas, and enlisted in the Confederate Army March, 1862, at Memphis, Tenn, as Sergeant in Company F, Terry's Texas Rangers, Eighth Cavalry, Gen. Thomas Harrison's brigade, Gen. Joe Wheeler's corps, Army of Tennessee. Name of first Captain, W. R. Jarmon; first Colonel, Terry.

Was wounded at Aiken, S. C., Feb. 11, 1865. A slight wound in the right leg. At Nonannah, Tenn., Wm. Thornton was shot by a Yankee after he had surrendered to Thornton. He had left the prisoner in his rear and the Yankee took up a gun and killed him. I was in the battle of Murfreesboro, July 13, 1862, under Gen. N. B. Forrest, also under Gen. Bragg, Dec. 31, 1863. Here I had my horse shot through the left knee and I was hit on the foot by a piece of bombshell. I was also in the battles of Munfordsville, Ky., Perryville, Ky., and then with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston till the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

I will tell you of one fight in which I was engaged. I was under Gen. Forrest in this battle in East Tennessee near Morris Station. We were ordered to dismount and cross the railroad near a stockade, where 100 Yankees were hiding. We went on and crossed a fence into a field, came to a ravine when a call for four or five to step out for skirmishers. I, with four others, advanced, and went on in front to the stockade. About this time the command was ordered to fall back. We five went on, not hearing the command to fall back, and when we got near the stockade, Sam K. Tutwiler was shot through his left side, through the belt, but it proved not to be serious. Then Wm. Thornton was shot through the left thigh, missing the bone. W. E. Drisdale was shot through the right thigh, missing the bone. I turned to the right to see Drisdale, and found that he was the only man with me. I then went back to the command; but how the bullets cut the weeds and grass around and between my feet! Running on the ground like scared mice, I came out unhurt. As for eating, I went for seven days while in Kentucky, with Gen. Bragg, without eating a bite. We could lift the skin on our bodies, and in meeting one another we would ask, how he was getting along. He would say, "I can take the skin of my body and wipe my face with it."



I never missed but one roll call during the war. Of course, when on duty or out by permission was the same as answering to my name. This is only a sample of what the Confederate soldier had to do. We had to take the weather as it came, hot or cold, wet or dry. On Gen. Sherman's "destruction" to the sea, four or five of us rode out of ranks to where the Yanks had burned and destroyed everything on the place, where a two-story house with six chimneys had stood. An old lady, about 85 years old, was there with a crutch under each arm and a night cap on. One of the boys says "the Yanks have burned and destroyed everything." "Yes," she says, "and I do not know where those two little children and I are going to stay." In every direction we could see the smoke of burning houses.

If it had not been for the dear ladies we could not have held out as long as we did. They planted and cultivated the cotton, spun and wove it to make our clothes and raised the provisions, nursed the sick and wounded. God bless the women of the South.

R. M. ALEXANDER, Seymour, Texas—Was born in Lauderdale County, Mississippi, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in Titus County, Texas, as private in Company A, Col. Stone's regiment, Gen. Majors' brigade, Gen. Green's cavalry, Trans-Mississippi Department; John Wilson, first Captain, and Stone, first Colonel. Was in the battle of Mansfield on the line of Louisiana and Texas, and in many skirmishes.

THOS. HENRY ALEXANDER, Fort Worth, Tex.—Born Aug. 18, 1845, in Mississippi. I enlisted as my father's substitute in 1863 and on my own account in 1864 at Sardis, Miss., as private in Company H, Home Guards, first, and the second time I enlisted in Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry, Gen. Alex Chalmers' battalion, Gen. McCulloch's brigade, Gen. Chalmers' division, Gen. Forrest's corps, Army of Tennessee; first Captain, J. T. Johnson, and second, W. J. Floyd; first Colonel, Blythe. In September, 1864, we were changed to Mobile under Gen. Maury to strengthen his force. Was not wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in none of the large battles, but in many skirmishes around Memphis, Tenn., and Oxford, Miss., among them Coleman's and Brice's Cross Roads.

GEORGE ALLEN, Austin, Tex.—Born March 4, 1835, near Rochester, N. Y. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1861, at Eagle Lake, Tex., as a private in Company F., Fourth Texas Infantry, Gen. Hood's brigade, Gen. Hood's division, Gen. Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia; Ed Cunningham, first Captain, and Hood, first Colonel. Was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, in right arm close to the shoulder, and it was amputated on July 3. I was taken prisoner at David's Island. I was in the battles of Elthams Landing, Va., Seven Pines, Gaines Mill, Malvern Hill, second battle of Manassas, South Mountains, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, where I was disabled for war and for life.

Comrades killed and wounded at Gaines Mill were as follows: Colonel Marshall shot from his horse; Lieut. Col. Warwick was killed; Tom Cunningham, private, was wounded and died a few days later. One of my mess, Carr by name, as brave a boy as ever fought a foe, was killed by grapeshot. Many were the skirmishes in which we were engaged, but at Gaines Mill we went in with 2,500 men, and answered at night to roll call with but 1,000.

At the battle of Gettysburg I lost my arm, but it strengthened my faith in God and Christ and Southern rights. Thousands of men lay dead and



wounded on the battlefield, but that day we built our monument and the glory of the name of the old Gettysburg leader, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and his brave men will never die.

**JESSE ALLEN**, Graham, Texas—Was born March 22, 1845, in DeSoto County, Mississippi. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in November, 1863, at Henderson, Rusk County, Texas., in Company B, Gen. Morgan's regiment, Gen. Parson's brigade, Gen. Green's division, Army of Trans-Mississippi Department. My service was mostly in Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, and was never across the Mississippi River. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, and then followed Bank's army for twenty days until they returned to their gunboats. Was disbanded at Waco, Tex., and returned to Henderson, Tex., then moved to Young County in November, 1877, where I have lived since.

**JOHN CHAPMAN ALLEN**, Breckenridge, Tex.—Was born near Paris, Henry County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Clarksville, Tex., as a private, in Gen. N. B. Forrest's regiment. Name of first Captain, Gould; first Colonel, N. B. Forrest. I was in the surrender at Fort Donelson, and we all escaped but twenty-seven, and came back to Texas. Capt. Gould raised a regiment and went south and then to Louisiana. We had one man killed at Fort Donelson by the sharpshooters. He was the only man killed out of 110 of Company A. I did no fighting, as I was detailed to make saddles for the soldiers.

**JOHN T. ALLEN**, Glenpark, Tex.—Was born Nov. 19, 1843, near the town of Franklin, Williamson County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, May 19, 1861, at Franklin, Tenn., as private, in Company B, First Battalion, Gen. Bell's brigade, Gen. Buford's division, Gen. Forrest's corps, Army of Tennessee. Name of first Captain, William Erving, with Frank McHarvy, first Colonel. In the first part of the war was under Gen. Zollicoffer, who was killed at the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky. The army then being demoralized was attached to Gen. Price's command for a short time, and then was placed under Gen. Stephen D. Lee at Vicksburg. I was taken prisoner on Hood's fall-back from Nashville, was kept in the bull pen at Nashville and tried for my life as a spy, however I was released.

I was in the battles of Fort Pillow, Franklin, Spring Hill, Brice's Cross Roads, Shiloh, Harrisburg, Pittsburg Landing, Athens, Memphis and Prairie Mound, where Col. Jeff Forrest was killed. He was a model soldier and loved by all who knew him.

**W. H. ALLEN**, Harleton, Tex.—Was born May 7, 1834, in Muskogee County, Georgia, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Homer, as private in Company F, Eighteenth Texas Infantry, O. Young, Colonel, commanding the brigade, Gen. Walker's division, Gen. Smith's corps, Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain, James G. McNight; first Colonel, W. B. Ochiltree. Was transferred from Company F to Company D, James K. Coke commanding the regiment. Was wounded at the battle of Opelousas, La., Oct. 30, 1863; had my jaw broken. I was in the battles of Opelousas, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkins Ferry.

**HENRY H. ALLISON**, Abilene, Tex.—Was born Dec. 8, 1840, in Morgan County, Ohio. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, in Bowie County, Texas. Was a Lieutenant in Company K, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Gen. Ector's brigade, Gen. Van Dorn's division, first Captain, Geo. Morris, with Burk as first Colonel.



We made several changes. Was dismounted and sent to Shiloh to join Gen. Cabell. Then joined Kirby Smith's brigade, and was in Gen. Tom Harrison's brigade at the close of the war. Was never wounded, but had three horses shot from under me, one at the battle of Resaca, one at the battle of McMinville, and one at Danridge. Was promoted to Orderly Sergeant. After the battle of Murfreesboro our regiment was remounted and I was made Lieutenant and was in command of the company until the close of the war. My Captain, Robert Hooks, was promoted to Colonel after the battle of Murfreesboro. My first battle was with the Indians in Oklahoma, in the year 1861. I was in the following battles: Elkhorn, Farmersville, near Corinth, Miss., Richmond, Perryville and Murfreesboro. After the last mentioned battle we captured a pay car in the rear of Rosecrans' army within five miles of Nashville. We then covered Bragg's retreat and made several more raids in the rear of Rosecrans' army, burned bridges, tore up railroads, etc. Then came the continued fight from Chattanooga to McMinville. Chickamauga, Knoxville, Danville and the hundred days' fight from Dalton to Atlanta. On the retreat from Dalton, and after the fight of Resaca and Ringgold, two more regiments were added to our brigade, the Third Arkansas and Fourth Tennessee.

Tom Harrison of Waco, Tex., was in command of the company. After the battle of Peach Tree Creek we skirmished with Sherman to the sea, and on to Raleigh, N. C. At this time we were under Gen. Joe Wheeler, who claimed that our regiment was under fire 250 times and in fourteen regular battles. Some 800 from the Eighth and Eleventh Texas Cavalry joined Gen. Wheeler to act as escort and bodyguard for President Jeff Davis and cabinet, but was cut off by Stoneman's Raiders.

JOHN ALLISON, Clarksville, Tex.—Born Oct. 30, 1830, in Indiana. I enlisted in the Confederate Army at Clarksville, Tex., on March 1, 1862, as Captain of Company E, Twenty-Third Texas Cavalry; first, Gen. Scurry's brigade and then Gen. DeBray's, Gen. Major's division, Gen. Wharton's corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Colonel was N. C. Gould. We were sent to Louisiana in March, 1864, and took part in the campaign against Gen. Banks to the last battle at Yellow Bayou. I was never wounded. I commanded the regiment most of the time as senior Captain till March, 1865, when I was promoted to Major by the resignation of Lieut. Col. John A. Corley. I was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Monett's Ferry, and several days' fighting around Alexandria, La., and from there down Red River to Marksville. I was also in battles at Moeauville and Yellow Bayou on May 18, 1864, which closed the campaign. I can not close without contributing a few facts about the grand and noble Col. N. C. Gould, who, like myself, was from the North only a few years before the war. He raised a company and served under Gen. N. B. Forrest and saw his first service in Tennessee and in Kentucky. He was referred to by Forrest as "the gallant Gould." The regiment was captured at Fort Donelson, but as I was sick of measles I escaped the horrors of the Northern prison, where many of the regiment died. Our battalion was formed as an escort of Texas cowboys (as we were called), for the brave Gen. A. S. Johnston, and was with him when he was killed, which disarranged our plans. Our Colonel then reported to the War Department and we were assigned to duty with Gen. Magruder. We reported to Gen. Magruder at Houston, Tex. We were at Velasco, Galveston and Sabine Pass, Matagorda and other places until the effort of Gen. Banks to invade Texas. We met his advance at Mansfield, La., as above stated, and escorted him back down Red River, where he re-embarked his troops without



gaining the objects of his campaign. Some people have been astonished at my taking an interest in the Southern Army and my answer is that the Southern people had been good to me and I would not be ungrateful to them.

JOHN T. ALLISON, Marquez, Tex.—Was born Nov. 18, 1835, near Columbus, Lowndes County, Mississippi. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July, 1861, as private in Company C, Fifth Texas Regiment, Gen. Hood's brigade, Gen. Whiting's division, Gen. Longstreet's corps, Gen. Lee's army; D. M. Whaley, first Captain, and Archer, first Colonel.

Was wounded at Boonsborough Gap, Md., shot through the left arm, and at the battle of the Wilderness, shot through the right arm. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Hazel Run, second Manassas, Boonsborough Gap, Siege of Suffolk, Gettysburg, Chattanooga, Chickamauga and the Wilderness.

My company enlisted at Centerville, Tex., and was known as the "Leon Hunters." D. M. Whaley was elected Captain; J. J. McBride, first Lieutenant; Wm. Walters, Second Lieutenant, and J. E. Anderson, Third Lieutenant.

Our company went from Centerville, Texas, to camps about seven miles south of Houston, where we camped and drilled for about a month; we then took the train for Richmond, Va.

Went into camp south of Richmond, and remained there for a week. Then moved to camp Bragg, one mile east of Richmond, and drilled until November, during which time we, with nine companies, were formed into the Fifth Texas Regiment, and moved to the Neabsco camp, on the Potomac, twenty-five miles down the river from Washington, where we built winter quarters and remained until the winter was over. Here we buried many of the brave boys who could not survive the hardships of camp life. When the worst of the winter was over we move to Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock River. Here we staid about a month and took up the line of march for Yorktown. At Yorktown we fought the Yanks from rifle pits until about the first of May, when we began to fall back to Richmond. My company, with the battery, brought up the rear until we got to Williamsburg, where we formed our company in the breastworks. My brigade was kept right on up the York River, and we had not gone more than a mile until we were in the fight at Williamsburg. We lost one good man out of our company at Yorktown. We had him buried at Richmond.

All of a sudden my division was ordered to join Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. And no sooner were we with Jackson than our orders were to go with Jackson back to Richmond. Jackson always made quick marches, so we were soon back with the Yankees at Gaines Mill. At Gaines Mill we lost one good man. After going into camp and resting through July, we heard that Jackson was in need of us at Cedar Run, near Culpeper. Our army took up the line of march at Hazel Run. We met the enemy and lost our Captain. The next morning we had a street fight in the town of Haymarket, but we succeeded in driving the Yankees back to Manassas. Here we lay on our arms for a day and a half. We could see a good part of the fight going on on our left all day, just at night our Colonel told us that we must load our guns and fix bayonets, and he says: "Do not shoot until you get a man on your bayonet and then shoot him off." We rushed on, and saw a line to our front some fifty yards. We were charging on them when they fired the other way. They saw us coming, and hollowed don't fire, this is Hampton's Legion. We instantly raised our guns and turned our eyes, and the glorious old Eighteenth Georgia



Regiment was charging on the Fifth Texas. Our order then was to fall back as quietly as possible, for we had broken through the Yankee lines, and were almost surrounded by the enemy.

The next day was the second Manassas battle. In this battle we lost several killed and wounded. After this fight we marched right on into Maryland, at Boonsborough Gap. I was wounded on this march in a skirmish fight. My orders, with several others wounded, was to get south of the Potomac, and we came near being captured before we crossed the river. The next battle was Suffolk. This siege lasted for twenty-one days. While here we heard of the death of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville.

From Suffolk we went to Petersburg, then to Richmond, then on north to the Potomac and crossed over into Pennsylvania, where we rested for a few days. Then we crossed the mountains to Gettysburg. There had been a fight at Gettysburg the day before we got there. My brigade was on the right of Lee's army. We soon formed and rushed into the thick of the fight. Here we lost several of our men, and several of the boys were taken prisoners. I have heard it said that there were 400 pieces of artillery in this fight. The battlefield was something awful to look upon. And the roar of the artillery was indeed something dreadful. The cannon were heard 125 miles from the battle grounds. After this Longstreet was ordered to North Georgia, where the battle of Chickamauga was fought. We then advanced on Knoxville, where we attacked the enemy in their fortifications, which were fenced in by wire fencing. We were repulsed and as we heard that a strong force of the enemy was in our rear, we turned Knoxville loose, crossed the river and had a few days' rest. We next met the enemy at Bean Station, where we drove them in the direction of Knoxville, and then recrossed the river and went into winter quarters at Morristown. We next met the enemy at the Wilderness. It was here that Gen. Lee rode up to our regiment and said: "What command is this?" When he was told it was Hood's Texas Brigade, he said: "I will go in the fight with the Texas Brigade." A man stepped out of ranks and told Lee to go to the rear, that he might get killed, and that our country could not afford to lose him. He rode slowly back to the rear, and in a few minutes the fight began. Here I did my best fighting. I fired thirty shots and was drawing my cartridge box for more ammunition when I was shot through the right arm.

I was sent to the hospital. This wound disabled me for the remainder of the war, but I staid with my command until Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House.

W. M. ALSOBROOK, Austin, Tex.—Was born March 18, 1834, near Cheraw, Chesterfield County, S. C., and enlisted in the Confederate Army May 28, 1862, at Wadeboro, N. C., as private in Company A, Fourth North Carolina Cavalry, Gen. Dearing's brigade, Gen. J. E. B. Stewart's division, Army of Northern Virginia; L. A. Johnson, first Captain, and D. D. Ferebee, first Colonel. I was never changed from the above named company. Was wounded badly at Dinwiddie Court House, Va., by shot in right leg, and was taken to the hospital in Richmond, and was there at the time of the evacuation, and surrendered and was taken to Point Lookout, Md. Gangreen set up in my leg and I came near dying. Sisters of Charity (Catholic) nursed me. Was in the battles of Richmond, Petersburg, Gettysburg and in many others. No man in Texas had more experience than I did. I was wounded March 29, 1865. Was one out of 100 selected from my regiment of 1,000 to support a small detachment of Bushrod Johnson's command of infantry.



J. J. AMASON, McGregor, Tex.—Born July 3, 1841, in Pike County, Alabama, and moved with my father to Brady County, Arkansas, and joined the Confederate Army in Calhoun County in 1861. My first Captain was named Cameron. We had been led to believe that the Yankees could not shoot, and that it would only be like killing squirrels, and we knew what we could do at that. One hundred fine young men started out and finally got to Memphis, Tenn., where we camped and drilled, and some of us got sick and some died. Here we got new uniforms with brass buttons on them, and exchanged the old rifles and shot guns for long range guns that would sure kill them, and we started out to find the Yankees. We first went into Kentucky, stopped on our way to rest and drilled some and then went to Columbus, Ky. We had seen lots of things since leaving home, but no Yankees. We were told they were not far off, and we were anxious to see some. It was not long before we found they were human beings and that they could shoot. Grant came down from Paducah City and landed them from his boats north of Columbus, and they had a little fight which lasted all day; next day our company was on a detail to go over and bury the dead. I was not in that battle, but stood ready and saw part of it. We went over the river on a transport, which hapened to be there, and began our work at the edge of the water and in the mud, as the Yankees had driven our small force under the edge of the river bank. We were nearly all day burying the dead, both blue and gray, and I learned that day the Yank could shoot.

The next move was towards Bowling Green, Ky., where we spent some time in winter quarters, but left before spring. Fort Donelson had surrendered and we started for Shiloh, Miss.; got off the train at Iuka and marched to the battlefield of Shiloh. We arrived April 6, and laid our knapsacks in a pile and formed a line of battle. We made a flank movement and soon the battle opened. Small arms began to rattle and the cannon to roar. We formed the right wing of Sydney Johnston's line. The Fifty-Second Tennessee was fighting the Federals in their tents and Johnston ordered the old Ninth Arkansas to help them, and into it we went. We were ordered to our knees. Some obeyed and some did not. I for one was soon put out of business. My arm was broken and I went to the rear to have it dressed, and, lo, and behold, it seemed that my whole regiment had been wounded. The doctor dressed my arm and told me to bathe it in the branch to stop the blood, which I did till a bombshell fell in the water by me, and I left. My regiment was ordered to charge, and away they went and the Federals fell back, and the boys followed them to the Tennessee River, three miles distant. Here the shells from the gunboats drove them back and they camped that night in the Federals' tents; but next morning, however, Grant was reinforced, and we had to give up what we had gained the day before. The army fell back to Corinth. I, with the other wounded, went to Memphis and staid at the Southern Mothers' Hospital for about two weeks, and was to be sent to a hospital in Alabama, or allowed to go home. We boys chose to go home. I staid over my time as I could not get back across the Mississippi River, and went back home and joined a company of old men and boys, which was a part of the Twenty-Fourth Arkansas. As I knew something of "Hardee," I drilled the greenhorns. We then went to Arkansas Post, on Arkansas River, and from there to St. Charles on White River, where we drilled and had a good time till Grant sailed up the Arkansas River with his gunboats and transports, landing his forces and attacking the post both by land and water. We were ordered back to Arkansas Post on forced march to help the boys in gray. Fighting continued till late in the day. My company and another



had been left in charge of the camp equipage, which consisted of horses, mules, wagons, corn, etc. After a hard march my regiment got there in time to surrender to Grant. We were notified of the surrender by some Texas scouts, and told to make our way to Little Rock, as the Federals had sent out troops on the Duvall's Bluff road, and to hurry up or we would be cut off and captured. Well, we got away, though we came near starving and freezing. Then as our Captain was at home having a good time, we thought we would go and see how he was faring, and then go back to my old regiment, the Ninth Arkansas. In a short while we received orders for Vicksburg and started on a forced march. When we got there Grant had landed a force at Port Gibson. They had gone out to Jackson, burned the town, and destroyed a number of public buildings, stores, hotels, factories, etc. We fell in the rear of Grant at Baker's Creek, and went out to meet him on his return from Jackson. We were soon surprised to hear fighting in our rear, and soon the battle was on. We were on the extreme right of Pemberton's army. The Federals pressed the left of Pemberton's army on the Vicksburg and Jackson Railroad, and finally forced them across Baker's Creek and took possession of the bridge, cutting Loring off from the bridge and the main army, and then began closing in on us. When night came on the Federals were on three sides of us pegging away at us, but darkness gave us a chance to get away. We turned south, and crossed Grant's path out to Jackson. We traveled all night and all day, but stopped to cook some corn meal. Our clothing had all been burned by the Federals at Big Black Bridge, but we reached Jackson and rested, were reinforced, got clothing and blankets, stripped, washed our clothes and lay in the sun till they had dried. Pemberton's army was besieged in Vicksburg: Grant's army was all around and the gunboats were shelling the town. We wanted to help the besieged boys in town, but no, the Yankees would not let us have water out of the river—they kept it picketed—so we staid around on the outside until the surrender on July 4, 1863, and then the Federals turned on us. We hurried to Jackson, and it was so hot that men fell by the way. The Federals got there by the time we did, they going on the north side and we on the west, and fighting commenced. We struck a double quick, reinforced those fighting, and the Federals gave way. We lay flat on the ground the rest of the day. Our only disturbance was the Federal sharpshooters. One Yank got up in an apple tree where he could see us, but our sharpshooters fired a volley into the top of that tree and out fell the apple! We had some rest till night, fell back, built some breastworks and staid there until we ate up sixty acres of roasting ears. From here we went towards Meridian, staid at a big spring for some time, and then went to Canton, where we built winter quarters and remained until towards spring, when we started on a march for the East. We stopped on Tombigbee River and rested, thence to Montgomery Iron Works, and from there to Rome, Ga., all the way afoot. At Rome we took a train which took us around to Resaca, Ga., where we met the Tennessee Army in front of Sherman, who was pushing old Joseph E. Johnston's boys back towards Atlanta, Ga. We fell into line and were soon in a hot engagement, in which we lost our Major. At night we fell back and built breastworks, and so it continued, line after line till we reached Atlanta, with some fighting all the time. My brigade got into a fight with a corps of Federals at Peach Tree Creek on July 19, 1864. We were driven from the picket line and reinforced by the Fifteenth Mississippi, formed a line and advanced through some woods. We were ordered to charge, and we fought hand to hand over a rail fence. We wanted the fence and they wanted it, but we got the fence and forty of the blue boys and their guns.



On the next day (the 20th) we made an assault on the Federal works, which we captured. After this we were busy running here and there around Atlanta, Jonesboro and Lovejoy Station, doing what we could to harass Sherman. He finally left and we went into Tennessee, and struck the Yanks at Spring Hill and followed them to Franklin. Here we advanced three-fourths of a mile, line after line, in front of the old ginhouse under a heavy fire of canister and small arms. We took one line of works, then right on to the old ginhouse right into the mouths of two brass twelve-pounders. The enemy was well fortified by head logs and chevaux du frieze. Oh, what a slaughter! History tells the rest. We camped on the battlefield that night and next morning left for Nashville, where we arrived in the evening and formed line of battle, and when darkness came on moved up closer and dug trenches. Then we moved far to the left and dug other trenches, built forts for our batteries and ate parched corn. Some made hominy and it was good. The snow was on the ground and we were poorly provided for camping. The Federals had been gathering reinforcements for at least two weeks. I had been on picket all night and could hear the Yankees playing "Yankee Doodle," and they seemed happy, and I knew something was going to happen. The next morning the line came in sight, bore down on our left, and drove in our pickets. I watched them, but tried to save my head. They swung round to my rear, fighting, turned our left wing and drew them from their works and forts. Now came my time to run. They moved on our line double quick, and I took the same gate to the rear. My command had gone to the left, and away I went to find them. I found some of them fighting and some wounded. Then the Federals charged one charge after another, until we gave way, and Hood's army was out of its works and his line was literally torn to pieces. Night came on and we formed a new line and built new breastworks. I worked all night—no sleep for Jim. Next morning they came at us again. Their cavalry moved on our extreme left and drove our cavalry to the rear, and we were ordered from the trenches to their assistance. We tried to get out without the enemy seeing us, having a skirmish line in the works. When we got on the hill, on which we had been fighting, we looked back and saw the blues coming over our breastworks; they got our battery and turned it on our retreating column. We, the Ninth Arkansas, had but few men left after the Franklin fight, and two days at Nashville. We had orders not to talk above a whisper as we might butt up against the blues at any time. Soon we saw campfires and upon stopping to investigate found it was Hood's straggling army. We took the Columbia Pike and on we went, glad to turn our backs on Nashville. We called a halt at Columbia, Tenn., and crossed the river and went into camp, cold and snowy. With some fighting and marching we got to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and took the train for Mobile. We took a boat across the bay to Montgomery, where we took a train and went through Georgia in to South Carolina. Then, sometimes walking and sometimes riding, we went into North Carolina at Smithfield, and went to Bentonville, where we met our old foe, Sherman, who had just come from the coast. We had left him at Atlanta, five months ago. We gave him battle under old Joe Johnston. We called him "Old Pap" and the Arkansas boys cheered him as he rode by. We had a two days' fight, but Sherman was too much for us, and we fell back to Greensboro. Lee had surrendered and his troops were going home, so Joe and Sherman made friends, Sherman agreeing to send the grays home, to furnish hard tack, crackers and bacon, and to permit us to ride part of the way. We had a wreck on the road to Nashville and some of the boys, after all their hard warfare, lost their lives on the way home. Nine





**PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS**

**Born in Kentucky, June 3, 1808, elected President of the Confederate States of America February 18, 1861. President Davis died December 6, 1889**



were killed and forty wounded. We buried our dead as well as we could and left the wounded at Nashville, Tenn. "Uncle Jeff" gave us 50 cents apiece in silver, and it came in good time for me. I gave mine to a friend to get me a hat. Soon a boat took us down to Memphis. We went day and night and were put off at old Gaines' Landing, seventy-five miles from home. We had twenty miles of bottom to cross, covered with mud and water, and one slough we had to swim. Soon we were at home. I was glad and sorry, as some of my folks had died, and out of eighteen young men from our neighborhood only three had gotten back. Some had died of disease and some had been killed. I was penniless and my father was just home from the army and no one had anything to pay for work. Must I go to Texas? "No," my folks said, "You have been away too long to leave us again." My grandmother said "go to school." I tried it, but could not study. The war was still in my mind, so I quit school and tried to work. Worst of all, my girl had married. I had carried her picture near my heart, all during the war. My grandmother tried to console me by saying that there were as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught out of it. After two years I baited my line and set it for a fish and caught a good one, too. We have been pulling together for forty years, and I am not sorry for my luck. But we are now old and worn out, and will soon be gone, and there will be no one to mourn our departure.

S. AMSLER, McGregor, Texas—Born Oct. 7, 1841, at Cat Springs, Austin County, Texas, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1861, at San Antonio, Texas, as Corporal in Company G, Fourth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Sibley's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Riley and first Colonel, Heuval. Was in the battles of Valverde and Glorieta, New Mex.; Galveston, Texas; Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, La.; Peralta, N. Mex., and numerous other smaller engagements.

A. A. ANDERSON, Denton, Tex.—Was born Oct. 12, 1836, in Shelby County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 13, 1861, at El dorado, Ark., as private in Company C, Second Arkansas Battalion, Gen. Pettigrew's brigade, Gen. S. G. French's division, Army of Virginia; J. R. Lacy, first Captain, and Bravnaugh, first Colonel. We were consolidated with the Third Arkansas Regiment in July, 1862. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, first of the seven days fighting in front of Richmond, Frazier's Farm and at Sharpsburg. Was never taken prisoner. I was promoted to Third Sergeant while in the Second Arkansas Battalion.

A. G. ANDERSON, Fairfield, Tex.—Born March 20, 1838, in Raymond, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1861, at Fairfield, Texas, as Orderly Sergeant of Company F, Seventh Texas Infantry, Gen. John Grigg's brigade, Cheatham's division, Hardee's corps, Army of Tennessee; first Captain was W. L. Moody; first Colonel was John Gregg. Was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and carried to Camp Douglas, Ill., and exchanged at Vicksburg in October of the same year. Was wounded in the right arm at Raymond, Miss., which put me out of duty for about eight months. I rejoined my command on the campaign from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta, where I was again wounded. My brother, Z. J. Anderson, was also wounded at Raymond, Miss., and put on light detail duty for the remainder of the war. I was in the battle of Fort Donelson, Raymond, Miss., New Hope Church and at Atlanta, where I received the wound that put me out of the service. My company was the



first organized in Freestone County, Texas, all except four men were unmarried, John Gregg, W. L. Moody, J. D. Miller and J. H. Cottell, who was a widower. Capt. Moody was promoted to Colonel, wounded at Raymond, and was never able for active service again. He was succeeded as Captain by J. H. Cottell. In the battle of Fort Donelson we lost four men killed. We had plenty to eat at Camp Douglas, and were fairly well treated. We were first guarded by Gen. Mulligan's Irish brigade and fared better than afterwards. During our stay at Camp Douglas my brother, Z. J. Anderson, had fever, but we did not allow him to go to the hospital, and with the help of a young doctor we pulled him through, though at one time it seemed he was sure to die. Just as the fever left him we were ordered to Vicksburg to be exchanged, and he was about to be left when the boys agreed to help me carry him on a cot. We were separated on the boat, but I found him on our arrival at Vicksburg, and we stopped on the sidewalk, not sure what to do, when he spied a watermelon. He begged piteously for some, but I was afraid to allow him to eat it, but finally consented, and he began to improve from that day. No one ever enjoyed anything as much as he did that melon. When we were exchanged Col. Moody turned us loose and told us to go to our friends and relatives, which we did. When we were reorganized we were sent to Port Hudson. We saw Farragut pass his fleet up the river to Vicksburg. As he passed our batteries poured hot shot into Capt. Dewey's boat, and she took fire and he started her to the bank, but his men had to desert her and she drifted down the river, her magazines exploded, which shook the whole country. During the passing of the fleet we had a hot and noisy time. Soon after this we were put on forced march for Vicksburg, Gen. John Gregg commanding. When we reached Raymond, Miss., we were attacked by what seemed to be Grant's whole army. We lost about 73 men killed and many wounded in our brigade. I received a painful wound in the army and my brother, Z. J. Anderson, seemed to be shot all over. This being our home, our relatives took us to their homes and cared for us. We staid at our Uncle Jack Halladay's four months. From here I went back to my command, which was on the retreat from Dalton to Atlanta. My brother was not able for active service, and was given light detail service. My command was in the battle of New Hope Church. Here Pat Cleburne's division was held in reserve until 4 or 5 o'clock p. m., when Hooker's corps undertood to flank Johnston's army on the right, and Cleburne met him. We had only one line of battle and he had seven. We had no breastworks and these seven lines charged us until we killed and wounded more of them than we had men in our lines. They seemed to be drunk, and line after line would charge us and be cut down. They came so close to us that they endeavored to plant their colors right in our lines, and when the flag would go down another man would raise it again. Many of their men rushed into our lines and were clubbed and bayoneted to death. Our batteries on the left had full play and their destruction was terrible. Taken altogether, this was, considering the unequal numbers, the greatest victory of the war. In fact, we almost annihilated Hooker's corps. The next morning Gen. Johnston stood in front of our company and touched seventeen dead Yankees, and after many of the officers and wounded had been carried away. The morning after the battle the Federal arms were all stacked and we were supplied with bright new Springfield rifles and new cartridge boxes. About 6 p. m. Gen. Granbury was wounded and Col. R. Q. Mills took command. Our next battle of importance was at Atlanta, Ga., on July 22, 1864. Hood had taken command of Johnston's army two days before and had surrounded Sherman's army, and had beaten them back and captured all their entrench-



ments. Just then the militia next to the city of Atlanta gave way and left Hardee's corps to withstand the whole of Sherman's army. As we charged very near the last breastworks there came an order to retreat in good order. I was shot down just in front of the breastworks. Soon I found myself trying to decide whether or not I was killed. I saw that I was not dead, but bleeding freely, and that I must get to the field hospital. I crawled as fast as I could, but began to get blind from loss of blood. At the edge of some timber I found a pond of water and plunged into it. Soon I heard parties not far away and found it to be Gen. Smith, who had been wounded. He told his surgeon to put me on his horse and we soon came to a residence which was being used as a field hospital, and after the General had been attended to he told the surgeon to attend to Anderson. My arm was dressed and soon after all the wounded were sent to Jackson, Miss., except those they thought would die, and I, amongst others, was left at Griffin, Ga. A few days after my arrival I found that my old friend, G. A. Rakestraw, had written his brother-in-law, Mr. Crowden, to look after me, and he and his beautiful daughter came and brought me soap and towels, a bowl and pitcher (things I had not seen for a long time) and many delicacies to eat. I was to go out to Mr. Carden's, as my brother had sent me a mule, saddle and bridal, but the Yankees came, got my mule and I was sent to Jackson, Miss., to go before a returning board to be retired on pay. I went again to my uncle's. My wound was not healing and the doctors decided that I was dying by degrees from the diseased bone. An operation was performed by Dr. Boeples of Charleston, S. C., and Dr. Brown, the local physician. They removed the bone at the shoulder joint and cut the other off just above the elbow. I came from under the chloroform before the operation was complete and saw them stitch up the wound from the shoulder blade to the elbow. They would have no pay, and my uncle was the proudest man of my recovery in the whole bunch, myself not excepted. In the spring of 1866 I was sufficiently improved to start for home; was offered two schools but declined. When I arrived home I found that my friends had arranged to have me run for County Clerk. I was elected, but soon the military authorities decided to fill the offices with people of their own choosing, though we were told that if we would take what we called the "Iron clad oath" we might continue in office. This we refused. The citizens held a meeting and sent me to Waco to see what could be done about getting good men. They knew nothing about the business of the offices, and I was employed to help them conduct the business. I acted as County and District Clerk for three or four months. After awhile we were allowed to elect our officers again, and I acted as County and District Clerk for about ten years. I then refused to run for office and was licensed to practice law. Since then I have held many offices and am now by appointment Justice of the Peace.

C. M. ANDERSON, of Heidenheimer, Texas.—Was born April 3, 1847, near Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 10, 1864, as private in Company I, Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, Gen. Armstrong's Brigade, Gen. Chalmer's Division, Gen. Forrest's Corps, Army of North Mississippi; John Story first Captain and Tom Ashcraft first Colonel. Our brigade was changed to Atlanta, Ga., in July, 1864. Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner at Selma, Ala., April 2, 1865, and carried to Montgomery, Ala., and paroled, April 26, 1865. Went into camp at Richmond, Miss., about the 10th of January, 1864; was in camp for about thirty days. From there we went to Camp Hamburger. Was there for about sixty days and transferred into Confederate service and went to



Camp Goodman near Canton, Miss. From there to Jackson, Miss., dismounted and sent to Atlanta, Ga., and from there was sent back to Selma, Ala., and mounted again. From there to Cotton Gin, Miss., then to Starksville, Miss., thence to Columbus, Miss., and on to Selma, Ala., where I was captured.

GEORGE W. ANDERSON of Tye, Tex., was born in Falls County, Tex., Oct. 10, 1835; enlisted in the Confederate Army in Waller County, Texas; was a private in Company F, Elmore's Regiment, with Bennett first Captain and Elmore first Colonel; was not changed to any other part of the army; was neither wounded nor taken prisoner; was in the battle of Galveston.

G. W. ANDERSON, of Austin, Texas.—Was born in Giles County, Tenn., November, 1844; came to Texas in 1845; enlisted in the Confederate Army July 1, 1861, as a private in Company C, Gen. Sibley's Regiment, Gen. Green's Division, Gen. Green's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Army, with Hiram Burres first Captain and Steel first Colonel. After one year's service was changed to an Arkansas Brigade. Col. Steele was true blue, and a kind hearted man. Col. S. P. Bagby was put in command of the regiment after Steele. I was buried once by a shell, and another burst within two feet of my head. Thank God that I was saved and protected by Him. I never had to throw my gun down while in the war. I was with Capt. McNally of the Fifth on scout all the time while in Louisiana. The last year of the war I was with S. P. Bagby on detached service. I was in all the engagements of New Mexico and also at Galveston. Was in Louisiana most of the time the last three years of the war. I am a Confederate straight—was in every scrap I could get into. There were three Yanks to one of Texas boys. I am now in the Confederate Home and have been for the past three years. It is a fine home for the old men.

JOHN WALKER ANDERSON, of Abilene, Texas.—Was born Dec. 15, 1848, in Wharton County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1864 at Columbus, Miss., as private in Company D, Ballentine's Regiment, Gen. Armstrong's Brigade, Gen. Jackson's Division, Gen. Forrest's Corps, Army of Tennessee; J. A. Anderson first Captain and Ballentine first Colonel. At the consolidation of the army after Hood's raid. I was thrown into the Seventh Tennessee, Duckworth's Regiment, Campbell's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Company K, with the same Captain. I was not wounded, nor was I ever captured. I fought every day during Hood's raid, and was in the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, and others.

J. K. P. ANDERSON, of Conroe, Texas.—Was born in Mississippi, near Enterprise, on the Chunkey River. Enlisted as private in the Confederate Army in 1862 in Company K, Burnett's Regiment, Gen. Walker's Division; John T. Bean first Captain and Burnett first Colonel. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Horseshoe Bend and fought all through Arkansas.

JOSEPH ANDERSON ALEXANDER, of Llano, Texas.—Was born Nov. 30, 1839, near Athens, Limestone County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army August, 1862, at College Hill, Miss., as private in Company D, Wilbourn's Battalion, Trans-Mississippi Department, with James Martin first Captain. Was changed from the above company to that of Gen. Gholson's Brigade because they wanted to conscript us and only accept us for our horses, so we formed a new company, elected new officers and marched



to Gholson's Brigade, W. L. Lowery's Regiment. I was never wounded and was not in many regular battles, but was in a number of skirmishes. Our company was kept as guards most of the time; that is, we were kept on the different roads on out-post duty. I was never taken prisoner. Was promoted from private to Third Lieutenant in the fall or winter of 1863, but did not do much service. I was sent to the hospital and from there home. Was in the battles of Olive Branch, Memphis, Tenn., and Pontotoc, Miss. We started the enemy in the town and exchanged a few shots, then chased them nine miles to Cherry Creek, where we came upon them again and exchanged a few shots, and our ammunition gave out and we quit the race.

M. C. ANDERSON of Vernon, Texas.—Was born July 19, 1840, in the County of Wilson, State of Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, as Corporal in Company I, Seventh Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Hill's Division, Gen. T. J. Jackson's Corps, Gen. Lee's Army. Name of first Captain, Anthony, and first Colonel, Bob Hutton. Was wounded at Gettysburg in the foot, knee and hip. Was captured on the 5th day of June and carried to Chester Hospital, Pa. Was in the battles of Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Seven Pines, Seven Days' fight in front of Richmond, first and second battles of Manassas, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg and the Wilderness. I was with Stonewall Jackson and cannot begin to tell all my sufferings from long marches, hunger and cold.

S. R. ANDERSON, Gainesville, Texas.—Was born June 6, 1834, near Blountville, Sullivan County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Bristol, Tenn., as private in Company K, Third Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Elzey's Brigade, Gen. Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; J. M. Mathews first Captain and J. C. Vaughan first Colonel. Was appointed Second Sergeant at Cumberland Gap in 1862, and in a short time after that was appointed Quartermaster of the Sixty-third Tennessee, Col. R. G. Fain in command. Was in the battles of Manassas, Chickamauga, Knoxville, Beam's Station, Drury's Bluff and Petersburg.

I was with Gen. Lee at the surrender, but did not surrender, as all my command had been captured the night before. When I was told of a flag of truce demanding our surrender it appeared to me the most crushing blow I had ever experienced, but after a moment I said the Great and Holy One doeth all things for the best, and in His own way will let us know why we could not have a name among the Nations of Earth.

I spent four years and put all I had in her cause and I am now old and feeble with very little of this world's goods.

W. V. ANDERSON, of Sulphur Springs, Texas.—Was born Jan. 1, 1842, near Marshall, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Marshall, Texas, as private in Company G, Fourteenth Texas Regiment, Gen. Ector's Brigade, Gen. French's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Rackmore first Captain and Camp first Colonel. Was never transferred. Was wounded first at Allatoona Pass, second at Spanish Port, on Mobile Bay, in 1865. Both wounds were in the head. Was never taken prisoner. I was private all through the war. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, Nashville, Dalton, Ga., Peach Tree Creek, Ga., Kennesaw Mt., Franklin, and several smaller ones. The battle of Franklin was the hardest fight I was in and we lost more men in this battle in the length of time than in any other. We gained the battle but with heavy loss on both sides.



R. C. ANDREWS, Floydada, Texas.—Was born Jan. 24, 1836, near Celina, Jackson County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, in Grayson County, Tex., as private in Company C, Gen. Cheatham's Division, Gen. J. E. Johnston's Corps, Army of Tennessee, with W. H. Young as first Captain and S. B. Maxey first Colonel. First went east of the Mississippi River and was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department in 1863 with Gen. S. B. Maxey, who took command of the Indian Department. I was never wounded in battle, and was never taken prisoner. Was promoted from private to First Lieutenant in April, 1862, and afterwards to Major in 1863. Was in the following battles: Raymond, Miss., Port Hudson, La., Poison Springs, Ark., and many skirmishes.

REDDING ANDREWS, Tyler, Texas.—Was born Jan. 18, 1848, near LaGrange, Fayette County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1863, at Shreveport, La., as private in Company D, Gen. Willis' Battalion. Was transferred to Gen. Brown's Regiment and Gen. Walker's Division. Was taken to Louisiana as scout during the year of 1864. At the close of the war was with Captain Dennis' Company, Walker's Regiment. Was mustered out June, 1865, at Brenham, Texas. Was never wounded nor captured. Was at Jenkins Ferry and Velasco. Was courier at Pleasant Hill. Was held in line at Mansfield, where we were in range of the cannon but they were kind enough to overshoot us.

I do not know why I wanted to go to the war, but when I was 14 I begged my father to let me go, but he said "No," and I had to wait a whole year and was afraid that the war would be over before I got there. I hardly knew what the war was about, as my father was a Union man and I was not taught to be a secessionist.

JOEL C. ARCHER, Granbury, Texas.—Was born April 15, 1839, near Oglethorpe, Mason County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1862 as private in Capt. Lumsden's Company of Artillery, Gen. Lowery's Brigade, Gen. Pat Cleburne's Division, Gen. Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Was transferred to the Sixteenth Alabama Infantry in the spring of 1863 at my request. I was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, Ga., in the head, breaking my skull. Have a piece of my skull in my trunk now. I was taken prisoner on the 22nd day of July, 1864, charging breast-works around Atlanta, Ga., and was sent to Johnson's Island, Ohio. Was promoted to Second Lieutenant of Company G, Sixteenth Alabama Infantry. Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and with Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta and the battles around Atlanta.

We suffered hunger, cold, heat and almost nakedness, and all other kinds of hardships common to such warfare as this was. One thing which made us brave, we were fighting for our homes, families and firesides.

I was surprised to see one of our company run to the shade of a tree one day, after we had been marching in the rain and mud for about two weeks, and I asked him why he did that and he said that he was afraid to get dry. He had been wet so long that he thought the change would make him sick.

Perhaps you have already heard of little Billy Bethune, who was wounded and picked up by a big soldier, who hated to see him left on the retreat, and when the Colonel saw him he asked what was the matter, and the big man said that little Billy was shot in the back. Little Billy hol-



lowed back at the Colonel and said it was a lie, that he was shot across the back.

We have lived on parched corn, waded creeks, and fought battles in wet clothes, with nothing to eat but cold cornbread, when it seemed to me the sweetest morsel I ever tasted. But the hardest time I ever had in getting something to eat was when I was on Johnson's Island after the Federals had cut off our rations. I was one of those who hunted rats with the little dog "Reb." And a baked rat tasted to me then like a good, fat squirrel would now. If this ever gets into print and any of the "Johnson Island" boys see it they will remember the little dog "Reb." He was so small that he could crawl into a big rat hole and pull them out. Alabama was laid waste because of the cavalry raid through there about the close of the war. So I took my chances in Texas, taught a school in log houses with dirt floors and split log benches.

JOHN H. ARGLEBRIGHT, Oglesby, Texas.—Born Oct. 11, 1843, near Bockham, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1864 as private in Company H, Tenth Virginia Cavalry, Gen. R. L. T. Beale's Brigade, Gen. W. H. F. Lee's Division, Army of Virginia; J. C. Hinkle, first Captain. I had part of the bone shot out of my right arm at Petersburg, Va. I was captured at Petersburg and put in prison and kept there for several months after Gen. Lee's surrender.

Capt. J. C. Hinkle of Waynsboro, Va., states in a letter that if any Confederate veteran deserves credit for service to his country John H. Arglebright is deserving, that he was a brave and faithful soldier in his company.

BEN. J. ARMSTRONG, Cleburne, Texas.—Was born March 1, 1845, in Aberdeen, Monroe County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1861, at Aberdeen, as private in Company G, Forty-first Mississippi Regiment, Col. J. H. Sharp's Brigade, Gen. Ed Johnson's Division, Gen. Stephen D. Lee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; N. J. Beckett first Captain and W. F. Tucker first Colonel. I was never wounded nor taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Franklin, Nashville and was with the Tennessee Army in all of its travels. Was ambulance driver part of the time.

I. L. ARMSTRONG, Celeste, Texas.—Born Nov. 26, 1836, in Selma, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 1, 1862, at Aberdeen, Miss., as private in Company A, Forty-third Mississippi Regiment, Gen. Adams' Brigade, Gen. Lowery's Division, Gen. Cheatham's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Columbus Sikes, first Captain and Moore, first Colonel. We were not changed until after the siege of Vicksburg, where we were taken prisoners on the 4th of July, 1863, and went into parole camps at Columbus, Miss. We remained here until we were exchanged, which was the 1st of May, 1864. From there we went into Georgia, and from there to Lovejoy Station. Here we went into battle on the 22nd of July, which was a hard one. The battle of Iuka and also the battle of New Hope Church were hard ones. I was never promoted, but remained a private to the end of the war. Was wounded slightly at the battle of Franklin. The coming generation can never fully realize all we endured in prison, on the line of march and in battle.

RAMSEY CLARKE ARMSTRONG, Fort Worth, Texas.—Was born in Wilcox County, near a stream called Burntcorn, in Alabama, on the 4th



day of October, 1842. I enlisted in the beginning of the war in the town of Jasper, Jasper County, Texas. I went out with the first company to leave the county. I joined the "Jasper Blues," which was commanded by Rev. D. M. Stovall. At the organization of the company I was elected Third Sergeant. We went to Galveston and were sent to Pelican-Spit. This place was properly named, being a mere sand-bar, containing about five acres. It was a very uninviting and exceedingly monotonous place. And I was not willing to settle down for twelve months, our term of enlistment, on such a small island two miles distant from Galveston and exposed to floods and without protection from the enemies' gunboats in case of an attack. So I declined to be mustered into service unless the Captain would agree to get a better location for his men, but he would not agree to do this. So in company with nineteen others, among whom was my eldest brother, I returned home, intending to join the cavalry. In the spring of 1862 in the town of Jasper I was mustered into service at the age of nineteen. On the 6th day of March, 1862, I, with eighty-five others, left Jasper as recruits to the "Lone Star Rifles," under the command of Capt. B. H. Norsworthy. We joined Price's Army at Camp Horsehead, Ark., on the 28th of March. The First Texas Legion was organized, which was then fourteen hundred strong. J. W. Whitfield was elected Colonel. The Legion composed a part of the Texas Brigade which was commanded at first by Hebare, then by J. W. Whitfield, and later by L. S. Ross. After serving in the ranks of the Legion for seventeen months, I was transferred to the Ninth Texas Cavalry Regiment and promoted to the Chaplaincy of the regiment, in which capacity I served until the close of the war. On the 27th of April our command, which formed a part of Gen. Price's Division, reached Corinth. The first battle in which I was engaged is known as the battle of Iuka. Gen. Price commanded the Southern forces, and Gen. Rosecrans, the Federals. This was a terrific battle of short duration. Our most serious loss was the death of Gen. Little. Our army, being greatly outnumbered, retreated early the next morning. The battle of Corinth opened on the 3rd of October. Gen. Van Dorn commanded the Confederate Army, which consisted of two divisions, Van Dorn's and Price's. The Legion was left in the rear to guard the wagon train. Gen. Hull came out from Memphis with an army said to be twenty thousand strong to attack the Confederates in the rear. The Legion met this force at Hatchie Bridge and checked them until the advance of the Confederates came up. When the Legion crossed the Mississippi we were dismounted and our horses were sent home. We were remounted at Holly Springs in October after the battle of Corinth. On the 3rd of December I was with the skirmishers which brought on the battle of Oakland. I was in the Holly Springs fight, which occurred on the 20th of December, 1862, under Van Dorn, who was in command of a large cavalry force. I took part in the little fight at Davis's Mill on the 21st of December, and Thompson's Station, Tenn., which occurred on the 5th of March, 1863. Our company sustained a heavy loss in the fight. But most of the wounded recovered, among them being Capt. Norsworthy. Gen. Whitfield also received a severe wound. In this fight the Legion lost some of its bravest men; among them I would mention Capt. James Brookes and Lieut. Brazier.

On the 27th of April, 1863, the Legion was surprised before sunrise at Carter's Creek and 118 men were captured. The surprise was so complete that no opportunity was given to form the men.

On the 1st day of August, 1863, I was transferred to the Ninth Texas Cavalry. I was present at the fight at Liverpool, Miss., which took place about the 4th of February, 1864. Two days later we checked the advance of the little Federal fleet at Yazoo City. On the 28th of February, we



chased some negro troops and killed a number of them. Ross's Brigade, assisted by Richardson's Regiment, fought the Federals at Yazoo City on March 5.

My command was actively engaged around Atlanta under Johnston. They helped to check McCook's cavalry in their attempt to cut off our communications. I was prevented from being present on account of a disabled horse. I was in the famous encounter with Kilpatrick, which occurred about the middle of August. I was near Atlanta when it fell into the hands of the Federals on the night of Sept. 1, 1864. I was with Hood on his campaign in Tennessee in his vain attempt to force Sherman to retreat.

A. M. ARNOLD, Cleburne, Texas.—Was born March 5, 1833, near Jackson, Henderson County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 in Hill County, Texas, as private in Company H, Col. Gurley's Regiment, Gen. Gano's Brigade, Army of Trans-Mississippi; Jack Puckett first Captain and Battle first Colonel. Was transferred to Bass' Battalion. Was never wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was detailed to drive a wagon part of the time. Was never in a regular battle. My soldier life consisted of scouting and skirmishing. In one of these scouts we captured 500 wagons loaded with clothing and ammunition.

DR. H. S. ARNOLD, Copperas Cove, Texas.—Born April 17, 1837, near Mount Pleasant, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Westville, Miss., in April, 1861, as Fifth Sergeant in Company B, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment, Gen. Trimble's Brigade, Gen. Anderson's Division, Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Funchness and first Colonel was Carnot Posey. Was slightly wounded at Cold Harbor in the Seven Days' fight around Richmond. Was never taken prisoner. Was promoted to First Lieutenant in April, 1862. Was in the battles of Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys, Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, second battle of Manassas, Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, C. H., and many others up to the surrender. I was in thirty regular battles. Was with "Stonewall" Jackson in his memorable campaign against Banks when we marched 300 miles and fought eight battles and were victorious in every one, destroying Gen. Bank's Army, capturing nearly all who were not killed. We got his artillery, small arms and ammunition, as well as his quartermaster's stores, and the General himself made his escape with only a small squadron of Cavalry by swimming the Potomac River, as we had captured all his pontoon bridges. This was all done in three weeks in the Shenandoah Valley.

I have some letters which I wrote to my cousin, Miss Julia V. Nixon, of Hinds County, Miss., who has kept them all these years. They have been published in the Copperas Grove Banner, and will leave them to my five boys. (For want of space, only extracts from these letters can be used.)

In one, dated June 13, 1862, at camp near Weyer's Cave, Va., he recites the fact that he is under Gen. Stonewall Jackson, "who is never satisfied except when marching or fighting," and that they had marched over 300 miles, fought eight battles and gained a victory each time. "The boys fought like tigers and heroes." The next was dated Harper's Ferry, Sept. 12-15, 1862, and gives an account of the second battle of Manassas, where they gained another victory and ran the Yankees to their forts and gunboats near Washington City, winding up this campaign with the capture of Harper's Ferry. All this hard marching and fighting was making in-



roads on his company, and fight after fight their numbers grew fewer and fewer. The next is at Winchester, Va., Nov. 22, 1862. Here he states that he has been promoted to First Lieutenant and on account of the disability of his Captain is commanding the company. Says they had marched more than 200 miles over rough roads, crossed the Blue Ridge four times and the Alleghenies twice, capturing thousands of prisoners and millions of dollars worth of Government property. The description of these battles are very interesting and the wonder is that any of the combatants were left to recite the story. But they drove the Yankees out of the Valley of Virginia, and that seemed enough to compensate for all the struggle and loss. All along their line of march they were cheered and thanked and prayed for by the grateful inhabitants.

Then after almost a year comes a letter from Orange C. H., Va., Aug. 17, 1863. The campaign through Maryland and into Pennsylvania had been made and after the battle of Gettysburg had been fought, with all its loss, the spirit of this man was as strong and he was as valiant as at any time during the struggle. All he wanted was for the people at home to remain loyal and true and the armies of the South could not be crushed. This was the spirit that pervaded the army and which made it necessary for the North to resort to numbers and to have a continuing flow into their ranks to overwhelm the armies around Richmond.

Then comes a letter from the trenches at Petersburg, Aug. 6, 1864, which was punctuated by screaming and exploding shells, one of which passed within two paces of the writer. Then comes the "blow up" of the mine under the battery and the rush of the Yankees to occupy the breach and especially the division of negroes, and the slaughter in the "pit of the crater." The carnage was so great that the Confederates stood in blood to their shoe-tops. But fatigue and exposure had done their work; the next letter is written from a sick bed, but still his spirit is not broken and he relies on the sagacity of the Generals and the valor of the waning army to snatch victory from defeat.

Let us here draw the curtain and not look upon the scene when the final blow falls when all is lost.

W. H. ARNOLD, Robert Lee, Texas.—Was born in Glass County, Ky. Came to Texas and settled in Hunt County. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 5, 1862, at Greenville, Texas, in Capt. Cooper's Company, Gen. Tom Green's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division, with Cooper as first Captain and Roberson first Colonel. Was changed to Galveston for the purpose of recapturing that place, and from there went to the lower part of Louisiana. Skirmished and fought, finally falling back to Mansfield. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Galveston and Yellow Bayou.

Have been in battles where they were killed thick and fast. We were ordered from Greenville, Hunt County, to the western part of the State to guard the frontier. I was with Terry's Rangers under Gen. Terry, and remained in the West for about six months and was then transferred to the Gulf Coast country, where we remained for some time, and was then sent to Galveston, Texas, in December, 1862, and put under Gen. Tom Green. My brother and I were in the battle that was fought on Galveston Island, when it was recaptured in 1863. We were ordered from Galveston to Sabine Pass, and from there to Louisiana. We had quite a lot of fighting to do in the lower part of Louisiana. We went into battle at Mansfield and whipped the Yankees and drove them back in the direction of New Orleans.

My hearing was affected greatly during the war on account of being



so near the cannon. I was with a company of 303 men, and when we went into a battle we were formed near the artillery in order to keep the enemy from getting the cannon. A cannon was discharged so near me once that the drums of my ears were shattered so badly that the blood ran from them, and I have never been able to hear an ordinary conversation since. After I became deaf, was discharged and sent home. Was discharged about 150 miles from New Orleans. After I came home my brother and I were with the rangers on the frontier.

W. H. ASHCROFT, deceased, was born in South Carolina in 1836. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on April 4, 1861. The first year he did frontier duty under Capt. Rodgers. After this he did coast duty in Buchel's Regiment. He gave his life at the battle of Mansfield, La.

Of others whose records I send you, Col. A. J. Weaver, Col. W. A. Wortham and J. N. Ashcroft and Bob Nelson all left home at the time my husband, L. A. Williams, did. They were in the same regiment but different companies. They all went from Sulphur Springs, Texas. J. M. Ashcroft, a boy of sixteen, living with his mother; E. A. Ashcroft, of Sulphur Springs, Texas, enlisted in the fall of 1861 in Company B, Zack Scott Captain, Mabry Colonel, in Phil. Crump's Battalion. The company was dismounted at Duvall's Bluff and the horses were sent home. They afterwards reorganized and were placed in Company B, Hiram Garrison Captain, Thirty-fourth Texas Regiment, Col. J. A. Weaver, W. D. Ector's Brigade, which made a glorious name from 1862 to 1865. Mat, as he was called by his friends, never missed a roll call and was in every battle following Bragg to Richmond, Ky., serving in the Tennessee Division under different commanders. He never received a furlough; left home a boy, came home a man.

Mat Ashcroft while in the trenches defending Atlanta, made the offer of his life for his comrade, J. A. Weaver. The siege of Atlanta was long and hard; often the soldiers were half starved and poorly clad. The enemy's picket had been drawing nearer and nearer our soldiers and ammunition was running short. Unfortunately, the ordnance wagon was beyond a hill quite a distance from where that part of the army was stationed. Col. J. A. Weaver was in command of the brigade, as Col. W. D. Ector had been wounded. The General in command of the division sent an order to Col. Weaver to send a man for ammunition. He did, but the man never got there. He sent another, who shared the fate of the other sent out. Then the Division Commander ordered Col. Weaver again to send for ammunition. Col. Weaver replied that he could not sacrifice his men, for it was instant death to go. Again the order came. Col. Weaver determined not to sacrifice his men but called for volunteers and stepped forward himself and made preparations to go on what he believed a death journey. Instantly there sprang from the rank, Mat Ashcroft, who said: "No, Col. Weaver, you are needed here, and your wife and children need you at home. I will go." At this time Bob Nelson came forward and was standing by the side of Mat, as much as to say he was going, too. Col. Weaver begged them not to go, but he said if Ashcroft went he would go, too; that at this critical hour their Colonel must not be sacrificed. Mat outlined his plan to the Colonel. Near the crest of the hill stood a tree. His plan was as they rose they would place their hats on the bayonets and draw the enemy's fire and rush over. They bade their comrades goodbye. Mat asked his Colonel if he never returned to take a message to his mother, and commended her to his care. It was with an aching heart their comrades saw them go, as they thought, to death, but this ruse succeeded. Their hats drew the enemy's fire and they rushed across. How anxiously did Col.



Weaver and their comrades watch for their return. After a long wait they saw the hats slowly come across the crest of the hill. Was it possible they would fool the enemy again? Not a word was spoken; not a man moved in that regiment. As they neared the tree the enemy fired again, and from the jaws of death rushed the two boys loaded with ammunition, and the army was saved for the present. There was silence for a few moments when their comrades realized they were safe. Col. Weaver met them, but was too full for utterance. They had offered their lives for him. Suddenly a cheer broke the silence. It was taken up by others, then it became a mighty roar as it swept down that vast army of soldiers, until the very heavens sent back the echo of those grateful hearts. It is said that when the enemy saw the bravery of these two boys that they cheered, too.

When the U. C. V. Camp was organized in Sulphur Springs it was named Mat Ashcroft, the first camp in Texas to be named after a private soldier. After the surrender, Mat returned to Sulphur Springs and took up the battles of life. He was successful in business matters after reconstruction days. He held important county offices.

This is given by Mrs. Sue McLemore, of Winnsboro, Texas.

E. C. ASKEY, Leesville, Texas.—Was born March 5, 1845, near Gonzales, Gonzales County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1863, at San Antonio, as a private in Company G, Duff's Regiment, with Wayman as first Captain. My company was stationed at San Antonio guarding commissaries. Was moved from San Antonio to Eagle Pass, October, 1863, where I did scouting, guarding the border and catching deserters. Moved back to San Antonio early in the spring of 1864, later sent to Lampasas, and from there was ordered to Cabin Creek. When we had gotten within fifteen miles of our destination, we met Gen. Price's Brigade coming down South. We were then sent into Arkansas, on Red River, for winter quarters. We remained there until early spring, and then were ordered to Caddo Lake, La. Stayed there awhile, and was ordered to some place further down in Louisiana (do not remember name of place), and there a bunch of Yankee prisoners were turned over to us and we brought them back to Tyler, Texas, and put them in the Bull Pen. Then we went into camp on the Trinity River and remained there until the close of the war, when we all went home.

JOHN ASTON, Mabank, Texas.—Was born in 1844, near Redland, Chickasaw County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1862, in Cherokee County, Texas, as private in Company F, Gen. Terrell's Brigade. Was not wounded, nor was I taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, and China Grove. In the battle of Mansfield we charged the enemy through an old field. They stood until we were in fifteen steps of them and then they fell back to Pleasant Hill. The loss was very great. I passed back by there the next day and saw the place where our comrades were buried. They were buried in trenches with their hats and clothes on. We were on this raid for some four or six weeks, and during that time never undressed. We had blue beef and sugar to eat, and when a steer got so poor that he could not walk he was killed and we had him for beef. The way we washed our clothes was to wrap up in a blanket and go to a pond or river and rub them the best we could without soap. There were four of us on picket on the bank of Red River, shooting at gunboats. The enemy got between us and the army which had to swim the Red River and we were left alone without anything to eat. We dodged



around in the river bottom for two days and nights without anything to eat. The next day we found a poor pig; killed, broiled and ate it. The third day we got out to a house. I went to the gate and the lady brought me out some coffee and sweet-bread and I could not keep it on my stomach. We finally reached our command.

I well remember one night when I was standing picket in a bottom. It was sleeting and snowing. I built me a brush pile to stand on in order to keep out of the water. I had to stay there for two hours, and when the Sergeant came to relieve me I wrapped up in a blanket and, lying down on the pile of brush, went to sleep. I slept four hours and then had to stand for two hours more.

**J. S. ATCHISON**, Llano, Texas.—Was born Nov. 14, 1833, near Spring Creek, County of Madison, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 in Houston, Texas, as private in Company G, Second Texas Infantry, Gen. Maury's Brigade, Gen. Gladden's Division, Gen. Bragg's Corps, Army of Tennessee; J. W. Hood first Captain, with John C. Moore first Colonel. I was promoted to Orderly Sergeant and Second Lieutenant. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Farmington, Corinth, Iuka, Hatchie River, Chickasaw Bayou, Fort Pemberton and the siege of Vicksburg. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg, paroled and came back to Texas, and was stationed at Galveston, Texas, remaining there until the close of the war.

**ALONZO ATKINSON**, Goldthwaite, Texas.—Was born Aug. 8, 1836, near San Augustine, County of San Augustine, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, in Washington County, as a private in Company G, Tenth Texas Regiment, John Lauderdale first Captain and Wilson first Colonel, in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Was sent to Little Rock, Ark., and the very day on which we arrived was put on detached service in the ordnance department and remained there until the close of the war. I was not in any of the battles, but did a great deal of hard work.

**F. H. AVEN**, Celeste, Texas.—Was born Sept. 14, 1847, near Abingdon, Washington County, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1863 as private in Company F, Twenty-first Virginia Regiment, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson's Brigade, Gen. Rosser's Division, Gen. Hampton's Corps, Army of Virginia; first Captain, F. T. Gray, first Colonel, Peters. For the first year we served in the southwestern part of Virginia and the eastern part of Tennessee; were then moved to Petersburg, because we were needed there. Was not wounded, and was never taken prisoner. Received no promotions. Was in the battles of Knoxville, King's Salt Works, Petersburg and remained around Petersburg and Richmond until the fall of Richmond. From there was in the retreat to the Appomattox Court House, where we surrendered.

**W. H. AVORY**, Blooming Grove, Texas.—Was born in South Carolina. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the year 1864, at Rome, Ga., as private in Company A, Gen. Buckner's Brigade, Gen. Johnson's Division; Bray first Captain. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Peach Tree Creek and at Atlanta, Ga. Was taken prisoner at Atlanta and sent to Nashville, Tenn., and remained there about four weeks and was sent to Indiana. Was never promoted. Went in as private and remained one until the close of the war. I was never wounded while in the war. I was hungry only once and this lasted for two days and nights.



BRANDT BADGER, Marble Falls, Texas.—Was born Feb. 3, 1839, at Decatur, DeKalb County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the year 1861, at Gonzales, Texas, as private in Willis' Battalion of Wade's Legion. J. Duff Brown was first Captain and Leo Willis first Colonel. Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner at Panola, Miss., but was paroled at once. Was detailed as druggist in the Fifth Military District. In December, 1863, was in the battle of Holly Springs, Miss. After this was in several smaller battles.

HIRAM W. BAGGETT, Amarillo, Texas.—Was born Feb. 16, 1846, near the city of Powder Springs, Cobb County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 15, 1863, at Fort Gaines, Ala., as private in Company H, Wofford's Brigade, Hood's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Our first Captain was W. H. Goodwin and first Colonel, Smith. Was transferred from Fort Gaines, Ala., to Dalton, Ga., in the spring of 1864. There were five brothers of us in the Confederate Army. I was the youngest to enlist and was the only one that came out alive. Two of my brothers were killed in the battle of Gettysburg, one at Fort Gaines, Ala., and another at Marietta, Ga.

I was never wounded, but was captured at the battle of New Hope Church, May 25, 1864. Was sent to Camp Morton, Ind., and remained there until the next spring. Was sent to Richmond, Va., for exchange. Remained in parole camp at Richmond for about two weeks, received my parole and went to my home in Georgia. Was at home when the surrender came. Was in the battles of New Hope Church, Dalton, Ga.; Resaca, Adairsville, besides a number of skirmishes.

THOMAS J. BAGLEY, Cherokee, Texas.—Was born May 28, 1847, near Cusseta, Chattahoochee County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1864, at Columbus, Ga., as private in an independent company as Stephen D. Lee's escort, Stephen D. Lee's Corps and the Army of Tennessee, with Ragsdale as our first Captain. I was first with the Georgia militia and served around Atlanta and afterwards joined as above stated. I was taken prisoner near Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 22, 1864, and was sent to Camp Douglas and kept there until the close of the war. I was in the siege of Atlanta and battles of Columbia, Tenn.; Franklin and Nashville.

B. W. BAILEY, Flo, Tex.—Was born June 24, 1837, in Barbour County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 16, 1862, at Bodan Box, Angelina County, Texas, as private in Company F, Seventeenth Texas Infantry, Deshler's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Holmes' Corps, Army of Trans-Mississippi; J. M. McNight first Captain and Jim Taylor first Colonel. I was never changed, promoted nor wounded. Was taken prisoner at the fall of Arkansas Post, Jan. 11, 1863, and was sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., and kept there for ninety days, and then exchanged at City Point, Va. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post and Chickamauga. We lost the battle of Arkansas Post but gained the battle of Chickamauga, but with very heavy loss.

I volunteered in the Confederate Army for the purpose of fighting for our rights. I started in the year 1862 and went from Texas to Arkansas, where the battle of Arkansas Post was fought. From there went to Tullahoma, Tenn., and here we were put under Gen. Bragg. We had a hard time in the States of Georgia and Tennessee. On the 19th and 20th of September we had one of the hardest battles that was ever fought on Confederate soil. We gained the battle, but paid very dearly for it. It



is said that we lost thirty thousand men killed, wounded and missing. I have seen dead men on the ground so thick that you could not walk without stepping on them. This was the battle of Chickamauga. After the battle we went to Chattanooga, Tenn., and from there to Missionary Ridge, and remained there until Nov. 1, 1863. By this time I had gotten sick and was not able to go into the fight, and I was sent to Atlanta to the hospital, where I remained for a long time, and the doctor advised me not to go back across the river, so I went to my old Captain and remained with him until the end. I was in Richmond, Texas, when the war closed.

IRA W. BAILEY, Madisonville, Texas.—Was born Aug. 7, 1845, in the State of Mississippi. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Kaufman, Texas, November, 1863, as private in Company C. Was with Parson's Regiment; first Captain, Kyser. I exchanged places with Joe Young in order to be with my brother, who was in Tom Green's command, Company E, Fourth Texas Cavalry. Tom Williams was first Captain. I was wounded at the battle of Yellow Bayou, just a flesh wound. When the list of the wounded was taken I never reported and was not exempt from duty.

I was in the battles of Blairs Landing, Yellow Bayou, and in several skirmishes while we were following Bank's Army down the Red River. General Tom Green was killed at the battle of Blairs Landing.

My first service for the Confederate Government was in the early spring of 1863. My duty was to gather beeves and drive them to the soldiers. I assisted in gathering one herd in Burleson County, Texas, and drove them to Louisiana. We crossed the Red River at Alexandria. Then went on to the Black River and put them on boats and sent them down the river to the soldiers. I then came back to Caldwell, Burleson County, and reported to the beef agent at that place. Was then sent to Tarrant and Wise Counties to take charge of another herd. We carried them nearly to Shreveport, La., and was ordered to bring them back to Kaufman County, Texas. We had authority from the Government to gather steers, whether the owners wanted to sell them or not. The government paid \$16.00 per head. The people gave them up without any complaint, except one fellow. He claimed that we had two of his work steers. On finding this out we turned them out of the herd and left them with him. When we would get about two hundred head gathered, we would brand them "C. S. A.," and cut the bush of their tails off and then we were ready for the road.

P. J. BAILEY, Farmersville, Texas.—Born at Springfield, Mo., May 15, 1844. Joined the Confederate Army September, 1861. My first Captain was Don Brown. This was in the Missouri State Guards. Was discharged at Van Buren after the battle of Pea Ridge, 1862, as the time for which I had enlisted, six months, had expired. Then about July there was being formed a regiment of what was called "partisan rangers," under Col. Dick Campbell, which operated in North Arkansas and Missouri. We had taken some Yankee prisoners and they had some of our men but, as we were not in the regular army, they refused to exchange with us. We then joined the regular Confederate Army and our prisoners were exchanged. We became the Third Missouri Cavalry under Col. Colton Green. I was in Company E (A. J. Thompson, Captain). I was never wounded nor captured. At the battle of Jenkins Ferry we were dismounted and sent forward to bring on the fight. We were in an old field where the mud and water was nearly knee deep. We were halted and ordered to lie down under fire, but there was no good place to lie down, so I kind of crouched down, when my



Captain yelled out, "Lay down!" I said, "Lay down yourself," as he was standing upright. In this fight every horse in the artillery was killed in about one minute.

We operated along the Mississippi in Arkansas, picking up what trading boats we could and occasionally had a fight with gunboats. On one occasion a boat came in close to the levee which we were using as breast-works and threw their ports open, when we opened on them with our five pieces of artillery and with our Enfield rifles. They closed their port holes and went out of reach and began shelling us from a distance. Afterwards at the battle of Ditch Bayou we held 1,600 men (we had about 800 men) for six hours. I do not know how many men were killed. We lost about three men. This was in '64. We finished up the war in Missouri and Arkansas. I was taken sick of "swamp fever," left in Arkansas and was not at the surrender of the regiment at Shreveport, La.

WILLIAM A. BAIRD, Texarkana, Ark.—Was born Jan. 12, 1839, at Columbus, Hempstead County, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the year of 1861, as private in Company B, Twentieth Arkansas Regiment, W. L. Cabell's Brigade, Forrest's Division, Sidney Johnston's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Rufus K. Gooland first Captain and Henry P. Johnson first Colonel. After my surrender at Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, we came west of the Mississippi and after being exchanged were organized into a company of Cavalry under Brig.-Gen. Thos. P. Dockery. Was wounded during the siege of Vicksburg by a shell striking me in the back. Was taken prisoner at the surrender of Vicksburg and all the prisoners were paroled. I was never in prison. Was promoted to Commissary Sergeant in 1862 in Mississippi. Was in the battles of Iuka, Corinth and Vicksburg. Paroled at Marshall, Texas.

E. H. BAKER, Hochheim, Texas.—Was born Aug. 9, 1844, near Hempstead, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army January, 1862, at San Antonio, Texas, as private in Capt. Kelley's Company, Col. Willis's Battalion, Gen. Wall's Legion, Army of Trans-Mississippi. Was never wounded. Lived on parched corn for seven days and thought we were getting along fine. Was taken prisoner in Mississippi in 1863 and paroled. I was never promoted. We were under Van Dorn on several raids, and I was also with Gen. Forrest. We did more scouting than we did fighting, but we were in several tight places and saw some very hard times. There is no fun attached to war life.

ELLIS J. BAKER, Lipan, Hood County, Texas.—Was born Feb. 11, 1844, near Timonsville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the year 1861 at Darlington, S. C., as private in Company A, Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment, Cowan's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Virginia; William Carter first Captain and Brown first Colonel. Was never changed. Was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness in the ankle. I was taken prisoner about ten days before Gen. Lee surrendered his army and was taken to Harts Prison, N. Y. Was in prison at the time of Lincoln's assassination. Was in the battles of Seven Days Fight around Richmond, Chancellorsville, Petersburg and many others. I had a brother killed in the Gettysburg fight. The war of the early sixties was an awful struggle. I joined the boys in gray in the beginning and remained with them until the last.

GEORGE C. BAKER, Sr., Rosenberg, Texas.—Was born Aug. 5, 1839, in Louisiana. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, at Richmond,





**GENERAL R. E. LEE**

**Born in Virginia, January 19, 1807, and was made Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army in 1862. General Lee died October 8, 1870.**



as private in Company E, Willis' Battalion, Wall's Legion; first Captain, J. M. Sullivan, Willis, first Colonel. After crossing the Mississippi River my battalion was changed to Gen. Chalmer's Brigade, Van Dorn's Cavalry, Division of Mississippi and Tennessee. After Van Dorn was killed, Gen. N. B. Forrest was placed in command, and I served until the close of the war under him. At the battles of Harrisburg and Tupelo we were engaged for seven days and nights, and four of these days we were without food. At the end of that time we were issued three days' rations and we consumed it all at one meal. We were constantly engaged in skirmishes. I had a very narrow escape in one of these skirmishes, and was forced to run a half mile in front of the enemy, they firing on me constantly. I consider myself fortunate in not getting shot or captured. During the siege of Vicksburg my company was stationed on Big Black River, doing picket duty. While we did no fighting, we fared hard, living on parched corn and coons, when we could get them.

**JAS. B. BAKER**, Waco, Texas.—Was born in Louisville, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 on the Mississippi River, as private in Company H, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Army; John Stone, first Captain, and Nat Bufford first Colonel. I was on the famous Banks raid when the Federals left the Gulf of Mexico and drove us to Mansfield, La. We then drove them back. They (the Federals) had five to our one. Was promoted to Sergeant-Major of my regiment. I was in all of the Banks raids.

**JOHN R. BAKER**, Amarillo, Texas.—Was born March 17, 1840, near Jonesboro, Carter County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Sweetwater, Tenn., as a private in Company G, Second Tennessee Regiment, Army of Tennessee. L. D. Clark was first Captain and H. M. Ashby first Colonel. Was not wounded. Was taken prisoner on the 23rd day of February, 1864, and sent to Fort Delaware. Remained there until March 8, 1865. There were 14,000 prisoners in this prison at one time. Rations of about one-half loaf of bread and two ounces of meat per day, and all the rats we could catch. Was in the battles of Barberville, Danville, Summerset, Ky., and Chickamauga, Ga. Capt. Ford was killed in the last mentioned battle. He was by my side when he fell.

**W. R. BAKER**, Waco, Texas.—Was born May 5, 1842, near Eureka, Panola County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Dec. 15, 1861, at Eureka, as private in Company G, First Mississippi Regiment, Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's Division, Army of Tennessee; J. R. Taylor first Captain and Pinson first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded nor taken prisoner. My company lost several killed and wounded at Selma, Ala. I had some very hard times during the war. We had to eat almost anything we could get. I was in several fights that I have not mentioned here. Was in the battles of Corinth, Moscow, Atlanta, New Hope Church, Jackson, Miss., Holly Springs, besides a number of skirmishes.

**A. T. BALL**, Valley View, Texas.—Was born Sept. 4, 1842, near Versailles, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Windsor, Mo., as Sergeant in Windsor's Guards, Trans-Mississippi Department, Collins Burrus first Captain and Smith first Colonel. After the battle of Elkhorn, Price's Army crossed over the Mississippi River and engaged in the battle of Corinth. He then came back to the Trans-Mississippi Department and remained until the surrender in 1865.



I was wounded by my own gun at the battle of Cole Camp. Was taken prisoner at Elkhorn March 7, 1861; was taken to Alton, Ill., and then to Vicksburg, where we were exchanged about Sept. 1 of the same year. We were then rushed to the battle of Corinth, but we failed to get there in time, and met the enemy at Valley Springs, Miss. I was promoted to Sergeant and remained in this position until I was taken prisoner with the rest of my company. After I returned to my command I remained a private until the close of the war.

Was in the battles of Cole Camp, Oakhill, Drywood, Lexington, Elkhorn, Helena, Jenkins Ferry, and was with Price on his raid in Missouri, which was one continuous fight from the time we left Frederickstown to Pilot Knob, where we left the State. I have always been proud of my company. If we could but have recruited our armies with Southern boys and have occasionally gotten a little something to eat, why, I would be fighting for our beloved South today, provided a Yankee bullet had not gotten me as they got many a brave comrade. After the battle of Cole Camp we were ordered to Cowskin Prairie in Southern Missouri, where the army was re-organized and put on war footing. The battle of Oakhill was fought on Cowskin Prairie, and our company was selected as body guard and couriers for General Price, and served in that capacity through the entire war. It was hard service, but we managed to get something to eat. Mud lark was our favorite dish. Our company reported directly to Gen. Price and we never had a letter. We served with other companies and regiments while in battle.

With reference to the raid in Missouri will say that we did all the harm we could to the Yankee soldier, but to the soldier only. We burned bridges and stations and tore up railroads. This raid was made for the purpose of assisting Gen. Lee on the east side of the Mississippi. We wanted to draw all the Federals from Petersburg that we possibly could. The raid was a very disastrous one, as we almost starved to death and several were killed in battles, which were every day occurrences until the final battle of Granby. Then starvation commenced in earnest, as the Yankees left us to find our way back to Dixie Land. Then we heard that Gen. Lee had surrendered, then Gen. Joe Johnston, and finally it came our turn (the lost army). We were ordered to form ranks. Gen. Buckner first addressed us, and then Gen. Price. They both spoke very feelingly of the trials which we had endured, and advised those who could to go home. But we all could not do this. Gens. Price and Shelby and quite a number of us went into Mexico. Later I returned to Missouri to see about some property which I had left there, and remained in Missouri during the remainder of '65 and '66. In '67 I came back to Texas. Here I am yet, and I am glad of it. Moved from Collin County here in 1875.

JOHN L. BALLINGER, Honey Grove, Texas.—Was born at Stanford, Lincoln County, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, November, 1861, at Honey Grove, Texas, as private in Company C. Taylor's Regiment, Gen. Polignac's Brigade, Gen. Mouton's Division, Gen. Dick Taylor's Corps, and in Trans-Mississippi Department. John Piner was first Captain and Robert Taylor first Colonel. Our regiment was changed into a battalion, and was called Merrick's Battalion. After this we suffered severe loss in the Louisiana campaign. Lost Capt. Logan Davidson, who was killed at the battle of Mansfield. I received a flesh wound at the battle of Mansfield in the thigh. Was never taken prisoner. Was promoted to Adjutant of the battalion in 1864. Was in the gunboat fight at Harrisburg and where we had a real exciting experience. Two of us tried to get our clothing and



blankets from a house in which we had been camped for some time, but the boats threw shells so thick and fast that we were compelled to lose our blankets, for the Yankees landed and burned our quarters and everything we had.

L. BALLOU, Brady, Texas.—Was born Nov. 4, 1843, near Navasota, Grimes County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 14, 1862, at Cumminsville, Bee County, Texas. Was in Company A, Hobby's original Battalion, Eighth Texas Infantry, Gen. H. P. Bee's Brigade, Gen. J. B. Magruder's Division, Gen. Kirby Smith's Corps, Army of Trans-Mississippi Department; Robert E. Jones first Captain and Alfred M. Hobby first Colonel. After the capture of Galveston, January 1, 1863, our regiment was retained on garrison duty until the surrender of Appomatox. We were then ordered to Alleyton, Texas, and honorably discharged on May 24, 1865. Was never wounded nor taken prisoner. We enlisted to go to Richmond, Va., but while in camp near Goliad we were ordered by Gen. H. P. Bee to Corpus Christi, with practically no arms at all. Was detailed in regimental Quartermaster's Department.

Was in the three days bombardment at Corpus Christi. Was in battles of Fort Esparanza and Pass Cavalla, from whence the regiment was ordered to take part in the fight at Galveston, but as I was very sick with the measles and could not travel and was left at Victoria. I can only briefly mention my Colonel, A. M. Hobby, who was patriotic, brave and much beloved and respected by all of his men. He was a member of the Secession Convention at Austin. He became a prominent business man at Galveston after the war. He died in the year of 1872.

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JAMES GARDENER BALWIN, Abilene, Texas.—Was born at Columbus, Miss., Aug. 23, 1844. Came to Texas in September, 1867. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Columbus, Miss., May 1861. Was commissioned in the Confederate States Navy and served as Master until January, 1864. Then joined the Twenty-second Louisiana Regiment, Company B, Gen. Gibson's Brigade, Gen. Maury's Division, Gen. Taylor's Corps. Was in various engagements on the Mississippi River, Virginia and Mobile. Was wounded at New Madrid, March, 1862, and laid up for three months. Received three slight wounds at other places. Was Lieutenant when discharged in June, 1865. From May, 1861, to June, 1865, I served continuously either in the navy or the army, except three months, which was lost on account of my wound. Was paroled at Meridian, Miss., with my regiment (Twenty-second Louisiana), Col. J. W. Patton commanding.

JOHN THOMAS BANASTER, Mt. Vernon, Texas.—Was born April 16, 1840, near Abbeville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army November, 1861, in DeKalb County, Ala., as private in Company C, Third Confederate Regiment, Gen. Harrison's Brigade, Gen. Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee; with Thomson first Captain and Howard first Colonel. Our brigade was composed of the Eleventh Texas, Eighth Texas, Fifth Georgia and Third Confederate. I was never wounded. I had several holes shot through my clothes and one horse shot from under me. Several of my comrades were killed by my side. I was never taken prisoner, but made some good runs. We captured seven Yankees in the battle of Murfreesboro.

I was with Joe Wheeler when he captured about three hundred Yankees and a number of wagons and mules. Burned the wagons on the retreat to Nashville. I was a blacksmith and was detailed at Tunnel Hill, Ga., given a wagon and team with a forge on it and four assistants to do the horse-



shoeing. I was with Wheeler when we recaptured Fort Donelson. Was in the battles of Shelbyville, Tula-homa, Murfreesboro and a number of skirmishes.

L. S. BANKS, Blum, Hill County, Texas.—Was born near Springdale, Benton County, Ark. Enlisted June 1, 1861, in the Confederate Army at Bentonville, Ark., as private in Company A, Fifteenth Arkansas Regiment, Gen. McCullough's Brigade, Gen. Van Dorn's Division. My first Captain was James Hobbs and first Colonel was D. McCray. After the fall of Vicksburg I came west of the Mississippi River and served in the Trans-Mississippi Department until the close of the war. Was taken prisoner at Elkhorn on March 9, 1862, and sent to Alton, Ill., and then to Rock Island, Ill. Was in prison seven months. Was in the battle of Oak Hill, Mo., Elkhorn, Ark., Compion Hill, Bakers Creek, Miss.

RICHARD JOHNSON BARBOUR, Normangee, Texas.—Was born Aug. 14, 1837, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala., as private in Company G, 11th Alabama Regiment, Army of Virginia. First Captain was McMath and first Colonel was Moore. I took pneumonia in November, 1861, and was discharged at Richmond, Va., in February, 1862, and re-enlisted in the Forty-third Alabama Regiment in April, Capt. T. M. Barbour, Col. Archie Gracie's Brigade. Was wounded before Richmond in the right knee on the 12th day of May, 1864, at Chafin's Farm, and sent home for sixty days. On the 25th of March, 1865, I lost my right arm at Hatcher's Run on Weldon Road. Was taken prisoner after losing my arm and sent to Fortress Monroe, where I was guarded and cursed by negro soldiers and suffered all manner of indignities. Promoted to Second Sergeant directly after leaving home in April, 1862. Was in the battles of first Manassas, Fort Morgan, Chickamauga and Reams Station.

My first experience of the horrors of war was at Fishing Creek, Ky. An incident here impressed me deeply. We had a fine soldier in our company who said that if he had to be shot in battle he wanted to be killed dead, and he was shot almost in the center of the forehead. I was so close to him that his blood bespattered me, so I have never forgotten Travis McKinney.

It was a proud day for me when I was elected Second Lieutenant, and that by the men with whom I had served over two years. A few days after having received my commission, father came to us at Tunnel Hill, where we were in winter quarters. Here I received my first furlough, over two years from the time I had left home, to return to mother as a commissioned officer. I was proud of this, as I had joined a company in which I scarcely knew a dozen men.

As to reminiscences, one hardly knows where to begin. I served mostly in Virginia, though was sent under Longstreet to Chickamauga. We suffered greatly on our march back to Virginia, being barefooted a great deal of the time. We wintered at Morristown. I was a good forager and when hogs would try to bite me I would kill them and carry them to camp. At times all we had to eat was parched corn and sometimes this would last for days. I suffered greatly after my arm was taken off. Would be compelled to stop on my way home and get some citizen to dress it.

HUGŀ W. BARCLAY, Cleburne, Texas.—Was born May 21, 1840, at Clarksville, Henderson County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Big Shanty, near Atlanta, Ga., as Second Lieutenant in



Company B, Twenty-third Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; Jas. H. Huggins first Captain and William Barclay first Colonel. Late in the year 1864 was changed to the Army of Tennessee. Was never wounded. Had my clothes shot and men killed and wounded all around me, but was providentially preserved for some purpose, I know not what. Was captured at the battle of Chancellorsville and was at Hooker's headquarters when Jackson opened up on his right, when there was much confusion in the Yankee Army. For thirty days I was in the old Capitol at Washington before I was released.

I was promoted after the siege of Petersburg late in 1864 to Lieutenant-Colonel in Georgia Cavalry and went through the Georgia campaign. Was in the battles of Richmond (seven days fight), Seven Pines, South Mountain or Boonsboro, Md., Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Fort Sumpter, Ocean Pond, Fla., besides a number of skirmishes.

B. F. BARD, Madisonville, Texas.—Was born Oct. 18, 1843, near Fulton, Hickman County, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 13, 1863, at McKenzie, Tenn., as private in Company C, Clanton's Company, Twelfth Kentucky Regiment, Gen. Buford's Brigade, Gen. Forrest's Corps, George Clanton first Captain, Faulkner first Colonel. My Colonel was killed at Dresden, Tenn., by our own men. Was not wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of Corinth, Harrisburg, Guntown, Fort Pillow, Okalona, Miss., four battles on the raid to Nashville and the battle of Franklin.

MACON BARFIELD, Montgomery, Texas.—Was born Dec. 25, 1834, near Macon, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 5, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala., as private in Company H, Twenty-third Alabama Regiment, Gen. Stevenson's Division, Army of Tennessee. Tom McCall was first Captain and Beck first Colonel. Was wounded at the battle of Fort Gibson by a piece of shell striking me over the right eye. Also slight wound in the battle of Bakers Creek, Miss. Was taken prisoner and paroled in the siege of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. Also taken prisoner at the battle of Atlanta, Ga., in 1864. Was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. Was held there until the close of the war. Returned home in July, 1865. Was promoted to First Corporal in 1863. Was in the battles of Fort Gibson, Bakers Creek, Big Black and the siege of Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, New Hope Church, Dalton, Ga., Peachtree Creek, and Atlanta, where I was captured and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio.

CAPT. A. B. BARNES, Greenville, Texas.—Was born Sept. 16, 1839, near New Castle, Pa. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Missouri as a private in Company C, Second Missouri Cavalry, Jeff Thompson's Brigade, Missouri State Guards. My first Captain was John Casey and first Colonel, Jack Smith. I was changed from the Missouri State Guards, Dec. 31, 1861, and accepted a Recruiting Sergeant's commission and went north in Missouri into the enemy's lines and raised a company, of which I was elected Captain. Of the forty-three men enlisted, mostly within the enemy's lines, only four lived through the war and only three died of disease.

I was captured Jan. 6, 1862, and was in prison in Alton, Ill., fifty-six days and escaped March 6, 1862, in the following way: An old Dutchman was employed to haul water from the Mississippi River to the prison, and it was the duty of the prisoners to unload the water from the large bar-



rels to smaller ones. On this occasion I was left to finish the unloading and when the last was out and the sentinel was just returning on his beat I jumped into the barrel and was carted off towards the river. When well down to the river I jumped out and, disguised by a heavy citizen's overcoat and with a half smoked cigar in my mouth, no one supposed I was an escaped prisoner. I made my way to the depot, and with fifty cents, my last change, I bought a ticket to St. Louis, Mo., and was soon amongst friends. I don't know what went with the Dutchman.

In a skirmish in Southeast Missouri on Feb. 14, 1863, I was shot through the left lung and was wounded in the thigh on May 22, north of Pine Bluff, Ark., while carrying a message from Gen. Price's headquarters at Camden, Ark., to Gen. Joe Shelby, north of White River.

Was in the battles of Frederickton, Mo.; Elk Horn, Poison Springs, Mark's Hill, Saline River, Ark.; Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., as well as a number of other cavalry skirmishes.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy and all others interested in a correct history of those who bared their breasts to the leaden hail during the trying times from '61 to '65, I present this small sketch, which probably differs but little from that of many others, but they all illustrate more or less what we went through.

I can remember many acts of heroism and the details, but can not remember the names of all the participants and so for fear of seeming to do injustice to some, I had better not call names, as all were equally entitled to mention.

In the fall of 1864, Gen. Price organized a raid into Missouri, with about six thousand cavalry, in which Gens. Marmaduke, Fagan, Shelby, Cabell, Thompson, Dockery, Phelps and perhaps others were engaged. On our retreat, after crossing Little Blue River and when at least twenty thousand of the enemy could be seen on the broad prairies, I witnessed the most daring, desperate and determined cavalry charge, I think, of the war.

In order that even the old soldier may understand our position I will try to describe it. Shelby's Brigade, perhaps 1,100 strong, was the rear guard of Gen. Price's Army, consisting of about 8,000 men, many of them recruits and very poorly equipped. The brigade faced north with two ten-pound Parrott guns on our right, commanded by a one-armed Irishman named Kelly. On the north and northwest the whole face of the earth was blue with Federal Cavalry, while on the northeast, distant about one-quarter of a mile, was a grove of black jack timber of six or eight hundred acres. Suddenly about 1,200 Federal Cavalry, in columns of companies, appeared around that grove and coming directly towards our right flank. Hard pressed by at least 5,000 cavalry in front, our left threatened, and this new command, larger than our entire brigade, already on our right, certainly made it look like a show-down. Just then Gen. Price sent Gen. Shelby the following dispatch: "Remove your command one-half or three-fourths of a mile immediately south of your present position and take up the most practical position and hold the enemy in check till further orders." Gen. Shelby said: "Capt. Barnes, your company and Capt. Orchard's company will please check those fellows coming down the hill." The order was repeated to the company when Major Kelly of the battery said: "Wait a moment, Captain, and I will help you." Then turning to the battery, "Action right rear. Double shot with canister, fire." Simultaneously I gave the order to charge. The effect was terrific. The Federal cavalry evidently considered us already captured and were coming directly on our flank without firing a shot.



The double shotted guns literally tore the front of their column to pieces and immediately behind the death-dealing shot came the no less deadly cavalymen. Close at hand they fired their carbines and dropping them on their slings, they used their deadly revolvers and often at a distance of not more than six or eight feet, for the squadron charged squarely into the enemy's ranks, utterly and completely routing them. When the little band of eighty-three men returned they drove forty-seven horses with their equipments before them. They lost three men who were never heard of and seven or eight wounded. I do not think there is a parallel in history where eighty-six cavalymen charged a column of 1,200, who believed themselves charging, utterly routing them.

Gen. Hindman was in command of Little Rock and was threatened by a force of 18,000 men under Gen. Curtis. Gen. Hindman was practically abandoned by the Confederate government. He had only 1,200 men. He called the young ladies of the city together and asked each of them to write to their supposed sweethearts, brothers and kinsfolk east of the Mississippi River, telling them what a fine time you are having, about the balls and how much they enjoyed themselves watching the soldiers drill and about the big guns and about our reinforcements, and then bring the letters to him and he would do the rest. The General then had a lot of handbills printed in the form of a proclamation to the people of North Arkansas telling them that the enemy was at their doors and to help retard them by every process possible. To burn all feedstuff and utterly destroy all means of subsistence (and a lot more). These proclamations and about 100 letters were given to a young scout named Scott with instructions to take two saddled horses and proceed by the way of the Batesville road until he came upon the Federal pickets and as soon as he was halted to change horses and make a run for it. After running some distance, if he and his horse escaped unhurt, he was to throw away his blanket and then his overcoat, and lastly the saddle pockets containing the letters and proclamations, then to get away as fast as possible. Scott escaped. The Federals captured the precious letters and carried them to Curtis. By 10 o'clock the next day the camp at Batesville was abandoned and Curtis and his 18,000 invaders were on their way to Helena for the protection of their gunboats, where they made their first stop, and Gen. Hindman and his 1,200 men, with about enough ammunition to last them twenty minutes, breathed easier. The gallant Hindman declared that his female auxiliaries had won the day.

JOHN CLARK BARNETT, Somerville, Texas.—Born June 15, 1842, near Waverly, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Galveston, Texas, as private in J. J. Myer's Company, Gen. DeBray's Regiment. My first Captain became Colonel, and J. L. Lane, now living at Lockhart, Texas, was my Captain at the close of the war. L. J. Story, deceased, late Railroad Commissioner, was First Lieutenant.

My father moved from Missouri to Lockhart in 1856 and settled near what is now Lytton Springs, in the northern part of Caldwell County, Texas. I was never absent without leave and never in the guard-house. Our company volunteered and were sworn in for the war in an old cotton compress in Galveston. We never surrendered and consequently were never paroled. We were discharged by our own officers May 25, 1865, and then went home. All my people for several generations lived in the South, and I am proud of the fact that I may be called a "Southerner." Was in the battles of Galveston, Tex., Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La



ELIJAH BARR, Gatesville, Tex.—Born in Logan County, Illinois. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March, 1862, at Bellville, Tex., as private in Company A, under Gen. Magruder, stationed at Galveston during the entire time. J. N. Daniel, first Captain, and H. M. Elmore, first Colonel. Was never wounded, but was always in the thickest of the fight. Have seen others hauled away wounded. I was in only one battle, at Galveston, Tex. I am not sorry that I was not in other battles, for if I had been I might have lost my life.

G. W. BARR, Stamford, Tex.—Was born March 18, 1846, near Pittsboro, Calhoun County, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 1, 1863, as private in Company B, Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry, Gen. Buckner's brigade, Gen. Chalmer's division, Gen. Forrest's corps, Army of Tennessee; T. A. Mitchell, first Captain, and W. L. Duff, first Colonel.

Just at the break-up our regiment was consolidated with the Twenty-Eighth Mississippi Regiment. I think the name of our Colonel at the break-up was McGee. Was wounded at the battle of Bryce's Cross Roads, in North Mississippi, near Guntown, June 19, 1864, both legs were broken just above the ankle. Was taken to the Lauderdale Springs Hospital and remained there for four months, and then returned to my regiment Feb. 1, 1865. Was paroled May 10 of the same year at Gainesville, Ala.; reached home May 15, and came to Texas in 1867, located in Bell County, where the town of Holland now stands. Was in the battles of the Cross Roads (Bryce's), Fort Pillow, and in several skirmishes. Was never sick a day, and never missed roll call without being accounted for. I am proud of what little I did and have no apologies to make. I had two brothers in the Virginia Army, one was killed and the other died. My father was a Captain in the Mississippi State troops.

JAMES BARR, Waco, Tex.—Was born in Center, Hickman County, Tennessee, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Nashville, Tenn., as Corporal, in Company H, Eleventh Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Raines' Brigade, Gen. Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee, Van Wines, first Captain, and Tom Bateman, first Colonel. Was transferred to the artillery for a battle and then back to my old company.

I was wounded at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. That was the first wound that amounted to much. Was shot through the leg twice at the same time, and carried off the field. I was promoted to the artillery and remained there until I was shot all to pieces, and then returned to my old command. There is not enough space here to tell of all the battles I was in. I was in every battle that the army was in, all through Kentucky, Virginia and Georgia.

A. B. BARRETT, Celeste, Tex.—Was born in 1835, near Woodbury, Cannon County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Mound Prairie, Texas, as private in Company G, Bass' regiment, Gen. Moxey's brigade, Gen. Hindman's division, Trans-Mississippi Department, Smith, first Captain, and Bass, first Colonel. Was not changed. Our first Captain died and Smith took his place. Our first Colonel died and Lieut. Taliaferro took his place.

I was not wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of Prairie Grove, Cane Hill, Elk Creek, Cabin Creek and several skirmishes. Our regiment got to Elk Horn just as the battle was over. I had



some pretty hard times riding over the rocks and hills in Arkansas and Missouri, after the Yankees and they after us. We were out on picket duty for three days and nights without anything to eat but apples. Our horses lost so much sleep that they would go to sleep and fall to their knees with us on them. Our orders were not to dismount. We were dismounted on White River. Here we were put on a forced march of forty miles per day, and the second morning my feet were swollen so badly that I could not get my toes in my boots, and they would not give me a pass, and I crawled into an ammunition wagon, hid and rode that day. The last year and a half of the war I was in the Ordinance Department at Fort Washita, Ind. Ter. Was discharged here. Got home June 1, 1865, found my wife and children eating dinner.

G. E. BARRINGER, Farmersville, Tex.—Born Feb. 27, 1834, Mount Pleasant, Cabaras County, North Carolina. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1861, at Mount Gillead, Montgomery County, North Carolina, as private in Company E, Twenty-Eighth North Carolina Regiment, Gen. Lane's brigade, Gen. Wilcox's division, Gen. A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was W. P. Barringer, and first Colonel was Jas. H. Lane. Was slightly wounded at Turkey Ridge, below Richmond. Was courier under Gen. Lane. Was in the battle of Chancellorsville, had my horse killed; was also at Gettysburg, where the second horse was killed. Was in Ream's Station, Turkey Ridge, Jones' Farm, near Petersburg, and many other small engagements. There were two couriers at each battle, and one was on reserve. It seemed that Gen. Lane preferred me to the other courier because I always got there. Our brigade lost 900 men in the charge of Chancellorsville. Gen. Lane's brother and I were lying behind a small black jack stump and Lane asked me to move over a little as the shells were all coming on his side. I moved about four inches and just then a grape shot struck him between the shoulders and went entirely through his body. The shock threw him about ten feet, and when I went to him he said, "You can do me no good," and was dead. I came home to get another horse and the army started to Pennsylvania. I overtook them on Sunday before the battle of Gettysburg. I saw Pickett's charge. We tried the same charge, but did not get to the breastworks. We were further to the left. We had to go through a field. We came back from Pennsylvania to Fredericksburg, and were cut off by Sheridan from Lee's army. I was not surrendered nor paroled. Came to Texas Jan. 3, 1871.

R. A. BARROW, Plainview, Tex.—Was born Aug. 6, 1841, at Winston-Salem, Forsythe County, North Carolina. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 22, 1861, at Winston-Salem, as private, in Company D, Twenty-First North Carolina Regiment, Gen. Trimble's Brigade (later Hoke's), Gen. Early's division, Gen. Jackson's corps, Army of Northern Virginia; A. H. Bells first Captain, and W. W. Kirkland, first Colonel. Was in the Army of Northern Virginia with the exception of a short time when I was sent to East North Carolina. Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner three days before Lee's surrender and was taken to Washington City and placed in the old Capital prison. Was there the night that President Lincoln was assassinated. Remained in Washington for three days and was sent to Johnson's Island and remained in prison for two months. Was promoted to Captain some time in the latter part of 1862. Was in the battles of first and second Manassas, Fredericksburg, all the principal battles around Richmond, Gettysburg, Pa., Sharpsburg, Md., the battles



around Petersburg, Va.; was also with Gen. Early in the Valley Campaign, where he fought the battle of Fisher's Hill and many others.

S. A. BARTLEY, Lindale, Tex.—Was born in Bedford County, Tennessee, and enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 22, 1862, at Tyler, Tex., as Corporal in Company D, Madison's Regiment, Gen. Lane's brigade, Gen. Dick Taylor's division, Army of Trans-Mississippi. Name of first Captain was McKee and first Colonel was Philips. I received two flesh wounds, but not serious. Was offered promotion to Second Lieutenant, but refused. Was in the battles of Fordoche, Morganza, Carrion Crow Bayou, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Monett Ferry, Marksville and Yellow Bayou.

My first Captain was captured about Jan. 1, 1864, and taken to Fort Delaware, where he died soon after, and his remains were sent home and buried with Masonic honors. My Colonel served two years in the war with Mexico, 1846 and 1847, when he was 15 and 16 years old. Then served through the Civil War under Gen. Forrest, came to Texas in 1873 and engaged in the cattle business, and was shot and killed in a difficulty by a man named Walters, December, 1876, in the Panhandle country. He lived nine or ten days and died at Henrietta and was buried at Gainesville, Texas.

JAMES BASEY, Austin, Tex.—Was born in Nacogdoches, Tex., enlisted in the Confederate Army in the year of 1861, at Nacogdoches, as private in Company G, Eighth Texas Infantry, Gen. Walker's division, Wilson Clark, first Captain, and Overton Young, first Colonel. Was never changed. Was wounded in the hand driving a team. Was promoted to wagon master. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill. Col. Raines was killed at Mansfield in the first day's fight. Tom Foley was killed in the same fight. We were called "Walker's Greyhounds."

JOSEPH R. BASS, Caddo Mills.—Was born July 27, 1837, at Marion Court House, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army September, 1862, at Britton Station, Ala., as private in Company H, Second Alabama Regiment, Gen. S. W. Ferguson's brigade, Gen. S. D. Lee's division, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's corps; J. H. McCreary, first Captain, and Jim Cunningham, first Colonel. Was never wounded, taken prisoner, changed or promoted. Was detailed as Courier when the brigade was formed. Had skirmishes daily from May, 1864, fighting Sherman through Georgia. The largest battle I was in occurred at Atlanta, Ga. From Savannah we went through South Carolina and as far north as Greensboro, N. C. There we met President Jeff Davis on his retreat from Richmond, and accompanied him back to Georgia. The soldiers were paid in silver and gold at Washington, Ga. I received \$15 in silver, was paroled at Forsythe, Ga., reached home, Evergreen, Ala., on May 10, 1865.

SYDNEY BASS, Terrell, Tex.—Born Sept. 3, 1841, near Natchez, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Madison Parish, La., as private in Company B, Twenty-Fifth Louisiana Regiment, Gen. Adams' Brigade, Gen. Breckenridge's Division, Gen. Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. First Captain, Calvin Moore, and first Colonel, Wilber Fisk. After the battles around Atlanta, Ga., I was ordered by the Secretary of War of the Confederacy on special duty and was not with my regiment any more. Was never wounded nor taken prisoner. Was promoted to Sergeant and then to Second Lieutenant, and then to First Lieutenant. Was in the battles of Stone River, Chickamauga, Jackson, Miss., Resaca,



Ga., New Hope Church, Perryville, Ky., Munfordsville, Missionary Ridge, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, and all the other battles that my command was in up to and including the battles around Atlanta.

CLEM BASSETT, Richmond, Tex.—Born Jan. 7, 1842, at Richmond, Fort Bend County, Texas, and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Houston, Tex., as private in Company II, Eighth Texas Cavalry, known as Terry's Texas Rangers. Was wounded in the hand at Eaglesville, Tenn., and was also severely wounded in the head at Aiken, S. C. Was in all the battles fought by the Army of Tennessee—Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Missionary Ridge and Atlanta, as well as hundreds of skirmishes. Had several horses shot under me. One horse was shot in seven places in the battle of Murfreesboro. Here we captured a cannon and brought it off the field. I had many personal encounters while on scouts. On one occasion Geo. B. Zimpleman and I fought a company of Yankee cavalry which had surrounded us in a thicket. After we had killed nine of their number and wounded many more they left us in possession of the thicket. At Saundersville, Ga., after leading a desperate charge, Gen. Joe Wheeler took off his hat and called out three cheers for Bassett, which was responded to by the whole command. I refused a position on Gen. Wheeler's staff, preferring to stay with my company as a private.

M. W. BASSINGER, Gainesville, Tex.—Born Dec. 4, 1838, near Greenville, Green County, Tennessee, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Jefferson City, Mo., as private in Company D, Eleventh Missouri Infantry, Gen. Parson's brigade, Gen. Price's division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was E. S. Feister, and first Colonel, Burns. Was struck in the left breast by piece of shell at Prairie Grove, Ark. Was never changed, taken prisoner nor promoted. Just simply held my own, but was in the battles of Lexington, Mo., Prairie Grove and Helena, Ark., Pleasant Hill, La., Jenkins Ferry, Ark., and divers other skirmishes till the close of the war. Was discharged at Shreveport and paroled.

N. W. BAST, Alvarado, Tex.—Was born in Indiana, 1843. Moved near Dallas, Tex., in 1848. Enlisted in the Confederate Army January, 1862, at Dallas, Tex., as private in Company C, Eighteenth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Granbury's brigade, Gen. Cleburne's division, Gen. Hardee's corps, Army of Tennessee; E. C. Broder, first Captain, and Darnell, first Colonel.

We were captured at Arkansas Post and afterwards exchanged and sent to the Tennessee Army, where we remained until the close of the war. I was wounded at Spring Hill, Tenn., in the head. It was a glancing wound and affected my right eye. I took cold in my wound and was forced to go to the hospital. This happened on Nov. 29, 1864. Was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post January, 1863, and sent to Camp Douglas, and remained there until April 7 of the same year, when we were exchanged, at City Point, Va. Was not promoted. Was with Gen. Bragg in Tennessee and remained in that army until April 26, 1865.

Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold's Gap and in the fights through Georgia. Then with Hood on his raid into Tennessee, then to Betonville, N. C., and on the second of May started home, arriving there June 5, 1865.

WILLIAM PRIOR BATES, Vernon, Tex.—Born near Glasgow, Ky. Went from Denton County, Texas, to Fort Ouchita, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), and enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company A, First Choctaw and Chickasaw Mounted Riflemen, Trans-



Mississippi Department. My first Captain was O. G. Welch, and first Colonel was Peachland. I enlisted for twelve months, and when the time was out I came home and joined the Twenty-Ninth Cavalry, Col. C. C. DeMorse Lieutenant Colonel, O. G. Welch, and Major, J. A. Carroll, and Captain, Thomas W. Daugherty. After the second enlistment we were under Gen. Sam Bell Maxey. I was wounded in 1862 at Perryville, Choctaw Nation, in the left forearm, which broke the under bone, and was also wounded at the same time in the left side.

Was never promoted. Was in no large battles; all were mere skirmishes. One was on the South Fork of the Arkansas River with the Creek Indians, and one on Bird Creek, same Nation, and one at Honey Creek Springs, against Gen. Blunt, a mere skirmish, at Perryville, where I was wounded, and one at Poison Springs, near Camden, Ark.

W. A. BATES, Gatesville, Tex.—Was born Nov. 14, 1836, in Clark County, Ill. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, Jan. 7, 1862, at Springfield, Tex., as private in Company B, Tenth Texas Infantry, Gen. Granbury's brigade, Gen. Cleburne's division, Gen. Hardee's corps, Army of Tennessee; D. Pendergras, first Captain, and Nelson, first Colonel. I remained in these ranks until the close of the war. Was wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., in the breast by a shell.

Was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post and sent to Camp Douglas Jan. 11, 1863, and remained there for three months. From there I went to Tennessee and was exchanged and sent to Gen. Bragg's army. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga., New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Tenn., and Nashville, and in Johnston's 100 days' fight.

C. R. BATTAILE, Elm Mott, Tex.—Was born Nov. 22, 1836, in Caroline County, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Burleson County, Texas. Was in detail service until 1865. Went to Brownsville, Tex., Col. Ford commanding the regiment and Capt. Wellborne commanding the company, Gen. Slaughter's corps, Ford, first Colonel. In the last battle which was fought on May 12 and 13, 1865, Ford was in command, Gen. Slaughter being sick. This battle was fought on the Rio Grande River, some twelve miles below Brownsville. We had 300 men in the field and six pieces of artillery. The Yankees had about 1,800. The Federal loss was reported at twenty-four killed, and we captured 118 prisoners and carried them to Brownsville and kept them there for three days, when we learned of Gen. Lee's surrender. We did not loose a man in this fight.

DANIEL BAUM, Gainesville, Tex.—Born in Germany and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Kosiusko, Miss., as private in Company I, Thirteenth Mississippi, Gen. Humphries' brigade, Gen. McLaw's division, Gen. Longstreet's corps, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was Low Fletcher, and first Colonel was Wm. E. Baystole. Was not changed to any other part of the army, but went through with Longstreet. Went to Chickamauga and Knoxville and back to Virginia. Was camped one winter at Bristol, Tenn. Was wounded at Sharpsburg in both legs. The ball going through both and was cut out of the left leg. Was never taken prisoner nor promoted.

My first battle was at Manassas, the second at Leesburg or Ball's Bluff in front of Richmond, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Md., where I was wounded. After I got so that I could walk they put me to driving an ambulance.



COL. GEORGE WYTHE BAYLOR, San Diego, Guadalajava, Mexico.—Born Aug. 24, 1832, at Fort Gibson, Cherokee Nation, and enlisted in the Confederate Army on March 17, 1861, at Weatherford, Tex., as First Lieutenant of Company H, Second Texas Mounted Rifles. There were two regiments organized, First and Second Texas. One was commanded by J. S. Ford and the other by Henry E. McCulloch. My first Captain was Hamner and my first Colonel was John S. Ford. We enlisted for three years, or during the war, and were sworn into the service at San Antonio in May. Ford's regiment had four companies. It went to El Paso, there became Pyron's regiment and enlisted more men and companies, and went to Louisiana under Gen. Tom Green. Was never wounded, but was badly scared by being hit on the nose at Shiloh April 6, 1862. Had a horse shot under me at Yellow Bayou, La., in 1864. Was never made prisoner. Was elected First Lieutenant of Company H, and went to El Paso under my brother, Lieut. Col. Baylor. Was appointed aide to Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, and after his death was appointed Major, with authority to raise first a battalion, then afterwards a regiment, and was appointed Colonel of Second Arizona Regiment. Was in the capture of the U. S. regulars at Organ Mountains, Ariz., now New Mexico. Was at Shiloh, and in all the fights in Louisiana in which Col. Tom Green figured; Mansfield, Cane River, Monett's Ferry, Marksville, Mansura and Yellow Bayou. Had the pleasure of escorting Gen. Banks (as Brigadier General W. P. Lane, commander of Baylor's brigade, was wounded at Mansfield). As I was senior Colonel, took command till the close of the campaign. It is difficult to select any particular event where all was strenuous. It was our misfortune that we were not prepared for war. We began behind a little and could never catch up. If the Louisiana forces had been equipped as well as the Virginia troops we would have sent all of Ben Butler's fleet to the bottom of the Mississippi River, and this lacked only a few days of being completed. And if Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston had not been killed at Shiloh we would have captured the Federal Army. I was in command of my brigade at the time we captured the "City Belle" with troops, destroyed the Covington, and Signal No. 8, gunboats, and captured the "Warren," a steamboat loaded with supplies and troops going up the river. At the battle of Mansfield it was my regiment that lead the charge of Gen. Hardeman's division, which turned the enemy's right wing and put them to flight. All Gen. Hardeman's division were in the charge. We captured quite a number of prisoners. It was these men who were killed at the last volley, and among them was Gen. Mouton, as brave a man as any of Napoleon's marshals. I would like to say here that I was not fighting for a thing which I believed to be right, but for one which I knew to be right, the defense of the Constitution as our forefathers left it to us—the right to hold our slaves, and the right of the States to govern their own internal affairs. We went down, but the day will come when the doctrine of States Rights will be as dear to the American people as it was to Dixie. We had the right, but not the power to secede. Massachusetts set the example by threatening to secede if any more slave territory was added. We are now united, and it is a matter of pride with me that Dixie put up a good fight and that the American has proved to be the best soldier on earth. They have conquered in every war in which they have been engaged, and never were whipped till they fought each other. God grant that we may ever remain one people.

JEFFERSON P. BAZE, Brady, Tex.—Was born June 21, 1844, near County Site, McNary County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate



Army in the spring of 1862, as private in Company G, Thirtieth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Parson's brigade, Gen. Price's division, Trans-Mississippi Department; T. C. Frost, first Captain, and Gurley, first Colonel. Was never wounded, promoted nor taken prisoner. Was in the battle of Poison Springs and Cabin Creek. Our first movement after enlistment was to Columbus on the Colorado River. Here we were dismounted and ordered to Brownsville. Before we reached Brownsville we were ordered back to Alliton, where we took the train for Houston. Here we were placed under Gen. Magruder, and ordered to mount, but as we had no horses we were disbanded for thirty days in order to get them. About this time Capt. Frost's health failed him and G. W. Goodrich was promoted to Captain. We met again (I think at Bonham, Tex.), and entered the Indian Territory and Arkansas. We were now in Price's division. The first engagement we had under Brig. Gen. Gano was at Poison Springs, Ark. Here we captured 250 wagons of provisions, only losing a few men. From here I drove one of the teams to Shreveport, La., and turned it over to the Quartermaster. On returning to the army we were ordered in the direction of the Arkansas River. On our way we had an engagement with some negroes, about ten miles from Fort Gibson. The negroes were nearly all killed in a little creek into which they had jumped when our army came up. The water was red with blood of the dead negroes. The few Indians who were along with the army (called Southern Indian) dragged the dead bodies from the river and took all that was of any value from them. The next night we had another engagement, Cabin Creek, where we captured about 275 wagons loaded with provisions and clothing, together with about 500 fine mules. This was a God-send to us, for we were almost destitute of clothing and provisions. I had gone for three days on only a piece of fat bacon and one of my comrades had only an ear of corn. There was not enough clothing to go round, so we drew for it. An overcoat fell to me. Having changed Generals from Gano to Parsons, we were ordered to near Austin. It was here that the sad news of Lee's surrender came to our ears. Knowing that our cause had lost, we, with sorrowful hearts, returned home and began life anew.

W. C. BEAIRD, Brownwood, Tex.—Was born March 27, 1843, in Walton County, Georgia, and enlisted in the Confederate Army June 10, 1861, at Lafayette, Ga., at the age of 26 years, as private in Company G, Ninth Georgia Regiment, Gen. Anderson's Brigade, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was G. G. Gordon, and first Colonel, Golden. The corps was in the battles around Chattanooga and Chickamauga, etc. Was wounded in the left shoulder in the second battle of Manassas. Am not able to raise my arm yet. Captured April 8, 1865, between Richmond and Farmville, and was sent to Point Lookout, Md., where I was released about July 1, 1865. Was in the second battle of Manassas and the seven days' fight around Richmond. I was near, but not in, the Chickamauga battle, as I was disabled by my wounded shoulder.

CAPT. JOHN W. BEARD, Lawrence, Kans.—Born April 2, 1839, near Midway, Davidson County, North Carolina, and enlisted in the Confederate Army May 29, 1861, at Danbury, N. C., as private in Company F, Eleventh North Carolina, Volunteers; first Captain was Pepper, and first Colonel was W. W. Kirkland. Was under Bonham at Bull Run and Gen. Trimble at Winchester, and Gen. Hoke at Fredericksburg; Gen. Early's Division, Gen. Ewell's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. After our



twelve months' enlistment expired we reorganized as the Twenty-First North Carolina Regiment. As there had been other regiments organized in the interim and we were thrown from the Eleventh to the Twenty-First. At Winchester was wounded in the arm, shoulder and bowels, and in the head and ankle at Gettysburg. Was captured May 4 at Gettysburg, and was in the old Capitol Prison eighteen days. Was captured on July 20, 1864, and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio. Was promoted to Captain of Company F, Twenty-First North Carolina Regiment, and commanded sharpshooters from New Berne, N. C., till the close of the war. I was in all the battles in which my command engaged except when wounded or in prison.

I appreciate the voluminous work which these various manuscripts involve, and also the responsibility of the writers. The truth should be paramount in every sentence. Some years ago I went to a hotel in Texas and found a coterie of young men being entertained by a man of some age whose animated speech seemed to please them. I kept silent till I got into the current of their subject and found it was the events of the war, and having been an actor in that terrible drama, I followed closely the train of their speeches, and as the old gentleman seemed to be a personage to whom these young men looked for information and were storing their minds with his utterances. After the termination of one of their speeches one of the young men said, "General, what do you think of the battle of Bull Run?" After a pause, "Well, that was very bad for us. A big mistake. Our army should have rushed into Washington and sacked the city, but they stopped and we lost the chance of our lives." I begged the attention of both parties, telling them that I was an actor in that terrible battle and would like for them to know the truth and assured them that the condition in which we were placed made it impossible to carry out the gentleman's plans. I then rehearsed the situation to them. The old gentleman admitted that he was taking from hearsay and could not verify the reports he was using.

J. D. BEAUCHAMP, Ennis, Texas, was born Nov. 21, 1842, at Shelbyville, Texas, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1862, in Ellis County, Texas, as private in Company H, Twelfth Texas Cavalry, Parker's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was named W. J. Stokes and my first Colonel was W. H. Parsons. Was in the battles of Cotton Plant, Ark.; Linguila, Ark., and all the battles from Mansfield to the mouth of Red River. The last battle was at Yellow Bayou with Bank's army. I was never wounded nor taken prisoner.

I was by the side of our Second Lieutenant, McDonald, when he was killed at Searcy Lane, Ark., on the 19th day of May, 1862. Our brigade was in many small battles in Arkansas and Louisiana. We followed Bank's army from Pleasant Hill to the mouth of Red River.

P. G. BEAUCHAMP, Collinsville, Texas.—Born in DeKalb County, near Stone Mountain, Ga., and joined the Confederate Army June 26, 1861, at Daingerfield, Texas, as private in Company A, First Texas Legion, Gen. Ross' Brigade, Gen. Jackson's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was E. R. Hawkins and first Colonel was J. W. Whitfield. I came with my parents to Texas in 1856 and went with Gen. McCulloch into the Indian Territory to relieve our friendly Indians from the depredations of the "Kansas Jayhawkers." Jim Lane, with his band of wild Indians, were plundering that part of the country. We drove them across what is now the northern boundary of Oklahoma. We got all of their



women and children and killed most of the men. We never heard of them afterwards. We were on this raid two months—December and January—and came near freezing several times. Were without anything to eat eight days at one time except two Indian ponies and some buffalo hides. We all looked like we had been through a spell of sickness, but with plenty to eat we were soon all right again. Our noble Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh were killed at Elkhorn. I was then sent across the Mississippi and attached to the Tennessee army and remained there till the close of the war. I was in two battles at Corinth, Miss. Was in thirteen hard fought battles altogether, besides many skirmishes and smaller engagements. Was in two battles at Franklin, Tenn., Thompson Station, Columbia, Tenn., Iuka, Miss., as well as all the fighting from Dalton to Atlanta and Jonesboro and back to Franklin. It would take quite a book to tell of all the battles and other smaller engagements I was in during the four long years. I was never at home during the whole time. You ask me to say something of my dead comrades. I had so many dear comrades killed that to mention some without all would seem wrong, but there is one incident I must relate.

At the battle of Thompson Station, Tenn., near the center of the battlefield there lived an old man and his three daughters in a large brick house. In this engagement we had to charge the enemy three times and those girls came out and charged with us each time, cheering the boys on. Above the roar and din of battle we could hear their voices and when he had won the battle we brought the dead and wounded in the yard and those girls tore up their dresses to bandage the wounded soldiers.

No other war ever had such heroes and heroines.

**WILLIAM G. BEAVER.** Austin, Texas.—Was born near Goshen, Union County, South Carolina, March 4, 1842. and enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, near New Albany, as private in Company G, Third Battalion, Gen. Wood's Brigade, Gen. Cleburne's Division, Gen. Hardee's Corps. My first Captain was W. J. Houston and first Colonel was A. B. Hardecastle. On the Kentucky campaign in 1862 we were attached to Capt. H. C. Semple's Battery and was afterwards transferred to this battery and remained with it to the end of the war. I never received a serious wound, but was slightly wounded six times. Was in all the battles of the division, beginning at Shiloh. Was never captured. Surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., and paroled at Hamburg, S. C., on May 2, 1865. Was a private through the war. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Chickamauga and all the battles of the Georgia campaign in 1864 and was with Hood at the siege of Atlanta and in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.

**JESSE B. BECK,** Center, Texas.—Born Feb. 22, 1842, near Montgomery, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on August 29, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala., as private in Company A, Twenty-Fifth Alabama Infantry, Gen. Gardner's Brigade, Gen. J. M. Withers' Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; First Captain, Micajah Harper; First Colonel, J. Q. Loomis. Capt. Harper was killed at Shiloh. There were no changes except in officers. My second Captain was C. H. Corege, third Captain, Bushrod W. Bell, who died in Seattle, Wash., November, 1908. I was wounded by a minie ball in the fleshy part of the thigh which resulted in gangrene and partial disability ever since. Was never captured. Was elected First Sergeant about April 20, 1862.

Was in a small fight at Farmington, Miss. Was at Murfreesboro,





**GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.**

Born in Virginia, Feb. 7, 1809, died in Washington City, March 21, 1891. General Johnston is ranked as one of the great Military Leaders.



Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga., and New Hope Church, besides several skirmish fights from Dalton to Atlanta. I was never able for further service after being wounded.

LOUIS H. BECKER, Terrell, Texas.—Born in Germany, Beidenkophf, near Hessedarmstadt. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Kaufman, Texas, April 2, 1862, as private in W. H. Kyser's Company, Gen. Parsons' Regiment, Burleson's Brigade. My only wound was from the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of Louis Daughterty of my company. Was in a skirmish at Langee River, where we took about 500 prisoners, whites and blacks.

HENRY D. BECKNER, Cleburne, Texas.—Was born April 8, 1839, in Cass County, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 15, 1862, at Dallas, Texas, as private in Company C, Eighteenth Texas Cavalry, Col. Darnell's Regiment. I served in Trans-Mississippi Department, under Col. R. S. Baggett of Missouri. In July, 1862, we were dismounted at or near Little Rock, Ark. On August 28, 1862, I was detailed to repair wagons and later on was sent to Little Rock and placed under Capt. John Ped, Quartermaster during the winter of '62 and '63 until March, when I made coffins for those of our soldiers who died in the hospitals. On the 16th of May, 1863, was transferred to Capt. F. O. Snow and worked in a wagon shop until the evacuation of Little Rock on Sept. 10, 1863. I was then transferred to Capt. Johnson, Quartermaster, and went to Fulton, on Red River, where we remained till April 4, 1864. Was then transferred to Col. Bogges of Missouri. On the 20th of May, 1865, was given a furlough and went to Dallas.

E. W. BEELAND, Farmersville, Texas, was born March 26, 1848, near Knoxville, Crawford County, Ga., and joined the Confederate Army at Macon, Ga., October, 1863, as private in Company F, Twenty-First Georgia Battalion of Artillery and was never promoted. Was afterwards changed to Gen. Finegan's Brigade, Gen. Billy Mahone's Division, Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was J. E. Blount. When we first went out we went to the fort on Appalachicola River and took charge of a fort at Horse Shoe Bend, where we stayed until June the 8th, when we were ordered to Richmond and attached to Lee's Army, where we began to see some service.

The first battle I was in was on the 9th day of June, 1864, when we were ordered out about four miles from Richmond and reinforced Gen. Lee's army. We went into his breastworks under a heavy fire. We stayed here until the 28th of June when we retreated to Petersburg and crossed James River on a pontoon bridge. The next day we met Gen. Grant at Petersburg and opened on his men with our artillery and gave him a warm reception.

This was on July 1st and on Monday morning we began to fortify. During my stay here I did picket duty and on the 30th day of July, 1864, as I turned to make my last trip from one picket hole to another, I saw a mortar shell come from Gen. Grant's line, which proved to be the signal for the advance of Grant's forces. The mine explosion blew up our battery and the place is called "Crater Hill." Grant put a regiment of negroes in front of his white troops and after the explosion charged us. We killed 1,300 in less than an hour. My position as picket gave me a good view of the whole engagement. After the negroes had been killed, they were followed by the white troops, many of whom met the same fate, until the "hole" was nearly full of dead men.



On Sunday a flag of truce was raised so that we might look after our dead and wounded, and as this relieved me from my post as picket, I was allowed to go over the battlefield. I was very hungry and I found enough food in haversacks of dead men to give me the first square meal I had had for six months. This may not sound well, but Gen. Sherman said, "War is hell." In fact, men almost ceased to be human.

We stayed until Gen. Lee went to Appomattox. During this time I was taken sick and was taken to a hospital in Richmond to die, which I am glad I did not do. I went home on a thirty days' furlough which was extended thirty days. This was the only time I lost after my enlistment until all was over. I was with Gen. Lee when he made his last march, to Appomattox, where he surrendered.

In common with many others, I almost preferred death to surrender. After Gen. Lee had surrendered we looked over the old hills of Virginia where we left so many of our brave comrades, sad to leave them, but the time for parting had come. We who were still alive clasped hands for the last time and wandered home as best we could.

A. A. BEVILLE, Waco, Texas.—Born at Jesterville, Amelia County, Va. Entered the Confederate service at Wytheville, Va., with rank of Color Corporal Company C, Fifty-First Virginia Regiment, Gen. Floyd's Brigade, Gen. Lee's (afterwards Earley's) Division, Army of Virginia. The name of my first Captain was Younce and first Colonel was Wharton, who was afterwards made Brigadier General. Our regiment was sent to Tennessee and Kentucky and then brought back to Virginia after the battle of Fort Donelson and we were in the Valley of Virginia until the surrender. At the battle of Leetown, near the Potomac, I was shot in the instep of the right foot while lying down with the skirmishers who were fighting Sheridan's cavalry. Was never taken prisoner. Was brigade postmaster and secretary to Gen. Wharton. Was in the battles of Carnifax Ferry in Northern Virginia, Fort Donelson, New Market, Virginia, and fifty other little fights in the valley of Virginia, and before Richmond.

W. M. BELEW, Blue Ridge, Texas, was born Dec. 25, 1844, in Gibson County, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Milan, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1861, as flag bearer in Company E, Thirty-First Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Strahl's Brigade, Gen. Cheatham's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tenn. My first Captain was Robson and first Colonel was Tansil. Was not changed. Was struck on the belt buckle at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. I was knocked down and the breath was knocked out of me and my comrades supposed I was shot through, but thanks to my belt buckle, I was soon all right. At Atlanta, Ga., was struck on the wrist by a ball, which broke no bones, but raised quite a knot. Was not captured. Was promoted from Sergeant to Ensign. The first battle I was in was at Murfreesboro. This was a hard fought battle. We fought for seven days, and many were killed and wounded. Here I took the flag after it had been shot down three times and carried it till the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. I can not give complete details. The weather was rainy and the mud was so deep that we had to break brush and pile it together to make a place on which to sleep. We held the battlefield all the seven days, when the enemy reinforced and we fell back to Shelbyville, Tenn. The Yankees did not bury their dead, but left them on the ground with us for seven days. The next battle was Missionary Ridge. There we fought but one day. There was a gap or sunken place in the ridge to the south of the railroad tunnel. We had one line of battle formed on the ridge and as there were no men in this



gap, the enemy went through there and came upon us in the rear. As I was flag bearer and had nothing to do but to watch, I saw them forming, and waved the flag and gave a yell and carried the men out of there. That broke the whole line and we fell back. I am the man who broke that line, though but few know it. At the battle of Chickamauga we fought three days. We whipped the Yankees and drove them back into Chattanooga. On the second night the leaves burned to death a number of wounded men of both sides. The battlefield lay between the lines. Oh, what horrible cries for help I heard that night from those poor wounded men!

C. C. BELL, Decatur, Texas—Was born Oct. 12, 1842, at Old Nashville, in Milam County, Texas, and enlisted for twelve months in the Confederate Army February, 1862, at Bonham, Texas, as private in Company C, Alexander's Regiment, under Gen. Albert Pike. My first Captain was A. J. Russell and first Colonel was A. M. Alexander. When the company was organized, Capt. Russell was elected Major and I was elected First Lieutenant. Gen. Pike ordered all non-commissioned officers not re-elected to report to him for duty. I, among others, was given an indefinite leave of absence subject to orders. When my commission expired I joined Col. Bourland's Frontier Regiment and belonged to it when the war ended.

I was not in any battles. When my health failed I was detailed as clerk in the commissary department and was fortunate in meeting neither the "Blue Coats" nor the "Red Skins."

J. E. BELL, Austin, Texas.—Was born near Tuskalooza, Ala., and entered the Confederate service as Orderly Sergeant of Company H, Forty-First Alabama Regiment, Gen. Gracies' Brigade, Gen. Longstreet's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Frank Ogden and first Colonel was Tolbert. I remained with my company and regiment all through the war. The regiment was first with Gen. Hanson's Kentucky Brigade and was afterwards changed to Gen. Gracies' Alabama Brigade. I was wounded at Hatcher's Run on March 31, 1865, by a minie ball in the left leg just above the knee which made only a flesh wound. I fell into the hands of the Federals while in the hospital at Farmville, Va. Was promoted to Second Lieutenant in June, 1864. Was in the battles at Murfreesboro, Jackson, Miss.; Bean's Station, Tenn.; Drewry's Bluff and the siege of Petersburg, where we were under fire almost daily. Then below Petersburg 25th, 29th and 31st of March, 1865.

I have a diary written while in the army, but it is too lengthy to be used here. It begins May 24, 1863, and continues to the close of the war.

JOSEPH HARRISON BELL, Marshall, Texas.—Was born Jan. 26, 1840, near Lexington, Oglethorpe County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 1, 1861, near Marshall, Texas, and was sworn in June 13, at Dallas, Texas, as private in Company A, Third Texas Cavalry, Ross' Brigade, Jackson's Corps, Johnston's Army. My first Captain was T. W. Winston and my first Colonel was E. Greer. Was wounded in the right breast at the battle of Christanola. Was wounded again in the left leg below the knee at Marietta, Ga. In 1862 was elected Third Sergeant, which office I filled till the close of the war. Was paroled May 13, 1865, near Jackson, Miss., was in the battles of Christanola, Pea Ridge, after which we crossed the Mississippi River. Was in the battles of Corinth, Iuka, Corinth and quite a number of small battles and skirmishes, the dates of which have passed out of my mind. Was in the Georgia campaign, besides several other battles in Mississippi.



W. T. BELL, Oakwoods, Texas—Was born Sept. 22, 1834, near Macon, Ga., and joined the Confederate Army at Georgetown, Ga., as private in Company G, Fifty-First Georgia Regiment, Gen. Kershaw's Division, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Was taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 3, 1863, and sent to Fort Delaware, where I remained till October 22. Was transferred to Point Lookout, Md., where I was exchanged. Was again taken prisoner April 6, 1865, and carried back to Point Lookout, Md., where I was discharged on June 26, 1865. Was in the second battle of Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Salem Church, Cedar Creek, and at Farmville April 6, 1865.

To go over the whole matter would be a long story, but will say that I saw the first active service in the Shenandoah Valley. We crossed the Potomac at Hagerstown, Md. I had been sick, but rejoined the army at Martinsburg, Va. After the battle at Chancellorsville we took up the line of march and went into Pennsylvania and camped at Chambersburg. On July 2nd we left on forced march and after three days we drew three days' rations. Some got their rations cooked, others did not. I was fortunate enough to get a little bread. When we went into the engagement I was taken prisoner and delivered to Kilpatrick's command that evening (the 3rd) and on the night of the 4th we were marched all night and boarded a train for Baltimore, where we received the first food we had since the 2nd. We took a canal steamer at Fort McHenry and went to Fort Delaware, where we remained till October 22nd. Then we were transferred to Point Lookout, where we were exchanged on April 22, 1864, and were given a thirty days' furlough. I again joined the army about June 1st at Petersburg. Was again taken prisoner at Farmville on April 6th and marched by the enemy eight days. All the rations we had was a little parched corn and green beef without salt and no way to cook it. We again turned up at Point Lookout on Chesapeake Bay, where we remained in captivity and were annoyed almost to death on account of Lincoln's assassination, but finally we were released, and arrived at home on July 9, 1865. Of course this is only a brief sketch of what I went through, but you could not give space in your book for all that I could write.

W. R. BELL, Blossom, Texas—Born in 1843, at Crawfordville, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, at the Choctaw Agency, in Company G, Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment. My first Captain was Wear and first Colonel was Baldwin. In every battle we lost some officer, but I can not go over the changes. Was never wounded. Was captured at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., and was exchanged at Vicksburg.

It would be impossible to go over all the battles and skirmishes I was in during the war, but will give you a few: Fort Donelson, Jackson, Miss., and Dalton, Ga. Went with Hood to Franklin and Nashville, after he was put in command. I helped to bury the dead at Franklin, and I think I could have walked all over the battlefield on dead men. Gen. Adams' horse fell on a dead man and as the charge was being made a man fell on the horse. There is no language that could picture that battle, and there is little use for me to try. All honor to Forrest and the cavalry. I will relate one incident. I could give hundreds, and many of them would seem beyond belief. There was a dreadfully severe battle between one of our batteries and a Yankee battery across the mouth of Peachtree Creek. There was a pine tree in the way of one of the guns and my brother picked up an axe and started to cut it down. I pulled him back when just then a cannon ball cut it down. I said to him, "Where would you have been if I had not pulled you back." "I don't care if it had," said he.



Capt. McDonald was killed in the charge at Franklin and fell on the breastworks. I saw a Yankee who was shot through. I only weighed 100 to 120 pounds, and he said, "little fellow shoot me." I told him I would not, and he said he was bound to die and wanted to get out of his misery. "I will give you everything I have. It will not be any sin." I told him I never would, and left him. This was at Nashville. There was no firing and we were all together. I was talking to the Yankees and was swapping them tobacco for coffee. One said to me, "Little fellow, how long have you been in the army?" I told him. "Were you ever wounded?" And when I said no, he wanted to know the reason, and I told him it was on account of the prayers of my mother. "Your bullets can't hit me," I said. "Do you believe that?" he asked. I told him that I knew it. He said if he believed that he would throw his gun down and go home. Many such scenes happened all over the country.

After the armistice was out it was "Johnny Rebs to your holes" again. After we had gone back to our works there were three lines advancing. Mon. Rice and I were on the extreme left watching them advance. The order was given to move. We did not know where they were going, as they went east down behind the works. We had to make a run for it. I think every man in the line shot at me. The bullets flew around all over me, but not one touched my clothes.

There is much more that I could write, but perhaps this is enough. War is just exactly what Gen. Sherman said it was—hell.

R. P. BENGE, Wolfe City, Tex.—Born July 22, 1839, near Somerville, Fayette County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 19, 1861, at Marshall, Tex., as a private. Was in Company F, Second Texas Regiment. First Captain was S. J. Richardson; first Colonel was John R. Ford. The first year was on the frontier of Texas and re-enlisted at San Antonio, Tex., April 19, 1862, and sent East. Was wounded at Chickamauga in the arm. Was captured at Arkansas Post on Jan. 11, 1863, and sent to Camp Butler, Ill. Was exchanged April 15, 1863, at City Point, Va., from there I was sent to the Army of Tennessee, to Col. R. Q. Mills' Tenth Texas Regiment and Gen. Granbury's brigade, Gen. Cheatham's division.

Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringold Gap. Was detailed at army headquarters, January, 1864, as scout, in which capacity I served until the close of the war. Was paroled at Sausberry, N. C., April 27, 1865.

W. L. BENGE, Wolfe City, Texas.—Born June 1, 1837, near Somerville, Fayette County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Sherman, Texas, as private in Company F, Ninth Texas Regiment, Gen. Ross' Brigade, Gen. McIntosh's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was named Duncan and first Colonel was named Sims. Was dismounted and sent to Corinth, Miss., in 1862. Was there through the entire siege. Returned to Corinth in October, 1862, and participated in the second battle and was remounted after the battle. I was fortunate enough to escape without a wound and was never captured, for which I am very thankful. At Holly Springs my horse was killed from under me. My Captain, Wayne Cotton, was killed here and many other good friends. Was also at the battle of Yazoo, Miss. Was transferred to Tennessee, and was at the battle of Thompson's Station. Was then transferred back to Mississippi and detailed as scout under Capt. Evans till close of the war. Surrendered at Canton, Miss., in May, 1865.



**G. M. BENNETT**, Montgomery, Tex.—Born June 13, 1842, at Opelika, Russell County, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Westville, Ala., as private, in Company I, Thirty-Third Alabama Regiment; Lowry's brigade; Cleburne's division, and Hardee's corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was named Hughes and first Colonel named Adams. Was never changed, wounded, nor taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Spring Hill, Missionary Ridge, Peach Tree Creek, Corinth, Miss.; Nashville, Tenn.; Resaca, Ga.; Kenesaw Mountain and Raleigh, N. C.

When I was walking the picket line, the moon being my only guide, I was thinking of my dear mother and sisters at home. I was in the defense of my country—no pay; nothing but ragged clothes to wear and often times fought hard battles with just parched corn to eat, but tried to make a good soldier. But it was pretty hard, as sometimes we had to make our beds of snow and then when our clothes were wet they would freeze on us. But we fought just the same. I had a brother to die in the army.

**BERO BERLINER**, Texarkana, Tex.—Born in Graetz, Prussia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1861, at Fort Worth, Tex., as private in Capt. Joe Terrell's cavalry, Col. Waller's battalion, Gen. Green's brigade, Gen. Walker's division. His principal service was in Louisiana. He was wounded in the left thigh. He was stricken with paralysis at an entertainment of the Veterans and lived fifty-six days. He was charter member of A. P. Hill Camp here and intended to fill out this blank, but neglected it. He came to Galveston when a boy of 15 and served in the Mexican war as private and courier. He left no children.

**J. R. BERTRAND** (deceased)—Was born May 21, 1831, near Brazoria, Tex., enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861, at Columbia, Tex., as private in Mosley's cavalry, Bates' regiment. His first Captain was Mosley and first Colonel, Bates. He was changed from cavalry to light artillery, operating through Arkansas and Louisiana for two years. He was promoted from cavalry to Sergeant of battery. I can hardly give detail more than that he just won the confidence and esteem of higher officers, inasmuch as they were moved to promote him. His company was actively engaged in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou and many skirmishes. (This was given by his widow, Mrs. Mary Frances Bertrand, Purlmelia, Texas.)

**H. R. BESING**, Amarillo, Tex.—Was born near Columbus, Tex., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Lampasas, in Company D, Col. R. T. P. Allen's regiment, Henry E. McCulloch's brigade, Walker's division. We were in the Trans-Mississippi Department, all the time under Gen. Kirby Smith. While I was with my company all the time and in every engagement that the company was in, I was fortunate enough to come out without a scratch. Was never taken prisoner, but had to hide out to save myself. A comrade and I lay under a pine sapling all night on the battlefield and slipped out just before day. The comrade's name was Frank Baker. I was promoted to Sergeant. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Lenton and Salem. Was in several smaller engagements, but the Pleasant Hill fight was the hardest. We went into the fight with forty-two men and the next morning there were only nine of us left. All the others had been killed or captured.

**B. BESSENT**, Port Lavaca, Tex.—Born May 16, 1839, near Eufaula, Barbour County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Eufaula,



Ala., as private in Capt. Cobb's company, Gen. Bragg's corps, Tennessee Army. My first Captain was named Cobb. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Faced Ridge, Resaca and on down to Atlanta, Ga., where we were in line of battle about forty days. We were then under Joseph E. Johnston. He was relieved at Atlanta and Gen. Hood was put in command, when we started on a long march to Nashville, Tenn. On the way we fought the battle of Franklin, Tenn. At Nashville Hood's army was defeated and we went through Mississippi, and on to South Carolina. At Newberry Church there was another hard fought battle. I was with Gen. Bragg in Kentucky in 1862. Our clothing was entirely insufficient and we had little or nothing to eat. We drew corn for our rations the same as horses or mules, and had the privilege of eating it raw or parching it. I have only touched on some of the things that I went through during those four terrible years, but it has been a long time ago and my memory is not what it was when I was younger.

**JOHN BICKLEY**, Weiland, near Cash, Hunt County, Texas (deceased)—Was born at Dungannon, Scott County, Virginia, Aug. 9, 1818. Was not in the regular army, but in 1862 was ordered out with the militia, but the company was disbanded. Was appointed Tax Assessor and served the Confederacy in other ways. Was always true to the traditions of the South and refused to take the Iron Clad Oath after the war, as he had been postmaster before the war, and was consequently disfranchised for a number of years.

(This record is given by his son, W. P. Bickley.)

**JOSEPH P. BICKLEY** (Deceased), Farmersville, Tex.—Born Feb. 27, 1827, at Dungannon, Scott County, Virginia, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863, as private in Company F, Martin's Regiment of Partisan Rangers. First Captain, John K. Bumpass, and first Colonel, L. M. Martin. Owing to delicate health he did not take an active part in the operations of the army. Was in no battles, but staid in the army until the close of the war.

**JOHN FLETCHER BICKLEY**, Yuba City, Cal.—Born at Bickley's Mills, Russell County, Virginia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Lebanon, Va., July, 1861., and was elected Second Sergeant of Company K, Forty-Eighth Virginia Regiment, and, as I remember, the Fifth Brigade. My first Captain was John H. Candler, and first Colonel was John A. Campbell. Was later changed to the Seventh Cavalry Battalion, Col. Prentice commanding. Was wounded in the right arm at the battle of Cedar Run. I still have the ball that lodged in my arm. Was taken prisoner at the above battle and sent to Washington, D. C., where I remained twenty-one days and was then sent to Richmond and exchanged. Was in the battles of McDowell, Winchester, Kernstown, Port Royal, seven days in front of Richmond, Port Republic, Cross Keys and others too numerous to mention.

**ROBERT PATTON BICKLEY** (deceased).—Born at Osborn's Ford, Scott County, Virginia (now Dungannon). Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 11, 1861, at Wise Court House, Virginia, as Orderly Sergeant of Company I. Then changed to Company A, Fifty-First Virginia Infantry, Gen. Floyd's brigade, later Gen. Wharton's. First Gen. Loring's division, then to Williams', and Breckenridge's and Gen. Early's corps. First Captain was John P. Wolfe and second D. H. Bruce. First went out under



John B. Floyd; served in West Virginia awhile and then sent to Fort Donelson, where he was mortally wounded. Shot through left arm and the ball lodging in the left side. He was put on a boat and sent up Cumberland River, along with other wounded men, to Clarksville, Tenn., and was never heard of again. He was in the battle of Sewell Mountain, Falls of Kanawah and Fort Donelson, where he fell. There was never a braver or better soldier. He and I (Capt. D. H. Bruce) were messmates. Our mess, six of us, all went into that battle, and when it was over all were killed except me (Bruce). I was Second Sergeant at the time. Capt. Wolfe was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and killed in battle, and I was Captain the remainder of the war. In a letter from the battlefield of Big Sewell Mountain to his brother, J. P. Bickley of Farmersville, Tex., he was laying plans for the future when he should come home, but he never came.

M. B. BINION of Pritchett, Tex.—Was born at Mt. Pleasant, Titus Co., Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Murfreesboro, Tenn., March, 1863, as private in Company I, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Gen. Harrison's Brigade, Gen. Wharton's division, Gen. Wheeler's corps, Army of Tennessee. Hill, first Captain, and Young, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of New Hope Church, Resaca, Chickamauga, Atlanta and other cavalry battles too numerous to mention.

A. R. BIRDWELL, Gainesville, Tex.—Was born March 24, 1846, at Dandridge, Jefferson County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 1, 1863, at Bristol, Tenn., as private in Company K, First Tennessee Cavalry, Gen. Vaughn's brigade, Gen. Stewart's corps, Army of Tennessee. Swearingen, first Captain, and James Canton, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded nor promoted. Was taken prisoner at Warrensburg, Green County, Tennessee, and sent to Castle Fox, Knoxville, Tenn. Was in the battles of Greenville, Big Springs, Blue Springs, Florence, Dandridge, Knoxville, all in the State of Tennessee, Perryville, Ky. Was also in many heavy skirmishes.

JAMES DICKSON BISHOP, Gatesville, Tex.—Was born at Greensboro, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, March 22, 1862, near Brenham, Tex., as private, in Company C, Twentieth Texas Infantry, Gen. Harrison's Brigade, Gen. Maxey's Division, C. Buster first Captain, and Elmore, first Colonel. Was never changed, taken prisoner, promoted nor wounded. Was in the battle of Galveston. I lost two brothers in the war, one G. L. Bishop, was killed during a skirmish near Shubuta, Miss. The other, J. N. Bishop, died in a hospital in Greensboro, Ga.

JOHN A. BIVENS, Mount Pleasant, Tex.—Born in Florence, Ala., in 1836, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Savannah, Tenn., in the cavalry service. I joined the first company of cavalry, so far as I know, that was organized in the State of Tennessee. We were mounted and equipped at our own expense. We belonged to Gen. Wheeler's corps, and my first Captain was J. W. Irwin, and first Colonel, Charles Robertson. We served in West Tennessee and North Mississippi during that fall and winter. Our first engagement was at Shiloh. At this time we had three companies of Tennesseans and were called a battalion. They gave us three or four companies of Kentuckians, and we were formed into a regiment. As we were from different States the question came up as to where we would number from and were finally called "the First Confederate Cav-



alry." This was the beginning of such numbering, and many cavalry regiments were afterwards numbered this way, a fact which is not generally known. After the battle of Shiloh the army fell back to Corinth and Tupelo, Miss. The army left Mississippi and went to Chattanooga and crossed the Tennessee River and went into Kentucky. Fought the battle of Perryville. Came back to Tennessee, fought the battle of Murfreesboro and then came the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and many other minor engagements.

The cavalry service became very hard. We met the enemy almost every day for months, often for days we had no rest or anything to eat. We fought over every foot of ground to Atlanta as well as several hard-fought battles during the siege of Atlanta. My regiment, with others, went up through North Carolina into East Tennessee and down into Middle Tennessee, and to Nashville in the rear of the enemy, and did them a great deal damage. We were in the enemy's country for seven weeks without supplies except as we could capture them. Such a thing as a night's sleep was unknown.

This was in the summer of 1864, and the regiment was reduced to a small force of rundown and worn-out men and horses. We were ordered to report to Gen. Forrest and served under him till we surrendered at Selma, Ala., in May, 1865. In the way of reminiscences of a personal nature, there are many things which should be written out so that they may be treasured up by our young people.

**J. K. BIVENS**, Longview, Tex.—Born in Butts County, Georgia, near Jackson, and in early youth moved to Upsher County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, Aug. 26, 1861, at Gilmer, Tex, as private in Company B, Seventh Texas Regiment, Granberry's brigade. Gen. Hardee's corps. My first Captain was R. S. Camp, and first Colonel, John Gregg. Went straight to Kentucky, stayed there for awhile, then went to Fort Donelson; was at the bombardment of Port Hudson and took part in the following battles: Raymond, Miss., Jackson, Miss., and Chickamauga, Ga. Missionary Ridge and Ringgold, Dug-Gap and Pickett's Mills, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin and Nashville. Was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Douglas, Ill., where we staid seven months. We lost but one commissioned officer. There were no promotions in the company.

**GEORGE W. BLAIR**, Dallas, Tex.—Was born March 25, 1844, near Stony Mills, Pittsylvania County, Virginia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Fort McCulloch, I. T., as private in Eleventh Texas Battery, Gen. Albert G. Pike commanding. Was in the Trans-Mississippi Army with Hervell, first Captain. The brigade was made up of Texans and Indians and first commanded by Gen. Pike, then by Gen. Cooper; later by Gen. Gano. The division was first commanded by Gen. Hindman and then by Gen. Steele, afterwards by Gen. Maxey. This division never surrendered, but about April 30, 1865, there was a furlough granted with the understanding that if Gen. Lee had surrendered that we were not to return. Gen. Kirby Smith was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, with headquarters at Shreveport, La. Was in several battles, but none of them historical, as it was the purpose of the division I was with to keep the Federals from invading the Indian Territory and Texas, which we succeeded in doing.

**W. M. BLAIR**, Hico, Tex.—Was born Jan. 8, 1840, near Cane Hill, Arkansas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Fort Worth,



Tex., as private in Company K., Fourteenth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Ector's Brigade, Gen. Johnston's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; Peak, first Captain; Kemp, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured or promoted. Was in the battles of Corinth, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro and around Richmond.

J. C. BLAKE, Longview, Tex.—Was born April 21, 1838, in Jackson County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 1, 1863, at Denton, Tex., as private in Company H, Madison's regiment, Gen. Major's brigade, Gen. Tom Green's division, with Hendricks, first Captain, and Phillips, first Colonel. I remained in this company until the surrender. Was in the most of the battles fought in Louisiana against Banks on his raid into Texas, defeating him at Mansfield. We furnished our guns, clothing and ammunition, capturing the most of it from the enemy. My age is 72 years and time has caused me to forget much. I am at present confined to my room and have been for two years.

E. D. BLAKEMORE, Floyd, Tex.—Born Nov. 11, 1843, near Jonesville, Lee County, Virginia, where I enlisted in the Confederate Army on Jan. 18, 1863, as private in Company B, Sixty-Fourth Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Marshall's brigade, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Alex Russell, and first Colonel, Cam. Slemple. Was taken prisoner at Cumberland Gap, Va., on Feb. 14, 1863, and remained in prison at Camp Douglas until June 15, 1865. Was taken prisoner the first engagement, so had the pleasure of some prison experiences which are not very complimentary to the Federal Government. They might very well have given us more to eat, as I did not have a square meal for twenty-one months. Came to Texas in 1881 and have lived here since, and if some of those in authority at that time will come to see me I will show them what they might have given me for dinner. But it was war times and we will have to do what we can to forget its hardships and its brutalities. If some of my old comrades should happen to see this I shall be glad for them to remember me kindly.

JOSEPH A. BLAKEMORE, Floyd, Tex.—Born Jan. 25, 1847, near Jonesville, Lee County, Virginia, where I enlisted in the Confederate Army, Oct. 18, 1863. Was elected Sergeant of Company K, Sixty-Fourth Virginia Regiment, Gen. Jones' brigade, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was William Fitts and my first Colonel was A. L. Pridemore. Was at Saltville, Tazwell, Jonesville, Blue Ridge, and in a number of other battles. Was never wounded nor captured.

J. C. BLAKENEY, Ferris, Tex.—Was born April 13, 1844, in Jackson County, Mississippi. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, January, 1862, in Alabama, as private in Company C, Fortieth Alabama Regiment, Moore's brigade, Forney's division, Hardee's corps, Western Army. First Captain, W. A. C. Jones, and A. A. Colman, first Colonel. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg on July 1, 1863, and paroled on the battlefield. Was again captured at the battle of Lookout Mountain and sent to Rock Island, Ill. Was promoted to Captain. Was in the battles of Vicksburg, Chickasaw, Bayou, Lookout Mountain, and several skirmishes, two of which were Deer Creek and Rolling Fork, both in the State of Mississippi. I was born in Mississippi, but was raised in Alabama.

P. A. BLAKEY, Mount Vernon, Tex.—Was born Feb. 21, 1844, at Perryville, Perry County, Louisiana. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 1, 1862, at Camp Reiley, Tex., as private in Company E, Fourth Texas



Regiment, Gen. Sibley's brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department; W. W. Ford, first Captain, and W. P. Hardeman, first Colonel. Was never wounded, was on sick furlough the most of the time, and at the time of the surrender was recommended for a discharge from the service. Was never taken prisoner.

ANGY PRICE BLALOCK, Marshall, Tex.—Was born July 25, 1846, near Marshall, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army September, 1863, Eleventh Texas Infantry, Gen. Randall's brigade, Gen. Walker's division, Trans-Mississippi Army, with D. S. Terry, first Captain. Was never wounded, taken prisoner, captured nor promoted. Was in the battle of Harrisonburg, La.

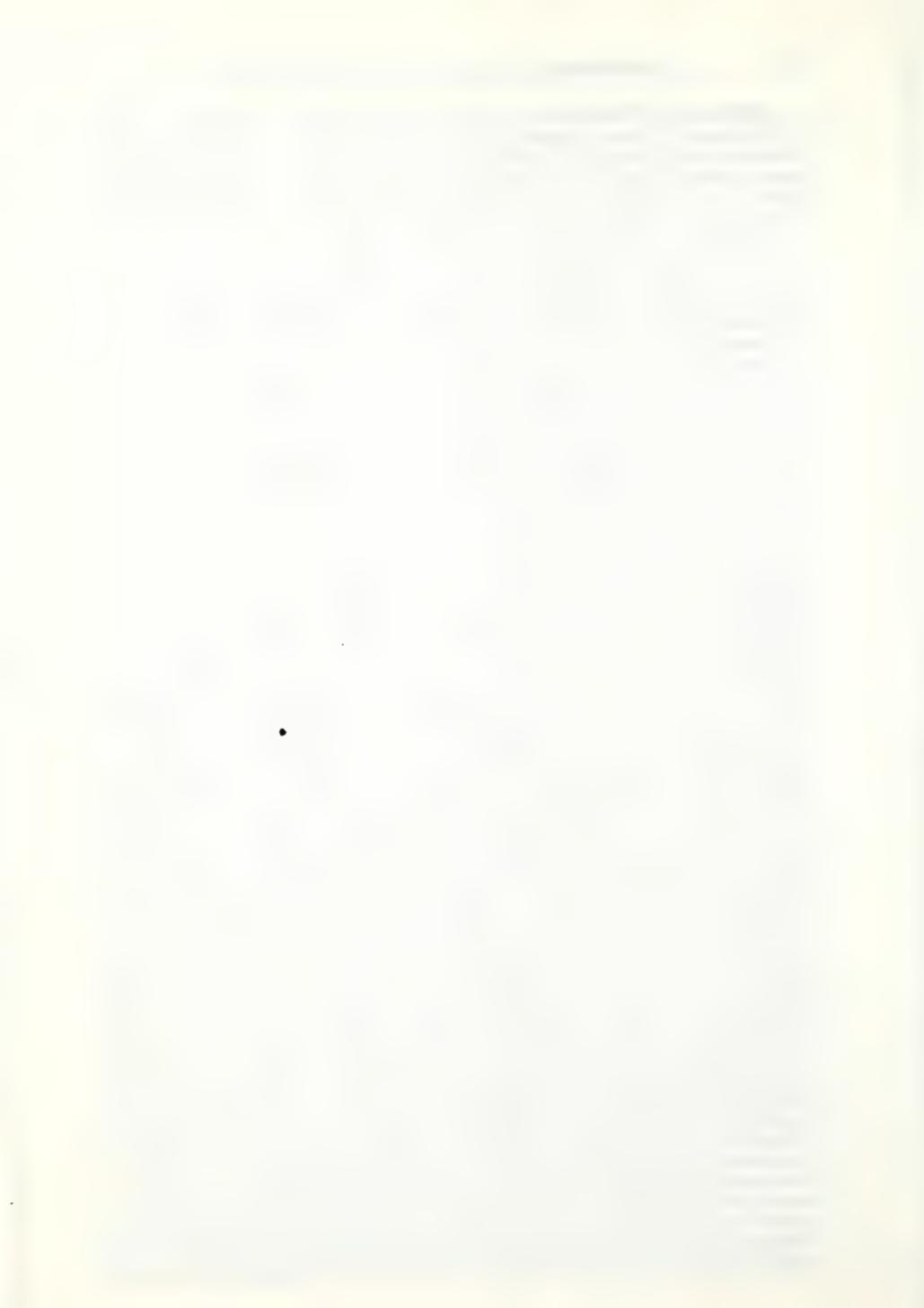
ELIHU P. BLANTON, Cleburne, Tex.—Was born March 31, 1840, near Jasper, Walker County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 10, 1862, at Rusk, Cherokee County, Texas, as private in Company C, Eleventh Texas Infantry, Gen. Randall's brigade, Gen. Walker's division, Gen. Taylor's corps, Army of Trans-Mississippi, with W. Y. Engledow, first Captain, and O. M. Roberts, first Colonel. Was never changed, promoted, wounded nor taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Jenkins, Ferry and a number of skirmishes. In 1863 was at the battle of Burbeaux, La., in which three regiments took part, the Eleventh Texas Infantry and two others. At the battle of Jenkins' Ferry lost two Prigadier Generals, Gen. Scurry and Gen. Randall. At the battle of Mansfield we lost several men, one being shot down by my side. I was in constant service from the time of enlistment until the close of the war. I was in bad health most of the time, but was never sent to a regular hospital.

I was without shoes part of the time, and during these winters I do not remember of sleeping warm but one night, which was some twenty miles above Little Rock, and on the night that I speak of it was snowing and the weight of the snow on our blankets kept us warm. A few days after this we started on a march south in the direction of Little Rock. I was on fatigue duty that day with the wagon train, and we had to go up a very steep mountain, and the rain began falling and the water was running down the roadway almost knee deep. We were all day getting to the top. After getting on top the train was forced to camp. The army had gone on some ten miles and was expecting the train to catch up with them by night, but we did not reach them until the next day about 12 o'clock.

They were the smuttiest looking men you ever saw, for they had staid around a pine knot fire all night. They could not go to bed as we had their blankets. They had been without anything to eat since the day before and were certainly a hungry set of men. We then started down to Arkansas Post to reinforce it, but the post fell before our arrival, and we were stopped and put out on picket duty. I was put on a post on the level of the river, and while there a cat gave me the worst scare I ever had. I heard a noise and threw my gun in position, and the cat ran against my leg. The other boys on duty at that hour received the same scare. While there it began to snow and it was a very heavy fall. We were ordered back in the direction of Pine Bluff on the Arkansas River, when it began raining and the snow melting and the mud was half leg deep. I was on rear guard one day when I became exhausted and was not able to reach my command. I stopped and staid with some of the men of Parson's brigade. I reached my command the next day and found that they had located a turnip patch. The turnips were quite a treat to us as we usually fared on an inferior class of beef and cornbread.



SOLOMON THOMAS BLESSING, Fort Worth, Tex.—Born Jan. 27, 1840, near Jefferson, Frederick County, Maryland, and enlisted in the Confederate Army on Aug. 1, 1861, at Galveston, Tex., in an independent company, and as such went to Virginia. I was 21 years old when I enlisted as private in Company L, First Texas Infantry, Gen. Hood's brigade, Gen. Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was A. C. McKeen and first Colonel was Louis T. Wigfall. Was wounded in the hand and leg at Sharpsburg, Md., and near Spottsylvania in the hand, and was shot in the side and both legs at Darbytown. Was left in the hospital after the battle of Sharpsburg, taken to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and exchanged in June, 1863. Was again left on the field where I was wounded at Darbytown, Oct. 7, 1864, and sent to Point Lookout, Md. Was promoted to Corporal. Was in the battles of Eltham's Landing, Gaines' Mill and others of the seven days' fight around Richmond, second Manassas, Boonsboro, Gap, Sharpsburg, Wilderness and others of the "On to Richmond" campaign, Siege of Vicksburg, attack on Richmond, Sept. 29, 1864. During the war I participated in twenty-eight battles besides being in a number of skirmishes and under fire many times. Our company was called the Lone Star Rifles and was organized at Galveston by A. C. McKeen for the purpose of going to Virginia and offering our services to the Confederate Government. All arrangements having been completed we were marched to the court house on Aug. 1, 1861, where the ladies presented each man with a well-filled haversack and other necessary articles, and in some instances, mementos and keepsakes. I remember that Lieut. J. C. S. Thompson, Wm. Leach and I, all received a neatly bound copy of the New Testament inscribed with the names of three young ladies of the Methodist Church. My pastor, T. W. Wesson, gave me a handsomely bound copy of the Bible, both of which I carried all the way and brought them home with me; the Testament had one corner shot off at the battle of Darbytown Road. On arriving at Richmond we were sent to Camp Wigfall, where we were mustered into service and became Company L of the First Texas Infantry. The other ten companies had gone from Texas independently and the regiment was formed in Virginia and formed a part of Hood's Texas Brigade. We were the best drilled company in the regiment and the other boys would, half in derision and half in approval, join in the song, "Oh, the Lone Star Rifles are not afraid of trifles, with Capt. McKeen to lead 'em. They turn upon their backs to give the Yanks a whack, they'll be there when you need them." We wintered at Quantico and in the spring of 1862 were sent to the Yorktown and back to Richmond, and were then sent to the Valley of Virginia to join Jackson, who led us back to the series of battles below Richmond, then around through Thoroughfare Gap to the second battle of Manassas; then on to the Maryland campaign. When Gen. Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland I was within ten or twelve miles of my mother's and sister's home in Brownsville. I took "French leave" and as I knew the country well, went through the enemy's lines and visited my homefolks. It soon became known to the "Union" neighbors that I was there and they informed the Federals, and next morning when they came to search the house for me I was not there, and the second morning before daylight I was on my way to join my command. At Frederick I learned that my brigade had gone towards Hagerstown, and I overtook them that night and camped near Middletown. On Sept. 17 we fought the battle of Sharpsburg, or as the Federals call it, Antietam. I was in the charge in the cornfield and was near our regimental flag when I saw the bearer fall. My first impulse was to pick it up, but then thought I could do more good shooting. This flag was made from the wedding dresses of Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Louis T. Wigfall, and presented



to the regiment at Camp Wigfall. Very shortly I fell, shot through the leg and a buckshot in the hand, which I carry yet. I managed to hobble back to the woods and was carried back to the field hospital. When Lee crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown he was unable to carry all his wounded and I was among those left. We were paroled only six miles from mother's home. My sister and her husband, Mr. A. C. Castle, came for me, and as I had been paroled was allowed to be taken home, where I remained till the next June, when I went to Baltimore and gave myself up and was sent to Fort McHenry, shortly after was sent to James River and exchanged. Having been exchanged I was sent to join my command at Gordonsville. On my way I was riding on a load of sacked oats and the wagon turned over and I was hurt so that I was unable to travel and so missed the memorable campaign into Pennsylvania. On account of the wound in my hand I was not able to carry a gun and was detached to the Quartermaster's Department. While on parole I made a visit to my old home in Maryland with some of my family, and when it was found I was a Rebel soldier I was nearly mobbed. When Longstreet's corps was sent to assist in the Georgia campaign I was instructed to drive our beeves to Richmond and was given transportation to the command in Georgia, where I arrived two days after the battle of Chickamauga. I was now able to carry a gun and took my place in the ranks and took part in the battles of Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, which were strenuous times, as we were almost continually under fire. Later we were sent towards Knoxville and were in a number of small engagements. We spent the winter of 1863-64 in East Tennessee, and in the spring returned to Virginia.

I fell behind to do some visiting and did not catch up with the command till they had made the memorable charge at the Wilderness, where Gen. Lee, seeing them coming, asked who they were, and on being told that it was Hood's Texas Brigade, said: "I have confidence in them," and started to lead them, but was prevented by the boys crying, "Go back, Daddy, we will go without you." Thus I missed that bloody charge, but was under fire for the most part of the remainder of the day. During the day a bullet struck me squarely in the back, but was rendered harmless by my blanket, which I wore in folds across my shoulder. Next day I was in the detail to bury the dead, and in passing amongst the trees and bushes I could not find a thing which was not bullet scarred, and how any human being could escape in such a shower of lead is hard to realize. In the flank movements of Grant's "On to Richmond" campaign, after the battle we were in self-constructed breastworks dug with our bayonets. We were charged upon and some of our men were killed by bayonet thrusts. I received a bayonet wound in the hand. I had fired and reloaded and was capping my gun when a Federal mounted the works and aimed directly at me, but his gun failed to fire. I succeeded in capping my gun and aimed at him and mine failed to fire. By this time he had picked up a big rock and hurled it at me. Just then two Yanks came at me with fixed bayonets. I dropped my gun and by God's favor, got hold of both their bayonets and called, "I surrender;" "Get out of the works then," which I gladly did, and laid with my face close to the ground. Our men from both flanks opened an enfilading fire which soon caused them to retreat, but they stopped between the lines in a ravine where they were somewhat protected.

We remained at this point some days, both armies continuing their movements towards Richmond, but with no great battles till Grant confronted Petersburg. While besieging Petersburg Grant crossed 40,000 men to the north side and attacked Richmond. The Texas Brigade, with other troops were taken from the south side to intercept this movement. We were



put in one on the lines of fortifications, and the First Texas, two or three paces apart, stretched across a hollow through a creek. On the morning of Sept. 29, 1864, our pickets were driven in and when the advancing army made its appearance they seemed to be six or eight columns deep. They were delayed somewhat by the abatis, but some, however, came through the gap left for the creek and got into our works. We opened fire and drove them back and our boys went out and gathered up as many guns as they could carry, loaded them and had them ready for another attack. I had seven guns. The ground was strewn with the dead and wounded, most of them negroes. Afterwards, when a prisoner, I learned there had been about 1,700 killed and wounded at that point. The number of our men engaged at this point could not have exceeded 100, a battery on a hill played on them, also. Our men fell fast from the murderous fire of the enemy who were armed with repeating rifles. I was wounded in the side, but continued to advance till pierced through both legs just above the knees by the small ball. It lodged in my pants leg and I have it now. When I fell I looked around for a shelter and saw a big tree, but found it occupied, I lay with my face close to the ground. I thought I would use my knapsack for some protection and raised my head to get at my knife to cut the straps, when a ball passed under my face and down my breast, leaving a red streak, but not breaking the skin. I succeeded in placing the knapsack in front of my head and several bullets hit it. It was in this battle that the Testament which I carried had the corner shot off. Prison life cured me of the tobacco habit, because there was none to chew. I was taken to the hospital camp at Yorktown, and when my wounds had healed was sent to Fortress Monroe, and from there, in January, 1865, to Point Lookout, where I remained until the "Break-up." I was fortunate in being put in hospital camp with two of my company, Smith D. Simms and Sidney B. Smith. Sidney's mother lived in Iowa and visited him clandestinely, slipping him money which he used for the benefit of his messmates. I had a brother who lived in New Orleans, who sent me money which was placed to my credit on the sutler's books, and which I used to pay for extras. The rations issued the prisoners was sufficient in quantity, but two or three times a week we had salt fish and water was very scarce. The twelve wells inside the dead line yielded only about a quart each twenty-four hours to the man, and salt cod was freely offered in exchange for water. When President Lincoln was assassinated the boys had to be on their P's and Q's, no matter what their feelings, but most of them sincerely regretted the act of Wilkes Booth, and no doubt the South was more harshly dealt with than if Lincoln had lived. After I had been discharged from prison at the end of the war, I remained a few months with Mr. Newell, the photographer, and then went to visit some of my kinsfolk and arrived in Houston in November, 1865. In the following January my old wound in the leg gave me trouble on account of a piece of loose bone. The war being over I went back to my old business, that of photography.

D. P. BLUME, Seymour, Tex.—Was born Aug. 18, 1839, near Blackville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May, 1862, in Monroe County, Louisiana, as a private in Company A, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Regiment, Gens. Moulton's and Polignac's brigade, Gen. Kirby Smith's division, Trans-Mississippi Department; I. W. Melton, first Captain, and Henry Gray, first Colonel.

Was never changed or wounded. Was captured at St. Mary's Parish, La., in 1863. Was in the battles of Camp Bisland, Mansfield and Yellow Bayou, all in Louisiana. Paroled about May 17 at Alexandria, La. I suffered for food many times, have gone as long as three days at a time without bread. Clothing was sent to me from home.



JOHN L. BOATNER, Calvert, Tex.—Was born Dec. 1, 1838, near Gipsey River, Walker County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 10, 1861, at Montecello, Ark., as private in Company C, Third Arkansas Regiment, Gen. Walker's Brigade, Gen. Stonewall Jackson's division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Whittington. The Third Arkansas was put in a brigade with the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas at Fredericksburg, Va., and served there until Gen. Longstreet went to Georgia. Was only wounded once and that was in the arm; the bone was fractured. Thank God, I was never taken prisoner. I was never promoted. Was in the following battles: First was in Green Bryar River, then Antietam or Sharpsburg, seven days' fight in the Wilderness, seven days around Richmond and a number of smaller engagements or skirmishes. After the Chickamauga battle I was furloughed and went home and after my recovery attached myself to Gen. Walker's division and did not return to the Army of Virginia.

E. R. BOAZ, Lindale, Tex.—Was born May 22, 1838, near Talladega, Ala. and enlisted in the Confederate Army March 27, 1862, Talladega, as private in Company A, Thirtieth Alabama Regiment. Was in Gen. Barton's Brigade, then Gen. Tracy's, who was killed near Port Gibson, then Gen. Pettus, Brig. Gen. Stevenson's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was W. C. Patterson and first Colonel was Shelly. I received a flesh wound in the calf of the leg at Baker's Creek, Miss., where our colors were shot down five times. One bearer was killed and the others were wounded.

My first general engagement was at Port Gibson May 1, 1863, and then at Baker's Creek, May 16, 1863. Was in the siege of Vicksburg forty-eight days. Ate mule beef and pea bread, myself and two others ate a mule's head without bread. I got hungry enough to eat green persimmons.

When I was mustered into the service at Talladega, Ala., we were sent to Knoxville and from there to Cumberland Gap and went into Kentucky with Gen. Bragg. Was near Perryville, but was not in the fight. Came to Rutledge, where I was taken sick and sent to Morristown, where I staid a short time and finally turned up at Murfreesboro, and thence to Vicksburg. Was in the skirmishes on Chickasaw Bayou. We left Vicksburg in April and went to Port Gibson, where we had a hard battle and fell back to Baker's Creek, where on the 16th of May we fought another battle and fell back to Vicksburg. On May 22 the Federals took one of our forts. Gen. Pettus' brigade and a Texas legion were ordered to retake it, which we did, but lost many men. My Captain and First Lieutenant and three others of my company were killed in a very few minutes. We were under fire forty-eight days and nights. Surrendered July 4, 1863, and on July 12 we were paroled and sent home. In a few days we went into parole camp at Demopolis. (It is supposed were exchanged). From there we were ordered to Chickamauga, and then to Lookout Mountain. Was at the battle of Missionary Ridge, or battle "above the clouds." We then went to Dalton, Ga., and went into winter quarters. About the first of March we had a battle at Rocky Faced Ridge. Was at Allatoona, Kennesaw, New Hope, Resaca and on to Atlanta. Was in the charges at Jonesboro, Ga. Then went to Dalton, then to Florence, Ala., crossed the Tennessee River, went to Columbia and charged the enemy, drove them back and followed them to Franklin, but did not get there until after night, had orders to renew the charge next morning at daylight, but the enemy commenced to fall back. As soon as the firing ceased I went over the battlefield. This was the worst slaughter I ever saw. Gen. Cleburne and his horse were killed near the



breastworks. We followed the Federals to Nashville and had two days' fighting. Many men were barefooted. I saw many men take green beef hides and cut out moccasins and sew them on their feet with strings of the same kind.

When we crossed the Tennessee River there were two gunboats shelling our pontoon bridge. We went from there to Columbus, Miss., and from there to North and South Carolina. We surrendered at Greensboro, S. C., and were paroled on the 26th day of April, 1865. When I arrived at home I found my wife and two babies and two sisters-in-law almost destitute. I came to Texas Nov. 26, 1866, was on the road fifty-six days and settled near where the town of Bullard now stands.

FRANK B. BODDEKER, Galveston, Tex.—Born Dec. 25, 1839, at Westphalia, Prussia, and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Houston, in Company B, Cook's regiment. Name of Sergeant was L. T. Cross. Was changed for pilot on Lucky G. Came to Galveston in 1844. Was at the battle of Galveston in January, 1863.

Joseph Boddeker was in same regiment. Died at Galveston in 1905.

IRBY HOLT BOGGESS, St. Joe, Texas.—Born Nov. 5, 1835, at Boggess Cross Roads, Tenn. Enlisted at the first call in the Confederate Army at Knoxville, Tenn., as a private and was made commissary of the regiment. Was in Companies A, B and I. The name of my first Captain was J. M. Kincaid and first Colonel was McLin and later McKinzey. We were a sort of independent cavalry. I was wounded only once and a cowardly guard bayoneted me in the hip because I did not obey orders readily. While we were prisoners and were being worked on the breastworks at Knoxville, Tenn. They worked me eight and a half months and the only pay we received was short rations. Served quite a while as commissary of regiment, but never received a commission.

I was in the battles of Cumberland Gap, Strawberry Plains, Murfreesboro and a number of others.

THOMAS ELLIOTTE BOLLING, Edna, Texas.—Born July 29, 1832, near Vicksburg, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the Spring of 1861, at Columbus, Texas, as private in Company I, Terry's Texas Rangers, Eighth Cavalry, Independent Scouts, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Jones and first Colonel, Terry. On April 6, 1862, early in the morning at Shiloh in a charge I had fired once and just about to fire the second shot when a minie ball struck me on the wrist and went up the arm and then into my side, striking a rib it passed round and was cut out at the spinal column. I was never promoted. Served as quartermaster with rank of Captain, but did not care for the honor. I went into the ranks at will. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Bardstown, Perryville, Murfreesboro and others. Was always ready when scouts were needed.

After being wounded I was sent to the hospital at Corinth, where I was put in the care of the Sisters of Charity and received the best of treatment. After I had somewhat recovered I went to my uncle's in Warren County, where I remained under treatment four months. After my wounds had healed I found that my wrist was stiff. I spent many hours working my fingers in an effort to regain their use.

In August I returned to my command and they were just going into Kentucky. Gen. Harrison insisted that I take a discharge on account of disability, but I refused and he gave me a broken down horse and I went with them. When the cold weather came on I found I could not stand it





**GENERAL T. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON,**

Born in Virginia, January 21, 1824. General Jackson was wounded at  
Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, and died May 10, 1863



and he gave me a place in the commissary department, in which capacity I served, going into skirmishes and raids when possible.

In the winter of '63 and '64 we were camped at Missionary Ridge, fighting all winter. In the spring we went to Atlanta, after which we did some hard fighting in an effort to reach Gen. Lee. The news of his surrender reached us at Raleigh, N. C. Here we remained six days and then went to Winchester, where we surrendered.

Terry's Rangers started out with 1,100 men and were several times recruited and always from the Lone Star State, but when I issued the last rations we numbered, rank and file, 340 men. I had lost my horse and had to walk to Montgomery where we got a boat to New Orleans and from there to Texas. When I arrived home I found my earthly possessions reduced to 1,500 sheep.

**JAMES A. BOLTON** of Jacksonville, Texas.—Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Jacksonville in Capt. Maple's Company and went to Galveston, where I was mustered into service for six months. Here I was attached to Nichols' regiment and, when our time was up, returned home. The old company was re-organized and went to Arkansas. I remained at home for a short time, but later went to Virginia and joined Company F, Texas Regiment, Gen. Hood's Texas Brigade. Our brigade was made up of the First, Fourth and Fifth Texas Regiments and the Eighteenth Georgia (good men). When they began to consolidate the troops, the Georgia troops were taken from us and placed with other Georgia troops. But the Third Arkansas was put with our brigade and remained with us until the surrender at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

**JOSEPH MARTIN BONHAM**, Marshall, Texas.—Was born in 1842 near Marysville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, in Lawrence County, Mo., as private in Company E, Fifth Missouri Infantry, Gen. Rain's Brigade, Gen. Price's Division, Army of the Trans-Mississippi, with Hooper, first Captain, and Clarkson, first Colonel.

I was left in the hospital at Fort Smith, Ark., and remained there for five months, and while there our army crossed the river. Was in Tappan's command until Price came back.

I was wounded in the battle of Oak Hill, in the eye, in a bayonet charge. Thrown from the artillery at Drywood, and wounded in the breast at Lexington, Mo. Was taken prisoner four times, but made my escape each time soon after being captured. Was promoted to First Lieutenant first part of 1862. Was in the battles of Oak Hill, Drywood, Lexington, Mansfield and Jenkins' Ferry. Thirty-six of the old regiment surrendered at Marshall, Texas, out of the eleven hundred and four men.

**JOSEPH E. BONNER** of Whitney, Texas, was born April 11, 1834, near Greenville, Butler County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, at Fairfield, Texas, as Second Lieutenant in Company B, Twelfth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. A. M. Maddox, first Captain, and W. H. Parsons, first Colonel. Was neither changed nor wounded. I held my office as Second Lieutenant during the war. Was in the battle of Cotton Plant, Languilla, Sugar Loaf or Negro Hill, Mansfield, Yellow Bayou, Duvalls Bluff and skirmished with Gen. Banks for thirty-six days and nights.

We were also in a great many skirmishes on the Mississippi, White and Red Rivers. I was in all the important battles fought by the Trans-Missis-



issippi Army. I made a pledge upon entering the army that I would never gamble, be taken to a hospital, sick or wounded; or surrender. I carried out the pledge. I was ordered to surrender twice, but thought of my pledge and took my chance of escape. I suffered as all the other boys did from hunger and cold. For three years we had only one blanket to the man, and we took the rain, sleet and snow as it came.

We never complained of the hardships. At times we had plenty to eat and at other times we suffered from hunger. I was in the cavalry service and we were on the go all the time. Our brigade was composed of the Twelfth, Nineteenth and Twenty-First Regiments, Morgan's Battalion, Bratt's Battery—all Texas soldiers.

**J. L. BOONE**, Cleburne, Texas.—Was born Oct. 7, 1837, near Lagrange, Troop County, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in November, 1861, at Oxford, Miss., as private in Company B, Second Mississippi Regiment (sixty-day troops), Gen. Alcorn's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. The name of my first Captain was Robinson and my first Colonel was Bartlett. I served out the first enlistment and then re-enlisted in the Thirtieth Mississippi, Company B. Was promoted to Lieutenant of Ordnance before Gen. Bragg started through Kentucky. I was never wounded except by the explosion of a shell on Saturday evening at Chickamauga. Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Chickamauga, Ga.; Baker's Creek, 16th of May, and all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta. Was in the ditches around Atlanta three weeks and when Atlanta fell we fought at Jonesboro. Then went with Gen. Hood to Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. When in the ditches at Atlanta we went as long as ten days at a time without taking off our shoes; and the rations were so short that a day's ration would not make a good meal. July 22nd was a hard battle at Atlanta. Gen. Hardee struck Gen. Furgeson on the flank and routed him, killing the general and capturing his supply train. Our position was near an old foundry and we had to charge through an old field where our loss was very heavy. On the 28th, west of Atlanta, I put in some good work as a sharpshooter.

At Franklin there was the greatest slaughter I ever saw. We went up to Nashville barefooted, worried and disheartened. You could track the boys through the snow by the blood from their feet. The snow was from three to five feet deep. I was detailed to go on vidette duty and refused to go. This was the only time during the war that I refused to obey orders. I was barefooted and decided before I would go out and stand on snow and sleet I would die. I was arrested and sent to the General. I have waded streams when my clothing would freeze on me. It is nothing but the protection of Providence that I am still here at the age of 73 years.

**LACY BOONE**, Fort Worth, Texas.—Was born Feb. 26, 1847, near Shelbyville, Bedford County, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in Southern Arkansas in October, 1863, as private in Daniel Boone's Company, Gen. Dockery's Brigade, Gen. Price's Army. My first Captain was Daniel Boone. Was transferred to Company K, Thirty-Fourth Arkansas Regiment, Gen. Hawthorn's Brigade, Gen. Churchill's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Was in the skirmish at Mt. Elba, below Camden, Ark., and at the battle of Jenkin's Ferry, Ark. My father, Howard Boone, was with me at Jenkin's Ferry and he said that I was a splendid soldier. Kans Wilson was my last Captain and Pink Pitman was First Lieutenant. I was licensed to preach the gospel in March, 1868, and I have tried to make as good a soldier for Christ as I did for my beloved Southland.



**HORACE BOOTON**, Richmond, Texas—Born at Chestnut Grove Madison County Va., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Lynchburg, Va., as private in Company H, Gen. Custis Lee's Division, Gen. Ewell's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was George Bouton and first Colonel, R. T. W. Duke. I was frequently changed because, towards the last of the war many regiments were little larger than an ordinary company. I entered the service as a private and was promoted to First Sergeant and at one time commanded the company. I was in all the important battles in which Gen. Ewell's Corps participated and was with him when he gave up his sword on the 7th of April, 1865, and was sent to Point Lookout (Md.) prison. I have used the butt of my gun as well as the bayonet. The first battle I was in I got me a new Springfield rifle and carried it till the close of the war. Many things might be written which look almost unbelievable, but in a war like that almost anything may happen. I have my discharge from prison as well as my discharge from the Spanish-American War. I first wanted to join Mosby, but my mother who is still living at the age of 85, would not hear to it as she said that if I were captured I would be shot. Capt. Bouton came along and I joined his company with the understanding that he was to take care of me. He was true to me and, being in the Captain's mess, I came in contact with many of the regimental officers, and being small soon came to be a favorite and had many privileges that the regulars did not have. I was always in the front and was always ready to volunteer for any work. I noticed that those who shirked always got the worst of it. On one occasion the Colonel rode up and asked for a man to carry a dispatch across the field of battle, and wanted one who could be depended on, and the Captain gave it to me. I have had many warm receptions, but about the hottest one was when I was left with a squad to prevent the extinguishing of the fire where we were burning a bridge across the James River. It was a continuous fire from the time we brought up Gen. Lee's rear until we surrendered. Gen. Ewell surrendered late in the evening and a Yankee said to me: "Johnnie, we have got you." "Yes," I said, "but you have not much to brag about." "No," he said, "you have killed a man for every one we have got of you." We camped on the battlefield and next morning started on our return to Petersburg and passed through Gen. Grant's headquarters, where I saw him for the first and last time. On reaching Petersburg we were lined up and Gen. Lee's surrender was read to us and we were given half an hour to decide whether we would take the oath or go to prison. Some of the boys wanted to go home, but I went to prison. My people were notified that I was alive and my mother at once came to Point Lookout to see me. We prisoners were detailed to unload commissary supplies from the boats, which was a good deal like work. After considerable worry, and my mother calling on Gen. Grant in person, I was allowed to go home. I got my release on the 7th of June, 1865, and was soon with the home folks.

**J. D. BORING**, Merkel, Texas.—Was born Sept. 27, 1849, near Eatonton, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate Army June 1, 1863, at Andersonville, Ga., as private in Company C, Third Georgia Reserves. My first Captain was William Scott and my first Colonel was Smith; Lieutenant Colonel, Moore, and Major, Griffin. I think they were both from Macon, Ga. I was never wounded. R. M. Boring at Seven Pines had both cheeks cut with minie balls, the tip of his thumb shot off, and his gun cut by a piece of shell. I was paroled at Macon, Ga. When our company was leaving Americus, Ga., four boys under age joined the company. We could only take two, so they drew straws to see who should go. T. W. Boring, and I think the



other lucky one was Charlie Mulky. I was in all the battles in which my regiment participated. There were three brothers of us. R. M. and T. W. were with Gen. Lee in Virginia, and I wanted to be there, too. The others were in Company K, Fourth Georgia. They went in the first company from Americus. R. M. was killed at Gettysburg in Pickett's charge. He fell with the colors of the Fourth Georgia. He was not color bearer, but picked them up when the color bearer fell. I think he was the seventh man that met the same fate that day.

**REV. BEN H. BOUNDS.**—Born August 17, 1840, near Bounds, Calhoun County, Miss., enlisted in the Confederate Army on May 10, 1861, at Pittsboro, Miss., as private in Company F as Third Sergeant, Fourth Mississippi Infantry, Second Brigade, Army of Mississippi. My first Captain was W. A. Summer and the first Colonel was Joseph Drake. Was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and carried to Camp Morton, Indianapolis. Was exchanged and again captured at Big Black, Miss., and carried to Fort Delaware. Was again captured at Blakely and carried to Ship Island. Was never wounded or promoted.

Was in the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Chickasaw Bayou, Port Gibson, Big Black Bridge, Blakely. My brother, Wiley K. Bounds, was wounded seven times, and was killed on picket duty at Marietta, Ga., May 28, 1864.

**R. M. BOUNDS** (deceased), Greenville, Texas.—Born Dec. 20, 1838, in Bounds, Calhoun County, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Pittsboro, Miss., May 10, 1861, as private in Company I, Fourth Mississippi Infantry. My first Captain was W. A. Summer and first Colonel was Joseph Drake. After the fall of Fort Donelson went with Blythe's Battalion until in the fall of '62, when he rejoined his old company. Was never wounded. Was captured some time during 1864 under Hood in the Georgia campaign and was taken to Camp Douglas, Ill., where he remained till the close of the war.

Was in the battles of Fort Henry on Tennessee River, Fort Donelson, Chickasaw Bayou near Vicksburg, Big Black, Miss.

Died in Greenville, Texas, in 1887, after a residence of twenty years in this State.

(This record was given by his daughter, Mrs. H. H. Crouch.)

**S. R. BOURLAND**, Nocona, Texas.—Was born August 18, 1842, near Hamburg, Tenn., enlisted in the Confederate Army March 22, 1861, at Corinth, Miss., as private in Company A, Ninth Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, Gen. Chalmers' Brigade, Gen. Withers' Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was W. H. Kilpatrick and first Colonel was Chalmers. We left Corinth, Miss., March 27th and went to Pensacola, Fla., where we stayed nine months. Then we were given a third days' furlough when our time was out. We re-enlisted for three years or during the war. I was lightly wounded near Atlanta, Ga. I was too good on the run to be taken prisoner. Was promoted from private to Orderly Sergeant.

I was in the battle of Shiloh on April 6, 1862; Munfordville and Perryville, Ky.; Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, Ga.; Jonesboro, New Hope Church, Resaca, Ga.; Franklin, Tenn., and at Nashville, Tenn. Also from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta, fighting more or less for ninety days and sometimes at night.



W. R. BOWDEN, Rising Star, Texas.—Born in Virginia, near Suffolk. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Dallas, Texas, as private in Company E, Third Texas Cavalry, Gen. McCullough's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was J. A. Bryant and first Colonel was Greer. Was changed to Gen. Ross' Brigade on account of the death of our gallant Ben McCullough at the battle of Elkhorn in March, 1862. Was in the battle of Wilson Creek on August 10, 1861.

JOHN Y. BOWEN, Pyron, Texas.—Born near Glassy Mountain, Pickens County, S. C., Aug. 18, 1841. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on Trinity River, south of Dallas, as "high private in the rear ranks" in Company D, Sixth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Ross' Brigade, Gen. Van Dorn's Division, Army of Mississippi and Tennessee. I did not have the misfortune of being promoted, but held my own. Was slightly wounded at Elkhorn, Ark. On the 15th of April, 1862, was dismounted and sent across the river. Ross' Brigade was in the battle of Corinth in October, 1862. Company D went into the battle with sixty-three men; thirty-three were either killed or wounded. Gen. Ross' Brigade was re-mounted November, 1862. It consisted of the Third, Sixth and Ninth Texas Regiments and the Texas Legion. The first raid we made after being remounted we went into Tennessee. We were in every battle in Mississippi except Vicksburg when it fell. It would be too much to go over all the things which I did and saw during the war. It has been said that those east of the Mississippi saw the elephant, and it was true. We followed Sherman and we could locate his line of march by the burning gins, barns and dwellings. It seemed that the Yankees enjoyed the misery which they dealt out to the Southerners. The regiment I belong to crossed Red River with one hundred and forty-four of as fine men as ever went into an army and more than half of them never saw Texas again. Gen. Sherman was right when he said "war is hell."

T. B. Chapman, L. D. Chapman, Granville Chapman, Bob Roland, Jim Glover, Irwin Stanford, Rev. John Gotcher, all belonged to Company D, Sixth Texas Cavalry. Irwin Stanford died the first winter of the war; Mitch Keltner was killed at Corinth in '62. I was about to forget Goodson King, a cousin to both the Ben Kings at Farmersville. I would not seem to forget any of my old company, especially those who have "passed over the river and are resting under the shade of the trees." Goodson was a gallant soldier. A cannon ball cut off one of his legs and he bled to death before any one could do anything for him. These are sad things to go over after all the glamor of war has passed, but it is to be hoped the world will never see the like again.

W. J. BOWEN of Cleburne, Texas, was born in Dyer County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, ....., at Dyersburg, Tenn, as private in Company B, Twelfth Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Smith's Brigade, Gen. Cheatham's Division, Dosson, first Captain, and Bell, first Colonel. Was never changed. Was in every battle in which my regiment was engaged until I was wounded. Received a wound at the battle of Missionary Ridge, East Tennessee, in my right leg. Was never captured or promoted. Was in five battles in Tennessee, one in Georgia and three in Alabama.

WILLIAM H. BOWIE, Claude, Texas.—Born June 18, 1844, near Anderson Court House, Anderson County, S. C., and enlisted in the Confederate Army on May 1, 1862, at Atlanta, Ga., as private in Company B, Cobb's Legion (cavalry), Gen. Hampton's Brigade, afterwards commanded by Gens. P. M. B. Young and M. C. But-



ler. My first Captain was B. C. Yancy and my first Colonel was T. R. R. Cobb. Was changed to Joseph E. Johnston's army. I suppose Gen. Hampton wanted to greet Gen. W. T. Sherman at his own home. Was never seriously wounded and always ran so fast that I avoided capture. I never desired promotion, and that may account for the fact that I got none. I was at or near and somewhat concerned in nearly all the principal battles of our army in Virginia. The cavalry were never idle very long at a time, but, while their battles were not so destructive as those of the infantry, they were much more numerous.

J. S. BOWLES, Austin, Texas.—Born Sept. 13, 1842, at Houston, Texas, and enlisted in the Confederate Army on Oct. 4, 1861, at Austin, Texas, as private in Company H, Fifth Texas Volunteers. First with Gen. Shelby's Brigade and afterwards with Gen. Green's. My first Captain was R. H. Pridgian, first Colonel, Tom Green. I served in the same part of the army till the close. Was slightly wounded in three battles. Was never promoted and was never taken prisoner. I was in the battles of Val Verde, N. M.; recapture of Galveston, Glorietta, N. M.; Burwick Bay, La.; Fordoche, La.; Vermillion, La.; Yellow Bayou, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.

ED. C. BOX, Farmersville, Texas.—Born in February, 1833, in New Decatur County, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, with rank of flag bearer, Company F, Martin's Regiment. My first Captain was John K. Bumpass and first Colonel was L. M. Martin. The company was first organized as an independent company. So we could get no supplies till we joined the regular army, which we might not have done, but we got hungry and changed our minds. We sent three men out of our company home for supplies in the fall and they returned the next March. The men were John P. Utt, Tobe Wilcoxson and some one else. I was never wounded. We only did a kind of ranger service for the protection of the Territory and North Texas. I came to Texas before there was any Farmersville and have been here ever since.

J. W. BOYD of Hawley, Texas.—Born June 15, 1832, at Zeblon, Pike County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, in Pike County, Ga., as private in Company G, Twenty-Seventh Regiment, ..... Brigade, Gen. Hoke's Division, Gen. Jackson's Corps, Army of Virginia. I was changed when Jackson was killed. I was with the reinforcement band to be called at any time in different parts of the army. Was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. Had the middle finger on the right hand shot off.

Was in the battles of the Seven Pines, Black Springs, two at the Wilderness, two at Shephardstown, two at Big Springs, the siege of Petersburg. I was present when our own men shot and wounded Jackson, from which wound he died. At the battle of Chancellorsville we fought for three days and nights without food. While on a charge we ran the Northern soldiers and while going through where their quarters had been I ate the largest meal of my life. I was sharpshooter at the time Petersburg was blown up. I counted twenty-seven holes in my clothes which had been shot there during that night. Capt. Billingsly and I were together on this memorable night. They captured about four hundred yards of our line that night, but I escaped. I was never taken prisoner. We regained our lines before night and I walked up to where they blew up our breastworks. We found where the Federals had fed their horses, and picked up corn from the ground and ate it. I thought it about as good eating as I ever had.



We fought all the next day without anything else to eat until just before night, when our food was brought to us. The food consisted of raw hog jaws with the hair on. We took our knives and scraped the hair off as best we could and ate the meat off the bone. I had hardtack to go with it. I have walked through blood shoe mouth deep when it would be running like water. Would be glad to hear from any old soldier who might remember me.

W. E. BOYD, Queen City, Texas.—Born May 2, 1839, in Russell County, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1861, at Sparta, La., as private in the Sparta Guards, Second Louisiana Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia. W. E. Paxton was first Captain. Was never changed, wounded, taken prisoner, nor promoted. I was a mechanic and the Confederate Government would not let me fight much, but these two hands of mine did all they could for the Confederacy. To make my story short, with sixteen other mechanics I was sent to Shreveport, La., to build a gunboat, the Missouri, and when through with this I was turned over to the ordinance department where I know that I re-mounted as many cannon as any other man in the South. I think I mounted the guns on the steamer Webb which left Shreveport to go to sea, but Lieut. Lee blew her up at New Orleans. I also assisted in fitting out the little flatboat which captured the iron gunboat "Indianola," the best boat which the Yankees had made up to that time. I was present when the gunboat "Queen of the West," was captured below Alexandria, La. She was clad with cotton bales which was almost as good as iron. All this happened while on the way to Shreveport. We had fixed her up along with the "Webb" and made another cotton boat out of the "Grand Duke," a Red River steamer and with this little fleet captured and sank the Indianola, as above stated. I was honorably discharged at Shreveport, La., on May 19, 1865, and can not refrain from shedding tears at the sight of a Confederate flag.

In 1860 I lived in Sparta, La., where I worked at the carriage and wagon business. This was the year of the presidential election when Lincoln was elected. Some people may think they have seen excitement, but we certainly did. Way in the middle of the night you would be waked up by some hollowing for this or that candidate, for as you doubtless know, we were very much divided, only nobody was for Lincoln, yet the people knew that Lincoln would be elected. From the first of November till the 4th of March of the next year the talk was "War, drinking blood and no bloodshed," "Yankees were too cowardly to fight—would finish the job by breakfast." So about the last of February our town proceeded to call a meeting to organize a company to fight the Yankees. Now there was a man in our town by the name of Shepard who led off—having made himself a flag of some sort (we had not Confederate flags then), and on the day appointed he got in the streets and called for anybody who wanted to fight the Yankees to follow him to the court house.

We organized in an hour. It pains me yet to think of that start off; how sisters, mothers and all kindred separated that day on the banks of the Bistonoies, sixteen miles from Sparta, La. It took strong men to pull brothers and sisters apart; mothers and fathers from their idolized sons, but the "Yanks" must be whipped. Ours was the first company outside the big cities organized in our State. We were mustered into service in Lafayette Square, New Orleans, on the 9th day of March, 1861. We were treated finely by the people of New Orleans. Not long after this we were sent to a camp of instruction up towards the Mississippi line at a place called Tangipahoe, where we stayed some four weeks. We were called out



as twelve months volunteers and after we had been in service for this length of time we were requested to take the oath for three years or during the war. About this time I took the measles. Nearly all the boys went back to Virginia. It was the next winter before I was able to go again. Our first regiment was the Second Louisiana and the next I was in was the Twenty-Seventh Louisiana Regiment. I was sworn in on March 10, 1862, near the same park, Lafayette Square, New Orleans. We were not shown the same kind treatment we had received on the former occasion. War was getting old. We were in New Orleans but a few days when we went on to Tangipahoe and while there New Orleans fell into the hands of the Federals. History gives a true account. Our command had no arms and we were at Tangipahoe and were badly neglected as we had nothing to eat. You know New Orleans was in trouble. Our Colonel, Campbell, made a detail of eight or ten men to go out in the country and they soon brought in beef and meal. By this time soldiers by the thousands came in from New Orleans with supplies by the train load. We were then armed with good, new Springfield rifles and ordered to the assistance of Albert Sydney Johnston at Shiloh, but before we got to Jackson, Miss., the fight had been pulled off and our orders were changed and we went to Vicksburg, Miss. Our regiment was one thousand and one hundred strong and we were the first on the ground for at least a week. Island No. 10 had been evacuated and Vicksburg was the last stand which was held for fifteen months on the north side and Port Gibson for about the same time on the south side. Now we had a time. I mean all sorts of a time at old Vicksburg. God bless old Vicksburg and her true blue citizenship, her high hills and Cherry and Mulberry streets. I never knew any place as well as I knew Vicksburg. Our regiment lost many of its men there before we were captured on the 4th of July, 1863.

Our first camp near Vicksburg was in a hollow near a branch and many of our men took sick from using branch water and a number died; John Garner, my brother-in-law, among the number. Our company at one time was 128 strong and not more than twenty were able for duty and it was found that the "town boys" could stand the hardships better than those raised in the country. It was not long before Porter's fleet hove in sight from down the river and others also dropped anchor and demanded our surrender, which was refused. Well what next? We had not seen any firing and had not heard a cannon. There stood six or eight war vessels in the middle of the river for several days, so one evening while we were on dress parade and Col. Marks was taking us through the manual of arms, bomb-swish-swish. I was looking at Col. Marks and he was standing as still as a stump. He had been at Bull Run, but we boys—. "Steady battalion," roared Col. Marks. Then we all wanted to run down behind that steep hill. As for myself I did not care for the noise of the guns, but the "swish" of the cannon balls cutting the air around us told on my nerves and I don't think I am particularly of a nervous temperament, but that bombardment continued for two months and we got used to it and in fact expected it. It was a kind of amusement, beginning at about four or five o'clock in the evening, lasting till about ten at night and beginning again next morning at about four. The Yanks could see our camp, so we moved about three miles on the upper side of town, but they managed to get a shrapnel right into our camp and killed a mule and wounded a negro cook. Some little cast balls hit the tent I was in and rolled down at my feet. The citizens moved out of town beyond the range of the fleet and camped. Some dug holes in the ground and others tunneled into the hills. I saw one nice family living in a culvert under the railroad with the creek running within



two or three feet of the carpet. These things do not amount to much, but I am telling them so that my readers may know that Gen. Sherman knew what he was talking about when he said "war is hell."

Then why will an enlightened people engage in war? The Czar of Russia had the right idea when he was the first to propose an arbitration for the differences between nations, but he was the first one to refuse to submit to arbitration. I am old enough now to see the sense in such things.

One morning just about the time we could see, both Faragut and Porter turned loose their cannon on the city and the few of us remaining in camp ran up on a high hill just above them, where we could see both sides of the fight. The ships were just in front of the city in single file about one-half a mile long. They would fire one broadside and then the other. We could see plainly that the land batteries were hitting, but those ships were doing damage in the city. The Washington Hotel looked as if it would fall and the court house was riddled from the dome to the ground. The fleet slowly moved up the river. The battle lasted more than an hour, and strange to say, when the cannonading ceased it did so all at once, but the roaring continued for an hour or so. Our regiment was on picket duty and Col. Marks formed a line of battle on the levee, Tom Green fashion, to fight the gunboats when they came in range. They kept close in to the bank so as to be out of range of the land batteries and when they passed us they were within fifty or a hundred feet of us with their port holes open, and such a sight of dead, wounded and dying men can not be described. It was too much for the Colonel, and he ordered us to "hold fire, men, don't shoot a dying man, boys." Every man, doctor and nurse could have been killed and the fleet destroyed, so our men claimed. Well, Faragut, Porter and Company let us alone for the balance of the year and old Vicksburg found it out and moved back to town and soon repaired the damage. We had parties and dances and got well acquainted. So, notwithstanding the hard fare and hard fighting, there were some good times, just for a change.

NOAH BOYLES of Austin Texas.—Born Dec. 25, 1849, in Lumpkin County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at San Antonio, Texas, as private in Company B, J. R. Baylor's Regiment, Gen. Sibley's Brigade, C. Pyron, first Captain. I was changed to the Eighth Artillery. Was never wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of Valverde and Fort Craig. I enlisted with the army quite young and went with Col. Sibley to New Mexico. Col. Tom Green took command and fought the battles which I have just mentioned. We were about one year on this campaign and returned to San Antonio and was greeted with applause by the citizens. On our return we engaged with several hundred Indians, and after a running fight of several days, they were dispersed. In this engagement we lost several of our command. We camped on the San Antonio River and remained there for several months, and were then ordered to Galveston, where we did duty on the coast. We remained there for six months, and were then ordered to Sabine Pass, where we assisted in capturing a Federal schooner and a ship carrying eight guns. None were killed or wounded in performing this capture. We were then ordered to Louisiana, but returned soon and were at the city of Houston when the war closed.

JAMES BRACE of Austin Texas.—Born near Montreal, Canada, May 24, 1833; enlisted in the Confederate Army in the State of Texas as private in Company F, Gen. Wheeler's Division, Army of Tennessee, with Rayborn as first Captain and Frank Terry first Colonel.



I received two shot wounds in a hand-to-hand skirmish at Hillsboro, Tenn. Was taken prisoner twice, was placed in the Alton, Ill., prison once and in Camp Chase, Ohio, once. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Munfordsville and Perryville.

A. J. BRADBERRY, Hempstead, Texas—Born in the city of New York. My father came to Texas in 1840 and settled in Austin County not far from where Belleville now stands. There were four brothers of us, and we all joined the Confederate Army at the first call. One joined Capt. McDade's company and died at Galveston the first year of the war. My other two brothers and I joined Capt. Jones' company, Company E, Carter's regiment, Gen. Parson's brigade. Our command was in the Trans-Mississippi Department and was with Gen. Price in his raid into Missouri. We were also in the Louisiana campaign, following Banks down Red River.

I was in two hand-to-hand engagements. We were camped on White River in Arkansas, when Col. Giddings asked leave to go on a scout, which was granted. We crossed White River, and after riding nineteen or twenty miles found some of the enemy raiding the country, carrying off turkeys and chickens and anything else not too heavy. We gave them a chase of a few miles. Then they concluded to stop and give us a fight. Col. Giddings rode up to within a hundred yards of the enemy and waited for some more of his men to come on. He ordered his men to fall in line, take aim, and fire, which we did, and then charged them. We killed and wounded about twenty, and captured fourteen, including their commander. And, strange to say, we did not lose a man. I was one of a squad sent to take the prisoners back to camp. Col. Giddings, with some of his men, pursued the remainder of the enemy and was captured by fresh troops coming up behind him.

PERRY BRADDOCK, Zephyr, Tex.—Was born Jan. 17, 1840, near Lawrens, Lawrens County, South Carolina. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May, 1861, at Ripley, Miss., as private in Company B, Second Mississippi Infantry, Gen. Lee's brigade, Gen. Hood's division, Gen. A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Virginia. First Captain, Buchanan, and Faulkner, first Colonel. Was never changed. Was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines, shot through the thigh, and shot through the elbow at the Wilderness. Was never taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of First Manassas, Seven Pines, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg and Gettysburg.

I enlisted in the Confederate Army in the year of 1861, and was sent to Harper's Ferry, Va., and remained there until June. I saw the house in which old John Brown was fortified, also the scaffold on which he was hung. Next we went to Winchester, then to Manassas Junction, where we had our first great battle July 21, 1861. February, 1862, we re-enlisted and went home. Upon our return we were sent to Yorktown. I saw some of the ditches of the Revolution. Saw the place where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to Gen. Washington.

Our next battle was Williamsburg. My command was not in that battle. We went from Williamsburg to Richmond and camped at Goose Egg Spring, then into the Seven Pines battle, which was fought on May 21 to 27, 1862. Here I was shot through the left thigh and was sent to Miller's Hospital, Richmond. There came an order to make room in the hospital, as the seven days' battle at Richmond was on, and all that could be must be moved to the country. In company with Pink Tyler, I was sent to Amelia Court House, where I remained until I recovered and returned to my command.



We were on our way to Manassas Junction, where the second battle was fought Aug. 28 to Sept. 1, 1862. Then we crossed the Potomac into Maryland to Frederick, from there west to the South Mountains, thence to Hagarstown, from there to Sharpsburg, where the great battle was fought Sept. 16 and 17, 1862. The battle of Gettysburg was fought on the 1st, 2nd and 3d of July, 1863. I was wounded in this battle, but not seriously. My brother, Stephen Bell Braddock, was killed at Bristoe Station Oct. 14, 1863, by a shrapnel ball. Also, two other comrades fell at the same time. George Mank and my brother were buried in the same grave. The army returned to Rappahannock and remained there during the winter of 1863. The battle of the Wilderness was fought from the 5th to the 7th of May, 1864. I was shot through the right elbow and did not bear arms any more, but was with the army through the siege of Richmond and Petersburg.

E. T. BRADFORD, Lacasa, Tex.—Was born Nov. 27, 1846, near Greenville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1864, at Greenville, Tenn., as private in Company H, Thirty-First Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Vaughan's brigade, Gen. Breckenridge's division, with T. N. Riggs, first Captain, and Wm. Bradford, first Colonel. Was not wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of Marion, Va., Greenville, Tenn., and in skirmishes doing scout duty most of the time.

J. M. BRADLEY, Pittsburg, Tex.—Was born Nov. 29, 1844, near Columbia, Murray County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, April 13, 1861, at Carthage, Tex., as private in Company C, First Chickasaw and Choctaw Regiment, Gen. Cooper's brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. Holland was first Captain and D. H. Cooper, first Colonel. Was in Wells' regiment. In 1865 was in Gen. Forney's division. Started to the Gulf to fight gunboats, but did not get there. Was at Hempstead, Tex., at the close of the war and disbanded there. Was never wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battle of Elkhorn, Bird Creek, Chustenahlah and Poison Springs.

JOHN M. BRADLEY, SR., Fort Worth, Tex.—Was born in 1846, in Washington County, Virginia, where I enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 7, 1863, as private in Company D, Forty-Third Battalion, Partisan Rangers, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. Joseph Owen, first Captain, and John S. Mosby, first Colonel. I was transferred from Company E, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry after serving two months and being in three battles. I wanted to join Mosby as most of the men from my home were with him. Was in the battle of Salt Works, Saltville, Va., under Gens. Joe Wheeler and Breckenridge, with Gen. Early at Lynchburg and was with Col. Mosby at Drainsville, Harper's Ferry, Warrenton Junction, Snicker's Gap, Starsburg and many others, as he never had more than 400 men and often we would fight a thousand Yankees. It seems to me that we fought almost every day of the last year of the war. The life of a scout in the enemy's lines is a dangerous one as well as exciting and especially so in the valley of Virginia and along the winding banks of the Shenandoah, were enacted many scenes of dash and daring which makes the warm blood course quicker through the veins of many an old veteran trooper, and though years have passed, it seems but yesterday, and we can almost hear the bugle's call at Brandy Station Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Kernstown, Cedar Creek and along the pike from Harper's Ferry to Staunton; across the mountains and through the valleys to Moorfield Valley, along the banks of the Potomac, where



many desperate encounters with Sheridan took place with such men as Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, John S. Mosby and others. Little Phil had his hands full, as a large number of Mosby's men were equipped with horses which Sheridan once rode as well as carrying a Spencer rifle and pistol. In fact, the highest ambition was to be the owner of Sheridan's outfits. Mosby was my ideal of a fighter; brave, warm-hearted and generous.

GEORGE BRUTON BRAGG, Gomez, Tex.—Born in Butler County, Alabama, July 29, 1842, and enlisted in the Confederate Army early in 1861, at Mobile, Ala., as private in Company H, Twenty-Second Alabama Regiment. Gen. Gladden's brigade, Gen. Wither's division, Gen. Polk's corps. My first Captain was H. T. Toulman, and first Colonel was Deas. Was changed to Bragg's army. Was wounded in the right jaw at Murfreesboro and given a furlough. Was taken prisoner at Missionary Ridge and sent to Rock Island, Ill. Was promoted to Second Sergeant.

It seems to me that Gen. Gladden's brigade opened the battle of Shiloh. I was at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. Gen. Gladden fell while leading a charge at Shiloh.

I shall relate one incident. When I left home for the war my father called me to him and laid his hand on my head and requested me, if I got the worst of it and ever came home to wear the same kind of clothes I went away in. I came home July 14, 1865. They were not looking for me, for they thought I was dead. My father thought I was a stranger, and asked me to come in. I asked him to come and look at these clothes and see if they would do, and he said "Come in, you are welcome, my boy." I am prouder of that uniform today than any clothes I ever wore. I would describe them to you, but it would not look well in print. If they could have been admitted at a "Tacky Party" they would have taken the cake.

I am proud of the clothes today, but like all the thoroughbred "Rebs" have buried the hatchet and accepted the inevitable, but still cherish the memory of the proud little flag and the tacky suit of clothes.

ROBERT AGUSTUS BRANTLEY, Summerville, Tex.—Was born June 3, 1839, at Fort Valley, Houston County, Georgia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1861, at Montgomery, Tex., as Corporal in Company D, Fifth Texas Regiment, Hood's Texas Brigade, First Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Mike Powel was my first Captain, and Archer my first Colonel. I was always with Longstreet and Jackson. I was wounded at the battle of second Manassas. I was shot through the body, also hit on the thigh by broken shell. I lay on the battlefield till the next morning, and was then carried to the gin-house, through which I had charged the evening before. I was taken prisoner at Gettysburg on the second day, and was taken to Fort Delaware, where I remained twenty-three months. There were great cards placed on the wall offering \$1,000 to any one who would take the oath and join the Union Army. Two regiments of deserters were made up there. We were told that they afterwards deserted and the place cards were torn down. All the Confederates who took this oath were afterwards taken to separate barracks and given three meals per day as their reward. I was released from prison in June, 1865. I might mention many deeds of heroism, but have not the space to tell them. I was promoted to Second Lieutenant by seniority. My brigade brought up the rear of the army from Yorktown to Williamsburg, fought the battle of Elkins landing, then brought up the rear of the army to Richmond. It was raining all the way, muddy and slippery.



I was in the battle of Seven Pines and on duty as picket around Richmond. From there I went to Gen. Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. I came back to Richmond in the rear of McLellan. I fought in the battle of Gaines Mill as color bearer. In the beginning Onderdonk was shot down. I took the colors and planted them on the heights one hundred yards ahead of my regiment. I was complimented for the deed by Col. Robinson and Lieut. Col. Upton. I fought at White Oak swamp in advance of the army, and also from there to Malvern Hill. Here my regiment was under the heaviest cannonading during the war. We fought the battle on Hazel Run and part of the Rappahannock battle. My regiment was in front of the corps while passing through Thoroughfare Gap. Reached Gen. Jackson the second day at Manassas. We made a charge at night and got all tangled up with the Federals. It was so dark we did not know each other. I marched out with a Federal and did not discover my mistake until I reached their campfire, then I turned for home. The next day we fought the main battle. I was wounded and did not get back until the battle of Fredericksburg. From there we went to Suffolk, where we had one continual round of picket battles. Our next battle was at Gettysburg, where I was captured on Round Top Mountain.

Seven Days' Battle Around Richmond.—After the battle line was formed, Gen. Hood held the Fourth Texas in reserve, and ordered the remaining portion of the brigade to move forward. This meant to go forward to where our own troops were lying in battle line in front of the enemy's works; there to halt and await orders to fix bayonets and charge. This, I presume, every regiment did; anyway the Fifth Texas did. I will digress here and speak of myself. Early in the morning, when the Fifth Texas was formed, Adj. Kerr said: "Today we expect some of the heaviest fighting of our lives, and I want five men from separate companies to volunteer to be color guards." At this request I stepped out in front of my company (D) and Frank Eldridge in front of Company E. We were the only volunteers.

He said: "Brantley, as you were the first, I will place you on the right of the flag, and Eldridge on the left." The other three he detailed, but I do not remember who they were.

We marched on paths and through woods, slowly, all day, halting now and then, until we came to where Gen. Lee stood, and there we right faced for battle. When the order came to move forward, the Fifth Texas moved almost straight in front, meeting great bodies of straggling men with wounded coming out of the fight, sometimes breaking our ranks so bad that it kept up a confusion; they would implore us not to go, as it was certain death, the place was impregnable; we moved steadily on through brush and field until we were within 100 yards of Pow White Creek, just to the left of where the Fourth Texas crossed. We were then halted and ordered to file to the left upon the top of the hill fronting that terrible place at the head of Pow White Creek, which the stragglers said we could not take. There is no wonder that Gen. Jackson said: "These men that carried that place were soldiers indeed." (Meaning the brigade.)

We found a thin line of Confederate soldiers on the hill; it is said several regiments charged before us, and it was appalling to look upon them. We rested here and fired two or three rounds. As yet the Fourth Texas had not arrived; it was behind, and when it came up, Gen. Hood gave no orders for the brigade to charge, but moved the Fourth Texas right into battle, and as soon as they began to fire all regiments knew that the charge was on and moved off at once.



**Fifth Texas Charge.**—Rapidly the order passed down the line, the smoke rising from the Federal works beneath us was so dense that we could not see them, and did not see them until we got beneath it. The old Indian war whoop, now called the "Rebel yell," was raised, and but a few bounds over the dead was made before we were standing at the brink of Pow White Creek and spring, pouring lead into the Federals as rapidly as we could load our guns. We, with the flag, landed at the spring, where the gulch began, and the best place to cross the creek. I, without delay, soon crossed and raised my gun to shoot the first Federal I saw rise from his works; he ran, looking back at me, and some one shot him down.

Onderdonk, the color bearer, crossed right behind me and at the same place, Eldredge next. As soon as Onderdonk hit the ground he was shot down and the flag came down at my left. I caught it and looked at him. He said: "Take it, I am shot."

I then dropped my gun, drew my sword bayonet, raised the flag above my head with a yell, and moved with all speed for the heights, and when I passed over this wounded Federal he was still looking at me. I was soon at the crest of the hill, which was nearly 100 yards from my regiment; at the top of this hill were a few tents, and I stopped near one of them, and there stood three officers and two privates talking earnestly; the officers seemed to be looking down the hill with their backs half turned to me, the privates were on the far side of the officers, looking in my direction. When I ran up and yelled, one of them with an oath said, "there is a d— rebel now," and raised his gun to shoot, and as he did I threw the flag in his face; he fired, but did not hit me. After this they all broke and ran down the hill. I then looked for my regiment and saw the right wing moving up to the spring to cross the gulch and the left wing going around the head of the spring. The Federals were still in their works. This crossing delayed the regiment, but they were fighting desperately. I turned and surveyed the field before me.

I saw battery No. 1 to my left with many pieces. I looked to the right and saw Federals moving toward battery No. 2, which was on the right of the Fourth Texas. Then I saw the Fourth Texas coming in sight at the top of the hill, moving in the same direction. The third battery was more or less hid from me with brush, but I saw one flash. These cannon could not use grape on the field lest they would roll down and kill their own men; they used them for long distances over their heads; this is why their works were under the hill. No Federal was between the Fourth Texas and myself—the field was clear.

I looked back for my regiment and the Federals were right on me, coming out of their works, moving panic-stricken; they were so thick that I could not see my regiment; they would run against me, and I was kept busy trying to keep out of their way. I might have killed many of them with my sword, but I thought peace at that time was the better part of valor; not my life alone was at stake, but the flag I held, and thought best not to use my sword unless it was in self-defense.

After I found they were harmless, I moved a little nearer the tent, where they did not keep me so busy trying to keep clear of them. I threw my eyes over the field again and saw battery No. 1 limbering up, moving away; then I looked for the Fourth Texas, and it was standing still, but soon started out for battery No. 1. The whole field was covered with Federals, and running around the Fourth Texas, I could see them beyond the Fourth Texas. There must have been more than 3,000 or 4,000. I could not distinguish the men of the Fourth Texas, but could see the flag as it moved toward battery No. 1. When the Fourth Texas was about half the



distance, Capt. Turner was the first officer (I think the flag was next to his company) who came up to me. I called his attention to the Fourth Texas flag, and suggested that he caution our men about shooting in that direction, which he did. The Fifth Texas then passed beyond the tents and formed, then followed the retreating enemy to near battery No. 1, where the Fourth Texas flag bearer was sitting on a cannon. If the Fifth Texas could have crossed the creek easily they would have been first on the hill, but the Fourth Texas is entitled to this honor, as I myself witnessed. We then turned to the left, where there were some hay stacks; the officers then discovered that many Federals were still running out from the works we had just passed, that we had better go back and put a stop to it; so we faced and marched back to the tents, where we met a regiment 1,100 strong. They first appeared like they intended to give us battle, some of them did fire into the regiment. We were then about thirty feet apart, and when they did our boys began to advance and fire upon them; with this they cried out with terrible rapidity, "We surrender." Some one answered, "Throw down your guns," and they seemed to drop them simultaneously, and many of them ran toward the flag, falling on their knees and begging for their lives. Some one said to them: "Stand up and die like men." Some of the boys ran to the Colonel to take his sword, but he said he would surrender it to an officer. After this Lieut. Col. Upton soon appeared and he took it.

After this close to the left another regiment was taken trying to get out; its size I did not learn.

I could write much more about this battle, but space forbids.

THOMAS BRATTON, Fort Worth, Texas.—Born in Shropshire, England, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, in Tarrant County, Texas, as private. My first captain was G. M. Roberts and my first Colonel was Geo. D. Alexander. Was afterwards transferred to Capt. Polk's company under Lieut. Col. Hill. I first went to work for the State, but was afterwards transferred to the Confederate Government under the officers named above, and served till the close of the war in the Trans-Mississippi Department. I asked permission to go into the field service, but was refused.

THOMAS EMERSON BRECKENRIDGE of Terrell, Texas.—Born Dec. 2, 1845 at Nana-fa-lia, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, as private in Company C. Witherspoon Guards, Twenty-First Alabama Regiment, Gen. Gladden's Brigade, Gen. Withers' Division, Gen. Bragg's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

My first Captain was James Rembert, first Colonel, James Crawford. Served twelve months in this command. My health having failed at Corinth, Miss., was discharged in November, 1862, and in 1863 before my health was completely restored I enlisted in Company B, Eighth Alabama Cavalry, Capt. H. H. Horton commanding this company, Col. Livingston commanding the regiment, Gen. James H. Clanton, brigade commander.

Was never wounded or taken prisoner. I was in the battles of Shiloh, Decatur, Lochapoka and a number of skirmishes. Our command scouted from Rome, Ga., to Decatur, Ala., covering a large scope of the country, protecting Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad and railroad bridge over the Coosa River.

I have always tried to do my full duty, never shirked or dodged anything that came into my line of service. When I was discharged from the in-



fantry service my Captain wrote across the back of my discharge: "He has made an excellent soldier."

Our regiment, the Twenty-First Alabama, was stationed at Fort Gaines below Mobile, Ala. I drilled in heavy artillery. From there we were sent to Fort Pillow on the Mississippi and then sent back to Corinth, Miss. After the Shiloh fight a large part of the army was stricken with camp fever. My brother, R. M. Breckenridge, and myself being among the number. We were sent with many others to LaGrange, Tenn., to hospital where my brother died and I was taken to the private residence of Dr. John H. Grey, a Presbyterian minister, and nursed through a five weeks' siege of typhoid fever. I was just able to be up when Corinth was evacuated and came near being captured at Grand Junction by Federal cavalry. We were sent by way of Holly Springs to Jackson, Miss., and then to Meridian. The train from Jackson to Meridian was heavily loaded with sick soldiers and ran over a cow and was wrecked; twenty or more were killed and quite a lot severely hurt. During my service in cavalry while scouting in the mountains of North Alabama was often in danger of bushwhackers and Tories, the mountains furnishing a secure hiding place for them.

In the attack of Gen. Grant at Shiloh, in our command was a drummer boy named Tommie Hilton, fifteen years old, when ordered to the rear, left his drum and joined the company with his rifle and in a few minutes was shot through the face, a minie ball going in in front of one ear and out in front of the other ear, breaking his upper jaw and knocking out many of his teeth. He was thought dead at first, but was sent to the rear and by careful nursing his life was saved, he rejoined the regiment in a few months and served until the close of the war.

Capt. Rembert was shot down in the first charge. John Root, a New Yorker by birth, and a member of my company, was trying to climb over a little log that was near him and was struck with five balls and killed on top of the log.

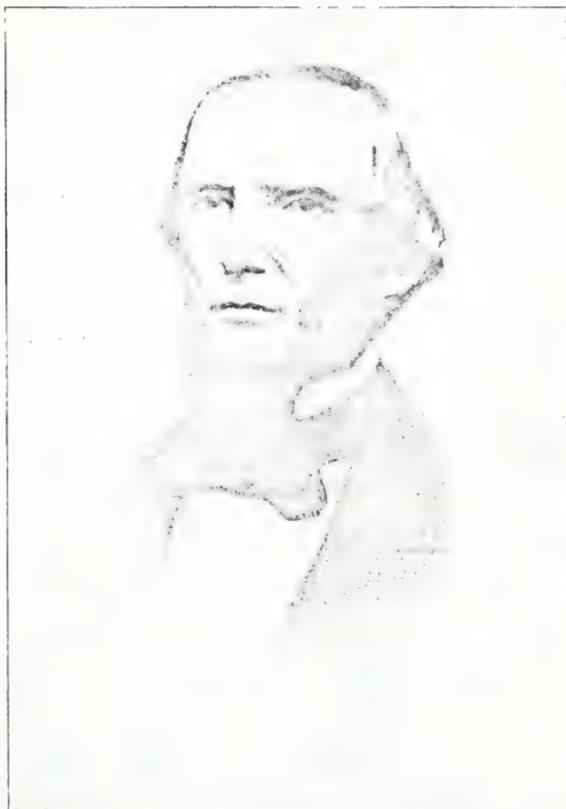
W. M. BREEDING, Amarillo, Texas.—Born Nov. 22, 1840, in Russell County, Ky. At the first call in '61 I enlisted in the Confederate Army at Carthage, Mo., as private. The company was not lettered, as it was enlisted for only three months. Was in detail service in Green's Brigade. My first Captain was John Mills, who comanded a company in Brook's Battalion. After three months had expired I re-enlisted in the same company and same battalion. Was wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge in right leg, though not very seriously. Was also wounded at Carthage in the thigh and left arm. Did not consider it serious, but it bothered me for four years. Was taken prisoner at Oak Grove and sent to Alton, Ill. Was elected Second Lieutenant twice, but would not accept the office, as I preferred to be in the ranks.

Was in the battles of Wilson Creek and Lexington, Mo., and Pea Ridge, Ark.; Carthage, Mo.; Lone Jack and Oak Grove, Ark., as well as many skirmishes.

JACOB C. BRENNON—Was born July 1, 1841, at Abington, Va., enlisted in the Confederate Army, April 18, 1861, near Abington, Va., as private in Company K, Thirty-Seventh Virginia Infantry, Gen. Jackson's division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Dr. James White; first Colonel, S. V. Fulkerson. I was never wounded, but was captured April 6, 1865, and sent to Point Lookout, Md.

J. E. BREWER (deceased), Farmersville, Texas—Born Aug. 12, 1840, near Union Springs, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862,





**GENERAL BEN McCULLOUGH.**

Born in Tennessee, Nov. 11, 1811. Was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge,  
Ark., March 7, 1862.



in the Seventeenth Alabama Regiment, and was afterwards transferred to the Ninth Battalion. Was killed at Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863. They went into the battle under Gen. Bragg on Sunday morning and in a hot engagement they were ordered to lie down. He was behind a log along with others and it is supposed that when he raised to fire, a shell exploded and tore off the top of his head. He was buried in a trench on the field. His messmates, Warren Wilkerson among them, buried him and started to bring his Testament and his knife and some other things to his wife, but they were stolen at the hospital. The last letter he wrote to his wife was written on the field of battle. He said he was worn out. He was writing on his knee. They were expecting a general engagement and he was killed before the letter reached home. May the good spirits watch over his lonely resting place till he meets with his loved ones "on the other shore."

**M. V. BREWER**, Ranger, Eastland County, Texas.—Born in Grayson County, Va., twenty miles from Independence. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Floyd County, Ga., and was mustered in at Richmond, Va., April 3, 1861, as private, Company C, Twenty-Third Georgia Infantry. Name of my first Captain was Ballinger and first Colonel was Bess; Hill's Division and then Hoke's, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Virginia. We were sent to Charleston, S. C., in the winter of '63, and in the spring of '64 were sent to Florida. Was there a short time and returned to Old Virginia, where we stayed till early spring of '65 and went to North Carolina. Was never wounded. Was in the battles of South Mountain, Md., in 1862; Sharpsburg, Md.; Bentonville, N. C. Of all the battles I was in, Fort Sumpter was the hardest. I stayed there fourteen days on duty without taking off my clothes, day or night. The place is out in the sea and I got plenty of it. On the trip to Maryland I was very weak, but waded Potomac River, going and coming. It is strange how much men can stand; more even than a horse; at least they did in those days.

John Fowler was shot in the head a few paces from me and Tom Williams was killed by my side later in the day at Sharpsburg. Williams never knew what hit him, as he was shot over the eye and the blood would have run on my feet if I had not raked up the dirt and stopped it.

**JAMES E. BRIDGES** of Gainesville, Texas.—Born at Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army August, 1861, as private in Company H, Thirty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Walker's Brigade (several men in charge of the brigade at different times), Gen. Cheatham's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Ed T. Goliday, first Captain, and R. L. Looney, first Colonel. There was no change in the army. Our regiment was changed so often that I find it difficult to give brigades and divisions. Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner at Perryville, Ky., Oct. 9, 1862, at the hospital, where I was detailed as nurse and remained a prisoner until March, 1863; took French leave and ran the blockade to join the command in Tullahoma, Tenn.

Was promoted to Second Sergeant of my company at the re-organization in April, 1863. I was made prisoner the second time and was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. This was in August, 1863. I remained in this prison until March, 1864, and was then sent to Fort Delaware and remained there until March, 1865, when I was paroled at Richmond, Va. I surrendered at Nashville, Tenn., May 19, 1865, and reached home the same day. Was in the battle of Shiloh, 6th and 7th of April, 1862, and at Perryville, Ky., October 8th of the same year.

**F. M. BRIGGS** of Como, Texas.—Born Oct. 6, 1842, near Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, in the



city of Oxford, as Corporal, in Company K, Twenty-Second Mississippi Regiment, Gen. Featherston's Brigade, Lester, first Captain, and Bohman, first Colonel, Gen. Loring's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. I was not wounded during the war. The good Lord had his protecting hand over me and I came through without getting hurt. Was engaged in a number of battles, but was never taken prisoner. Was at the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, eight days' fight at Jackson, Miss.; Resaca, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek and Lookout Mountain.

I served my country for four long years when we became overpowered, but was never whipped. I was always at my post of duty unless sick. I went all through the campaign of Georgia fighting the blue coats. Sometimes we were without shoes, and have gone as long as three days at a time without anything to eat, but we fought them just the same.

I was in the battle of Kenesaw Mountain. Here we had a big battle. Jim Murphy, an old friend of mine, went out with we and we messed together and he was killed in the last battle we fought, which was Greensboro, N. C. This was a very hard battle.

I will say to the reader, if I could see you and be with you I could tell you a great deal more than I am able to write.

**J. B. BRISCOE** of Sweetwater, Texas.—Born Jan. 14, 1846, near Honey Grove, Fannin County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army February, 1862, at Farmersville, Texas, as bugler in Company E, Sixteenth Texas Cavalry, John R. Briscoe, first Captain, and Wm. Fitzhugh, Colonel. Was detailed and sent back to Texas to gather beef for the Confederate Government in 1864. I was in Beard's frontier expedition, with J. D. Lasater as Captain. My battles were against hunger. We were often fed on corn in the shuck, sometimes wheat bran alone, and sometimes bacon alone. I was in no regular battles, nothing but skirmishes and scouting.

**B. M. BRITAIN** of Seymour, Texas.—Born June 17, 1848, at Dallas, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1863, as private in Company K, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, Gen. W. H. Parson's Brigade, with Thomas as first Captain and Tom M. Bufford, first Colonel. I was first in Capt. McKenney's company and served with him until my time of enlistment expired, which was six months. I then joined the Nineteenth Texas Cavalry and remained with them until the close of the war. I was wounded at the battle of Clothierville on April 22-24, 1864, Gen. Bank's raid (or rather retreat in Louisiana). I was struck by a piece of shell in the neck, and as a result lay in the hospital for some time. I was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Searcy, Camden, Ark.; Cape Girardeau, St. Francis, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Granecore, Nacogdoches, Blair's Landing, Clouthierville and in a great many cavalry skirmishes.

**B. F. BRITT**, Greenville, Texas.—Born Dec. 20, 1847, at Mineral Springs, Howard County, Ark., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1864, in Howard County, Ark., as private in Company B, McNeill's Regiment, Gen. Dockery's Division. My first Captain was Scott and first Colonel was McNeill. I served on post duty all the time and consequently was never wounded nor captured and was in no battles. I did my duty as well as I could and am glad that I escaped the carnage of war. We lost a number of men from disease, among whom I remember Frank Lesley, M. M. Zackery and Bill Nutt, as well as others who died of measles. We were not well fed and were poorly clothed.

We were stationed at Mineral Springs and Richmond, Ark., till February, 1865, when we were moved to Camden, Ark., where we lost many men. We were at Fort Lookout on Red River for a while.



JOSEPH BROCKELMAN, Galveston, Texas.—Born July 1, 1833, in Prussia, Westphalia, and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Galveston in 1861, as assistant engineer on the gunboat Bayou City. My first Captain was named Henry Lubbock, under Commodore Leon Smith. Was at the battle of Galveston when the Bayou City captured the Harriet Lane. I was not wounded, but a shell from the gunboat Owassa burst over the engine room of the Bayou City which caused a leakage of steam and I was badly scalded. I was not able to work, but reported for duty again.

I was on different steamboats to attend to repairs. Was at Sabine Pass to repair two gunboats, Clifton and Sachem, which were captured by Dick Dowling.

When the war broke out I was on the Bayou City, a transport running between Houston, Texas, and Galveston. She was fitted up for a gunboat.

J. M. BROILS of Waco, Texas.—Born April 18, 1842, near Millensburg, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, in Millensburg, as private in Company F, Second Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Pat Cleburne's Brigade; Tom D. White, first Captain, and W. B. Bate, first Colonel. Was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga in the hip. Captured at Peachtree Creek July 19, 1864, and sent to Camp Douglas, and was paroled after the surrender. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Farmington, Richmond, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Buzzard Roost, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain and Peachtree Creek.

NEWTON JASPER BROOKS of Breckenridge, Texas.—Born Jan. 13, 1842, near Andersonville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June, 1861, at Oak Bowrey, as private in Company A, Fourteenth Alabama Regiment, Rodger A. Pryor's Brigade, Mahone's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Virginia; W. D. Harington, first Captain, and Tom Judge, first Colonel.

Was never changed from the above company. Was wounded at the battle of Salem Church, a slight flesh wound in the hip. Was never taken prisoner or promoted. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Seven days' fight in front of Richmond, Bull Run, Sharpsburg and Gettysburg.

I volunteered at the age of 18 years, after having heard many public speakers who declared that very little "bloodshed" would take place between the North and South.

For awhile everything went smoothly; plenty of food and reasonable shelter. We were in camp of instruction at Auburn, Ala., until about the last of July, 1861. From here we were ordered to Huntsville, Ala., where we remained until the first of October. From there we went to Richmond, Va., where real service began. In January, 1862, the regiment was transferred back to Richmond to recruit in health and men. We next went to Yorktown, then to Seven Pines.

While on our way to Gettysburg food became scarce, and we had to forage for a living. A man by the name of Jack Ross and I were out in search of food. Calling at a man's house and seeing some nice chickens, we proposed to buy some from him, but he refused to sell. After being without food for some time, our appetites were keen for chicken, but we could not prevail on him to sell us any, so I told my companion to go around the chickens and drive them towards me. I made one quick lunge with the ramrod of my gun and that one stroke killed four. Of course the owner made many threats, but we stubbornly refused to pay. By this time our business lay rolling. And what a time we had that night feasting on chicken!



At the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, I saw trees twelve and fifteen inches in diameter shot down and torn all to pieces. This terrible fight occurred on April 30, 1863. We fought all day in the rain. The siege of Petersburg was another long hard fight. We were ordered up there after the "blow-up," which occurred at sun-up. Here we met a brigade of negroes led by a red-headed, one-arm man, who was shot down by our first volley, and fearful was the scene which followed. Nearly all of those negroes were killed, and actually their blood ran in a crevice made by the blow-up.

At Reams Station we had a little excitement. We, with just one brigade, and were charged by a whole corps of cavalry. They came towards us on their horses at full speed, but their guns being wet, failed to fire. They then drew their sabers and came right on. Of course, we fired at them, and by this time they were right upon us. I saw a man looking right at me with his saber drawn, and by this time we were on one knee with our guns sticking out in front of us to keep their horses from jumping on us. I raised my gun above my head just as the "Yank" struck at me, and his saber struck my gun without doing any damage. One of my friends failed to work his gun just right and got part of his scalp taken off. He immediately turned and ran towards the "Yanks," using very profane language, shooting at them, and cursing them as far as he could see them. Many other exciting occurrences could be related if I had the time. Was in almost all the regular battles which my company engaged in, and was with it when Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House.

**TAM BROOKS**, Hillsboro, Texas.—Born in McLemore's Cove, near Cassandra Postoffice, Walker County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Charleston, Tenn., as private in Company E, "Third Confederate" Regiment, Gen. Tom Harrison's Brigade, Gen. Wharton's Division, Gen. Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was John D. Pope, and first Colonel was Jas. Howard. I was taken prisoner at Chickamauga in 1863 and sent to Indianapolis, Ind., (Camp Morton), from which place I escaped on Nov. 14, 1864, and landed at Augusta, Ga. About December, 1864, was transferred to John Gatewood's Scouts and remained in this capacity till the close of the war. I had the good fortune not to be wounded and was captured only on the occasion referred to. I never held any office, but was courier for Gen. Joe Wheeler. I was with the army of Tennessee in all its campaigns from the time of my enlistment till the Yanks "yanked me" at Chickamauga and stopped my amusements.

I am neither a "Scribe nor Pharisee" and not good at either writing or spelling, but when I get to talking "incidents or war stories," I am worse than an eight-day clock.

**S. A. BROSS**, Mullen, Texas.—Born May 5, 1841, near Abeyville, S. C., and enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, as private in Company I, (Wetumpka Light Guards), Third Alabama Infantry, Gen. Cullen Battle's Brigade, Gen. W. E. Rodes' Division, Gen. Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was E. S. Reedy, and first Colonel was Tennent Lomax. I had three brothers, J. J., B. F. and G. W. Bross, in the same company. We were mustered into service at Montgomery, Ala., and sent to the coast of Florida for duty. In the fall of 1862 we were sent to Norfolk, Va., then to Richmond. I was wounded in the hip and hand at the battle of Seven Pines by a minie (1oz.) ball. Was never taken prisoner and the only promotion I had was to Sergeant. Was in the battle of Seven Pines and Drewry's Bluff. I spent most of my time on detail service. About the last of April, 1862, we were transferred to Wilmington, N. C., from



there to Halifax and Weldon, and from there to Petersburg, where we did some quick work in defense of Richmond by blockading the river, building breastworks and mounting them with guns. All this was done under fire from the enemy's vessels, but without damage to our regiment. Then we went to Richmond to see "Uncle Jeff," as the boys called him. As we marched down Main street, men, women and children crowded the sidewalks all the way. Such distress I never want to see again. "Save our city. Save our homes," was all we could hear the whole way and their sufferings were almost as great as that of the boys in the ranks. We passed on to Capitol Hill, where President Davis made us a speech. We were mustered in with one thousand two hundred and fifty-six men and mustered out at Appomattox with one hundred and seventy-six men. In the battle where I was wounded we were held as reserves. We were ordered to relieve a North Carolina Brigade and reached the field about seven p. m. and lay in line till five o'clock the next morning (June 1st), when we were ordered to charge. By some misunderstanding the left wing of our brigade failed to reach its place and fell in our rear and when the fight opened the enemy fired into us in front and the regiment which failed to get into its place, fired into our rear. Little Doc Rouse, as the boys called him, never let the flag go down, though it was somewhat disfigured. The last command that Col. Lomax gave was to fall back in good order and then fell dead. It seems that I see him now as if falling. The regiment fell back in good order and I was soon alone. Miller was dead near me and several were groaning and calling for water. I abhorred being captured and began to try to get up and get away. It was only a short distance out of range of the enemy's fire and I managed to go on my hands and one foot, and when I got there I was exhausted from the loss of blood and my thirst was something terrible. My brother John and others came to me, but could get me no water. John would have stayed with me, but every able-bodied man was needed in the ranks, so he bade me goodbye and I never saw him again. I was taken to a hospital where I lay for some months and was finally sent home, but was never able for field service again and was given work in a hospital, where I witnessed much suffering from sickness as well as wounds. My brother, J. J. Bross, was taken sick and never recovered. G. W. Bross was taken to prison and was very sick, but was well nursed by the good women of Hagerstown, Md. He never ceased to thank them. It is hard to imagine the suffering of the Virginia army, and I have said nothing about the noble women, God bless them, a nobler race never lived. They were ever ready to render their services to the sick or wounded.

I asked to be discharged from Richmond and rejoined my regiment the first day of January, 1864, but was soon put in the commissary department. A widow's son (W. Peck), who had not been at home in three years, drew a furlough home and how happy he was, but how ragged. I was at the commissary and he asked me for a lunch to eat as he went home, but I told him I had nothing and that was what I got I would have to steal, but told him where to look that evening and he found a small ham. He had one shirt which he washed that night and next morning was ready for the trip. He came by next morning and thanked me for what I had done for him and that was the last I ever saw of Billy. It would be impossible for me to tell of all my own sufferings, which were common to all our men of the Virginia army.

W. G. Bross was wounded near Atlanta, Ga., by a piece of shell, crawled into a boxcar and was without bread or water for two days before he was found.



**ANSEL W. BROWN** of Athens, Texas.—Born in 1842 in DeKalb County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 11, 1861, as private in Company D, at Wedi, Ala., Thirteenth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Archer's Brigade, Gen. Heath's Division, Gen. Hill's Corps, Army of the Potomac, Akin, first Captain, and Fry, first Colonel.

Was never changed. Was wounded a number of times. Was hit twenty-six times in all. I was in the following battles: Two at Yorktown, three at Seven Pines, one at Malvern Hill, two at Sharpsburg, and one at Gettysburg. The others were minor. I was taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg July 4, 1863, and carried to Philadelphia. Was never promoted. I was in most of the battles fought or participated in by the Army of the Potomac.

**B. W. BROWN** of Edna, Texas.—Born Oct. 15, 1841, in Jackson County, Fla. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1863, at Port Lavaca, Texas, as private in Company A, Shay's Battalion, John A. Vernon, first Captain, and A. M. Hobby, first Colonel. Was changed to Galveston. Was never wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the bombardment at Fort Esparanza.

**D. S. BROWN** of Mount Vernon, Texas.—Born in Calhoun County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 1, 1862, in Cherokee County, Ala., as private in Company G, Forty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Law's Brigade, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Virginia, John Mariner, first Captain, and Jas. Sheffield, first Colonel.

Was transferred from Jackson's Corps to Longstreet's. Was in the battle of the Seven Days' fight in front of Richmond, Cedar Mountain, second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Chickamauga, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg and Petersburg. Surrendered April 19, 1865, with Lee at Appomattox Court House.

**ELI JUDSON BROWN** of Fairfield, Texas.—Born April 8, 1845, near Lumpkin, Stewart County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1862, at Columbus, Ga., as private in Company G, Forty-Sixth Georgia Regiment, Gist's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, Ball, first Captain, and P. H. Colquitt, first Colonel.

Was changed from Walker's Division to Cheatham's at Atlanta, Ga., on the 22nd of July, 1864, on account of Gen. Walker being killed. I was never wounded (God's providence). I did my best. Promoted to Sergeant. I was next put in command of a company while in North Carolina. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Franklin, Nashville, and then back to North Carolina and surrendered.

**JAMES RICHARD BROWN** of Gatesville, Texas.—Born Aug. 24, 1846, near Baton Rouge, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1862, at Monroe, La., as private in Company F, Second Louisiana Regiment, Gens. Cobb's, Stark's and Stafford's Brigade, Gen. Johnston's Division, Gen. Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, O. M. Watkin and Martin Redwine, first Captains, Leavey and Jesse Williams, first Colonels.

Was never changed. Was wounded at Malvern Hill. Had four ribs broken by a piece of shell. Was taken prisoner May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania Court House, Va. Was first sent to Point Lookout, Md., and later to Elmira, N. Y. Was paroled in March, 1865, but never was exchanged. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of the Seven Days' fight around Rich-



mond, Cedar Run, Second Battle of Manassas, Chantilly, Harpers' Ferry, Sharpsburg, Winchester, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House.

**J. BUN BROWN**, Crawford Texas.—Born near Louisville, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at that place as private in Company F, Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment, Gen. Buckner's Brigade, Gen. Pillow's Division, Army of Tennessee. Was disabled from exposure at Fort Donelson and was transferred to Forrest's Cavalry. Was taken prisoner the 16th of February, 1862, at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas. My brigade was in the charges on the battery on the 15th. Was in the battles of Missionary Ridge and Shiloh. Joined Forrest's Cavalry in May, 1863, and came out after the surrender at Appomattox with President Jeff Davis, who was captured near Washington, Ga. After the fall of Richmond, Gen. Ferguson's Brigade left Savannah, Ga., to go to Johnston's Army in North Carolina and met President Davis in North Carolina and made the run to get him on the west side of the Mississippi River. The Yankees wanted Davis badly and had numerous cavalry detachments after him, and offered a reward of \$100,000 for his capture. At Washington, Ga., we were met by citizens and also Gen. Bob Toombs, the greatest man I ever saw, who advised Ferguson to surrender, as a world of Yankees were after us; two heavy forces between us and the Mississippi River and we were too few to charge a column as we once would have done, so we gave up our guns. Many men shed tears that came from the soul. We were few in numbers. We could do no more. I was with the Confederacy in its last agony, but I am with its spirit yet and will be as long as I live. I reverence the dust which covers the "boys in gray" as well as those who live. There was never a nobler lot of men ever went to war and I have never seen an old Confederate that regretted the financial loss he sustained in the service of the cause he loved so well.

**JOHN MATHEWS BROWN** of Austin, Texas.—Born in Lewisburg, near White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier County, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 11, 1862, at Lexington, Va., at the age of 17, as cannoneer in First Rockbridge Battery, First Virginia Regiment, Stonewall's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, John McCamland, first Captain, and John Thompson Brown, first Colonel.

Was in the following battles: Scurry Branch, July 13, 1861; Sewell Mountain, Sept. 24, 1861; Kernstown, March 23, 1862; First Winchester, May 25, 1862; Charleston, May 28, 1862; Cross Keys, June 8, 1862; Port Republic, June 9, 1862; White Oak Swamp, June 30, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; First Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862; Second Fredericksburg, (Chancellorsville), May 2, 3 and 4, 1863; Second Winchester, June 14, 1863; Gettysburg, July 2 and 3, 1863; Rappahannock Station, Nov. 9, 1863; Gold Mine Run, Nov. 27, 1863; Spottsylvania, May 12, 13 and 14, 1864; Cold Harbor, June 3 and 4, 1864; Deep Bottom, July 27, 1864; New Market, Sept. 28, 1864; Battery Gilmer, Sept. 29, 1864; Fort Harrison, Oct. 1, 1864; Evacuation of Richmond, Va. (night), April 2, 1865; Cumberland Church, April 8, 1865, and the surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

The spring of 1861 found me a school boy in Charleston, among the mountains of Western Virginia. I was sixteen years old, and small for my age, but old enough to understand the questions which had been agitating our country since the "John Brown raid" two years before, and which had culminated in the secession of the Southern States.



Like most of the school boys, I anxiously hoped to take part in this opening drama, but was set aside as too small to handle a musket, and too young to enlist without a parent's consent. I gained a reluctant consent from my father in July, and solved the problem of a weapon by making cartridges to fit a small shotgun my father had given me three years before. Thus equipped, on July 10th I joined the small force assembling on the Kanawha River, twelve miles below Charleston, to oppose the advance of the Ohio Volunteers then on their way to overrun that part of Virginia.

July 13, 1861, I witnessed the first fighting, where our small force of seven hundred men was attacked. We drove from the field a force of two thousand infantry, five hundred cavalry, and a battery of artillery, wounding and capturing the commanding officer (a Col. Norton), and a number of other prisoners. Soon after this we were ordered to leave this extreme line and to fall back toward the center of the State.

In September we again met their advance on Sewell Mountain, and after desultory fighting, they fell back to safe ground and went into winter quarters. Being footloose, I went over to Rockbridge County, and on March 11, 1862, I joined the First Rockbridge Battery, which was part of the Stonewall Brigade. I served as cannoneer in this company through the war, surrendering with it at Appomattox in April, 1865.

I was seriously wounded only once, having my left hip torn open by a fragment of shell at Malvern Hill during the last of the Seven Days fighting around Richmond in June and July, 1862. I was laid up nearly three months and missed the heavy fighting at Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg.

I hurried to join the army while in Maryland, but reached it September 20th, two days after the army recrossed to the Virginia side of the Potomac, and with slight intervals I was with them to the end.

From July, 1864, to April, 1865, we were part of the force defending Richmond, and, while few battles are recorded, the fighting was continuous. This, however, is part of history. The list of battles herewith enclosed represents the historic fights in which, as a member of this company, I was engaged. It would not be possible to enumerate the days of fighting and desultory skirmishing we endured, and hardly fair to mention other historic battles where we were present and ready to engage, but were not called into action because, from lack of position or other cause, the artillery was not used. Such for instance, as the battles of McDowell in May, and Gaines' Mill in June, 1862, or the fighting at the Wilderness in May, 1864, where Col. John Thompson Brown, our commander, was killed while looking for a position for our company. For this reason I have not listed these battles, though in most of them we were under fire.

You ask for incidents in connection with these campaigns, and I can remember many, but lack of time just at present prevents, and this sketch is already too long. I would like to note incidents which came under my observation of the heroic women who suffered and who ministered to us in those trying times, and to whom we owe even more than to the returned soldiers, the marvelous development and present prosperity of our beloved Southland.

You have a heritage in the motherhood of the South far higher and more enduring than any country in any age can boast, and I doubt not—yes, I know—that the daughters of these noble women are stepping in their footsteps and emulating their example.

God bless the motherhood of the South, the generation now illuminating the evening of declining years, their daughters so nobly and beautifully ministering in their places, and the bright-eyed children adorning the



pathway leading up to a higher and truer and better life. May God richly bless them all.

(In a letter from Mr. Brown's chaplain, H. W. White, he states that "Mr. Brown was considered the best shot in the Rockbridge Battery and indeed, in the battalion; if I mistake not, your Col. Hardway had this idea.")

**R. C. BROWN** of Lytle, Texas.—Born July 10, 1838, near Bolivar, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 22, 1861, at Bolivar, as private in Company E, Seventh Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, Gen. Bedford's Brigade (doubtful as to brigade), Army of Tennessee, J. J. Neely, first Captain, and W. H. Jackson, first Colonel. Was never changed nor wounded. Had two horses wounded, one at Hernando, Miss., and another at Athens, Ala.; escaped myself with many holes through my clothing from minie balls. Never captured, but had many narrow escapes, but always came out ahead. Was never promoted. Was in the battle of Belmont, Mo., but was not engaged, as I was on guard duty. Was under bombardment day and night for seven weeks at Island No. 10. I was in the following battles: Hernando, Miss.; Holly Springs, Miss.; Germantown, Tenn.; Athens, Ala., and several others. Was paroled at Corinth, Miss., on May 20, 1865.

**RICHARD BROWN** of Keller, Texas.—Born at Nashville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 11, 1862, at Nashville, as private in Company A, Eleventh Regiment, Gen. Chaeatham's Brigade, Gen. Hardee's Division, Gen. Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee; first Captain, McCaim; James Rain, first Colonel.

Was never changed. Was wounded at both Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. Was taken prisoner in January, 1863, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Wild Cat, Knoxville, Chickamauga, Peachtree Creek and many others.

**WAYMAN BROWN** of Pilot Point, Texas.—Born Nov. 8, 1846, at Sparta, White County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 12, 1864, at Sparta, Tenn., as private in Company H, Eighth Tennessee Cavalry. Gen. G. G. Dibrell's Brigade, Gen. Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Jim Barns, first Captain, and Dibrell, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Salt Works, Jonesboro, Columbia, S. C., and a great many skirmishes. Was on the raid from Atlanta to Savannah. I traveled with Jeff Davis from Greensboro, N. C., to Washington, Ga., where he gave each of us \$26 in gold.

**W. C. BROWN**, Gainesville, Texas.—Born in New Market, Madison County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June, 1861, at Unionville, Tenn. Enlisted at the age of 20 years as Second Sergeant in Company F, Twenty-Third Tennessee Infantry, Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, Gen. Buckner's Division, Gen. Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; W. C. Blanton, first Captain, and J. F. Nail, first Colonel. Was changed to the Northern Virginia Army after the battle of Chickamauga and sent to Knoxville to reinforce Gen. Longstreet where he had Burnside cooped up in the city after Gen. Bragg's defeat at Missionary Ridge. We wintered in East Tennessee, where we suffered more than we can tell, for want of shoes, and clothing. Some days we were issued two ears of corn for a day's ration. Was wounded at the battle of Shiloh April 6, 1862, across the left side. Also through the left arm. Received a slight wound at Chickamauga in the



mouth, but remained on the field. Lost forty-five days on account of wounds. Was never taken prisoner, but did some fine running to keep from being captured when others were surrendering. Was promoted to Sergeant-Major and served in this rank until the surrender at Appomattox Court House.

We then left for our homes, a march of 300 miles with only two days' rations—all the Federals gave us for this march, which was a shame. I was in the battles of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862; Chickamauga, Sept. 19 and 20, 1863; Murfreesboro, Dec. 31, 1862, and Jan. 1, 1863; Knoxville, November, 1863, Dec. 15-18, 1863; Bean's Station, Tenn., May 16, 1864. On May 16, 1864, we landed at Richmond and fought the battle of Drewry's Bluff, June 16-17, 1864. We were in front of Petersburg about twelve months, under fire most of the time during the siege of Petersburg.

**WILLIAM F. BROWN** of Goldthwaite, Texas.—Born Nov. 28, 1841, near Coffyville, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 3, 1861, at Pine Bluff, Ark., as private in Company C, Third Arkansas Regiment, Col. Pleasant's Brigade, Gen. Hindman's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; McSwaine, first Captain, and Morgan, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Prairie Grove, Jenkin's Ferry and Yellow Bayou.

It is not my purpose in giving the events that occurred in the four years' struggle between the North and South to enter into a detailed account of the causes that led up to the war. These are matters of history and have gone upon record, according to the prejudices and passions of the contending parties. When the Mason and Dixon line was first blazed out, the country was divided into two powerful, distinct and widely diverging factions, differing radically in the policy of the government and financial interests, and these of such magnitude that the casual observer will understand at once they must not only lead to a disruption of the government, but to war and bloodshed.

In 1861 Gen. Thomas Hindman was sent across the Mississippi River to organize the Trans-Mississippi Army. Then volunteers were called for. I, with others, responded to the call. On the third day of June, 1861, I was sworn in to service for three years or during the war. My company and regiment were organized, then took steamboat for Little Rock, Ark., to draw guns. Then we were drilled for several months and sent to Duvalls Bluff on White River, Ark., to guard that post. We were then sent further up the river to keep the Yanks from getting possession of White River. In July, 1862, we were ordered to meet Gen. Blount's army and it took us until the following December to meet him. During this time the boys died in great numbers with measles. In December we fought the battle of Prairie Grove. We were then ordered back to Fort Smith, Ark. We were fighting most every day, but no regular engagement. We had nothing to eat but meal and sometimes a little poor beef. We were then ordered south to meet Steele and cut him off from Red River, which we did. We met him at Jenkin's Ferry on the Saline River, fought him all day in the rain and water, drove him back and won the battle. I can not in this short paper give a full account of my soldier life.

**J. P. BROWNLOW** of Columbia, Tenn.—Born August 17th near Lynnvilleville, Giles County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Campbellsville as private in Company C, Third Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Buckner's Division, Gen. Pillow's Corps, J. W. Peden, first Captain, and J. C. Brown, first Colonel. After the fall of Fort Donelson, was



discharged and joined Capt. C. F. Burn's Rifles, Ninth Tennessee Regiment. I was also with Gen. Forrest and Gen. Wheeler. Was wounded at Fort Donelson and Franklin, Tenn. Was taken prisoner in 1862, was a prisoner for only five days. In 1862 was promoted to Second Lieutenant.

Was in the battles of Nashville, Fort Donelson and Franklin, New Hope Church and in a number of skirmishes. J. M. Hale of Farmersville, Texas, was with me at Mr. Yokley's when we captured the pickets and some horses. Have known Mr. Hale all my life, but was not with him in the regular army.

A. V. BRUCE, Matagorda, Texas.—Was born 1839 in Matagorda County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 4, 1861, as color bearer in Company D, Sixth Texas Infantry, Gen. Parson's Brigade, Gen. Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Parson first Captain and Garland first Colonel. Served four years and came out all right. Was never in the guard house. The first man to die in Company D, Sixth Texas, was Dolf Stirland at Arkansas Post, and a man by the name of Henry Smith died on a boat going up the river and was laid to rest in Kentucky.

Was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post Jan. 11, 1863, and carried to Camp Butler, Ill. Was promoted to First Lieutenant of the Sixth Texas. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Franklin and New Hope Church. After being prisoners for three months we were exchanged and returned to Richmond, Va.

JAMES L. BRUCE, Austin, Texas.—Was born Nov. 25, 1830, in Pittsylvania, Virginia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 in Adrain County, Mo., as private in Maupin's Company, Sixth Missouri Regiment, Gen. Clark's Brigade, Gen. Price's Division, Army of the Trans-Mississippi; Maupin first Captain. Was transferred to the Army of Tennessee. Was never wounded, captured or promoted. Was in the battles of Corinth, Iuka and Elkhorn.

M. T. BRUCE, Dallas, Texas.—Was born in Cumberland, Alleghany County, Md., Aug. 11, 1847. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 17, 1863, on the march to Gettysburg, as private in Company E, Eighteenth Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Imboden's Brigade, independent, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Scott and my first Colonel was George Imboden. Was attached to Capt. John M. McNeil's Company in the spring of 1864 and remained with them until the surrender in 1865. Was wounded in the face near Clear Spring, Md., on returning from Gettysburg with a foraging party of twenty men and six wagons. Nineteen out of the twenty were wounded. Was taken prisoner near Cumberland, Md., in 1864, and again at Moorefield in 1865, escaping both times. Was made orderly to Col. Geo. Imboden in 1863. My principal work was in skirmishing and supporting supply trains in surprise attacks and defenses. In these we got many prisoners and horses and other plunder of war. I participated in about thirty such encounters.

A short time after the war commenced Capt. John H. McNeil organized a company of scouts to operate along the Potomac River and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in what is now Hampshire County, W. Va. They were daring young men and accustomed to riding horses. They were principally from Hampshire, Hardy and Rockingham Counties, Va., and Cumberland, Md. They were attached to the regular Confederate Army and were under the supervision of the different generals who operated in the Shenandoah Valley; but were on detached service all the time,



and were called "McNeil's Partisan Rangers." They would harrass the enemy wherever found,—capture their pickets and scouting parties, destroy their wagon trains, destroy the railroad and bridges, capture trains and gather information about the movements of the enemy. They and a few others kept an army of Federals, estimated at fifteen or twenty thousand, employed and on guard along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from New Creek Station to Martinsburg, a distance of about one hundred miles. We made many daring raids, and captured thousands of prisoners.

But the most daring, adventurous and thrilling raid is the one about which I shall give in the words of Sergt. John B. Fay, J. L. Vandiver, John Daily Kuykendall and myself, who were participants in it, and among the principal actors.

Capt. McNeil was mortally wounded while guarding a bridge in the Shenandah Valley in the fall of 1864, and died in Harrisonburg, Va. His son, Lieut. Jesse C. McNeil, then took command of the "Rangers," which numbered generally from sixty to eighty men for duty. But on this Cumberland raid, as it is called, there were sixty-five picked men, who were acquainted with the country.

(From J. O. Casler's "Four Years with the Stonewall Brigade.")

Sergt. Joseph L. Vandiver of McNeil's Rangers, says: "From where we started, near Moorefield, on our perilous journey, the snow was about two feet deep in the mountain gorges. At times we were compelled to dismount and lead our horses, until we reached the residence of Mr. R. B. Seymour, a Southern sympathizer. When I told Mr. Seymour of our plans, he said: "For your sake, for God's sake, and your mother's sake, turn back. There are over eight thousand Federal troops in and around Cumberland; you have only a handful; you will never return alive." The old man, seeing that we were determined, turned loose upon us a whole barrel of apple brandy. We filled our canteens and proceeded on our journey. After fording the Potomac, which was running with ice and slush, and wetting every man up to the knees, we passed on down the main road from New Creek to Cumberland, which was traveled by scouts and others, passing ourselves off as Ringgold's Cavalry from New Creek. Moorefield is southeast of Cumberland. We were six miles west of Cumberland, on the Maryland side. Our main object now was to capture the pickets and get their countersign, when we would be safe. We knew where the pickets were posted and where the reserve post was. When we advanced on the first post, "Halt, who comes dare?" rang out on the air. "Forward, boys," said I. "It's a Dutch sentinel." We soon captured the sentinel, with two others, and asked for the countersign. "Me no geef it," he said. "Bring me a bridle rein," said I. After placing the rein around his neck, he said: "Bool's Kaap." Not understanding that, we asked the other two sentinels what the countersign was, and they, being Americans, replied, "Bull's Gap."

"Half the prize was now won. Taking one of the pickets along with us, we proceeded to the reserve post, one-half mile distant, with the threat that if we had been given the wrong countersign, death would be his portion. Arriving at the reserve post, we were halted, when we informed the guards that we were Ringgold's Cavalry, from New Creek, with important dispatches for General Kelley. While parleying over the countersign we surrounded the post of ten or twelve men, and called on them to surrender. They did so. We then broke their guns and threw them into the fire. We then paroled the pickets and told them to remain there



until we returned, knowing full well that we would succeed in our adventure or be captured before the alarm could be given.

"Our way was now clear, and, riding into Cumberland at the foot of Baltimore Street, we rode up the street whistling and singing 'Yankee Doodle.' Arriving at the hotels we divided, a squad of men dismounting at each hotel while the others remained on their horses. The detail entered the hotels and ordered the two generals—Gens' Crook and Kelly—to dress and follow them. John Daily was one of the party that entered Gen. Crook's room, and he secured some important papers, together with several stands of colors.

"Cumberland was my native place. I had on several previous occasions entered it with ease—once remaining a week, and, on my giving Capt. McNeil every assurance that this design could be successfully carried out, we were permitted to make the attempt. I was commissioned at once to proceed to Cumberland, or its vicinity, and prepare the way for our entry. At the time of which I write, six or eight thousand troops occupied the city, and on the night of our entry, in addition to the resident commander, Major-Gens. Kelly and Crook and Brig.-Gen. Hayes (since President of the U. S.), Lightburn and Duvall were temporarily in the city. A greater harvest of generals might have been reaped had we been aware of this latter fact. Sheridan was entrenched at Winchester with a considerable force of Federal troops. Kuykendall, who had been a prisoner in Kelly's hands and had a personal acquaintance with him, was placed in command of the men detailed to secure that general. To Sergt. Joseph L. Vandiver, a man of imposing figure and style, was given charge of the capture of General Crook. Sprigg Lynn, of Kuykendall's squad, was about the first to reach the pavement, where he captured and disarmed the sentry, who directed the party to the sleeping apartment of Gen. Kelly. Entering the hotel, the party first invaded the room on the second floor which proved to be that of the Adjutant-General. Arousing him they asked where Gen. Kelly was, and were told that he was in the adjoining apartment, the door of which was open and which they entered at once. When Gen. Kelly was awakened he was informed that he was a prisoner, and requested to make his toilet as speedily as possible. With some degree of nervousness the old General complied, inquiring as he did so to whom he was surrendering. Kuykendall replied: "To Capt. McNeil, by order of Gen. Rosser." He had little more to say after this, and in a very short space of time both he and Melvin were taken down to the street and mounted upon horses, the owners of which courteously gave the prisoners the saddle and rode behind. In this manner they were taken out of Cumberland, but as soon as separate horses could be procured they were given them. At the Revere House an almost identical scene took place. The sentry having been taken and disarmed, the capturing party ascended the stone steps of the hotel and found the outside door locked. The door was opened by a small colored boy and the party entered. The boy was greatly alarmed at the brusque manner of the unexpected guests, whom he evidently suspected of improper attentions. When asked if Gen. Crook was in the hotel, he said: "Yes, sar, but don't tell him I tole you." And he afterwards made the inquiry: "What kind of men is you all, anyway?" While Vandiver and Daily were getting a light in the office below, Gassman went to No. 46, Gen. Crook's apartment, and, thinking the door was locked, knocked at it several times. A voice within asked: "Who's there?" Gassman replied: "A friend," and was told to "come in." Vandiver, Daily and Tucker arrived by this time and all entered the room. Approaching the bed, where the General lay, Vandiver said in a pompous manner: "Gen. Crook,



you are my prisoner." "What authority have you for this?" inquired Crook. "The authority of Gen. Rosser of Fitzhugh Lee's Division of Cavalry," Vandiver replied. Crook then rose and said: "Is Gen. Rosser here?" "Yes," replied Vandiver. "I am Gen. Rosser; I have twenty-five men with me, and we have surprised and captured the town."

That settled the matter as far as the bona fide General was concerned. He was immensely surprised at the bold announcement, but knowing nothing to the contrary, accepted Vandiver's assertion as the truth, and submitted to his fate with as much grace and cheerfulness as he could muster. Speaking to me afterwards of his sensations, the General said: "Vandiver was just such a looking person as I supposed Gen. Rosser to be, and I had no reason to doubt the truth of his statement. I was very much relieved, however, when I found out the real situation, and that the city and garrison had not been taken."

Gen. Kelly and his Adjutant, who were arrested sometime before Crook, were brought out and mounted, but when this was finally done and the headquarters and other flags were secured, in a quiet and orderly manner, the entire party rode down Baltimore street to the chain bridge. A large stable was located here, and from this several fine horses were taken, among them "Philippi," Gen. Kelley's charger. The taking of these horses caused some delay, which greatly excited Lieut. McNeil, who, calling for me, Bruce, ordered that I lead them out of the city at once. Turning the column to the left, I led them down Canal street and on to the canal bank, where, a few hundred yards below, at the locks, we came unexpectedly upon a dozen or more guards, whom we surrounded and captured. We destroyed their guns and ammunition, but did not encumber ourselves with more prisoners. From this point we went at a gallop down a tow-path until halted by the picket posted at the canal bridge, a mile below town, on the road to Wiley's Ford. The column not halting, one of the pickets was heard to say: "Sergeant, must I fire?" when Vandiver, who was in front, shouted: "If you do I will place you under arrest. This is Gen. Crook's bodyguard, and we have no time to waste. The rebels are coming and we are going out to meet them." This explanation seemed satisfactory. We passed under the bridge, beyond the picket post, the enemy's outmost guard—and across the Potomac. We were four or five miles away before we heard the boom of a cannon giving the alarm. Sixty rough and rugged miles intervened between us and safety, but I doubt if there was a man in the troop but now felt at his ease. Elated, proud and happy, all rode back that cold winter morning over the snowclad Virginia hills. Our expedition had been a grand success and our every wish was realized.

Our prisoners received the best care and attention possible, and early next morning pursued their enforced march "on to Richmond" by way of Gen. Early's headquarters at Staunton.

The following are verbatim copies of the only official reports of the affair on record in the war department at Washington, D. C.:

"Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia, Feb. 24, 1865.—Hon. John C. Breckenridge, Secretary of War: Gen. Early reports that Lieut. McNeil, with thirty men, on the morning of the 21st, entered Cumberland, Md., captured and brought out Gens. Crook and Kelley, the Adjutant-General of the department, two privates and the headquarters flag, without firing a gun, though a considerable force is stationed in the vicinity. Lieut. McNeil and party deserve much credit for this bold exploit. Their prisoners will reach Staunton today.

R. E. LEE."

"Cumberland, Md., Feb. 21, 1865.—Major-Gen. Sheridan, Winchester,



Va.: This morning about three o'clock a party of rebel horsemen came up on the New Creek road, about sixty in number. They captured the pickets and quietly rode into the town, went directly to the headquarters of Gens. Crook and Kelley, sending a couple of men to each place to overpower the headquarters guard, when they went directly to the room of Gen. Crook and, without disturbing anybody else in the house, ordered him to dress and took him down stairs and placed him upon a horse ready saddled and waiting. The same was done to Gen. Kelly. Capt. Melvin, Assistant Adjutant General to Gen. Kelly, was also taken. While this was being done a few of them, without creating any disturbance, opened one or two stores, but they left without waiting to take anything. It was done so quietly that others of us who were sleeping in adjoining rooms to Gen. Crook were not disturbed. The alarm was given within ten minutes by a darky watchman at the hotel, who escaped from them, and within an hour we had a party of fifty cavalry after them. They tore up the telegraph lines and it required almost an hour to get them into working order. As soon as New Creek could be called I ordered a force to be sent to Romney, and it started without any unnecessary delay. A second force has gone from New Creek to Moorefield, and a regiment of infantry has gone to New Creek to supply the place of the cavalry. They rode good horses and left at a very rapid rate, evidently fearful of being overtaken. They did not remain in Cumberland over ten minutes. From all information I am inclined to believe that instead of Rosser it is McNeil's company. Most of the men of that company are from this place. I will telegraph you fully any other information.

ROBERT P. KENNEDY, Major and A. A. C."

ANDREW JACKSON BRUMLEY, Brownwood, Texas.—Born April 17, 1830, in Carroll County, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, in Calhoun County, Miss., as private in Company K, Forty-Fourth Alabama Infantry, Gen. Law's Brigade, Gen. Hood's Division, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was Patrick Riddle, but he died before reaching Richmond, and was succeeded by First Lieutenant Teague. I remained in the same command during the entire war. During the second day's fighting at the Wilderness was slightly wounded in the left hand and arm, both at almost the same instant.

Was taken prisoner just about the close of the war, after Richmond had fallen, but before Gen. Lee had surrendered. Was put in prison at Richmond, Va. I was in the battles of the Wilderness, Chickamauga and Fredericksburg, besides a number of small engagements.

I was in the hospital during the battle of Gettysburg. Our company and regiment was in that battle and we lost our Captain, John Teague. I tried to do my duty as a soldier.

ANTHONY A. BRYANT of Frost, Texas.—Born Oct. 10, 1844, at Mobile, Monroe County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 23, 1861, at Mobile, as private in Company A, Ninth Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Ripley, first Captain; Sam Henry, first Colonel. Was never changed. Was first wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, Md., a flesh wound in the left thigh. Was also wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863, in the right foot; at Petersburg, Va., I was shot in the arm. Was never in prison. I was one of the old "Blue Hen's Chickens." I have been shot at and told to halt when bullets were falling like hail around me, but I heard them not, my gun was my walking stick. Was promoted from private to Sergeant.

Was in the battles of Bull Run, Seven Pines, the seven days' fight in



front of Richmond, Frasier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Chickahominy, Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania, Wilderness, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, second battle of Bull Run and many others. The Civil War was without doubt one of the bloodiest wars ever fought. I was in the center of the hardest fighting that was ever known to the world's history. The battle of Seven Pines one of the seven days' fight in front of Richmond which has no equal. I was there three years ago and stood under the seven pines from which this battle took its name. And once more I went over the old Yankee breastworks where we did our deadly work. I also visited the cemetery of 10,000 dead Yankee soldiers. The hardships no one could describe; barefooted and hungry, we have gone as long as three days at a time without food. I have stood on picket all night without shoes and almost without clothes. When I did have an opportunity for a few moments rest, I could lay down and put my head on a dead Yankee and sleep soundly. No one knows what they can do until they are forced to go to war. After the battles there were cries for water from both sides from the wounded and tired soldiers. After the battle of Bull Run No. 1, I with others, went in search of water for a mile or two up and down the creek, but there was so many dead men and horses in the water that it looked like we would perish. After we found that we could only find blood and water mixed, we shut our eyes and filled our canteens and drank. I crawled on my knees or rather snaked along one night a hundred yards with my canteen of water to a Union soldier who was dying on the battlefield begging, for God's sake bring him a drink; when if his own men had seen me they would have killed me. They were afraid to go to him themselves.

G. T. BRYANT of Cameron, Texas.—Born in Polkton, Anson County, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army August, 1863, at Wadesboro, as private in Company G, Fortieth Regiment (Third Artillery), Gen. Herbert's Brigade, Gen. Whiting's Division, Gen. Beauregard's Corps, Army of North Carolina and South Virginia; G. C. Buchan, first Captain, and L. B. Hadrick, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded or promoted. Was captured at Fort Fisher, Jan. 15, 1865, and carried to Elmira, N. Y. I was released from prison June 13, 1865. While in prison was sick most of the time in the hospital.

JAMES WESLEY BRYANT of Athens, Texas.—Born Feb. 29, 1832, in Jackson County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 15, 1861, at Courtlandt, Ala., as private in Company C, Sixteenth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Zollicoffer's Brigade, Gen. Crittenden's Division, Gen. A. S. Johnston's Corps, Army of Tennessee; A. D. Coffee, first Captain, and W. B. Wood, first Colonel. Was never changed. Was wounded Sept. 20, 1863, at Chickamauga; slight wound Nov. 30, 1864, at Franklin, struck by a piece of shell and wounded in the breast and leg.

Was captured Dec. 31, 1862, but in a few moments was recaptured, and therefor did not have to go to prison. Was first promoted to Second Sergeant and later promoted to Orderly Sergeant. Was in the battles of Mill Springs, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Franklin, Kennesaw Mountain and Atlanta. We lost everything at Mill Springs and I went for five days without any food whatever. I was wounded at Franklin and left there in the hands of the enemy, but I rode 100 miles on a horse bareback and succeeded in getting away.





**GEN. W. L. CABELL,**

**Commander of Trans-Mississippi, Dept. of U. C. V. twenty years; then honorary  
Commander-in-Chief for life of the United Confederate Veterans' Association.**



G. W. BRYSON, Gainesville, Texas.—Born at Fayette, Howard County, Mo., and enlisted in the Confederate Army June 1, 1861, at Springfield, Mo., as private in Company C, Burbridge's Regiment, Gen. Little's Brigade, Gen. Price' Division. My first Captain was named Wilson and first Colonel, Burbridge. After the battle of Elkhorn the whole of Price's Division went to Corinth, Miss. I was wounded at Elkhorn in the ear and in the hips, and on a raid in Missouri at Champion Hill my belt was shot off with slight wound, and in the siege of Vicksburg was hurt badly in the head by the explosion of a bomb. Was taken prisoner at the siege of Vicksburg and taken to Demopolis, Ala., together with the whole of our army in our own lines. Was made Lieutenant and then Captain, and would have been fighting yet if I had lived and the war had lasted.

Was in the battles of Oak Hill, Springfield, Mo.; Lexington, Mo.; Elkhorn on line of Missouri and Arkansas; Corinth, Miss.; Iuka, Miss.; Champion Hill, Big Black Bridge, at siege of Vicksburg and many other engagements.

THOMAS ARCHIE BUCHANAN of Austin, Texas.—Was born April 3, 1837, at Turnersville, Robinson County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company I, Third Texas Volunteer Infantry, Gen. Wm. Scurry's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division, Gen. Dick Taylor's Corps, Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Eli Toole, first Captain, and P. N. Luckett, first Colonel. Was never changed. I enlisted at San Antonio, Texas, about the first of June, 1862, and three companies of my regiment did post duty for about six months, and then we were ordered to join our command, which was stationed at Brownsville on the Rio Grande River. I was never wounded. my regiment did post duty at Brownsville until about the middle of May, 1863, when we were ordered to Galveston, Texas, where we did post duty until Oct. 1, 1863. Then we were ordered to Velasco and Sabine Pass. Remained there until the spring of 1864, and went to Navasota; then to Louisiana, arriving there the second day after the battle of Mansfield. Our company was then attached to Scurry's Brigade and Walker's Division and went straight on to Camden, Ark. We followed the enemy to the Saline River at Jenkin's Ferry. Here we engaged in our first battle, the only one my regiment was in. From there we were ordered to Louisiana and remained there for a short time. Here I became footsore and worn out and was sent to the hospital. I remained in the hospital for six weeks and then returned to my command, which had been ordered to the Mississippi River. I overtook them and we camped on the river in Louisiana. After leaving there, we were ordered up the river, back into Arkansas on to Camden; then to Louisiana. There we built winter quarters and I got a furlough for sixty days and walked to Blanco County, where I had left my family. This was the first time I had been home since enlisting in 1862. I returned to my command, and met them camped about eight miles below Shreveport, La., and we were ordered to Hempstead, Texas, where we were disbanded and returned to our homes.

J. E. BUFORD, Bronte, Texas.—Born June 19, 1840, near Lunenburg County, Va. and enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Montgomery, Va., as private in Company F, Third Alabama Infantry, Gen. Blanchard's Division. My first Captain was Jim (Nick) Gilmer, and first Colonel was Lomax. Re-enlisted in the fall of 1861 at Norfolk, Va., for three years or during the war. Served under several corps commanders, but at the close of the war belonged to Gen. Battle's Brigade, Gen. Rodde's Division, Gen. Jackson's Corps. Was wounded in the hand at Chancellorsville in 1863. Was at Norfolk at the time of the battle between the Fed-



eral fleet and the Merrimac. Was never taken prisoner until with Lee at Appomattox Court House in April, 1865. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, the Wilderness, first and second Manassas, South Mountain, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mill and Harper's Ferry, besides a number of skirmishes.

A. H. BUIE of Stamford, Texas.—Born Feb. 25, 1847, in Franklin County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May, 1863, at Monticello, as private in Company E, Fourth Mississippi Cavalry, Gen. N. B. Forrest's Division, S. J. Ramsey, first Captain, and T. R. Stockdale, first Colonel.

Was never wounded, taken prisoner, changed nor promoted. Was in the battles of Harrisburg, Miss.; Selma, Ala., and many skirmishes. I served as courier a great deal of the time. Received parole at Meridian, Miss.

I left the schoolroom at the age of 16 years and was examined and sworn into service in 1863. In the winter of '63 I contracted cold which resulted in deafness and was discharged. I returned home and after a rest of two months, my hearing was restored. I returned to the same regiment, joining Company I, Kit Hoover, Captain, and served with this company until the close of the war.

On the night of my arrival, after being sworn in, I was placed on picket duty and orders were given me to arrest any man passing that way without a pass from headquarters. So about 9 o'clock at night I heard a man advancing towards me with his sword rattling at his side, and it happened to be my Colonel who was an old batchelor. Just to my left lived a rich farmer with three or four fine daughters, and the Colonel had sent them a note that he would call on them that night, but he had no pass. We kept him under guard for about two hours until the young ladies had retired and then marched him back to his headquarters. He begged piteously to let him pass, telling me that he had given such orders, but I told him that I must carry them out or suffer the consequences. On our return to camp he told me that he would remember me for that act. Being only a lad, I expected some severe punishment. Within the next two days he ordered his regiment in line to secure an escort for him on a raid into Mississippi. After a two days' march at about sunset we were nearing a little town, Fayette, the county seat of Jefferson County. We rode into the arms of 600 Yankees. He halted us for a few minutes and commanded us to "right about" and charge. The Yankees broke their line and went out. We thought our time had come, but we then marched to Jackson, La., where a large force of Federals were in camp. We took them by surprise. I, with others, was ordered to run out on a road for some two miles and report the movements of the Yankees. While there we heard a noise and the hair stood straight up on our heads. In a few minutes seven Yankees ran into the road about fifty yards in front of me. We halted them and carried them into camp. My Colonel was so well pleased that he made me one of his couriers. I found this harder than a private's life, more risks to take and more hardships. Our last battle was at Selma, Ala., and we marched for three days and nights without anything to eat. We had to retreat, and on my way I stopped at a rich farmer's house and the good lady put sixteen biscuits in my haversack, and I had to run for life, as the Yanks were upon us. Having lost our horses, we had to tramp through sand over our shoes all that day. The following morning we were unable to walk.

J. M. V. BULLOCK of Aspermont, Texas.—Born Aug. 15, 1836, near Lexington, Holmes County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 19, 1862, at San Augustine, Texas, as private in Company E, First Texas Regiment, Gen. Major's Brigade, Gen. Jones' Division, Gen. Dick



Taylor's Corps, Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department. T. C. Edwards was first Captain and W. T. Lane first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou, as well as various others of minor importance. I have suffered much from hunger and cold.

CAPT. JOHN K. BUMPASS (deceased), Farmersville, Texas.—Born in 1828 in Person County, N. C.; moved to Texas in 1857, and enlisted in the Confederate Army July 31, 1862, at Farmersville, Texas, as Captain of Company F, Fifth Texas Partisan Rangers, Gen. Cooper's Brigade, Gen. Pike's Division, L. M. Martin was first Colonel. Much might be said of Captain Bumpass' ability as a military officer. While he was always kind and was loved by his men; he had the natural qualifications for a commander. He had been Captain of a military company in North Carolina and had paid considerable attention to military affairs and was as well posted as many a West Pointer. If the fortunes of war had thrown him in command of a large body of men he would have been ranked as one of the great commanders. He had the dash and courage of Morgan, Mosby and Forrest and the kindly solicitude for his men of Gen. Stonewall Jackson.

Tom Howard of Farmersville, Texas, says that of all the men he saw in the army there was no one who was kinder to his men or who could lead them with more spirit. His natural ability to command was illustrated near Fort Smith, Ark., in a charge. There had been a contention between his regiment and another about a horse, and his superior officer had ordered him to have the horse returned, which he refused to do, and he was placed under arrest and of course was in the rear of his company on the occasion referred to. Lieut. Redwine was in command and was ordered to charge. Redwine was as courageous as any man need be, but was very precise and slow of movement. He was forming his men with as much care and as little concern for danger as if on dress parade, when Gen. Gano rode up and impetuously ordered Bumpass to take charge of his company. He rode out in front of his company, waved his hat and said: "Boys, follow me," and went like a tornado at the enemy. This is not given to in any way disparage Lieut. Redwine, for all knew him to be a good soldier and always ready for duty, but is only to illustrate Capt. John K. Bumpass' ability to lead men. Redwine as First Lieutenant, had charge of company business, and his old books and papers to this day attest his care and devotion to the matters which were intrusted to him.

After the war Capt. Bumpass returned to the peaceful pursuits of farm life and stock raising in which he was quite successful. He was a great believer in Sunday schools and was quite a factor in building up that interest in the country about him. In after life he served in the legislature of Texas and was always prominent in his party's affairs. Later engaged in merchandising at Terrell, Texas, with good success.

The above was given by W. P. Bumpass, Sr., Second Lieutenant, Company F, Martin's Regiment, Gano's Brigade.

R. D. BUMPASS, Jr. (deceased), Farmersville, Tex.—Born Oct. 10, 1833, in Person County, N. C., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, on July 31, 1862, and was elected Orderly Sergeant of Company F, Fifth Texas Partisan Rangers, Gen. Cooper's Brigade. John K. Bumpass was first Captain and L. M. Martin was first Colonel. Served with his company in all the engagements until his death, which occurred by drowning while crossing Red River. The fording was deep and the men were instructed to follow the leader, but each seemed to drift a little down



the stream till several were caught in a "suck" where the water was deep and his horse began turning around and plunging, throwing Bumpass off when a comrade's horse struck him on the head breaking his skull. He was found next day about a mile down the river and buried. By the good fortune of the memory of an old negro, his son W. P. Bumpass, was able to locate the grave and his remains were reinterred in the I.O.O.F. Cemetery, Farmersville, Texas, in 1903. He is said to have been one of the best loved men in his company and was universally kind in his official capacity and always did his full duty.

**WILLIAM P. BUMPASS**, Farmersville, Texas.—Born April 12, 1833, near Roxboro, Person County, N. C., and enlisted in the Confederate Army on July 31, 1862, as Second Lieutenant of Company F, Fifth Texas Partisan Rangers. John K. Bumpass was first Captain and L. M. Martin first Colonel. Served in the North Texas, Indian Territory and Arkansas campaigns under Gens. Cooper, Gano and others. We did not do much hard fighting, but saw plenty of hard marching, short rations and the usual privations of an army in a border warfare.

The reasons for the formation of this army were about these: As soon as the Confederacy was organized there was a treaty made with the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians then in the Territory, in which treaty the Confederacy agreed to protect said Territory from Federal invasion. Gen. Albert Pike of Little Rock, Ark., was placed in command of this division of the Trans-Mississippi Department, which was very poorly supplied with munitions of war as well as army stores of all kinds and Gen. Cooper, the Commander of our brigade, was defeated in almost every engagement and driven back to Blue River, where some fortifications were erected with a view of finally making Red River the last stand. This was very unsatisfactory to the Five Civilized Tribes, as it left their country exposed to the ravages of the Federals and was virtually deserting the treaty above referred to and there was great danger of their deserting the Confederacy and making friends with the Federals for self-protection, and besides the making of Red River the line between the contending armies left North Texas exposed to such a degree that there was great uneasiness amongst its citizens, for the country was rich in flour, beef cattle, bacon and other resources which would tempt the Federal Army to make excursions for supplies. The Confederacy was hard pressed in all the Trans-Mississippi Department, and there were no troops available, so in the spring and summer of 1862 there was a hurried call for troops from North Texas to be sent into the Indian Territory to sustain Gen. Pike's forces. Col. L. M. Martin had served through the Mexican War with Gen. Cooper as First Lieutenant, and through the General's influence, was granted a commission to raise and equip a battalion, he having the rank of Major. These troops were to be raised in the counties bordering along the Red River. The battalion consisted of the following companies: Randolph's, Weaver's, Bumpass', Spencer's and Carpenter's. The battalion was ordered to Old Fort Quachita in the Chickasaw Nation. The management of the campaign was by Gen. Albert Pike, a very learned man and of considerable literary ability, yet he was not a military man, and his management of the campaign was very unsatisfactory to the department. He was ordered to advance with all his available forces and military supplies, which he refused to do, stating that he had neither arms, ammunition nor the military stores which would be necessary to sustain his forces on the line of the Arkansas River. This is very well remembered by the writer (William P. Bumpass), who was officer of the day when Gen. Hindman's staff rode up, called for the officer of



the day, to which I responded, when he produced the papers placing Gen. Pike under arrest. The officer and his staff were well dressed, well mounted and equipped and I felt somewhat abashed in my jeans suit and wool hat (which was about as good as any in the company), but not at all of military cut nor fabric.

Martin's Battalion and several detached companies, which really belonged to no regiment, were hastily moved to the line of the Arkansas River. The Federal troops having abandoned the country and gone into winter quarters at Fort Smith and Fort Gibson, we met with no resistance, but we found that whatever else might be said of Gen. Pike's military ability and notwithstanding his arrest for disobedience of orders, his contention that it would be impossible to maintain an army in that country under the circumstances was correct. However, we had succeeded in pacifying the Indians, though at a great loss and suffering to our poorly equipped and poorly fed men. After all, while not being able to meet Gen. Blount in regular battle, we succeeded in preventing any occupation by the Federals of any territory south of the Arkansas River.

The Indian is a peculiar character and peculiar in his mode of warfare and never learned the military tactics of any of the commanding officers. He makes a good scout, but we never succeeded in holding them in line in an open field and fighting on our plan except once and then the line of battle was along the foot of a mountain range and was amongst underbrush and great boulders which had fallen off the mountainside, and in passing that part of the line after the battle, it was easy to discover the effects of their dealy aim, secreted as they were amongst the rocks and bushes. But it should be said of our Indian allies that they were faithful to their treaty obligations and expected the Confederacy to be the same. There were many brave and intelligent men in the Indian ranks. Brig. Gen. Stan Watie, a full blood Indian, was a gallant soldier, as were Gen. Chillie and Gen. D. N. McIntosh and many others. The Confederate troops had high hopes of maintaining the independence of the South at that time and expected to hold all the territory which we might occupy at the close of the war, and we particularly wished to hold all of what is now Oklahoma, for we knew, even then, that it was as valuable a piece of territory as was to be found west of the Mississippi River and, along with Texas, was large enough for an empire.

**B. J. BUNKLEY** (deceased), Farmersville, Texas.—Born in Madison County, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 in Company B. Seventeenth Alabama Regiment, McCain, Captain, and served during the war. His younger brother was wounded in the hand and took gangrene and had to come home. They were sleeping together and his brother turned over and put his hand on B. J.'s breast just in time to catch the ball.

**J. W. BUNTIN** of Speegleville, Texas.—Born March 13, 1843, near Viana, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on March 23, 1861, at Mobile, Ala., as private in Company B, Second Alabama Regiment, Army of Tennessee; T. C. Lanier, first Captain, and Harry Morry, first Colonel.

When we were organized I re-enlisted in the Forty-Second Alabama Regiment. Was wounded at the battle of Corinth, Miss., flesh woyed in thigh. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg, Miss., and paroled. Was in the battles of Corinth, Vicksburg and Baker's Creek, Miss.; Missionary Ridge, Tenn., and all the rest from there to Atlanta, Ga.



DAVID F. BURGESS of Nettie, Texas.—Born Dec. 1, 1847, near Bridgeville, Pickens County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Morton, Miss., as private in Company C, Thirty-Ninth Mississippi Infantry, Gen. Villepique's Brigade, Gen. Loring's Division, Gen. J. E. Johnston's Corps, Army of Tennessee; M. V. Collum, first Captain, and Shelby of Brandon, Miss., first Colonel.

The last eighteen months of the war I was transferred to Company K, Second Mississippi Cavalry. Was transferred on account of inability to do duty on foot. Was wounded at the battle of Second Corinth, Dalton, Ga.; Marietta and Franklin, Tenn. Was captured in the southern part of Mississippi in April, 1865, and paroled. Never returned to my company, as Lee had surrendered. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Corinth, Dalton, Marietta and many minor fights. If I had space could give a great deal more in regard to war life.

DR. C. C. BURKE, Texarkana, Texas.—Born March 12, 1837, at Rome, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861 in Florida as Second Lieutenant in Fourth Florida Regiment, Gen. Breckenridge's Division, Army of Tennessee. First Captain was Joseph Barnes and first Colonel was Hopkins. Was changed from Florida to Tennessee on account of need for troops. I received a severe wound in the foot at Murfreesboro June 3, 1863. Was captured at Murfreesboro on account of my wound. In the fall of 1862 was made Adjutant of regiment. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro and several smaller engagements in and around Nashville.

MONROE BURKETT (deceased), father of Charles and James Burkett of Farmersville, Texas.—It is not known just what company he belonged to, but was captured at Port Hudson and after being exchanged, he re-enlisted in Barnes' Cavalry Company, which was made up of recruits, exchanged prisoners and soldiers who escaped from Fort Donelson. Mr. Burkett afterwards served with Capt. Joe Howard's Company till the Georgia campaign, when he joined his original company at Marietta, Ga.

ALEXANDER C. BURKHART, Matagorda, Texas.—Born in Philadelphia, Pa., and entered the Confederate service in the fall of 1861 in Brazoria County, Texas. Was a private in Company H, Gen. Bates' Regiment. My first Captain was E. S. Rugley and first Colonel, Joe Bates. We first enlisted for six months, but before the time expired R. R. Brown, our Lieutenant Colonel, got permission to raise a regiment and go east of the Mississippi River. All the young men volunteered. We did not go, but were held here as coast guards. I was not in any battles, although spent four years in the army. My parents came to Matagorda County, Texas, in 1839, so you see I am a sure enough old Texan. I am 75 years old. There were nine of us children and I am the only one living. List of officers of our company: Captain, E. S. Rugley; First Lieutenant, Wm. Davis; Second Lieutenant, Wm. Wiggins, Wm. Turner, all of Matagorda County; our Colonel, R. R. Brown, was from Brazoria County.

The following list of men except officers of our company were either frozen or drowned on Matagorda Peninsula on the night of Dec. 31, 1863: Jesse Mathews, First Sergeant, Loudon, Va., merchant; John H. Jones, Second Sergeant, Mobile, Ala., planter; D. A. McKinley, Second Corporal, Cañanas N. C., farmer. All above officers are dead. A. D. Hines, bugler, Washington, Texas, stock driver; Geo. M. Bowie, private, Dallas, Ala., planter; W. G. Copeland, private, Pike, Ala., stock raiser; J. M. Connor, private, Madison, Tenn., farmer; W. M. Manly, private, Ill., overseer; J. U.



Howell, private, Dallas, Ala., farmer; A. J. May, private, Arkansas, overseer; J. B. Seaborn, private, Greenville, Va., stock driver; B. H. Walton, private, Missouri, clerk; T. C. Secrest, private, Colorado, Texas, farmer; Thos. McKinley, private, Tennessee, farmer; Thos. Wadsworth, private, Matagorda, Texas, clerk; J. G. Secrest, private, Fort Bend, Texas, stock raiser; Henry Gibson, private, Matagorda, Texas, student; A. C. Johnson, private, Canole, La., student; James Rugley, private, Matagorda, Texas, student. The above list was made out by A. C. Burkhart, who was Third Sergeant of the company (when the men were lost, frozen or drowned) while on duty that night in Matagorda, Texas.

J. W. BURKS of McGregor, Texas.—Born Oct. 8, 1840, near Franklin, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 16, 1861, at Estell Springs, as private in Company D, Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, Gen. Bragg's Division, Gen. Johnston's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Thomas Finch, first Captain, and T. W. Newman, first Colonel.

Was changed from the Tennessee Army to the Virginia after the Murfreesboro fight. Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner April 2, 1865, and sent to Fort Delaware, where I remained for three months after Lee's surrender. Was never promoted. Was in the battle of Chafin's Farm, Va. Had charge of the hospitals and ambulances for fourteen months, after which I served in my company two months. I was then detailed in the commissary department. Afterwards I went back to my company and remained there until I was captured. Wm. Conn was killed at the battle of Missionary Ridge.

JACOB BURLESON of Austin, Texas.—Born May 20, 1839, near Austin, Travis County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 20, 1861, at Brownsville, Texas, as private in John Littleton's Company, Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department; John Littleton, first Captain, and John S. Ford, first Colonel.

We served eight months and then disbanded. I then joined Price's spy company and we disbanded in the Indian Territory. Then joined Darnell's Regiment, which was captured at Arkansas Post. I was on sick furlough and after recovery joined Turner's Company, A. W. Terrell's Regiment, and remained with them until the close of the war. Was never wounded nor taken prisoner. Was elected Second Lieutenant of Turner's Company when it was organized at Bastrop, Texas. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou. Many happenings which took place in the Civil War I could mention, but I find many of them too sad to recall.

SAM BURNETT of Marshall, Texas.—Born June 23, 1844, near Marshall, Harrison County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 9, 1861, at Marshall, Texas, as Corporal in Company D, Seventh Texas Infantry, Gen. Gregg's Brigade, Gen. Pat Cleburne's Division, Gen. Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; K. M. Vanzandt, first Captain, and John Gregg, first Colonel.

We were changed from the Department of Mississippi to the Army of Tennessee to assist in the battle of Chickamauga and remained in that army until the close of the war. I received a flesh wound at Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863; also a flesh wound at Peachtree Creek in front of Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864. Was captured at Fort Donelson Feb. 12, 1862, and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., remaining in prison for seven months. Was promoted to First Sergeant in 1863. Was in the battles of



Fort Donelson, Raymond, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and all the battles from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta, and the battle of Franklin.

We enlisted as the "Bass Boys," under the command of K. M. Vanzandt. When our regiment was organized at Hopkinsville, Ky., our company was made Company D, and Capt. Vanzandt was made Major of the regiment, and First Lieut. Talley was made Captain. I met my dear old Capt. Vanzandt occasionally. He is well known as commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V. I was unfortunately captured with some twelve thousand comrades in my first battle, but as we were about the first Confederates captured, we fared comparatively well, considering the cold climate, which was quite a change to a native Texan who had never been beyond the confines of the State.

SAM R. BURROUGHS of Buffalo, Texas.—Born Oct. 3, 1842, near Tuskalooosa, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Palestine, Texas, as private in Company G, First Texas Infantry, Gen. Hood's Texas Brigade, Gen. Whiting's Division (afterwards Hood's Division), Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; John R. Woodward, first Captain; L. T. Wigfall, first Colonel, then A. T. Rainey. Hood's and McLaw's Divisions of Longstreet's Corps reinforced Bragg at Chickamauga and returned to Virginia, via Knoxville, Tenn. Received a slight wound at Hazel Run in right foot. Was captured Saturday night, Sept. 19, 1863, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was in the seven days battle around Richmond, Seven Pines, Second Manassas, Suffolk, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga and many smaller battles.

### The Man With the Big Gun.

At the battle of Gettysburg, on the second day, Hood's Texas Brigade was belted around Round-Top Mountain, about midway between base and apex. Our skirmish line which had been deployed about twenty paces and advanced about one hundred and fifty yards up the mountain at 1 a. m., was composed of Companies G and H of the First Texas. At the first peep of daylight one of the most stubborn and determined skirmish battles began and continued throughout the entire day, which was fought during the Confederate War. It was soon noticed that one of the enemy, from some distance in rear of his skirmish line, was using most effectively on our main line a very large bored gun, shooting over both skirmish lines, since these were so near each other to fire on our skirmishers would be to endanger his own. Several members of the Fourth and First Texas and the Third Arkansas had been killed and severely wounded by this marksman and his big gun. There were also several horses killed and wounded at brigade headquarters which was directly in our rear, and only a few paces from our main line of battle. Lieut. Col. P. A. Works, then in command of the brigade, sent orders to the skirmish line to discover the man with the big gun and if possible, put him and his gun out of commission. To this end every eye was directed, and it was soon noticed that the big gun was discharged regularly about every three or four minutes, and that its report and smoke came from the top of a small tree standing near a large oak. About five or six of our skirmishers managed by sharp and skillful tacking to ensconce themselves behind a long ledge of rock which projected from the side of the mountain, and brought their guns to bear directly on the spot in the tree top from whence the smoke issued, and at the next puff of smoke as many minie balls passed through the tree top. However, at the regular time the puff of smoke made its appearance and



the large missile of death came singing over our heads and crashing into our ranks in our rear. This performance was repeated unsuccessfully four or five times, and until one of our company, Cal Stinson of Rusk, Texas, who was about thirty or forty yards to our right, discovered the cause of our failure; he had discovered that there was a large limb projecting from the large tree into the top of the smaller, and that at the moment of fire from the big gun its owner dropped back to and behind the body of the larger tree. With this information our guns were brought to bear on a line from whence the smoke came to the body of the big tree, and when the smoke appeared again, we fired in volley and had the pleasure of seeing the marksman fall from the tree, and hearing the Jankees holler out, "You got him at last, Johnnies." This was the last of "The Big Gun," at least for that day.

W. S. BURROUGHS of Nettie, Texas.—Born May 28, 1846, near Kingston, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 at Galveston, Texas, as private in Company E, Twentieth Texas Regiment, Gen. Harrison's Brigade, Gen. Maxey's Division; McCardel, first Captain, and Elmore, first Colonel.

Was never wounded, taken prisoner, changed or promoted. Was in no battles, enlisted just after the battle of Galveston. Have forgotten the date.

JOHN H. BURTON of McGregor, Texas.—Born July 1, 1847, near White Plains, Calhoun County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at White Plains as private in Company B, Sixty-Second Alabama Regiment (Infantry), Gen. Thomas' Brigade, Gen. Maury's Division, Gen. Taylor's Corps, Army of Southern Alabama, Mississippi and Florida; first Captain, B. F. Tenston, with Davidson, first Colonel.

Was taken prisoner at Spanish Fort, April 9, 1865, and sent to Ship Island, Miss., and paroled at Vicksburg May 10, 1865. Was in the battles of Chehaw Station, Spanish Fort and Blakely, Ala.

A. C. BUSH, Valley Springs, Texas.—Born in Georgia, but grew up in Calhoun County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 17, 1865, at Jacksonville, Fla., as private in Company A, Fifty-First Alabama Regiment, under Brig.-Gen. John T. Morgan, Gen. Allen's Division, Gen. Joe Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. The name of my first Captain was Henry Snow, and my first Colonel was Kilpatrick. Was wounded in a picket fight at Fayetteville, N. C. A ball struck me on the right side and glanced off. The first principal battle in which I took part was at Chickamauga, Sept. 19 and 20, 1863. It is understood that the cavalry did not take such an active part as the infantry. We were used principally to guard the flanks of our lines against flank movements. After the battle of Chickamauga we made a race through Tennessee. We had several small engagements on this trip. In Sequachie Valley we captured the Federal supply train of about 600 wagons. Our next fight was at Farmington, Tenn. After our return we joined the main army at Marietta, Ga. We were in quite a number of engagements until the fall of Atlanta, Ga. We were then put under Gen. Longstreet and were with him in the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., in December, 1863. On that campaign we suffered both from cold and hunger. Once we were allowed a cracker a day for three days. After the Knoxville campaign we were ordered back to Georgia and, when Gen. Sherman went to Savannah, we were in his rear and had a number of engagements. Was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston when he surrendered on the 26th of April, 1865. Received my discharge on the 13th day of May, 1865.



I had two brothers who went out with the second company that left Alabama. One, W. D. Bush, was captured at Murfreesboro and taken to Fort Delaware, where he remained till June, 1865. My other brother, Tom Bush, commanded the Seventh Alabama Battalion under Gen. Stonewall Jackson. He was wounded at the second battle of Manassas and died in about ten days.

I was quite young when I went into the army and kept no diary; neither charged my mind with what transpired with a view of writing about it. My fighting weight was ninety-six pounds.

W. T. BUTLER of Llano, Texas.—Born in Alleghany County, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 at Port Lavaca, Texas, as private in Company K, Thirty-Third Cavalry, Gen. Hardeman's Brigade, Gen. Kirby Smith's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; Tom Breckinridge, first Captain, and Duff, first Colonel.

Was never captured, wounded nor promoted. Served along the coast. While camped on Matagorda was sick with pneumonia and measles.

HENRY BUTTERY, Llano, Texas—Born near Witbee, Yorkshire, England. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1862, in Llano, Texas, as a private in Company E, Seventeenth Texas Volunteer Infantry, Gen. Scurry's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Seth Mabry and first Colonel was Allen.

Was taken prisoner at Fort Deveuse, La., and kept in New Orleans during Bank's trip up Red River. Was in the battles of Milliken's Bend and Fort Deveuse, La. Geo. Miller, who was Third Lieutenant and Captain at the close of the war, was the only man who seemed enthused over the prospects of an engagement, not that he was brutish, but a sense of duty and patriotism nerved him for any circumstance. He is now deceased.

EDWARD L. BYERS, Madisonville, Texas.—Born May 5, 1838, near College Hill, Lafayette County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1861, at Velasco, Texas, as private in Company I, Gen. Bates' Regiment, Gen. Tom Green's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; L. B. Hightower was first Captain and Joseph Bates was first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, promoted nor captured. Was in the battles of Brashier City and Fordoche. The work of my command was altogether in Texas and Louisiana scouting in the Teche country and on the Mississippi River.

And yet my experience of war times and practices were not always the most pleasant, for in our camps was much hardships, sickness and suffering, from which I was not entirely exempt. Some of the youngest comrades died of camp diseases and some of our highest and best were slain in conflict with our foes. And, almost without exception, those sleep in lonely and unmarked graves, far from the homes they loved and left.

In 1863 the company in which I enlisted was divided into two companies. L. B. Hightower was made Captain of one and Tom Hamilton of the other, while Capt. Roundtree was promoted to Major, these two companies forming his battalion. In Louisiana this battalion served in connection with Waller's Battalion, in the regiment of Col. Reuben Brown, which was attached temporarily to Gen. Tom Green's Brigade, and was under his command during the Fordoche engagement. When the strife was ended I came home, like thousands of others, to find almost all means of subsistence swept away, while some of my loved ones had gone to return no more. As hundreds of those who participated in the Fordoche fight are still liv-



ing, you will doubtless get its particulars from those who are better prepared for that work than I, but I may say that the result was a considerable loss on both sides, with a complete victory for the Confederates. On the day preceding that conflict, Roundtree's and Waller's Battalion, now led by Major H. H. Boone, had marched all day without dinner. (We were in the cavalry service.) Stopping for camp just before sundown near the west bank of the Atchafalaya, rations for men and horses had been issued, the horses fed, fires kindled, and cooking just begun, when a detail of some twenty-five was made for picket duty across the river. The bugle sounded, and immediately re-saddling our horses, without eating a bite, we crossed over into the swamp that reaches from the Atchafalaya to the Mississippi River. After going some distance, we were halted, and placing out picket guards, we spent the remainder of the night in darkness and rain. When morning came a bunch of shoats, lean and rusty looking, chanced to come near our camp. We were not allowed to fire a gun, but one of the boys killed one with a club, and before it was cooled its hide was stripped off and its flesh about half roasted. There was enough for each fellow to get a small piece. We ate it without bread or salt. This was our breakfast, and all pronounced it very good. When the morning had advanced a little we were directed to join our command, which had now crossed the river and was nearing the battle ground. In a short time we were in ranks. The battle having begun, Major Boone received orders to charge, and, abreast with Capt. McAnally and Lieut. Spivey, he led us into that never-to-be-forgotten conflict, where the Enfield and Minie rifle balls swept like hissing serpents through the ranks of men and horses, leaving many wounded and bleeding and many more in their last sleep on the bloody ground. It was here that we lost our leader, Major Boone. A more gallant officer or noble-hearted man never wore the gray. Thinking the enemy had surrendered, he had ordered his men to cease firing, when by the discharge of an unexpected volley his right arm was so shattered that it had to be amputated at the shoulder, while part of the thumb and all the fingers except the little one were shot off his left hand. Lieut. Spivey was killed there. We had no dinner that day, and after nightfall with two of my messmates, I went to the camp of Gen. Green, who gave us some coffee and lightbread. And of all the suppers that it has been my lot to share, that one by the light of the camp fire on the banks of the Atchafalaya will be remembered as the best.

I well remember doing guard duty around the stockade one night where a lot of prisoners were being held. A storm was coming up and I insisted on taking the place of my brother, who was not very strong and who was that night on the Sergeant's list. I was a non-commissioned officer and not subject to guard duty, so I acted as sub. for my brother. The storm came in all its fury a few minutes after I was posted, the wind blowing things in every direction, while the rain poured down in torrents until the water was ankle deep all around me. The cloud passed over, and the stars came out as if to see what harm was done. The next day was as clear and calm as if there had never been a storm. Lieut. Spivey was a physician, a young man, and was beloved by all his comrades. His body, with that of another young man, John Wesley Smith, was carried off the field and wrapped in their army blankets, we buried them on the west side of the river in one grave, under the shadow of a large weeping willow tree, whose drooping branches, swayed by the passing breeze, for long, long years, have sung their requiem.



**JAMES F. BYRD**, Robert Lee, Texas.—Born Dec. 18, 1844, near Hickman, Carroll County, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 at Gonzales, Texas, as private in Capt. Kelley's Independent Company. Afterwards was in Company F, Gen. Willis' Battalion of Cavalry, Army of Virginia. Kelley was first Captain and Willis first Colonel. Was captured the latter part of the war, and was sent to Ship Island. Made by escape with the Fort Gaines prisoners when they were exchanged. Was in the battles of Holly Springs, Cox's Cross Roads, Harrisburg, Bear Creek Fight, Granada, Bluff Creek, Big Black Bridge, Fort Pillow and several others. We fought wherever there was any fighting to be done.

I will now endeavor to give you a sketch of my capture and escape from the Yankee prison. There were a number of us who had been detailed as scouts to see what we could find out, and had not gone far until we located the Yankees. We stopped on the north side of Pearl River to stay until night and then we intended going over and making a thorough investigation. Lieut. Dick Johnson, ranking as Captain, with part of the men, took the horses back across the hill to feed them and left us to keep a lookout. We had orders not to cross the river, but the temptation was so great that we could not resist as there were some girls who lived just over the river who came down and talked with us, saying they would cook our dinner and bring it over to us if we would not come over to the house. So five or six of us decided that we would go over and take dinner with them. Some of us would stand guard while the others ate, and while on guard looked up the road and saw the Yanks coming; notifying the boys who were eating. We succeeded in getting into the swamp, and if it had not been for a negro woman reporting us we would have succeeded in getting away, but we were forced to surrender. After being captured, we were sent to Mississippi and from there to New Orleans and then to Ship Island. We were guarded by negroes and they made us carry wood for two or three miles on our shoulders.

Finally the day came for the Fort Pillow prisoners to be exchanged. They were marched out to within a short distance of where I was and halted. I watched the guard and when he was turned I stepped over among the officers who were to be exchanged. I told one of the officers that I was going to try to get away with them, and he told me that there was no chance as they had to go to headquarters and sign their paroles and that they would catch me and have me killed. I told him I was going to risk it any way. All was ready and we were marched to headquarters. I fell in right by the side of the officer with whom I had been in conversation. The officers were about through signing when the Colonel rode up and said that he wanted fourteen men to volunteer to carry rations aboard the boat. I was one of the first to volunteer, and shouldered a box of crackers and pulled for the boat. Upon arriving there I set the crackers down and on looking around, I found a staircase leading to the top of the boat, and up these steps I went. When at the top I took my seat among other soldiers who looked to be Confederates, and they proved to be a part of the Fort Gaines prisoners who had been left at New Orleans sick. The prisoners that I came down with started back to headquarters. I saw them halted, and I was afraid they had missed me. I was told afterwards that the Colonel said that he had asked for fourteen men and that there was only thirteen. Some of the prisoners said this is all that came down and the guard seemed to be excited and said only thirteen came down. In the meantime, I had gone down into the hull of the boat and it was not very long until she pulled out for Mobile. It was only a short time until the



officer with whom I had talked came down, and he started to say something of my escape (of which he was very proud) and I told him to be careful not to be seen talking to me that I might be discovered.

GEN. WILLIAM LEWIS CABELL, Dallas, Texas—The subject of this sketch is a type of the old school Southern gentleman; his kindly, charitable generosity and his hospitable home, with its genial cheer, reflect a picture of the Southern home before the war, when hospitality was the host and beauty and bravery were the honored guests. Every Southern soldier, every visitor breathing a Southern sentiment, and every heart that throbs with love for the Confederacy, found a cordial greeting beneath the roof of this Confederate General. The Confederate flag, which he loved so well, greeted the eye as you entered the hallway of his home—a souvenir of the long ago, when the Stars and Bars challenged the admiration of the world, and the soldier in Confederate gray took his place as the greatest fighting soldier in the world's history—the flag that tells of the defeat of secession, but emphasizes the patriotism and courage of the men that have preserved the fullest rights of the States within the Union by the sacrifice of blood and treasure for the cause of the Confederacy.

Gen. Cabell was a true Southerner and believed that individual freedom and States Rights within the Union are the fruits of this civil strife; and, that the perpetuity of a Republican form of government was secured by the principles for which the Confederacy contended. He was replete with reminiscences of the war, and in his ripe yet vigorous old age his remarkable memory recalled with astonishing accuracy the dates and incidents of many heroic deeds, and the names and valor of many a hero, unregistered in history, as well as the policies and incidents of many of the South's great leaders with whom he was in touch during a portion of the war.

History is but a picture of events. Individual acts come to us in song, romance and story through the reminiscences of the actors in the field.

Gen. Cabell was unanimously elected Lieutenant-General of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Association of Confederate Veterans at its organization at Chattanooga in 1890, and was honored by re-election at every succeeding reunion until his death.

The Confederate Home at Austin, in all its existence, had no stronger advocate nor warmer friend. He was also a most enthusiastic supporter of the "Home for the Wives and Widows of the Old Soldiers."

To this type of man is due the preservation of Southern sentiment, and that dignity and honor belonging to the section for which so many brave men died.

Gen. Cabell was born Jan. 1, 1827, at Danville, Va., and was graduated by the United States Military Academy in 1850 after a four years' course, and assigned to duty as Second Lieutenant in the Seventh United States Infantry; was promoted to First Lieutenant and made Regimental Quartermaster. He was made Captain in the Quartermaster's Department in 1858 and was assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. Persifer F. Smith, then in command of the Utah Expedition. He was on Gen. Harney's staff, who succeeded Gen. Smith, until the close of the expedition. He was then ordered to rebuild Fort Kearney, Neb. In 1859 he was ordered to Fort Arbuckle in the Chickasaw Nation, and in the fall of the same year to



build a new post about 100 miles west of Fort Arbuckle, Ind. Ter., where he remained on duty until March, 1861.

When the war between the States became inevitable, he tendered his resignation to the United States authorities at Washington, D. C., and went to Little Rock, Ark., and offered his services to the governor of the State. On receipt of a telegram from President Jefferson Davis, he left for the seat of the Confederate Government then at Montgomery, Ala., which he reached on the night of April 12, 1861, and found the acceptance of his resignation from the United States Army signed by President Lincoln.

President Davis, who fully appreciated his soldierly qualities and sterling worth, at once secured his services and assigned him to the heavy and responsible task of organizing the Quartermaster, the Commissary, and Ordinance Departments of the Confederate Army. How thoroughly this duty was performed, all can attest who were cognizant of the difficulties that presented themselves in the early organization of our military service. These duties necessitated his remaining in Richmond until June 1, 1861. Upon their completion he was ordered to report to Gen. Beauregard at Manassas as chief quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac.

After the battle of July 18 and 21 at Blackburn Ford and Bull Run, in which he rendered very efficient service, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston assumed command, and Cabell served on his staff until Jan. 15, 1862, when he was ordered to report to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, commanding the Army of the West, for service with Gen. Earl Van Dorn in the Trans-Mississippi Department. In recognition of his efficiency and sterling military qualities, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and placed in command of all the troops on White River, Ark., with the special mission of holding the enemy in check until after the battle of Elkhorn, which was fought on March 6 and 7, 1862. His command was then transferred to the east side of the Mississippi River. Within a single week his command was safely and successfully transferred from different parts and points on White River to the eastern bank of the Mississippi.

When Van Dorn's army marched from Memphis to Corinth, Gen. Cabell accompanied it in command of a Texas Brigade with an Arkansas regiment attached. In this campaign he displayed the highest soldierly qualities. When Gen. Bragg invaded Kentucky, Gen. Cabell was placed in command of an Arkansas brigade, which he commanded in the battles of Iuka, Sallito, Corinth and Hatchie Bridge. At Corinth he was wounded while leading his brigade with conspicuous dash and courage, and wounded again at Hatchie Bridge.

These wounds, having unfitted him for active field service he was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department to recuperate. As soon as his health would permit, he recruited a cavalry brigade in Arkansas which was recognized as one of the largest and finest cavalry brigades in the Trans-Mississippi Department. In command of this brigade he participated in the battles at Backbone Mountain, Bentonville, Fayetteville, Poteau River, Antoine, Elkin's Ferry, Mark's Hill, Pilot Knob, Reeves' Station, Franklin, Poison Springs, Jefferson City, Mo., Gardner's Mills, Currant River, Boonville, Lexington, Mo.; Big Blue, Independence, West Port, Marie de Cygne, and numerous other actions in Arkansas and Missouri. On his raid into Missouri (1864) he was captured at Mine Creek Station on Oct. 25, taken to Johnson's Island, and subsequently to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, where he was confined until Aug. 28, 1865.



In civic life Gen. Cabell wore his honors well. He gave liberally of his time and means to every worthy Confederate enterprise. He was largely instrumental in the organization and development of the United Confederate Veterans' Association. In him the movement for the "Battle Abbey of the South," he was an earnest and enthusiastic supporter.

At the ripe age of 83 years he quietly and peacefully passed away at the home of his daughter in Dallas, Texas, February, 1911. With full military honors his remains were laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery.

**J. F. CABLE**, Longview, Texas—Born July 22, 1828, in Lawrence County, Alabama, and enlisted in the Confederate Army March 5, 1862, in Smith County, Texas, as private in Company C, Seventeenth Texas Cavalry, Polignac's Division, Price's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain was J. C. Robinson, and first Colonel, James Taylor. Was changed to Pontoon Bridge Construction Corps in 1863. Was never wounded, though I was in several skirmishes. I was in the engineer's department most of the time. Was never a prisoner and was never in a regular battle for the reasons above stated.

**W. F. CALAHAN**, Woodson, Texas—Born Nov. 13, 1841, near Lewisburg, Tenn., where I enlisted in the Confederate Army May 28, 1861, as private in Company H, Seventeenth Infantry, Gen. Zollicoffer's Brigade, Gen. Hardee's Division and Gen. Bragg's Corps. My First Captain was R. H. McCrary, and first Colonel was Tass W. Newman.

Was under Beauregard and Bragg at the siege of Corinth and was afterwards under Hood in his raid through Tennessee. Was never wounded. Was captured in Alabama by the Third Michigan Cavalry and sent with others to Camp Douglas, Ill., and exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. When the regiment was reorganized near Nashville I was made Quartermaster Sergeant. Our first battle was at Barbersville, Ky., then at Wild Cat and Fishing Creek, where we lost Gen. Zollicoffer. Then Shiloh and the siege of Corinth. After my return from prison I went into Forrest's Cavalry and was in several battles.

**S. T. CALDWELL** of McGregor, Texas—Born 1844 near Nashville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army September, 1861, at Rienzi, Tenn., as private in Company G, Twenty-Third Mississippi Regiment, Gen. Adam's Brigade, Gen. Loring's Division, Gen. Stuart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Allen was my first Captain, Wells was my first Colonel. Was slightly wounded and taken prisoner at Fort Donelson, and imprisoned at Camp Douglas, Ill., seven months. I was in the following battles: Fort Donelson, Tenn.; Jackson, Miss.; Dalton, Ga.; Resaca, Ga.; Peachtree Creek, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Franklin, Tenn.; Nashville, Tenn. I surrendered at Canton, Miss.

**W. H. H. CALDWELL**, Dallas, Texas—Born in Coffey County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in December, 1861, at Elba, as private in Company K, Twenty-Fifth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Gladden's Brigade, Gen. Wither's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Costiler, first Captain, and Thames, first Colonel.

At the battle of Shiloh fifteen of my company were killed and wounded. I was one of the wounded. After the battle, I was left behind. Was promoted to first Corporal November, 1862. Was in the battles of New Houe



Church, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Atlanta, Chickamauga, Franklin and Nashville. I never gave up my rifle when Joseph E. Johnston surrendered.

If I could only have the pleasure of being with the many readers of this book I could tell of many of the hardships and sufferings the Confederate soldier underwent. I have marched for two or three nights without sleep, and when I did have the opportunity, had to lay on the frozen ground with my gun in readiness, watching for the enemy. Also suffered greatly from hunger.

W. S. CALDWELL. Terrell, Texas—Born March 8, 1848, in Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Richmond, Va., as private in Company E, Sixth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Gordon's Brigade, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was Duval, and first Colonel, Gordon. I was promoted to Orderly Sergeant and then to Second Lieutenant. I was in the battles of Gettysburg, Bull Run, Seven Pines and many others. My father sent me to the University of Alabama, where I remained two weeks and ran away and joined the Army of Virginia, served six months as courier for Gen. Gordon, who covered our retreat from Gettysburg. Surrendered at Appomattox Court House April 9, 1865. I saw Jeff Davis inaugurated president at Montgomery, Ala. I came to Texas in 1869.

THOS. J. CALHOUN. Austin, Texas—Born November, 1836, at Greenville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May 1861, at Jefferson, Texas, as private in Company C, First Texas Regiment, Gen. Hood's Texas Brigade, Gen. Whiting's Division, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; A. G. Dickerson, first Captain, and L. T. Wigfall, first Colonel. In 1864 was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and was an enrolling officer at Crockett, Texas. At the battle of Malvern Hill, I lost my left leg. Was in the battles of Gaines Mill, Malvern Hill, Wilderness and Chickamauga.

MARION M. CALLAN, Colorado, Texas—Born in the District of Columbia near Georgetown. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 21, 1861, at Alexandria, Va., with rank of First Lieutenant in Company H, Seventh Virginia Regiment, Gen. Longstreet's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. The name of my first Captain was R. Claire and the name of my first Colonel was J. L. Kemper. Was discharged May 13, 1862. Came to Texas in June, 1862 and enlisted in Col. J. E. McCord's regiment on the frontier and remained with it until the close of the war. Was shot in the forehead in the first battle of Manassas July 21, 1861. Elected First Lieutenant Nov. 22, 1862.

I was in the battles of Manassas, Williamsburg and several smaller engagements. Was wounded by the Comanche Indians Feb. 26, 1864, during severe engagement with them.

E. J. CALLAWAY, Noodle, Texas—Born in Mississippi March 22, 1845. I enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1864 in Hill County, Texas, as a private in Company D, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry. My first Captain was John B. Williams, who was promoted to Major and then to Colonel. I was in the scouting service, mainly up and down Red River and Mississippi River and in Arkansas. Was not wounded, but had my ankle knocked out of place by an accident. Was never captured. The only promotion I had was as Sergeant of Provost Guards, which I held for a short time. Was at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, where Bank's army was defeated and pur-





**GENERAL R. M. GANO.**

**Eminent Minister and for thirty-five years resident  
of Dallas, Texas**



sued down Red River. More or less skirmishing followed till the Yellow Bayou fight, where many were lost on both sides. Capt. Joe Weir of Hill County, as brave a man as ever lived, fell here.

I can say that I had a very good time. The officers were very good to me, probably on account of my size. I weighed at the time I enlisted 105 pounds and came out weighing 110.

DR. JAMES DANIEL CALLAWAY, Goldthwaite, Texas—Born March 2, 1840, in Macon County, Ala. Enlisted in 1860 in the Confederate Army at Midway, Barbour County, Ala., as Second Corporal Company B (Midway Guards), Fifteenth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Trimble's Brigade, Gen. Ewell's Division, Gen. Stonewall Jackson's Corps. I. B. Feagin was my first Captain and J. M. Canty, Colonel. After Stonewall Jackson's death, we were joined to Gen. Law's Brigade in Gen. Longstreet's Division. Was wounded at Malvern Hill during the seven days' fight around Richmond. Returned to duty in thirty days, and was again wounded at Gettysburg, and captured July 3, 1863, and sent to Fort Delaware, Md., where I suffered for want of food. Was exchanged after sixty days and went back to the army. Was promoted to Orderly Sergeant. Was offered a captaincy, but decided I did not want any commission.

Was in the battles of Cross Keys, Port Republic, Winchester, Gaines Farm, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Gettysburg, Cedar Mountain, Petersburg and Appomattox Court House, where we surrendered. Was in several skirmishes and Second Manassas.

I was studying medicine in 1860 when we organized the Midway Guards. We organized with 118 men and received many recruits; but when the last roll was called there were only thirteen men able to answer to their names. We went through much suffering, but the worst was the two months of starvation in prison at Fort Delaware. My mess killed the house cat of the Lieutenant commanding, and we cooked and ate it. This was the best meal I had during the eight months of my imprisonment.

GEO. A. CALLAWAY, Wharton, Texas—Born near Greensborough, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 at Talladega, Ala., as private in Company E, Sixty-Second Alabama Battalion. My first Captain was J. L. Walthall and first Colonel was Huger.

I was never changed, nor wounded. Was taken prisoner April, 1865, and sent to Ship Island. Was never promoted. When the call came for volunteers I volunteered. There were two regiments of these boys from 16 to 18 years of age—the Sixty-Second and Sixty-Third Alabama—and these two boy regiments were never separated during the war. I was in the battle of Spanish Fort and Blakely, Ala. The fighting continued about fourteen days, and thousands of soldiers were killed and wounded. The last day of the battle was Sunday. The Confederates were in breast-works and the Federals charged us. There was heavy loss on both sides. It seems almost impossible that any one escaped without getting wounded. My mess consisted of six boys, and out of the six, all were killed or wounded except myself. My hat and clothes were riddled, and my canteen was shot away, but I was not scratched. We were fighting when Gen. Lee surrendered, but we did not know the war was over until we were turned loose on the Big Black in Mississippi. We had to walk to Jackson, as the roads were all torn up from Jackson to Vicksburg. We were kept in prison about three months. Prison life is not pleasant, but one need not expect anything good in war, and I am thankful that I was spared.



**WILLIAM J. CALLAWAY**, Hempstead, Texas—Born Jan. 10, 1844, in Sumpter County, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1862, in Anderson, Grimes County, Texas, as private in Company D, Eighth Texas Infantry, Gen. Wauil's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; first Captain was A. D. Story and first Colonel was Overton Young. The only wound I received was through my hat rim at Saline River, sometimes called the battle of Jenkin's Ferry, Ark. Was also in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.

**JAMES B. COLLIN**, Austin, Texas—Born Dec. 18, 1825, near Montgomery, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Orion, Pike County, Ala., as private in Company A, Thirty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, Army of Tennessee; Jackson, first Captain, and Clayton, first Colonel. Was wounded in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, 1864. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta.

**BENJAMINE M. CAMP**, Sulphur Springs, Texas—Born Sept. 2, 1839, near Jonesboro, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army October, 1861, at Jonesboro, Ga., with the rank of Second Lieutenant, in Company F, Second Georgia Cavalry. Was with Gen. Forrest in 1862; in Wharton and Martin's Division, Gen. Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. The name of my first Captain was W. H. Chapman, and the first Colonel was Lawton, and later C. C. Crews.

Was in the Murfreesboro battle with Gen. Forrest July, 1862; Perryville, October, 1862; Murfreesboro, Dec. 27 and 28, 1862; Tullahoma, Chickamauga, Knoxville, Rome and Atlanta, Ga., and through Tennessee with Gen. Wheeler. When Atlanta fell was in charge of direction camp at Atlanta, Ga., and remained there till the surrender on April 9, 1865.

**L. T. CAMP**, Denton, Texas—Born Nov. 3, 1843, near the town of West Point, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1862, at Columbus, Miss., as private in Company E, Forty-Third Mississippi, Gen. Adams' Brigade, Gen. Loring's Division, Gen. Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was J. M. Billups and first Colonel was Moore.

We were frequently changed from one division or brigade to another as occasion might require. I was never wounded, though I fought in every battle my command was engaged in except Franklin and Nashville, and was absent then on detached service.

Was taken prisoner in 1863 and paroled. Was exchanged and mounted and served under Gen. Forrest in 1863 and 1864. Was never promoted, but served through the war without a furlough, and never spent a moment in the hospital. I was in the battle at Iuka, Miss., with Gen. Price; in the second battle of Corinth. Was with Gen. Stephen D. Lee at Chickasaw Bayou, and in the siege of Vicksburg, as well as all the battles from Resaca to Atlanta under Joseph E. Johnston, and with Gen. Hood back to Tennessee.

I first volunteered in 1861 in the Lockhart Rifles commanded by Capt. Tom Lockhart. This company was made up principally of boys, with a few older men. After drilling for a while during the summer, we were disbanded, I suppose on account of so many boys belonging to the company. I stayed at home till in 1862 as you see, and joined Capt. Billup's company called "Lowndes Riflemen," which was organized at Columbus, Miss. We were placed in Gen. Tom Green's Brigade of Missouri troops. The first fighting we did was at Iuka and Corinth. We then did patrol



duty between Vicksburg and Yazoo City till Sherman advanced to attack Vicksburg. Under Gen. S. D. Lee we met him at Chickasaw Bayou and repulsed him, and were then sent about twelve miles north of Vicksburg to guard a raft, placed there to prevent the Federals from going up the Yazoo River, as we had some important government works there. We remained here until early in May, when Gen. Grant moved with his entire force on Vicksburg. We destroyed our forts at Snyder's Bluff and rejoined Gen. Green's Brigade and participated in the engagements around Vicksburg under Gen. Pemberton and were in the siege of the city of Vicksburg for forty days.

You ask for reminiscences. There are many. I will relate this one: After Grant had encompassed one position with his cannon, so placed as to protect his forces, he attempted to dislodge us from our breastworks by throwing column after column of men against us. Failing in this, he endeavored to reach us by digging a zig-zag trench and tunnel to our forts. Our fort was on a high bluff which gave us the opportunity of enfilading Grant's lines on both sides whenever they left their works. So Grant determined to undermine this fort, and as soon as he commenced below, we commenced above, just in front of the fort. So you can see from this what it must have been for a man to work in a shaft like that, knowing that hundreds of pounds of explosives were just beneath him, though I never heard but one complaint. As well as I remember, the shaft was about thirty feet across with benches for the men below to stand on while they threw the dirt to those above until it was delivered at the top. When we had gotten some nine feet or more in depth we could hear the Federals working beneath us and we could not tell at what moment they would turn loose that terrible power of death and destruction. So you can imagine our feelings. Now it so happened that two others of my company and I worked in that pit of death. (A good many other men from different parts of the command were working at the same time.) Each relief worked about twelve hours. When my companions and I were relieved we went to our company, which was about a hundred yards from the fort, and just as we reached the company we felt a kind of tremor and heard a report, and on looking towards the fort, saw the most fearful sight I have ever witnessed. I beheld men, cannon and all kinds of rubbish high in the air. Grant's men, thinking to overwhelm us in the confusion, rushed at us, but we hurled them back with a vengeance. It was the only time during the war that I was really mad at the enemy, and from that time to this I have never advocated war, but if war must come, then let us hoist a black flag and ask no quarter and give none.

I remember the names of three who were buried beneath that awful mass of rubbish. They were Ruff Love of Columbus, Miss., and Ward Kniffin and Frank McGee of Starkville, Miss.

After our raid into Tennessee under Gen. Hood, we reorganized and were sent to North Carolina under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in order to hold Sherman off of Gen. Lee, who afterwards surrendered, April 9, 1865, and we on April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.

GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Sweetwater, Texas—Born in 1842, near St. Johns, New Brunswick, Dominion of Canada. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Polk Station June, 1861, as private in Company F, Sixth Mississippi, Gen. Tighlman's Brigade, Gen. Loring's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was named Jim Houston and first Colonel, Baker. Was never changed. Was wounded in the left leg by minie ball at Chickasaw Bayou.



Was taken prisoner at Island No. 10 and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Paroled at Memphis; do not remember the date. Was not promoted. The principal battle in which I engaged was Champion Hill.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL, Chillicothe, Texas—Born Feb. 22, 1847, near Marshall, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1863 in Northern Arkansas as private in Company F, Gen. Wood's Battalion, Gen. Clark's Brigade, Gen. Marmaduke's Division. My first Colonel was R. E. Woods. Was wounded in the hips at Little Blue Oct. 21, 1864; captured and sent to Camp Morton, Ind.

Was in the battles of Poison Springs, Ark., the 8th of May, 1864, and Salem River the last of May, 1864; Pilot Knob, Mo., Sept. 28, 1864, and Little Blue the 21st of October, 1864.

N. B. CAMPBELL, Lindale, Texas—Born in Cannon County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 6, 1861, as private in Company C, Thirty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Cleburne's Brigade, Gen. Hardee's Division, Army of Tennessee. Was never changed, wounded nor promoted. Was captured, and on the 26th of April, 1865, was paroled. I was in the battles of Chickamauga, Corinth, Miss.; Richmond, Ky., and was in one continuous fight from Dalton to Atlanta. Was at the battles of Franklin and Nashville. We went through many hardships and much suffering during the war from hunger and cold.

ELIAS HARDIN CAMPBELL, Gainesville, Texas—Born May 9, 1840, near Lancaster, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 19, 1862, at Winchester, Ky., as private in Company I, Second Kentucky Regiment, Gen. John H. Morgan's Brigade, Gen. Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Wm. C. P. Breckenridge and my first Colonel was John H. Morgan. I got a transfer from Second Kentucky to Eighth Kentucky, Cluke's Regiment, Charlie Price, first Captain, and Wm. D. Nicholas, second Captain. Was wounded at Hartsville, Tenn., in 1862 in the right leg. Surgeons pronounced it a serious wound. I was lame from it for eight or ten years. Was taken prisoner in Ohio and was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and then to Camp Douglas, Ill., where I was treated like a dog. Was exchanged March 3, 1865. Was made Orderly Sergeant on Jan. 1, 1863.

Was in no regular, pitched battles, but heard the bullets whistle every day for months as we scouted in the rear and on the flanks of the Yankee army. Was on one raid eighteen days without a stop for rest or sleep. A great many men's feet became so swollen that they could not wear their boots.

J. M. CAMPER, Ennis, Texas—Born at Pulaski, Tenn., and joined the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Pulaski, Tenn., as private in Company D, First Tennessee Cavalry, Gen. Ashby's Brigade, Gen. Wheeler's Division, Army of Tennessee. The name of my first Captain was R. N. Jones and my first Colonel was Jas. T. Wheeler. Remained with my regiment during the entire war and surrendered at Charlotte, N. C., on April 26, 1865.

Was wounded at Chickamauga by concussion of shell, lay on field all night—thought to be dead. Was never taken prisoner. Was the youngest member of my company; was scout for Gen. Wheeler for one year. Had many hairbreadth escapes. For awhile I acted as Captain of my company,



our officers being either killed or wounded. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Coffeyville, Franklin, Brentwood and other engagements of the Army of Tennessee. I have gone for days without food, and at the battle of Corinth had been without food for three days.

G. H. CAMSTER, Clarksville, Texas—Born March 23, 1843, at Cape Girardo, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, as Corporal in Company E, Eighth Missouri Cavalry, Gen. Marmaduke's Brigade, Gen. Price's Division. My first Captain was John G. Pritchett and first Colonel was William Jeffries. Was promoted to Orderly Sergeant and then to Lieutenant. Was in the battles of Bloomfield, Pilot Knob, Cape Girardeau, Helena, Ark.; Saline River, Union, California, Jefferson City, Booneville, Little Rock, Bayou Meter and several others.

R. E. CANADA, Van Aystyne, Texas—Born Aug. 3, 1836, near Warm Springs, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on April 14, 1862, at Montgomery, Ala., as private in Company C, Fifty-Ninth Alabama, Gen. Gracie's Brigade, Gen. Stevenson's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain's name was Louis Crumpley, and first Colonel, Louis Hall.

Was changed from western army to Longstreet's command after the battle of Chickamauga. Was wounded at Chickamauga in the arm and shoulder. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Hatcher's Run, the "blow-up" at Petersburg, sixteen days around Petersburg, Strawberry Plain, and at the siege of Knoxville, Tenn.

A. J. CANDLER, Farmersville, Texas—Born in Russell County, Va., near Hansonville, Oct. 9, 1834. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, in the fall of 1861, in Capt. Joe Dixon's Company, Ninth Texas Infantry, with Sam Bell Maxey as Colonel, Gen. Ector's Brigade, Gen. Cheatham's Division. Was promoted to Orderly Sergeant and served as such during the war. At the battle of Corinth was slightly wounded. Was also in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Altoona, Perryville, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., and a number of small engagements and skirmishes. Was with the army except while recovering from my wound. Our first Captain, Joe Dixon, was killed at Shiloh. Milt Board of McKinney succeeded him. Albert Sidney Johnston, our commander, was killed at Shiloh. We had started to go to the relief of Vicksburg, but as its fall was a foregone conclusion, we went back to Jackson, Miss. Was in the Georgia campaign forty days without being out of hearing of guns, and most of the time was in range of bullets.

After the Georgia campaign we went into Tennessee. We missed the battle of Franklin, Tenn., one of the hardest battles of the campaign. We were guarding the pontoon bridges. You will see that I was at neither Shiloh nor Franklin, and it is quite probable if I had been I would not be here today. We lost many a good man in those two battles. We were at Meridian, Miss., when Johnston surrendered. With much walking, and some riding on steamboats, I again arrived at "Sugar Hill," near Farmersville, where I have lived ever since. I had many narrow escapes incident to war, and remember many things which happened to my comrades, but there is not space to set them down here. I want to thank the noble women of the South for their many kindnesses, and hope they have not forgotten me.



**WILLIAM J. CANDLER** (deceased), Farmersville, Texas—Born in Russell County, Va., on May 28, 1836. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, as private in Company F, Fifth Texas Partisan Rangers, Martin's Regiment, John K. Bumpass, Captain. Comrade Candler was killed at Cabin Creek, Okla. Bill Candler was not a talker, but when he was called on, or when volunteers were called for, he stepped to the front without a word and was ready for duty. He was the only man killed in the Cabin Creek fight. He was wounded in the bowels and we put him on a litter and started to carry him off the field. We had gone but a short distance when he said he was dying and was soon gone. We dug his grave as best we could with our big knives, and as his blanket was bloody, I wrapped him in my own. He was buried near where he fell. Such was the fate of many a good man. May the good Spirits keep watch over his lonely resting place.

(The above was given by his comrade, Tom Howard.)

**D. C. CANNON**, Trinity, Texas—Born in Henry County, Ala., and joined the Confederate Army in July, 1861, as private in Company G, Fifteenth Alabama, Gen. Law's Brigade, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Virginia. We went to Tennessee and then back to Virginia. Was wounded at Chickamauga in the thigh. In the battle of the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania Court House had my collar bone broken and received other wounds. Was hit so often I can't tell the dates. Was in the second battle of Manassas, Wilderness, Chickamauga and Spottsylvania Court House and others.

**E. F. CANON**, Chester, Texas—Born Feb. 25, 1840, at Microsukee, Fla. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in November, 1861, at Galveston, Texas, as private in Company H, Fifth Texas Infantry, DeBray's Regiment. My first Captain was D. M. Stovall and first Colonel was E. B. Nickols. Time of enlistment expired and was assigned by Gen. Hebert to drill Twenty-Second Infantry. Joined Company G, Thirty-Third Texas Cavalry in 1863. Capt. Weyman died in Mount Pleasant December, 1864, and was succeeded by Calvin Goodloe.

I was promoted to Provost Marshall and Sergeant Major at Eagle Pass in January, 1864. Rejoined company in March to go with regiment to Louisiana. From the first I was kept as drill master of Company G. Was in only one battle of any note, under Gens. Gano and Cooper one night in November, 1864, I believe. We captured a large train of Wagons and more than 100 prisoners. I do not recall the name of the battle. Gen. Cooper had charge of the Indian troops. We had to retreat the second or third day, and had to burn the captured train, as Gen. Blount was crowding us very hard. We had to retreat to Horse Shoe Bend on Red River. Was afterwards with Shelby, also with Marmaduke for a while.

**J. H. CANTER**, Rising Star, Texas—Born in 1847, near Salem, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 at Dalton, Ga., in Major Baker's Scouts, and served under Gen. Johnston. Was never taken prisoner. I received a slight wound in the hand at Resaca and was shot in the leg at Peachtree Creek. I also had my horse killed under me on the 22nd day of July, on my sixteenth birthday. Was carried to Blue Mountain, where I stayed until late in the fall of 1864. Was in the battles of Resaca, Lost Mountain, Dug Gap, New Hope Church, Atlanta and Bentonville, N. C.

I can not remember dates very well. We caught up with Johnston's



army at Dalton, Ga. I was scouting pretty much all the time. I went to the army from Logan County, Ky. The Federals had possession of that country at that time.

WYLLIE T. CARAWAY, Robert Lee, Texas—Born Feb. 17, 1842, near Holly Springs, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 15, 1861, at Beeville, Texas, in Company G, Second Texas Cavalry. The name of my first Captain was Mat Nolan, first Colonel, J. S. Foard. It is with much pleasure that I contribute something to a history of the private soldier. I am glad indeed that some one of the "Daughters" have taken enough interest in the matter to compile such a work.

I have no great story to tell, although I was in the army four long years as a private soldier. I went through many hardships of both hunger and cold. Just now I remember a time in the early '60's when there was a good snow on the ground, and only one blanket for bed and cover. During the first of the war I was on the frontier of Texas, and then went into Louisiana, where I stayed two years. Was then ordered back to Texas. Many of my comrades have answered the "last roll call" and in a few more fleeting years we will all be called home. It is a happy thought to know that when we get there, there will be no more wars or hardships, but all will be love. Thank God for the promise of such a home as that!

H. H. CARICO, Austin, Texas—Born in 1820 in Winston County, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army the first of June, 1861, at Blumville, Tenn., as private in Company A, Fifth Tennessee Battalion, Gen. Zollicoffer's Brigade, Gen. Hood's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was David McClennon, and first Colonel, Geo. R. McClennon. I was never changed during the war. I was wounded five times at Manchester, Tenn. Received them all at the same time. My right leg was badly broken. Was never taken prisoner. When Gen. Zollicoffer was killed, a man by the name of Crittendon took charge and told us all to take care of ourselves. All disbanded but about fifty, when I took charge of them and did the best I could. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Knoxville, Cedar Hill and Salt Works, besides some others.

W. H. CARLISLE, Antlers, Okla.—Born near Goshen Hill, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 3, 1861, at Charleston, S. C., as private in Company E, First South Carolina Cavalry. Name of first Captain was J. M. Gadbury and first Colonel, Maxey Gregg. Enlisted in May, 1861, for six months and was disbanded at Fairfax, Va., and re-enlisted in May, 1862. Elliott was my first Captain, R. F. Graham, first Colonel, Gen. Hagood's Brigade, Gen. Hoke's Division. Was shot through the thigh at Monet Island, and got a flesh wound in the breast at Walthall, Va. Was promoted to First Lieutenant at Drewrys Bluff, Va. Was in the battles of Fort Sumpter, Fort Wagner, Walthall, Cold Harbor, Drewrys Bluff, Petersburg, Va., "The Crater," and Bentonville, N. C. I saw the first shot fired on Fort Sumpter and the last shot fired at Bentonville, N. C. Am now Captain Commanding M. M. Parson's Camp No. 1316, Antlers, Okla.

JOSEPH B. CARNOHAN, Cleburne, Texas—Born near Cloverdale, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army about July 1, 1861, at Aquia Church, Va., as private in Company D, Thirtieth Virginia Infantry, Gen. Holmes' Brigade, Gen. Pickett's Division, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was Volney Johnson, and first Colonel was Carey.



I served the entire war in Virginia under Gens. Lee and Jackson. Was scratched on arm and shoulder by minie ball, but was not disabled. Was captured at Five Forks, but made my escape the same night, so was never a prisoner. I never had a furlough, and never missed a march with my regiment as long as any of the boys were left. I can not tell all the battles I was in, but was at Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Five Forks, the Seven Days' fight around Richmond, and many skirmishes and small engagements too numerous to remember.

JAS. J. CARNES, Dallas, Texas—Born near Columbus, Ga., where I enlisted in the Confederate Army on April 16, 1861, as private in Company A, Second Georgia Battalion, Wright's Brigade, Mahone's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Peyton H. Colquitt. The second battalion was composed of four companies, viz: Company A, city "Light Guards," Columbus, Ga.; Company B, Macon Volunteers; Company C, "Floyd Rifles," Macon, Ga., and Company D, "Spaulding Grays" of Griffin, Ga. The first three were old companies before the war of the '60's. I received a slight wound in the right hand at Gettysburg in 1864.

Was in the battles of Sewell's Point, Va.; first battle of Fredericksburg, Gettysburg and those in front of Petersburg, after returning from prison, and surrendered with Lee's army in April, 1865.

We were the first troops leaving Georgia before the embargo of Gov. Brown against any troops leaving the State. We went to Portsmouth and were quartered in the marine hospital. From there we went to Sewell's Point, opposite Fortress Monroe, where we erected batteries and were engaged by the "Monticello" about June 16, 1861. While this was an unimportant affair, it frightened me more than any engagement during the war. While we were engaged by the "Monticello," we were being cross-fired on from the rip raps of Fort Monroe.

From this point we witnessed the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor at the mouth of James River. We were sent to Goldsboro to drill the North Carolina troops encamped at this place, and also to prevent any movement of the enemy from Newburn.

As the term of our enlistment had expired (we enlisted for twelve months), we went home in April and re-enlisted with the understanding that we were to still keep our four companies as the Second Georgia Battalion. Our second trip was to Richmond in time for the battle of Seven Pines, then to Fredericksburg, where we met Burnside on Dec. 12th, where we lost our first man, E. A. Oneal; then to the Wilderness, and then to Gettysburg, arriving on the 30th of June and began the great fight next morning, the 1st of July, 1863. Here I was wounded and captured with the wagon train about the 5th of July, and sent to Fort Delaware. After four months' imprisonment, I returned in time to be in front of Petersburg on the 7th of February, 1865, and was under fire till the surrender at Appomattox on April 9, 1865.

Some 28,350 men were surrendered by Gen. Lee. We had had little to eat since April 1st, when the battle began, and nothing after, till the night of the 8th, when we were issued a small ration of flour and beef. The surrender was on the 9th, and we had to walk to Burksville Junction to get a train to Petersburg, where we were furnished transportation home, where we arrived about the 20th of June, 1865.



S. M. CAROTHERS, Goldthwaite, Texas—Born Jan. 11, 1842, near Vernon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, at Whitfield, Tenn., as Second Sergeant in Company B, Forty-Second Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Walthall's Division, Gen. Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Hubbard, and first Colonel was Quarles. I first fought at Fort Donelson, Tenn. When we were exchanged was in the service in Mississippi, and then went to Port Hudson, La., under Gen. Gardner. From there went to Mobile, Ala., thence to Dalton, Ga. Was wounded July 28th in front of Atlanta, Ga., shot in the head. Then went with Gen. Hood on the Tennessee campaign, and was shot in the leg while storming the Yankee breastworks at Franklin, Tenn. Was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and was sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., where I was fairly well treated. Fort Donelson was taken on the 14th and 15th of February, 1862. I was elected September, 1862, to Second Lieutenant and then promoted to First Lieutenant, January, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., and when able was in command of my company until the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Port Hudson, Jackson, Miss., and all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta, then at Decatur, Ala. Was with Gen. Hood at Columbia, Tenn., and the last battle at Franklin, Tenn. Got my parole at Columbus, Miss., in May, 1865. My Captain, G. A. Lowe, was killed at Atlanta, July 28, 1864.

M. CARPENTER, Maxdale, Texas—Born March, 1841, near Lanfort, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 25, 1861, at Troy, Ala., as private in Company K, Thirty-Seventh Alabama Regiment, Gen. Butler's Brigade, Gen. Cheatham's Division, Gen. Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Amarine, first Captain, and Dowdle, first Colonel. Received a slight wound at New Hope Church, in the head. Was captured at Vicksburg July 4, 1863, and paroled. Was in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, first and second battles of Kenesaw Mountain, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and on the retreat from Dalton to Atlanta. Was discharged at Greensboro, N. C.

R. CARPENTER, Cumby, Texas—Born in the city of Dublin, Ireland, and joined the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at New Orleans, La., as private in Company B, Tenth Louisiana Infantry, Gen. Semmes' Brigade, Gen. Magruder's Division, Army of Virginia. My first Colonel was named Marignay. I was never changed from the Tenth. After the reorganization of the army, we became a part of the Louisiana Brigade under Gen. Starks, Gen. Johnston's Division, Gen. Jackson's Corps.

Was wounded at Second Manassas in the leg, and a glancing shot in the arm at Chancellorsville the day after we lost Jackson. Was taken prisoner at Malvern Hill and spent two months in Fort Delaware. Was captured again at Gettysburg July, 1863, and was not exchanged till March, 1865. Was in prison at Chester, Pa., Point Lookout, Md., and Johnson's Island; was never promoted. Was in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Chancellorsville, Winchester and some others. Gettysburg was my last service.

J. J. CARPENTER, West, Texas—Born June 4, 1841, at Prattsburg, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 7, 1861, at Cusseta, Ga., as private in Company G, Thirty-First Georgia Regiment, Gen. Evans' Brigade, Gen. Gordon's Division, Gen. Early's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Howell Lowe, and first Colonel was Philips.



Was wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., in the right knee on the 27th day of June, 1862, which disabled me for two years. Was appointed Corporal, and afterwards Sergeant. Was in the battles of Pontatoc, Cold Harbor, Va., and all the battles up and down the Stanton Turnpike, and at the evacuation of Petersburg, Va. Was at the surrender at Appomattox. There were only three comrades and no commissioned officers left of our company.

B. F. CARPENTER, Gainesville, Texas—Born Aug. 25, 1837, in East Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the summer of 1861 at McKinney, Texas, as Third Corporal, Company K, Sixth Texas Regiment. Later was in Ross' Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Throckmorton and first Colonel was B. Warren Stone. Served first in Texas and then was transferred to the Mississippi Department. I never received a scratch and there were only four or five out of the company who were not either killed or wounded. Was never taken prisoner. Was promoted from Third Corporal to Second Sergeant. Was in the battles of Elkhorn, Farmington, Miss.; Iuka, Miss., and Corinth, where we lost lots of men; New Hope Church and Rome, Ga. Was in the cavalry service around Vicksburg and Atlanta, Ga., and Nashville, Tenn.; fought every day going in and out of Nashville, and lost 303 men in the Georgia campaign under Gen. Hood. Followed Gen. Ross four years in cavalry service.

Our regiment went out of Texas with 1,180 men, and when we surrendered at Canton, Miss., there were 240 at roll call. Our regiment has furnished two governors for the State of Texas—Throckmorton and Ross. Gen. Forrest asked Gen. Ross why it was that his men straggled so much, and then were always on hand when a fight came up. Ross told him that he did not know unless it was because he had "350 good generals" in his brigade.

Every commissioned officer in my company down to Corporal was killed or wounded in the battle at Corinth, Miss.

THOMAS B. CARROLL, Como, Texas—Born July 20, 1845, near Florence, Ala. Entered the Confederate Army in August, 1863, near Sulphur Springs, Hopkins County, Texas, as private in Company C, Thirty-Fifth Texas Regiment. My first Captain was named Dawson and first Colonel was named Wortham. I was never changed. Never wounded nor taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou.

EDMOND MONROE CARROLL, Ennis, Texas—Born Nov. 21, 1826, near China Grove, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army near Creswell's Springs, as Second Sergeant, Company I, Seventh North Carolina Infantry, Branch's Brigade, Gen. Hill's Division, Gen. Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was Jas. R. McAulay, and first Colonel was Reuben Campbell. Was in the infantry in all my service. Was wounded in the calf of the leg at Gaines' Mill. Was in the battles of Gaines' Mill, Harper's Ferry, Antietam, and came back across the Potomac River into Virginia. Rested three weeks or more at Bunker's Hill. Made a raid on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, when we tore up about thirty or thirty-five miles of the track.

At the battle of Chancellorsville (1863) I was badly wounded. The matchless courage of the private soldier should never be forgotten. Unstimulated by the hope of promotion, "each a host within himself," with



ranks fearfully depleted, they heroically resisted the enemy until flanked on the right by his longer line, not a man was seen to leave the field unhurt or to give up the contest until ordered to retreat. Later when the enemy had been driven from his stronghold, it was noticed that the position of the dead showed the determined manner in which they met the "last foe."

This was shown by the following: Private Rufus Motley of Company B, cold and stiff in death, held clinched in his fingers a torn cartridge from which the powder was not spilled, and his comrade, William Rhinehart, lay dead in the act of pressing the half rammed cartridge in the gun.

We had "hard times" nearly all the time, for we belonged to what was called Gen. Stonewall Jackson's Foot Cavalry, and you know what that meant.

**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN CARROLL**, Blooming Grove, Texas—Born May 4, 1841, near Old Marion Station, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, near Hempstead, Texas, as private in Company B, Twelfth Texas Volunteer Cavalry. Name of first Captain was A. M. Maddox, and first Colonel was Parsons. Served in Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri and Louisiana. Was in the battle at Cotton Plant, Ark., and several battles during Gen. Bank's raid up Red River in Louisiana. Was never wounded, but had my horse shot from under me. Was captured once on an outpost picket and a Masonic breastpin caused my release. Was discharged on Little Brazos River in 1865, near where I joined the army.

**ABE CARROLL**, Ennis, Texas—Born Feb. 22, 1847, near Blue Ridge Springs, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1864, at Liberty, as private in Company K, Fifty-Eighth Virginia Regiment, Gen. Early's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was named Casey, and first Colonel was named Barrett. Our corps was divided and we were sent to Petersburg in 1864 in the fall. We spent the last six months right in front of the city. I was never wounded. Was never taken prisoner. We were right in the hot part of it. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of the Wilderness, Fredericksburg, Hanover Court House. Was with the sharpshooters at Petersburg, and we led many charges. We were continually fighting, many times at night and sometimes all night.

**B. H. CARROLL**, Fort Worth, Texas—Born Dec. 27, 1843, near Carrollton, Miss. I was twice enlisted in the Confederate service: When Texas seceded, the convention which declared secession Texas was obligated to assume the defense of the frontier which had been of course entrusted to the United States. In order to effect this defense this convention called for a regiment of rangers to be commanded by Henry E. McCulloch of Seguin. When the time came to muster in this regiment, Texas had united with the Confederacy. At that time I was seventeen years old, was a private in Company H, commanded by Capt. Nelson. In the distribution of this force, Companies A and H, to the latter of which I belonged, had for summer camped at the junction of the Concho where San Angelo now stands, and the winter headquarters were at Fort McCavitt, the head of the San Saba River. The time of this regiment was for one year. It was mustered into service at San Antonio April 15, 1861, and at the expiration of the year of service, was mustered out at Fredericksburg in 1862. In June, 1862, I enlisted in the Seventeenth Texas Infantry, Col. R. T. P. Allen of Bastrop, Lieut.-Col. Wash Jones of Bastrop, first Major Wm. Tabor of Bryan. I belonged to Company A of this regiment, first commanded by



Robt. Allen, son of the Colonel; later by John Martin, who started as First Lieutenant, and still later by O. H. P. Garrett, who started as Second Lieutenant. This regiment in Little Rock, Ark., became a part of McCulloch's Brigade, the same who commanded the Texas Rangers—Henry E. McCulloch and not Ben McCulloch. This brigade was a part of Gen. Walker's Division. The corps was commanded by Gen. Holmes. The services performed by this division were mainly first in Arkansas, and later in Louisiana. The principal engagements, first, at Ashwood's Landing on the Mississippi River above Vicksburg; second, the battle of Milliken's Bend on the same river—third, the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, in Northern Louisiana, and Jenkin's Ferry in Arkansas. I was wounded in the right thigh in the battle of Mansfield. This division lost more men from measles and pneumonia in one winter at Little Rock than in all the battles in which it was engaged. The object of the battles at Ashwood's Landing and Milliken's Bend on the Mississippi River was to force Gen. Grant, then besieging Vicksburg, to detach against us a part of his besieging army so large that it would enable Gen. Johnston, operating near Jackson, Miss., to cut his way into Vicksburg and relieve Gen. Pemberton commanding there. The other three battles in which the brigade participated were occasioned by a double invasion. First, up Red River, commanded by Gen. N. P. Banks, after the fall of Port Hudson, and second, from Little Rock, Ark., commanded by Gen. Steele. These two forces had for one objective, Shreveport, La., where we had all of our factories and the larger part of our supplies. In conducting the defense three divisions commanded by Gen. Walker and Gen. Mouton and Tom Green (cavalry) fell back before Banks to draw him as far as possible up Red River and away from his base of supplies. Then Gen. Price's division with the Arkansas troops was to fall back before Steele until he also was brought far inland and away from his communications. Our defense having the inner line, first struck Gen. Banks at Mansfield achieving a great victory; being then joined by Gen. Price's division he was a second time assaulted at Pleasant Hill on his retreat. Leaving the cavalry and some detachments of infantry to pursue Gen. Banks down Red River after his defeat, Price and Walker's divisions were hurried over into Arkansas and fought Steele at Jenkin's Ferry, defeating him. Our cavalry under Gen. Tom Greene captured immense supplies from Gen. Banks' army, and our other cavalry under Gen. Sam Bell Maxey captured the supply trains of Steele's army. Lieut.-Gen. Dick Taylor of Louisiana commanded at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill as a corps commander. The department commander was Lieut.-Gen. Holmes.

After being wounded in the battle of Mansfield, when I returned to the army, I found myself, on account of the re-opening of my wound, unable to serve either as infantry or cavalry, and hence was at home at the time the Western Department surrendered by negotiation to Gen. Cauby of the Federal Army. Commencing at seventeen years of age, after four years of service I was just old enough to vote when the war closed.

**WILLIAM T. CARSWELL.** Payne, Texas—Born Nov. 9, 1846, near San Augustine, Texas, and joined the Confederate Army Jan. 1, 1864, at San Augustine, as private in Company E, Gen. Taylor's Regiment, Gen. Walker's Division. My first Captain was named Bullard. Was changed to the regular army at Shreveport, La., in January, 1865, and sent to Alexandria, La. Was never wounded. Remained with the regular army until the close of the war and was disbanded at Hempstead, Texas.

Nothing of much interest occurred, my being enlisted so near the close of the war. Heavy rains and high water, and in the rain day and night for



two days was tough enough to suit me, especially as I was without food or shelter greater part of the time.

J. V. CARTER, Voca, Texas—Born in Georgia in 1841 and enlisted in the Confederate Army June, 1861, at Tallissee, Ala., as private in Company F, Thirteenth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Jackson's Brigade, Gen. Lee's Army. My first Captain was Toll Stricklin and first Colonel was Frey. Was afterwards changed to Company L. Was wounded at Chancellorsville in the thigh. Was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1863. Was in the battles of Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Bunker Hill, besides all the other battles fought by Gen. Colquitt's Brigade, except the battle of Seven Pines, when I was ill with measles.

I arrived home from prison in January, 1865. I had been reported dead for ten months. I met my mother first and she shouted with joy. I then left mother and went to father. He was so shocked he could not speak for a few minutes. Of course I can only give a few of the things which happened to me in the war, but will say that I was with Gen. Jackson until he was killed and then was under Gen. A. P. Hill until the battle of Gettysburg, where we were captured and sent to Fort Delaware on July 1, 1863. We were put in line and marched thirty miles a day. At 10 o'clock Gen. Hill fainted and fell in the road, which delayed the column fifteen minutes. When night came on we were put in a corral and guarded and next day reached Baltimore and were put in what seemed to be a stock yard. We were kept here until the morning of the 5th of July, when we were put on a canal boat and run down to Delaware Bay and put on Delaware Island. We got there in July and they said that our crew made 13,000 on the island at that time. A few days later they shipped a great many to Point Lookout, but left enough on the island to average thirty deaths a day for more than a year. At first they were buried without any clothes on at all, but the last six months they were buried with underwear on. They kept thirty men on detail to dig graves. We had one blanket to each two men and two hardtacks and one cup of soup twice a day. I could not have lived on such rations. I made rings and kept up until I took sick. I lay eighteen weeks in the hospital on Delaware Island. I had to take the oath of "allegiance" before they would let me come home. I had bone scurvy and could only walk on crutches. Got transportation to within thirty-five miles of home, which was at Montgomery, Ala.

J. C. CARTER, Eastland, Texas—Born Oct. 12, 1847, at Lynnville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Dec. 15, 1863, as private in Company K, Twenty-First Tennessee Cavalry, Gen. Bell's Brigade, Gen. Buford's Division. My first Captain was Dudley and first Colonel was Wilson. I started out with Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry in order to go into Mississippi, where I expected to unite with the Tennesseans, which I did in December, 1864. I received a slight wound at Columbia, Tenn., on skirmish line in 1864. Was in the battles of Okolona, Miss., Paducah, Ky., and the last battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn.

I was just thirteen years old when Lincoln was elected president, and my boyish heart went out to the South. The Federals held sway over the country most of the time, but now and then some dashing Confederate Cavalry would make a raid into the country and recruits would go out to the South. In December, 1863, I started out with Franklin's regiment of recruits. I lived only about twenty-five miles from the line. Gen. Forrest had his headquarters at Jackson, Tenn., and had his recruiting officers all



over the country. I was not of military age, and the recruiting officers never called on me, so the boys from my part of the country had gone before I had concluded to volunteer. I started just in time to meet Franklin's last company from Kentucky, and with them I was mustered into the service on the 15th day of December, 1863.

I joined with the understanding that I was to go with the Tennesseans, which I was allowed to do. I suffered the same as many another from cold and hunger and long marches. This was the common lot of army life and perhaps it would not be interesting to go over it. It was bad enough and I hope others will never have to go through as much as we.

NEWTON A. CARTER, Gainesville, Texas—Born Jan. 29, 1845, near Valdosta, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 1, 1861, at Brunswick, Ga., as private in Company C, Twenty-Ninth Georgia Infantry. I don't think we belonged to any brigade while I belonged to that regiment. We did picket duty on the coast of Georgia. My first Captain was Levy J. Knight and my first Colonel was named Young, of Thomasville, Ga. In the fall of '62 I got out of this company, being under age and stayed at home one month and then joined the Fourth Georgia Cavalry to be with my brother. Was in Company H, Capt. Thomas S. Wiley and Col. Clinch.

About the 27th or 28th of November, 1864, at Waynesboro, Ga., I was cut down by a saber and left on the field for dead. The saber struck me a blow on the neck. I fell into the hands of the enemy, but when I came to myself I succeeded in making my escape.

I was in the battles of John's Island, S. C., Atlanta, Jonesboro and Waynesboro, Ga. Was with Gen. Wheeler's army all the way from Atlanta to Savannah and in a continual mix-up with Sherman's cavalry. Sometimes we would strike them away from the infantry and would run them in to where they would be protected, but at Waynesboro they had a brigade of infantry to back them. We dismounted and formed in an open corn field. We held them in check for awhile, but both the right and the left wings of our line fell back and left the center, and the enemy closed in on us and surrounded us. Just at that time reinforcements came and we were relieved. Those who had me in charge were on horseback and were shot and fell either dead or wounded, and when they saw they could not keep me, one of them struck me an overhead blow with his saber, intending to split my head open, but I dodged and caught the blow on the neck and fell unconscious. As soon as I came to my senses I saw a heavy line of the enemy about a 100 yards on one side and our forces about the same distance on the other, which left me between the contending parties.

As soon as I was able to get up I made a run for our lines. The bullets from both sides, in the meantime, were cutting down the cornstalks around me, but strange to say, I was not touched by a ball. I have always thought that it was through the goodness and mercy of God that I ever got out of that place alive.

A word about First Lieut. Cavader. He was First Lieutenant of Capt. King's Company. He was a big-hearted, clever Jew; an officer that all the regiment loved for his genial character and good qualities. He was just in front of me when the Yankees overtook us. He turned and said: "Let's surrender. We can't get out of here," and I agreed. They rushed in between us and I never saw him any more until we came back next day, we found him. They had killed him after he had surrendered.



**J. H. CARTER**, Rising Star, Texas—Born near Salem, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Dalton, Ga., with rank of private in Company A. I belonged to Gen. Baker's Brigade and did scouting. William Baker was my Major, G. W. Price was Captain, and E. P. Smith, First Lieutenant, and Giles Aiken was Second Lieutenant. I was not transferred to any other part of the army. We did scouting for Gen. Joe Johnston's army and some fighting.

Was wounded at Resaca by a saber cut on the hand and wrist. At Peachtree Creek I was wounded in the leg just below the knee and had my horse killed in a charge across the corn field on July 22, 1864. I lived in Kentucky at the beginning of the war, and we had to slip through the Federal lines and they made us *ride* straight up many times to keep from being taken prisoner.

I have gone three days at a time without sitting down to eat and then took chances for the next meal. Was in the battles of Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Peachtree Creek. From Peachtree Creek I was sent to Blue Mountain and then to Bentonville, N. C.

**J. T. CARTWRIGHT**, Denton, Texas—Born March 6, 1841, in Pickens County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Bencla, Miss., as private in Company I, Fourth Mississippi Regiment (infantry), Gen. Baldwin's Brigade, Gen. French's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Bob Middleton, first Captain, and Joe Drake, first Colonel. Was wounded at Fort Gibson, Ga., in the left side. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, battles around Vicksburg and all through Georgia. I was captured at Fort Donelson on the 16th of February, 1862, and sent to Camp Morton, Ind. I remained in prison for seven months, and was sent down to Vicksburg, Miss., for exchange. And from there we went to Jackson, Miss., where we reorganized and I was elected Fourth Sergeant of the company. We went through some trying times at Vicksburg and surrendered on the 4th of July, 1863, and went home on paroles of honor. There was about eight of the company killed in this battle.

**RICHARD W. CARUTHERS**, Joshua, Texas—Born Aug. 13, 1846, near Madisonville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 27, 1862, in Jefferson County, Ga., as private in Company H, Forty-Third Georgia Infantry, Gen. Stovall's Brigade, Gen. Stewart's Division, Army of Tennessee; Thos. Howard, first Captain, and Sid Harris, first Colonel. Was captured at Vicksburg, but did not go to prison; was exchanged. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Ga., Franklin, Tenn., Nashville, Jonesboro, Jackson, Miss., Resaca, Ga., and the siege of Vicksburg.

**J. A. CARVER**, Temple, Texas—Born in Pickens County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Fort Morgan as private in Company A, Third Alabama, and later was in the Fortieth Alabama, Gen. Stewart's Division, Gen. Hood's Corps. Was slightly wounded at New Hope Church. Was in the siege of Vicksburg, where our rations consisted of peas and corn, and very scanty at that. I ate it and would have been glad to have had what was thrown to the dogs at home. Was in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga.; New Hope Church, Atlanta, Ga.; Bentonville, N. C., and was paroled at Salsbery, N. C.

**ALBERT CASEY**, Jacksonville, Texas—Born near Lewisville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army October, 1861, at Jacksonville, Texas, as



private in Company K, Eighteenth Texas Infantry, Gen. Wall's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was J. C. Maples and first Colonel was Tom Ochiltree, Sr. Served the entire war in this department. Was wounded at Pleasant Hill, La., 9th day of April, 1861. I was soon promoted to First Sergeant of the company, which position I held during the entire war. Was in the battles of Bourbeau Bayou in Louisiana in 1863, Pleasant Hill, La., 1864. I experienced all the hardships incident to long marches in Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, and was at Hempstead, Texas, at the surrender of Gen. Walker's Division in 1865.

JOHN J. CASEY, Atlanta, Texas—Born April 7, 1845, near Atlanta, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Shreveport, La., April 17, 1863, as private in Company E, William Harrison's Battalion. My first Captain was Nathan and first Colonel was named Harrison. Was sworn into the service to go to Mexico with government cattle and discharged about twelve months later to join the regular service. Was never wounded and was never in any battles except some light engagements. Was promoted to Corporal.

LEWIS CASH, Forney, Texas—Born in 1841, in Coffey County, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Hillsboro, Tenn., as private in Company A, First Tennessee, Gen. Stonewall Jackson's Brigade. My first Captain was named Runnels. Was twenty-one months in prison at Fort Delaware and had two hardtacks at a meal. The weather was cold and I suffered all the time I was there, as we had only one blanket to the man.

I was wounded at Gettysburg by piece of shell and was hit by a minie ball in the thigh. Was taken prisoner at Gettysburg. Was not promoted.

Was in the battles of First and Second Manassas, Seven Days before Richmond, Cedar Run and Fredericksburg.

JOHN OVERTON CASLER, Oklahoma City—Born December 1, 1838, at Gainesboro, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 6, 1861, at Hampshire, Va., as Private in Company A, Potomac Guards, Thirty-third Virginia Infantry, Gen. Stonewall Jackson's Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was P. L. Grace and first Colonel Auther Cummins. I was transferred to Company D, Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, January 3, 1865, as Company A had been wiped out in killed, wounded and imprisoned. I was slightly wounded in head at second battle Bull's Run in 1862. In thigh at Manchester in 1864. These were just scratches; I never went to the hospital and really did not count them as wounds. I was taken prisoner Feb. 5, 1865, and sent to Fort McHenry, Maryland. I was elected First Lieutenant January, 1864, but would not accept and was not commissioned. I was in the following battles: First Bull Run, Second Bull Run, Manchester, Cross Keys, McDowell, Seven Days Around Richmond, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania C. H., Bethesda Church, South Ann Harbor, Second Battle of Cold Harbor. The Battle of Chancellorsville, as I saw it in the ranks. Gen. Jackson's last dispatch, near 3 p. m., May 2, 1863: "General, the enemy has made a stand at Chancellors which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practical to attack. I trust an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success. Respectfully, T. J. Jackson." Later, 3:15 p. m.:





**GENERAL FELIX H. ROBERTSON,**  
Present Commander of Texas Division of U. C. V's.



"General, the leading division is up and the next two appear to be well closed." As yet not a gun had been fired; everything was still and quiet; the troops were tired and moved about noiselessly; there were thick woods and underbrush on each side of the road, with an occasional field or farm. While resting in this position a courier came to us, who was acquainted with some of our boys, and said we were in rear of the Yankees and that he could not tell how it was, but we would soon see the greatest move of the war. In a few moments Lieutenant Oscar Hinrichs, one of the engineers, came and said he wanted ten pioneers to go with him to remove a blockade in the road. I was one of the ten. We moved down the road in front and commenced clearing the road of trees that had been felled across it. There were four pieces of artillery there waiting to move forward. They unlimbered one piece, and we helped them to get it over the blockade before we had it cleared. They then fired a shot down the road, and moved on. At the same time the three lines of infantry moved forward at double-quick with a yell. I learned afterwards that the firing of the gun was a signal for all to move; and move they did with a vengeance, and moved everything in front of them. We soon got the blockade open and all the artillery through. We came upon another blockade and soon opened that. I heard two or three shells come tearing up the road from the enemy, but heard nothing else from them until we got to Chancellorsville after dark.

It was a running fight for three miles. We took them completely by surprise, and our three divisions got merged into one line of battle, all going forward at full speed. Our artillery did not have time to unlimber and fire, they had to keep in a trot to keep up with the infantry. We ran through the enemy's camps where they were cooking supper. Tents were standing, and camp-kettles were on the fire full of meat. I saw a Newfoundland dog lying in one tent as quietly as if nothing had happened.

It was the Eleventh U. S. Army Corps that we first attacked and demoralized. Another corps, the Fifth, was sent to their assistance, but were likewise repulsed. Our Army did not halt until dark when we came to the enemy's fortified position in and around Chancellorsville. Charlie Cross, Sam Nunnally, Jake Fogle and myself were together when the shelling commenced. We stepped to one side and happened to find a sink, or low place, where a tree had blown down some time in the past, and laid down in it. We filled it up even with the ground, and it seemed as if the shells did not miss us more than six inches. Some would strike in front of us, scattering the dirt all over us. I believe if I had stuck my head up a few inches I would have been killed. We could hear some one scream out every second in the agonies of death. Jake Fogle kept praying all the time. Every time a shell would pass directly over us Jake would say: "Lord save us this time!" "Lord save us this time." Sam Nunnally, a wild, reckless fellow, would laugh at him and say: "Pray on Jake." "Pray on Jake." And the two kept that up as long as the shelling lasted. Cross and I tried to get Sam to hush, but it was no use. Our infantry and artillery did not reply, as we did not have a piece in position. It stood in the road just where they left it when they drove up, and every man of them was lying as close to the ground as he could get. They dug "nose holes" to get closer. The Yankees soon ceased firing, however, and the men commenced calling their commands again, making as much noise as ever. Immediately we were treated to another dose of shells as terrific as before, and with fearful effect, but for some reason it was not long continued. If the enemy had known the good range they had on us, and had kept it up, they would literally have torn us to pieces and nearly annihilated our corps that night. It was fortunate for us that they kept



it up no longer; but it was fearful while it lasted. It was some time during the shelling that Gen. Jackson was wounded. That night, it seems, Gen. Jackson and his staff had gone in front of our line of skirmishers to reconnoiter, in order to throw his corps between the enemy and the river, when he met their line of skirmishers advancing. He wheeled at once and came back rapidly. Our line mistaking him and his staff for the enemy, fired a volley into them with fatal effect, killing several of them and wounding others. Gen. Jackson was shot through the right hand and received two balls through the left arm. He had to lie there during the shelling, and nearly bled to death before his wounds were staunched. They finally got him on a stretcher and started to the rear, when some of the bearers were cut down and he fell heavily to the ground, opening the wounds afresh. They finally got him to the ambulance, and he was taken to the field hospital, where Dr. Hunter McGuire amputated his left arm near the shoulder.

The battle that day was only a prelude to what was to follow on the next two days. Gen. Hooker had massed his troops that night and strengthened his works and constructed new ones. The next morning, the 3rd of May, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart took command of the corps and attacked the enemy on the flank, while Lee attacked in front. Before Gen. Stuart took command of the corps he saw Jackson and attempted to ascertain from him what his plans were. "Form your own plans, General," said Jackson. What Jackson's plans were at the time he was wounded was the subject of speculation at the time, and has been ever since. It was discussed among the soldiers in the field who generally believed that if Jackson had succeeded in getting in the rear of the enemy, between Chancellorsville and the river (and it has been claimed this was his object), he would have been powerless to prevent Hooker's retreat across the Rappahannock at United States Ford; and that an attempt to hold the Ford would have been disastrous. But I am not writing a history of the war, only of my experience in the army. I will leave that to wise men who are presumed to know all about it. But I am satisfied no one but Jackson himself ever knew exactly what his plans were at that time. It would be well also to remember that couriers are soldiers taken from the ranks; that couriers have opportunities to learn more military secrets than even the staff officers; that they have comrades in the army, and that intelligent soldiers compose the rank and file of both armies. The reader can form his own conclusions. It was charge after charge, through thick underbrush, as the cry of "Remember Stonewall Jackson," rang along the lines, until the works were gained; the enemy driven off the field and our troops in possession of his strongest position. But at what cost? The loss of life was fearful, some of our regiments being almost decimated.

Meanwhile Gen. Lee was not idle, but kept hammering away all day at Chancellorsville, driving the enemy back at some points, and holding his own everywhere. That night Gen. Hooker, finding all his plans frustrated and his army defeated at both points, hastily retreated across the Rappahannock, leaving a good many prisoners, arms, artillery, etc., in our hands. Our pioneer corps then went to work burying the dead, when I witnessed the most horrible sight my eyes ever beheld. On the left of our line, where the Louisiana Brigade had fought the last evening of the battle, and where they drove the enemy about one mile through the woods, and then in turn fell back to their own position, the scene beggars description. The dead and badly wounded from both sides were lying where they fell. The woods, taking fire that night from the shells, burnt rapidly and roasted the wounded men alive. As we went to bury them we



could see where they had tried to keep the fire from them by scratching the leaves away as far as they could reach. But it availed not; they burnt to a crisp. The only way we could tell to which army they belonged was by turning them over and examining their clothing where they lay close to the ground. There we would usually find some of their clothing that was not burnt, so we could see whether they wore the blue or gray. We buried them all alike by covering them up with dirt where they lay. It was the most sickening sight I saw during the war and I wondered whether the American people were civilized or not, to butcher one another in that manner; and I came to the conclusion that we were barbarians, North and South alike.

Here our loss was estimated at ten thousand five hundred; the enemy's at eighteen thousand, but we lost Gen. Jackson who was a whole corps in himself.

**D. C. CASTLEBERRY**, Blossom, Texas—Born June 10, 1847, near Jacksonville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 1, 1863, at Jacksonville, Ala., as private in Capt. Hall's Company, Twenty-Fourth Alabama Regiment. My first Captain was Hall, and first Colonel, Davis. Was afterwards changed from the Twenty-Fourth Alabama to the Thirtieth Alabama; swapped places with another man in order to be with my brother. Was never taken prisoner. Was under Genls. Bragg, Johnston, Hood and Johnston again. Was never wounded, taken prisoner, nor promoted.

Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Powder Springs, the battles around Atlanta, Jonesboro, Columbia, Tenn.; Nashville, Tenn.; Kingston and Bentonville, N. C.

**J. M. CATO**, Vernon, Texas—Born Jan. 7, 1840, near Hopkinsville, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Paris, Texas, in 1862, as private in Company C, Twenty-Ninth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Gano's Brigade, Gen. Maxey's Division. My first Captain was J. T. Harman, and first Colonel was DeMorse. Was never changed during the war. Was never wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battle of Honey Springs, I. T.; Cabin Creek, Poison Springs, and many skirmishes. At one time I was cut off from my command for five days and for three days had nothing to eat.

**B. N. CATTERTON**, Longview, Texas—Born Sept. 19, 1846, near Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Va., and enlisted in the Confederate Army there March 4, 1864, as private in Company B, Thirty-ninth Battalion of Cavalry. First Captain was Randolph, and first Major was Richardson. Was never changed, wounded, taken prisoner, nor promoted. Was in all the battles from Spottsylvania Court House to Petersburg.

**P. D. CAULSON**, Robert Lee, Texas—Born Oct. 4, 1839, near Morganton, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, May 22, 1861, at Morganton, Tenn., as private in Company E, Third Tennessee Infantry, Elzey's Brigade, Kirby Smith's Division, Longstreets Corps. Army of Virginia. Parker first Captain and Vaughn, first Colonel. After the battle of Leesburg, Va., in October, 1861, I enlisted for three years or during the war in the Harding Artillery, then being organized at Knoxville, Tenn., by Capt. Monserrat.

Was slightly wounded at the siege of Vicksburg, was also seriously wounded in the battle at New Hope Church, Ga. Was never prisoner. Was promoted to surgeon with rank of Major in 1862. Remained with the reserve artillery of the army of Tennessee until after the battle of Missionary



Ridge. Was then assigned to duty with the Twelfth Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, Jackson's Division, and Lee's Corps. Was in the battles of Leesburg, First Manassas, Shiloh, Corinth, Iuka, Vicksburg, Look-out Mountain, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, Atlanta and Jonesboro, besides a number of smaller engagements.

H. J. CAUFIELD, McGregor, Texas—Born Jan. 21, 1827, near Eutaw, Green County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Waco, Texas, as Private in J. F. Davis' Company, Cooke's Battalion, in Trans-Mississippi Department. Davis was my first Captain. I was never in a regular battle, but served as guard on the coast of Texas, stationed at Galveston part of the time. I was one of those detailed to collect beeves for the Confederate Army.

JOSEPH M. CETIETE, Brookshire, Texas—Born January 8, 1835, in Macon County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Hempstead, Tex., as private in Company A, First Battalion, Twentieth Regiment. John McDabe first Captain, and Elmore first Colonel. Was changed to the Post at Galveston, Texas, and participated in the battle at that place.

J. F. CHAFFIN, Waldrip, Texas—Born at Marietta, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Washington, Ark., April, 1861, as private in Company G, Second Arkansas Regiment, Thomas Churchhill's Brigade, Ben McCulloch's Division, Brown first Captain, and McIntosh first Colonel. Was transferred to Gen. N. B. Forrest's command in 1863, and promoted to Captain of Company E, F. M. Wind's Cavalry, Regiment of Mississippi and Alabama. Was wounded in the battle of Elkhorn in arm and side in Pulaske, Tenn., and at Harrisburg in hand. Was in the battles of Oakhill, Elkhorn, Shiloh, Iuka, Jackson, Tenn., Chickamauga and Murfreesboro, besides a number of smaller engagements.

BENAJAH CHANCE, Texarkana, Texas—Born Aug. 24, 1833, near Clinton, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1862, at Clinton, La., as private in Company A, Twenty-seventh Louisiana Regiment, S. D. Lee's Brigade, Gen. M. L. Smith's Division, Pemberton's Corps. Norwood first Captain, and Marks first Colonel. Was mounted and attached to Gen. Kirby Smith's army in Southeast Louisiana, under Gen. Hodge. Was one of the fortunates at Vicksburg siege from May to July, 1863, escaped without receiving a wound, although my duty placed me in many dangerous positions. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg, paroled, afterwards exchanged. I was never in a regular battle, except the siege of Vicksburg. After being mounted, I was in many skirmishes with the enemy. On one occasion I was surrounded by the enemy but escaped after losing a very fine horse.

J. N. CHANDLER, Granbury, Texas—Born in Hart County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, in Banks County, Ga., as Captain of Company A, Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiment, Tom Cobb's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, George McLaw's Corps, Lee's Army. E. F. McMillon was my first Colonel. I went in as Captain of Company A, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiment. Was in the battles of White Oak Springs, Fredericksburg, Malvern Hill, Gettysburg, Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond, and in many skirmishes.



I lost one brother and many friends. I am now 81 years old. While in the army I preached whenever occasion offered and I still preach. While we were in camp I built up a small school. I sent for 100 Testaments, divided my 100 men into classes of twenty, and gave them two chapters in the Testament for a lesson, recited once in the morning and once in the afternoon. Prayer and singing before hearing the lessons. In a short time I had a class of over three thousand soldiers and officers. I preached to them Saturday nights and Sundays. The greatest slaughter I met was in the battle of Fredericksburg between Hooker, a Federal General, and our General, Tom Cobb. Gen. Cobb was wounded in this battle and died from its effects. My Regiment was on picket the morning before this battle. We had for breast works a rock fence on the north side of the road. The enemy marched up through a field, and when they had gotten within about 150 yards, I gave the command to fire. The earth shook. The enemy were cut down by the hundreds. They then fell back some 600 yards, but in a few minutes they charged us again. We slaughtered them worse than before. A second time they retreated, but in 25 minutes came again. This time the slaughter was still greater. Their men lay two and three deep all along the line. Gen. Lee stood on a mound nearby and wept like a child at the awful scene. Shall I tell you why they charged as they did? An Englishman who lived in town told me that before the battle, they marched their soldiers across the Potomac River, formed them into line, got a number of water buckets, went up into town and had them filled with whiskey, filled the canteens of every man and promised them a six months' furlough if they would capture our line. In this drunken condition they made the fruitless attempt. Who is responsible for the death of those men?

THOMAS H. CHANDLER, Gilmer, Texas—Born April 20, 1835, near Carrollton, Carroll County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Carrollton, Ga., as private in Company F, Nineteenth Georgia Regiment, Colquitt's Brigade, Early's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, Colquitt first Colonel. Was discharged from my first command on account of wounds and typhoid fever. Was disabled in the feet and joined Capt. Smith's Company B, Tenth Georgia Cavalry, Young's Brigade, Stewart's Cavalry. Was wounded at Seven Pines, and at Boyton Plank Road. My command was captured at Fort McCray on Weldon Railroad, but I escaped with the flag, with eighteen holes shot through it. I was promoted to Ensign of Young's Cavalry Brigade. Was in the battles of the Seven Pines, Petersburg and City Point, the raid in rear of Grant's Army in which we captured 4500 cattle. While Ensign three of my color guards were killed. At times in Virginia we were without food for three or four days, other than parched corn. I was mustered into service at Big Shanty, Ga. Then we went to Lynchburg, Va. Most of our command had the measles and many died. I had scarcely recovered when we were ordered to Manassas to assist in the second great battle of that place. Afterwards I took the typhoid fever and was sent to Culpeper Court House, where I came near dying.

JAMES M. CHANDLER, Orange, Texas—Born March 23, 1839, near Jackson, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army April 17, 1861, at Searcy, Ark., as private in Company A, Eighth Arkansas Regiment, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Blake Moore, and first Colonel was Patterson. Was never changed. I was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Resaca, Ben-



tonville, Thomkinsville, Richmond, Prairieville, Missionary Ridge and Franklin, Tenn.

My first battle was at Pittsburg Landing on April 6, 1862. On our march through Kentucky I lived on one ear of parched corn a day for three days. Our next engagement was at Richmond, Ky., where Gen. Cleburne was wounded in the foot, but he did not dismount till the fight was over. I was captured at Richmond, Ky., and imprisoned at Cairo, Ill., and exchanged at Vicksburg just a week before the battle of Murfreesboro, which was fought from Dec. 31 to Jan. 3, without either side gaining a victory. Here we lost the first man in our Company, Billy McNary, our First Corporal. He was shot by my side. My Captain, Blake Moore, was killed in this fight. I was wounded. After a time in the hospital at Atlanta, Montgomery and Mobile I rejoined my command a week before the fight at Murfreesboro. It was here that I saw my brother go over the breast works, and I never saw him again. At Bentonville, N. C., on March 19, we were engaged in a hard fight for two days, and on the 10th of April we were surrendered and paroled at Greensboro, N. C.

JOHN N. CHAPMAN, Farmersville, Texas—Born June 4, 1844, in Boon County, Mo., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, as private in Company F, Martin's Partisan Rangers. First Captain was John K. Bumpass, and first Colonel, L. M. Martin. Went into instruction camp at Shirley's Springs, in Collin County, Texas, afterwards was sent to Fort Ouchita, Ind. Ter., and was placed in Cooper's Division. Most of my service was in skirmishes in the Territory, Arkansas and Kansas. Under command of Gen. R. M. Gane we captured a government train at Cabin Creek, Ind. Ter., loaded with sutlers stores and general army supplies; it was also pay train for the Federal Army. Our boys were very patriotic and despised the "Lincoln money." My brothers, Tom and Dow, and a neighbor, John Gotcher (Rev.), enlisted at Dallas, Texas, sometime in 1861, and were in Capt. Bill Rhea's Company, and Stone's Regiment. They were Cavalry and were sent east of the Mississippi River and served till 1865.

ALBERT L. CHEAIRS, Austin, Texas—Born in Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, as private, Smith's Brigade, Cheatam's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Hancock, first Captain, and Smith, first Colonel. Was wounded at the battle of Shiloh. Was captured at the battle of Missionary Ridge and sent to prison at Rock Island, Ill. Remained there for fifteen months and paroled March, 1865. Was in the battles of Belmont, Shiloh, Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga and in various smaller engagements. My Captain was killed at the battle of Shiloh.

GREENVILLE A. CHEATHAM, Texarkana, Texas—Born Dec. 21, 1841, at Columbus, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 4, 1861, at Washington, Ark., as private in Company C, Third Arkansas State Troops, Price's Brigade, McCulloch's Division, John R. Gratiot, first Captain. When the State troops were disbanded I enlisted in the Fourth Arkansas Infantry, Company B. Was wounded at the battle of Resaca. Was never captured but was promoted to Sergeant. Was in the battles of Oak Hill, Corinth, Jackson, Miss., Chickamauga, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Resaca (Ga.), and Columbia, Franklin and Nashville.



G. E. CHILCOAT, Knox, Texas—Born near Fulton, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 22, 1862, at Fulton, as private in Company G, Tenth Mississippi Infantry, Chalmers' Brigade, Hindman's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. E. G. Betts, first Captain, and Smith, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded nor captured. Was promoted to Lieutenant. Was in the battles of Shiloh, with Bragg on his raid in Kentucky, Mumfordsville, Murfreesboro, Jonesboro, Atlanta, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Chickamauga.

ISAAC M. CHISM, Albany, Texas—Born June 20, 1842, at Pilot Grove, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 10, 1861, as private in Butler's Company, Bob McCulloch's Regiment, Parson's Brigade, Gen. Price's Division. George Butler, first Captain, and Bob McCulloch, first Colonel. Gen. Price's command was State Guards for six months, and when this time expired they were transferred to the Confederate Army. Was wounded October, 1862, in a cavalry skirmish in North Arkansas. At Ditch Bayou in 1864, was wounded again. Was captured when first wounded, but made my escape. Served through the war as private. Was in the battles of Barnville, Dry Run, Lexington, Mo., Farrington, Prairie Grove, Jenkins Ferry, Poison Springs, Little Rock Bayou, and Ditch Bayou. Was in forty-two engagements on Price's raid into Missouri. I survived all and surrendered at Shreveport, La., June 7, 1865 (still have my parole). I think Sam Tipton and I were the last pickets of the Confederacy in Arkansas. Lieut. Medley had charge of the extreme out post at Mt. Elba, Ark., and when he was ordered in, he left Tipton and I on duty. He informed us that he had been ordered in, and that he thought all had surrendered, but he did not want to leave the post open, and for Tipton and myself to remain on post until the next morning and if no relief came for us to come in. The next morning we waited until 9 or 10 o'clock and no one came. We reached camp at Shreveport and all received paroles.

J. V. CHISM, Tow, Texas, Llano County—Born 1837. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Georgetown, Williamson County, as private in Company A, Morgan's Battalion. J. Vantrice was my Captain. I was promoted to forage master. Morgan's was an independent Battalion, and was assigned to Gen. Walker's Division, it being the only Cavalry he had. We were transferred to the Twenty-first Texas Cavalry, Col. G. W. Carter commanding. We were attached to Marmaduke's Division. I received but one wound during the war. After the surrender of Little Rock, Ark., our command was detached from Marmaduke's Division and sent down the Arkansas and Mississippi Rivers to watch for transports and gunboats and to keep down raiding around and above Vicksburg, and we remained there till Banks made his raid in Louisiana.

In the battle of Pleasant Hill Gen. Thomas Green was killed, we fought gunboats and transports, but accomplished little as we were fighting under disadvantages. After Gen. Green's death Parsons assumed command and ordered us to fall back. Our main army succeeded in getting in front of the enemy at Old River. Gen. H. P. Bee, in command. At 9 or 10 o'clock we were ordered to fall back to an old sugar plantation, and await further orders. Late in the afternoon we charged the enemy's left flank across a sugar plantation. We could not see the enemy but in about twenty minutes we turned on the enemy's left flank. Next morning I rode over the field where our boys were digging pits, wrapping their comrades in blankets, and laying them away to rest. It made my heart ache to see so



many boys slain. The Yankees succeeded in reaching Red River where there were Federal gunboats and transports which carried them to New Orleans, this ended Banks' campaign. Our Cavalry remained in this devastated section until men and horses were almost on starvation. The officers sent a petition to Gen. Taylor to have us moved. Capt. Vantrice started with the petition and had reached within eight miles of headquarters when he and his horse were instantly killed by lightning. An old gentleman living near took the papers off his body and sent them to headquarters and we were soon moved out. There is much more I could write but the whole can never be told.

**JOHN S. CHRISTIAN**, Fort Worth, Texas—Born near Clarksville, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Gray Rock, Texas, in February, 1862, as private in Company D, Eleventh Texas Infantry, Randall's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was W. H. Christian and first Colonel, O. M. Roberts. Was not wounded. First battle was Bobo, La. Was in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., and Jenkin's Ferry, Ark., besides waded many mudholes in Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas.

**J. T. CHUMNEY**, Teague, Texas—Born 1841 near Gordon, Henry County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Florence, as private in Company A, Sixtieth Georgia Regiment, J. B. Gordon's Brigade, Gen. Jackson's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. Dr. Irwin, first Captain. Was wounded at Spottsylvania Court House by grape shot, just above the elbow, pretty serious wound. Was captured at the first fight in front of Petersburg and sent to City Point, and from there to Washington City, then to Point Lookout. Was in the seven days' fight around Richmond, Second Manassas, Gettysburg, Wilderness and many others. I went to Columbus, Ga., to enlist but enlisting officer had five companies already made up, and sent us all to White Sulphur Springs, N. W. Va., to drill until he made up the others. We were ordered to join Wise in Northwestern Virginia. Here we were attached to the first Virginia Regiment. Then transferred to Thunderbolt, five miles from Savannah, Ga. Sometime afterward our company was transferred to the Sixtieth Georgia, Major Jones' Regiment, and Gordon's Brigade, Jackson's old Division. We suffered many hardships. The rations to a man for one day would hardly feed the man of to-day for one meal.

**SUFF CLAPP**, Wharton, Texas—Born July 2, 1838, near Greensboro, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 19, 1861, at San Antonio, Texas, as private in Company A, Fifth Texas Mounted Volunteers, Green's Brigade. My first Captain was John S. Shropshire, first Colonel was Tom Green. In March, 1863, we were sent under Gen. Dick Taylor into Louisiana to meet Gen. Banks. I was captured at Socoro, New Mexico, and was paroled at Albuquerque. Was severely wounded in engagement at Valverde, N. M. Was in the battles of Valverde and Glorietta, N. M., the recapture of Galveston, Buisland, Vermillion, Morgan City, La Fourche, Fort Butler, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, La., and other small engagements.

**P. R. CLARK**, Splendora, Texas—Born March 6, 1845, in Augusta, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 29, 1861, as private in Company G, Third Georgia Battalion. In 1863 became Company A, Fourth Battalion,



Georgia Sharpshooters, Raines' Brigade, Gen. Kirby Smith's Division, Army of Tennessee. A. F. Rudler, first Captain and M. A. Stovall, first Colonel. Was wounded at Hoovers Gap, June 24, 1863, captured and imprisoned at Fort Delaware, from which I escaped on the night of July 12, 1864, reaching my command on Hood's return from the Tennessee campaign. I was promoted to Corporal in January, 1862. A few days before the surrender of Johnson I was promoted to Sergeant-Major for meritorious service. Was in two battles at Cumberland Gap, Tazewell, Murfreesboro and Hoover's Gap.

W. H. CLARK, Brownwood, Texas—Born May 23, 1830, in Rutherford County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 30, 1862, as Orderly Sergeant, in Company I, Fifteenth Tennessee Regiment, Polignac's Brigade, Gen. Mouton's Division, Kirby Smith's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Army. G. B. Erath, first Captain, and J. W. Speight, first Colonel. Was never changed. Was wounded at Mansfield, La., twice. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Opelousas, La., Fourche Burba, Yellow Bayou and in many slight engagements.

W. A. CLARK, Lockhart, Texas—Born Aug. 31, 1846, near Bolivar, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1863, at Brenham, Tex., as private in Company B, Fourth Texas Cavalry, Green's Brigade, Gen. Taylor's Division, Kirby Smith's Corps, Trans-Mississippi. Johnathan Nix, first Captain, and Hampton, first Colonel. Was never changed. Was on the sick list and unable to engage in any of the battles. Was never taken prisoner, wounded nor promoted.

T. F. CLARK, Luling, Texas—Born Aug. 18, 1844, in Louisville, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 13, 1862, at Prairie Lee, Texas, as private in Company K, Wood's Regiment, Thirty-second Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade. S. M. Holmes, first Captain, and P. C. Woods, first Colonel. Was wounded at Blair's Landing on Red River, by minie ball, striking me in the temple and coming out at the back of the neck. I was sent back to Pleasant Hill for treatment. We met Banks at Mansfield, and it was one continuous fight from there to New Orleans. The fight at the Yellow Bayou being the last hot fight. We then drifted back up the river and spent a few months at Alexandria. My Company was on the frontier a great deal of the time. We served from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the mouth of the Devil's Rivers. Our Company was on duty for some time before the rest of the regiment was made up.

THOMAS CLARK, Port Lavaca, Texas—Born in Edinburg, Scotland. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 17, 1862, at Indianola, Texas, as private in Company B, Shea's Battalion of Coast Artillery. In 1863 our Battalion was united with the Eighth Texas Infantry, under Col. Hobby. Dr. Reuss was first Captain and Hobby, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. In 1863 or 1864 I was doing duty at Fort Esperanza, Matagorda Island, when the Federals landed on the Island and marched up and drove us out of our rifle pits and besieged our Fort. For three days we held them in check, and then being forced to vacate the Fort, we blew it up and retreated to Lavaca. Private Booth of Gonzales, Texas, was killed in this fight, and two of the Regiment were wounded. We were on duty in Port Lavaca when the Federal gunboat bombarded the Port. Our Regiment did duty around the Ports at Galves-



ton and Bolivar Point, in 1864 and 1865. In April, 1865 our Regiment was transferred to join Gen. Walker's Division in Louisiana. In May, 1865, we reached Harrisburg below Houston, were disbanded, each receiving an honorable written discharge, signed by our commander, Col. Hobby.

GEORGE CLARK, Waco, Texas—Born July 18, 1841, at Eutaw, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as Captain in Company B, Eleventh Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Mabine's Division, Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, Henderson, first Captain, and Moore, first Colonel. We were in Longstreet's Division, then in Anderson's. Was wounded in the right arm at the battle of Gaines' Mill, near Richmond, June 27, 1862, again in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and again at Pittsburg, in the right foot. Was never captured. Was promoted to Captain in 1862, and to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1865, but the latter commission did not reach me until after the surrender. Was in the battles of Gaines' Mill, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, in 1862; Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg in 1863; Spottsylvania, Hoover Junction, and in various fights around Richmond in 1864, and in the retreat to Appomattox in 1865.

J. G. CLARK, Hico, Texas—Born May 19, 1844, near Whynot, Lauderdale County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1862, at Old Marion, Miss., as private in Company I (McLemore's Guards), Thirty-seventh Mississippi Infantry, Martin's Brigade, Wallthall's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. W. P. Andrews, first Captain, and McLane, first Colonel. Was detached as courier about a couple of months before the surrender. Was wounded Dec. 15, 1864, at Nashville. Was never captured, but had some narrow escapes. Was paroled at Jackson, Miss., May 12, 1865. Was in the battles of Iuka and Corinth, Miss., and in most of the engagements of the Georgia campaign, from Resaca to the fall of Atlanta. Was with Hood at the battle of Franklin, and the first day's fight at Nashville, Dec. 15, 1864.

Comrade Albert Crawson was captured at Vicksburg and paroled and went home. While at home he decided that he would go a squirrel hunting, and taking up his old shot gun, he proceeded into the woods and very unexpectedly to both himself and a Federal scout, they met, but Albert had the drop on the Federal, and threw his gun down on him. After looking each other in the eye for a moment, the Federal remarked: "Suppose you claim me as your prisoner." "No," said Crawson, "I wish it was so I could, but as I am a prisoner of war on parole, I can not take prisoners." Then said the scout: "For God's sake take down that old gun for I am tired looking at the muzzle of it." Crawson laughingly complied with the request, and after a few moments conversation, the scout took Crawson's advice and went back to his command, as all the Confederates in the vicinity were not paroled. Crawson was a mess-mate of mine. He lived several years after the war.

M. L. CLARK, Rising Star, Texas—Born in Tishomingo, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Houston, Texas, as private in Martin's Company, Phillips' Regiment, Gen. Green's Brigade, Gen. Bee's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department.

At Mansfield, La., my horse was killed and I was shot in the leg. I received four bullet wounds and a saber cut on my arm at Yellow Bayou. At Donaldsonville, La., my Colonel was killed, and every officer in my company was either killed or wounded, except my Captain. The company



went into the fight a hundred and thirteen strong and came out twenty-eight alive. Was in the battles of Pleasant Hill, Jenkin's Ferry, Brunswick Bay, Marksville, Vermillion and Carrion Crow Bayou. In the battle of Alexander my second horse was killed. Seven Lieutenants of my company were killed and wounded. My company participated in the battle of Galveston. I was on the "Bayou City," which had two gang planks, forty feet long and four feet wide. I was chosen to cut the stay ropes and was put at my post with cleaver in hand. The Bayou City had one cannon, a sixty-four pounder. The "Neptune" was in our rear with three small guns. These two boats fought the battle, the "Bayou City" fired the first shot. The Federal boat, "Harriet Lane," returned the fire, cutting our steam pipe, the second shot from the Harriet Lane struck the Neptune in the hull and sunk her, killing twenty-four of her men. The third shot from the Harriet Lane bursted our only cannon on the Bayou City and killed Capt. Weir, and burned the gunner's eyes and face so that he could not see. Our wheel house was cut to pieces so we could go no further. Then the Harriet Lane ran up beside us and I was ordered to cut the stays. When I cut them, the stage planks fell on the Harriet Lane. Commodore Smith went aboard the hostile ship and after a moment's feeble resistance, she struck her colors and surrendered. The surviving officers of the Harriet Lane presented their swords to Commodore Smith on the quarter-deck of the captured vessel. Commodore Smith then demanded the surrender of the whole fleet, giving them three hours to consider. The terms were accepted and all the enemy's vessels were immediately brought to anchor with white flags flying. The Federal fleet consisted of the "Harriet Lane," carrying four heavy guns and two twenty-four pound howitzers, commanded by Capt. Wainwright of the U. S. Navy. The "Westerfield," the flag ship of Commodore Renshaw, and the "Owasco," each carrying eight heavy guns, and the "Clifton" and "Sachem," each carrying four heavy guns. During the engagement our fire was returned by grape shot, killing the man by my side, cutting my hat brim, and slightly wounding my ear. The "Westerfield" was trying to cut us off and run aground at Pelican Point. She was the magazine for the Federal fleet. The "Westerfield's" crew set a slow match to her as she was aground. They stayed away a short time, and as they went back to the boat it exploded and killed the whole crew. Then the "Owasco" ran out, and we had to let her go. We had no cannon to fire at her, and as they had shelled our land forces back to Virginia Point, our artillery came up and fired two shots as she went off, but they fell short. As I crossed the wharf, I saw some Yankee soldiers under the floor, in water up to their arm pits. When they came out it looked like a blue cloud rising. Our boats all being disabled, I was ordered to help guard the prisoners to Virginia Point and to Houston, where we paroled them. We lost two men on the "Bayou City" and twenty-four on the "Neptune." I think there were several killed on the "Harriet Lane." The next day after the battle Nicaragua Smith came down to the wharf, not knowing of the battle, and we took him and his men prisoners. He was a traitor who had left the Southern Army and joined the Yankees. He was court-martialed and shot. This is the battle of Galveston as I witnessed it.

C. L. CLEVELAND, Cleburne, Texas—Born Jan. 14, 1845, near La-Grange, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1862, at Columbus, as private in Company G, Forty-sixth Georgia, Gist's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Gillis, first Captain, and Colquitt, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, promoted nor cap-



ured. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and all the battles back to Atlanta, also in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and many others of minor note.

LOUIS CLICK, Wolfe City, Texas—Born April 23, 1841, near Center Point, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, at Ladonia, Texas, as private in Company D, Third Texas Cavalry, Ross' Brigade, Dick Taylor's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Hale, first Captain, and Greer, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Oak Hill, Mo., Corinth, Atlanta Campaign, Shiloh, Franklin, Murfreesboro and several smaller ones.

JOHN D. CLICK, Austin, Texas—Born April 26, 1833, in the State of Arkansas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, at Paris, Lamar County, Texas, as private in Company C, Twenty-Ninth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Gano's Brigade, Gen. Maxey's Division; Harman, first Captain, and De Morse, first Colonel.

Discharged on account of ill-health. Went back in 1865 and remained until the close of the war.

JOHN H. COCHRAN, Decker, Texas—Born Jan. 28, 1838, at Columbia, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, in Dallas County, Texas, as private in Company C, Sixth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Ben McCulloch's Brigade, Gen. Johnston's Division, Army of Tennessee; J. L. Smith, first Captain, and Stone, first Colonel. L. S. Ross was last Brigadier-General, and Pete Ross last Colonel. Was in the battles of Keitsville, Chustinala and Elkhorn on west side of the Mississippi River, then to Corinth, Atlanta, etc.

R. H. COCKE, Wellington, Texas—Born May 28, 1843, at Gainesville Junction, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 8, 1861, as private in Company I, Twenty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, Anderson's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; R. P. McKelvane, first Captain, and Dowd, first Colonel. Remained in the Army of Tennessee throughout the war. Was wounded July 28th at the battle of Atlanta, Ga., also at Jonesboro August 3. Was never captured. Was promoted to Orderly Sergeant at Missionary Ridge for meritorious service. Was in every battle and on every march my company was in from Shiloh to Bentonville, N. C.

In the spring of 1861, twenty-one boys and men of Kemper County, Miss., left our home and went to Union City, Tenn., to join the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment, and failing, we returned and organized a company of our own, with R. P. McKelvane as Captain, and went to Marion, Miss., where the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment was organized with Col. Dowd as Colonel, and R. P. McKelvane, Lieutenant-Colonel. We were then ordered to Fernandina, Fla., for coast duty. Companies D and I unloaded an English vessel of munitions of war, which vessel had succeeded in running the blockade, and we stored them away in a Palmetto arsenal which we had constructed for the purpose; was then ordered back to our command and further ordered to report to Albert Sidney Johnston, who was near Shiloh, but being detained at Chattanooga, Tenn., on account of the cavalry raid of Northern soldiers in the mountains near Chattanooga, attempting to get in rear of the army and cut off our supplies and reinforcements, and were thereby too late to participate in the great battle and victory won by Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, we reaching the army the



day after the battle and found Albert Sidney Johnston dead and Beauregard in command, and he falling back to Corinth, Miss., where the two armies remained facing each other for several months, during which time the entire army was doing picket duty, and were under constant expectation of battle, being ordered many times to prepare for battle.

The first resistance we met was at Mumfordsville, Ky, where we captured Fort Craig with about 4,400 prisoners. Failing to coax a fight out of Buell, Bragg held his army here a day or two, then pushed on to Bardstown, where he made another unsuccessful attempt to draw Buell into a battle. While there my brigade was sent to Camp Dick Robinson to store away the arms and ammunition captured at Mumfordsville. We re-joined the army at Danville Oct. 8, 1862, and on that night turned back and met Buell and forced a fight. The next day Bragg, finding that Buell was attempting to cut him off from Cumberland Gap, began falling back towards Knoxville, via Cumberland Gap, carrying with him thousands of cattle and horses and other supplies needed.

We reached Knoxville, but remained only a few days, then went to Shelbyville, Tenn., at which place we remained several days recruiting. From this place we went to Murfreesboro, where on the 31st day of December was fought between Bragg and Rosencrans one of the hardest and bloodiest battles of the war. On the morning of the 31st, just at daylight, Gen. Hardee brought on the engagement driving the enemy in utter confusion from his position. My (Walthall's) brigade was in the center, and just at sunrise we were ordered to take a battery which was playing on us and was located on the pike, which we did at once, but with heavy loss, especially to the Thirtieth Mississippi, which lost about two-thirds of their men. The entire army of Bragg was pushing forward and all along the line the army of Rosencrans was completely routed and driven for miles, thus giving to the South one of the greatest victories ever known in the annals of war, and which, if it had been kept up and pushed by Bragg would have resulted in the retaking of Nashville and the possible capture of Rosencrans' entire army.

On the night of January 3, as well as I remember, Bragg retreated to Shelbyville, Tenn., and stayed in winter quarters until the next spring. No fighting of any consequence until the battle of Chickamauga, where the two great armies clashed on the morning of Sept. 19, 1863, and fought constantly until the night of the 20th, resulting in a great victory to the South, we capturing all the hospital, and wounded, and driving Rosencrans into Chattanooga, Bragg stopping on Missionary Ridge, when I feel that if he had pushed on after Rosencrans he would have captured or annihilated his entire army. When the battle of Lookout Mountain or battle above the clouds, came on a few days later. My brigade was on picket duty at the foot of Lookout Mountain, doing picket duty on Chattanooga Creek, some on reserve, others on duty, when suddenly the pickets on duty were surprised and all captured, excepting Col. McKelvane, who was in command of the pickets on duty, he escaping by running around Lookout Mountain between his brigade and the opposing army, being constantly under cross fire of the two opposing forces. My brigade was fighting right at the foot of the mountain, and being closed in and unable to go around the mountain, forty-two of us climbed an iron ladder over the cliff, it falling to me to be the last to go up the ladder, and as I was going up the ladder the Yankees were passing directly under me, so it is but little trouble to realize the situation in which we were placed and the closeness of the chance of being captured or wounded.



Little was done throughout the winter except outpost duty, and we enjoyed camp life and a rest from the campaign just closed. It was while here that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston assumed command of the army.

Early in the spring of 1864 the campaign between Johnston and Sherman began at Rockyface Mountain and was vigorously waged from this point to Atlanta, Ga., fighting continuously day and night throughout the campaign, with the result that throughout the entire line of march was strewn with the graves of those lost on either side of the forces. After crossing the Chattahoochee River, the war department became dissatisfied by Johnston's falling back, and he was relieved of the command and Gen. Hood was put in command. In my opinion, had Johnston remained in charge Sherman would have never reached the coast, and his GRAND (?) march to the sea would have never been known. I think Gen. Johnston the greatest general in the army when it comes to making a retreat successfully and at the same time protecting his forces and doing damage to his enemy.

After Hood assumed command we fought many hard battles near Atlanta, one at Peachtree Creek, one on the 22nd of July, when Hood succeeded in driving Sherman back, yet harmed him but little, with heavy loss to his own forces. At Jonesboro, where we again assaulted and were again repulsed, my division was ordered back to help Stewart out of Atlanta. While we were on this duty, Sherman attacked Hardee who was left at Jonesboro, and succeeded in taking the town. Hood then fell back to Palmetto, where he concluded he could draw Sherman back by going to his rear and cutting off his supplies, but failing in this, Hood moved to Columbia, Tenn., where we met Schofield in charge of the Yankee forces. Hood, thinking he would bag the entire army, cut them off at Spring Hill, but from some cause unknown to me, Schofield passed out. We followed on to Franklin, where we found Schofield strongly fortified, and a short while before sundown Hood began his assault with Hardee's Corps, and thus began one of the bloodiest battles ever fought, lasting until about 9 o'clock at night, when the enemy retreated. This was where the bayonet and gunstock was used to effect. It was here, more than anywhere else, that I least expected to ever see my mother again. The next morning when we attempted to reorganize my regiment, there were only forty-four to be found, and among them not a commissioned officer, all being either dead or wounded, and for seventy-five yards on either side of the works we could have walked upon the dead without ever stepping on the ground.

Hood followed Schofield on to Nashville, but Schofield being reinforced by Thomas, Hood established line of battle, threw up works and awaited the assault, which was afterward made, and Hood was defeated. It was here on the second day of the battle that we lost two color bearers, and I was asked to take the colors, which I did, but over the urgent protest of my comrades and company, and I carried same from this place to Tupelo, and also filled my position as Orderly Sergeant. On this march we had but little to eat but parched corn, and were barefooted and were compelled to march through the ice and snow and at Shoal Creek had to wade through the water three feet deep for four hundred yards. While at Tupelo, Gen. Hardee assumed command of the army and we were ordered to North Carolina, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston again assumed command of the army, and fought his last battle at Bentonville, N. C., which was again a victory for him. We then went to Greensboro, N. C., and the grand old army of Tennessee laid down its arms and surrendered to Gen. Sherman. After



receiving our paroles we started to our homes with a railroad tie ticket, and finally through dint of perseverance and the goodness of many Southern ladies, we succeeded in reaching our homes but to find them in desolation and ruins, and the country in the hands of carpetbaggers and the negroes, this of course giving rise to the Ku Klux Klan, which was the final salvation of the Southland.

Should any of my old comrades read these lines, I trust that you will remember Dick Cocks, and know that I now feel as I felt then, that I was fighting for a cause that was just and right, and in defense of a country that I loved, that I feel now as I felt then, that there was never known in the annals of war an army more truly patriotic and with a nobler aim than the army of the South; that they were soldiers the peers of any that ever marched to martial strains, and as chivalrous as any knight of old.

**ARCH COCKERELL**—Born Dec. 24, 1824, near Atlanta, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861. I enlisted at Canton, Texas. My first Captain was John Johnson, my first Colonel was Burnett. Drove cattle for the army till the close of the war.

**J. P. CODY**, Farmersville, Texas—Born July 1, 1839, at Rutledge, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 at Noe's Ferry as private in Company I, Fifty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Reynold's Brigade, Gen. Steven's Division, Gen. Pemberton's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was W. H. Smith, and first Colonel was Buck Cook. We were changed to the Army of Northern Virginia, but the reason was not made known to us. Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg and sent to the parole camp at Decatur, Ga. I remained a private. Was in the siege of Vicksburg, Winchester, Pa., and smaller battles in the Valley of Virginia. Was at Morristown, Tenn., as well as Bull's Gap and Strawberry Plains.

**J. W. CODY**, Farmersville, Texas — Born at Rutledge, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Tampico, Tenn., as private in Company I, Fifty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Reynold's Brigade, Gen. Steven's Division, Gen. Pemberton's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was W. H. Smith, and first Colonel was Buck Cook. Was changed to the army of Virginia. Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner on the 29th day of August, 1864, and sent to Fort Delaware. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Baker's Creek, Edwards' Depot, the siege of Vicksburg, Winchester, Va., and a number of small battles and skirmishes in the Shenandoah Valley.

**M. M. COFFMAN**, Crawford, Texas—Born in Arkansas, near Augusta. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 21, 1861, as private in Company F, Twenty-First Arkansas Regiment. My first Captain was Schincock, first Colonel, Cravens.

Was captured and paroled at Vicksburg. Mule meat and cow-pea bread on which we subsisted during the siege will long be remembered by me and by many others. I was never wounded. I came home on my parole from Vicksburg and joined the army on the west side of the Mississippi River and helped to fight the "niggers" near Helena, Ark. I never held office. I was in the battles of Corinth, Grand Bluff, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Black River Bridge and Vicksburg. After the fall of Vicksburg I

The following table shows the population of the United States in 1875, by age and sex. The total population was 38,553,342. The population of the United States in 1875 was 38,553,342. The population of the United States in 1875 was 38,553,342.

Age	Male	Female	Total
Under 5	4,500,000	4,500,000	9,000,000
5 to 14	10,000,000	10,000,000	20,000,000
15 to 24	8,000,000	8,000,000	16,000,000
25 to 34	6,000,000	6,000,000	12,000,000
35 to 44	5,000,000	5,000,000	10,000,000
45 to 54	4,000,000	4,000,000	8,000,000
55 to 64	3,000,000	3,000,000	6,000,000
65 to 74	2,000,000	2,000,000	4,000,000
75 to 84	1,000,000	1,000,000	2,000,000
85 and over	500,000	500,000	1,000,000
Total	38,553,342	38,553,342	77,106,684

The following table shows the population of the United States in 1875, by race and sex. The total population was 38,553,342. The population of the United States in 1875 was 38,553,342.

Race	Male	Female	Total
White	30,000,000	30,000,000	60,000,000
Black	5,000,000	5,000,000	10,000,000
Indian	1,000,000	1,000,000	2,000,000
Chinese	500,000	500,000	1,000,000
Japanese	500,000	500,000	1,000,000
Total	38,553,342	38,553,342	77,106,684

joined the cavalry, and was on the last raid which Price made in Missouri. I was taken prisoner at Jackson Port and put in the penitentiary at Little Rock, Ark.

W. T. COKER, Roby, Texas—Born Oct. 10, 1846, near Shelbyville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, near Tyler, Texas, as private in Company K, Tenth Regiment, Gen. Hogg's Brigade, Gen. Kirby Smith's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Todd, first Captain, and Locke, first Colonel.

Was captured in the first day's battle of Chickamauga and sent to Chicago; remained in prison eighteen months; released in April, 1865. I was in the battles of Chickamauga, Richmond, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Jackson, Miss. Was never wounded, changed nor promoted. At the battle of Murfreesboro we made our first charge before sunrise; the man on my left and the man on my right were both killed. The charge surprised the enemy, and we captured twenty-four pieces of artillery and about 600 men. While following the retreating foe, my comrade in arms for the day and myself captured two artillerymen. The enemy made a stand near the creek, and were supported by sixty pieces of artillery, which mowed great gaps through our lines, causing us to retreat. When our command began the retreat, Sam Birdwell and I were so busy firing on the foe from behind a clay bank that we were left behind, and when we discovered the mistake we made the run of our lives, thinking that we would certainly be killed, but we escaped without a scratch.

A. P. COKER, Livingston, Texas—Born Dec. 6, 1826, near Vernon, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 at Livingston, Texas, as private in Company F, Twenty-Second Texas Infantry, R. B. Hubbard's Regiment, Gen. Haw's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division. My first Captain was Scruggs, and first Colonel, Hubbard. Was discharged at Tyler, Texas, in the same year and later joined Capt. McCordell's company at Galveston, Elmore's Regiment, and was again discharged in 1863, and subsequently joined Company F, Col. J. W. Wrigley's Regiment, and remained with it till the close of the war. Was Fifth Sergeant in last command.

W. S. COKER, Abilene, Texas—Born in 1845 in Washington County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863, at Old Boston, Bowie County, Tex., as private in Company D, Twenty-Third Texas Cavalry, Gen. Bagby's Brigade, Gen. Dick Taylor's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; Montgomery, first Captain, and N. C. Gould, first Colonel.

Was never changed nor wounded. Was captured in June, 1864, and sent to Picayune Prison at New Orleans. Was courier at the time. Was in the battles of Blair's Landing on Red River, McNutt Hill, Marksville, and Yellow Bayou. I was with Gen. Tom Green when he was killed at Pleasant Hill battle.

WM. T. COLE, Lyons, Texas—Born May 14, 1836, near Pontotoc, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 1, 1862, at Larissa, Cherokee County, as private in Company B, Seventeenth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Parson's Brigade, Gen. Churchill's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; James R. Taylor, first Captain, and Moore, first Colonel. We were twelve months' troops when first enlisted, but reorganized in May, 1862, at Little Rock, Ark., and enlisted for the remainder of the war. Taylor





JAS. K. P. YEARY, McGregor, Texas



was elected Colonel, and I was elected Lieutenant, after which we were dismounted and sent to Arkansas Post, which fell the 11th of January, 1863, and we were taken prisoners. The officers were sent to Camp Chase, and the privates to Chicago, Ill. In April we were exchanged, and the several companies consolidated and placed under Gen. Bragg in the Army of Tennessee. After the battle of Chickamauga the officers who were relieved from duty by the consolidation were sent to report to Gen. Kirby Smith. By collecting what men we could from the old regiment and by recruiting, we organized the Seventeenth Texas dismounted cavalry, and were placed under Gen. Polignac, where we served until the close of the war. We were in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and on down to Yellow Bayou. We were sent to Richmond, Fort Bend County, Texas, where we were disbanded on June 10, 1865.

JOE COLEMAN, Mart, Texas—Born May 5, 1845, near Centerville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in December, 1862, at Waverly, Tenn., as private in Company G, Napier's Battalion, afterwards Tenth Tennessee, Gen. Dibrell's Brigade, Gen. Forrest's Division, Gen. Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Thos. Easley, first Colonel, Alonzo Napier. Col. Napier was killed at Parker's Cross Roads, and N. N. Cox was promoted to his place.

I received no wounds nor promotions and was never taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Parker's Cross Roads, Fort Donelson, Brentwood, Philadelphia and Nashville, Tenn.

MICHAEL HENRY COLEMAN, Dallas, Texas—Born in Loeban, Kingdom of Saxony, Germany. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Brownsville, Texas, as private with Capt. Littleton's Texas Rangers. Was put on detached service as military accountant for the State of Texas during the war. I examined all military accounts and issued treasury warrants payable by the States. Before joining the Texas frontier, I carried the express with military mail from Port Mason to Camp Colorado for the benefit of McCulloch's Regiment. This was in 1861. While carrying the express, I was attacked by a runaway negro from Williams County, at Brady Creek, and I killed him. In those days we had some very trying times.

H. D. COLLINS, Texarkana, Texas—Born in 1841, near Thomaston, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862. Was raised in Shelby County, Ala., and joined the army at Selma, Ala., as private in Company D, Forty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, Gen. Laws' Brigade, Gen. Hood's Division, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was W. T. King, and first Colonel was Dr. Kent. I was never changed from this part of the army. Was wounded at Gayter's Bridge in Pennsylvania Jan. 3, 1863. Was taken prisoner in October, 1863, at Lookout Mountain and was taken to Indianapolis, Ind., thence to Fort Delaware, where I remained till June, 1865, when I was discharged finally.

I certainly had a hard time at Fort Delaware. I could give you many items if I had space. I was in the Seven Days' fight before Richmond, Sharpsburg, Second Manassas, First and Second Fredericksburg, Culpepper, Norfolk, Gayter's Bridge, Pa.; Chattanooga, Tenn., and all the fights that Genls. Longstreet and Hood were in up to the time I was captured in October, 1863.



JOHN H. COLLINS, Paris, Texas—Born May 8, 1840, at Mifflin, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on the 20th of April, 1862, at Holly Springs, Miss., as Sergeant of Company E, Thirty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment, Gen. Walthal's Brigade, Gen. Withers' Division, Gen. Polk's Corps, Gen. Bragg's Army. My first Captain was A. T. Walton, first Colonel, Samuel Benton.

I went to Virginia and joined the Ninth Alabama Regiment in June, 1861, and was with that regiment in some long marches, the last of which was the day before the battle of Bull Run, and was held in reserve during the battle. After that battle I was detailed to bring some sick comrades home, and then joined the Thirty-Fourth Mississippi. Was wounded at the battle of Perryville, Ky., and left in hospital, but made my way out and rejoined my command at Murfreesboro, Tenn., where I was wounded again. After several battles in which my regiment was engaged, including Missionary Ridge, we had lost two or three regimental color bearers and I was appointed to carry the Thirty-Fourth Mississippi battle flag. At Lookout Mountain, with about one-fourth of our regiment, I was captured and sent to Kock Island prison, where I remained till March, 1865. I think I was in prison about sixteen months.

EDWARD FREEMAN COMEGYS, Gainesville, Texas—Born Jan. 13, 1841, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as Orderly Sergeant of Company I, Forty-Third Alabama Regiment, Gen. Gracie's Brigade, Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was W. A. Fitts, and first Colonel, A. Gracie, Jr. After the battle of Chickamauga the brigade was sent to Virginia and attached to Gen. Longstreet's Corps and remained in Virginia till the close of the war.

I was never badly wounded. Had my hat shot off at Chickamauga, and my canteen punctured by a ball. My right ear was slightly cut at Petersburg, and my boot heel shot off at Drewry's Bluff.

The right wing of our regiment was captured just two weeks before the surrender, and I was sent to prison in Delaware and released on June 16, 1865.

Fitts, our first Captain, resigned, and First Lieut. Sylvester was made Captain and I was promoted to First Lieutenant. Capt. Sylvester was killed at Petersburg and I was made Captain. I was in the battles of Richmond and Perryville, Ky.; at Chickamauga and the siege of Knoxville, Reams' Station, Richmond, Drewry's Bluff, and the whole siege of Petersburg till the blowing up of the crater. This was the most tragic incident of the whole of my experience in the war.

F. M. CONDRON, Elgin, Texas—Born near Decatur, Ala., Sept. 18, 1841. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, at Galveston, Texas, as private in Company H, Second Texas, Gen. Moore's Brigade, Gen. Maury's Division, Gen. Price's Corps. My first Captain was H. L. McGinnis, and my first Colonel was John C. Moore. Was changed from Texas to Mississippi and Tennessee.

I had my right arm shattered by a bombshell at the siege of Vicksburg, where I was captured with Gen. John C. Pemberton on July 4, 1863, and paroled. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, Hatchie Ridge, Chickasaw Bayou and the siege of Vicksburg.

BURTON RIEVES CONERLY, Marshall, Texas—Born Feb. 5, 1848, near Holmesville, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in December,



1863, at Orange, Va., as private in Company E (Quitman Guards), Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment. Gen. A. N. Harris' Brigade, Gen. R. H. Anderson's Division, Gen. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was G. A. Mathews, first Colonel was Posey. Was slightly wounded July 30 at Petersburg "mine explosion" and was knocked down by a shell at Fort Gregg when the concussion cost me the hearing of my right ear.

Was captured at Fort Gregg April 2, 1865. Of the 250 defenders of that fort, only thirty were captured alive. The others were killed. The survivors were sent to Point Lookout Federal prison. Was in the battles of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864; Spottsylvania (Bloody Angle), May 12, 1864; Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; Weldon Railroad, Aug. 21, 1864; Hatchers' Run, Feb. 5 and 7, 1865, and on the firing line at Petersburg June, 1864, to April 2, 1865, and lastly at Fort Gregg. I offer a reminiscence of the horrors of the "Bloody Angle" at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., which was fought on May 12, 1864.

We arrived at Spottsylvania on the 9th of May, and on the 10th were moved to about one mile west of the town, on the south side of the Potomac, as a support of troops in front of us. Some desperate charges were made by the Federals, and for some time the outcome seemed to hang in the balance. Our brigade courier, Charley Wise, came up and said: "Gen. Early will fix them." We were immediately ordered across the river, and as we climbed the hill on the opposite side, the Federals quickly abandoned the ground and left pieces of artillery with the spokes of the wheels cut out. This artillery had been annoying us for some time, and our troops swept forward in a magnificent line, meeting with but little resistance. We entrenched ourselves in this position during the night.

The ground in front of us was covered by the dead and wounded Yankees, and the pine straw and leaves caught fire from the exploding shells, and long lines of fire lighted the woods and burned over the dead and wounded. The flashes of the exploding cartridge boxes on the dead and wounded could be seen as the long sweep of flame went over them, and the cries of the wounded for help, which could not come, was something heart rending. Our ambulance corps did what it could, and rescued many from death, at the peril of their own lives.

Amongst others who were thus engaged in this perilous task were John Tarver and Murray Sandel of Company E, Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment. The following morning disclosed a most sickening scene of dead human beings with their clothes burned off.

We remained in this position all of the day of the 11th, and during the night a drizzling rain set in, and we sat in the trenches all night with our rubber blankets over us. About dawn the next morning we were aroused by the sound of cannon and musketry away to our right. Soon afterwards we received orders to move and left the ditches, taking the road across the Potomac to Spottsylvania Court House.

We halted a short distance from the town, where the road went through an abandoned field. Looking northward, the grassy field sloped up to the crest of the ridge bristling with artillery. While we were standing in line, solid shots and shells from the enemy's batteries were striking the top of the hill and came bouncing down the slope over our heads, coming just often enough to make us feel uneasy.

Gen. Lee rode along about fifty yards in front, between us and the battery on the hill, moving to our right. Just as he was passing a point directly in front of the Sixteenth Mississippi, a cannon ball passed under



his horse, just missing his stirrups, and striking the ground bounded over us, missing the writer's head only about ten feet, afterwards striking the ground and disappeared. I was exchanging shoes with Archie Robertson at the time for the benefit of my blistered feet.

Gen. Lee did not seem to lose his composure, but continued on his way to the right of our brigade, where he met Gen. Harris. We were ordered to move by the left flank, which placed the Sixteenth Mississippi in the lead, followed by the Twelfth, Nineteenth and Forty-Eighth Mississippi in succession. We took a narrow road which led by the left of the artillery in our front. The Federal troops, under Gen. Hancock, had broken the Confederate line early in the morning, and under cover of a heavy fog just at the dawn of day, rushed upon the division under Gen. Edward Johnson and captured him with about 3,000 men. Pushing through the Confederate lines, they encountered our supports under Gen. J. B. Gardner, which gave them such a warm reception they were forced to retire for shelter on the reverse side of the Confederate trenches.

This was the fring which aroused us from our position on the left early in the morning and to which we were now marching at double quick. We soon left the narrow road and crossed a freshly plowed field, made soft by the recent rain, and soon came to harder ground and crossed at right angles the "Old Stonewall" brigade lying on the ground.

The writer heard one of them say: "Boys, you are going to catch h— today." Gen. R. E. Lee had accompanied Gen. Harris to this point, when the men begged him to go no further, and the cry: "Gen. Lee to the rear!" was heard all along the line; repeating the scene of the 6th in front of the Texas brigade at the Wilderness.

It seems that Gen. Harris must have been misguided, as the head of our column was moving perpendicularly to the Federal line which was then on the reverse side of the works captured from Gen. Johnson a few hours before.

The ground over which we were marching was strewn with the dead of both armies, showing that the Federals must have advanced some distance beyond the trenches, and then been forced back, and also that they were forced to shelter themselves on the reverse side of the captured trenches.

A heavy fog, and the smoke from the guns, screened our advance, Company K being the leading company of the Sixteenth Mississippi, almost reached the enemy's position before they discovered us. They soon poured a murderous fire into our column and our men fell dead fast and thick. Archie Robertson, with whom the writer had only a short while back traded shoes, fell dead in front of him.

Some skirmish pits furnished only temporary shelter. In this storm of shot, with the men falling on every side, Gen. Harris rushed up and ordered the Twelfth and Sixteenth to wheel to the right and drive the enemy from the trenches. The Nineteenth and Forty-Eighth Mississippi were turned in the same way. Our men rushed forward with cheers, following their flags which were planted in quick succession on the trenched works. The brave Abe Mixon carrying the brigade flag, fell as he mounted the works. Our Colonel, Samuel Baker, fell a few feet from the writer, his body being in an exposed position, was riddled with rifle balls. Lieut. Col. Feltus fell soon afterwards.

The writer saw a man fall dead in the arms of Gen. Harris. This brave and good man, in this hail of death, laid him gently on the ground, with the exclamation, "Oh, my poor fellow!" Hundreds of the Federals threw



down their guns and surrendered, while a triumphant yell rang out over the Confederate lines. The prisoners were ordered to the rear, numbers of whom fell dead from the shots of their own men who were rushing on us with loud "huzzahs." Many of the Federal prisoners begged us to let them stay with us, as it seemed certain death to go to the rear.

The line of works constructed by Gen. Edward Johnson was in a semi-circle, and the men, to protect themselves from the enfilading fire of the enemy were in "traverses" (little short works built of poles and earth at right angles to the main line). These "traverses" were from thirty to forty feet apart. In carrying this position our brigade joined Gen. Ramseur's right. His brigade held that part of the line where we came in and our left overlapped his right. Our line was not long enough to capture the whole line, and the Federal troops still occupied the trenches on our right.

The guns which Gen. Johnson's men used were left in the trenches, and the Federals threw down theirs on the same ground. When we recaptured this position we gathered together quickly the guns found with the dead both in our front and rear, and with these guns loaded, we had practically the advantage of repeating rifles.

On the right, where the enemy was still in our trenches, the fighting was close and deadly, while the charges made on us in front came to hand to hand conflicts, in spite of our rapid firing with so many guns. The enfilading fire from our right, where the men were fighting across the "traverses" would have made our position untenable had not the "traverses" protected us. There was an incessant stream or rifle balls passing over us as well as hundreds of exploding shells. The rain poured down upon us in torrents, and the ditches were filled with water, reddened by the blood which flowed from the dead and wounded. We were forced to sit or stand on the bodies of the dead, covered with water.

At this stage of the fighting Gen. Gowan's brigade of South Carolinians, breasting the terrible storm of shot, with their men falling thick and fast at every step, their cheers mingled with the roar of musketry (the heaviest heard during the war), cannon and bursting shells, over the dead bodies of hundreds who had already fallen, rushed to our aid with the left of their brigade overlapping the right of ours, doubling our lines at this place and drove the enemy out of the trenches, capturing a number of prisoners. These had to run the gauntlet in going to our rear as on a former occasion.

The Federal troops now seemed to have renewed their efforts and made desperate charges. Hand to hand encounters occurred all during the day, The cold, drenching rain continued. The flashing lightning; the bursting of shells, the tremendous and incessant roar of small arms and the yell of the soldiers, presented a scene indescribable in its terrible horror.

The trees in our rear were shot to splinters. One, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, fell from the constant pelting of the minie balls and shells, while the bodies of the dead which lay in exposed positions were riddled beyond recognition.

During the day our ammunition ran short, and Gen. Harris called for volunteers to go to the rear and inform Gen. Ewell. Several men started to go, but none went far before they fell dead. Holden Pearson of our Company E, seeing these men fall, told Gen. Harris he would go. The General gave his reluctant consent, but looked as if he should never see him again alive. Keeping himself covered behind the trenches and moving rapidly from "traverse" to "traverse" to the left he got to a point where



he could leave the line in a depression in the rear. He arrived safely at Gen. Ewell's headquarters on the field and informed him of the situation. He told Gen. Ewell how to get the ammunition to us, through the depression, and soon passing down the line, from man to man, came a stream of cartridges tied up in pieces of tent cloth. Thus we kept supplied during the remainder of the engagement, which continued nearly all night.

Gen. Harris, with all our regimental and company officers, acted with conspicuous bravery in this terrible battle, and the private soldiers obeyed their commands and followed their example.

About daylight we withdrew from our position, the enemy also having retired from our front. With blackened faces and crisped hands, from being in the water so long; our clothing stained with red mud and blood, we marched out of this place where more than one-third of our men lay dead to sleep forever. We stopped in a grove of trees where Gen. Harris told us to build fires and dry our clothes. Our men stood around in groups, inquiring of each other about their missing comrades—some men in tears at the loss of a brother or near relative.

Our Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel both being killed, Major Council became Colonel of the Sixteenth Mississippi, and S. McNeil Bain, Captain of our Company E, became our Lieutenant Colonel, and John Holmes succeeded him as Captain, and Van Coney became our First Lieutenant.

The loss in our command had exceeded that of any previous battle. Some of the companies in the Sixteenth Mississippi had as many as ten men killed with only about thirty men on the roll. Our regiments were so reduced that soon after this battle the Twelfth and Sixteenth were consolidated into one command, and the Nineteenth and Forty-Fifth into another.

**J. G. CONN**, Madisonville, Texas—Born April 25, 1843, at Jasper, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 18, 1863, at Sabine Pass, as private in K. D. Keith's Artillery, Gen. Speight's Battalion, Trans-Mississippi Department; K. D. Keith first Captain, and Speight, first Major. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battle of Calcasieu and Sabine Pass.

**T. G. CONNALLY**, McGregor, Texas—Born April 10, 1841, near Spring Place, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 1, 1861, as private in "Springplace Volunteers," Thirty-Seventh Georgia Regiment, Gen. Raines' Brigade, Gen. Loring's Division, Gen. Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was R. E. Wilson, and first Colonel, Stovall. Was wounded at Murfreesboro Dec. 31, 1862. I carried the minie ball in my arm for twenty-seven years, then I had it removed. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge and Atlanta, Ga., and with Hood to Nashville and then to North Carolina where we were surrendered.

**JOHN S. CONWAY**, Gonzales, Texas—Born Sept. 5, 1841, in Edinboro, Scotland. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 1, 1861, at Victoria, Texas, as private in Company C. Sixth Texas Infantry, Gen. Granbury's Brigade, Gen. Cleburne's Division, Gen. Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was A. T. Bass, and first Colonel, R. R. Garland. Was captured at Arkansas Post Jan. 11, 1863, and sent to Camp Butler, Ill., and exchanged April 21, 1863. Was again captured at Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., and released June 15, 1865.

After serving as First Sergeant for some time, was elected Orderly



Sergeant in 1864. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Ga.; Jonesboro and Franklin, Tenn.

J. H. CONRSON, Como, Texas—Born near Union Springs, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, as private in Company C, Third Arkansas Regiment, Gen. Hood's Division, Gen. Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Reedy and first Colonel Rusk. Was never wounded nor captured. Was surrounded once near Malvern Hill, but got away. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Wilderness, Sharpsburg, Petersburg, Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania Court House, and many others, in fact was in twenty-seven battles all told, besides numerous picket fights and skirmishes.

My Capt. Reedy was in the Mexican war. He was a good drill officer, but very wicked. He was killed at Chickamauga. I was in three feet of him when he fell. The last word he spoke was "Oh, Lord!" I picked up his sword when it fell. Capt. Jones was my last Captain, and was a brave Christian man. He was a native of Georgia. My company was mustered in with about three hundred men, only thirty of us remained to tell the sad story.

HARMON COOK, Keller, Texas—Born Sept. 5, 1825, near Chatham, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1862, as private in Company E, Sixth Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade, Gen. Lomax's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was William Mitchell, and first Colonel, Flournoy. I was in the battles of Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, Five Forks, Richmond, Petersburg and the Second Manassas, and with Gen. Lee when he surrendered at Appomattox Court House April 9, 1865.

JAMES RILEY COOK, Hillsboro, Texas—Born June 5, 1846, near Okalona, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 17, 1861, as private in Company E, First Alabama Regiment, Gen. McCowan's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Thad Shackelford, and my first Colonel was Forest.

Was in a number of battles and several times wounded, but not enough to quit the field. Was taken prisoner at Island No. 10 on the 7th day of April, 1863, and sent to Camp Douglas; exchanged Sept. 7, 1863. Was in the battles of Belmont, Mo.; Fort Donelson, Tenn.; Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, Brice's Cross Roads, the eighty-mile run from West Point and Harrisburg, Miss., and numbers of other skirmishes with the "Wizard of the Saddle"—N. B. Forrest.

E. M. COOKSEY, Temple, Texas—Born Dec. 31, 1841, near Decatur, Miss. Enlisted at Pinkney Mill in 1861 as private in Company B, Eighth Mississippi Infantry, Gen. Jackson's Brigade, Gen. Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was R. P. Austin and first Colonel, G. L. Flint. Was never wounded nor captured. Was at battles at Murfreesboro, Nashville, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Ga.; Smith's Cross Roads, and Pine Mountain. Was in seventeen battles in all and came out without a scratch, and was never captured.



**FRANK COOPER**—Born in 1844 in Louisiana. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1862, at Sabine Pass, Texas, in Daily's Battalion, Ragsdale's Company; Ragsdale, first Captain, and Daily, Major. Was slightly wounded at the battle of Sabine Pass. Was in the battles of Sabine Pass and Galveston.

**M. A. COOPER**, Breckenridge, Texas—Born Dec. 29, 1840, near Bruceville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 21, 1861, as private in Company E, Fourth Alabama Regiment, Bee's Brigade, Johnston's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. I was never changed. My first Captain was P. D. Bowles and first Colonel, Jones. I was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, and taken prisoner at Warrenton, Va., paroled immediately and exchanged. I was in the first and second battles at Manassas, Wilderness, Petersburg and Gettysburg. At the battle of the Wilderness, Caleb Gardner of Evergreen, Ala., who stood by my side, was wounded just before I was. He died since the war from the effects of that wound. At the battle of the Wilderness I received thirty-seven holes through my blanket which was around my shoulders, one through my hat, and five through my canteen. Gen. Bee, who commanded our brigade at First Manassas, was killed there, and I saw Gen. Bertrow fall from his horse, mortally wounded in the same battle.

Gen. Bee was commanding my brigade at the time he gave Gen. T. J. Jackson the name of "Stonewall." I was in the war four years and am still an unreconstructed rebel, and will answer the last "roll call" as one.

My last Brigadier-General, P. D. Bowles, is still living at Evergreen, Ala., and my last Captain, J. W. Darby, is still living at Garland, Ala. Braver men than these never lived.

**F. P. COPELAND**, Athens, Texas—Born Nov. 4, 1839, at Huntsville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company C, Fifth Arkansas Regiment, Gen. Govan's Brigade, Gen. Cleburne's Division, Gen. Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Sweeny, and first Colonel, Murray. Was slightly wounded at Chickamauga, and taken prisoner at Perryville and sent to Fort Henry, Md. Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Wartrace, Tenn.; Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Franklin, Tenn., and Bentonville, N. C.

**JAMES MARION COPELAND**, Atlanta, Texas—Born July 2, 1845, near Nachitoches, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 in Wood County, Texas, as private in Company A, Second Texas Partisan Rangers, Major's Brigade, Green's Division, Bee's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department; John W. Wilson, first Captain, and Stone, first Colonel. In February, 1865, we were dismounted and attached to Waterhouse's Brigade, Walker's Division. Was never wounded, but was seriously hurt by my horse falling on me in a charge made near Vermillion, La. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Old Caney River, Marksville, Yellow Bayou, Vermillion, Thibedeau, and in fact, in the principal encounters in Louisiana, and skirmishes up in Arkansas. Our brigade was composed of Stone's Lane, Baylor's and Phillips' Regiments, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Major. We scouted, skirmished and harassed the Federals as much as we could in Southern Texas and Louisiana, and drove them across the Atchafalaya Bay into Mississippi. In December, 1863, I was stricken down with pneumonia and sent to the hospital at



Opelousas, La. In January, 1864, I was sent home, where I was expected to die. While convalescing at home, information was received that Gen. Banks, with a large force, was marching towards Texas. Though quite feeble, I made my way to the front and reached my command near Mansfield, La., and remained with the command until the close of the war.

At Mansfield we were in an open field, as we advanced upon them. The enemy lay concealed behind a fence in the timber. For five hundred yards we were under their fire before we could see anything but smoke. We reserved our fire until we were within 100 yards of them, when we were ordered to charge. No tongue nor pen can portray this battle that has never witnessed such. Imagine, if you can, a scene where men lose all fear of death, and with screams and yells mingled with the roar of the cannon and clash of the musketry, they rush on into the very jaws of death. My company lost several killed and wounded in this battle. I do not remember how many prisoners were captured or the number of wagons. The next day we had a fierce engagement at Pleasant Hill, where we lost one Lieutenant and five or six men. I came out of the two days' engagement with nine minie ball holes in my hat and clothing.

Our next fight was on Red River, where Gen. Green was killed. I was in nearly every scouting party and engagement in 1864. I have been on outpost duty when it would be so dark that I could not see my horse under me, with orders to shoot without halting anything coming from the front. At Marksville we fought all evening and half the night and next day until late into the afternoon.

I have been on scout when we did not remove the saddles from our horses for thirteen days. When eating or feeding, half of us stood on guard while the other ate.

We spent the latter part of the fall and winter in Arkansas, around Little Rock and Pine Bluff, scouting and fighting back Yanks and Jayhawkers. In February, 1865, our regiment carried a number of prisoners from Tyler to Shreveport to be exchanged.

W. H. COPPAG, Pilot Point, Texas—Born at Bradfordsville, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 22, 1862, at Gainesville, Texas, as Second Lieutenant in Company A, Sixteenth Regiment (dismounted cavalry), Gen. McCulloch's Brigade, Gen. Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; F. M. Daugherty, first Captain; William Fitzhugh, first Colonel. Was wounded at the battles of Mansfield and at Pleasant Hill. Was captured April 8, 1864 at Mansfield, La., but after ten days was released at Blair's Landing. Was in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, and in many skirmishes. Was with my command for three years and four months.

WILLIAM HENRY CORBIN, Godley, Texas—Born June 10, 1842, near Canton, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1862 at Big Shanty, Ga., as private in Company B, Forty-Third Georgia Infantry, Stovall's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Grant Ham, first Captain, and Harris, first Colonel.

Was wounded May 15 at the battle of Resaca. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Baker Creek, Vicksburg and Resaca. I was one of the guards over the gun, Whistling Dick, which sank the second gunboat on the Mississippi River.

M. L. CORDELL, Dallas, Texas—Born in Macon County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 27, 1861, at Daleville, Ala., as Third Ser-



geant in Company C, Thirty-First Georgia Regiment, Lawton's Brigade, Early's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; Griffith, first Captain, and Phillips, first Colonel. Was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, again at Petersburg I received a slight wound in the hand and a flesh wound in right leg. At Winchester a piece of shell made a bad wound in my thigh, and at Hatcher's Run my nose was split.

Was captured at the fall of Richmond and put in Libby prison, afterward sent to Newport, where I remained until August, 1865. I was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Second Manassas, Winchester, Wilderness, Sharpsburg, Frederick City, Md., Washington, D. C., Shepherdstown, Md., Hatcher's Run, Petersburg and Lynchburg.

We met the enemy next at Petersburg. This was a very hard fought battle. We also had a hard battle at Hatcher's Run below Petersburg. I received a slight wound in the hand at this fight; was also wounded at the third battle of Winchester very badly. Counting all the fights, pickets, skirmishes and battles we were in on this raid, are about sixty-one. My company enlisted with 114 men, and I was in one battle where only four of them came out untouched, whose names are as follows: Capt. Perry, Sergeant Perry, W. L. Peters and myself. I was wounded at Petersburg, and when we rebels vacated the city, I with others, was placed in box cars and left on the last train out of the city. Gen. A. P. Hill was killed that day, and that night when we were unloaded at Richmond I saw the first Federal cavalry as they rode down the street, then I knew that we were gone up. On the next morning Gen. Hancock (Federal) rode into our camp, and Jackson and Dr. Hancock surrendered the hospital to him. (The two Hancocks mentioned above were cousins, one a Federal, the other a Rebel.)

Dr. J. R. Cordell, Surgeon of the Thirty-First Georgia Regiment, died in the hospital at Montgomery, Ga. W. L. Cordell, T. J. Cordell, both of the Thirty-First Georgia, were killed at Fredericksburg. H. B. Cordell died in hospital at Montgomery, and E. H. Cordell, of the same regiment, received several wounds, but is still living in Georgia.

PINKNEY JACKSON CORLEY, Queen City, Texas—Born May 17, 1845, near Cartersville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1863, at Cropwell, Ala., as private in Company I, Fifty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, Bates' Brigade, Stewart's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was James Everett, and first Colonel, Jones. I was never changed to any other part of the army. Was slightly wounded at New Hope Church, Ga., and at Nashville, Tenn. Was taken prisoner at Spanish Fort, Ala., April 9, 1865, and sent to Ship Island prison. Was never promoted.

Was in the battles of Wartrace, Tenn.; Cumberland Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga.; New Hope Church, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, Iuka, Miss., and Spanish Fort, Ala.

A. A. CORRY, Nevada, Texas—Born April 7, 1840, near the town of Talapoosa, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Camp Moore, La., as private in Company H, Seventeenth Louisiana Regiment. Anderson's Brigade, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. The name of my first Captain was Maddox, and first Colonel, Heard.

Served east of the Mississippi River until the fall of Vicksburg, was then transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department and served the remainder of the war. Was never wounded, but was taken prisoner at Vicks-



burg and paroled. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Chickasaw, Fort Gibson, Baker's Creek and the siege of Vicksburg.

DOUGLAS J. COTTER, Crockett, Texas—Born March 27, 1841, near Sparta, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 8, 1861, at Henderson, Texas, as private in Company B, Third Texas Cavalry. My first Captain was R. Cumby, and first Colonel, E. Greer. Was in battles of Wilson Creek, August, 1861; Chustenahlah, Ind. Ter., December, 1861; Bentonville, Ark., in 1862, and Elkhorn, Mo. In July, I secured a transfer to the Nineteenth Louisiana Infantry, Company I, Adams' Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

Our brigade, commanded by Gen. R. L. Gibson, was left at Spanish Fort, Near Mobile, Ala., in March, 1865. After the evacuation of that place we were removed to Meridian, Miss., where we were paroled, May, 1865. I was never in a hospital nor wounded and was never away from my command.

In addition to the battles above named, I was at Jackson, Miss.; Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the three days' battle around Atlanta; at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.

H. S. COITTE, Rochelle, Texas—Born in 1839, near LaGrange, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 8, 1862, at Galveston, Texas, as private in Nichol's Regiment, Atkinson, first Captain, and Nichols, first Colonel.

At the expiration of six months we re-organized, May 1, at the mouth of the Brazos River. W. F. Saunders became Captain, and Brown, Colonel. Was never wounded. We were in some small engagements from April until December, 1865. After this we guarded prisoners at the Tyler Stockade. Was in the battles of Brunswick Bay, Carrion Crow Bayou, Morgan's Ferry, and skirmishing all the way from Brunswick Bay to Washington, La. I was in Durango, Mex., when war was declared, came home to Galveston, where I enlisted.

JAMES W. COX, Gatesville, Texas—Born in 1843 near Murfreesboro, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Galveston as private in Company D, Twenty-Sixth Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Granville Black, and first Colonel, DeBray. Was never wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou.

I. N. COX, McGregor, Texas—Born June 12, 1839, near Holly Springs, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, near Ripley, Miss., as Second Sergeant of Company A, Thirty-Third Mississippi Regiment, Adams' Brigade, Loring's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was A. J. Gibson, and first Colonel, Wells. Served in the Tennessee army the whole war. Was slightly wounded in the foot at Franklin, Tenn., on my head at Atlanta, Ga. Was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson in 1862 and carried to Camp Douglas, where I remained seven months. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, Big Black, Franklin, Tenn.; Jackson, and all the battles from Resaca to Atlanta.

J. P. COX, Greenville, Texas—Born May 24, 1834, at Yoakum Station, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 at Jonesville, Va., as First Sergeant in Company G, Forty-Eighth Virginia Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia; A. L. Bolen, first Captain, and Dugan, first Colonel.



Was never changed nor wounded. Was captured on May 7, 1864, and sent to Point Lookout, Md., and then to Elmira, N. Y., paroled Nov. 10 following. Was in the battles of Gettysburg, Fredericksburg and the first two days' at the Wilderness. I was in six or seven smaller battles, but do not remember the dates.

JOHN P. COX, Gatesville, Texas—Born in 1841 near Murfreesboro, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, in Leon County, Texas, as private in Company D, DeBray's Regiment, Geo. W. McMahan, first Captain, and DeBray, first Colonel.

In 1862 I was sent home sick, and as my command was ordered to Arizona, I joined Capt. Carrington's Company, Baylor's Regiment. I was Sergeant when I enlisted, and promoted to Third Lieutenant. We captured three gunboats and two transports on the Red River, and was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou and various others. We disbanded at Richmond, Texas, in May, 1865.

JOHN BERRY COX, McKinney, Texas—Born Jan. 6, 1844, near Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May, 1861, at Lebanon, Tenn. as private in Company C, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade, Joe Wheeler's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Eli Lindsay, and first Colonel, Starnes. Was slightly wounded in the hand at Kanawa Salt Works, West Va., September, 1863. Was never taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Ga., and the 100 days' campaign of Johnston to Atlanta. Was with Hood when he went into Tennessee; then got with President Jefferson Davis at Greensboro, N. C., and stayed with him until he was captured at Washington, Ga., where I received my parole.

WILLIAM R. COX, Goldthwaite, Texas—Born in Yoakum Station, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at that place in August, 1861, as Second Lieutenant of Company A, First Virginia Battalion, Zollicoffer's Division. My first Captain was Cam. Slemp, who was our first Colonel after being formed into a regiment in 1862, and was numbered Sixty-Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

I was wounded in the mountains of Kentucky. Our regiment was captured at Cumberland Gap and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Several of our men got away the night after the surrender, and I was among the number. Was promoted to First Lieutenant. Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky.; Marion and Saltville, Va., and Cold Harbor, Va. Capt. W. W. Wynn, of Company G, died at Johnson's Island. Two hundred of my regiment died from starvation and exposure at Camp Douglas. My company alone lost twenty-eight out of fifty-six men.

I am one of six brothers who saw service in the Confederate Army, two in the Fiftieth Virginia, one in the Forty-Eighth Virginia, and three in the Sixty-Fourth Virginia. All got home after the surrender except my youngest brother, who was killed.

POLK COX, Fort Chadburn, Texas—Born in 1844. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Comanche, Texas, as private in Company I, Speight's Regiment. My first Captain was James Cunningham, and we served in the Indian Territory. Was wounded in the face at the battle of Dove Creek. This was the only battle I was in. We were ordered out to meet about 1,500 or 2,000 Indians who were in a thicket at



the head of Dove Creek. We charged them about 9 o'clock in the morning and fought them till about 4 in the afternoon. There were several killed and wounded, amongst them my brother, McDonald Cox. We had to retreat and leave the dead on the ground. We were out on one skirmish for about two weeks at one time with nothing to eat except buffalo and Indian ponies. During a heavy snowstorm we suffered much from cold.

NEWTON H. COX, Fairlie, Texas—Born June 7, 1845, near Randolph, Ala. Entered the Confederate Army Feb. 2, 1862, as private in Company H, Twenty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, Canty's Brigade, E. C. Walthall's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Hew Latham, and first Colonel, John F. Conley.

Served first at Pensacola, Fla. Then at Mobile and then at Resaca, Ga. I was never wounded. I was in the following battles: Resaca, Ga.; Kenesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Ga.; Greenville, Tenn.; Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. Was captured at Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1864, and paroled in June, 1865.

J. W. COX, Purmelia, Texas—Born Sept. 13, 1844, near Murfreesboro, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army February, 1862, at Centerville, Texas, as private in Company D, Twenty-Sixth Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade, Bee's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was McMinn, and first Colonel, DeBray. Was never wounded, promoted nor taken prisoner, and was in no battles.

THOMAS B. COX, Waco, Texas—Born in Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Sixth Mississippi Infantry, with A. J. Wooten as Colonel and Robert Lowry, Major. I did duty at Bowling Green, Ky., until the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson in February, 1862, then we fell back to Corinth, Miss. Here Gen. Johnston prepared to meet Grant on the morning of April 6, 1862, at Shiloh. Our army, more than 30,000 strong, made the first assault, and after four hours' hard fighting, the Federals were driven back and their entire encampment with three battalions of infantry were in possession of the Confederates. Gen. Johnston was killed on the evening of the first day's fighting. We captured 4,000 prisoners, fifty-one guns and 15,000 rifles, as well as all the tents, commissary and quartermaster stores of the enemy. We lost in killed and wounded 10,000 men. The loss of the Sixth Mississippi was 305. The loss of the Federals was 15,000 killed and wounded.

Upon return from furlough to the army at Corinth I was promoted to Sergeant Major of my regiment. In the battle of Oct. 3 at Corinth, under the guns and sharpshooters, after charging with Van Dorn's Division, I lay for fourteen hours with bursting shells and hissing minie balls passing over us dealing out death on every hand. Here much of the good things prepared for the Federals fell into the hands of the Confederates, who feasted on white sugar, crackers and sardines. From here the Sixth Mississippi was transferred to Vicksburg, and from there to Port Hudson, where I witnessed Farragut's fleet bombard the Confederate lines, and heard the siege guns along the Mississippi River. I saw the burning of the gunboat Mississippi as she floated down the river, a sheet of flame and cloud of smoke, with her thirty-six guns discharging shells promiscuously on either side. I saw Farragut's flagship pass the fort while all the rest failed in their daring venture. I talked with the Yankee spy who came within the Confederate lines and inspected the situation of our army and



guns, and then passing down the river bank escaped to the Federal lines. From this spy's report Farragut decided to begin the bombardment, and to make the attempt to pass his fleet by Port Hudson.

In the rear of Vicksburg the Confederates and Federals engaged in a fearful conflict which lasted all day. Finally Grant got around to Bruinsburg, Gen. Bowen moved his forces to meet him, but too late. Grant had crossed with 40,000 men and Bowen met him with 5,000, and for two days the conflict raged.

At Vicksburg I was amongst the captured and was sent to the penitentiary at Alton, Ill. I was permitted by the guard to get a grass hammock left on the field of battle by one of my comrades, which I swung onto till we reached prison, where it was taken from me, but by paying \$3.00, all the money I had, it was returned to me. There were 2,000 prisoners in the penitentiary, many dying every day. It was heartrending to see them hauled out and buried by unsympathetic hands. But soon an order for exchange came and we were sent to Baltimore and thence by steamer to where the exchange was made.

The Georgia campaign was the most illustrious campaign of the Army of Tennessee. For three months, almost night and day, it was under fire; battling at New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain and all through Georgia. On Peachtree Creek, where the first battle was fought under Gen. Hood, Lieut.-Col. Harper and I made up with a number of Federals to meet us near the line and have a friendly conversation, exchange papers and learn something of the nature and character of the individual Federal soldier. The native Americans seemed to be good natured and friendly, and lamented the conditions prevailing. They hoped for the war to soon end and seemed to sympathize with the suffering, especially the Confederate soldiers. But a great number of the Federal soldiers were foreigners and negroes, and seemed to care for nothing except the pay they were to get. Principle was nothing to them.

When the siege of Atlanta began Sherman's army was increased to 100,000 men, while Hood had scarcely 40,000. Sherman engaged Hardee and S. D. Lee in rear of the Confederate lines, defeating them. Atlanta was abandoned and Hood took a position southwest of the city. Sherman took charge of the city, and his cruel orders which followed are a stain upon his record.

President Davis reviewed the army at Palmetto Station, and very soon Hood fell upon the rear of Atlanta, capturing posts and tearing up railroads so Sherman could not get supplies. After the fall of Atlanta Sherman retreated to the coast, destroying property and burning all houses in his wake for forty miles on each flank.

Hood then marched up into Tennessee and prepared for the battle of Franklin. The assault was made by the Confederates the 30th day of November, 1864. The Sixth Mississippi, under my command as Sergeant Major, on the left. Gen. Cleburne, with Brigade Commanders Carter, Gist, Granbury and Adams, were killed, and 5,000 of the flower of Hood's army fell on that day. Oh, what a bloody sight! The scene was most deplorable. The dead comrades were tenderly laid away in long trenches with nothing wrapped about them but the cold, clammy earth where they fell. The Federals retreated that night to Nashville and threw up breastworks in front of the city. Here the Federals assaulted and flanked Gen. Hood on the 15th and 16th of December, forcing a disastrous retreat. As a last act on the battle line at Nashville I, with the left wing of the Sixth Mississippi stubbornly retreating up the side of the mountain, resting for a



moment, delivered a volley into the double line in which the Federals were making a charge upon the line.

On the lines below Raleigh the Sixth and Fourteenth Mississippi were consolidated, Gen. Adams placed in command of the brigade. I was afterwards appointed First Lieutenant of consolidated companies of the Fourteenth and Sixth Mississippi, Will Harper to Adjutant General.

The remnant of the Army of Tennessee, under Gen. Stewart, united with Gen. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C., and repulsed Sherman, capturing many guns and prisoners, but owing to the junction of Schofield's army with Sherman, it became necessary to retreat, which Gen. Johnston did; first to Raleigh and then to Hillsboro, Greensboro, and finally to Durham Station, where the armistice was agreed upon and a surrender made on April 26th, seventeen days after Gen. Lee had surrendered.

The army being paroled, with transportation and commissaries such as could be secured, we dissolved into private citizens again for the first time in four years.

R. M. COSBY, SR., Wolfe City, Texas—Born Jan. 30, 1838, near Birmingham, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 2, 1862, near Wolfe City, Texas, as private in Company H, Fifteenth Texas Cavalry, Churchill's Brigade, English, first Captain, and Sweet, first Colonel. My first service was at Arkansas Post, where I was captured with my command and placed in prison in Camp Douglas. After being exchanged in 1863, we were around Richmond in May and June until we were re-organized, consolidated and transferred to the Tennessee army. I was slightly wounded in the battle at Chickamauga, but stayed with my command. In the battle of Atlanta I was wounded seriously. I never had a furlough, nor was away from my command. I was in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee from the battle of Murfreesboro until the fall of Atlanta, excepting New Hope Church.

WALTER A. COZART, Merkel, Texas—Born in West Tennessee, near Lexington. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Austin, Ark., as private in A. W. F. Terry's Regiment, Gen. Pillow's Brigade, Gen. Cheatham's Division, Gen. Polk's Corps. My first Captain was Thomas M. Paine, and first Colonel, Terry. I was taken prisoner at Little Rock, Ark., and kept twenty days.

Was with Gen. W. L. Cabell from December, 1862, till September, 1863. Was sent with Lieut. Dave Marshall, W. L. Bryant and Alford N. Furgeson, in August, 1864, to carry a communication to Atlanta. Later I joined Company I, Fifth Arkansas Regiment, commanded by Capt. T. M. Glenn, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, and was in the campaign around Atlanta. Was at Jonesboro and Marietta and Decatur, Ala., and Florence, Ala., where we crossed the Tennessee River. Was at Spring Hill; in battle with Fourteenth Army Corps and at Franklin, Tenn., where Pat Cleburne and Granbury and ten other Generals were killed; then to Nashville, where we stayed twenty days; then back the route we came to Alabama, and then to Georgia and into South Carolina and North Carolina—at Bentonville where we fought the 19th and 20th of March, 1865. Here I was wounded and T. M. Glenn was killed.

B. H. Cozart served as Captain until the surrender at Greensboro, where Gen. Joe E. Johnston surrendered to Gen. Sherman in 1865.

J. L. CRAIG, Plainview, Texas—Born March 15, 1844, near Gillespie, Ill. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 at Pilot Point, Texas, as



private in Company H, Twenty-Ninth Texas Cavalry, Cooper's Brigade, Wm. Brown, first Captain, and DeMorse, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Cabin Creek, Soda Springs, Prairie Duchene and several skirmishes.

G. B. CRAIN, Nacogdoches, Texas—Born at San Augustine, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 12, 1861, at Nacogdoches, Texas, in the Fourth Texas Cavalry, Hardeman's Brigade, Ragnet, first Captain, and Riley, first Colonel. Was never wounded, captured nor changed. Was first Lieutenant, then Captain, and then Inspector General of Texas just before the close of the war. Was in seventeen regular battles: Val Verde, Glorietta, Galveston Island, Franklin, Mansfield, Brasher City, Fort Butler, Lafouche, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, and in fifty-seven small engagements.

JAMES M. CRANE, Kilgore, Texas—Born at Marion, Ill. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 12, 1862, at Springfield, Mo., as private in Newport's Company, Fourth Missouri Infantry, Green's Brigade, Price's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; Newport, first Captain, and McFarland, first Colonel. Was transferred to Mississippi and was wounded and at the battle of Corinth, taken prisoner and paroled Oct. 3, 1862. In January, 1863, I returned to my command at Grenada, Miss., but was unable to do duty, and was discharged March 19, 1863. I then returned to the Trans-Mississippi Department and re-enlisted in the Eighth Missouri, but was again discharged Nov. 3 of the same year. Re-enlisted in March, 1864, and was assigned to work in the ordnance department. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Corinth, Helena, Ark., and Iuka, Miss.

HARRISON H. CRAVEN, Farmersville, Texas—Born June 4, 1840, near Lexington, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Salem, N. C., in 1862, as private in Company K, Twenty-Seventh North Carolina Regiment, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Miller and first Colonel, Kirkland. Was never changed, wounded nor taken prisoner. Was in the battles around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville; several battles in the valley, Gettysburg, and at Appomattox Court House at Lee's surrender. Was in all the battles in which by brigade was engaged and never got a scratch.

JAMES A. CRAWFORD, Dallas, Texas—Born March 25, 1837, in Augusta County, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861, at Staunton, Va., as private in Company E, First Virginia Cavalry, Wickman's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's Division, Jeb Stuart's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; Wm. Patrick, first Captain, and W. E. Jones, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in all the battles participated in by my command, including Gettysburg, and Sharpsburg. According to my opinion, Sharpsburg was the hardest fought battle of the campaign.

J. B. CRAWFORD, Waxahachie, Texas—Born at Guffin, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 15, 1861, in Henry County, Ga., as Orderly Sergeant in Fourth Arkansas Regiment, Army of Tennessee; J. B. Wright, first Captain. After the battle and capture of Fort Donelson, I made my escape and came to Arkansas with Capt. Wright, who was captured at that time. Joined the army under Tom Hindman and Gen. Hoimes at Little Rock, Ark. Was never wounded nor taken prisoner. Was Brigade Commissary for Gen. Cabell. Was in the battles of Poison Springs, Jenkin's





COLONEL MILTON PARK,

Adjutant of Trans-Mississippi Dept. of U. C. V's,  
twenty years.



Ferry and Mark's Mill. Went with Gen. Price all through Arkansas and Missouri on his noted raid.

WALTER LOONEY CRAYTON, Ennis, Texas—Born Nov. 18, 1842, at Marietta, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Verona, Miss., Oct. 10, 1861, as private in Company C, Second Mississippi Infantry. My first Captain was Bramley, and first Colonel was Faulkner. The middle finger on my right hand was broken at Gettysburg. My company's loss at Gettysburg was thirty-five. I was wounded in the right foot at the battle of the Wilderness. Here we met the Sixteenth Mississippi, which was put half a mile in the rear with orders to wait until they could see the Yankee's eyes and then to fire at once.

JAMES A. CREAGER, Vernon, Texas—Born at Clarksville, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Atlanta, Texas, as private in Company D, Sixth Texas Cavalry, Ross' Brigade, T. H. Bowen, first Captain, and Stone, first Colonel. Was wounded at Yazoo City in 1864. Was in the battles of Elkhorn, Corinth, Iuka, Jackson, Yazoo City, Franklin, Thompson Station, Big Black and Talbot's Ferry. At the battle of Corinth, our regiment sustained heavy loss—something more than forty men.

My brother, W. C. Creager, was killed in this battle. My Captain had his foot completely shot off, and all three of our Lieutenants were killed.

At Thompson Station, where we had another hot fight, Bill McKinney, a cousin of mine, asked Gen. Ross to let him shoot at a bunch of Federal officers some distance away. The General, getting out his glass, took a look at them, and they appeared to be a mile way, but told Bill to "go ahead." When the shot rang out, the General said: "Well done, Bill, you got him!" In this battle we lost heavily, but won the day.

Our Regiment had been in Northern Mississippi for a time, when we received orders to return to the City of Yazoo. We halted at the end of the plank road within six miles of the city—it was very dry and dusty, and the heat was terrible. After striking camp, we were scattered up and down the creek washing and trying to get the dust out of our eyes, and to our surprise we heard shooting in the direction of our camp on the hill. Saddling our horses as quickly as possible, we formed in line, wheeled four in a breast and down the road we went, hardly knowing what the trouble was. We had not gone far until we passed a house and a lady informed us that it was only a small company of negroes commanded by three white officers. After this it seemed that the fastest horse took the lead, regardless of company or regiment. The negroes seemed to make no attempt to fight or surrender. Suppose we killed fifty of them, we discovered one attempting to get over the breastworks and Col. Jones of the Ninth Texas instructed a comrade and myself to kill him, we dismounted and both fired, the Colonel replied, he is a dead negro. By this time it was getting late and we returned to our camp, and the officers had us build pens around the dead. They were buried the next morning.

Little Joe McKinney was with me during the war, and I felt safe with him, as he was an excellent soldier. He survived the war and raised a fine family and I believe that his spirit now rests in Heaven. Next was quite a little fight six miles below Yazoo City. The Sixth Texas was located behind a hill, a natural breastwork, and the enemy gunboats were firing at us the most of the day. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon our boys seemed to get careless and the Yankees formed line within about



forty yards of us. They had gained this position through a small hollow which was several feet deep and we did not see them until they were preparing to form line. We had three men wounded, and killed about thirty Federals. The first firing was not a volley, and the enemy were within ten feet of us, and it looked as though we were going to get mixed up. Just at this time the company who had dropped back a short distance at the beginning, fired a volley into the Yanks, and they thinking that we had received reinforcements, fell back.

D. M. CRENSHAW, Waco, Texas—Born Jan. 24, 1843, near Glenville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 21, 1861, at Columbus, Ga., as private in Company I, Twentieth Georgia Regiment, Bob Tombs' Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; John A. Jones, first Captain, and W. D. Smith, first Colonel. My first wound was received at Chickamauga from an artillery shot passing through our breastworks, cutting off both of Capt. Leghorn's legs, who was sitting by me. I received two wounds at Deep Bottom, and was wounded in my shoulder at Petersburg, and was captured and sent to Point Lookout, Md., where I remained until the close of the war. I was in thirty-seven battles, including Gettysburg—and was one of the men who spiked a gun on Little Round Top. Was never commissioned, but was in charge of camp a great many times. Was in the battles of Gettysburg, Antietam, Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, Malvern Hill, Wilderness and the other principal battles of the Army of Virginia, except the fall of Petersburg.

JAMES A. CRENSHAW, Edna, Texas—Born in Boydton, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, as private in Company C, Twenty-First Regiment, Second Brigade, First Division, Army of Western Virginia; Oliver, first Captain, and Gillum, first Colonel.

We were changed to Stonewall Jackson's Division at Winchester. I received my first wound at Shepherdstown, second at Missionary Ridge, and third at Shepherdstown by grape shot which had passed through a comrade. Was captured once, but made my escape, though my clothing were full of holes from balls, as I had to run for quite a distance parallel with the Yankee line. Was in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Kernstown, Port Republic, Winchester, Harper's Ferry, Second Bull Run, Cedar Mountain, Fredericksburg, Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, two fights at Petersburg, 1864 and 1865, and the last charge at Appomattox Court House.

I knew a brave soldier who had gone almost to the end of the war, and as he was marching to his last battle, he said to his Captain: "I feel for the first time in life that I will be killed today." Capt. Jeffries was sorry that he let him go into the fight, as he was killed that day.

S. B. CRENSHAW, Lockhart, Texas—Born March 15, 1846, near Houston, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 15, 1862, at San Antonio, as private in Company K, Thirty-Ninth Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade, Bagby's Division; Holmes, first Captain, and Wood, first Colonel. Was wounded once on a scout. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, and was under fire for a number of days during the campaign on Red River.

SAM G. CRINER, Cleburne, Texas—Born near New Market, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1862, at Fort Worth, Texas, as private in Company E, Fifteenth Texas Cavalry, Granbury's Brigade, Kenne-



dy, first Captain, and Sweet, first Colonel. Was dismounted at Little Rock. Was captured at Arkansas Post and sent to Camp Douglas prison. After three months of brutal treatment was exchanged at City Point, Va., and sent to Bragg's army in Tennessee; where the Sixth, Tenth and Fifteenth Texas were consolidated. Was in the battles of Black River, Arkansas Post and Chickamauga, where I was captured and carried to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind. Was exchanged in March, 1865, and transported to Raleigh, N. C. From there I walked to Knoxville, Texas, where my wife and baby were located.

I am now sixty-nine years old. It was my misfortune to experience the horrors of prison life. Many of my comrades succumbed to the starvation, exposure and indignities. My wife's brother, B. F. Stewart, was in prison with me, and is now living in Payson, Ariz.

GEO. E. CRITZ, Robert Lee, Texas—Born May 16, 1840, in Talladega County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1861, at Starkville, Miss, as private in Company C, Fourteenth Mississippi Regiment, but was discharged from this command and enlisted in Company K, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi Regiment, Moore's Brigade, in February, 1862. Was in Baldwin's Division, Price's Corps, Chas. Jordan, first Captain, and Baldwin, first Colonel. Was transferred from the Thirty-Fifth Mississippi in 1864 to the Confederate Navy at Mobile. Was captured at Vicksburg with Pemberton's army and paroled. Was in the battles of Corinth, siege of Vicksburg and Blakely.

T. J. CROFT, McGregor, Texas—Born May 18, 1864, near Kosciusko, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1861, at Denton, Texas, as private in Company G, Eighteenth Texas Regiment. Felix McKittrick, first Captain, and Darnell, first Colonel, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. Was captured at Arkansas Post in the early part of 1862, and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Tunnell Hill, Franklin, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church and Nashville.

THOS. E. CROSS, Fort Worth, Texas—Born July 29, 1836, in Clinton County, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 1, 1861, in Tarrant County, Texas. Was elected Fourth Sergeant of Company E, Eighth Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. We were first enlisted for twelve months and went into camp near Houston, Texas. Jan. 1, 1862, we re-enlisted for the war, and were transferred to Arkansas, where we had frequent conflicts with Federal cavalry at Duvall's Bluff, Cotton Plant, Clarendon, Milliken's Bend, Young's Point, and other points along the river, till the general engagement at Pleasant Hill, La., where I was wounded four times.

This ended my active service. I was brigade clerk from Oct. 15, 1864, to May 15, 1865, when we were disbanded at Hempstead, Texas. I arrived at my home in Denton County, Texas, June 4, 1865.

V. A. CROSS, Killeen, Texas—Born Jan. 27, 1844, in Reynolds County, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in December, 1861, in Bell County, Texas, as private in Company D, Eighteenth Texas Cavalry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was M. W. Dameron, and first Colonel, Darnell. Was dis-



mounted at Little Rock, Ark., and sent to Gen. Churchill at Arkansas Post, where I was taken prisoner Jan. 11, 1863, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., where I remained three months, during which time I had a severe attack of pneumonia. The Seventeenth and Eighteenth Texas Regiments were consolidated. Was wounded at Jonesboro, Ga., in left wrist, neck and right shoulder, all by the same shot. I was in the act of firing, when a rifle ball struck my wrist breaking one bone, then struck my neck and glancing from my gun stock, lodged in my shoulder. I was in the battle of Arkansas Post, the one hundred days' campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga., and then at Jonesboro, where I was wounded.

**D. A. CRUMPLER**, Winnsboro, Texas—Born Feb. 7, 1839, near Robertson Springs Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 3, 1861, in Quitman, Texas, as private in Company B, Tenth Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, French's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee; John W. Wilson, first Captain, and Lock, first Colonel. Was changed to the Trans-Mississippi Department. Was never wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Farmington, Richmond, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Jackson, Miss., from Dalton to Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville and Spanish Fort.

**W. H. CUBINE**, Nocona, Texas—Born Sept. 7, 1839, near Abingdon, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Bristol, Tenn., as private in Company B, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Tom Harrison's Brigade, John A. Wharton's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Dave McClendon, first Captain, and George R. McClendon, first Colonel.

I was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Perryville, Woodbury, Petersburg, Richmond, Farmville and at Appomattox Court House, where Lee surrendered.

I had my horse killed and was left on the field for dead. Was wounded seven times, but never went to a hospital. During Johnston's retreat from Dalton, I was transferred to Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, and served with Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Cavalry and was at Appomattox Court House when Gen. Lee surrendered. I brought home my horse, two Yankee horses, two pistols, four knives and a Spencer rifle, which I had captured from the Yankees the day before Lee surrendered. I have the arms now in my house, with which I have killed many buffalo and other wild game on the frontier of Texas.

While the battle of Murfreesboro was going on, my regiment was ordered to the rear of the Federal Army to burn their wagon train. We captured a piece of artillery and five stray Yanks, returned in safety with the prisoners and gun. On one other occasion when Gen. Wheeler and Gen. Forrest made a raid on Fort Donelson, we found six fine artillery horses in a clump of brush and a cannon. George Roller, one of my company, and I hitched them to the gun we had captured and brought them into our lines. I have the above statements in writing from my Captain and Colonel. I am now seventy years of age and have lived in Texas half of my life. I came when the country was inhabited by Indians.

**W. A. CULBERSON**, Hillsboro, Texas—Born Oct. 18, 1841, in Troupe County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, as private in Company G, Ninth Georgia Regiment, Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was G. G. Gordon, and my first Colonel was Goulding.



Without going into details will say that I followed the fortunes and misfortunes of the Army of Northern Virginia from the first battle of Manassas to Appomattox.

W. C. CULP, Colorado, Texas—Born May 18, 1843, near Mount Pleasant, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Mount Pleasant, N. C., as private in Company H, Eighth North Carolina Regiment, Clingman's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia; Rufus Barrier, first Captain, and Shaw, first Colonel.

Received only a slight wound during the war. Was first captured at Roanoke Island and placed on board a boat and remained there for fourteen days, and was then paroled. We were exchanged in about four months. Next I was captured at Harris' Landing and was sent to Camp Lookout, and remained there for three months without being exchanged. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Roanoke Island, Charleston, Morris Island, Gaines' Mill, Petersburg, fight around Richmond and Harris' Landing.

I. T. CULVER, Longview, Texas—Born June 7, 1842, near Sparta, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on Oct. 12, 1861, at Abbeville, Ala., as First Lieutenant, Company G, Fifteenth Alabama Regiment, Gardner's Brigade, Gordon's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was W. C. Oats, and first Colonel, Canty.

In 1862 I was discharged on account of disability, came home and raised and became Captain of Company E, Fifty-Seventh Alabama Regiment, Clanton's Brigade, Loring's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Was wounded at Peachtree Creek on July 20, 1864. Am still suffering from this wound. Was never a prisoner. Was in the battles of Resaca, Marietta, Calhoun, New Hope Church, Altoona Mountains, Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville. My father, Col. G. W. Culver, was Colonel of Alabama Reserves, and his service was on the Florida coast. He died in 1871.

C. C. CUMMINGS, Fort Worth, Texas—Born June 23, 1838, at Holly Springs, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 27, 1861, as private in Company B, Seventeenth Mississippi Infantry, Griffith's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was John McQuirk, and first Colonel, W. S. Featherstone.

I lost my right hand at Gettysburg on July 2, 1863, taken prisoner and carried to Chester, Pa., where I was very kindly treated and exchanged in about two months. Was promoted to Sergeant Major of the regiment after the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 11th and 13th, 1862, and held this rank when wounded.

Was in the first battle of Manassas, Leesburg, Savage Station, Malvern Hill, before Richmond, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

Taught in University of Mississippi after being disabled till 1864, when I returned to the army as Assistant Commissary at West Point, Miss., where I served until the close of the war.

J. F. CUMMINGS, Knox City, Texas—Born Feb. 23, 1843, near Moscow, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 10, 1861, at Camp Victoria, in Company C, Sixth Texas Infantry, H. E. McCorkle, first Captain, and Garland, first Colonel. I received a furlough at Petersburg to



go home in 1863, and remained at home until 1864, on certificate of disability, and then went to the Rio Grande River and took part in the recapturing of Brownsville. I was wounded at the battle of Arkansas Post in the thigh. Tom Sharp, who belonged to my company, was wounded at the same time, but the poor fellow died before we reached Memphis. We were taken prisoner in the same fight, on the 10th day of January, 1863, and were carried to Memphis and kept there for a month, then to St. Louis, where I remained another month. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post and Boco Chico on the Rio Grande.

HENRY C. CUNLIFFE, Coffeetown, Texas—Born Dec. 16, 1938, near Spring Hill, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Greencastle, Tenn., in March, 1862, as private in Company D, Forrest's old regiment, D. C. Kelly's Brigade, Jackson's Division. My first Captain was W. H. Schuyler. Was never changed to any other part of the army. Was never wounded. I was taken prisoner in 1862, and carried to Boliver, Tenn., and paroled. After being exchanged I returned to my command in Tennessee. I was never promoted. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Harrisburg, Town Creek, Brice's Cross Roads, Johnsonville and other small engagements.

Gen. Forrest's regiment never had a number. It was known at the war department as "Gen. N. B. Forrest's Old Regiment," and was voted thanks twice by the Confederate Congress for excellent service and bravery.

JOHN WILLIAMS CUPP, Atlanta, Texas—Born March 4, 1844, near Ripley, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1863, as private in Company A, Guthrie's Regiment, Gholson's Brigade, Mississippi State Troops. My first Captain was Street, and first Colonel, Lowrey.

I went home on a pass after clothing, and while absent the command was dismounted and sent to Atlanta and put in the ditches. I joined Company I, Reserved Corps, and was not in any large battle, but in many skirmishes, but did not get wounded. I was kept on the scout all the time. We had no headquarters. Sometimes the weather was very cold. I have had my feet frozen to my stirrups. Before I changed companies, about fifteen or twenty of us were scouting and we had what we called "Neely's Scrap." All were captured except Capt. Street, James and myself. Bill Man and Sam Clemons were wounded and died in about two days.

W. H. CURRIE, Wolfe City, Texas—Born Feb. 24, 1845, at Raleigh, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Greenville, Texas, in Company A, Thirty-Fourth Texas Cavalry, Terrell's Brigade; G. W. Cooper, first Captain, Terrell, first Colonel. Was in the battles of Pleasant Hill, Mansfield, and was engaged every day to Yellow Bayou. Then to the Atchafalaya, where a camp disease caused many deaths. I lay at death's door for months. My hair all slipped off. Was furloughed in December, 1864, but did not entirely recover till in the fall of 1867.

J. T. CURRIN, Farmersville, Texas—Born Aug. 25, 1832, near Oxford, N. C. Enlisted in Lincoln County, Tenn., in 1862, in Company A, Forty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment. My first Captain was Styles, and first Colonel, John L. Fulton. I remained with the same company and regiment until the surrender at Appomattox. I have my parole at home. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Knoxville. After the battle of Chickamauga I went with Longstreet's Division to Virginia, where I served under A. P. Hill and Gen. Ewell.



F. M. CURRY, San Saba, Texas—Born Dec. 2, 1837, near Lufkin, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Galveston, Texas, as private in Company C, in Nichols' Regiment of six month volunteers. At the expiration of our enlistment I re-enlisted in Elmore's Regiment, Lewis' Company. I was not wounded, nor taken prisoner. In 1864 was transferred to Gen. Green's Brigade, Company G, Seventh Texas Cavalry, Hoffman commanding. Was in the recapture of Galveston under Gen. Magruder, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., and all the skirmishing with Banks' army along the Mississippi River.

J. P. CURRY, Como, Texas—Born Dec. 8, 1844, near Augusta, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Garlindsville, Miss., as private in Company H, Thirty-Seventh Mississippi Infantry, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee; F. B. Loper, first Captain, and McClain, first Colonel.

At Iuka, Miss., we had a fight and captured six pieces of artillery and several prisoners. In this battle Gen. Little was killed. From Iuka we went to Corinth, Miss., where our Captain was wounded, and where we joined Gen. Van Dorn. We attacked the enemy and drove them out of three lines of breastworks. The enemy outnumbered us so badly that they forced us to fall back, leaving quite a few of our boys on the battlefield.

At Vicksburg we were besieged for forty-eight days, and fighting every day we were on the lines. The enemy outnumbered us ten to one, yet we killed and wounded more men than we had in our command. We were surrendered under Gen. Pemberton. From here we went into parole camps at Enterprise, Miss. After being exchanged, I was in the battles at Dalton, Ga.; Resaca, New Hope Church and Kennesaw Mountain, where I was wounded and sent to the hospital. I rejoined the command at Atlanta and was wounded in the battle of Peachtree Creek on the 20th day of July, 1864. No one knows the suffering and hardships of the Confederate soldiers but those who were in the front who were half starved, half clothed and barefooted.

P. B. CURRY, Orange, Texas—Born Sept. 16, 1835, near Oswego, N. Y. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 1, 1861, at Galveston, Texas, in Company B, Cook's Regiment of heavy artillery; A. R. Weir, first Captain, and Joseph J. Cook, first Colonel.

My company manned the guns on the steamer "Bayou City" in the battle of Galveston Jan. 1, 1863. I was a sharpshooter on her deck, and assisted in capturing the U. S. Gunboat "Harriet Lane." After this we served as marines in naval service, and were attached to the Texas Marine Department. Leon Smith commanded after the battle of Sabine Pass, in September, 1863 (where Lieut. Dick Dowling and forty-two Irishmen captured two U. S. gunboats and drove off Gen. Banks' army). Our company was ordered to Sabine Pass to man the captured steamer Clifton, a four-gun boat. We remained on board the Clifton for several months. I was promoted to purser in the navy, but my name still remained on the company roll as a private on detached service. In 1864 the Clifton was disarmed and loaded with cotton to run the blockade, but she went aground and was burned. I was then transferred to the gunboat (five guns) "Sachem." In the spring of 1865 the guns were taken off the Sachem and she was loaded with cotton and ran the blockade to Vera Cruz, Mexico, where she was sold. I was then transferred to the cotton-clad gunboat



the "Bell," with the same position. The Bell was taken to Orange for repairs, and I was sent to the headquarters of the Marine Department as clerk, where I received my discharge the day after the "break up," May 24, 1865. I am now, and have been for the past eight years, commander of the Walter P. Lane Camp No. 639, U. C. V.

PHILLIP M. CURRY, Brookshire, Texas—Born Oct. 10, 1843 at Hempstead, Republic of Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 3, 1862, in Company D, Twenty-Fourth Texas Regiment, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, W. C. Wilkes, first Colonel. Was wounded at Franklin, Tenn., at the second line of breastworks, between the turnpike and the gin house, Nov. 30, 1864. Was captured at Arkansas Post on Jan. 11, 1863, and sent to Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill., and was exchanged in March, 1863, at Petersburg Va. Was promoted to Sergeant Major at Kennesaw Mountain; acted as Adjutant until after the battle of Bentonville, N. C., when I received appointment from the war department as Lieutenant.

Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Tunnel Hill, Ringgold Gap, New Hope Church, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Spring Hill, Franklin, Tenn., and Bentonville, N. C., and numerous skirmishes; surrendered at Greenboro, N. C. I was never absent from my command except when wounded.

JAMES A. DABNEY, Austin, Texas—Was born Nov. 4, 1838, near Columbus, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, in Waul's Legion, as private in Company A, Nichols' Regiment. Was in the service six months and was honorably discharged and re-enlisted in Company A, Timmon's Regiment, Waul's Texas Legion, Army of Mississippi and Tennessee. My first independent volunteer company in 1861 was the Lone Star Rifles, Capt. Readwood, commander. We got the guns and ammunition at Fort Brown and brought them back to Fort Galveston. Was wounded at the battle of Corinth, also at Fort Pemberton, in my right leg. We fought forty-eight days and nights.

On the 4th of July was surrendered, and came home to Texas to see my people, where I was exchanged and sent to Velasco and Quintana and Matagorda Bay to guard the Gulf Coast from the enemy. There I served till the close of the war. Was in the battles of Fort Pemberton, Corinth, Holly Springs, Coffeeville, Baker's Creek and Vicksburg.

The hardest hand-to-hand fight I was in was at the re-taking of the Jackson Fort on May 22 by the Alabama regiment commanded by Col. Pettus. He called on Gen. Waul to let him have sixty men. We certainly did the work for him, and held it until the surrender of Vicksburg on July 4.

J. M. DAILY, McGregor, Texas—Born near Harma Grove, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, at Richmond, Va., as private in Company K, Sixth Georgia Regiment, Colquitt's Brigade, Hill's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Cofton. Was changed to South Carolina for recruits. Got a flesh wound at Kingston, N. C. Was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Delaware. Was in the battles of Manassas, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. Was nearby when Jackson was shot.

H. G. DAMON, Corsicana, Texas—Born Feb. 13, 1836, at Tallahassee, Leon County, Fla., where I enlisted on the 20th of May, 1861, in the Con-



federate Army as private in Company D, Second Florida Infantry, Garland's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was T. W. Brevard, and first Colonel was Geo. T. Wara. Being under age, was discharged on Sept. 17, 1862, and in February, 1864, joined John H. Morgan's Cavalry as member of Company D, Second Kentucky Cavalry. Was taken prisoner at Cynthiana, Ky., June 12, 1864, and sent to Rock Island, Ill. Escaped Sept. 19, 1864. Was recaptured about Sept. 30th and sent to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., from where I escaped Nov. 14, 1864. Was never promoted. Was in the battles of Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, Beavers' Dam, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Wythville and Cynthiana, Ky.

Now for a few reminiscences: My prison experience began at Rock Island, Ill. On the 19th of September, just a little after dark, I escaped from the place through a cat hole under the fence, which I had enlarged with a case knife. Of the 15,000 or more prisoners confined at different times in Rock Island prison, I have the honor of being the only one who ever escaped this way. I waded from the island across the Mississippi to the Illinois shore, and walked up the railroad towards Chicago, laid in the woods next day, and on the next night boarded a train for Chicago, riding part of the way between the cars, reaching Chicago next morning. Before leaving prison I was given the address of a Mrs. Judge Morris at Marshall, Ill., where several Confederate soldiers were hiding out there for a special purpose. They had been sent there to raise troops for the Confederate Army out of the thousands of Southern sympathizers in Southern Illinois and Southern Indiana. Their purpose was to release the prisoners at Camp Morton and Camp Chase and cross the Ohio and attack Gen. Thomas in the rear. It was a great scheme and might have succeeded if it had not been for a traitor in our ranks. The men selected to lead this venture were Capt. John B. Castleman, Capt. Hines, Lieut. Mumford and myself. At the little town of Sullivan, on the Wabash River, some scoundrels had been stealing horses and committing other depredations. The citizens had organized a band of regulators and were arresting all suspicious characters. They looked on us as suspicious and arrested us. Castleman had some letters on his person which led them to suspect we were worse than horse thieves. We were sent to Indianapolis for confinement, and soon afterwards a dirty villain named Shanks, who claimed to be a Confederate soldier, exposed our whole plot.

Castleman and Mumford were put in close confinement and I was sent to Camp Morton, where about 5,000 other Confederate soldiers were. The prison was rectangular in shape, and enclosed by a fence about twelve feet high. There was a walk on the outside of the fence, about three feet below the top, where the sentinels walked. These sentinels were about 100 feet apart. On the prison side of the fence were lamps with reflectors that threw such a bright light that you could see the smallest object 100 yards off. About ten feet from the fence was a ditch which was called the "dead line." The guards had orders to shoot any prisoner who attempted to cross that dead line.

I had not been in Camp Morton long before I began to look for a chance to escape. The next day a Tennessee boy, named Dave Young, and I made the attempt, but were caught and came near being shot. We were taken before the adjutant of the prison, who applied all kinds of vile epithets to us, tied our hands behind our backs, tied us to a post and ordered us to mark time.

Just as we began marking time, the sentinel on the fence called out:



"Nine o'clock, and all is well." The next sentinel repeated it, until it went the whole rounds of the prison guards. We heard them make the same call every hour during the night. Once we came near stopping from complete exhaustion, when the man on the fence said: "Boys, I do not want to shoot you, but my orders are strict; you must keep on marking time." Finally, after fifteen hours' punishment, we were allowed to stop. You may think that fifteen hours of marking time was awful, but it was not to be compared to the additional excruciating torture of having our hands tied behind us. Our failure, however, did not deter us from trying again.

We planned to charge the guard and escape over the wall. The success of this plan involved: First, getting forty or fifty men who had the nerve to try it; second, getting a sufficient number of ladders to scale the 12-foot fence; third, crossing a ditch six feet deep and several feet wide before getting to the wall; fourth, charging without weapons a guard posted on a high fence who would be sure to pour a volley of shot into them, with the chance that several would be killed. After due deliberation, we concluded to get up the crowd and make that charge or die in the attempt.

The greatest difficulty was in getting the material for the ladders. This they solved by tearing up our bunks and using the pieces to make ladders. We saved every nail and used them in fastening the cross pieces, supplementing this by pieces of blankets which were torn into strips and used in place of ropes. All this had to be done quickly and secretly. Delay was dangerous, so they began work in the morning. Late in the evening all was ready, and as the twilight fell forty-six men, five of whom had ladders, the others being armed with rocks, bricks and whatever missiles they could find, started on the perilous enterprise. The place decided on for the charge was barrack No. 4 on the north side, which was long and about ten feet from the ditch and parallel with it. This barrack was inhabited by about 500 prisoners, and was selected because it was so close to the ditch and offered cover to our men forming.

I was sitting on my bunk getting ready to go to bed when one of the men came in and said: "Damon, I just saw a crowd of fellows running across the yard towards No. 4 with ladders. I reckon they are going to make a charge." Instantly I said: "Come on, boys." Not a man stirred. Dave Young, with all the bitter remembrance of our recent punishment, sat where I left him. "Ain't you coming?" I asked. "It is no use," said he. "Its been tried before. You will get killed." There was no time for remonstrance, so I left them and started for No. 4. It was getting quite dark, but objects could be seen 100 feet away. When I got to No. 4 I saw our men behind the barrack out of range of the guns of the guards. Some were in front with ladders calling out rather feebly: "Come on, boys," while those behind were saying with tremendous emphasis, "Go ahead, boys." I said, "All they want is for some one to take the lead, and I will do it." The memory of the fiendish and unmerited cruelty that had been inflicted on me nerved me and I rejoiced in an opportunity to lead a forlorn hope. In a second I had made up my mind to lead that crowd, but I did not get the chance. When I got within ten feet of the front the foremost men made a dash and the whole crowd followed.

The guard fired a volley into us, but no one fell, and I do not know to this day how many were wounded. As long as I live I will never forget the fierce delight of this wild charge. It thrills me even now as I think of it. Into the ditch we jumped and scrambled like cats up the other side. When I got across there was a ladder against the fence. Two prisoners



were climbing up, and the two guards who had emptied their guns at them, were standing over them with fixed bayonets. A man behind me on the ditch handed me a ladder and I placed it against the fence and climbed up. I was the first man on the second ladder, and when I reached the top the two sentinels who had been trying to use their bayonets were gone.

After getting outside the prison walls we scattered into groups of twos and threes. I did not know any one, so I struck out by myself. I ran about half a mile to where there was some timber, then turned square to the left, and coming to a road I took it and entered the city about half a mile south of Camp Morton. Though I was eighteen years old, I did not look to be over sixteen. I wore a citizens suit, and I did not believe that anyone would take me to be one of those terrible rebels. I walked through the city till I came to the Terre Haute Railroad. My aim was to reach Marshall, Ill., about ninety miles distant.

When I reached Marshall the Confederate boys had disappeared, but I found friends who gave me sufficient money to pay my way to Cincinnati, where I crossed over into Kentucky, and in about a month I joined a company of recruits that Capt. Southall, one of Duke's recruiting officers, had gathered together. In the group I found Tam and Clint Brooks. Both with their feet so badly frostbitten that they had to tie up their feet in rags, but they were once more free and that was enough to compensate for their suffering.

While I had nothing to do with the plot to escape, I got credit for the whole thing. Sam Pasco, who was afterwards Senator from Florida, got home from Camp Morton the next summer. I lived in Tallahassee, Fla., and saw him soon after he returned. He told me as soon as it was learned that prisoners were escaping, Davidson, with drawn sword, came rushing to barrack No. 5 and said: "Where is Damon?" Some one answered: "He is gone." Pasco said Davidson made the night lurid with maledictions and said: "Oh, the scoundrell. He is at the head of this and when I catch him I will kill him." I have little doubt that if he had caught me he would have killed me.

DAVID E. DANCE—Born May 24, 1833, near Nashville, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Columbia, Texas, as private in Company D, Bates' Regiment, Magruder's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; W. G. Mosby, first Captain, and Bates, first Colonel. Detailed in 1862 as skilled mechanic at Columbia, Texas, where I remained until the close of the war. Was under fire from the gunboats, but was never wounded.

A. R. DANCHY, Fentress, Texas—Born Sept. 23, 1843, in Copiah County, Miss. Enlisted March 22, 1862, in the Confederate Army at San Antonio, Texas, as private in Company C, Thirty-Second Texas Cavalry. At the close of the war was in DeBray's Brigade, Wharton's Division, Trans-Mississippi Army. My first Captain was J. K. Stevens, and my first Colonel was P. C. Woods. I remained with the command during the war. I think it was in the early spring of 1864 that our regiment was attached to DeBray's Brigade.

My first battle was Blair's Landing on Red River in Louisiana; second was Old Caney River in April, 1864; third was at Yellow Bayou in May, 1864. We were also engaged in some pretty hard skirmishes between Blair's Landing and Yellow Bayou.

As the Federals were making a desperate attempt to land an army in



Texas, we saw some tolerably hard service tramping up and down the coast of Texas for a year or so, watching the enemy's gunboats.

In February, 1864, we were ordered to Louisiana, but our regiment and two other cavalry regiments failed to reach there in time to take part in the Mansfield and Pleasant Hill battles, but afterward our regiment and several others (dismounted) engaged the enemy at Blair's Landing under the immediate command of Gen. Tom Green, who was killed by a shell, which exploded just above his head. I was standing within a few yards of the General and heard him talking to one of his staff just a few moments before he fell a corpse. I wish to say just here that when he fell we lost a very gallant officer, and one of the bravest men in all the armies of the South.

In May we had a general engagement with the enemy at Yellow Bayou. The loss in killed and wounded was very heavy. My Captain, J. K. Stevens, was severely wounded in this fight and died a few days later. He was a brave and good man and gallant officer. After the Banks' campaign, we spent the remainder of the year chasing "Jayhawkers," as they were called, who were giving a great deal of trouble to the wives and children of Confederate soldiers.

The following winter we were ordered back to Texas, and in May, 1865, we were disbanded on the Brazos River a few miles above Richmond. I hope the day will never come when any of my children will be ashamed to own that I was a Confederate soldier.

**FERDINAND EUGENE DANIEL**, Austin, Texas—Born July 18, 1839, at Emporia, Greenville County, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Jackson, Miss., as private in Company K, Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry, Jones' Division, Beauregard's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Burt, and first Colonel, Griffith. Was discharged on request, based on examination before Army Board Medical Examiners, Army of Tennessee, at Tupelo, Miss., July 8, 1862, and commissioned surgeon with rank of Major, by Secretary of War Randolph, and served as secretary of medical board in field and hospital till the surrender.

Was never wounded. Was in the ranks at Bull Run. Was surgeon at Mumfordsville and Perryville, Ky., attached to the staff of Gen. Hardee. Served at Chattanooga, Tenn., in the fall of 1862 as Judge Advocate General of Court Martial for the Army of Tennessee. Had charge of the hospitals of Marietta, Covington, Ky., and Lauderdale, Miss. Surrendered at Lauderdale, Miss., in April, 1865.

**T. M. DANIEL**, Forney Texas—Born April 9, 1835, near Pulaski, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Okalona, Miss., as private in Company I for one year and re-enlisted in Sander's Battalion, Jackson's Cavalry, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Bird Williams, and first Colonel was Moore. Served first year of the war in the Army of Virginia. Re-enlisted in Sander's Battalion, Ninth Mississippi Cavalry. Was disabled by accident the day after the first battle of Manassas. Was never taken prisoner. Was in the first battle of Manassas, Iuka, Miss., and in all the engagements from Rome, Ga., throughout the Georgia campaign, and followed Sherman to Savannah and then into Carolina, to the final surrender.

**W. B. DARSEY** (deceased)—Born Aug. 23, 1839, at Morgantown, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Morgantown, Ga., as



private in Company D, Twelfth Georgia Regiment, Doles' Brigade, Early's Division, Army of Virginia. His first Captain was D. D. Peden. He was wounded May 3, 1863, and was taken prisoner May 31, 1863. He was in the following battles: Green Brier River, McDowell, Winchester, Fort Royal, second Battle Manassas, Chantilly, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville. He was in prison at Camp Douglas several months and was exchanged. He was wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863. While standing at (rest arms) position he was struck by a minie ball which took off the thumb on his right hand and at the same time fractured his right thigh bone; because of this wound he had to use crutches for eighteen months. He was sent home on a furlough for six months, then reported to headquarters and his furlough was extended six months longer. He was still unable to march, but returned to his command on crutches and they put him to driving an ordnance wagon, and he was serving in that capacity when the surrender came.

The names of Gens. Lee and Jackson were dear to him. He surrendered with Gen. Lee at Appomattox Court House. D. D. Peden, Sr., of Houston, Texas (Mr. Darsey's Captain), paid him the following tribute: "He made a most faithful and excellent soldier and a man for whom I have always had the very highest regards. He was always modest and unassuming, but ever ready to discharge every duty when called upon."

(The above is furnished by his widow, Mrs. Ruth Darsey, McGregor, Texas.)

W. M. DARST, Kendleton, Texas—Born eighteen miles from Richmond, Fort Bend County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Houston, Texas, as private in Company H, Terry's Rangers, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Holt, and first Colonel, Terry. Was discharged in February, 1862, and re-enlisted in the winter of 1863 in Company A, Benson's Company, Brown's Regiment.

When I first enlisted I had two uncles who joined the same command. Their names were Addison and Sam Moore. Sam died in Nashville and Addison was with the same command till the last engagement at the close of the war. Never missed an engagement nor duty. Was never sick nor wounded. There was never a braver or better soldier. He was killed in the last little skirmish.

BENJAMIN HARRISON DAUGHERTY, Chillicothe, Texas—Born July 18, 1841, near Tolberton, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1861, at Buena Vista, Ga., as private in Company K, Twelfth Regiment, Johnston's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Blanford, and first Colonel was Ed Johnson.

Received two wounds in the head and one in the shoulder at the battle of the Wilderness on May 5, 1864, and was also wounded in October, at Strasburg. Was in the battles of Green Briar River, Allegheny, McDowell, Winchester, Harper's Ferry, Berryville, Second Manassas, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Cedar Creek, Mill Run, Gettysburg and Charlottesville.

We were, of course, on many long marches, and at one time we were without food for three days, and once we had only parched corn for two or three days, and one time only goober peas. In October, 1864, I was so badly wounded that I was sent home, and before I was well Gen. Lee had surrendered.



**T. W. DAUGHERTY**, Abilene, Texas—Born Dec. 28, 1835, in Wayne County, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Denton, Texas, as First Lieutenant and was afterwards made Captain of Company A, Twenty-Ninth Texas Cavalry, Cooper's Brigade, Maxey's Division, Smith's Corps. My first Captain was E. P. Keasley, and my first Colonel, DeMorse. Served in the Indian Territory, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana. Keasley was elected surgeon of the regiment and I was elected Captain in November, 1861. Was wounded in the left arm in the battle of Cabin Creek, Ind. Ter., July 1-5, 1863. Was in the battle of Elkhorn, Ark.; Poison Springs, Ark.; Cabin Creek, Ind. Ter.; Camden, Ark.; Gaines' Landing, Ark., and several smaller engagements.

**JOHN SIMPSON DAUGHTIE**, Nacogdoches, Texas—Born Feb. 23, 1847, near Georgetown, Ga. Enlisted May 20, 1863 in the Confederate Army at Eufaula, Ala., as private in the Eufaula Light Artillery, H. D. Clayton's Division, S. D. Lee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was M. D. Olliver. Was slightly wounded in the left arm in July, 1864, and had my clothes torn by bullets and my hat shot off several times. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, New Hope Church, Chattahoochie River, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, and many skirmishes.

**R. P. DAVANT**, Belton, Texas—Born April 23, 1836, near Penfield, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Alabama as First Lieutenant in Company D, Thirty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, Manigault's Brigade, Withers' Division, Stephen D. Lee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was McCoy, and first Colonel was J. C. B. Mitchell. During the first year of the war I spent several months with the Army of Virginia without joining and without pay, but was always ready for service.

In 1862 I was elected Third Lieutenant, and in regular order was promoted to Second and First Lieutenant. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga., New Hope Church, Franklin, Nashville, Tenn., and Bentonville, N. C., besides numerous skirmishes. I still have the muster roll upon which I surrendered my company.

**A. M. DAVIDSON**, Roby, Texas—Born Oct. 29, 1832, near Belfont, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Seminary, Ark., in May, 1861, as private in Third Arkansas Regiment; first Captain, Barnes; first Colonel, Lyons. I have but little history as a soldier, as I was discharged in July, 1861, on account of bad health. I returned to the army in 1862 with the appointment of assistant surgeon and so remained. Was assigned to duty in the Nineteenth Arkansas Regiment.

**JOHN P. DAVIDSON**, Nacogdoches, Texas—Born Sept. 19, 1842, near Athens, Ala. Joined the Confederate Army in January, 1862, at Nacogdoches, Texas, as private in Company G, Young's Regiment, Hawe's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was William Clark, my first Colonel was Overton Young. Was never wounded. Was in the battles of Young's Point, Mansfield, Jenkin's Ferry, Pleasant Hill, and some other skirmishes.

**WILLIAM LOTT DAVIDSON**, Richmond, Texas—Born June 26, 1838, near Charleston, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861,



at San Antonio, Texas, as private in Company A, Fifth Texas Volunteers, Sibley's Brigade. I was appointed Quartermaster Sergeant, but resigned and went back to my company. My first Captain was Shropshire, and first Colonel was Tom Green. I was afterwards Captain of Company B, Davidson's Battalion, same brigade.

At the battle of Val Verde on the 21st of July, 1863, I had the end of my little finger on my left hand shot off. At Glorietta was shot through the left thigh. At Galveston, Jan. 1, 1863, was shot through the left arm. Had a saber cut in head at Cherryville, Kansas. At Brazier City (1863) was shot through the body and was shot in the thigh at Yellow Bayou in May, 1864.

Was captured at Santa Fe, N. M., in 1862, but escaped. Was captured twice in 1863 and sent to New Orleans and escaped both times through the aid of the ladies of that city. Was in the battles: Val Verde, N. M., and Johnson's Ranch, Albuquerque, Palalta in 1862, Galveston Island and three days, Franklin, La., and the sixty days' constant fighting up to Cherryville, and then at Brashear City, Lafource, Fort Butler, Cox's Plantation, Bayou, Bourbeau, Fourdoche in 1863, Middle Creek. Mansfield, Peach Orchard, Pleasant Hill and the nine days' constant fighting which ended at Yellow Bayou, which was our last battle.

I assisted in the capture of the Federals at San Antonio when the State seceded. While I believe I belonged to a brigade that suffered more, faced and fought greater odds, fought and won as many victories as any brigade in the Southern Army, still I do not claim that I was individually a great soldier; at the same time I have no apology to make to any man for my conduct during those four years of carnage, but to the Confederate woman I do apologize for, after seeing her sacrifices, her fortitude and suffering, I think I might have fought a little harder and suffered still more.

Our brigade was composed of the Second, Fourth, Fifth and Seventh Regiments, Seal's Artillery and Coopwood's Spy Company. Some of these were only one year troops, and upon reorganization in 1862, A. H. Davidson's Battalion, Waller's Battalion, Harrison and Roundtree's Battalion, the Val Verde Battery, of the Texas troops, and the Third and Twenty-Eighth Louisiana troops were added to the brigade. All our original Colonels were promoted to Brigadier-Generals except Col. Riley and Col. A. H. Davidson; both of these were killed in the early part of the war.

F. W. Trimble, born in Kentucky in May, 1841, and was in the ranger service before the war and enlisted in the Confederate Army in Company B, Capt. Pyron, in March, 1861, Second Texas Cavalry, Col. J. S. Farr; and in August, 1862, was transferred to Davidson's Battalion as Second Lieutenant. One of the foremost in every battle. Was never captured nor wounded.

Jim Whittenberg, killed at the capture of the Granite and Wave in 1864. Had his right hand shot off and begged not to be taken to the rear, and then when both his legs were broken he still begged to be allowed to remain; still he fought till a cannon ball cut off his head. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in Company B, Davidson's Battalion, at Columbus, Texas, in September, 1862.

William Tuggle enlisted in the Confederate Army in Company B, Davidson's Battalion, at San Antonio, in September, 1861. Mortally wounded in the capture of the Wave and Granite City in 1864. Was Orderly Sergeant, and though wounded, he directed the boys as coolly as if on dress parade.



**CAPT. G. J. DAVIE** (deceased)—Born in Montgomery, Tenn., in 1836. Moved to Arkansas in 1860. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, in Company C, Second Arkansas Mounted Infantry, under McCulloch, Trans-Mississippi Department. Went to Corinth in 1862. Was at the reorganization after the second battle of Corinth, and was Captain of Company B, Second Kentucky Regiment. Wounded with two saber strokes at Elkhorn and received a gunshot wound at Oak Hills, on Wilson Creek. Surrendered under Gen. Dick Taylor in Louisiana. (This record was given by his daughter, Mrs. Edna Hoffman of Nevada, Texas.)

**BENJAMINE PHILPOTT DAVIS**, Fairfield, Texas—Born June 7, 1846, at Decatur, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 15, 1862, at Fairfield, Texas, as private in Company H, Randall's Twenty-Eighth Cavalry Regiment (afterwards dismounted), Randall's Brigade, Walker's Division, Taylor's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was J. C. Means and first Colonel was Horace Randall. Our command never surrendered, but was disbanded at Hempstead, Texas. I was in the battles of Milliken's Bend, La., Young's Bend, on Mississippi River, above Vicksburg.

During the siege of Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, we were so near we could hear the shells at night. We were endeavoring to draw the Federals off in order to relieve the fort, but while on a forced march to relieve Arkansas Post, we were informed by stragglers that the fort had been captured the day before. For several days we lived in the Mississippi bottoms, marching and countermarching in a vain attempt to draw off the Federals so as to relieve our comrades on the other side. From near the mouth of Red River to Mansfield we were fighting and skirmishing daily and almost hourly. There we turned on the Yanks and drove them out of the country to New Orleans.

After making forced marches to Camden, Ark., we found that Gen. Steele had fled in the night over the Little Rock road. We overtook them at Jenkin's Ferry, but on account of high water, we were not able to capture him. Several times we passed through water waist deep in the darkness, hoping to overtake him in the hills west of the Saline River, but the swollen rivers and rough woods forbade, so he made his escape.

**JAMES E. DAVIS**, Nevada, Texas—Born Aug. 3, 1844, in Attala County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, as private in Company F, Martin's Regiment. My first Captain was John K. Bumpass. Served in this company all during the war. Was never wounded nor captured. Was at the battle of Cabin Creek, Ind. Ter., and other skirmishes.

**J. M. DAVIS**, Ranger, Eastland, County, Texas—Born Aug. 18, 1844, near Marion, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on the 18th day of August, 1861, as private in Company B, Twenty-Ninth Virginia Regiment. G. W. Mercer, first Captain; Moore, first Colonel. Was with Bragg and Kirby Smith in their raid into Kentucky and retreat through Cumberland Gap. From there we went to Petersburg, Va., and from there to Newburn, N. C. Was in many small fights during this time. From Newburn we hurried back to Richmond, Va., where we fought the enemy three days and nights, known as the Drewry's Bluff battle. We lost considerable in killed and wounded in this battle and then went to Northern Virginia and was assigned to Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Lee's





## "THE GENERAL" OF ANDREWS' RAIDERS FAME

The famous engine "General," which played such an important part in the Civil War, has been sent to Chattanooga by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway and given a prominent place in the Union Depot, where it will remain as a permanent monument to American valor.

On the morning of April 12, 1862, Capt. W. A. Fuller left Atlanta in charge of the passenger train on the W. & A. R. R. When he reached Marietta a party of strangers, dressed in citizens' clothes, boarded the train and paid their fares to different points. They claimed to be refugees from the Yankee lines joining the Confederate army, but were disguised soldiers, volunteers from Sill's brigade, Mitchell's corps, U. S. A., commanded by James J. Andrews, a citizen of Flemingsburg, Ky.

At Big Shanty the train stopped for breakfast, and most of the passengers and train crew left the train. The passengers had taken their seats at the table, Captain Fuller facing the train. He saw through the window some strangers get on the engine in an excited manner and start off rapidly. He remarked to his engineer, Jeff Cain, and Anthony Murphy, then foreman of the W. & A. shops, that "Someone who has no right to do so has gone off with our train." All three arose and hurried out of the house, just as the engine passed out of sight.

Captain Fuller, Murphy and Cain commenced pursuit on foot. They soon secured a hand-car and, in spite of the obstructions placed on the track by the raiders, made rapid progress. At Etowah they found the engine "Yonah," and the pursuit then was at such a rapid pace that serious damage to the railroad by the raiders was impossible.

The "General" was abandoned by the raiders at a point about half way between Ringgold and Graysville, on account of lack of fuel and the close pursuit of Fuller and his party. When the fugitives abandoned the engine their leader said, "Everyone take care of himself," and they left in squads. Four of them were run down in the fork of the Chickamauga River at Graysville, and one was forcibly persuaded to tell who they were. The militia, mounted on fresh horses, scoured the woods that afternoon and in a few days the last of the fugitives were captured. Later there was a trial by military court, and eight of the number were executed in Atlanta as spies, six were paroled at City Point, Va., and eight escaped from prison at Atlanta.

The object of the raid was to burn the bridges on the line of the Western & Atlantic Railroad and thus cut off the Confederate army from its base of supplies. There were twenty-two men engaged in the enterprise, twenty from Ohio and two from Kentucky. They were to receive \$60,000 in the event of success.



Army. We were in many hard fights such as the seven days fight around Richmond, Chancellorsville, Culpepper Court House, and all over the Rapidan and Rappahannock Valleys. We were held in reserve at Gettysburg. We fought all the way back to Cold Harbor, where we skirmished with Grant for ten days. Then we retreated back to Richmond and was there at the evacuation of the city and the surrender of the capitol. We retreated with Lee's Army south from Richmond, fighting more or less all the time and was in a very hard battle at Amelia Court House, and next day at Five Forks where our brigade was all killed or captured. Our regiment got away from the guard and remained with Gen. Lee until he surrendered. I never got a scratch during the whole war, but had holes shot all through my clothing and two holes through my hat.

JOHN MOSES DAVIS, Forney, Texas—Born Aug. 25, 1837, near Manningham, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Greenville, Ala., in Company G, Ninth Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was E. Y. Hill and first Colonel, Henry Johnson. Was slightly wounded on the back of the hand at Sharpsburg. Was taken prisoner on July 3, 1863, and sent to Fort Delaware. Was in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Second Battle of Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and second and third days at Gettysburg.

JOHN S. DAVIS, Austin, Texas—Born Dec. 22, 1833, at Classville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 18, 1861, at Hot Springs, Ark., as First Sergeant in Company F, Third Arkansas Cavalry. Was in different brigades; was first in Phillips' and in Van Dorn's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Joseph Lester and first Colonel was Solon Ballard. Was dismounted and sent to the Army of Tennessee, and remounted the day before the battle of Holly Springs. Was slightly wounded in the thigh in a battle on the Lewisburg Pike. The same ball killed my horse under me. Was in the battles of Farmington, Corinth, Iuka, Thompson Station, Franklin, Lewisburg Pike, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Dandridge, Moss Creek Station, and several lesser engagements.

JOHN WESLEY DAVIS, Brownwood, Texas—Born July 26, 1843, near Aberdeen, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in December, 1861, at Henderson, Rusk County, Texas, as private in Company E, known as "Bully Rock Company," Tenth Texas Cavalry. Was dismounted and served in Ector's Brigade, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

We were sent from Batesville, Ark., in time for the battle of Corinth. Was sent from Tupelo, Miss., to Chattanooga, and from there we went east and crossed the Cumberland Mountains at Roger's Gap. This was our first experience of marching on foot. Was wounded at Chickamauga in the right thigh, and the surgeon pronounced the wound very dangerous, as the bone was broken. This occurred on the morning of Sept. 19, 1863, while charging and retaking a battery. Was there taken prisoner and taken to Chattanooga to a hospital, where I lay for some time, and then through the kindness of the hospital chaplain and steward was sent back through the lines.

Was not promoted. I was in the battles of Richmond and Perryville, Ky. Was at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, the nine days' fight at Jackson, Miss., as well as the siege of Spanish Fort in front of Mobile. Was in Montgomery nursing my wound during the Georgia campaign, but was doing some duty there.



Most of our men were armed with shotguns and squirrel rifles. I had traded for a Mississippi rifle, and when the Colonel called for two men from each company who were well armed, John McNeilson and I were sent from our company. We reported to headquarters and found about a hundred men. Col. Young of the Ninth Texas was in command. We "put out" I didn't know where, but when daylight came we were on a little stream called Stinking River and the Bushwhackers were shooting at us from the cliffs above us. We picked up a negro who told us where ninety-six mules and twenty-four wagons were, and we started up the river to get them. The wagons were loaded with all kinds of provisions and were guarded by 400 Yankees who were trying to get to Burnside at Cumberland Gap. We soon found the object of our pursuit and the battle opened. When the smoke had cleared away we had the ninety-six mules and twenty-four wagons and, the boys said, 300 dead Yankees. I did not count them. Such was our life for three months in Kentucky.

M. I. DAVIS, Lockhart, Texas—Born in Bonham, Texas, in 1842. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 13, 1862, at Rockport, Ark., as private in Company F, Third Arkansas Regiment, Walker's Brigade, (and I think Beauregard's Corps), and served mostly in West Virginia. My first Captain was Daniel Newman and first Colonel, Albert A. Rusk. We went to Virginia, so as to make a brigade of Texas and Arkansas regiments, as there was but one (Third Arkansas) under Hood. While I was in many battles, I was never wounded. Was taken prisoner at Gettysburg and sent to Prison in New York. Was in the battles of Greenbrier River, Seven Days around Richmond, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Cedar Run, Fredericksburg, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Md., and Gettysburg, Pa.

The first year my command was in Northern Virginia and we made many trying marches while fighting under Lee and Jackson. In 1862 we were transferred to the Valley and put under Hood. Many changes occurred from then to the close of the war. I am not like some of the old boys. I didn't see them all, but was always on hand and like most other soldiers who served with the Virginia Army, I might tell you a great deal, but will only try to identify myself with the history of the times.

S. D. DAVIS, Sterling City, Texas—Born in 1847, near Hillsboro, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1864, at Fairfield, Texas, as private in Company I, Young's Regiment, Eighth Texas Infantry, Waterhouse's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; Waldrum, first Captain, and Clark, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battle of Mansfield, La.

SAMPSON ISAAC DAVIS, Seymour, Texas—Born May 3, 1838, near Chattanooga, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Upshur County, Texas, as private in Company D, Sixteenth Texas Regiment, Ector's Brigade, Van Dorn's Corps, Army of Mississippi.

On account of bad health I was discharged at Tupelo, Miss., in 1862; I came home and enlisted the same year in Capt. Earp's Company D, Jones' Partisan Rangers. I served as Orderly Sergeant east of the Mississippi River and was in the Quartermaster's Department on this side as Army Sergeant. I was with the army that met Blount in Arkansas on December 29, 1863, and was in the raid down Red River, where we met Gen. Banks at Mansfield and after two days' hard fighting, drove him back. Was also at the battles of Yellow Bayou. Was in the battles of Mansfield,



Pleasant Hill, Jenkin's Ferry, and several other smaller engagements. Was discharged June 15, 1865.

WILLIAM R. DAVIS, Fairfield, Texas—Born in 1847, near Decatur, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1864, at Fairfield, Texas, as private in Company H, Twenty-Eighth Texas Cavalry (dismounted), Randall's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was J. C. Means and my first Colonel was Baxter.

WILLIAM DAWSON, Mabank, Texas—Born March 22, 1832, near Elkmont, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1862, at St. Charles, Ark., as private in Company H, First Arkansas Volunteers, Polk's and Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Gibson, and my first Colonel was Fagan. Was wounded in the upper part of thigh while making a night charge at Chickamauga. The wound injured the thigh bone.

Was made Assistant Commissary Sergeant of the regiment at or near Atlanta, Ga., in July, 1864. I was always reported "absent wounded." Was in the battles of Farmington, Miss.; Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Chickamauga, Ga. After I was wounded I was never able to serve in the line. I have suffered much from the wound, and am still lame. Have plenty of means to render me and my aged wife comfortable while we live.

E. E. DAY, Madisonville, Texas—Born at Lexington, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in December, 1861, near my home in Walker County, Texas, as private in Company I, Twenty-Sixth Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade. J. K. Whited was my first Captain. Was slightly wounded on the right ear at Pleasant Hill, La. Was in all the Louisiana campaign. Ben Campbell was killed at the Old Peach Orchard fight and Fred Hildreth lost an arm at the Cane River fight.

We were doing mostly coast service in Southern Texas until the early part of 1864 when we were ordered on a forced march to reinforce Gen. Walker in Louisiana.

On the 7th of April our regiment, under command of Col. DeBray, engaged Banks' cavalry in front of his main army, skirmishing with them and holding them in check until we got to Mansfield, La. There Gen. Walker made a stand and gave them a good, sound thrashing. The Twenty-Sixth Cavalry was on the extreme left, which was to draw the fire of the artillery from the infantry while it was crossing, at double-quick, a large farm, directly in front of the enemy. At that battle many were killed and wounded on both sides, but it was a complete victory for our forces. We captured all their wagons and artillery and many prisoners, and pursued them down to what was called the "Old Peach Orchard," where we met the Nineteenth Army Corps. Their commander rallied the retreating Federals and here they gave us a hard fight. Both sides lost heavily and night coming on, the slaughter was stopped. In this engagement some of my messmates fell to rise no more. Our army fell back a mile or two and camped on the bare ground without anything to eat. By early daylight next morning we were on the way to Pleasant Hill. Here it was an all-day fight with no perceptible advantage to either side, while the field was strewn with the dead and wounded of both armies. Again night came on and our army, as before, fell back and camped for the night. Again daylight found us on the march for Pleasant Hill. To our surprise,



we found that the enemy had left during the night in the direction of Red River to get under cover of their gunboats. Gen. Walker left us here and marched for Arkansas. We pursued the enemy, skirmishing with them as opportunity offered.

Just above Cherryville on Bayou Rouge we lay on the field eight days fighting at long range every day until the eighth, when we charged them and were worsted, as they were in their ditches and had their artillery planted for us. Finally we routed them. We drove them on down towards Yellow Bayou, where we met with a serious reverse. This was on the 18th day of May. The enemy was protected in breastworks. Gen. Wharton was in command that day.

This was the last hard engagement of the Louisiana campaign, although we skirmished with them off and on until in the fall. X. B. DeBray was promoted to Brigadier-General on the battlefield of Pleasant Hill and J. J. Myers was promoted to Colonel.

**PETER DAY** (deceased)—Born March 18, 1836, at Hillsville, Carroll County, Va., and came to Texas in 1858. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, July 31, 1862, as private in Company F, Martin's Regiment, Fifth Texas Partisan Rangers. First Captain, John K. Bumpass; first Colonel, L. M. Martin. Served with the same company and regiment during the whole war and was mustered out of the service at Hempstead, Texas, in 1865. Was in no very important battles, as the service consisted of patrolling the Indian Territory and Kansas border in order to protect Texas from invasion from that direction.

**CEO. B. DEAN**, Detroit, Texas—Born Sept. 13, 1842, near Clarksville, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 12, 1861, at Clarksville, as private in Company E, Eleventh Texas Regiment (cavalry), Ben McCulloch's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department; John C. Burks, first Captain; Wm. C. Young, first Colonel.

Our regiment with others was transferred east of the Mississippi River after the battle of Elkhorn or Pea Ridge, and was attached to the Army of Tennessee under Bragg and Johnston. Never left the ranks on account of wounds. Only one spent ball ever touched me. Was captured on March 3, 1865, and was sent to Point Lookout, where I remained for the remainder of the war. Was paroled June 11, 1865. Was in the battles of Elkhorn, Corinth, Richmond, Ky., Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, and around Atlanta. Our command followed Sherman through to Savannah, Ga.

**W. J. DEAN**, Marquez, Texas—Born Jan. 28, 1843, near Macon, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Knoxville, Ga., in June, 1861, as private in Company C, Twenty-Seventh Georgia Regiment, Colquitt's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Virginia. First Captain, Charley Dennis; first Colonel, Levy B. Smith.

Was shot through the body at Seven Pines, May, 1862; also received a slight wound in the leg at Sharpsburg, and at Chancellorsville was shot through the head and lay on the battlefield five days and nights. One of my comrades stayed with me. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, South Mountain, Md.; Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. We went through Virginia and Maryland during a cold winter with little food and raiment. We really had no shoes. We marched over the Blue Ridge and from Yorktown down to Chickamauga. I was



also at the second battle of Manassas. Here many heroes fell and no one can tell what the living suffered.

J. W. DEANE, Blum, Texas—Born in 1845 near Nashville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 3, 1861, at Brenham, Texas, as private in Company I, Fifth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; J. B. Robertson, first Captain; Archer, first Colonel. Was wounded at the Wilderness, the ball striking me on the cheek bone and coming out at the back of the neck. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of the Wilderness, Second Manassas, Chickamauga, and many others.

M. W. DEEVER, Clarksville, Texas—Born June 27, 1837, near Waynesville, Haywood County, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, at Clarksville, Texas, as private in John C. Burks' Company, Wm. Young's Regiment (State service, raised for the purpose of taking possession of the U. S. forts: Washita, Arbuckle and Cobb in the Indian Territory). On application of Col. Young, was changed to the Confederate service in August, 1861, afterwards known as Company E, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Ben McCulloch's Brigade, though on detached service with Col. Watie's Regiment of Cherokees. Was not wounded during the war. Our regiment after the fight at Elkhorn was transferred east of the Mississippi, served, dismounted, in what was finally known as Ector's Brigade, until the battle of Murfreesboro, when we became part of Harrison's Brigade, Wheeler's Cavalry Corps. Was never captured.

On account of sickness I missed the battles of Elkhorn, Richmond and Murfreesboro, though we were shelled by the artillery at Richmond in the ambulance train. I was just a common, ragged, plain private soldier all through the war. Frequently hungry; scared lots of times, but aside from that, the history of the regiment will be my history.

ALEXANDER M. DECHMAN, Dallas, Texas—Born near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 22, 1862, in Dallas County, Texas, as private in Company E, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, W. H. Parsons' Brigade, Gen. Wharton's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; R. E. Saunders, first Captain; N. W. Burford, first Colonel, and Ben Watson, second Colonel. Was never changed nor wounded. Was never a prisoner, though risked very much rather than be captured.

Was Second Lieutenant, then appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of Brigade, rank of Major. Was in the battles of "Nigger Hill," Lake Providence and other fights following Gen. Grant's retreat, Yellow Bayou and other raids.

It is painful to recall the sufferings through which the Confederate Army went. Company E had 130 enlisted men, twenty-five of them were discharged on account of wounds and other disabilities, thirty-three died or were killed in battle, nine taken prisoners and fifty-eight of the company were discharged from service on May 25, 1865.

A. P. DECK, Clarksville, Texas—Born Jan. 23, 1840, near Louisville, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Memphis, Tenn., as Sergeant in Company D, N. B. Forrest's Cavalry. Was captured at the fall of Fort Donelson, and sent to Camp Butler, exchanged at Vicksburg. Came to Clarksville, Red River County, Texas, and organized a company, and joined the Twenty-Third Texas Cavalry. Was Quarter-



master Sergeant for the regiment for ten months. I was in several small engagements in Kentucky. Was at Fort Donelson when it surrendered. Was with the Twenty-Third Texas Cavalry all through Texas and Louisiana.

C. B. DEISHLER, Mason, Texas—Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Virginia and took up the march in the direction of the Potomac. Gen. Jackson sent our division across the river, D. H. Hill in command. The balance of the corps went to Harper's Ferry. After crossing the river, Gen. John B. Gordon made us a speech advising us to respect private property. We had been living on roasting ears for some time. The next morning we were ordered to get three days' rations of corn, which was twelve ears each. We marched through Boonsboro to South Mountain.

We numbered about six thousand and the enemy about eighty thousand. After receiving this information, they began crowding us across the river to reinforce Harper's Ferry. We were on the extreme left of our line, and after fighting several hours, they flanked us on the right and left. We fell back, fighting over the ground which we had just passed over. Next to the last stop we got behind a rock fence which gave us a good position for fighting.

Here, after three quarters of an hour, the enemy charged us. I looked around to see how many there were and found that we had been ordered to fall back. Ben Hubbard and two others and I were all that were there. We saw the regiment going up the mountain about two hundred yards from us. The bullets were falling fast behind them and the smoke so dense that we could scarcely see our men. I suggested to the boys that we go down the rock fence into the woods and join the Third Alabama. After our arrival there, I jumped the fence and learned that the enemy's line was about forty yards from us. The other boys got behind the fence and I ran. They shot holes through my haversack and clothing. I had run about one hundred and fifty yards when a bullet struck me in the wrist. I dropped my gun and caught up my arm.

My three comrades were captured, but I got up the mountain out of the range of the enemy's guns. While here, a young man came to me and while we were talking he was shot through the leg. After another hundred yards, I succeeded in getting back to my regiment. The first person I saw on my arrival was Gen. John B. Gordon. He asked how many more was coming and I told him I was the last, also told him about the young man being shot and he started after him, but the other boys would not let him go. I had some of the boys tie a handkerchief around my neck so I would have a sling for my arm. I went to the field hospital and found four of my company there wounded. The surgeons examined my arm and told me to go to the division hospital, as I would have to have my arm amputated. I thanked them and told them that I was not likely to find it. They informed me as to where it was and I told them not to put themselves to any trouble about directing me.

We traveled until about midnight and rested by the roadside. Here we found out we were on the wrong road and had to go back to Boonsboro to get on the right one. We arrived at Boonsboro about daybreak, and the cavalymen who were there for the purpose of directing us in the right way, told us to walk fast, as the enemy was coming. We passed Sharpsburg about 11 o'clock and crossed the Potomac over into Virginia about 12 o'clock. We remained here for two days and then the battle of Sharpsburg commenced. From here we went to Winchester, Va., and received



furloughs to go home. We had to go to Culpepper Court House before we could get a conveyance home.

My comrades traveling with me were John Gilgrees, Captain; C. B. Deishler, Corporal; Gabe Manuel, Ed Thompson and Charlie Russell. Ed Thompson was killed in the battle of Chancellorsville. We were very much grieved when Stonewall Jackson was killed, but the saddest time was when Gen. Lee surrendered. There were many soldiers in my company who wept like children. My company was Company K, Fifth Alabama. This company was in the first battle at Bull Run and was with Lee when he surrendered at Appomattox Court House. I received four wounds during the war.

(Written by my granddaughter, Jennie Gipson.)

**WILLIAM P. DELLIS**, Mabank, Texas—Born near Okalona, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 1, 1861, at San Antonio, Texas, as private in Company I, Seventh Texas Regiment (cavalry), Sibley's Brigade, later Tom Green's, Trans-Mississippi Department; Gardner, first Captain; Steele, first Colonel. Was never wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Val Verde, retaking of Galveston Jan. 1, 1863, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, and many other fights of which I have forgotten the names. We soldiered in Southern Texas and Louisiana and suffered many hardships.

**MATTHEW DELOACH**, Cumby, Texas—Born July 31, 1843, near Macon, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 14, 1862, at Brooksville, Ala., as private in Company B, Forty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, Stephen's Division, Pemberton's Corps; J. R. Cross, first Captain; M. L. Woods, first Colonel.

At the siege of Vicksburg my foot was shot off by the explosion of a shell on the first day of June, 1863. I was captured at the surrender of Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, and remained there until the 6th of August, and was then sent to Fort Morgan, via New Orleans, to be exchanged, and from there home at Brooksville, Ala. Was in the battles of Richmond, Lexington, Perryville, Duck Pond, Baker's Creek, Big Black River, and then Vicksburg. This was an every day fight until I was wounded. Then the hospital was bombarded.

**GEORGE H. DENISON**, Goldthwaite, Texas—Born Dec. 28, near Caldwell, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Georgetown, Texas, as Second Sergeant in Company I, Twelfth Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department; J. W. Mullen, first Captain; W. H. Parson, first Colonel.

At the battle of Yellow Bayou, June, 1864, received a slight flesh wound in the thigh. Was in the battles of Yellow Bayou, Pleasant Hill and Mansfield.

In 1855 I moved with my parents to Williamson County and settled where Corn Hill now stands. In May, 1861, I enlisted with the first company organized in that country. Our regiment was organized at a camp on Red Oak Creek in Ellis County, Texas. The next March, 1862, we were ordered to Little Rock, Ark., where after a long and tedious march through rain and mud, we arrived, and after a few days' rest a detachment of about 100 men was sent out on a scout to Searcy, about fifty miles north of Little Rock, where they intercepted quite a foraging party of Federals. Our services from then on was mostly scouting and doing



picket duty. Our regiment marched all day and night from Cotton Plant, Ark., near the Mississippi, and attacked a regiment of Federals. Just before daylight we captured 400 prisoners and 300 horses and mules and all their wagons and accouterments of war. We beat a hasty retreat, for their main army was about eight miles away on the St. Francis River.

Our maneuvers from then on were mostly along the White and Mississippi Rivers until in 1864 when Gen. Banks made his march through Louisiana, headed for Texas, he was defeated at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. Our cavalry attempted to capture his fleet on Red River, about fifteen miles from Pleasant Hill, but without success. Our cavalry followed up the retreat and engaged them for thirty-two days until they reached Yellow Bayou, where we had an engagement in which we sustained a heavy loss. In this battle I received my first and only wound during the war, this being a flesh wound in the right thigh.

I had a brother in the same company with me who was slightly wounded in this battle. This was our last engagement, and we drifted back to Texas. In May, 1865, we disbanded.

W. S. DENMAN, Nacogdoches, Texas—Born in 1842 near Grenada, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 in Angelina County, Texas, as private in Company F, Thirteenth Texas Regiment, Walker's Division, Taylor's Corps; first Captain, Brown. When the Civil War broke out my two brothers and several friends and myself went to a town nearby where our friends had met to bid us adieu. We were cavalry and early in the morning we bade them good bye and departed, going down into Louisiana, and then into Arkansas, where from exposure I contracted pneumonia, and where my brother died.

We were hunting Yankees and found them at Pleasant Hill, La., where in a very short time we put them to flight. We ran them all that day until in the afternoon, when they crossed the double bridges and formed on the other side.

WILLIAM NATHAN DENNIS, Granbury, Texas—Born Aug. 20, 1840, in Warren County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army February, 1861, at Thorp Springs, Hood County, Texas, in Company D, Fifteenth Texas Cavalry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee; Frazell, first Captain; Sweet, first Colonel. Was captured at Arkansas Post, carried to Camp Douglas, Chicago. Remained there in prison three months, then sent to Richmond, and there exchanged and served the remainder of the war in the Army of Tennessee. Was wounded at the battle of Franklin, through the foot and hip. My brother, B. H. Dennis, who died in December, 1906, was with me all through the war. At Batesville, Ark., on Black River, as we were retreating, Col. Sweet tried to jump his horse across a bog hole, landed in the middle of it, and could not get his horse out. I gave him mine and he took to the woods, while I jumped up behind a comrade. This was our first little fight. I never closed my eyes for three nights. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, New Hope Church, Dalton and Franklin.

JAKE DENTON, West, Texas—Born July 11, 1846, near Warsaw, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1863, at Macon, Miss., as private in Company A, Sixteenth Mississippi Cavalry, Armistead's Brigade, Wheeler's Division, Army of Tennessee; Williams, first Captain;



Armistead, first Colonel. Was transferred to Florida, near Mobile, Ala., under Taylor's command. Was never wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Lafayette and Rome, Ga.; Blakeley and Mobile, Ala. I bore the flag of truce when Taylor surrendered the department at Mobile, Ala.

LUCIAN DE WALT, Livingston, Texas—Born June 19, 1843, near Saluda River, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May, 1862, at Livingston, Texas, as private in Company F, Twenty-Second Infantry, Hawes' Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; Scruggs, first Captain; Hubbard, first Colonel. Was wounded at the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., shot through the head, 9th of April, 1864. After receiving my wound, was not able to go back into service. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battle of Mansfield and a number of skirmishes on the Mississippi River in Louisiana.

JOHN L. DICKEY, Ganado, Texas—Born Aug. 5, 1847, near Columbia, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Dec. 1, 1862, at Victoria, Texas, as private in Company D, First Texas Cavalry; James C. Borden, first Captain; A. Buchell, first Colonel. We went west the first year of the war and served on the Rio Grande; was never attached to a brigade. Was never wounded nor captured. Was promoted to First Sergeant in 1862. Was in the battle of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou. I served throughout the Banks raid in Louisiana, which was called "forty-three days in the saddle."

JOHN LEONARD DICKINSON, Belmont or Oak Forest, Texas—Born on the Guadalupe River, in Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Dec. 16, 1861, at Galveston, Texas, as private in Company C, Nicholson's six months' volunteers, P. O. Hebert's Brigade, John B. Magruder's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was B. Timmons and first Colonel, E. B. Nichols.

When the time of my enlistment had expired, I re-enlisted in the Second Texas Legion, composed of two battalions of infantry and one battalion of cavalry and one battalion of artillery. We organized in Washington County, Texas, Aug. 7, 1862, and took up the line of march for Vicksburg, Miss., arriving there were sent to Holly Springs. Then came the retreat before Grant. We went to Coffeewille and then to Grenada. At Coffeewille we had a little fight with Grant. We wintered at Grenada and about the last of February, 1863, went to Greenwood.

The Federals came down with two gunboats and attacked us. We had a raft in the river and the fort reached across from Yazoo River fourteen miles. We whipped the Federals back. They fought us for two days, but high water gave us the advantage.

Gen. Loring was corps commander at Greenwood, and Gen. Tilghman was brigade commander. About the last of April we were ordered down the river. Went to Red Bone Church towards Big Black and were afterwards ordered to Vicksburg (May 17, 1863).

We camped near the ditches on the 18th and the fight around Vicksburg commenced in good earnest. We fought them Yanks for forty-eight days. On the fourth of July, 1863, we stacked arms. We were kept as prisoners eight days, when 23,233 of us were released on parole of honor. T. N. Waul was Colonel of our legion, B. Simmons was Lieutenant-Colonel First Battalion, Jas. Wigley was Lieutenant-Colonel of Second Battalion,



and Oliver Steele, Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry, and Edgar was Captain of Artillery. Gen. J. C. Pemberton was commander of Vicksburg. Our legion was attached to Gen. S. D. Lee's Brigade. We ate mule meat, both fresh and dried. We surrendered conditionally. We were marched out of the city through our ditches to Raymond to be paroled. The Texas soldiers came home and stayed there till November.

E. R. DICKSON, Cumby, Texas—Born Sept. 8, 1847, near Murfreesboro, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1861, in Kaufman County, Texas, as private in Company F, Duff's Regiment, Gano's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was named Davis, and first Colonel, Duff.

In the early spring of 1865 all our brigade was dismounted except Duff's Regiment, which was transferred to Wharton's Cavalry Corps. Was in no battles, but served continually from the date of my enlistment to the close of the war in Texas, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Louisiana.

W. H. DICKSON, Hillsboro, Texas—Born in Philadelphia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 17, 1861, at Alexandria, Va., as private in Kemper's Battery, Second Virginia Artillery. My first Captain was Delaware Kemper, and first Colonel, Lightfoot.

After the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond the battery was re-organized and given traveling siege guns (30-pounders) and sent with Longstreet on reconnoissance and foraging expeditions on Blackwater River, and on our return was placed in the Richmond defenses under command of Gen. Custis Lee. Was never wounded nor taken prisoner. Was elected Second Lieutenant at Richmond on re-organization. Was in the battles of First Manassas, Seven Pines, Yorktown, seven days around Richmond, Fort Gibson and Appomattox.

WILLIAM KELLOGG DIKEMAN, Montgomery, Texas—Born March 19, 1839, near Montgomery, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 2, 1861, at Montgomery, as private in Company D, Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade; Mike Powell, first Captain, and J. B. Robertson, first Colonel. Was discharged from the army in Virginia on account of disability. Never wounded, captured nor promoted. After leaving the army in Virginia, in the year 1862, I joined Company K, Elmore's Regiment, Twentieth Texas Infantry, and served until the close of the war.

A. J. DILL, Austin, Texas—Born June 1, 1847, near Midway, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in January, 1864, at Oxford, Ala., as private in Company F, Sixth Alabama Cavalry, Clanton's Brigade; first Captain, Tom Abercrombie; first Colonel, Calvin.

I was with Gen. Hood on his raid into Tennessee. I was doing scout duty fifteen or eighteen miles east of Montgomery and was ordered to report to Gen. Buford that Gen. Wilson would attack his forces at 11 o'clock that day. I delivered the order about daylight and was ordered to report to Campbell not to be cut off west of Line Creek. I found him at Mrs. McDade's place enjoying a nice warm breakfast, but before breakfast was over we had to hunt other quarters. In a day or two we heard of Lee's surrender, so all was over and we went home.

ISAAC N. DILL, Nacogdoches, Texas—Born Sept. 26, 1840, near Clarksville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, as private in Company A, Twenty-Fourth Georgia Regiment, Cobb's Brigade.



McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was J. N. Chandler and first Colonel was R. E. McMillan.

I was slightly wounded in the left arm at Malvern Hill, and slightly in the right arm at Cold Harbor. Was taken prisoner Aug. 16, and sent to Elmira, N. Y. Was promoted to Second Sergeant in company, and afterwards to Sergeant of regiment. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, seven days around Richmond, Petersburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Wilderness, Front Royal, Knoxville and second battle of Manassas.

I was in the war more than four years, entering in August, 1861, stayed till August, 1864, when I was wounded and taken prisoner, where I remained till June, 1865. I was with my command all the time except three weeks spent in the hospital. I was captured at Fort Royal trying to capture a brigade of cavalry with four little regiments.

MILES A. DILLARD, Blossom, Texas—Born Near Jackson, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 in Lamar County, Texas, as Captain in Company K, Ninth Texas Infantry, S. B. Maxey's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. I was first Captain and Maxey first Colonel. Was not wounded during the war, but at the battle of Murfreesboro had my horse killed and a ball passed through my whiskers. Was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth Texas Infantry, the senior Colonel benig wounded. I was in command of the regiment quite a lot of the time. Was in the battle of Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Chickamauga, and Jackson, Miss., besides many skirmishes. I served seventeen months in the war with Mexico, therefore, knowing more about army rules than the most of the boys, they elected me to command the company. On our retreat from Perryville, Ky., we were ordered to Knoxville, Tenn. It was snowing and we had but one tent and that was occupied by the medical department. We had men without shoes, coats, hats and I do not suppose that we had more than a dozen blankets in the regiment.

We marched out on a ridge where the young timbers had grôwn up and the leaves were still on them, the boys went to building arbors and fires.

Gen. Maxey had been ordered to Murfreesboro, and I had secured his tents, and then went back to Knoxville and got enough tents to supply each regiment with one. Also secured more clothing and a blanket for each man. In a few days we were in a more comfortable condition. We were then ordered to Murfreesboro. After this battle was over I was told that two of the boys said that when we were forming the line that they would be killed that day, and some one remarked to them: "If I felt that way I would speak to the Colonel and not go into the battle." One of them replied that the boys might think he was a coward, and he had rather die than be called a coward. They were both killed that day. When we were ordered forward some confusion occurred to the right of the Ninth Texas, but we went on and cut through the third line of the Federal Army. We would never have gotten through, but Gen. Cheatham ordered a brigade to our assistance. The brigade moved firmly and steadily, but never reached the firing line. When they got to within 100 yards of the Federal line the enemy wavered and the boys ran them to the next line, where they stood and fought until the brigade got up near and the same thing occurred again; that is the way we accomplished what we did.

At this time a rabbit jumped up, when Joe Russel of Collin County, Texas, saluted it as it ran off, and said: "Go it, cottontail! If I had no



more at stake than you, I would be leaving, too." We succeeded in cutting off the right wing of the Federal Army as they were going across a big field. I saw our cavalry coming out of the timber, and we stopped opposite Rosecrans' headquarters and the cavalry captured them. Just then a courier came to us with orders to fall back.

On our return we met Gen. Cheatham and he informed us that he wanted us to take a battery. This battery consisted of eighteen pieces, and our men had charged it the second time and failed to get it. We started, but before we got there our men had made the third charge and had taken it. In passing a farm house which the Federals had converted into a hospital, Gen. Cheatham was eulogizing the boys for their conduct, when two men walked out to the fence and remarked: "General, you must think that you have fine troops." He replied: "Yes, if I had fifty thousand such men I could whip the whole Federal Army."

A. D. DIXON, Gatesville, Texas—Born Oct. 25, 1843, near Nashville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 4, 1862, as private in Company I, Fiftieth Georgia Regiment, Drake's Brigade, McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was E. C. Morgan, and first Colonel, Manning. I was shot through the hip in the battle of Cedar Run. I was captured a few moments after being wounded and sent to Baltimore, where I was paroled and sent home.

Was in the second battle of Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Chickamauga, Knoxville, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, Hanover Junction, Cold Harbor and Petersburg.

The most trying time of my three years' service was when I was detailed to help shoot one of our boys. His name was Morgan, a fine young man from Ware County, Ga. The poor fellow got homesick and went home without leave, and for the third offense he was courtmartialled and sentenced to be shot. I was amongst those who had to shoot him, kneeling with his hand on his coffin; but we had to obey orders.

I helped to build the breastworks in front of Petersburg, which were blown up by Grant, but fortunately I was ordered across the Potomac when the blowup came.

SOLOMON DOBSON, Farmersville, Texas—Born Dec. 13, 1841, in Jackson County, Ind. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, in 1861, in Company I, Ninth Texas Infantry, Ector's Brigade. Joe Dixon was first Captain and Sam Bell Maxey was first Colonel. Was wounded at Chickamauga. At Murfreesboro Gen. Cheatham rode up and asked if we were the Ninth Texas. Young told him that it was, and said that half the men had no ammunition. Gen. Cheatham said: "It don't make a d— bit of difference. Fix bayonets and charge that battery." We raised the yell and started and were saved by a Mississippi Regiment coming up in our rear.

I was in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Jackson and Chickamauga.

CAPT. J. W. DODGE, McGregor, Texas—Born in 1839, near Washington, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Camp Boone, Tenn., as private in Company K, Second Kentucky Regiment, Buckner's Brigade, Breckenridge's Division, Johnston's Corps, Army of Tennessee; John Owens, Captain; Hanson, first Colonel.

After I escaped from prison I went to John H. Morgan's command. I



was shot in the left hip at the battle of Milton, Tenn. I was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Morton, Ind. I was in the battles of Augusta, Ky.; Fort Donelson, Tenn.; Milton, Tenn.; Hartsville, Tenn.; Gallatin, Tenn.; Tomkinsville, Ten.; Lebanon, Ky.; Muldraughs Hill, Ky. I can't begin to tell all the battles and skirmishes that I was in, as Morgan's command was always on the move.

D. W. DODSON, Texarkana, Texas—Born Dec. 26, 1843, near Centerville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Delhigh, La., as private in Company E, McNeill's Regiment, Harrison's Brigade, Walker's Division; McNeil, first Colonel. I was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Trenton, Monroe, Delhigh and Vicksburg. Was also in a great many skirmishes.

I served four years in the Confederate Army and was but a mere boy when I enlisted. I had the misfortune to lose three brothers at the battle of Manassas, Va. I reached home alive, but not sound. I was sick a long time after my arrival home.

I will mention my father-in-law, A. Chancellor, who also served the entire four years as a Confederate soldier under Gen. Magruder in Texas. He was in the fight at Galveston at the time of the sinking of the large gunboat, also in the siege of Sabine Pass and a great many skirmishes. He enlisted in Rusk County and was a true Confederate soldier.

WESLEY C. DODSON, Waco, Texas—Born May 28, 1829, Morgan County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Livingston, Ala., as private in Company C, Fortieth Alabama Infantry, Cummings' Brigade, which was afterwards commanded by Gen. Moore and then by Baker, Maury's Division (afterwards commanded by Forney and then by Stewart), Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee; first Captain, W. A. C. Jones; first Colonel, A. A. Colman. In April, 1863, was changed to Gen. Furgerson's staff and was with him until August, 1863, when I resigned and returned to my old brigade. Was wounded in the right leg in April, 1863, when we were driving the Federal gunboats out of Deer Creek, Miss. I was also wounded in the hip at Rocky Face Ridge by fragments of shell.

Was commissary of my regiment. Was in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Deer Creek, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, and around Atlanta as well as others too numerous to mention.

E. L. DOHONEY, Paris, Texas—Born Oct. 13, 1832, near Columbia, Adair County, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Paris, Texas, as First Lieutenant in Company H, Ninth Texas Cavalry, Ben McCulloch's Brigade, Van Dorn's Division, Beauregard's Corps, Army of the West; W. B. Sims, first Colonel; N. W. Towns, first Captain.

Our first service was in the battle of Bird's Creek, in the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma). We were in Gen. Cooper's command. This fight was on Dec. 10, 1861. Then we were with Gens. Price and McCulloch. We captured a battery at the battle of Elkhorn March 6-8, 1862. Gen. McCulloch was killed in this battle. Then Van Dorn's Army was transferred east of the Mississippi River. We were engaged in the battle of Corinth Oct. 3, 1862, there my company lost three killed and four wounded. I was never wounded, but was discharged on account of physical disability at Tupelo, Miss., July, 1862, but performed staff duty at Paris, Texas, the balance of the year. When the regiment was re-organized in Grayson County, Capt. Jones was elected Major. I was elected Captain and held



that position until discharged. I was in the battles of Corinth, Miss.; Elkhorn and Bird's Creek. At the battle of Elkhorn I was detailed with 120 men of the Ninth Texas Cavalry to guard the commissary stores at Fort Smith, and was there when the body of Gen. McCulloch was sent back.

H. B. DOLLAHITE, Lytle, Texas—Born June 2, 1839, near Paris Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Paris, Tenn., as private in Company F, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, Army of Tennessee. Was captured at the battle of Chickamauga Sept. 20, 1863, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., where I remained about twenty months. Was in the battles of Columbus, Ky.; Belmont, Mo.; Shiloh; Richmond, Ky.; Murfreesboro and Chickamauga.

At Columbus, Ky., we spent much time in fortifying, and where we had our first engagement on the opposite side of the river from Columbus, was a little town called Belmont. At this place we had a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery. I believe that it was the Thirteenth Arkansas Regiment. The enemy had concentrated his forces at Cairo, decided to drop down the river and capture the small force at Belmont. I think he had two transports and two gunboats. He landed about two miles above Columbus and attacked the force at Belmont, routed them and drove them back to the river, burned their tents, captured a battery of light artillery, which they turned on us as we attempted to cross the river. We had three boats at the landing and made an effort to cross over the river in them, but failed on account of the fire from the captured battery. After so long a time we succeeded in getting aboard of one of our boats, which was fired on, one ball striking the boat and wounding a few men (Gen. Cheatham was on this boat). About this time we landed, and a battery of light artillery was placed in position and opened fire on the Yankees across the river at the same time was a heavy siege gun mounted on a bluff, the only heavy gun that would command their position. It was a private gun. We fired twice, the first ball striking the bank, the second striking the battery that was playing on us and dismounted one piece. The Yankees said that we were firing lamp posts at them. The gun was loaded the third time, but was not fired until after the battle. During this time we landed, marched off: the boat with Gen. Frank Cheatham in the lead. He pulled off his hat and waved it a few times, calling upon the men that had been routed to fall in line, which they did. By this time the Yanks were in full retreat, and before we commenced the pursuit Gen. Pillow rode up with tears in his eyes. He had ordered the Fifteenth Tennessee Regiment to charge bayonets through an open field. They were mowed down like grain before a scythe. We passed over the ground where the men had been slaughtered, and pursued the Yankees to their boats, recapturing our battery and some prisoners.

At Chickamauga, after fighting until exhausted, we were captured and were sent to Stevenson where we were finally sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, where we remained for about twenty months.

We were sent to Point Lookout, Md., where we remained until the close of the war and where we were required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Left Point Lookout on the 11th of June, 1865.

J. R. DONALDSON, Merkel, Texas—Born Oct. 10, 1843, near Winchester, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 1, 1861, at Fayetteville, Tenn., as private in Company B, Forty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, Johnston's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps; Spencer, first Captain; Fulton, first Colonel.



At the battle of Shiloh I was detailed as sharpshooter in Cleburne's Division. Was never wounded. I was captured the last year of the war and sent to West Point, Md., and from there to Ebnira, N. Y. Was promoted to Corporal. Was in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga and Knoxville, Tenn. From here was sent to Virginia on James River to sharpshoot the gunboats.

At Fort Gibson, Va., the sharpshooters were as good with the use of artillery as they were with the small arms. Here we had an engagement and sank one gunboat. The next hard fight was in front of Petersburg, and this was my last hard fight, as I was captured. I served my country for four long years, and know the hardships of the Confederate soldier.

P. O. DONLON, Austin, Texas—Born in 1824, in Ireland at Galway. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Nashville, Tenn., as private in Company A, First Artillery, Beauregard's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was McBell and first Colonel, Rich. Was sent to Charleston, S. C. Was wounded in ear. Was in the battles of Fort Sumpter, Morris Island and Fort Moultrie. I fired the first gun at Fort Sumpter.

L. A. DONNELL, Seymour, Texas—Born in Wilson County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 26, 1861, in Hickory County, Mo., as First Lieutenant in Company F, Hale's Battalion, Raines' Brigade, Price's Division. My first Captain was B. F. Massey, first Major was Hale. Was with Missouri State troops till 1862 when I re-enlisted in Company D, Eleventh Missouri Volunteers, in which I served till the close of the war. This was in Parsons' Brigade and my Captain was E. F. Foster. We joined Gen. Price at Greenfield, Mo., from which we continued to retreat until reaching the battle ground of Pea Ridge or Elkhorn and finally to Van Buren, Ark.

Was taken prisoner and sent to Springfield, thence to Desarc, Ark. and by boat to Memphis, Tenn., where my brother died just after the battle of Shiloh. Was discharged from State troops and went to Fort Smith, Ark. Was taken prisoner soon after rejoining the army and sent to Jackson.

Was made First Sergeant after re-enlistment, which position I held till the close of the war. I have a diary of the whole war. Was, part of the time, under Gen. Holmes and was placed in hospital when the army went to Helena. I was in the battles of Pea Ridge in 1862, Pleasant Hill, La., in 1864, and in Sabine River, Ark., the same year. Surrendered at Shreveport, La. Came to Texas in 1876.

J. P. DOOLEY, Roanoke, Texas—Born in Campbell County, Va., near Lynchburg. Enlisted in November, 1862, at Richmond, Va., as private in Company B, Tenth Virginia Battalion, Custis Lee's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Colonel was Atkerson. I guarded prisoners nearly two years in Richmond and was sent to Chaffin's Farm, where we stayed till Petersburg was evacuated. Was never wounded, though we were fighting nearly all the time from Chaffin's Farm to Appomattox. On the 7th day of April Gen. Custis Lee and all his brigade except twenty-three were captured. I happened to be one of the fortunate ones. We were attached to Wise's Brigade and served with him till the surrender. I was in a number of small skirmishes around Richmond, but the hardest fighting I saw was after the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond until we reached Appomattox Court House, which was the last fighting.



**WILLIS STOKES DORRIS**, Austin, Texas—Born in Greensboro, Ala., Jan. 3, 1838. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private and served six months on the Island of Galveston, after which we joined Waul's Legion of Infantry, enlisting for the war. Belonged to Company E as private in Col. Timmons' Regiment. Was wounded in the battle and siege of Vicksburg three times, viz.: Had my wrist dislocated permanently; was wounded on the head and in the left side. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, and paroled on the 9th. Was never promoted. Our first battle was what was known as Fort Pemberton, Miss., the battle lasting fourteen days. From there we went to Vicksburg, where we were in the siege with more or less fighting every day for forty-eight days and nights. After being paroled and exchanged I came back to Texas.

**T. A. DORSEY**, McKinney, Texas—Born near Morganton, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Morganton, as private in Company E, First North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade, Heath's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; C. M. Auery, first Captain; D. H. Hill, first Colonel. In February, 1862, was changed to Company B, Eleventh North Carolina Regiment. Our first engagement was at White Hall, N. C., in 1863; next was Gaines' Mill of the same year. Was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, flesh wound. From here was sent to Lynchburg, Va. Remained there for three weeks. Was captured at the battle of Gettysburg and sent to West Building, Baltimore, on the bay, and remained in prison five months. Was in the battles around Petersburg in August, 1864. Was also in the Yellow Tavern fight a few days later; do not remember the date. Was in a number of smaller engagements which I need not mention here.

**U. H. DOSS**, Hempstead, Texas—Born near Jacksonville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Center, Ala., in August, 1861, as private in Company I, Nineteenth Alabama Infantry, Tracy's Brigade, Johnston's Division, Polk's Corps. My first Captain was Savage. Was shot in the arm at Resaca, and left thigh was fractured at Atlanta. Was taken prisoner at Atlanta and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca and Atlanta.

**ALFRED HICKS DOUGLAS**, Prattville, Ala.—Born April 6, 1836, near Gallatin, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army September, 1861, at Gallatin, Tenn., as First Lieutenant in Company F, Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment, Tilghman's Brigade, Army of Tennessee; Wm. T. Sample, first Captain; John W. Head, first Colonel. Was never changed nor wounded. Was captured Feb. 17, 1862, and sent to Camp Chase and then to Johnson's Island. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, Raymond and Jackson, Miss.

We had only such arms as we could procure in the country—muzzle-loading shotguns and muzzle-loading rifles. We were first ordered to Red Sulphur Springs, in the northeastern part of the State. There we organized the Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment and our Captain, John W. Head, was elected Colonel. He appointed Chas. S. Douglas Adjutant, and Wm. T. Sample was elected to succeed Head as Captain of our company, and I was elected First Lieutenant.

We remained at Red Sulphur Springs for two months drilling. While there Col. Head gave a false alarm one night about 2 o'clock. He ordered





CLEBURNE'S REPULSE OF SHERMAN AT MISSIONARY RIDGE—NOVEMBER 25, 1863

Courtesy W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn.



us out and placed us in an old field about two miles from camp. We had one company, a Mississippi cavalry armed with Mississippi rifles, to do picketing. While standing that morning in line of battle behind a high rail fence, the relief pickets came in. It was very dark. I heard the boys cocking their guns and poking them through cracks of the fence. They had heard the sabers rattling and thought they were the Federal soldiers. Many of the guns were tricky and would not stard cocked. I told Capt. Sample what the boys were doing and he told Col. Head, when he ordered us back to camp. Within twelve miles, just over on the Kentucky side, there was a legion of Federals, between 1,200 and 1,500.

After two months we were ordered disbanded and returned home, but were called out again within two weeks and rendezvoused at Nashville. Upon our arrival there the whole regiment, consisting of 950 men, joined the Confederate service, were armed with muskets, and ordered to Fort Donelson. There we mounted guns on the land battery on the bank of the Cumberland River. We had thirty-two 32-pounders, two siege guns, one rifle piece and one smoothbore, each 125-pounders. When we arrived there in October we had nothing but tents until we could build our winter quarters. There were three garrison regiments. Our commander, Brig-Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, commanded two forts thirteen miles apart—Fort Henry on the Tennessee River and Fort Donelson. In February, 1862, Gen. Grant attacked Fort Henry early one morning. Having fought two and one-half hours with their gunboats and destroyed our batteries, Tilghman surrendered the fort, together with all the siege guns. All the infantry, artillery and one company of cavalry retreated to Fort Donelson. In Tilghman's absence, Col. Head was in command at Fort Donelson, he being the senior Colonel. He ordered us to Fort Henry. After marching about ten miles we met our men retreating, when he ordered us back to Fort Donelson. We then had six regiments and two companies of cavalry, and were reinforced by Floyd's and Buckner's Brigades. We then had four companies of cavalry—Forrest commanding the cavalry and Gen. Gideon J. Pillow was placed in command.

On Feb. 14th we were ordered out of the fort with two days' rations. The cavalry was then fighting, and Forrest was bringing in prisoners. A civil engineer went ahead of us and showed each regiment their respective positions. There were shovels and picks in front of us, and we were instructed to go ahead, digging rifle pits. The boys declined to use them until a masked battery of parrot guns opened fire on them. Good breastworks were thrown up that night. Trees were cut down in front of us for about 150 yards. The next morning those parrot guns were shelling us and their infantry charged our rifle pits. We were supporting Capt. Porter's battery on the brow of the hill immediately back of us. They charged within fifty yards of our breastworks and Porter's battery was playing on them all the time. A regiment on our right, the Tenth Tennessee, was armed with double-barrel shotguns, and came near annihilating the whole Federal command. It appeared to us that every one who had not been killed was wounded.

On Wednesday everything was very quiet in front of us. I remarked to the Captain that it would be a good time to send back to the fort for something to eat. He ordered me to take seven men and go over for provisions. We sent a negro cook ahead of us, and on our arrival he had all provisions ready. After we had been eating a few minutes the gunboats attacked our land batteries. About the third shell ricocheted and came through our cabin, passing just over our heads, tore down our stick chimney and cut out three logs. The boys ran out of the cabin and got behind



a larger log house. Another shell passed through the cabin, tore down a part of it and went into the kitchen without bursting.

Upon our return to the rifle pits they had all been torn to pieces by shells. The Federal gunboats had ceased firing. Major Dickson, who commanded our battery, was the only man killed. Capt. Bidwell's company, from our regiment, manned the guns. They shot into the *St. Louis*, the Federal flagship, disabling it, and wounding its commander, Com. Foote. We fought them two days and nights after that. Our commanders moved two companies to the extreme right, next to the river, in the same pits, about 300 yards from the fort. On Saturday morning the balance of our men attacked the enemy and fought all day. About 4 o'clock that afternoon we captured a battery and a great many men, and drove the enemy back two and a half miles. Grant, with 15,000 men, then attacked our right and drove us back into the fort. They charged on the fort, but we repulsed them. They got the key to the fort on Saturday night when they captured that place. That night Pillow turned over the command to Gen. Floyd, and he turned it over to Buckner. Buckner surrendered the fort. Floyd took his brigade away on two steamboats. Forrest cut his way out and escaped with his command; 6,500 infantry were surrendered by Buckner. All officers were sent to Camp Chase, where they remained for three months, and were then transferred to Johnson's Island. Our regiment was sent to Camp Butler, at Springfield, Ill., where we were in prison seven months, after which we were exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., in September, 1862.

We reorganized at Jackson, Miss., under Gen. Lloyd Tilghman and were sent to reinforce Price at the second battle of Corinth. Upon reaching Holly Springs, Miss., we met them retreating, and we retreated to Grenada, Miss. On retreat our regiment was sent back from Cold Water to burn a bridge. The Yankee cavalry got in below and above us and we had a battle, losing about thirty-five men. The balance of the brigade came to our assistance and we drove the enemy back with heavy loss to them. We then retreated to Grenada, where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston took command of the army. President Davis was there and reviewed the army. The next day Gregg's Brigade (ours) was ordered to Vicksburg, where we arrived in time to check Sherman. Sherman went up Yazoo River and came up in the rear of Vicksburg with about 15,000 men. Stephen D. Lee was our commander. He called for two regiments from our brigade and was given the Third Tennessee, Col. John C. Brown in command, and our regiment, the Thirtieth Tennessee, Col. McGavie in command. We had three other regiments whose numbers and names I can not now recall. We were placed out on a hill four miles from Vicksburg, on Chickasaw Bayou. The opposing army came up Yazoo River with their gunboats and transports and charged us across an old field. We were supporting our batteries of about 100 guns. They charged up to us while our batteries were playing on them and mowing them down. Gen. Lee told us to hold fire until they got very near us, and when we were ordered to fire they were within seventy-five or eighty yards of us. We routed them, killing a great many and capturing more than 900 and four stands of colors. We pursued them to their gunboats where they got under cover; then we had to retreat. We carried our prisoners to Vicksburg, and in a few days our brigade was ordered to Port Hudson. We arrived there about the last of January, 1863, and remained six months. In the latter part of June or early part of July we were ordered to Jackson, Miss., to reinforce Johnston.



At Raymond, Miss., we commenced fighting at daylight in the morning and fought two divisions. Gen. Walker was to have come to our relief, but did not get there and Gregg had to fall back to Jackson, with a loss of 500 men killed and wounded, our Colonel, McGavie, and my cousin, Orderly Sergeant David Clark, being numbered among the dead.

On account of my health I was transferred from active service into the Quartermaster's department, being placed under Capt. Pepper at Woodville, Miss., where I remained until the surrender of the army.

Though I love the Stars and Stripes and all they imply, and would cheerfully pour out my life's blood to protect their beauty, glory and honor, I delight to honor the boys of 1861-1865, clad in their suits of gray.

DAVID DOUGLAS, Van Alstyne, Texas—Born in 1834, near Richmond, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Weston, Collin County, Texas, as private in Company G, Young's Regiment. My first Captain was Joe Bounds. Was dismounted and sent to Corinth. Was sent to hospital at Canton, Miss., and from there to Chattanooga. I was wounded in the thigh in the winter of 1863, and in the spring of 1864 was shot in the back while building breastworks at New Hope Church. Was promoted to Commissary Sergeant.

Was in the battles of Elkhorn, Corinth, Perryville, Murfreesboro. Here we were remounted and served under Gen. Wheeler until the close of the war. At the close of the war a few of us started home without being discharged, but some were recaptured. I made it through and have never surrendered. When the war was over and some few of us tried to make it home without surrendering, Gen. Wheeler gave us four dollars each to help us along.

JOHN H. DOUGLAS, Farmersville, Texas—Born near Columbia, Tenn., Feb. 18, 1832. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862. I belonged to Voorheis' Regiment. Was captured at Fort Donelson, and afterwards those who escaped were formed into a new regiment under Col. Nixon, and I joined Howard's Company (Company B), Forty-Eighth Tennessee Regiment. Was never taken prisoner nor wounded. Was at Port Hudson when the Federals sent that fleet up the river. Was also at Jackson, Miss., after the fall of Vicksburg. From there we went to Dalton, Ga., after the battle of Missionary Ridge, and was in the Atlanta campaign under Johnston, and from there went with Hood into Tennessee.

Aleck and Will Spain were in the same company, and George, another brother, went to Port Hudson to enlist, was taken sick and died there. In the Mississippi campaign between Big Black and Jackson I became overheated and lost my voice, which has never been fully regained. For several months I could not speak above a whisper.

I thought I was gone one time. I was sent out on picket and was to find my post by some broken limbs, the leaves of which were dead. I missed my way, but found some limbs as described, but found it already occupied by a Yankee picket. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not occupy that post.

HENRY C. DOVE, San Saba, Texas—Born Nov. 13, 1845, near Randolph, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at Randolph as Fifth Sergeant in Company B, Fourth Mississippi Regiment, Forrest's Division; William Smith, first Captain; Muller, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. I have stood in the rains and



storms on guard, and had to lie on the ground all night in water and when I turned over could hear it squash under me.

**JOHN WESLEY DOWNS**, Waco, Texas—Born Nov. 15, 1838, in Mount Hope, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, near Lancaster, Texas, as private in Company G, Sixth Texas Cavalry, Ben. McCulloch's Brigade, Van Dorn's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department.

After the battle of Pea Ridge we were dismounted and sent to Mississippi. Was at Shiloh and several small engagements near Corinth and on the march to Tupelo. We then returned and attacked Corinth. I was wounded at Keithville, also at Corinth received wound while charging breastworks. The bullet broke the hip joint, and is lodged there yet.

**S. J. DOWNS**, Austin, Texas—Born Aug. 2, 1840, near Shreveport, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Birmingham, Ala., as private in Company B, Tenth Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Virginia; A. O. Martin, first Captain; John Forney, first Colonel. Was wounded at the first battle of Manassas in the knee. Was captured at the battle of Williamsburg, Va., and sent to Fort Delaware. Was in the battles of First Manassas, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Bunker Hill, Bethel Church, Sharpsburg, Petersburg, Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, and Gettysburg. In others too numerous to mention.

**SAM J. DOWTY**, Brownwood, Texas—Born near Fort Adams, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 14, 1861, as private at Baton Rouge, La., in Company D, First Louisiana Cavalry, Scott's Brigade, Buckner's Corps; John R. Williams, first Captain; John S. Scott, first Colonel. Served the last eight months in mounted artillery in Department E, in Louisiana and Western Mississippi, Wm. Barlow, Captain.

Our regiment was about depleted and most of us were transferred to mounted artillery; previous to that, served as part of Bragg's bodyguard at Chickamauga. Was captured in Kentucky, paroled and afterwards exchanged. Was again taken prisoner and was kept in prison on the Mississippi River in gunboats, and was then sent North just about the end of the war.

**JOHN H. DRENNON**, Calvert, Texas—Born Aug. 9, 1839, in Sumpter County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Harrisburg, Texas, as private in Company C, Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; first Captain, W. P. Townsend; first Colonel, John B. Hood. Was wounded at Gaines' Mill in the leg and at Cold Harbor in the shoulder. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, Tenn.; Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Petersburg, Darby Town and Fort Harrison in front of Richmond.

**J. M. DREW**, Livingston, Texas—Born at Drew's Landing, Dec. 6, 1845, in what is now Polk County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 at Houston, Camp Lubbock, as private and was then made color bearer. My Captain's name was Wilson, but have forgotten the letter of the company. Was in light artillery. Was wounded in the thigh at a skirmish between Tibitville and Donaldsonville on Bayou La Fouché, La. Was never taken prisoner. Was at the recapture of Galveston, the recapture of Bouvic Bay.



A. S. DREWRY, Galveston, Texas--Born Sept. 23, 1858, in Southampton County, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 19, 1861, at Richmond, as private in Purcell's Battery, Ruggle's Regiment. A. P. Hill's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps. Army of Northern Virginia. R. L. Walker, first Colonel. A battery of artillery was attached to each brigade of infantry, and afterwards formed into a battalion, which was known as Pegram's Battalion. I received a slight wound in the leg at the battle of Cedar Mountain, but did not leave the field. Surrendered with General Lee's Army at Appomattox Court House. Was promoted to Sergeant at Fredericksburg to take the place of Crocket Eddins, who was wounded in this battle. I was in all the battles in which Lee's Army was engaged, First Manassas and Malvern Hill, where we lost three-fourths of our company in the seven days; Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Petersburg and Appomattox.

At Cedar Mountain, after helping McClellan to change his base from the Pamunky to the James River, in which operation our battery lost in killed and wounded sixty-five men out of less than 100, we were ordered from Malvern Hill to Richmond to refit and recruit. After several week's rest we were attached to Jackson's flying column, and sent to meet the Army of Virginia, commanded by Gen. John E. Pope, who, the Northern press declared, would prove "more" than a match for Stonewall Jackson, and had been sent to Virginia to teach him (Jackson) the art of war. Arriving at Orange Court House about August 8th, we took a short rest and on the afternoon of the 9th, crossed the Rapidan at Morton's Ford. A. P. Hill's Division to which we were attached, was marching in columns through a wooded country over a very rough road.

Our battery was about the center of the column. As soon as the head of our troops emerged from the woods into the open field of Culpepper they were attacked by Bank's Corps. After a short but desperate conflict, Banks fell back and the fighting ceased. We had been posted in the woods and did not participate in the fighting, at which our boy captain, little Willie Pegram, was very much chagrined. But his chance was soon to come. In a short time an order came to send Pegram's rifled guns to the front. Going forward, we soon came to the open country, where Jackson and our chief of artillery, Gen. R. L. Walker, met us and pointed out the position we were to take and the work we were to do. In an old stubblefield on a little knoll we unlimbered, and Jackson in person directed Pegram to throw shells into a distant woods. We opened fire as directed, using fifteen and twenty second-shells. No enemy in sight. Three hundred yards in front of us was a heavy growth of green corn, extending for a mile or more over beautifully undulating ground. To the left was the road by which we had come and the only line of retreat in case such an emergency arose. We had fired only a few shots when over the hill and through the corn we saw at least a brigade of blue infantry coming straight for the guns. Changing from shell to shrapnel and canister, we turned our entire attention to this column; but they continued to come on without a waver. Finally we doubled the charges of canister, and then they broke and went back over the hill. Just then we noticed coming down the road at full speed and in easy shell range a body of blue cavalry. If they passed our flank we were lost. Changing front to left, we raked the road first with shell, then with canister. The cavalry came on almost past the danger point, then broke and went back. Our attention was then called to our old "friends," the infantry who had been reinforced and were coming through the corn as if to take our guns at all hazards. The situation looked des-



perate, as we had no support near by. Pegram ordered double charges of canister, and seizing the flag he went through from gun to gun, waving it in the very faces of the men and begging, "Don't let the enemy have these guns or this flag; Jackson is looking at you. Go on, men; give it to them." The column faltered and went back and reformed, only to come again. On they came, and were getting in good canister range when an order came to fall back. The bugle blew, "limber to the rear; cannoniers mount." Just as the order was executed one of the gunhorses was killed, and it looked as if the only prudent thing to do was to leave this gun and save the rest if we could. Pegram did not think so, and he quickly gave the order: "Action, front! Fire double charges of canister!" While we obeyed this order under his personal direction the driver replaced the dead horse, and again the bugle sounded, "limber to the rear; cannoniers mount; retire!" which was instantly obeyed, for the enemy was in less than one hundred yards of our guns and in great force. We galloped away with all of our guns, reinforcements coming up, we soon had our old position back. After this Pegram heard the men discussing how near we came losing the gun. He merely said: "Men, when the enemy takes a gun of my battery, look for my dead body in front of it." And he kept his word. From a private in an infantry company he rose to be a colonel of artillery and commanded at one time as high as sixty guns in battle. He never lost a single piece until the final break up at Five Forks. He died, age 22, in Gilland Field, in a little redoubt by the first gun the enemy had ever captured from his command, and his eyes were closed in death 'ere they claimed the prize.

What Napoleon said of Ney might well be said of Willie Pegram, the boy artilleryist: "What a man; what a soldier." Of boyish form and face, in camp and on the march, he had the voice and manners of a school girl. Kind and gentle to his men, still a stern disciplinarian, requiring every one to do his whole duty. Amid the roar of his guns on the battle field he became a giant in voice and stature and seemed to know in the hottest battle just what gun was doing the best work, even when he had forty in action, and never failed to give praise even to a private when due, but just as quick to censure if it was deserved. He once heard that some of his men had censured him for volunteering to go into a very dangerous position, where a whole gun's crew were cut down with one shell. He immediately called the company into line, and said: "Men, I have heard that I have been blamed for the disaster that occurred to our company at Manassas. Every man who is not willing to follow me where I choose to take them, step to the front. If a majority, I will resign and go in the ranks; if a minority, I will give them a transfer to another command, such as they may select." He waited some time not one man stirred. Then said he: "Let us have no more of this talk. A soldier should always seek the most desperate post that is to be filled." He was a shining example of the influence a good officer has over his men. I believe almost any set of men would have fought under W. J. Pegram.

(Gave Lee the Signal).

I think I was scared in more ways all at once on the night of Sept. 14, 1862, than during the whole war all put together. We had gone into camp about 10 o'clock at night, all tired and worn out. Every body went to sleep just as quick as possible, but for some reason I could not sleep. About midnight I heard the sentry challenge, and then I heard the response, "A friend," and in a few minutes a staff officer advanced and came up to where I was lying.



"Where is the officer in command of this battery?" he asked. I was a smart Alex, for I was only a boy at that time, and as I knew where every officer was I was quick to volunteer information. I told where the Captain, the gallant Pegram, was; where the orderly sergeant was, and gave a lot more information, all of which ended in my being ordered by the staff officer to act as his guide and later to my being sent on the expedition which followed his visit. To make a long story short, the staff officer wanted to secure one gun and a detail of men to go on a secret mission, and I being so wide awake and so full of information, was the first man detailed to go. Well we started out through the woods, pulling the gun over logs and rocks, around boulders, across ravines and gullies until we were absolutely tired out. We kept on, however, and after working about three hours, the staff officer acting as guide, we came to the foot of a little blue mountain almost surrounded by big rugged mountains. The officer ordered us to take our gun to the very highest point on the little mountain and we did so, after more hard exhausting work. After we got the gun in position the officer told us what we had to do, where we were and what danger we were in. "I want to say to you," said he, "that if the worst happens it will be considered no disgrace to run. You are now immediately under the guns of Harpers' Ferry, and the Yankees can open up seventy siege guns on you if they choose. What is expected of you is to fire three minute guns. If the enemy open fire it will be considered no disgrace to run. I repeat this for the situation is a grave one. Sergeant, load your piece with a shell and cut the fuse to a second." The officer had a cigar; he knocked the ashes off and holding it to the face of his watch he waited a few seconds and gave the command: "Fire," and our "Napoleon" spoke out. It was elevated as high as we could get it and the shell flew high in the air and exploded. Another shell was run home at once and we stood there and shivered, expecting every moment to be our last; that those seventy siege guns would open up and sweep us and our little mountain out of existence. But there was dead silence. Then the officer who had kept his eye on the watch called, "Fire." And our piece spoke out again. The shell rose and exploded; we cowered down trying to make ourselves as small as possible, for we felt sure that the Yanks had located us by this time and would tear us off the face of the earth. There was no reply, however; everything was as silent as death. I thought that the last minute was the longest I ever spent in my life, and I know that the two minutes were equal to any six months I have lived since. The officer puffed his cigar and finally called out, "Fire," and then, "down the mountains," and you bet we got down in a hurry. The shell had a second fuse, but I think we got down the side of that mountain and in the valley with the gun before the last shell exploded. There was still no reply from the heights. Not an extra light was shown, nor a gun fired, nor was the slightest notice taken of us, a want of courtesy that we were most willing to forgive. After we got down into the valley and started back to our camp, the officer told us what we had done. We had been detailed to go to that little mountain and fire three minute guns as a signal to Lee in Maryland that Jackson had closed up on Harper's Ferry and that he was prepared to attack the next morning. You know how we did the job the next day. We took Harper's Ferry with a garrison of over 1100 men and any quantity of plunder.

CHARLES B. DRINKHARD, Childress, Texas—Born Feb. 23, 1826, in Petersburg, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at the age of 35 years, at Fort Smith, Ark. I have forgotten the company but was in Carroll's Regiment. After the battle of Oak Hill our regiment was disbanded. Was in



the battle of Oak Hills, after which I was in the Arkansas State service and was made a captain of Bushwhackers by Gen. Hindman. I do not remember much about it as it has been a long time ago and my memory is not good.

M. A. DRY, Colorado, Texas—Born in Salisbury, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in December, 1861, in Jackson County, Arkansas, as First Orderly Sergeant, in Company D, Newton's Regiment, McRae's Brigade, Kirby Smith's Division, Pemberton's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. Bradley was first Captain and Newton, first Colonel. Some of the hardest service that we had during the war was when we were sent to the mountains of Arkansas to hunt down the robbers and thieves, deserters from both armies. They would fire on us from ambush. We killed some of them and captured twenty or more and they were carried to headquarters and shot. We fought under different Generals, Cabell, Marmaduke, Shelby and McRae. Was in the battle of Helena on Mississippi River. We never suffered badly for the want of something to eat until the last half year of the war. We were in Arkansas and Southern Missouri when rations were very scarce. We had one-fourth to one-half rations most of the time. The longest we were without anything to eat was two days and nights. This was on Gen. Price's raid into Missouri in November and December, '61. We charged the Fort at Pilot Knob, taking it, losing about ten men but killed about four times as many of the enemy. We then ran the Yanks out of Glasgow, Mo., without the loss of a man, and got plenty of rations and clothing. Our last and biggest fight was three miles from Kansas City where we killed more men than I saw killed elsewhere during the war. The fight did not last more than an hour.

W. H. DUBASE, Mount Pleasant, Texas—Born at Brundridge, Ala., and entered the Confederate service at Montgomery, Ala., for one year as gunner of Cannon No. 3, in First Alabama Regiment of Infantry and Artillery, Anderson, commander. At Pensacola, Fla., I was with the 300 picked men that ran Bill Wilson and his men into Fort Pickens and spiked his cannon and burned his camp. Then we had a bombardment which lasted two days and one night.

I was in the Forty-third Alabama Regiment, Company H, Captain Jim McGuire and Col. M. G. Woods. We started from Knoxville under Dick Robinson and the first fight we had was Blanes Cross Roads. The next at Cumberland Gap and from there all the way up to Danville, Ky., and around Danville till we crossed the Cumberland River.

Then under Gen. Tracey we made for Vicksburg, Miss. Gen. Tracey was killed at Port Gibson and Gen. Pettus was in command till the close of the war. The next big engagement was at Baker's Creek where most all the company were killed. Soon after Capt. McCaskel was killed the Regiment was captured. With a few others I made my escape by a ravine and went to Vicksburg where the command I was with formed a line of battle and threw up breastworks which the Yankees charged but failed to take. After the surrender and exchange we went to Chickamauga but the fight was over before we got there, but we started in after the Yankees and followed them up to Bridgeport. At Resaca, Ga., we captured four pieces of the prettiest brass cannon I ever saw. Here is where three comrades and myself of the First Alabama came in handy. We had been trained in heavy artillery service and we knew how to use the guns. I was in the battle of New Hope Church. I could have walked on dead men for a mile. The worst and last fight for me was on the 20th of July when I was wounded



in the leg below the knee. One bone was torn all to pieces and I never walked for three years after the war. One of my comrades was Burr Ramage who was in every fight the Company was in and never got a scratch. Another was J. B. Whigham. If he were living he could tell you of his scouts with me. He lived for many years at Leon Junction, Texas, and died there.

On the march from Danville, Ky., to Cumberland Gap which took five days, we had nothing to eat except parched corn and not enough of that. We drew rations that night, the first we had had on our retreat. The army waded the river next morning. The preceding night a snow had fallen about two feet deep. My shoes gave out and like many others would take the hides of the beeves and tie up our feet and when they would get dry would have to dampen them to get them off. After the resignation of Capt. McGuire, Lieut. McCaskell became captain and was killed at Bakers Creek.

**H. C. DUBBERLY**, Waco, Tex.—Was born March 26, 1841, near Montgomery, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 27, 1861, at Tushu-gery, as private in Company B., Fourth Alabama Regiment, Smith's division, Longstreet's corps, Army of Virginia. E. M. Law, first Captain, and E. J. Jones, first Colonel.

Was wounded at the first battle of Manassas in the chin, and was shot through the body in the battle of the Wilderness. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of the first Manassas, Seven Pines, Gaines' Farm, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, Wilderness and around Petersburg up to the surrender at Appomattox Court House.

**W. H. DUDLEY, SR.**, Brownwood, Tex.—Born Dec. 6, 1837, near Oceola, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at Austin, Tex., as private in Company K, Allen's regiment, McCulloch's brigade, Walker's division, Trans-Mississippi Department, with McDowell, first Captain, and Allen first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded nor captured. Was promoted to blacksmith. Was in the battles of Milliken's Bend, Perkins' Landing, Negro Hill, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill in the State of Louisiana, and the battle of Camden, Arkansas.

**JAMES MUNROE DUFFY**, Dublin, Tex.—Born in Crawford County, Georgia, Sept. 3, 1835. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 16, 1862, at Columbus, Ga., as private in Hardaway's battery, McIntosh's regiment, Anderson's brigade, Hill's division, A. P. Hill's corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Was never wounded, captured nor changed. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, first and second battles of Manassas and in many smaller ones.

**J. F. DUHON**, Orange, Tex.—Was born 1844, near Lake Charles, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July, 1863, at Lake Charles, as private in Company I, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Regiment; Thomas' brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department; James Bryant, first Captain, and Landry, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battle of Mansfield. Now a member of Walter P. Lane Camp No. 639, United Confederate Veterans.

**JOHN M. DUKE**, Brady, Tex.—Was born Nov. 28, 1842, near Matagorda, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1861, at Goliad,



as First Sergeant in Company E, E. Waller's battalion, Green's brigade, Army of Louisiana; S. D. Woodward, first Captain, and E. Waller, first Colonel.

Served in Louisiana from 1861 to 1865. Was attached to Green's brigade on its return from New Mexico, some time in the spring of 1862. Received a flesh wound in the leg, at Marksville Prairie. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Camp Bisland, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and various other engagements.

H. C. DUMAS, Waco, Tex.—Was born May 27, 1844, near Wadesboro, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 24, 1861, at Carolina City, N. C., as private in Company K, Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, Pettigrew's brigade, Heath's division, A. P. Hill's corps, Army of West Virginia; James C. Caraway, first Captain, and Z. B. Vance, first Colonel.

I was first on the coast of North Carolina below Newburn until May, 1862. Then our brigade was transferred to Richmond, Va., and was with Gen. Lee until the surrender. I was badly wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, and slightly wounded in the head May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Was slightly wounded June 19, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Was never a prisoner during the war, but had many narrow escapes, and was on the field April 9, when Lee surrendered. I was promoted in 1863 to Fourth Corporal, and in 1864 was promoted to Second Sergeant.

I was in the battles of Newburn, N. C., 1862; Seven Days' Fight around Richmond; Malvern Hill; Roll's Mill, N. C.; Gettysburg; Reams Station; Wilderness; Spottsylvania; Cold Harbor; Jones' Farm and Petersburg. Gen. Pettigrew was killed at Falling Waters on the retreat from Gettysburg. Gen. Wm. McRae commanded us when we surrendered. My company went into the battle of Gettysburg eighty or ninety strong. We had sixteen killed, fifty wounded and missing. The regimental flag fell fourteen times, and was finally lost the last day, while we were assisting Pickett in his famous charge.

GEORGE W. DUNCAN, San Angelo, Tex.—Was born May 18, 1845, near Winchester, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1862, at Loudon, Tenn, as private in Company D, Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, Infantry; Gen. Bushrod Johnson's brigade, Cheatham's division, Hardee's corps, Army of Tennessee. Thos. Finch, first Captain, and Newman, first Colonel. Our regiment was sent with Longstreet to attack Burnside at Knoxville, Tenn; thence to Virginia, where we remained until the close of the war.

I was wounded at Beans Station, shot in left arm, between elbow and wrist, but did not break the bone. Was taken prisoner, with the most of my regiment, in front of Petersburg, Va., June, 1864. Was first sent to Point Lookout, Md., and then to Elmira, N. Y., remaining in prison nearly eight months. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Knoxville, Beans Station, Drury's Bluff, in front of Petersburg, and under fire of the gunboats for several days on the James River.

At Chickamauga met Rosecrans' regular army on the 19th of September, 1863. We routed the enemy in the first and second charges, but about one-third of our regiment was captured, as we had driven the enemy far to the front, without proper support on our left, which the Federals took advantage of by throwing a large force in our rear, and we were compelled to retreat.

The next day (Sunday) we fought the most of the day. I think we charged six times and they never checked us, but would stampede, and we



drove them, until late in the afternoon our command had swung around from near a west to a north front. Marion Hetner of Company D was killed in the last charge. After passing through a very hard winter and the siege of Knoxville, and a bloody little fight at Beans Station (where two men of Company D received their death wounds). The next May found us at "Drury's Bluff," or near there, on the pike, about half way between Richmond and Petersburg, Va., under the command of Gen. Beauregard. I can not recall the date in May, but was on a "foggy" morning we were aroused and ordered to charge the line of breastworks in our front, which was occupied by the Federals. I was on the skirmish line again, and as I had been shot on the skirmish at Beans Station in December before, I felt the least bit "skittish" when we were lined up and ordered through the thicket of timber and make our way as best we could on quick time. This thicket was between us and the enemy, and while this was all we knew about Gen. Johnson's plans, we acted as though he knew it was alright, and was determined to obey orders. But as usual, "Old Bush," as the boys would sometimes call him, knew exactly what he was doing. We all had fifty rounds of ammunition to start in with, and I had taken forty rounds from a wounded comrade, but had very few left when the fight was over. The first fighting we did on reaching the line of works, which was about daylight. This was very close; only the embankment between us. One of our men mounted on top of the embankment and was shot dead, falling near me. Sergt. Davis crossed over the embankment and brought two prisoners back with him. Our Lieutenant Colonel, Watt Floyd, was killed in this fight.

The next hard battle we were in was Bermuda Hundred. We were rushed out in front of Grant's army, who were crossing James River and advancing on Pittsburg.

In marching right face, double file, we came to their lines, where they had just halted and stacked their guns and were scattered around getting up trash and some had started little fires, and as soon as the light flashed up we could see that we were marching left oblique across their line. And the command was softly given to halt, keep quiet, right about march. By that time we could see blue coats thick in every direction. But we marched quietly back, and I don't suppose they knew we were "Johnnies" at all, as more of their troops were moving up and halting on line with them. The next day we fought all the afternoon. Our position was on a small ridge, and we moved a rail fence and piled the rails in our front, and with bayonets and knives we dug up what dirt we could and threw it on the old fence rails with our hands. I know that I was never in a battle where the Federals did not greatly outnumber the Confederate forces. In this fight I am sure that we fought five men to our one. I do not believe that the world has ever known anything that would surpass the heroic stand that our men made against such an army of men. However, we were captured, while the men who had fought us showed us respect and treated us about as well as they could, but after we were turned over to the prison guards, some of whom were negroes, we were treated very badly.

I arrived at home the last of April, 1865, with the remainder of Lee's disbanded men, and found everything on my mother's plantation destroyed. Every building gone and most of the fencing, not enough material of the buildings left to build a respectable hencoop; the brick chimneys had been hauled off to their headquarters.

GREEN C. DUNCAN, Wharton, Tex.—Was born Oct. 10, 1841, near Bloomfield, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861,



at Memphis, Tenn., as First Sergeant in Company A, Marsh Walker's Forty-first Tennessee Infantry, Frank Ragsdale first Captain and Marsh Walker, first Colonel. In September, 1862, the company was transferred to the Eighth Kentucky Infantry, and made Company K, Buford's Brigade, Loring's Division. In the spring of 1864 the brigade was mounted and transferred to N. B. Forrest's command as Lyon's Brigade and placed in Buford's Division. We served under Forrest the remainder of the war.

Was never wounded, but had five horses shot; two killed and three wounded; all under me except one. I had just dismounted from him and was standing by his side when shot. On April 8, 1862, the brigade, with others, was surrendered by Gen. McCowan at Tiptonville, Tenn., near Island No. 10. I was promoted to Second Lieutenant and afterwards to First Lieutenant, which was my rank at the close of the war. Was in the battles of Island No. 10, on Mississippi River, Coffeeville, Baker's Creek and Harrisburg, Miss.; Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.; Hood's retreat to Tennessee River, from there to Selma, Ala., March, 1865.

THOS. J. DUNCAN, Austin, Tex.—Born near Laurenburg, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 16, 1862, at Milliken, Tex., as First Corporal in Company H, Eighth Texas Infantry, Hawes' Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; Tom Caruthers first Captain and O. Young first Colonel. I was transferred to the Ordnance Department, and was never engaged in battle, but I know all the hardships endured by the Confederate soldier.

JOHN F. DUNCAN, San Saba, Tex.—Born June 15, 1839, near Columbus, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at San Antonio, Tex., as private in Company A, Fourth Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Brigade, W. P. Hardeman first Captain and Riley first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Valverde, New Mex., Feb. 21, 1862. Returned to Texas in May of the same year; called back to camp in November. Was in the battle of Galveston in 1863, and at Franklin, La., where Col. Riley was killed. Here I took sick and was furloughed. Never did any more service.

M. S. DUNN, Austin, Tex.—Was born Jan. 10, 1840, in Columbia, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 15, 1861, at Seguin, Tex., as private in Company D, Fourth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; John P. Bain first Captain and John B. Hood first Colonel. Was wounded at the battle of Gaines Mill on the 27th of June, 1862; flesh wound in the leg. Was captured at the battle of Darbytown Road and sent to Point Lookout, Md. Was promoted at the Battle of the Wilderness from private to Sergeant Major. Was in the battles of Eltham's Landing, Seven Pines, Gaines Mill, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Freeman's Ford, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Darbytown Road, Siege of Petersburg, and many minor engagements.

W. C. DUNLAP, Atlanta, Tex.—Was born at Lead Hill, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Lead Hill as private in the Fourteenth Arkansas Regiment, McIntosh's Brigade. Mitchell was our first Captain and was later promoted to Colonel. I was badly wounded at the battle of Elkhorn, in the shoulder, and in the leg at the Cross Hollow fight. Was never taken prisoner or promoted. Was in the battles of Wilson Creek, Springfield, Mo.; Elkhorn, Cross Hollow, Pea Ridge, Corinth, see-



ond battle of Corinth. Was in a number of skirmishes in the long march through Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Indian Territory and Texas.

J. M. DUPREE, Atlanta, Tex.—Was born near Eatonton, Putman County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1863, at Sparta, Ga., as private in Company A, Twenty-seventh Georgia Battalion, Army of Tennessee; V. J. B. Jirrardy first Captain and A. L. Hartridge first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Savannah, Ga.; Columbia, S. C., and Smithfield, N. C.

I. M. DURAN, Red Rock, Texas—Born near Nashville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 15, 1861, in Alabama, as blacksmith in Capt. Miller's company, N. B. Forrest's Division; Millner, first Captain, and Forrest, first Colonel.

Was captured twice during my service in the war. Was in the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh and Chickamauga. I remained in the service until the surrender. Was in a number of small battles and skirmishes which I have not mentioned.

DR. JOSEPH E. DURAN, Farmersville, Texas—Born Jan. 27, 1837, at Marysville, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 at Guntersville, Ala., as private in Company I, Fourth Alabama Cavalry, J. T. Morgan's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Thomas Patterson and first Colonel was Russell. Was never changed. Was wounded in the hand at Peachtree Creek. Was never taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, McMinn, Tenn.; Chickamauga, Calhoun and Big Shanty, New Hope Church and Peachtree Creek, Ga.

JOHN L. DURHAM, Sanco, Texas—Born May 14, 1840, near Greenville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Madisonville, Tex., as private in Company E, Gillespie, first Captain and Nichols, first Colonel.

Disbanded and re-enlisted at Madisonville in April, 1862, Company E., Gould's Battalion, Randell's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Was never wounded nor captured. I was first promoted to Corporal and then Sergeant. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Jenkins' Ferry and in the fights above and below Vicksburg. Gen. Randell was killed at the battle of Jenkins Ferry, and after three days' interment I assisted as honorary escort in raising the body and bringing it home to Marshall, Tex.

Men that assisted in the defeat of Gen. Banks at Mansfield, generally, did not know one of the causes that produced panic and confusion in his army. To wit, the caisson in the rear of the train was in front when the men all turned to retreat. So when the caisson stuck in the mud at a ford, no other vehicle could pass. So the train of an army or part of it was helpless in our hands, stripped of teams, but well filled with supplies.

Our division lost more men at Jenkins Ferry than in any other fight, but was successful in taking all the wagons and ambulances that Gen. Steel had, excepting one or two.

B. DURST, Leona, Texas (deceased)—Born in Leona, Leon County, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in January, 1862, at Centerville, Tex., as First Lieutenant, in Company A, Thirteenth Cavalry (dismounted), Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; J. N. Black, first Captain and J. W. Burnett, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the



battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkins Ferry. Was in a number of smaller battles not mentioned.

(This record was given by his brother, Horatio Durst, of Leona, Tex.)

**HORATIO DURST**, Leona, Texas—Born March 16, 1844, near Leona, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army January 15, 1862, at Centerville, Tex., as Second Sergeant in Company A, Thirteenth Texas Cavalry (dismounted), First Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; J. N. Black, first Captain and John H. Burnett, first Colonel.

Was never changed. Was promoted to Second Lieutenant in July, 1863. I was in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.; Jenkins Ferry, Ark., and in a number of small skirmishes. We were dismounted in July, 1862, in Arkansas, and from then until the close of the war served as infantry. I had a number of close calls with my comrades falling around me, but I was neither wounded nor taken prisoner.

The greatest casualties in our command were at the battle of Jenkins Ferry, where we lost Scurry and Randall and many company officers and men.

The battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., were what could be called running fights, as we were in an almost continuous charge after the first encounter, which was hotly contested, the enemy making a stand every mile or so. In this battle we captured hundreds of wagons loaded with grain, implements, side saddles, dry goods, groceries, liquors and almost everything besides army supplies. Our immediate command, Walker's Division, did not reap much benefit from this capture, as we were rushed off to Arkansas, where we fought the battle of Jenkins Ferry. After marching four days and nights in a continuous rain for ten hours just preceding this battle, I look back on this incident with horror, as I know that a number of the wounded must have died from exposure in the water where they fell. Everything was against us, and it was called a victory for the Confederates, but a very dear one, I think.

We were disbanded in May, 1865.

**E. W. DYER**, Plainview, Texas—Born Aug. 16, 1839, near Canton, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1862, at Waco, Tex., as private in Company K, Eighth Texas Infantry, Hawes' Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; W. M. Minn, first Captain, and Overton Young, first Colonel.

I was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, La., and Jenkins Ferry, Ark. The company to which I belonged was raised in Hill County. The company went into camp of instructions at Hempstead, Tex., and in June started to Arkansas. Price's and Walker's Divisions were ordered to Arkansas to meet Gen. Steele, but just before our arrival Steele had decamped. Our command followed and overtook him at Jenkins Ferry, where a hard battle was fought. We lost two brigade commanders killed and one wounded—Randall and Scurry killed and Waul wounded.

**C. B. EAGERTON**, Lindale, Texas—Born May 26, 1846, near Marion, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army January, 1862, at Georgetown, S. C., as private in Company F, Fourth Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade, Hampton's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Hewitt, and first Colonel D. Y. Aiken.

Was in the battles south of Petersburg and at Ream's Station.

**ELIAS EARGLE**, Atlanta, Texas—Born Aug. 24, 1845, in Lexington County, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 4, 1863, at



Atlanta, Ga., as private in Company K, Sixty-Sixth Georgia, Wilson's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was T. L. Langston and first Colonel J. C. Nesbitt.

Was sick in hospital at Lexington about 60 days, furloughed for 60 days and extended 30 more. Went to Meridian on duty two or three weeks, then went to Corinth, Miss., on provost guard two months, then to old regiment in S. D. Lee's Corps. I got cut off at the battle of Pinckney's Bridge, in South Carolina; got back into Major Hanna's Battalion; went to Greensboro, N. C., and did guard duty, and from there was sent to my old command.

Was in the battles of Missionary Ridge and Pinckney's Bridge, in South Carolina. Sickness and inability kept me from duty from March 1 to November, 1864, but there was no exemption. I was not able for field duty from the first of March, 1863, to the close of the war, when I surrendered with Gen. Johnston's Army.

H. A. EARHART, Como, Texas—Born Jan. 4, 1847, near Newman, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 15, 1864, at Bonham, Tex., as private in Company B, First Texas State Troops, Henry McCulloch's Brigade; Suttle, first Captain, and Chambers, first Colonel.

Was changed on Jan. 1, 1865, to the Eleventh Texas Infantry. Guarded prisoners at or near Tyler, Tex., for six months.

J. P. EARL, Henrietta, Texas—Born in 1846 in Fincastle, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862 as private in Company K, Sixth Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; my first Captain was S. W. Harris, and first Colonel, John T. Lofton.

The brigade soldiered from Virginia to Florida and back to the siege of Petersburg; thence back to Bentonville, N. C., and surrendered with Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.

I was in the battles of Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, siege of Charleston, Mechanicsville, Drewry's Bluff, the siege of Petersburg, Fort Fisher, Newbern and Bentonville, N. C.

MILTON EASTLAND, Brownwood, Texas—Born Oct. 15, 1843, near Hillsboro, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Belton, Tex., as Corporal in Company A, Sixteenth Texas Infantry, Scurry's Brigade, Walker's Division, Kirby Smith's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was X. B. Saunders and first Colonel, George F. Flournoy. Flournoy served through the war in this division.

Was promoted to First Lieutenant and was acting Adjutant when the command was disbanded in April, 1865.

Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Milliken's Bend, Jenkins Ferry, Saline River, Ark., and was only a short distance from Arkansas Post and Vicksburg when they surrendered.

Was sick but little; endured many hardships in the way of marching and short rations, often realizing and acknowledging the protecting hand of our gracious Heavenly Father through it all.

WILLIAM EASTLAND, Red Rock, Texas—Born March 15, 1843, at LaGrange, Tex., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Bastrop on July 12, 1861, as private in Company B, Allen's Regiment, Henry McCulloch's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department: first Captain was Miller and first Colonel was Allen. On account of bad health I was changed from infantry to cavalry.

I fought in a number of skirmishes, but in no battles. After being



organized we went to Arkansas and from there to Louisiana. At those places there was a great deal of fighting and hardships and suffering. The company left Bastrop with 125 men and got perhaps twenty recruits, and now there are only six of us living that I know anything about.

**SAM EDDLEMON**, Waxahachie, Texas—Born in North Carolina. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, in Gordon County, Ga., as a private in Company E, Eighteenth Georgia Infantry, Wofford's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Star, and first Colonel, Wofford.

Was wounded in the second battle of Manassas in the right side, and the next time was seriously wounded in the right shoulder at the battle of Chancellorsville.

Was in the battles of Gaines Mill and Chapin's Farm, Malvern Hill, Pennsylvania Court House and at second Manassas.

**THOMAS H. EDGAR**, Galveston, Texas—Born on the east end of Galveston Island. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 21, 1862, near Houston, Tex., as private in Company F, Twenty-Sixth Texas Cavalry, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Menard, and first Colonel, H. B. DeBray.

I was promoted to Fourth Sergeant in 1862, and to Orderly Sergeant in 1863, and was detailed as regimental clerk in 1864 after the Louisiana campaign.

Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou.

I was a Union man and voted for Douglas. Was chief clerk in post-office at Galveston. When Texas seceded, being a "State's rights Democrat," I went with my State. Besides, she was justified in her act of secession. Nothing else could she do with honor to herself and in defense of her constitutional rights.

On March 31, 1861, every one of us resigned from the postal service and took the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. In October, 1861, I was appointed deputy postmaster at Orange, Tex., for the purpose of moving the distributing office of the Confederates States mails from the city to Orange, Tex., as Galveston was blockaded and it became necessary to establish a new mail route, which was by New Orleans and Iberia, La., to Neolet's Bluff, on the Sabine River.

There I instructed R. B. Russell, his son, Henry, and McKnight how to manage the office and distribute all mails until the first of April, 1862, when I rejoined the army.

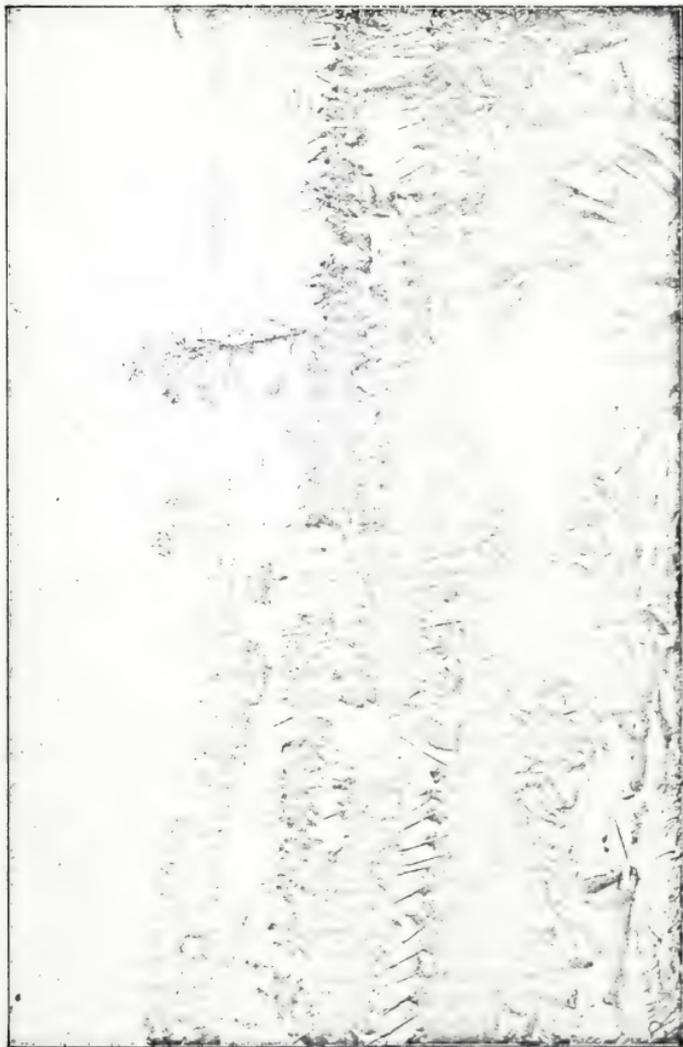
The record shows that I completed the last regimental report of DeBray's Regiment and wrote the last order detailing men from the commissary department, dated May 22, 1865, and was honorably discharged on May 23, 1865 by Gen. Kirby Smith.

**YOUNG COLVILLE (TOBE) EDMONDSON**, Forrester, Texas—Born Jan. 1, 1844 at Fayetteville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 8, 1861, at the above place as private in Company G, First Tennessee Infantry, Archer's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Ramsey and first Colonel, Pete Turney.

I was wounded in the right arm at Gettysburg, where I was taken prisoner and sent to Fort Delaware.

I was in the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, second battle of Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg.





BATTLE OF LAY'S (OR TANNER'S) FERRY, NEAR CALHOUN, GA.—MAY 15, 1864

Courtesy W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn.



## Reminiscences.

For a private, I had a rollicking big time, always with something to eat and to spare; barefooted and ragged, never missed a march or a fight from Seven Pines to Gettysburg, where they got me in the right "wing" and sent me to Delaware. Not liking my fare, I jumped my board bill, ate green apples eleven days; got back to my regiment; got a furlough home. Carried letters home for the boys, and found that my mother and sisters had been badly treated, having been in prison. One sister and a neighbor woman still there. Got into a fight with "home-made" Yankees; got wounded and captured in the fight. They killed four of their own men and said that I did it. Was tried by a military commission and was condemned to be hanged. Mother got me a reprieve; was exchanged, and got home; got into Ku Klux business; got out and came to Texas.

My escape from prison at Fort Delaware. We were good swimmers, and practiced till we thought we could float. We got a plank and tied our clothes to it. It was agreed that each was to take care of himself and was to make no appeal to the others, dying if must be, without a call for help. On the night of Aug. 12, 1863. We floated on for an hour or more and felt a sensation which encouraged us to carry out our plans. Soon the wind rose and the waves ran high, and the passing of a steamer brought us great danger. The names of this crew were Tom Stewart, John McKinney, James Cashion, George Stonebreaker, John Moore and myself. John being weak, lost his hold on the board and was drifting away, but, true to his promise, uttered not a word. I saw his situation and asked him if he could regain his hold on the board, and he said: "No, I'm gone;" but I got the others to help me and we got him back. After a stay of about six hours in the water we reached Newcastle. We pulled our frail bark ashore and on untying our clothes I found that mine were missing. John, realizing what he owed me, offered me his, but the offer was declined, as I thought I would present fully as good an appearance with a limited wardrobe as he. We went four miles before we found anyone from whom we could risk asking assistance, but found a man who clothed us and gave us breakfast, dinner and supper and passed us over the Newcastle River and gave us his blessing. Without unusual incident we reached the Susquehanna River, where we appropriated a yawl; but there were no oars and the crossing was with much difficulty. John being weak, could not have held on but for my help. We crossed, however, and then the next river was the Potomac, and then there was something to eat. Then came Culpepper C. H., Orange C. H., and then the regiment. We were nothing more than skeletons, but our patriotism was just the same. I was given a furlough, but was at the battle of Chickamauga. Dr. McNeely extended my furlough, and I carried the first news of the battle into Tennessee. I gave the letters to Washington Diemer to deliver. Later I was captured and taken to Nance's Mill, and then to the hospital at Pulaski, and then to the stockade at Tullahoma, where I found my sister and Mrs. Burrow Malear prisoners because they would not ride with the Yankee officers as escorts; and, though they were sent home, I was tried for murder, robbery and for being a spy; and upon the testimony of Dan Cobb, a negro, and some deserters, was convicted. My mother, armed with papers from friends, went to see Gov. Andrew Johnson, but he was in Louisville, Ky. Gen. John H. Morgan had cut the lines. My brave-hearted mother went every day to my cell, bringing something to eat from friends. The Governor arrived Wednesday, and the Friday following was hangman's day, when I was to ascend the gallows.



But not yet. My mother and her friends went to the capitol. At length Mrs. White went in to make her appeal. She recited the story, her own beauty no doubt adding to the effectiveness of her persuasion. When the document was handed to my mother she went at once to the St. Cloud hotel and was admitted alone. Glancing at the paper, the official sworn. My mother was then given a paper by Gov. Johnson and admonished to go at once to Washington and to give the papers to no one except the President. Much red tape had to be passed, but at last she stood in the presence of Mr. Lincoln. She was too weak and overstrung, and all she could say was: "My son; my son!" He allowed her the relief of tears while he looked over the papers, and then without a word of encouragement she was dismissed from his presence. On the second interview he said: "Your boy has been bad to my men, and if I do anything for your boy, what will you do for me?" The answer came: "I will pray for you always." There was a delay in making the proof that I was a regular soldier and not a "bushwhacker." Then there was another interview in which nothing was assured, but he said: "Cheer up; cheer up. There is brightness in the world, and there may be a share for you." The pine box which was made for me never served its purpose, but perhaps covered the face of some other one just as guiltless as I of the charges rendered. By the President's pardon I became a prisoner of war and was sent to Richmond for exchange, was paroled and sent home just as peace was made. But what of the mother? Her strength of body was not equal to her spirit, and soon after her return from Washington her nervous system could no longer withstand the strain and her spirit slipped away to a brighter clime to appear before the bar of a just Judge who, even in times of war, has his representatives among men.

D. A. EDWARDS, Celeste, Texas—Born March 9, 1836, in Ashe County, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Tazwell Court House, Va., Aug. 6, 1861, as private in Company L, Fifty-First Virginia Infantry, Lloyd's Regiment, Loring's Brigade, Early's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain, William P. Cecil, and first Colonel, G. C. Wharton. In the spring of 1862 we were attached to the Twenty-Third Virginia Battalion, consisting of eight companies (sharpshooters), commanded by Lieut. Col. C. Derrick, John Echols' Brigade, Jones Division, the same corps.

I was wounded in the battle of Winchester, Va., on Sept. 19, 1864, the ball entering the corner of my mouth and breaking my jaw bone. I was captured at the same time and sent to Point Lookout, Md. Was released from prison June 27, 1865.

In the reorganization in 1862 I was elected Color Sergeant of our Company, and was later elected Orderly Sergeant.

The first real battle was at Fort Donelson, Feb. 12, 13 and 14, 1862. Then back to Virginia. We had many encounters during the summer and fall of 1862 and 1863. We had a rather notable encounter at White Sulphur Springs, Va., sometimes called Dry Creek. Next, Droop Mountain; also a hard-fought battle at New Market, Va., and then to Richmond, fighting at Gaines' Mill, Frayser's Farm, Cold Harbor. Later to Lynchburg, and from there to the Shenandoah Valley, fighting the many battles which came off during that summer, winding up my part of it at Winchester, Va.

HENRY LOUIS EDWARDS, Gainesville, Texas—Born May 27, 1842, near Columbia, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in November, 1861, at that place, as private in Company E. Forty-Eighth Tennessee,



formed of the Forty-Eighth and Fifty-Fourth Regiments, Cleburne's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Dooley, and first Colonel was Voorhes. At the battle of Missionary Ridge with some others I was cut off from our command and got with Capt-Miller's company, and when reorganized I joined his company.

My first battle was near Corinth, Miss. The hardest battle I was in was at Perryville, Ky. Then the march over the mountains and the retreat back with scant clothing and in the midst of winter was something terrible. Besides this we were three days without food.

J. F. EDWARDS, Bering, Texas—Born Nov. 24, 1845, in Green County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1861 at Pine Bluff, Ark., as private in Company C, Thirty-Ninth Mississippi, Sears' Brigade, French's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Collum and first Colonel, Shelby. I served in artillery until the siege of Fort Hudson, and was then transferred to the Thirty-Ninth Mississippi.

I was wounded first at Corinth, Miss., in the left arm, and second at New Hope Church, a flesh wound in the right leg.

Was taken prisoner at Port Hudson and paroled. Then at Lost Mountain and escaped; third at Mobile, and was sent to Ship Island, where I stayed four months.

Was in the battles of Corinth, Hatchie River and all through Georgia, and Tennessee from first to last.

JAMES R. EDWARDS, Denton, Texas—Born Sept. 24, 1840, near Florence, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Oakland, Ala., as assistant surgeon of Ninth Alabama Infantry, Wilcox's Brigade, R. H. Anderson's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

Was left wounded on retreat from Richmond, and was taken prisoner two days before Gen. Lee's surrender. Was first sent to Libby Prison, and from there to Fortress Monroe to wait upon Confederate sick and wounded, where I remained till September, 1865, when I took the oath of allegiance and returned to my home in Alabama.

I was in the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861; Williamsburg, Seven Days' Fight at Richmond, from June 26 to July 2, 1862; second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Md.; Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Reames Station, the Crater and besides many skirmishes.

Amongst those gallant soldiers, whose names may have been forgotten, I will mention three—John D. Chandler, James Wilson and Stephen G. Greenough—all of whom fell at the battle of the Crater. All were of the Ninth Alabama Regiment.

JOSEPH STANTON EDWARDS, Ranger, Texas—Born April 2, 1843, in Benton County, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 in Erath County, Tex., as private in Company E and served on the Texas frontier. My first Captain was John Salmon and first Colonel was Jim Norris. I was a Texas Ranger before the war, but in 1864 was transferred to the Confederate Army. I was in several Indian fights, but never was in a regular battle. I had a brother-in-law killed in a fight on the 8th day of January, 1864. When I was transferred to the Confederate service we went to Gen. Magruder's command at Hempstead, Tex.



M. B. EDWARDS, Pilot Point, Texas—Born in 1841 near Bowling Green, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1862 near Eolia, Pike County, Mo., as private in Company E., Slayback's Regiment, Shelby's Division. My first Captain was Vaughn, and first Colonel, Slayback. I was not changed to another part of the army.

Was taken prisoner in 1862 and was kept seven weeks in Louisiana, Mo. I took an oath that I would not fight any more, but went back into the army and fought till the close of the war.

Was promoted to First Lieutenant in Company E. Was in all the fights from Springfield down to the line. I went five days and nights on my horse without sleep or food. The Yankees were crowding us so hard we had no time for anything but to run.

D. C. EFIRD, Copperas Cove, Texas—Born Jan. 2, 1836, at Albemarle, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1863, at that place as private in Company F, First North Carolina Cavalry, Hampton's Brigade, Stewart's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Rufus Baringer and first Colonel was Baker.

I was seriously wounded in the left side at White Oak Swamp. My second wound was in the hand nine days before the surrender.

I was in the seven days' fighting around Richmond, cavalry battle at Brandy Station, second Manassas, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Count House, around Petersburg, Armstrong Creek and many others.

We crossed the Potomac River below Harper's Ferry and went to Rockville, a village about seven miles from Washington, where we captured a train of about 200 wagons going from Washington to the Federal Army at Gettysburg to haul provisions for the army. We then took up the march for Gettysburg, marching five days and nights. Had several fights on the way.

Kilpatrick with a large cavalry force came from the Rapidan to unite with Dalgreen, who came up the peninsula to join him six miles from Richmond, so as to take Richmond by surprise; but they were driven back two miles, later retreating back to the Federal Army.

THOMAS ASHFORD ELGIN, Marshall, Texas—Born March 18, 1841, near Huntsville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 18, 1861, at Marshall, Tex., as private in Company F, Second Texas Cavalry, Parsons' Brigade, Green's Division. My first Captain was Sam J. Richardson and first Colonel was John S. (Rip) Ford. The company was first mustered in the service for frontier protection, and on May 23, 1861, was sworn into the Confederate service as Company F, Second Texas Mounted Rifles, at San Antonio, Tex. When this year expired we re-enlisted for three years, or during the war, and served as an independent company until January, 1864, when we were attached to Morgan's Company I, Parsons' Brigade.

I was captured at Arkansas Post with about forty of the company on Jan. 11, 1863. With about 4,000 troops was sent to Camp Butler and Camp Douglas, Ill. We were exchanged at City Point, Va., May, 1863. Was sent with the Arkansas Post troops to Tullahoma, Tenn.

Was promoted to Fourth Sergeant in 1862 and to Second Sergeant in 1863, and served in that capacity till the end of the war.

Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Hoover's Gap, Tenn.; McLe-more's Cove, Duck River, Tenn., and at Chickamauga.



JOHN ELLIS, Conroe, Texas—Born in 1831 at Galveston. Entered the Confederate service as private in Company G, Elmore's Regiment. First Captain was Oliver and first Colonel, Scott.

The only battle I was in was the one in which Galveston was recaptured.

I spent the whole of my service in Galveston except about four months, when I was detailed near the close of the war to go to Houston, where we worked in a small factory for making clothes for the soldiers.

I was not in the party which captured the "Harriett Lane," but assisted in taking the Federal prisoners off the boat.

About sundown the evening before the battle my company was marched over the bridge across the bay (Galveston Bay) to Virginia Point, where we stacked arms. We were then hitched to a small piece of artillery and pulled it by hand across to Galveston.

T. H. ELLISON, Lockhart, Texas—Born near Louisville, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army early in 1861 at Lockhart, Tex., as Second Sergeant, Company B, Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade. Was discharged on account of sickness. My first Captain was Jonathan Nix and first Colonel, Allen. I re-enlisted again in Capt. Meyers' company, DeBray's Battalion of cavalry, and was again discharged in 1862 on account of disability, and re-enlisted again in the fall of the same year in Holmes Company, Thirty-Second Texas Cavalry.

Was never wounded. Had four brothers, one younger and two older than myself, who were in the army. One was wounded in the campaign against Banks in Louisiana in 1864.

I was promoted upon the recommendation of my Captain and Colonel, and served the balance of the war as Captain of Company H, Thirty-Sixth Texas Cavalry. My service was in Louisiana and Texas during the entire war.

The present generation can not possibly conceive of the grandeur and gallantry of the Confederate soldier. Many have attempted to describe it, but have failed.

I remember well what the gallant Gen. John B. Gordon said in 1864, when his division of Lee's Army occupied Hagerstown, Pa. Ladies and children on their way to church were surrounded by Gordon's soldiers and were very much frightened, when he called out: "Don't be alarmed, ladies; my men are all gentlemen. They have mothers and sisters at home, and you are safer with them than with Northern soldiers."

After the Banks campaign the Texas troops were ordered to Texas for sustenance. My regiment arrived in Galveston in September, 1864. Yellow fever was there, and many soldiers died of the malady. I was fortunate enough to recover. Major Hoxie of my regiment died in an adjoining room to me. When I recovered I was ordered to take my company down eight miles from the city for picket duty. Here is where the main oyster reef is located which supplies the city.

Sweet potatoes and oysters were our bill of fare, and not a bad one. I was then 21 years old, and most of my company were from 18 to 24. A more refined set of men I never saw, all from the best of families. We were ordered back to the city Jan. 1, 1865, and quartered near the Catholic convent.

After the war closed we went back to our vocations, and I think it is not saying too much to say that we have been as good citizens as we were soldiers, and as honorable in peace as we were valiant in war.



**WILLIAM J. ELLISON**, Lockhart, Texas—Born June 4, 1846, near Louisville, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 7, 1862, at San Antonio, Tex., as private in Company K, Thirty-Second Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade, Dick Taylor's Division. My first Captain was S. M. Holmes, and first Colonel, P. C. Woods.

Was seriously wounded in the right thigh at the battle of Marksville, La.

Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Blair's Landing and Peach Orchard.

**N. M. ENNIS**, Granbury, Texas—Born in Winston County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Ash Creek, Miss., as private in Company E, Wirth Adams' Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry (who was afterward promoted to Brigadier General), Forrest's Division. My first Captain was Robert Muldrow and first Colonel, Wirth Adams.

My certificate from the War Department shows me absent on May 15, 1863, detailed as courier for Gen. Pemberton, now paroled. These records also show that I was paroled at Vicksburg, and that I was surrendered at Turnersville, Ala., May 4, 1865, and that I was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., on May 12, 1865.

I was in the battles of Franklin, Tenn.; Iuka, Miss.; Corinth, Miss.; Selma, Ala.; Shiloh, Vicksburg, Jackson, Miss.; Baker's Creek. These were the principal ones. Of course, there were many other smaller ones and skirmishes.

**C. C. EOFF**, Carlton, Texas—Born Aug. 1, 1846, at Carlton, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in January, 1862, at Belfont, Ark., as private in Company E, Nichols' Regiment, Price's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain was Williams, first Colonel, Nichols.

Was in guerilla warfare in Arkansas, and was shot twice in the arm after I had surrendered. I had eleven holes shot in my clothing. Six were killed, six wounded and six captured. I was taken prisoner in the above battle, but escaped with the enemy shooting at me; jumped off a bluff twenty-five feet high.

On one occasion I was without food two days and nights, and another time three days and nights. Rations were short and clothing scant. Except for a severe spell of sore eyes, I had no sickness.

Was also in the battles of Flat Rock and Mill Creek Bridge and Dry Fork, besides several skirmishes.

**W. R. ESMON**, Dallas, Texas—Born Oct. 11, 1845, in Monroe County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Mansfield, La., in the spring of 1861 as private. Was transferred to Company J, Twenty-Eighth Texas, Walker's Division. My first Captain was John McLemore, and first Colonel, Randall. Randall was promoted to Brigadier General.

After the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, I was detailed to go to Shreveport, La., on duty.

Was in the battle of Jenkins Ferry, Ark. Here Gen. Randall was killed.

**GEORGE EVERETT ESTES**, Fort Worth, Texas—Born Oct. 9, 1841, near Horn's Mill, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 27, 1861, at Shubuta, Miss., as private in Company A, Fourteenth Mississippi Infantry, Buckner's Brigade, Breckenridge's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was R. J. Lawrence, and first Colonel, W. E. Baldwin. In September, 1862, our regiment was transferred to Loring's



Division, Polk's Corps; then in 1863 our corps was transferred to Resaca, Ga., and served with that army till the close of the war.

I was wounded in the right side at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864. Was captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and carried to Camp Douglas and remained there (under good treatment), till September, 1862, when I was carried down to Vicksburg, where I was exchanged on Sept. 20, 1862. I was elected or appointed First Sergeant Oct. 1, 1861, and on the reorganization of the regiment was elected Junior Second Lieutenant and afterward promoted to Second Lieutenant. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Jackson, Miss. (two battles), and in all the battles and skirmishes of the Georgia campaign from Resaca to Lovejoy's Station, south of Atlanta, and in the battles of Franklin, Tenn.; Kingston and Bentonville, N. C.

I started out in May, 1861, from home with the expressed intention of cleaning up all Yankeeedom. I had been taught by demagogues and politicians to believe that I could whip a "cowpen full" of common Yankees. I lived and acted under this delusion till Gen. Grant and his army met us at Fort Donelson. I soon found that the Yankees could shoot as far and as accurately as I could, and from then until the end of the war I was fully of the opinion that the United States Army was fully prepared to give me all the fight I wanted. They seemed to be ready for a fray at any and all times.

I made a good soldier; never shirked any duty, never stole anything that I got away with; was always ready to draw rations, and, in fact, was what I termed a faithful foe of the United States Government. I never tried, after the first battle I was in, to kick up any fuss with the Yankees when they showed any disposition to be peaceable. I advised them to stay at home and pursue their usual avocations and let me rest under my own vine and fig tree; but Mr. Lincoln seemed bent on getting somebody whipped, and he succeeded to my heart's content.

I came home in May, 1865, not gay and scrappy as I started out, but a full-grown man, well versed in hardships, privations, dangers and the art of war. I was as tame as an old mule, and all I wanted in this life was some old clothes and something to eat. I had not had a square meal for a long, long time, and my clothing needed laundering, and I myself might have improved under a good treatment of soapsuds and a scrub-brush. Forty-seven years have elapsed, and I am in the enjoyment of a good and happy home, full of hope for a peaceful old age and finally for a home at the right hand of a good and merciful Heavenly Father.

**JOSEPH LAFAYETTE ESTES**, Anson, Texas—Born Aug. 28, 1841, near Brenham, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 1, 1861, at Red Oak, Ellis County, Tex., as a private in Company D, Twelfth Texas Volunteer Cavalry, Trans-Mississippi Department. M. B. Highsmith, first Captain, W. H. Parsons, first Colonel.

Was wounded at the battle of L'Anguille, Ark., Aug. 3, 1863, in the left shoulder, and at Yellow Bayou, La., May 17, 1864, in the left foot. At the reorganization at Little Rock, Ark., I was elected Third Sergeant and later promoted to Second Lieutenant. I was in the battles of Searcy's Lane, Ark.; Cotton Plant, L'Anguille, De Soto Mount, and in every engagement on Banks' raid into Texas and Louisiana.

In September we were ordered to Hempstead, Tex., where we were mustered into service for three years, or until the close of the war, and were then ordered to Houston, and remained there for the winter. In March, 1862, we were ordered to report to Gen. Earl Van Dorn at Little Rock, Ark., and arrived there in May, 1862. While there a detachment



of 125 men under command of Lieutenant Dan Grady of Company D was ordered in front of the Federals at Searcy. Here we had a battle and slaughtered the bluecoats. They were Dutch conscripts. We lost one man and six horses. After returning to Little Rock our regiment re-organized.

We were then ordered to report to Gen. Rusk at Devall's Bluff, and marched to Desarck and on to Cotton Plant, Ark., where we fought Gen. Steele and were defeated, May 14.

In January, 1863, we were ordered to Arkansas Post, which surrendered on Jan. 11, 1863. I was detached on picket on Red Fork Bayou near Napoleon, Ark., with a squad of soldiers. Our brigade, under Col. W. H. Parsons, Senior Colonel commanding, was ordered to Louisiana. We had a fight at De Soto Mound with "nigger" soldiers under white officers, taking them prisoners about noon. Had a running fight in the afternoon with marines.

After the battles of Pleasant Hill and Mansfield I joined the command at Natchitoches, La., on the 17th of April, and was in every engagement until May 17. I received a painful wound in the foot at Yellow Bayou and was not able for duty for quite awhile. Asked for furlough and returned home, remaining there until November.

On the morning of the battle of Yellow Bayou Corporal Sanford Turner remarked to me as we were taking up the line of march that if we had a battle that day he would get killed. I asked him why he spoke thus, and his reply was, "I dreamed a dog bit me on the thigh." I told him that I did not believe in such. In the afternoon we were ordered forward, and then the fight began in which we lost several killed and many wounded.

Turner and myself were both wounded. Turner's wound proved fatal, and he died during the night in the same ward in which I was located.

We were ordered to Texas that winter, and finally arrived at Bastrop, where I bade the boys adieu and returned to Brenham, the place of my nativity.

**JOHN J. EVANS**, Kildare, Texas—Born in 1843 near Chipley, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 8, 1861, at Whitesville as private in Company E, Twentieth Georgia Regiment, H. L. Benning's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. L. C. Norwood, first Captain, and James Smith, first Colonel.

Was changed from Virginia to Georgia to assist Bragg's Army in the campaign from Ringgold to Chattanooga and through the battle of Chickamauga.

Our Third Lieutenant, J. C. Morgan, was in command of our company almost all the time during active service. He was a soldier in every sense of the word.

I was in the seven days' fighting around Richmond, back through the Valley of Virginia into Maryland, then to Sharpsburg, back to Virginia and into Tennessee, at Gettysburg, and back to Virginia, Fort Harrison, Fort Gilmer, Petersburg and in all battles up to Appomattox Court House.

**CHARLES I. EVANS**, Washington, D. C.—Born March 29, 1843, Noxubee County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July, 1861, at Houston, Tex., as private in Company G, Second Texas Infantry; John W. Hood, first Captain, and John C. Moore, first Colonel.

Remained in Texas until March, 1862, then ordered east of the Mississippi to reinforce Gen. A. S. Johnston. Arrived at Corinth, Miss., April 3, 1862, and participated in the battle of Shiloh April 6 and 7, 1862. I



surrendered with the entire Confederate Army at Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863. Was never in prison.

After my exchange in the fall of 1863 I was promoted to Lieutenant of Artillery in H. H. Christian's battery, afterward transferred to O. G. Jones' battery.

Was in the battles of Shiloh, Farmington, Iuka, Corinth, Chickasaw Bayou, Fort Pemberton, siege of Vicksburg, all in Mississippi; Palmetto Ranch, near Brownsville, Tex., May 13, 1865. Here was fought the last battle of the Civil War, and one of the guns of my section fired the last gun of the war.

GEORGE ROBERT EVANS, Athens, Texas—Born June 16, 1844, near Decatur, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 15, 1861, at Decatur, Miss., as private in Company D, 13th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, Carleton first Captain and Wm. Barksdale, first Colonel. Was never wounded nor changed. Was captured about four months before the close of the war, near Berryville, Va., and was sent to Camp Chase, O. I have my prison release now dated May 15, 1865.

Was Corporal for three years. Was in all the principal battles from the first Manassas on to the Seven Days around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Capture of Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg. Was on streets of Fredericksburg when the city was riddled with shot and shell. After the battle we went into winter quarters here. Stood picket on the Rappahannock River. Would sometimes cross the river and exchange tobacco for coffee with the pickets. I saw the first wounded man of our command on the battlefield of Manassas. We never got under fire until late in the afternoon. I had no idea how a battle was fought. I saw the Federals firing on us in front, about this time our artillery opened, behind us of course. I did not understand this and supposed we had gotten into a very close place as they were firing on us from both front and rear. I soon learned more of battles. Took the measles a few days after the battle of Manassas, and was carried to Leesburg, Va., Hospital. One Mr. Vandiver came in and took me out to his home, and I remained there for about ten days. This was the only sickness I had during the war, and the only time I slept in a residence on a feather bed during the four years I was in the war. Could not mention battles in rotation, but mentioned them as they come to my mind. History shows where my corps figured. I was with it and that explains all.

JAMES S. EVANS, Livingston, Texas—Born near Fayetteville, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, as Captain in Company F, Twenty-Fourth North Carolina Regiment, Ransom's Brigade, Johnston's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. Jonathan Evans was my first Captain and William J. Clark, first Colonel.

Was wounded at Plymouth, N. C., April 20, 1864; Drewry's Bluff, Va., May, 1864. Was captured at the battle of Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865, and was sent to Johnson's Island.

Was promoted to Second Lieutenant. First Lieutenant and Captain. Was in the battles of Seven Days around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Drewry's Bluff, Petersburg (was in the entire siege of the last named place). I was at the Capture of Plymouth, N. C., April 19, 1864. Here Genls. Hoke, Cooke and Ransom's Brigade charged over a level field one-half mile to heavy earth works and captured nearly three thousand Federals and twenty-five siege guns. This I regard as the finest fight that I saw during the war.



**TOM J. EVERITT**, Austin, Texas—Was born near London, England. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company B, Fourth Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Brigade, Scarborough, first Captain and Riley, first Colonel.

Was never wounded, changed, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Valverde, Glorietta, Galveston Island, Irish Bend, Burwick Bay, Fort Butler, Baubeaux, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Snaggy Point and Yellow Bayou.

**R. M. EZELL**, Waukegan, Texas—Born July 11, 1842, near Gaston, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, June 20, 1861, as private in Company C, Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi Regiment, Buford's Brigade, Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee. James Griffin, first Captain and Baker, first Colonel.

First battle was New Madrid, Mo., next Island No. 10, was taken prisoner at Island No. 10, and sent to Fort Douglas, Chicago. Was wounded on the 6th of August, 1864, before Atlanta, Ga. Was shot through the body, tearing up my right shoulder blade, and breaking my right arm above the elbow. I was taken prisoner at Atlanta again and sent to Chattanooga, Tenn., where I made my escape.

After we were exchanged on September the 19th, 1862, we reorganized at Selma, Ala., when Colonel Baker was promoted to Brigadier General, and ordered to Dalton, Ga. Then I was still in Company C. Chas. McCall was my Captain. Was in Fifty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, Shackelford was our Colonel, Baker, Brigadier General, Clayton's Division, Hood's Corps, till he was promoted; then A. P. Hill was in command of the Corps. After Atlanta fell, our command was again split up. General Hood went north into Tennessee, and we were again placed under General Johnston, and marched after Sherman, General Cheatham in command of the division, marched through South Carolina and North Carolina, Sunday, 19th, 20th and 21st of March, 1865, we engaged in the battle of Bentonville, N. C. While fighting Kilpatrick's Cavalry on the 20th I was wounded twice in the left hand and arm, but not very seriously. On the 21st I received a 60-day's furlough, and went back home, marching through South Carolina barefooted. Was in the battles of New Madrid, Island No. 10, Jackson, Rock Face Mountain, Dalton, Kennesaw Mountain, Lost Mountain, Peach-tree Creek, Marietta, Resaca and New Hope Church.

**W. M. FAGG**, Lewisville, Texas—Born Aug. 28, 1839, near Gallatin, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 6, 1862, at Hearsville, Tenn., as private in Company A, Fifteenth Tennessee Cavalry, Duke's Brigade. My first Captain was Cage Griffin and first Colonel Bennett. I was never wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. I was in the battles of Hartsville, Tenn., and Mulger's Hill, Ky.

I was in Morgan's Cavalry, hence, engaged in many raids in Kentucky and Tennessee. We had many "Bushwhackers" to contend with in the mountains of East Tennessee and Kentucky. We whipped the Federals out at Hartsville, Tenn., and cleaned up Boone at Gallatin, Tenn. I was in the battles of Greasy Creek, Ky., Mulger's Hill and Elizabethtown, Ky., and in many other places all over Tennessee and Kentucky we had many fights and skirmishes.

In one little fight near Green River, Ky., I saw a shell fall near General Duke's horse, killing the horse and wounding the General on the head. When we were on those raids we would go days and nights without sleep



and often without food. When our horses would give out we would bounce another fresh one and when we did get a chance to lay down we could sleep soundly even in rain or snow. I was put on a courier line of nine miles and served there for some time and had some hard times. I was on the go many nights when it was so dark that I could not see my horse's head and went through many hardships which seem almost impossible now, but somehow I did it.

**ROBERT FAICKNEY**, Angleton, Texas—Born April 23, 1842, near New York City. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 5, 1861, at Columbia, Tex., as private in Company A, Brown's Regiment, Walker's Division, Dick Taylor's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. S. W. Perkins, first Captain, and R. R. Brown, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield and Galveston.

**JOHN FAIN**, Bristol Tennessee—Born . . . . . Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Tex., July 31, 1862, in John K. Bumpas' Company F, as private. Was afterwards elected Second Lieutenant in which capacity he served during the war. He was a delicate man and really not capacitated for exposure and notwithstanding the fact that his sympathies were not with secession he was a true soldier and always ready for duty. Like many other men he must take sides in the struggle and preferred to stay with his own people although disagreeing with them. He was a man of fairly good education and quite companionable around the campfire. On many occasions Kangaroo Courts, which helped us to pass the time, were organized, and he and Redwine were generally opposing attorneys. He was a fairly good speaker and after the war was over he went back to Tennessee where he engaged in the practice of law. This information is given by his kinsman, W. P. Bickley and his comrade, Tom Howard.

**GEORGE FANNIN FAIR**, Plainview, Texas—Born May 9, 1843, near Kingsport, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Bloomfield, Ark., as private in Company B, second Cherokee Regiment, Stan Watie's Brigade, Cooper's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Joe Hardin, and first Colonel Adair. Was in the battle of Spring River Kans., Aug. 1862, Newtonia, Mo., Oct. 1862, and Ft. Wayne. Was sick or on detail the remainder of the war, and surrendered at Fort Smith, Ark., June 11, 1865. My father was killed by the Pin Indians in the 61st year of his age, near his home in Benton County. There were four brothers of us in the same company and all lived through the war. I give you only three battles in which I participated, but being in the cavalry I was in many skirmishes and hard raids. Was never wounded nor made prisoner. I was never put under guard nor on extra duty for conduct unbecoming a soldier. Several of my comrades were killed and will give you a few of their names. Lieutenant Ballinger, in the battle of Honey Spring, Lieutenant Baxter, McDonald's Missouri Company. Then the following privates: John Phillips, John West, John Bridges, John Gholson, Wash Heaslet, Frach Heaslet, James Ross and some others whose names I do not remember.

**JOHN C. FALL**, Nacogdoches, Texas—Born near Chireno, Nacogdoches County, Tex., July 22, 1841. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 1861, at San Augustine, Tex., as Third Sergeant in Company K, First Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, B. F. Benton, first Captain and L. T. Wigfall, first Colonel.



I was discharged in December, 1861 and sent home to die with consumption, but regained my health and joined the army again in Colonel O. M. Robert's Regiment, Eleventh Texas Infantry, Captain M. Mast's Company A. Was elected First Lieutenant and served until the close of the war in May, 1865. Was in the battle of Burbo Bayou, La., also at the Battle of Fort De Russy on Red River.

Was captured at Fort De Russy, March 14, 1864, was sent to New Orleans and remained in prison until July 22, when I was exchanged at the mouth of Red River.

My Regiment was a part of Randall's Brigade, Walker's Division, (known as the "gray hounds") for he marched all over Louisiana, Arkansas and part of Texas.

**JOHN FARMER**, Houston, Texas—Born Feb. 21, 1842, near Flora, Ill. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September 1861, at Houston, Tex., as private in Company K, Eighth Texas Cavalry, Forrest's Brigade, Jos. E. Johnston's Division, Army of Tennessee. John G. Walker, first Captain and Frank Terry, first Colonel. Was discharged February, 1863, on account of wounds and joined the Trans-Mississippi Division, January, 1864.

Was wounded in the left leg in Forrest's raid on Murfreesboro, July 7, 1862. Was taken prisoner about July 12, 1862, and paroled. Was promoted June, 1864, Lieutenant of T. B. Wheeler's Company, Dailey' Battalion.

Was in the battle of Mumfordsville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Tenn., Shiloh and several other smaller skirmishes in Tennessee and Kentucky.

**T. J. FARMER**, Waco, Texas—Born Oct. 11, 1840, near Lynchburg, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Lynchburg, Va., as private in Company B, Eleventh Virginia Infantry, Terry's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, Robert Sanders, first Captain and Kirk Otis, first Colonel.

Was badly wounded in the battle of Gettysburg in the thigh and still carry the minie ball.

Was taken prisoner at Five Forks Va., and sent to Richmond, then to New Port News and remained in prison for seven months.

I was in the battles of First Manassas, Cold Harbor, Chancellorsville, Drewry's Bluff, Sharpsburg, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Farmersville and second battle of Manassas. I surrendered with Lee at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865.

I was also in the siege of Petersburg and in the battles of Plymouth, Roseboro, Wilmington and Jamestown, N. C. We captured all those places. Had one-half pound flour and one-half pound meat per day, which shows that our rations were very scant. Although this is more than we had at other times. At times we had only parched corn, many of us were without shoes, with our clothing all tattered and torn. From North Carolina we were ordered to Drewry's Bluff, and as we marched down the street through a heavy rain at 2 a. m., the ladies were up and gave us something to eat. On our march the next morning, Pickett's Division was placed under General Beauregard. We fought Butler's Army here and captured many prisoners, all their fortifications and many wagons. Next morning we were ordered to meet General Grant who was falling back from the Wilderness. With a small force we kept him in check for a day and night.

I lost two brothers at Drewry's Bluff, Arthur and John Farmer. I could give the names of hundreds who were killed.



**S. W. FARROW**, Hico, Texas—Born Jan. 30, 1838, near Crawford, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, May 1862, at Carthage, Tex., as private in Company E, Nineteenth Texas Infantry, McCulloch's Brigade, Taylor's Division, Kirby Smith's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department, Dixon, first Captain and R. Waterhouse, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted.

Was in the battle of Milliken's Bend, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkins' Ferry. Our Regiment was disbanded at Hempstead, Tex., in May, 1865.

**J. B. FAULKNER**, McKinney, Texas—Born in Calloway County, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at McKinney, Tex., as private in Company I, Ninth Texas Infantry, J. J. Dixon, first Captain, Cheatham's Division, Polks Corps, Army of Tennessee. Sam Ball Maxey, first Colonel. Served four years in the same regiment and company. Was promoted to Third Sergeant, which rank I held until the close of the war. I had a slight wound in the shoulder at the battle of Shiloh, also received wound on the head by minie ball at the battle of Chickamauga by the explosion of bomb-shells. Was never captured, but had to fight hard and run fast many times to prevent it. Was in the battle of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Corinth, Jackson, Perryville, Chickamauga and several battles in which Joe Johnston's army was engaged, from Dalton, Ga., to Atlanta, which was a siege of about three months, during which time we were hardly out of reach of the enemy's guns. Then Johnston was superceded by Hood, who soon wound the war to a close. My second captain, R. M. Board, lives here in McKinney. After the war I came home and settled down to try and accumulate something to live on. I was fairly successful, accumulated about \$10,000, when the Lord and my church, (Christian Church) about 1870 called me to preach. Have lived in Collin County over fifty years. Have preached over forty years in North Texas. My people say I have preached as many sermons, baptized as many people, organized as many churches and married as many people, as any preacher in the country.

**J. W. FAVER**, Richland, Tex.—Born July 11, 1846, near Greensport, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 18, 1861, at San Antonio, Tex., as private in Company E, Fourth Texas Cavalry; H. H. Sibley's brigade, Tom Green's division, Dick Taylor's corps, Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department; Buckholts, first Captain, and Riley, first Colonel.

We came back from New Mexico in 1862, and went home for sixty days. Our next service was at the recapture of Galveston in 1863, and then went to Louisiana to meet Gen. Banks at Brashear City, twelve miles above Bismarck. Col. Riley and many private soldiers were killed at the battle of Franklin and Vermillion Bayou. Recaptured Brashear City. Our next fight was at Donaldsonville on the Mississippi River, then the battles of Bayou Fardoche, Carrion Crow, La., Opelousas, Old Caney, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Blair's Landing and many cavalry skirmishes which I do not remember. Was always in good health and ready for service. My services in H. H. Sibley's brigade was authorized by the government of Texas, to organize a brigade of three regiments to invade and take possession of New Mexico. A call for volunteers was made, three regiments, first Riley's Fourth mounted, second, Tom Green's Fifth and Seventh under Col. Steele. In the year of 1861, late in the fall, we invaded New Mexico, and the 21st day of February, 1862, we engaged Gen. Canby in the battle of Valverde, on the Rio Grande, where we defeated the enemy and captured six heavy



pieces of artillery, six-inch brass cannons. Here we formed our artillery company. J. D. Sears was appointed Captain of the battery in Tom Green's regiment, which was known as the Valverde Battery. I remained with the battery until I was promoted to Major on Gen. Green's staff. Company E was in a cavalry charge when they lost twenty-seven horses and two men. At one time we had to give up our horses and artillery which were our own property to the Second Regiment. We then went as far as Glorietta Canyon, N. M. We had about 700 men under Lieut. Col. W. R. Scurry; here had a fight with the Federals. They burned our trains and killed our men without mercy. We fought all day in the snow, and drove the enemy about four miles up the canyon, where they ran off and left us. We had a number of men wounded in this battle, which was on March 28, 1862. After we had buried our dead and cared for the wounded we went back to Santa Fe, and from there to El Paso, with an ox wagon; we traveled about four hundred miles and met supplies at Alimoso Canyon. At El Paso we received orders to take up the line of march, and on the 5th day of June we reached San Antonio.

H. C. FERGUSON, Lubbock, Tex.—Born Dec. 1, 1846, near Morgantown, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 20, 1864, at Bonham, Tex., as private in Company C, Chalmer's battalion; W. C. Roberts, first Captain. We were mustered into the regular Confederate service Dec. 1, 1864. Was in many skirmishes with the Jayhawkers and outlaws.

J. R. FERGUSON, Sulphur Springs, Tex.—Born July 11, 1837, near Coffeeville, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 18, 1862, at Sulphur Springs, as Second Sergeant, in Company E, Eighteenth Texas Infantry, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; W. R. Buford, first Captain, and W. B. Ochiltree, first Colonel. Was promoted to Captain in 1863. Was in the battles of Richmond, La., Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkins' Ferry, Ark.

R. W. FERRELL, Cleburne, Tex.—Born March 17, 1843, near Holly Springs, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 2, 1862, at Senatobia, Miss, as private in Company B, First Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's brigade, W. H. Jackson's division, Van Dorn's corps, Army of Tennessee; J. K. Barry, first Captain, and R. A. Pinson, first Colonel.

Was not changed throughout the war, never wounded nor captured. Was promoted to First Corporal. We, as cavalry, rarely ever fought as infantry in pitch battles. We did service in North Mississippi, West Tennessee, North Alabama, Middle Tennessee, around Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss. Went to Georgia with Gen. Polk, through Georgia to Atlanta, and with Gen. Hood to Nashville and back. Was surrendered May, 1865. I have my parole now signed by Gen. Canby. For me to mention the battles in which I was engaged would be impossible. For instance, in the campaign of Georgia we were in almost a continuous fight for four months, night and day. Again in the fall of 1863, in Mississippi, we followed the old house burner, Sherman, and his robbers from Jackson to Meridian and back. For thirty-one days we did not dare to unsaddle our horses. In fact, in the last two years of the war we never remained in camp for rest more than five days at a time. At Dallas, Ga., we were dismounted and put into the breastworks for a few days, and while there charged the Yankee works and took them and sustained a loss of over eighty men in twenty minutes. We covered Gen. Joe Johnston's left wing on his retreat before Sherman through Georgia. Was Gen. Hood's advance guard to Nashville, Tenn.,



and rear guard back to Selma, Ala., in which most of my regiment was captured.

No pen can describe the horrors of that war. No one but those who experienced it can believe the hardships through which we went. And it is but justice that it be known that the noble women of the South stood to their work as faithfully and loyally as any one, suffering really more than the soldiers in the field. God bless them. They are still fighting for the cause that was not lost. To their honor and glory, they stayed until the Stars and Bars fell from the staff without a stain or blemish, and they are at work yet.

In memorial to my brother, S. D. Ferrell, I write this: He lived in Texas at the beginning of the war. Enlisted in Company G, Fourth Texas Infantry (Hood's old regiment), was attached to Gen. Hood's brigade, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. Was wounded at Gaines' Mill and killed in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863, and his body was buried by the enemy. After the war, my father had the body brought back to Mississippi and reentered by the side of our mother near Holly Springs, Miss. From our family went out six brothers, namely, B. H., H. H., J. H., S. D., R. W. and W. S. Ferrell, of whom only one was killed. All are now dead except the last two mentioned, R. W. and W. S.

J. M. B. FIELD, Willis, Tex.—Born near Montgomery, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in November, 1864, as private, and served in Company E, and afterwards in Company G, Twenty-Fourth Texas Cavalry, under Magruder, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Weldon. One of my Captains was captured at Arkansas Post and never returned to the command. I was never in an important battle. Most all my regiment were captured at Arkansas Post.

My mother was a widow with six children, of whom I was the oldest. My mother cared for and fed many a Confederate soldier, but never charged a cent. She and sisters would card and spin and weave cloth and make it into clothes and send them to the soldiers. I wove while they spun. We passed through many hard places, but the saddest for me was when the time came for us to leave my mother. She placed her arms around my neck and said, "Go, my son, and be a valiant soldier for your country. God be with you. Farewell."

D. F. FIELDS, Frost, Tex.—Born Sept. 6, 1841, near Millport, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Providence, as private in Company K, Forty-First Alabama Infantry; Breckenridge's division, Bragg's corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was James Craddock, and first Colonel Hanson. Was wounded in the knee at Murfreesboro and transferred to the cavalry service in Company H, Capt. Muldrow, Perkins' regiment and Furgeson's brigade, Jackson's division and Wheeler's corps.

Was wounded in the face at Jonesboro, Ga. I was in several close calls, but was never taken prisoner. I was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Jackson, Miss., and nearly all the fighting back to Meridian, Miss. We were then ordered to Georgia and got to Rome the evening that Johnston fought the battle of Resaca. Joined Johnston's retreating army and stayed between Sherman and Johnston through Georgia and North Carolina. Took part in the battles of Kennesaw and Lost Mountain, New Hope Church, Marietta, Peachtree Creek and Atlanta. Was east of Atlanta on the Decatur road when one of our men had the front part of his skull shot off, but it did not break the membrane around the brain. Another comrade and I carried him to the rear and laid him behind a big stump while the



other went for an ambulance. I had to hold his hands to keep him from tearing out his brains. It was a sickening sight. I would be glad to know if he got well, and if the comrade who helped me is still alive.

Never will I forget the hardships of that retreat. Many times I was so hungry that I would eat sticks and leaves. What sleep we got was on horseback and in the rain, as it rained nearly all the time from Rome to Atlanta. No one but the private soldier ever knew the hardships we endured on this campaign, and that is why I never allowed my daughters to play "Marching Through Georgia." The very thoughts of seeing Sherman's monuments (brick chimneys without houses), poor women and children turned out with nothing to eat and no place to shelter from the rain, is enough to keep every United Daughter of the Confederacy from ever playing that tune.

I am almost 69 years old and my sun will soon be set, and I will "pass over the river to meet those old boys already gone before."

ELIAS FIKES, Waco, Texas—Born Sept. 20, 1844, near Selma, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Marion, Ala., Jan. 10, 1862, as private in Company A, Twenty-Eighth Alabama Infantry. Wither's Division, Polk's Corps. First Captain was named Lavalle Butler and first Colonel was Frazier.

Was in the battle of Corinth, and we were posted in the lonely woods to watch for the enemy. We vacated Corinth and made a forced march of one hundred miles. We were then transferred to Mobile, Ala., crossed the bay to Tensaw Station, where we encountered a severe storm and had two men killed by lightning. They had been my neighbors at home. We then went to Tennessee. It was a long march through Tennessee and Kentucky. We had a battle at Mumfordsville, Sept. 14, 1862, and went from there up through the mountains and did without bread for a whole week. Was in the battles of Mumfordsville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge.

I was captured at Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863, and sent to prison at Rock Island, where we experienced a critical time. On New Year's Day, 1864, we came near freezing. We were kept there till Feb. 15, 1865, when we were taken to Chicago, Ill., then to Richmond, where I was given a furlough, March 3, 1865. The war soon closed and I did not return to the army.

J. W. FINCHER, Amarillo, Texas—Born Aug. 4, 1842, near Cummings, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 4, 1861, at Atlanta, Ga., as private in Company H, First Georgia Infantry, Bragg's Division. Name of first Captain was Harris and first Colonel was Ramsey. Was sent to Virginia to re-enforce General Garnett at Laurel Hill and was then changed to Stonewall Jackson's Corps. We were then ordered to Augusta, Ga., and disbanded. I then enlisted in Company I, Forty-Third Georgia Regiment, and was stationed at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, and was paroled. Was promoted from private to second sergeant.

Was in the battle of Laurel Hill, Va., Greenbriar River, Va., Resaca, New Hope Church and Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., and the siege at Vicksburg.

Was in many more or less severe battles from Chattanooga to Atlanta, Ga.

GEORGE FINSKE, deceased (record sent by W. L. Davidson, Richmond, Texas.)—Born in New Braunfels, Tex., Aug. 1847. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 1861, at San Antonio, Tex., as private in Com-



pany B, Captain Hoffman; Seventh Regiment Texas Cavalry, Colonel Steele. Was in all the battles of Green's Brigade. Was never captured nor wounded.

JOSEPH L. FISHER, Stamford, Tex.—Born in Green County, Illinois, in 1841. I enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1862, in Dallas County, Texas, as private in Company F, Sixth Texas Cavalry, Ross' brigade, Jackson's division, Wheeler's corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was R. S. Guy, and first Colonel was B. Warren Stone.

After the battle of Pea Ridge we crossed the Mississippi River with Gen. Price and was attached to the army as above stated. We did service in Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. Was at Spring Hill and Thompson Station. The latter, though a small affair, was a very hard fought battle. Was never wounded nor taken prisoner and the only promotion I got was more hard service.

Was in the battles of Pea Ridge, Corinth, Miss., Franklin, Tenn., and all around Atlanta, Ga., besides many skirmishes and smaller battles.

There are many incidents concerning Ross' brigade which should be made matters of history. We were in active service all the time, while not attached all the time to any brigade.

Yazoo City, Okalona, Iuka, Farmington and other engagements are worthy of a place in the history of the war. In all these places Ross' brigade figured prominently and did gallant service as well as suffered the privations incident to war.

R. M. FITE, Kingston, Tex.—Born in 1834, near Livingston, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Spring Creek, as Orderly Sergeant, in Company B (was also Color Sergeant) Twenty-Fifth Infantry, Bushrod Johnson's brigade, Cheatham's division, Hardee's corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Joe Bilbery and first Colonel, Sid Stanton.

After two years, following Shiloh fight, I was transferred to the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by George Dibrell.

At the battle of Shiloh, on the second day, I was paralyzed by the explosion of a bombshell. Was not able to walk and keep in line with the infantry. I did hospital duty till I could ride horseback. Was slightly wounded at Murfreesboro. Was never taken prisoner.

I was made courier and scout and would run on a Yank now and then. I captured one with a bucket of honey and divided it with Gen. Wheeler.

Was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, New Hope Church, Kenesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta and Resaca, Ga., Knoxville, Tenn., Blair's Cross Roads and Mossy Creek, Tenn. Was thirty-one days at Knoxville, Tenn. Was at Perryville, Ky., Columbia, S. C., and Goldsboro, N. C., and many more, too numerous to mention.

JAMES E. FITZGERALD, Strip, Texas.—Was born May 25, 1845, near Columbia, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Palestine, Texas, as private in Company D, Thirteenth Regiment, Waul's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first captain was Hank and first Colonel Burnett. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkins Ferry.

The company in which I enlisted did not leave till in 1862. I was only a boy of 16 when I left father, mother, sisters and brothers to fight for my country; and Oh! the privations and hardships I endured. The many, many miles I marched, footsore, weary, hungry and cold. Well do I re-



member when we were issued one-half of an ear of corn as rations. I threw my part away, thinking that if I could get no more, this would do me no good, but some one told me that I had better keep it. It would taste good before I got any more, and it was only too true. But the Giver of all good threw His protecting arms around me and I was permitted to return to my loved ones again. There were four brothers of us in the war and two were lost and two reached home.

DAVID FITZGERALD, Austin, Texas.—Was born in Tralle County, Ireland. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 13, 1861, at Houston, Texas, as private in Company F, "Davis Guards," First Texas Heavy Artillery. My first captain was Fred H. Odum and first Colonel was J. J. Cook. Was promoted to Corporal, and to Orderly Sergeant. After the battle of Sabine Pass, R. W. Dowling was made Major and I was elected Second Lieutenant. Was in the battle of Galveston, Jan. 1, 1863. Participated in the capture of "Morning Light" and "Velocity," and was in the battle of Sabine Pass, Sept. 8, 1863.

JOHN T. FITZPATRICK, Royse City, Texas.—Was born Feb. 26, 1838, near Winchester, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, as private in Company E, Seventeenth Tennessee Infantry, Zolicofer's Brigade, and after his death, Bushrod Johnson's, Crittenden's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was A. S. Marks and first Colonel, Taz. W. Newman. I was never wounded. Was taken prisoner in June, 1862, and sent to Nashville, Tenn. I served with Gen. N. B. Forrest awhile after getting out of prison. Was in the battles of Fishing Creek, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, and Chickamauga, afterwards serving in the Commissary Department. My regiment, with Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, went with Gen. Longstreet and surrendered with Gen. Lee at Appomattox.

D. FLANIKEN, Tolbert, Texas.—Born near Russelville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Independence, as private in Company I, Fifth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; J. B. Robertson first Captain and Archer first Colonel. Was wounded twice in scouting, once in the arm and once in the side. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Gaines Mill, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, also every day in the East Tennessee campaign, Beans Station, Knoxville and the Wilderness.

LOUIS SPENCER FLATAU, St. Louis, Mo.—Was born May 25, 1843, near San Augustine, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 25, 1861, at Tangipo, La., as gunner with rank of Corporal, First Confederate Artillery, Fourth Louisiana Brigade. First captain was Allen. After serving for time enlisted I re-enlisted in Cowan's Battery from Vicksburg, First Regiment of Light Artillery, commanded by Col. Withers. Afterwards was placed with different brigades and was finally made a part of Featherstone's Mississippi Brigade, Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Was wounded in the head at Chickasaw Bayou, and at the siege of Atlanta was hit on the right side by a piece of shell. I was never promoted, but remained Gun Corporal and was considered the best shot in the Army of Tennessee. I was in the battles of Vicksburg, Chickasaw Bayou, Mechanicsburg, Baker's Creek, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Lost Mountain, Marietta, Chattahoochie River, Peachtree Creek,



Atlanta, Big Shanty, Alltoona Heights, Decatur, Ala., Florence, Tusculmbia, Columbia, Franklin, Nashville, with block houses and skirmishes galore. The last fight was Ft. Blakely, in Mobile Bay, where my battery surrendered. I got away and joined Joe Shelby, and went to Mexico and offered my services to Maximilian, which were refused.

#### Reminiscence.

The battle of Franklin, to the best of my recollection, was fought on the 30th day of November, 1864. Think of it! Is it possible that it has been forty-eight years since this bloody battle was fought? It appears like a dream to me, and I want to say right here and now, without fear of contradiction, that it was the bloodiest battle that was ever fought in this world, where guns were used that burned powder. I have heard and read about other bloody battles that have been fought! I have heard men tell about battles wherein they fought, but never have I heard or read of anything that compared to the battle of Franklin, taking into consideration the area of the field and the number of men engaged. This may appear to you as an exaggeration somewhat, but not so. No tongue could tell, no pen could portray, no artist could paint a scene that would depict this bloody slaughter pen, wherein so many brave, splendid and daring Americans fell and died on both sides. This was a battle where it was diamond cut diamond, steel to steel, where Americans met Americans, who were worthy of their steel. The men that composed our Army at this fight were brawny-armed, sun-burned and scar-marked heroes, every one of them. They averaged a wound to the man. All the "tenderfeet" had left us—all that used to say, "I wish the war was over, and I don't care how it ends," had gone, most of them without leave, and that body of warriors was commanded and directed by a hero whose greatness and love of country can never be denied. One of his legs and one arm shot away, and still in the din of battle, leading and encouraging his soldiers, the like of which was never surpassed.

I don't think that I digress if I call your attention to some facts in regard to this wonderful officer and patriot. No one can dispute the greatness and patriotism of our Generals in the Confederate Army. You have heard the names of Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg and Hardee; the illustrious Stonewall Jackson and others sung and spoken throughout this country, but I want to give you the highest authority in the history of the Confederacy that my ideas of his greatness are true. To do that, I want to remind you of a man who was the greatest and grandest statesman, hero and citizen the world ever knew. Napoleon wasn't a circumstance, the Duke of Wellington was nowhere, and Abraham Lincoln couldn't hold a candle to him. All sink into insignificance, in my estimation, compared to this man. This man, backed by his wisdom and patriotism kept all Confederate Generals filled with encouragement and determination to never give up; this man with 600,000 against 2,600,000 soldiers, and against all Europe for four long years. This man, with no munitions of war scarcely—with no navy whatever; this man, the nucleus around which all the South clung and looked forward to; this man, who had watched the Yankees drive us from Dalton to Atlanta, under different officers. This man, who had watched our defeat at Resaca, at Dallas, at New Hope Church, at Lost Mountain, at Kennesaw, at Chattahoochee River, at Peach Tree Creek, saw us give up Atlanta, defeated at Jonesborough, knew that we had dug up all this country, making ditches and lines of defense, knowing that a savage army, that showed no quarter nor asked none, had cut a swath through the Confederacy that could be traced by columns of smoke



by day and by the light of burning homes by night. He tired of this; he came to us at Palmetta Station, Georgia, below Atlanta, formed us in a hollow square around him, and in the conclusion of his remarks, he praised us and appealed to us, and said, clearly and distinctly: "My Fellow Countrymen and Soldiers of the Confederate Army: I am going to send you back to Tennessee. I can't promise you much breadstuff, I can't promise you much comfort; you will undergo many, many privations and sufferings, no doubt, but there is one thing I will promise you—a man to lead you to victory, or even to defeat, the grandest, the most patriotic officer and soldier that ever drew a sword from its sheath, Gen. John B. Hood of Texas." These words came from the lips of Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy.

This, my comrades, is the authority that I cite for the confidence and the praise I give Gen. Hood, and it is indisputable. If I had the means, or the influence, I would cause to be erected Twin Monuments to these two heroes, Davis and Hood; monuments a thousand feet high. I would link them together by means of an arch at their top, and would have a beacon light on top of radium, so that the North and the South, the East and the West, as well as sailors on the high seas, might be reminded by night of the statesmanship, the valor and patriotism of these two illustrious Americans.

Now let me carry you back to Tennessee and fight the battle of Franklin, and tell you why and how it was fought.

We had had many battles before that of Franklin. The first fight was Big Shanty, and we whipped them. The next fight was Altoona Heights, Decatur, Florence, on the Tennessee River, where we drove them back and crossed over to Tusculumbia and Columbia, whipping them all the time, driving them before us like chaff before the wind—the first time we ever licked them in my experience, and slept on the field, except at the battle at Chickasaw Bayou. They made a bold stand at Columbia, held us in check for some time; had been fighting all day, and they had been very stubborn. Late in the evening the orders came to our division, Loring's, and Cleburne's Division. One division moved up the river and the other down the river, and we crossed and reached the rear of the Yankees completely, our wings being so close together that night on each side of the turnpike that we could hear the tread of the Yankees and the rattle of their canteens as they retreated. We could have closed up across the turnpike and captured every one of them, but this was not the intention of Gen. Hood, so he let them retreat to Franklin, knowing that they would make a stand there if he allowed them to do so, and they did. The next morning, or during the day, our entire army of about 35,000 men moved on Franklin, skirmishing and fighting their rear guard until we came in sight of the town. It was about half past two o'clock or three in the evening, when we formed two of the most beautiful lines of battle that were ever formed in front of an enemy; it looked like dress parade, wherein officers were going to review the troops. From where we formed at the foot of the hill was about 1,200 yards from their main line of works; we could see them as plainly as could be; there wasn't a tree or a stump or anything between us and them except the grass that was growing in the old fields—in fact, it was a parade ground almost. On the right was a gin-house, and in our front there was a beautiful bois d'arc hedge; the body of the trees in the hedge was about 4 or 5 inches in diameter; on the left of the turnpike and near the Carter house, and in front of Cleburne's Division, was a locust hedge. When the fight was over both of these hedges lay flat on the ground toward us, split and torn into splinters, down level with



the ground. The main line of the Yankee works were of the very best construction; the entire length of these works was capped with a 12-inch square hewed poplar headlog, 4 inches above the dirt under which they shot. Their artillery was deployed along this line; it looked to me like a 12-pound Napoleon or a 3-inch rifle gun every 10 or 20 feet. They had on their right and left, and especially in our front and right, forts high up on a hill-top, with 6 or 8 30-pound Parrott guns that could, and did, rake our lines from start until night, with a most destructive, galling, enfilading fire, that kept the air filled with bursting shrapnels over our heads, and cut great swaths through our lines in hundreds of places, while we moved forward in perfect line, before we had ever fired a gun. Their main line held its fire likewise; there was a line thrown up in front of their main line, picket-post like, connected with breastwork, behind which was a most stubborn and formidable thin line of battle. They opened fire first, and that seemed to echo the command from one end of our line to the other to charge. This line gave away at once, and what few of them were left went into the main line. We were then within 600 yards of the muzzles of their guns, when the most terrific infantry and artillery fire that ever swept a field, cut us down by the hundreds. This carnival of death had no more effect in daunting the courage of these wonderful soldiers than if it had been a Fourth of July celebration. Nothing but a bullet would stop them.

Our division went over the works in seven places, and every man that went over was killed, except Gen. Gordon.

The ditch in front of the Yankee works was almost filled with dead and dying. Wounded men who fell into this ditch were buried by other men climbing the breastworks pushing the dirt down upon them, the dead already being three and four deep, one on top of the other. Their artillery along this line was soon silenced, nearly every cannoner being killed or wounded. This artillery for 600 yards in their front had done the most deadly damage, as it swept the field with canister. The ground was torn with bullets and shot as though a harrow had run over it, the dead and wounded were so thick that when the second, third and fourth charges were made against their works, it became impossible to go forward without stumbling over the dead. No man could have been so particular as not to have bloodied his shoes. No wounded were borne from the field as every litter bearer was shot down. Hundreds of men who fell on the field wounded, were afterwards riddled with bullets from the galling fire that was poured from under the enemy's headlog. Thirteen of our Generals were killed or wounded. Five as gallant as ever died, lay upon the field within a radius of 200 yards, Gist, Granbury, Strahl, Adams and Cleburne. Nearly every line officer of rank was killed or fell wounded, except Gen. Featherstone, who led five brigades against these works, and I heard him ask a question, "What brigade is this?" and the reply came Sears' Mississippi Brigade." He kissed his sword and saluted Heaven and said: "Follow me, men; it does my soul good to lead Mississippians." They were out of sight in the din of smoke, the crash of musketry and the long sheets of fire, and this wizard officer was not touched. Gen. John Adams lay dead on top of the works, with one of his legs pinioned under his dead horse. We shot the headlog entirely away with our small arms, showing the cool, deliberate marksmanship of that wonderful command of veterans, and nearly every dead and wounded Yankee behind those works was shot in the face or somewhere in the head. They kept up this galling fire until 12:00 at night, holding their line while the main body retreated across the river towards Nashville. The enemy kept up this galling fire from their



works, killing hundreds of our wounded that still lay upon the ground in their front that cold, bitter night. Hundreds of our men bled to death and were frozen to death because they could not be removed. Will any one that was there ever forget the groans and cries of those men who were wounded and freezing and bleeding, to their Comrades to come and get them? I was in a squad who volunteered to go to their relief, and we brought the wounded body of Col. Farrett, of the Fifteenth Mississippi, off of the field. The sight that met our eyes the next morning was indescribable. Thousands lay upon that field, dead and dying. You could see squads of these veterans who had fought together, and slept together, kneeling down around the body of some dying comrade, and their grief was so great that they wept like women.

Gen. Hood rode along that line the following morning. He was heard to say, with tears streaming down his face, "My poor, poor boys; too bad, too bad!" So sure was he that we would be successful in that fight that my battery was equipped like infantry, and we were ordered to charge with Company E of the Fifteenth Mississippi, so as to turn their own guns on them after we had captured them; but what a disappointment, what a mistake? Not a mistake as to the courage and daring of the men under his command, but a mistake as to the men who were behind these works. Seldom in the war did we ever meet such a set of Americans as we met at Franklin. Seldom had we met such an officer as commanded these men, Gen. Schofield. The cartridges and caps used in this fight behind this head-log were not taken from the cartridge or cap boxes, but they were in heap rows behind the works. They had two or three muskets to the man, and two men to a man loaded the guns while the one man fired as long as he lasted. This kind of a defense we did not expect.

Now for the reason why Hood made this desperate fight. We could have closed in and captured those Yankees that night, and there would have been no fight at Franklin; but Gen. Hood desired, and knew, that if Franklin was reinforced, they would make a stand, and he expected to carry those lines in the first charge. With Gen. Forrest on the right, personally in command, and Gen. Jackson on the left, he expected to close in their rear and not let a man get to Nashville to tell the tale. If that move had been successful, we would have walked into Nashville without firing a gun. Had Gen. Hood's plans not been carried out as they were, the force at Franklin would have fallen back to Nashville, reinforcing the army at Nashville, and instead of the bloody battle and slaughter-pen being at Franklin, it would have been at Nashville. Gen. Hood told me this, out of his own mouth long after the war. To tell you of the fighting and our hardships the first and second day at Nashville, and the odds that were hurled against us, a hundred thousand against twenty-one thousand, and our retreat from Nashville to Columbus, the grandest, most orderly and stubborn retreat that was ever made by fresh troops, to say nothing of the naked, bare-footed, hungry soldiers of the Confederate army that held in check, and kept in good order, in sleet, snow and rain, this mighty enemy that was pursuing them, would make a book. The battle of Franklin seemed to have been intended to be as it was, and, I believe that the great God of all war, and the Maker of all men received the souls of those who fell as they took their flight that dark, cold night from that bloody field into Heaven, where they still remain waiting and watching for those of the same kind to come and be with them forever more.

W. J. FLEENOR, Floyd, Texas—Born fourteen miles west of Abingdon, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Jonesville, Lee County, Va., in



September, 1861, as private in Company K, Twenty-seventh Battalion of Virginia Infantry, which was later made the Sixty-fourth Virginia Regiment, Gen. Humphrey Marshall's Brigade. My first Captain was G. N. Tyler, and first Colonel, C. C. Slemp. Later the regiment was changed to cavalry with the same officers, though we were in Ransom's Brigade. Was in command of Company K, Sixty-fourth Virginia Cavalry the last two years of the war. Was elected First Lieutenant of Company K in the fall of 1862. Was at the battle of Cumberland Gap, Perryville, Ky., Bulls Gap, Tenn., and as we were cavalry we operated in Kentucky, Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia. I could not, in short space, give the number of skirmishes and battles we were in during the four years of service.

GEO. M. FLEMING (Deceased), Farmersville, Texas—Born Dec. 13, 1844, near Anderson, Abereville, S. C., where he enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company F, Fourth Volunteers. Died near Princeton, Texas, Aug 13, 1906..

W. E. FLEMING, Wolfe City, Texas—Born near Newman, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 6, 1861, at Camp McDowell, as private in Company D, Phillip's Legion, Hampton's Division. First Captain was R. L. Y. Long, and first Colonel, Rich. We were sent to West Virginia where we had some fighting almost every day in the winter of 1861. Was wounded twice at Hawks Nest, though not seriously and kept on going. Joined Gen. Jackson in January or February, 1862, and was in the valley with him in most all the battles, many of them hard fought. Was at first Fifth Sergeant of Company D, then was Commissary Sergeant of Brigade.

The four years after the war under reconstruction was as bad as the four years in the war. These were eight years of the best of my life so far as strength and ability were concerned. I have nothing to boast about, simply tried to do my duty as soldier and citizen. Had no chance for education before the war and too much to do after it. I have raised a large family and they are doing well, married and left me; wife dead and I am only waiting for the last "Roll Call."

J. C. FLEUELLEN, Lindale, Texas—Born in Thomaston, Ga., and came to Smith County, Texas, at the age of eight years. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1864, near Mansfield, La., as private in Company H, Thirty-fifth Texas Cavalry. First Captain was George Bates and first Colonel, Likens. I was sent to Galveston where I was honorably discharged by Gen. Magruder. Was never in a big battle but in some heavy skirmishes.

A. J. FOGLE, Lockhart, Texas—Born Feb. 12, 1841, near Eldorado, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, May, 1861, at Eldorado, Ark., as private in Company G, Third Arkansas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Reedy was first Captain, and Rusk, first Colonel. I served with the Virginia army during the entire war. Was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness in the left arm and at Petersburg in the right hand. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, Petersburg and a great number of small fights.

SYDNEY THURSTON FONTAINE, Galveston, Texas—Born in Houston, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Galveston, as Captain of Company A, Cook's Regiment of Heavy Artillery,



stationed at Galveston, Texas. I occupied this position until in January, 1863, when the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Ala., promoted me to Major of Artillery, and later to Chief of Artillery and ordnance, District of Texas, new Mexico and Arizona. I was placed in command of Seventh Battalion of Artillery (light Batteries). My promotion came after the battle of Galveston, January, 1863. Was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of Batteries after the battle of this campaign. Was in the battles of Brazos, Santiago, Texas, Capture of United States troops at Pensacola, battle of Galveston on Jan. 1, 1861, and all through the Louisiana campaign against Gen. Banks, including the battle of Yellow Bayou. Was discharged at Houston, Texas, after the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox.

I served under Gen. P. O. Herbert, Gen. Magruder, Gen. Wharton, and Gen. Dick Taylor, who appointed me on his staff as inspector of Light Artillery for the district of Louisiana. Served under Gen. Kirby Simth. Was with my own Battalion at the surrender in Houston. My brother, Henry B. Fontaine (deceased), was Captain of Light Artillery during the Louisiana Campaign and died in Dallas, Texas, after the war. My half brother, Charles B. Gardener, served all through the war. Was wounded several times in the battles of the Fifth Texas in Virginia. Was First Lieutenant of Light Artillery. Was afterwards in Texas and fought in the last battle at Brownsville, Texas.

I believe I organized the first company for the Confederacy, Company A, Heavy Artillery, which was afterwards made a part of Col. Cook's Regiment of Heavy Artillery for coast defense at Galveston, Texas.

The different companies of the regiment were assigned to the commands of the several forts on the Island of Galveston, Texas. My company was put at Pelican Fort in the Bay, a fort belonging to the United States, next, in command of Fort Point, Galveston Island. After the battle of Galveston Jan. 1, 1861, my promotions came as stated above. During the Banks invasion of Louisiana I was present at the different engagements. Our artillery, as I remember, was organized into a Regiment with Brent as Colonel and H. P. Sims, a son of Commodore Sims of the Confederacy, as Major. The battles of Yellow Bayou practically ended the campaign and I reported to Gen. John B. Magruder in Texas. Was discharged from the service at Houston, Texas.

G. B. FORD, Bangs, Texas—Born July 3, 1843, at Crystal Springs, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1861, at that place as private in Company C. Sixteenth Mississippi, Posey's Brigade, Mahone's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was J. C. Davis, and first Colonel, Carnot Posey. Served first in Trimble's Brigade; second, Featherstone's; third, Posey's; fourth, Harris' Division, Jackson's Corps, second, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

In July, 1863, at the siege of Vicksburg, I received a scalp wound from flying timber struck by a shell, but did not leave the ranks. Was never captured and the only time lost in the war was from a chill which laid me up for one day.

I was promoted to Corporal in 1862, to Sergeant in 1863, and to Chief of Corps of Observation in 1864, and served in that capacity till the close of the war. Was in the battles of Fort Royal and Winchester under Stonewall Jackson, in the Valley Campaign in 1862. Gaines' Mill and Malvern Hill under Lee, Antietam and Second Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Turkey Creek, Siege of Vicksburg to the end. Just after the first battle of Manassas we were ordered to Richmond and put into a Brigade composed of the Fifteen Ala-



bama, Twenty-first Georgia, Twenty-first North Carolina, and Sixteenth Mississippi, commanded by I. N. Trimble. Here we did a little outpost duty and had only one little scrap with the Yankees. Winter coming on we dropped back to Manassas and went into winter quarters where we fared quite sumptuously with little or nothing to do.

While in winter quarters the Confederate Congress passed an order offering all who would enlist for the war a thirty day furlough. With others I accepted the offer and received my pay, sixty dollars commutation money. We were soon off for home where we had a fine time with home-folks and sweethearts. Furlough being out we were sent back by way of Mobile and thence by steamer to Montgomery, Ala. On returning we found our Division, Ewell's, left to watch Gen. Seigle at Fredericksburg, while Johnston's main army had gone to the Peninsula to meet Gen. McClellan. In a few days we were ordered to the valley to reinforce Jackson. We raced Banks down the valley nearly to Harper's Ferry, when Seigle tried to get in behind us. Then we "skedaddled" back up the valley at the rate of thirty miles a day, winning the sobriquet of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry." On the 8th of June, 1862, we fought the battle of Cross Keys, on the 9th that of Port Republic, defeating Milroy, after which we went into camp and rested a week.

Just before the battles of Cross Keys, Seigle tried to get in Jackson's rear and as the Yankees were marching by Gen. Lewis' home they were singing "Shackson in a Shug, Boys, Shackson in a shug." (They were Dutch). A few days later they came back, minus hat and gun when the young ladies hailed: "Hey, thought Shackson was in a shug." "Och! De stopper flew out."

After about six days' rest Jackson moved toward Richmond in rush time. Crossed the Blue Ridge, striking the railroad near Charlottesville. The trains picking up the hindmost brigades and carrying them about forty miles, put them down and returned for others.

So we got on McClellan's right flank by the 27th, and fought the sanguinary battle of Gaines' Mill, crushing his right wing about sundown, thus gaining the day for Gen. Lee. We were not in any more fights till we reached Malvern Hill. After this fight we followed the Yanks to Harrison's Landing.

The day after the battle of Gaines' Mill Jackson succeeded in taking the York River railroad, cutting off several of McClellan's trains. The enemy, finding they could not get them out, put a lighted fuse to an ordnance train and sent it down amongst us. The rush and roar sounded like a cavalry charge. We were lying on the roadside resting when Gen. Ewell came dashing down the line. "Attention!" We soon found it was no cavalry charge. The car exploded doing no harm. An Irishman in our regiment looked wildly about and said: "Be Jasus! You had as well kill a man as to skeer him to death."

After the fighting below Richmond, Lee's army went into camp and was somewhat reorganized. The troops from each State were put in brigades and commanded by officers of their own State. Here we were transferred from the Immortal Stonewall to the Corps of Gen. Longstreet. Our new brigade was composed of the Twelfth, Sixteenth, Nineteenth and Forty-eighth Mississippi Regiments, commanded by Gen. Featherstone. We did no more fighting till the Second Manassas, when Longstreet arrived just in the nick of time to save Jackson.

After the unpleasantness at Manassas was over we cut across to Maryland and after remaining there until the 17th of September, and capturing Harper's Ferry, fought the bloody battle of Antietam and recrossed into



Virginia. My only brother was wounded here and died from his wounds at Lynchburg. On the way to Maryland many of us were without shoes and our feet blistered so that we could not keep up.

After recuperating a while at Winchester, Gen. Lee moved across the mountains to Culpepper Court House to "Front" McClellan and remained there about two weeks. In the meantime we went down to Fredericksburg to meet Burnside, who had superseded McClellan, and was to try the "On to Richmond" by that route. Here on Dec. 11th to 13th we fought the battle of Fredericksburg, which was a victory for the Confederates. After this battle we went into winter quarters. To show how we were supplied with bedding at this time, I will quote one of Gen. Longstreet's orders: "Headquarters First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. General Order No. 6.

"The men before resting at night will build fires to warm the ground on which they are to sleep; remove the fire and sleep on the warm ground to prevent suffering from cold.

By order of GEN. LONGSTREET."

This order we never obeyed.

About May 1, 1863, "Fighting Joe Hooker," then in command, attempted to turn Lee's position by way of Chancellorsville. A. P. Hill had been made Lieutenant General and our brigade made a part of his division.

Longstreet's Corps was below Richmond. Lee with Jackson and Hill met the enemy and gave Joe Hooker the best whipping of his life. With 53,000 men they defeated Hooker with 130,000. Here we lost the Immortal Jackson, a loss that could never be replaced, because there was but one "Stonewall Jackson." When Jackson turned Hooker's right flank at Chancellorsville quite a number of Seigle's Corps were captured. Many Dutch among them. In answer to the query as whose men they were they would say: "We fight mit Seigle and run mit Hooker."

After Chancellorsville Lee rested at Fredericksburg and made preparations to invade the North. So in June we began to march to Pennsylvania. Nothing of any moment occurred on the way and we reached the battlefield of Gettysburg on July 1st. The battle lasted most of three days and is now history. Our division covered the retreat all the way back to the Patomac as we had been held in reserve at Gettysburg. Rations were a little short, coming back. I had a negro boy with me as cook and I told him to get out in the country and get us something to eat. He found a place where some ladies asked him to stay with them and be free and work for them. He agreed to this provided they would give him enough to keep him in hiding till we were gone. About sundown he came in with a load of goodies. I asked him where he got all that. "Boss, I outgeneraled dem Yankee women back dar."

After Gettysburg, Gen. Lee fell back by way of Shenandoah Valley to a place on the Rapidan River near Orange Court House. During that winter Grant took command and both armies made preparation for the final struggle. Our brigade camped near the river and did out-post duty all winter. About May 1, 1864, Grant began moving by Lee's right flank through the Wilderness. Lee opposed him and the great battles of the Wilderness were fought. My negro boy was now sorely in need of clothes. Coming up with rations just as we were ordered into action he asked me to get him a pair of pants, and I said: "Follow us and get them yourself." We drove back the Yankees and soon he and another negro came boldly up loaded with knapsacks. The enemy now brought a battery in action. Boom! Whiz! The negro dropped one knapsack. Boom-Boom-Whizah. That night he



told me that Grant took him for Gen. Lee's Baggage Train and he didn't need no breeches no how.

This was the last time for me to go in the battle line. Just before Spottsylvania my Captain (Elijah Slay), Sergeant Yates and I were put on our left flank to watch the enemy. In this fight our regiment lost heavily and looked like a company when the fight was over, but the boys held their position. After this the Sixteenth Mississippi went through the remaining battles of note and surrendered at Appomattox a mere handful of half naked, half starved heroes who cried like babies when their banner was furled forever.

My Captain, Slay, was killed on picket skirmish line at Turkey Creek and when he was brought out Gen. Mahone shed tears and said: "My best man is gone." After this I was on detached service as sergeant in command of six picked men, doing duty from headquarters: This is why I can not tell what the regiment did later. And as I started out to tell only what I saw I must talk of myself.

Scouting the enemy's flank and rear is a very risky business at the best. While the siege of Petersburg was in progress I did duty with my men, a great part of the time in the rear of Grant's army. No wonder Gen. Lee was never taken by surprise. He always kept posted as to the enemy's movement through his scouts. In our line of duty we captured many prisoners, stragglers and bums. We often paroled them as we could do nothing else with them. Our service was so pleasing to the General that he gave me a furlough for meritorious service in February, 1865. I went home by walking about half way and was told when my furlough was out to report to Ross' Cavalry until the way was opened back to Virginia, which never occurred.

OWEN FORD, North Zulch, Texas—Born March 17, 1837, near Quincy, Ill. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, in Carroll Parish, La., as private in Company I (Tiger Bayou Rifles), Fourteenth Louisiana Regiment, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was Dr. Jones, and first Colonel, Swank. Was wounded in the arm at the battle of Seven Pines. Was never a prisoner. Was elected Sergeant. Was in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Cedar Mountain, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, and a number of others more or less important.

THOMAS H. FOREHAND, Runge, Texas—Born Sept. 7, 1838, near Tusculumbia, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Bastrop, Texas, in December, 1861, as private in Company A, Eighteenth Texas Cavalry, Deshler's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain was H. S. Morgan, and first Colonel, N. H. Darnell. I escaped from Arkansas Post Jan. 11, 1863, and went with Morgan to Missouri and was placed with Gen. Shelby's Cavalry, where we served four months and was then dismounted and sent to Louisiana. Was in the battles of Clarendon, Ark., cavalry fight; Arkansas Post, and a number of other small engagements. Out of eighty men in our company only about seventeen survived the war.

B. T. FORRESTER, Waxahachie, Texas—Born in 1844, at Van Buren, Ark., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Cassville, Mo., as private in Price's Company, Raines' Division, Price's Corps. First Captain was John Lauderdale. I was transferred to Company F, Twelfth Texas Cavalry, in May, 1862, because I wanted to be with the Texas troops. Was never wounded but had one horse killed and another captured.



I was in the fight at Springfield, Mo., the Gunboat fight at Blair's Landing, on Red River, Cotton Plant, Searcy Lane. Was in the Red River Raid where we were under fire thirty-seven days and in all was in forty-eight engagements.

My command was in the "Nigger Hill," fight and was forced into the Mississippi bottom by the enemy and got lost and was without food for forty-eight hours and without water twenty-four hours, and as it was in August, 1864, you may know that we suffered. I was frequently without food for twelve to twenty-four hours and as to protection from cold and rain we simply took it as the cattle and horses did. Was often on picket duty, in sleet and rain without overcoat, in sight of the enemy and often in the saddle for twelve to twenty-four hours on forced marches without food for man or beast.

I never had a furlough and was always in camp except four days when in the hospital; never was captured but had many narrow escapes. I could write a volume about the many incidents that came under my observation during the war.

R. J. FORT, Ennis, Texas—Born Jan. 4, 1844, near Lumkin, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 18, 1862, at Rome, Ga., as private in Forrest's Regiment (escort). H. A. Gartsell, first Captain. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Brice's Cross Roads and Tishomingo Creek. Here the Federal troops were mostly "niggers" and we killed the largest part of them. Our cavalry covered Gen. Hood's retreat out of Tennessee, after he had fought the battles of Franklin and Nashville.

A. B. FOSTER, Comanche, Texas—Born near Pleasant Grove, Tenn., July 15, 1843. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., as private in Battalion of Cavalry. Was dismounted and attached to Thirty-third Alabama Infantry, Woods' Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Geo. E. Cowan and first Colonel was Adams. Was taken prisoner near Atlanta, Ga., on July 5, 1864, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. Was released on March 14, 1865 (exchanged), at City Point, near the mouth of James River and walked seven miles up the river to a Rebel Boat and was taken to Richmond and furloughed home. We footed it through Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, over the spoils of Sherman's March through Georgia. Was in the battle of Chickamauga on Sunday the 20th of September, 1863; Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain. Lost two brothers at New Hope Church, Wm. M. Foster, killed, and Lieutenant S. C. Foster, mortally wounded, carried to Atlanta and died.

A few days before I enlisted in the Confederate Army I shot a Federal soldier (with an old citizen rifle), who while drinking, had insulted my aunt. I then crossed the Tennessee River and joined Company A, Major Gunter's First Alabama Battalion. We crossed the river and destroyed the railroad and bushwhacked Buell's army until the battle of Perryville, Ky., Oct. 6th to 8th. The Yankees fell back to Nashville, Tenn. We had many skirmishes under Forrest till they surprised us and captured our horses and horse holders, when our battalion dismounted. Major Gunter resigned and we elected Capt. John Gibson in his place.

We were in every general engagement from Murfreesboro to Atlanta, Ga., under Gens. Bragg, Johnston and Hood. In the battle of Chickamauga, Saturday night, the 19th and Sunday the 20th of September, 1863.



Here we met with great loss and suffered much for want of water. Our First Lieutenant, Hugh P. Caperton, was killed dead.

From Chickamauga we went back to Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. We camped on the mountain and went on Vidette by regiments. It was a very cold winter. We had to relieve our Videttes at night and lay in the ditches all day and if a stick was broken the enemy would shoot at us.

Our rations were so short that we stole corn from the officers' horses and the ambulance teams until we starved the horses almost to death. We would pick up corn that the horses would waste and wash it and parch it. Finally the fight came off on Lookout Mountain which left the upper part of the mountain in the hands of the Yankees.

The enemy attacked us at Missionary Ridge in the morning, but Old Pat Cleburne's Division stood them off the Ridge until night, protecting the railroad bridge across the Chickamauga River, so that the army might get away. So we fell back that night to Chickamauga Station. Here we were going to leave some flour, crackers, bacon, etc., we were ordered to fill our haversacks, eat and drink what we wanted. The next night we camped on the Chickamauga Creek, near Ringgold and the enemy was firing on us before day light. It was a cold frosty morning and we had to get up, hang our cartridge box around our necks and wade the creek and soon the battle of Ringgold Gap began. Here "Bob" Lowry fought his first hard battle after being made Brigadier General. He was a very tall man and a Baptist preacher. We charged the enemy off the mountain. The General pulled off his hat waving it over his head calling to his men to form on him as he was the flag and the staff. After this battle we fell back to Dalton, Ga., where we went into winter quarters and were not disturbed until in the spring, perhaps about April, 1864. We were called to arms and double quicked to the top of a small mountain just in time to keep the enemy off. Sometime that night we marched to Resaca, seven miles away, and by daylight we were back at Dalton, but did not stay there long till we marched back to Resaca and there we fought in the ditches three days where we slaughtered the enemy so that we had to have an armistice to bury the dead. I had four brothers in the Confederate Army and all five of us were living up to the Georgia campaign, 1864. My two eldest brothers were with me in the same company till the battle of New Hope Church. Here the enemy tried to turn our flank, or break our line of dismounted cavalry. Pat Cleburne's Division was held in reserve.

We were called to arms and double quicked about one and a half miles, passing the horse holders, and when we got to the line they were fighting across a rotten fence, the enemy in the field and Pat Cleburne and his staff afoot, pleading with the dismounted cavalry to hold them as his men were coming. When we got there we fired into them and charged them across the field and in that battle my brother, Lieut. S. C. Foster, was mortally wounded. He died in Atlanta next day and a cousin of ours, who was waiting on him said that he said as he had lost his leg he would rather die than to be a cripple and left word for me to be a good boy and a good soldier so that if I fell in battle we would meet in Heaven. The next day my other brother, Wm. M. Foster, was killed dead. That night a cousin of mine, Caperton, learning that my brother was still unburied, we made a light with boards and buried him while the detail was asleep. The next day I passed by the field hospital where my other brother was dying but could not stop to see him. My other two brothers were in Loring's Division, and one of them, Lieut. T. T. Foster, was at the surrender of Fort Donelson and was taken to prison at Camp Chase, Ohio. He was exchanged in time for the



battle of Corinth and after the fall of Vicksburg he came to Tennessee army and at the battle of Peach Tree Creek he lost a leg and was captured and taken prisoner to Johnston's Island and was not exchanged till in the spring of 1865. He is still living. My other brother, after being paroled at Vicksburg, went home and was arrested by what they called "Tories" and taken to prison and starved till the surrender. He is now dead.

Now back to where I was taken prisoner, July 5, 1864. I was taken to Chattanooga and put in an old jail with a fence around it and held for several days, offering us our freedom if we would take the "Oath of Allegiance to the United States." Those who took the oath were taken across the Ohio River, but the most of us refused it and went to prison at Camp Chase. I was put in the Barracks sometime in September, 1864, and we were retaliated on for the condition of the Andersonville Prison in Georgia, and from that on till the 14th of March, I was hungry all the time. We talked all day about something to eat and dreamed about it at night.

I see from the Confederate Veteran that we lost 2,260 Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase and how it was that all did not die I can not see. Often men would die on their bunks at night and their bedfellow would know nothing of it till morning. I have often thought that if it were to do over again I would take the oath and get out, but I thought of the request of my dying brother. Disease of every kind, small pox, pneumonia and erysipelas, anything, kills men easily when they are already half starved.

Well, I left Camp Chase on March 14th on exchange by way of Baltimore, Fortress Monroe and was exchanged at City Point, Va. I was sick on the way and gave out and had to be hauled in a wagon. When we left Columbus, Ohio, they drove us, like cattle, into box cars as long as we could get in and the sick ones had to lean against each other. There was no place to lie down. While we were on the road we met some of the Yankee prisoners for whom we had been exchanged. They looked as bad as we felt and they abused us very much. But on we went and when we came to Baltimore some very nice ladies came and gave us something to eat.

On arriving at City Point I met with Ben Gibson, a member of my company and a brother to Maj. Gibson. Ben was from another prison and was in good health other than having his feet frost-bitten, but I owe my life to him, for he carried my luggage and got me something to eat on the way. We were on foot most of the time from Richmond to North Alabama. On our way through North and South Carolina and Georgia, we traveled through the country over which Sherman's army passed on their way to the sea and of all the desolate places I have ever seen this was the worst. We journeyed along together till we reached Montgomery, Ala., where we took a boat. I went on by myself to Talladega, Ala., where I found some emigrants and kinsfolk who took me over on the Tennessee River where my father lived, only to find him and his youngest children driven from home into the mountains, destitute of food and raiment.

A few days later my eldest brother came in on one leg and in a few days more my youngest brother came in from prison in a very feeble condition and in a short time we heard of Gen. Lee's surrender.

J. M. FOSTER, Mikeska, Texas—Born Jan. 3, 1845, at Bryan, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in January, 1863, at Brenham, in Company C, Carter's Regiment, Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain was Shannon, and first Colonel, Carter. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Old Cane River, Blair's Landing, Cheneyville and Yellow Bayou.

The battle of Mansfield was a hard fought one. We charged the Yan-



kees through an open field and drove them back, but at great loss. You could have walked on them for five miles.

The next stand they made was at Plum Orchard. Here hundreds of Yankees were killed and we lost quite a good many. I was with Green when he was killed. He called for a hundred men to take a gun boat at Blair's Landing on Red River. We had silenced them from firing when he was killed.

R. A. FOSTER, Mount Vernon, Texas—Born near Tolberton, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on Oct. 18, 1861, at Camp Harrison, as private in Company F, Thirty-second Georgia Infantry, Geo. P. Harrison's Brigade, Stewart's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was William H. Preedon and first Colonel, Geo. P. Harrison. After Harrison's promotion, O. E. Bacon was Colonel. Preedon resigned as Captain and was succeeded by Hayne Willis who resigned and was succeeded by F. C. Carden who served till the end of the war.

Was in the battle of Ocean Pond, Fla., Johnson's Island near Charleston, S. C., and other skirmishes on James Island, and assisted in the Garrison of Fort Sumpter, and Bentonville, N. C.

Surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., under Joseph E. Johnston.

R. G. FOSTER, Patterson, Texas—Born Feb. 27, 1844, at Richmond, Fort Bend County, Republic of Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 2, 1862, at Hempstead, Texas, as private in Company F, Twenty-fourth Texas Cavalry, Granbury's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Tom Mitchell, and first Colonel, F. C. Wilkes. Was slightly wounded in the leg at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. Was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post and sent to Camp Butler near Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 11, 1863. Was in the battle of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Tunnel Hill, Ringgold Gap, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, Jonesboro, Ga., Spring Hill, New Hope Church, Gilgal Church, Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.

Any one will say that I was in the Confederate Army from the list of battles in which I took part. I am proud of my record.

The Twenty-fourth Texas Cavalry was dismounted in the early part of the war and we served as infantry till the end.

T. A. FOSTER, Canyon City, Texas—At the age of thirty-one years I volunteered in the Confederate Army at Hendersonville, N. C., in Capt. Jones' Company as First Sergeant of Company B, Sixty-fourth North Carolina Regiment, Col. Lawrence M. Allen commanding. We went to Greenville, Tenn., for some time for drilling and then went to Knoxville, Tenn., and put on guard duty till fall. We were moved to Clinton, Tenn., and later to Chattanooga and through almost the whole State and then back to Knoxville. Was under command of Col. Palmer and later under Gen. Frazer and was marched to Cumberland Gap where we were surrendered about the 23rd of September, 1863. Was taken to Camp Douglas where we remained for over twenty-one months. While in prison I made pocket knives and trinkets of all kinds which furnished me some money to buy necessities. From here we were taken to New Orleans where after about ten days we were paroled at Natchez, Miss., by a Colonel commanding a negro regiment. I returned home June 23, 1865.

I was never in a hard battle during the war and escaped without a wound. As to my treatment while in prison I suppose I should not complain. I have worked as many as thirty days for a hat and my rations



consisted of a pint of "hog food" per day. Our food was cooked in a ninety-five gallon kettle which was supposed to hold enough for a day's rations which was composed of beef, bread and beans all stirred together and then each man was given a cupful. This was all we got and I have seen men shot down while trying to steal a bone from the slop barrel to gnaw on.

Our treatment was reasonably good but our fare was something awful. When I enlisted I left a wife and four children to take care of themselves as best they could. My wife sewed and wove cloth to clothe herself and the children. Wife and I are now 78 years old. We came to this place in 1890, where I expect to be buried.

LITTLETON FOWLER, Lindale, Texas—Born July 15, 1846, at San Augustine, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1864, at Palestine, Tex., as private in Company A, Second Texas Cavalry, Green's Brigade, Dick Taylor's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Harde-  
man, first Colonel. Was in all the battles of Louisiana.

NATHAN G. FOWLER, Lindale, Texas—Born in the Republic of Texas, near Old Ioni (Indian Village), Houston County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 1, 1861, at Palestine, Texas, as private in Company I, Seventh Texas Cavalry, Gen. Tom Green's Brigade, Dick Taylor's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain, Gardner, first Colonel, Steele. Was changed from Sibley's after failing to hold Arizona and New Mexico, to Magruder's, then at Galveston, and then went to Mouton's in Southern Louisiana. I was wounded at Donaldsonville and Carrion Crow, La. Neither wound was serious.

Was at the battles of Valverde, Glorietta, Galveston, Richmond, La.; Franklin, Vermillion, Carrion Crow, Brasher City, Donaldsonville, For-  
doche, McNutt's Hill, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Monett's Ferry, all in Louisiana.

Of the gallant men in the Thirty-third, who were captured at Albuquerque, I can only remember Ed. Jackson, John R. Robinson of Company I, Ike Kendrick and Bogue Sharp, both wounded at Valverde, but able to bear arms (Company F), MacDonald and Mullins of our Company.

Our Company lost during this severe campaign First Lieutenant Sam Mills, killed at Valverde; Capt. Gardner, killed and about thirty men and nearly all our horses captured. After escaping from prison at Santa Fe, I succeeded in hiding until the prisoners had been sent away. Soon after, all who were able to travel were paroled and were allowed to go to their command at Las Cruces.

At Houston our company, under command of Capt. J. W. Taylor, volunteered to man the steamboat, "Neptune," and were on her during that battle. We were called "Horse Marines." Our navy, or fleet, consisted of four boats, Neptune, Bayou City, John T. Carr and one other small vessel. Here was where the Houston ladies presented us with the flag which I carried till the end of the war.

We next went to Louisiana and met Gen. Banks in his first attempt to enter Louisiana at Bisland. In this engagement Capt. Taylor was killed. Then followed continual fighting until Gen. Banks returned to New Orleans. In Gen. Banks' second attempt to invade Louisiana our Brigade, under Gen. Tom Green, opposed him and after he was killed we were under Gen. Hardeman from Mansfield and Pleasant Hill to Yellow Bayou.

J. M. FOX, Louisville, Texas—Born Feb. 1, 1834, at Richmond, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 22, 1862, at McKinney, Texas, as





**THE TRUCE IN THE MIST OF THE BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN—JUNE 27, 1864**  
The Confederates and Federals rescuing the Federal wounded from the burning timber.

Courtesy, W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn.



private in Company G, Thirty-fourth Texas Cavalry, Cooper's Brigade and served in the Indian Territory, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain was J. O. Staughn, and first Colonel was Alexander. In 1863 was transferred to Polignac's Brigade, Dick Taylor's Division, and finally to King's Brigade, Walker's Division. Was slightly wounded on April 9, 1864, at Pleasant Hill, La. Was promoted to Second Lieutenant in 1862, and to First Lieutenant in 1863, Acting Adjutant in 1864, and Assistant Quarter Master, 1865. Was in the battles of Mansfield, La., and Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou, besides many skirmishes in Louisiana, Southwest Missouri, and Arkansas, in 1862, 1863 and 1864.

My second Captain was Wm. M. Bush; third Captain was Wm. N. Bush, and second Colonel was Russell, and third Colonel was W. M. Deavenport. Our company was disbanded at Hempstead, Texas, the latter part of May or first of June, 1865.

T. S. FOX, Brandon, Texas—Born near Culpepper Court House, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 19, 1862, at Mill Point, Va., as private in Company C, Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry, Jenkins' Brigade, Rosser's Division, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was Thad P. Waldo, and first Colonel, W. J. French, and served the entire time in the same company and regiment.

Gen. Jenkins was killed in the spring of 1864 and H. J. McCausland was made Brigade Commander. I was never wounded nor sick and was always on duty except while on furlough for twenty days. Was never a prisoner until the surrender at Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9, 1865.

I was living in West Virginia when the war broke out and the Federal authorities made a draft for soldiers and about two hundred of us fellows pulled for Dixie and did not see home till the end of the war.

Was in the battles of Gettysburg, Pa.; Frederick City, Md.; Winchester, Va. Was fighting Phil Sheridan's Cavalry every few days in the Valley of Virginia. As I was in the Cavalry service most of our time was spent in scouting, skirmishing and in that kind of service.

W. H. FOXEL, Smithville, Texas—Born in Europe. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at San Antonio, Tex., as private in Company C, Thirty-second Texas Cavalry, H. P. Bee's Brigade, Kirby Smith's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Stevens, first Captain, and P. C. Woods, first Colonel. I was wounded in the battle of Marksville, La., left arm broken. Engaged in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Blair's Landing, Chaneyville, Marksville and Yellow Bayou, La.

JAMES M. FRANCIS, Queen City, Texas—Born Jan 27, 1831, near Jasper, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Coseta, Texas in 1862, as private. Was detailed in Boot and Shoe Department. Belonged to the Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was W. M. Dale, and first Colonel was Tom Veal. Was transferred from the State troops to the Contract service at Houston, Texas, and put in a boot and shoe shop.

Was never in the field and as I was detailed during the whole war I saw nothing of the battles.

ROBERT MORRIS FRANKLIN, Galveston, Texas—Born Dec. 23, 1838, at Charleston, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 8, 1861, at Galveston, Tex., as private in Company D, Twenty-sixth Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade. Geo. W. McMahan, first Captain, and DeBray, first Colonel. In December, 1862, I served (with leave) as aide to Commodore Leon Smith, and after the battle of Galveston, Jan. 1, 1863, was trans-



ferred to the C. S. Navy, but retransferred to original command in a few weeks, when the intention of sending the "Harriet Lane" to sea was abandoned. Was never wounded, though badly scared frequently, and lost my horse in cavalry charge through the "orchard" at the close of the battle of Mansfield. Was promoted to Second Sergeant October, 1861, Second Lieutenant and Drill Master in spring of 1862, First Lieutenant and Adjutant of DeBray's Regiment April 15, 1862; then Major and Assistant Adjutant General of DeBray's Brigade, Texas Cavalry Aug. 5, 1864.

Prior to my enlistment I served with the Texas Volunteers under Vandorn in May, 1861, at the capture of the U. S. Transport, "Star of the West," off Pass Cavallo; with Commodore Leon Smith on the cotton clad at Bayou City; in battle of Galveston, and served with my brigade at Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, and in the numerous skirmishes of the Red River Campaign of the spring of 1864.

HENRY FRANKS, Gatesville, Texas—Born June 14, 1822, in Claiborne Parish, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, in Union County, Ark., as private in Capt. Ben Mathews' Company. Was never wounded, changed nor captured. Was elected Orderly Sergeant. Was in the battles of Corinth, Iuka and in many skirmishes.

J. A. FRANKS, Cleburne, Texas—Born in 1843, near Loudon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1861, at Denton, Tex., as private in Company A, Fourteenth Texas Regiment, Ector's Brigade, French's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Harper, first Captain, and Andrews, first Colonel. Was never changed nor wounded. Was in the battles of Barbersville, Corinth, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga. After this battle we were sent back to Mississippi. We afterwards engaged in the battle of Spanish Fort, near Mobile, Ala. We were also in the battles of Franklin, Spring Hill, Nashville and all the fights around Atlanta.

A. B. FRASER, Dallas, Texas—Born Nov. 8, 1830. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in January, 1861, as private in Company G, First Louisiana Cavalry, Scotts Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Canon, first Captain, and Scott, first Colonel. Was captured at the first battle of Fort Donelson but made my escape after night. Received a wound in the leg at the battle of Shiloh. Was captured three times. Once they started to Rock Island with me but I jumped overboard and swam to shore. A few weeks before Lee's surrender was captured and sent to Vicksburg, Miss., where I remained until the surrender. I lost my Captain in the battle of Shiloh, and on my return from the hospital was received as Captain. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Richmond, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, Rock River, Murfreesboro, Nashville and Atlanta, and many skirmishes.

N. G. B. FRAZIER, Groveton, Texas—Born near Marshall, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1864, at Marshall, with the Terry Scouts, Dave Terry as Colonel. We were known as Terry's Texas Volunteer Regiment, Company G, J. H. Rucker, first Captain. Our service was in the States of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas. I received my parole at Marshall, Texas. I first enlisted with the Terry Scouts, and afterwards enlisted in his Regiment. Our first duty was guard duty near Alexandria, La. I was very young at this time and I found war life anything but pleasant. I was on cavalry duty in Louisiana during Bank's raid. We remained in Louisiana until in the fall of 1864 and were then ordered to



Arkansas where we remained for a short time and from there to South Texas where we served until the close of the war in 1865.

P. D. FRAZIER, Sabinal, Texas—Born in Arkansas, near Pea Ridge. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Hillsboro, Hill County, Tex., as private in Company H, Thirtieth Regiment, Gano's Brigade, Maxey's Division. My first Captain was Jack Pucket, and first Colonel, E. J. Gurley. Served in the same command all the time and while I was not in the hard part of the war in comparison with some other portions of the army, still I was in all the engagements in which my command was engaged in Arkansas and Indian Territory, and some of them were pretty hot ones.

J. F. FREEMAN, Forney, Texas—Born June 23, 1841, near College Grove, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, in Dixon County, Tenn., as private in Company B, Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, T. K. Grigsby, first Captain, and Bailey, first Colonel. Was captured at Fort Donelson, Tenn., and sent to Chicago, Ill., and after several months was sent to Vicksburg, Miss., for exchange, remaining there three months and was sent to Port Hudson, La. Was wounded at the battle of Fort Donelson in the chin, which caused quite a lot of pain while in prison at Chicago. Also received wound in side at the battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Jackson, Miss.; Port Hudson, La.; Peachtree Creek, Ga.; Franklin, Tenn.; Selma, Ala., and surrendered, at the close of the war, at Gainesville, Ala.

At Fort Donelson we were short on ammunition, having to use guns such as we could get from the citizens, mostly double barrel shot guns. After being captured and sent to Chicago, Ill., as prisoners, we suffered for food and clothing. Food was very short, so short that we had to eat all the rats and dogs that we could get hold of in order to sustain life and hundreds of the boys starved to death. I was exchanged and sent to Vicksburg, Miss. Here our food and clothing was moderately good. We fought the battle of Jackson, Miss., on half rations, the battle lasting six days. After this engagement we fought the battle of Peachtree Creek, Ga. From here we marched to Nashville, Tenn., a distance of five or six hundred miles. On this march most of the men were barefooted, their feet sore and bleeding so that you could track them by the blood. I marched for five days and nights without rest, sleep or anything to eat. Later I joined the cavalry under Bedford Forrest in Mississippi. From that time on until the close of the war food and clothing was more plentiful. From Mississippi I went to Gainesville, Ala. From there home to meet my folks.

J. L. FREEMAN, Mount Pleasant, Texas—Born near Adairsville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Cherry Creek, as private in Company I, Second Mississippi Infantry, Joe Davis' Brigade, Heath's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. John Herren, first Captain, and Bill Falkner, first Colonel. Was wounded at the battle of Wilderness, shot through the leg. Was also wounded at Hatcher's Run, shot through the arm. Was never changed nor captured. Was in the battles of Manassas, Sharpsburg, Malvern Hill, Seven Days' Fight in front of Richmond, Petersburg and in the siege of Richmond.

J. M. FREEMAN, Fort Worth, Texas—Born Dec. 26, 1847, in Putnam County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Columbus, Texas, on Sept. 1, 1864, as private in Company I, First Texas Reserves, Gen. Robertson's Brigade, Magruder's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My



first Captain was J. M. Wolsey, and first Colonel, J. W. Barnes. This regiment was organized under an act of Congress which was passed Feb. 17, 1864, and re-enacted by the Tenth Legislature of Texas. We rendezvoused at Hempstead, Texas, and remained there in camp with some 15,000 or 20,000 troops from all over the State, and remained there some thirty days after Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. The only hard service we saw was sleeping on the frozen ground all winter. I was made courier about the first of February, 1865. I had a brother killed at Elkhorn and another one who saw much hard service and was in some of the hardest battles of the war. These are sad remembrances.

**LUKE FRENCH**, Pilot Point, Texas—Born Jan 1, 1832, near Hopkinsville, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Pilot Point, Texas, as Lieutenant in Company K, Twenty-ninth Texas Regiment, Cooper's Brigade. Warren, first Captain, and DeMorse, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Fort Smith, Ark.; VanBuren and Mansfield, La. Was in a number of skirmishes not mentioned here, and know of all the hardships which the Confederate soldier went through. God bless them all, and may we all meet at the final Roll Call where there will be no sufferings and hardships from war.

**W. D. FRENCH**, Frost, Texas—Born March 15, 1832, near Blountsville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1863, at Spring Hill, Tex., as private in Company D, J. B. Johnston's Regiment, Brown's Brigade, Magruder's Division. L. B. Haynie, first Captain, and J. B. Johnson, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. I was a courier until I was transferred to the government works in Dallas, Tex., about Aug. 19, 1864. Present age (1909) 77 years, hale and hearty, and still a Rebel.

**J. H. FRETWELL**, Moran, Texas—Born in Newton County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 15, 1861, as private in Company D, Third Mississippi Infantry, Featherstone's Brigade, Lane's Division, Army of Tennessee. W. B. Johnson, first Captain, and J. B. Deason, first Colonel. In May, 1864, was wounded at the battle of New Hope Church. Had to have all the bones removed from my right foot on account of the wound; was also shot through the left leg. Was captured on May 17, 1863, near Baker's Creek, known as Champion Hill. We were sent to Fort Delaware. Had a call for volunteers for the Navy in 1861, and I responded to the call, and remained in the Navy until the fall of New Orleans. My first fighting was in the Navy, the next Chickasaw Bayou, and then Resaca, Ga. I volunteered on July 15th and went to Pass Christian on the Mississippi coast where our regiment was mustered into service. There was a call for thirty-three men in the Navy, I responded to the call, and remained with the Navy until the fall of New Orleans. After this was on detach service, until our division was ordered to Alabama to reinforce Gen. Johnston.

**MONTGOMERY FRIER**, Hillsboro, Texas—Born in Arkansas, May 6, 1833. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at Antoine, Ark., as private in Company B, Dawson's Regiment, Churchill's Brigade. William Spear, first Captain, and Dawson, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. I was a teamster all during the war.



ABRAHAM FRISBY, Trinity, Texas—Born Feb. 25, 1841, near Hazelhurst, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861, at Huntsville, Texas, as private in Company A, Twenty-first Texas Regiment, Parson's Brigade. Tony Branch, first Captain, and Carter, first Colonel.

In the spring of 1864 was called to Gen. Wharton's headquarters to act as Company Provo for him and remained there until the close of the war. Was never wounded nor captured. I always outrun the Yankees. I was a secessionist in 1861 and am still one.

Was in the battles of Pine Bluff, Ark.; Fort Patterson, Mo.; Cauley's Bridge, La.; Yellow Bayou, La.; Helena, Ark., and in a number of smaller ones too numerous to mention. God bless the old Confederate soldiers, and all their children.

DEMPSEY J. FULLER, Quinlan, Texas—Born April 30, 1842, near Bonham, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at San Antonio, Tex., as private in Company F, Third Texas Regiment, McCulloch's Brigade, Waul's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Kelley, first Captain, and Willis, first Colonel. I was changed to Ross's Brigade on account of our Brigade getting so small that we had to disband. Was wounded at Fort Pillow, Tenn., by shot in top of head. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Corinth, Holly Springs, Moscow, Grenada, Tupelo, Okalona, Cross Roads, Town Creek, Nashville, and The Big Black fight. I had a first Lieutenant killed at the battle of Moscow. Gen. Forrest was wounded at the Cross Roads. Col. Bob McCulloch was wounded at the battle of Town Creek. At the battle of Tupelo, I carried my wounded comrade, Warren Davis, off the battlefield in a rain of balls and he died soon after. I afterwards buried him and his relatives from Gonzales County, came after his remains.

F. M. FULLER, Austin, Texas—Born Sept. 5, 1839, near Summerville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Chattanooga, as private in Company K, Twenty-first Georgia Regiment, Trimbel's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Eckridge, first Captain, and Mercer, first Colonel. Was wounded at the battles of Harpers Ferry and Second Manassas. Was never changed, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Winchester, Second Manassas, Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Plymouth, N. C., Cedar Mountain, Petersburg and Harpers' Ferry. In many other smaller battles not mentioned here.

D. W. FULTON, VanAlstyne, Texas—Born near Clarksville, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Dallas County, Texas, as private in Company D, Sixth Texas Cavalry, L. S. Ross' Brigade, N. B. Forrest's Corps, Army of Tennessee. T. H. Bowen, first Captain, and B. W. Stone, first Colonel. We went to Missouri to reinforce Gen. McCulloch at Cross Hollows, and after leaving there we met Gen. Price and fell back to Arkansas where we went into winter quarters. I received two sabre wounds in head, in the battle of Savoy Station, Ga. We were dismounted on White River near Memphis to reinforce Bragg at Corinth. We went into the fight with seventy-six men and come out with thirty-six. I was in the battles of Corinth, Iuka, Rome, Ga., Resaca, Marquette, Burnt Hickory and New Hope Church. From Atlanta we formed 112 lines of battle and fought in eighty-five of them. Hatchie Bridge was a battle which I was engaged in also.

The first engagement the Sixth Texas had was with the Indians; sec-



ond was the battle of Elkhorn. We then fell back into Arkansas for winter quarters. The next battle was Corinth, where we reinforced Bragg. After this we fell back to Oxford, Miss., and remounted; the next battle was at Grenada; here we captured two canons and kept them in the brigade until the close of the war. After leaving Grenada Gen. VanDorn started on the raid for Holly Springs. Rode all night and the next day, counter-marched and captured the pickets and went into Holly Springs at day-break. Found the Yanks all in bed and captured 2000 prisoners, and the property captured was estimated at \$1,500,000 which was destroyed that afternoon. After this battle we were ordered to Tennessee. March 5, 1863, VanDorn met the enemy at Thompson's Station near Spring Hill; here we captured a large number of prisoners. We were then ordered to Mississippi to reinforce Gen. Johnston, who was attempting to relieve Vicksburg. We arrived too late and fell back to Jackson. We covered the retreat after the fall of Jackson, Johnston went to Tennessee. We remained in Mississippi for a short time, and then ordered to Northern Georgia, arriving at Rome May 17th and covered the retreat until the fall of Atlanta. After the fall of Atlanta, we went with Hood to Nashville, our brigade in front. At Columbia we had a considerable engagement but we succeeded in getting in the rear of the Yanks. The next fight was the battle of Franklin, the hardest of the war. Then on to Nashville. Our brigade went to Murfreesboro to cut off reinforcements into Nashville. Here we lost several men wounded. Then beat a retreat into Mississippi. I lost my horse from a shot at Spring Hill, Tenn. After we got back to Benton, Miss., 112 of the boys secured a 90 days furlough home; this was in February or March. We crossed the Yazoo River at Yazoo City. We were all a foot and waded water for seventy-six miles until we got to the highlands in Arkansas. We would keep the tallest man in front, and when he would go out of sight, we would get us a log and float across the deep water.

MARCELLUS B. FUQUA, Sulphur Springs, Texas—Born near Harvey's Store, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March, 1863, at Gordonsville, as private in Moorman's Battery, Stuart's "Horse Artillery," Stuart's Division, Army of Northern Virginia; M. N. Moorman, first Captain in Pelham's Battalion.

Was captured Feb. 29, 1864, and taken to the old Capital Prison at Washington, D. C., remaining there until the 14th of June and transferred to Fort Delaware and was released on June 14, 1865. Was in all the engagements of Lee's Army, excepting Gettysburg, in year of 1863. At the time of the battle of Gettysburg was with General Stuart's Cavalry on their return from Carlisle, Pa. Did not reach Gettysburg until July 3, 1863.

You will observe from the above dates that I was in prison about fifteen and a half months. This I consider the most patriotic service I rendered the Confederacy—to say nothing about the many engagements our company had with the enemy in 1863. I could have taken the oath any time after I was captured and been free, but I preferred to remain a prisoner with all the horrors of a Federal prison than to disgrace my cause and myself and did not take the oath until every vestige of the Confederacy had surrendered.

Private C. A. Chaney of Charles City County, Va., was a friend and associate of mine while in prison at Fort Delaware. I do not remember his command. He enlisted in the army in 1861, while a law student at the University of Virginia. Was a most estimable young man, died in prison and was cremated near Jersey City, N. J., in the prison cemetery.



W. J. FURGUSON, Austin, Texas—Born in Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 2, 1861, as private in Company F, Sixth Alabama Infantry. Rode's Brigade, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, J. B. Gordon, first Captain and Shuler, first Colonel.

After the organization we went to Corinth to drill. From there we went to Manassas Junction and remained there until after the battle of the Wilderness. Was in the battle of Seven Pines, where I received three wounds and was sent to the hospital. I was not able for service at the battle of Chancellorsville. Was captured at the battle of Gettysburg and sent to Fort Delaware prison, remaining there for seven months, then to Point Lookout, Md., and paroled in 1865.

I was in many small battles which I have not mentioned. Was promoted from private to corporal.

EDWIN J. FRY, Marshall, Texas—Born Dec. 1, 1845, near Charlottsville, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug., 1863, at San Augustine, Tex., as private in Company E, First Texas Partisan Rangers; Major's Brigade, Green's Division, Wharton's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department; Thomas E. Edwards, first Captain and Walter P. Lane, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded or captured. Was promoted to Orderly Sergeant in the spring of 1864 and served in that capacity until the close of the war, except for a short time when I acted as Sergeant-Major of the Regiment. Was in the battles of Wilson's Farm, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Monette's Ferry and in many engagements with gunboats and transports on the Red River near Alexandria, skirmish near Marksville and the battle of Yellow Bayou—all in Louisiana, and one or two skirmishes in Arkansas.

B. F. FRYMIER, Waco, Texas—Born in 1836, near Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, April, 1861, at Crockett, Tex., as private in Company A, Second Texas Cavalry, Evans' Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. Hardeman, first Captain and Rip Ford, first Colonel. Was not changed nor wounded. Was captured in the spring of 1863, and sent to New Orleans. Remained there for six or eight months and was exchanged and returned to my company.

Was in the campaign of 1861 and 1862 with Sibley's Brigade in Arizona and New Mexico. Was at the retaking of Galveston, and in the campaign into Louisiana. The most severe engagement was a fight at La Fourche Crossing.

Our regiment, the Second Texas Cavalry, was organized by the order of the secession convention before the state seceded. The action of the convention favored the organizing of two regiments for the protection of the frontier, but it was understood that we would be in the army as soon as the State seceded. McCulloch was Colonel of the First and Ford (Rip) Colonel of the Second. We were mustered into state service in 1861 and went into camp in May of the same year. McCulloch went to Missouri and we went to the Rio Grande. Our company was organized in the counties of Houston, Anderson, Nacogdoches and Cherokee. We had 108 men, rank and file, and the average age was 18 years (although we had several past middle age). Our campaign in Arizona and New Mexico was for the purpose of occupying the forts and preventing an invasion on Texas from California, over the old Santa Fe Trail. It was a campaign of hardships. My company and Company C. of Houston, went to Fort Bliss and Arizona six months in advance of Sibley's Brigade and were absolutely in possession of Arizona, with our Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Baylor as Military



Governor. After the retreat of Sibley we returned to Texas and reorganized and enlisted in the service for three years, or during the war. (Our first enlistment was for one year.) We were given a sixty-days' furlough and then met again in San Antonio.

We were always an independent regiment. Under the new organization we were with Sibley and Tom Green's Brigade. Chas. Byron became our Colonel. We were called Mounted Infantry. In 1863 the Government took our horses, which was our private property for the use in the artillery. We then went to South Texas, and was in the recapturing of Galveston. From here we were sent to Louisiana, and endeavored to reach and relieve Vicksburg. Here we saw hard service. We engaged in a fight at La Fourche Crossing, with 200 men against 800 of the enemy, who were behind breast-works and after a fight of about two hours, the enemy received reinforcements and we were overpowered. We were about to capture the fort when the enemy received the fresh troops. Our loss was very heavy in this battle—lost about one-half of our men in killed and wounded. Our Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Majors were all severely wounded, and a line officer had to bring us off the field. In this fight, three comrades and myself advanced near the breast-works through a ditch in a sugar-cane field and when we were ordered to retreat I left my three comrades on the field dead. I appeared to have a charmed life, for I was not even wounded, but a minie ball clipped out a bunch of my whiskers.

After the retreat of the army I was detailed as a nurse in the hospital at Thibodaux, where both the Confederates and Union men who were wounded were receiving treatment. One day one of the Union officers came to the hospital to see about the welfare of his men, and he and I had a conversation. He inquired of me how many men we had in the engagement. I told him about 200 and he informed me at once that I had made a false statement, but I finally succeeded in convincing him and made the same inquiry of him. He said that they had 800 besides the reinforcements. He added: (Speaking of our Brigade) "If I had such a Brigade of soldiers, I could whip any division in the Union Army." The retreat of our army was caused by the fall of Vicksburg. Troops were sent out to capture our army, but were unsuccessful. The Daughters of Thibodaux, U. D. C., have erected a beautiful monument over the graves of our dead comrades. I was kept a prisoner under parole here for some time and made my escape, but afterwards captured at the time of General Banks' advance into Louisiana, for the purpose of invading Texas. I was a prisoner in the cotton press prisons in New Orleans. Was exchanged and again joined my company and served until the close in 1865. Although I was in Texas less than two years before the war, I went into the army at the first call and served to the end. I did not have a relative south of Missouri that I knew of. My only brother was a Captain in the Union Army.

**ALEX KEYS FYFFE**, Marshall, Texas—Born April 25, 1834, near Athens, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, June 13, 1861, at Marshall, Tex., as private in Company A, Third Texas Cavalry, Ross' Brigade, Dick Winston, first Captain and E. Greer, first Colonel.

Served one year in Price's Army and then transferred to the Mississippi Department. Then served under Johnston until the war closed. Was wounded in the battle of Elkhorn, in the head. Was never captured. Was in the battles of Oak Hill, Elkhorn, Corinth, Shiloh, Nashville, second battle of Corinth. Engaged in battles in Mississippi and Tennessee every day and was at the siege of Vicksburg.



**T. B. GABLE**, Hempstead, Tex.—Born in Lexington County, South Carolina, and enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 1, 1864, in South Carolina, as private in Company B, Rhett's Regiment of Heavy Artillery. First Captain was Rhett, and first Colonel Rhett.

**WILLIAM TAYLOR GAINER**, Edna, Tex.—Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 7, 1861, at Houston, Tex., as private in Company G., Eighth Texas Cavalry, Terry's Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department; Howton, first Captain, and Frank Terry, first Colonel.

Was discharged in 1862 for disability, and returned to my home. I enlisted again and was sent to Padre Island, Tex., where my company was all captured but myself and two others. We made our escape by swimming Aransas Pass and came home. I was placed in what was known as the beef service to furnish beef for the men in the army. I remained in this service until the close of the war. I was in a number of picket fights, and was present when Col. Terry was killed at Green River, Ky. It was reported at one time that Terry had 500 Indians and 500 white men with him, and had raised the black flag, and that there was a large reward offered for Terry's body, dead or alive. When he was killed there were about fifteen men killed and wounded over his body. Tom Deviny of Victoria took up Terry's body and rode off the field with it to the depot at Cave City, and shipped it to Houston, Tex., where it was buried. We lost fifteen or twenty killed and wounded, and buried about forty of the Yankees.

**RUBEN R. GAINES**, Austin, Tex.—Born near Mount Sterling, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 1, 1861, in Perry County, Alabama, as First Sergeant, Company S, Third Alabama Cavalry, Hagan's brigade, Allen's division and Wheeler's corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was S. Jennings Murphy, and first Colonel, James Hagan. Got a flesh wound in the arm at Farmington, Tenn.

Upon the formation of the Third Alabama Cavalry in 1862, I was made Adjutant, and was afterwards made Assistant Adjutant of brigade, and afterwards of Allen's Cavalry Division. Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky., 1862; Chickamauga, in 1863, and at Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

**J. D. GAINES**, Texarkana, Tex.—Born Nov. 26, 1845, near Walton, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, March 8, 1862, at Memphis, Tenn., as private in Company D, Forrest's regiment, Armstrong's brigade, Army of Tennessee; Jesse A. Forrest, first Captain, and N. B. Forrest, first Colonel.

Served with Johnston at Shiloh, and for a while under Price and Van Dorn in Mississippi, and then under Forrest and Bragg in Tennessee, until captured. Was taken prisoner near Kelley's Ferry, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1863. Sent first to Camp Chase, Ohio, and afterwards to Rock Island, Ill. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth and various small skirmishes in North Mississippi, Alabama, West Tennessee and Middle Tennessee. The old Forrest regiment was reduced to a battalion, and was known as McDonald's Battalion. My last Captain was John C. Blanton, a preacher, who is still living near Tupelo, Miss. I reached Richmond, March 12, 1865, on exchange, but never reached my command, which was at that time in the neighborhood of Selma, Ala. Crossed the Mississippi River about April 10, 1865, to Chicot County, Arkansas, and the war ended before I could get to Kirby Smith's command. Then returned to my home, in Kentucky, and moved to this place in February, 1884, where I have since resided.

**W. L. GALMORE**, M. D., Austin, Tex.—Was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, Dec. 2, 1835. Enlisted in the Confederate Army early in 1861,



at Moscow, Ala., in Twenty-first Alabama, Rode's Brigade, D. H. Hill's division, Ewell's corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was John S. White, and first Colonel was W. R. Smith.

Was wounded at Malvern Hill, and carry the bullet now in my right arm. On the same day I received a severe saber stroke on the back of my neck. Was taken prisoner at Malvern Hill, but escaped, and at Gettysburg had the same good fortune. I was made surgeon of the regiment at Yorktown, also at Seven Pines, and was Division Surgeon on the staff of Gen. D. H. Hill. Was in the battle of Bethel Church and other battles in which my division was engaged. I was wounded thirteen times during the war.

**JAMES B. GAMBRELL**, Dallas, Texas.—Born Aug. 21, 1841, near Anderson, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861, in Mississippi, as private in Company I, Second Mississippi Infantry, Bee's brigade, Army of Northern Virginia; J. B. Herring, first Captain, and W. C. Falkner, first Colonel.

After the battle of Gettysburg, was sent west on special duty to drive in the scouting Federals around Memphis, and up and down the Mississippi River. Was taken prisoner once, but made my escape. Was promoted for special services at the battle of Falling Waters. Was in the battles of first and second Manassas, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Cold Harbor, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, Falling Waters and a number of small affairs. I scouted for Gen. Lee and other Generals of the Army of Northern Virginia, and commanded the scouts in the west.

**R. M. GANO**, Dallas, Tex.—Born in Bourbon, Ky., in 1830. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, commanding a company of Texas cavalry known as "Gano's Guard," which was part of John H. Morgan's command, when Kirby Smith entered Kentucky, August, 1862. I was pushed forward rapidly, within one year I was made Major, commanding four companies; then Colonel, commanding ten companies. In 1863 I was sent into the Trans-Mississippi Department and assigned to the Indian Territory, where I commanded a brigade of Texas Cavalry—regiments of Colonels De Morse, Martin, Gurley, Duff, Hardeman, Lieut. Col. Showalters' Battalion, Capt. Welsh's Company and the light batteries of Captains Howell and Krumbharr. When Banks and Steele had been defeated in the Red River campaign, and while Price was getting ready to march into Missouri, the Confederate troops, under Maxey, Cooper and myself, made demonstrations against Fort Smith and Fort Gibson. After this operation I was recommended for promotion to Brigadier General by Gen. E. Kirby Smith. One man told me he took level aim and shot at me six times, missing me every time. He and others claimed that I had a charmed life and a bullet would not hit me. I am glad they were bad shots; however one fellow hit me on the left elbow. This was a single-handed fight with a Yankee scout. I shot him three times and he hit me once, but I was soon back on the battlefield with one arm in a sling. I went home one evening to see my parents and took supper with them. My mother told me with tears in her eyes that the Yankees were at Lexington, Paris, Cynthia and Georgetown. I was completely surrounded by the Federals, and to let her hide me away until the next day, as I could not get out. I told her to suffer no more uneasiness, that I got in there, and I could get out. I rode into Georgetown, captured the Provost Marshal, Sam Thompson. His wife belonged to the same church I did, so she came to see me and asked me to take Mr. Thompson away from the Texans and put him under a Kentucky guard, as she was afraid the Texans would kill him. I told her



if she knew all she would not ask such a favor for anything under the heavens, that the Texans were faithful guards and would do what I told them, but the Kentuckians hated Mr. Thompson so that they would kill him if they had a chance. I marched all over Kentucky and Tennessee, fighting under the leadership of John H. Morgan, and we were successful in most of our battles. We had quite a battle in the Indian Territory, captured a Federal wagon train valued at more than a million dollars. On this train were also captured about forty women who were on their way to visit friends and relatives who were serving in the Federal Army. The woman asked me at night to put a heavy guard over them, which I did, and tried to get them to let me send them back North, but they would not go. After the close of the war I entered the ministry. I have been a member of the Christian Church seventy-two years. I was ten years old when I joined it. At the close of my evangelistic service my record shows that I have baptized more than 6,800 into the church. On all occasions I have tried to do my duty, and should all my converts remain faithful when I reach heaven I will meet an army of soldiers of the cross.

**EVANDER GANDY**, Centralia, Tex.—Born Dec. 18, 1845, near Greenville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army August, 1863, at Franklin, La., as private in Company B, Eleventh Battalion, Mouton's Brigade, Taylor's Division. First Captain was G. W. Holloway and first Colonel was Shelby.

Was changed to Crescent Regiment by consolidation. Shelby resigned and James A. Baird became Colonel and John Houston was Captain. Received wound in the arm at Mansfield April 8, 1864, which necessitated amputation. At this battle three of my messmates fell dead on the field; Jack Holly, Monroe Garrett and Amos Barrington.

**G. G. GARDENHIER**, Austin, Tex.—Was born 1830 near Overton, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Springfield, Tex., as private in Company B, Tenth Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Prendergast, first Captain, and Nelson, first Colonel.

Was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga seven times. Had my left eye knocked out and cannot hear with my left ear. Was captured at the battle of Arkansas Post and carried to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., in 1863. After being exchanged was sent to the Army of Tennessee. Was in the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge; from that time on was with the Tennessee Army until the close of the war.

**C. G. (Gray) GARDNER**, Granbury, Tex.—Born Feb. 20, 1838, near Glade Springs, Va. Enlisted in 1862 in the Confederate Army in Hunt County, Texas, as private in Company A, First Battalion of Texas, Maxey's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Ben F. Martin, and first Colonel, J. M. Burnette. Was sent from Texas to Port Hudson on the Mississippi River, then under Gen. Frank Gardner, to help hold the fort.

Was at the capture of the "Queen of the West," and at the sinking of another boat. I was at the siege of Port Hudson, and the battles of Baker's Creek and Jackson, Miss., and with Joseph E. Johnston around Vicksburg. Was sent to Mobile, and from there to Texas.

**H. C. GARDNER**, Kennedy, Tex.—Born in 1846 near Lebanon, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company K, Eighth Kentucky



Cavalry, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Pat Symms, and first Colonel, Kluke. I first enlisted under Dr. Cleaver of Lebanon, Ky., but was not sworn in till about November at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

#### Reminiscences.

At Perryville we were with the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, where 4,000 or 5,000 of us made a demonstration on the Shelbyville Pike, around Buell's left wing, which was on a long ridge. This caused Buell to weaken his left wing so that he was forced to fall back seven miles that day.

We accompanied Gen. Bragg on his retreat from Kentucky through Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, where we stayed about a week. Here we fell in with Col. Spaulding and Capt. Symms with about fifty men from Washington County, Kentucky, and we decided to consolidate the two companies, which would give us about 125 men. With these, Col. Spaulding thought we could get two more companies at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and make up an independent battalion. Our plans failed. Capt. Symms soon succeeded in getting us transferred to Gen. Morgan's command.

At that time there were a great many cavalry companies wanting service with Gen. Morgan's raiders, as they were called. Our tents, horses, wagons and arms belonged to us. We had nothing that belonged to the Confederate States of America.

An officer of the Georgia troops, a very nice, unassuming man, came down and lined us up and swore us into the regular Confederate Army, and we were sent to Preston's Battalion near Nashville to do picket and scout duty. We had a pretty hot fight with one foraging party and captured two wagon trains. Ex-Judge Grimes of Cuera was in that fight. We had 385 men, and an advantage in position against 900 New York infantry.

The man who lived in the farm house where we fought said that we killed and wounded 131 of them. Dec. 19 we got orders to report to Gen. Morgan, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, as Company K. We had orders to carry nothing in the way of wagons or tents. We found Morgan at Alexandria, Tenn., getting ready for what we called the "Christmas Raid through Kentucky," where we began to see rough service.

When this raid was over our regiment went on a raid through Richmond, Winchester and Mount Sterling, Ky. We were in the mountains of Kentucky the rest of that winter, and once pounced down on Mount Sterling and captured 350 Federal cavalry.

On the Ohio raid we were in the saddle twenty-one days without rest, except one night at New Market, Ky. The next day we captured a regiment of Federal cavalry at Lebanon, after a four hours' fight. When we drove them out of their works, they took to the brick buildings. We started after them with firebrands and they surrendered. They were Kentuckians. We had a half night's rest at Jackson, Ohio. We generally got a little sleep while our horses were eating, and now and then a soldier would sleep while riding along; some of them falling off.

On this raid we were captured, and stayed in prison till Feb. 24, 1865, and were then sent to Point Lookout on three months' parole. But before it was out Gen. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox.

F. M. GARDNER, Waco, Texas—Born Sept. 30, 1840, near Gardner, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, as private in Company H, Ninth Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. J. W. Buford, first Captain, and Douglas, first Colonel. Served under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and under Hood as Assistant Chief of Ordinance. I was in none of the principal bat-



bles. I fitted out harness and cared for the wagon trains of Price's Division.

When I was captured, it became known that I was from Washington, Ga., and as President Davis was supposed to be in that section then, the officer in charge of the party who captured me, proposed that if I would help him to capture Mr. Davis, he would give me half of the reward. Of course, I refused. I asked him if he thought that I would follow a cause for four long years and then turn traitor. I told him that if I had \$100,000.00 in gold, and it would aid Mr. Davis in making his escape, I would gladly contribute it. I had two brothers killed in the army, Capt. James R. Gardner, who resigned the place as Representative in the Tennessee Legislature to make up a company. He served under Gen. Forrest, and was killed at the battle of Guntown, Miss. Brother Thomas, a Lieut. in the same company, was promoted to Captain and killed in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., Nov. 30, 1864.

T. C. GARDNER, Hico, Texas—Born Sept. 26, 1832, near Cassville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Baldwin, Miss., as Fourth Sergeant in Company K, Nineteenth Mississippi Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was W. H. H. Tison, and first Colonel was Mott. Was discharged on account of disability, came home in September and as soon as I was well enough joined the Cavalry service.

After the evacuation of Corinth the army fell back to Baldwin, Miss., where Gen. Forrest took me from my command. I worked, shoeing horses, all the time up to the surrender of Gen. Lee.

Was in no general battles, but was with the scouts very often and was in several little skirmishes. I am now 77 years old. I was taken with camp fever when I first went out and came near dying.

BEN C. GARLAND, Waco, Texas—Born Jan. 1, 1847, near St. Louis, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1864, near Fulton, Ark., as private in Company A, Slayback's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade, Price's Corps. Rosewood, first Captain, and Slayback, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded nor captured. Was promoted to Orderly Sergeant. Was in none of the regular battles, but in many skirmishes through Arkansas and Missouri.

L. F. GARNER, Del Rio, Texas—Born Spet. 7, 1845, near Little Rock, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Waco, Texas, as Corporal of Company G, in Wallet's Battalion. My first Captain was John H. Harrison, and first Colonel, McDade. Was on detached service as Polignac's escort. Was reduced to rank on account of sickness rendering me incapable of doing service. Never fired a gun at a Yankee, although I was at all the fights from Pleasant Hill to Yellow Bayou. I was horse holder, so did not carry a gun.

I only weigh 103 pounds now, so you see I could not have been very large at 18.

HENRY M. GARRISON, Wolfe City, Texas.—Born Oct. 21, 1842, near Haralson, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 1861 at Senoia, Ga., as private in Company D, Nineteenth Georgia Infantry, Cobb's Brigade, Hampton's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. J. D. Hunter, first Captain, and Boyd, first Colonel. After the Seven Days' Battle Around Richmond, we were transferred to Stonewall Jackson's Division, in the



Valley of Virginia, and after the battle of Fredericksburg, all State troops were put together, and I was transferred to Colquitt's Brigade.

I was captured once on the Weldon Road, at the siege of Petersburg, but about an hour afterwards was recaptured by the Confederates. At the battle of Manassas, after three color bearers were killed in succession, I picked up the flag and after the battle was promoted to color bearer. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Rocky Run, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Siege of Charleston, Fort Sumpter, Ocean Pond, Bermuda Hundreds, Petersburg, Wilmington, S. C., Ft. Fisher, Siege of Battery Waggoner on Morris Island. Cedar Run was my first engagement under Jackson, Aug. 10th, 1862, while Lee's army was facing Pope between Richmond and Manassas. Our brigade was a part of A. P. Hill's Corps. We had orders to prepare three days' rations, as we had orders to march. Longstreet's men were still lying at ease. We followed Stonewall Jackson apparently right towards the enemy. Soon we made a detour. Marching at double quick, resting ten minutes at every four miles, over logs and through streams, we reached the rear of the enemy on the morning of the third day. Just then a long train from Washington, loaded with soldiers, was coming down Bull Run slope, and another similarly loaded wagon was coming from the opposite direction. There was a collision in which many were killed. As the survivors of the collision formed into line, our regiment, the Nineteenth Georgia, had orders to catch the rascals, while the remainder were to turn their flank. Soon we had them on the run. We captured a great many, and many made their escape. We had drawn no rations for three days, and that night we camped with the enemy's baggage and feasted on their provisions. About 9 o'clock we were ordered to Manassas Junction, where we destroyed the arsenal, and from there to Centerville, reaching that place about day-break. From Centerville, we marched back to the old battle ground at Manassas, and just as we thought that we were going into camp, the Yankees threw a shell over the hill at us. Two pieces of artillery were run up on the hill and we (Archer's Brigade) had to support it. About dark the firing ceased, but we remained on the field all night. Nearly all day following we lay across a ridge, while the North Carolina Brigade, in the railroad cut below, were fighting the Yankees. Late that evening we were ordered to their relief and just as we marched down, the Yankees made a charge and part of our brigade was entirely cut off, right where the wagon road crossed the railroad. Several charges were made on both sides. We would drive the enemy back and they would charge again, until Lawton's Brigade came to our relief and then the Yankees were driven back. We spent Friday night in the railroad cut and just before day volunteers were called for to go on picket duty. I was always just fool hardy enough to volunteer for anything, so I went on picket. About ten o'clock I saw, coming out of the woods across an old field, a Yankee line of battle, and about twenty yards behind them another and then another. Lieut. Martin shouted, "Don't run boys, stand to them." When they got within twenty yards of us he shouted, "Retreat in good order." I did not wait for a second command, but ran with all my might, fortunately straight into my old company. "What is the matter, Blue? What is coming?" I had hardly breath enough to answer, and then they were upon us. When the first line was about ten yards off (we were lying down) Old Archer shouted, "Brigade attention." We rose and fired a volley which mowed the first line down like grass, then fell down and reloaded. We did this a second and a third time, then came the order, "Fix bayonets and charge."



We raised the rebel yell and chased those Yankees back through the woods, where we ran against about 25 pieces of artillery and had some fighting. Three color bearers were killed in quick succession, Woods, Thurmond and Leathers. When Leathers fell, I snatched the colors from him and kept them to the close of the war. That night we lay on picket on the ridge of a hill while a whole Yankee army passed by on the march to Washington. We could have easily fired into them, but we had no orders to do so. They were certainly scared, for they went by in a hurry. We had not had anything to eat for three days, Saturday our wagoners had cooked some beef, without salt. Sunday morning we each drew about a quarter of a pound of boiled beef, and I tell you it was good. And we did not draw any more rations until Wednesday after the skirmishes at Rocky Run, which occurred Monday evening after the battle of Manassas. From Rocky Ford, we crossed the Potomac and marched all night until about an hour before day. We marched three days and nights to Fredericksburg, Md. There we rested for several days near a mill where we got plenty of flour. We came back by the way of Milltown, and waded the Potomac near Martinsburg. At Milltown two women were on an upper gallery, cursing us. As a Tennessee Regiment was passing one of the women spit on one of our men. At Martinsburg we encountered a squad of Yankees and drove them back to Harper's Ferry where we captured twelve thousand. We paroled them and sent them across the river. From Harper's Ferry we recrossed the river and marched to Sharpsburg. From Sharpsburg we fell back to Shepherdstown and from there to Martinsburg, where I rejoined my company. Then we went to Bunker Hill, where we did picket duty. From there we marched 100 miles to Fredericksburg and by this time our regiment had dwindled from a thousand to about 200 men. At Fredericksburg sixty of these were killed and one hundred and five captured. We came out of this fight with just forty-two men in the regiment. Here I received three shots in my right arm and sixteen bullet holes in my clothes, but I saved the colors. I took them from the staff and put them in the bosom of my shirt after they had been riddled with bullets, but the Yankees did not get them.

After the battle of Fredericksburg we went into winter quarters. Orders had been received to put State troops together as nearly as possible, so we were transferred from Archer's Brigade to Colquitt's which consisted of the Sixth, Nineteenth, Twenty-third, Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Georgia Regiments. We spent the winter of 1862 and 1863 between Fredericksburg and Richmond. From there we went to Chancellorsville, where Jackson was killed. I was within 100 yards of him when he was shot, but did not know of it until the next morning. After the battle of Chancellorsville, Geta Gay, one of my comrades, called to a Yankee, "Say, Hooker, got his horns knocked off, didn't he?" "What are you all doing for blankets?" and say, "Do you know that Stonewall Jackson was killed?" "Yes," we have heard after every battle that Jackson was killed, but the next time we were ready for a fight, there he was behind us." At Chancellorsville I carried the first Confederate flag that crossed the road behind Hooker. We lay in the woods that night and when Jackson's signal guns were fired we went for the enemy.

PERRYMAN MADISON GARVIN, Snyder, Texas—Born Oct. 11, 1836, near Lexington, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, in Choctaw County, Miss., as Orderly Sergeant in Company A, Fourth Mississippi Infantry, Sears' Brigade, French's Division, Stewart's Corps.



My first Captain was James Hale, and first Colonel, Layton. I remained in the Western army during the war.

Was slightly wounded in the arm at Chickamauga and a scalp wound at Kennesaw Mountain and was also wounded in the hip at Franklin, Tenn. Was taken prisoner Dec. 16, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., and sent to Camp Chace, Ohio.

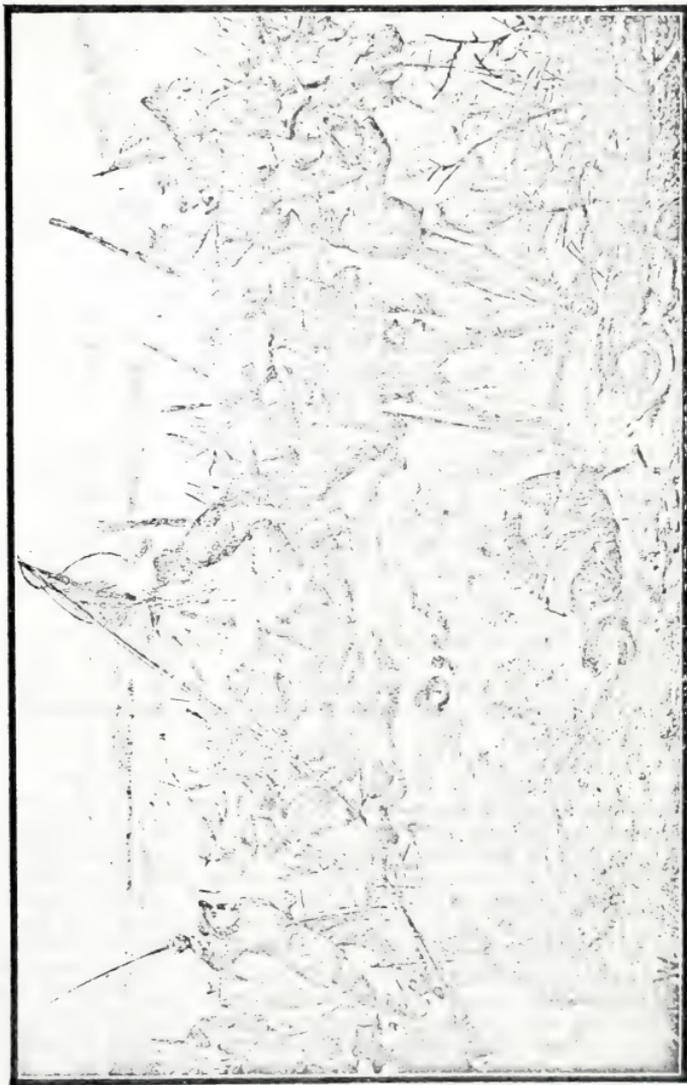
Was in the battles of Fishing Creek, Ky., Jan. 8, 1862; was at Shiloh and in all the battles around Vicksburg and all those around Atlanta, Ga.; went with Gen. Hood into Tennessee, where I was taken prisoner and remained so till the end of the war.

J. W. GARVIN, Austin, Texas—Born near Marysville, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Rodney, Miss., as private in Company D, Twenty-second Mississippi, Bowen's Brigade, Loring's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was G. D. Russell, and first Colonel, D. C. Bonham. Was wounded in the head at Jackson, Miss. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Baton Rouge, La.; Champion Hill, Corinth, and Jackson.

G. A. GARVY, Livingston, Texas—Born Aug. 21, 1840, near Hinestone, Rapides Parish, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 11, 1861, at Livingston, Texas, as private in Company F, Fourth Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Brigade. My first Captain was J. M. Crosson and first Colonel was Riley. Was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department. Got a flesh wound in the right side at the battle of Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1864. Was never taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of Val Verde, New Mexico; Glorietta, N. M.; Galveston, Texas, and Pleasant Hill, La.

JOHN E. GASKELL, Fort Worth, Texas—Born Oct. 12, 1844, in Sylacauga, Ala. My father moved to Union Parish, La., in 1850. I entered the State service in the spring of 1861, and in the Confederate Army at Vicksburg in 1862. I was enrolled as Drummer Boy in the Seventeenth Louisiana Infantry, which position I held till the fall of Vicksburg. Bob Richardson was Colonel, Baldwin's Brigade, Smith's Division, Pemberton's Corps. Was in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Port Gibson, Big Black, the siege of Vicksburg, where I was captured and paroled, went home and when exchanged entered the army of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Was disbanded May 22, 1865, and received paroles later in the summer. I was very anxious to join one of the first companies which were made up in our Parish and asked my father's permission, which was refused. He said he had work to do for the next year that would be of more use to the South than my service in the ranks. My grandfather, himself a soldier of the war of 1812, was quite a mechanical genius and made me a drum and my father a fife from an alder joint, as nothing could be bought there at that time. And as my father was quite a speaker we used his speeches and our drum and fife to stir up the enthusiasm at barbecues, picnics and all kinds of gatherings. After my father would make one of his fiery speeches he would take up his fife and march up and down the streets, accompanied by my drumming. The people would go wild and then some one would call out, "Fall in line boys, fall in," and they could not help joining the army. When this work was completed I joined the regular army at Vicksburg in 1862 as drummer of the Seventeenth Louisiana Regiment. When Gen. Sherman's army appeared at the mouth of the Yazoo River above Vicksburg on Christmas Eve, 1862,





THE CONFEDERATES STORMING THE FEDERAL OUTER LINE OF WORKS AT BATTLE OF ALLATOONA—  
OCTOBER 5, 1864

Courtesy W. L. Dunlap, Nashville, Tenn.



I volunteered, to lay aside my drum, take a gun and go into the ranks, and fought for five days.

By a direct interposition of the "god of battles," Sherman's great army was defeated by a much inferior force and driven to his boats, but for a ten hours' rain, almost a cloudburst, flooding the swamps and making them impassable, he would have marched triumphantly into Vicksburg and celebrated Christmas there, and the key to the Confederacy and the Mississippi River would have been his instead of the honor falling to Grant, six months later on the 4th of July, 1863, and the siege of Vicksburg would have had no place in the annals of history. But such was not to be. After much fighting we retreated into the city and fought and starved all those long days only to stack our arms, shed our tears, take our paroles, go to the parole camp, and leave our dear old Vicksburg in the hands of the foe. Most of the boys who lived west of the Mississippi River wanted to go home, so we struck the river about twenty miles below the city, tore down an old log house and made us a raft by which we ferried ourselves across and then by sometimes wading swamps and then riding on the trains we reached home. When we were exchanged I joined the army of the Trans-Mississippi Department under Kirby Smith and was paroled near Mansfield, La., about May 22, 1865.

E. B. GASTON, Gainesville, Texas—Born July 23, 1842, near Cashville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June, 1862, at Columbia, S. C., as Sergeant in Company H. Sixth South Carolina Cavalry, Butler's Brigade, Lomax's Division, Hampton's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. J. J. McGuier, first Captain, and H. K. Akin, first Colonel. Was on the coast of South Carolina from the fall of 1862 until the spring of 1864. From there was sent to Virginia. Went to the front to Richmond on the 31st of May. Was seriously wounded at the battle of Trevilian Station, 11th of June, 1864, by being shot through the hip and side, shattering the bone. I am somewhat of a cripple yet.

I had two brothers in Company D, Palmetto Sharpshooters, both came through without a wound and walked home from Appomattox. The eldest, W. S. Gaston, died in Greenville, S. C., in 1902. The other, A. L. Gaston, died near Gainesville, Texas, last February, while sitting by the fire reading the Confederate Veteran. The battle in which I was wounded was the only regular battle I was in. We were often shelled and had many skirmishes, but no large battles. Was in hearing of the guns at Charleston for quite a while. My oldest brother went at the first call in April, 1861, and in September of the same year I went to Virginia as a recruit. Upon my arrival there I found him sick, nursed him through the spell, and was not mustered into service. Before he recovered, I was taken sick, and sent home and I came near dying with typhoid fever, was down all winter and did not enlist until the next summer. I did not think that I could stand the infantry, so I enlisted in the cavalry and was sent down near Charleston to guard landings and watch the blockade fleet. Of course, they would shell us and sometimes land and we would have to skirmish with them. But the swamp fever was the enemy that we had to fight the most. This fever killed a great many of the soldiers. We could hear the bombardment of Charleston every day and night for nine months.

CARY ALLEN GATES, Robert Lee, Texas—Born Oct. 4, 1836, near Paint Lick, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at McKinney, Texas, October, 1861, as private in Company I, Ninth Texas Infantry, Smith's Tennessee Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennes-



see. My first Captain was Joe Dixon, and first Colonel, Sam Bell Maxey. I served in Cheatham's, McGowan's, French's, Walker's and Morrow's Divisions, and after Murfreesboro we were in Ector's Brigade.

I was slightly wounded on back of hand at Murfreesboro, and shot through my left wrist on April 3, 1865, at Spanish Fort, Ala.

Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky., and Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Jackson, Miss.; Chickamauga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Rome, Kennesaw Mountain, and all the fighting around Atlanta. Was personally complimented on the field by Gen. Cheatham at Murfreesboro, Tenn. My regiment was reported in especial order and we were voted the thanks of the Confederate Congress, and were presented with a fine flag by the ladies of Richmond, Va.

We went into battle with 285 men and had 126 killed and wounded. My Colonel, William H. Young, had two horses killed under him; our battle flag had fifty-six holes in it and one shell struck it. We had several men killed while carrying it.

I am now in my 74th year, have good health, and do not want a pension.

J. F. GAULT, Mercury, Texas—Born Feb. 3, 1844, near Murfreesboro, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, 1861, in Bedford County, Tenn., as Corporal in Company F, Twenty-third Tennessee Infantry, Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. W. C. Blanton, first Captain, and Mat Martin, first Colonel. Was changed to the Army of Virginia in the fall of 1863, with Johnson's Brigade, after the battle of Chickamauga. I was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, in both legs, flesh wounds. Was never taken prisoner until the surrender of Gen. Lee's army. I was then paroled and went to my home in Tennessee. Moved to Texas in 1888, and now live in Mercury, McCullough County, Texas.

Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Drewry's Bluff, and all the fighting around Richmond and Petersburg, being the last fifteen months of the war. It was hard fighting, but we were honest soldiers, fighting for our rights and the property which we had gained by honest toil.

R. L. GAUTHER, Throckmorton, Texas—Born March 31, 1836, near Woodberry, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, near Woodberry, as private in Company G, Eighteenth Tennessee Infantry, Palmer's Brigade, Brown's Division, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Woods, first Captain, and Palmer, first Colonel. The army was captured at Ft. Donelson, and I was changed to the Southern part of the State and reported to Gen. Hardee of Corinth, Miss., and he assigned us to his body guard.

Was in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Atlanta, Resaca, Lookout Mountain, and Bentonville. Was discharged at Shiloh and went home. I then joined a new company and fought the remainder of the time under J. W. Nichols, Captain.

GEO. S. GAYLE, Edna, Texas—Born Sept. 13, 1845, in Jackson County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company D, First Texas Cavalry, J. C. Boeden, first Captain, and A. Buschel, first Colonel. Was with Gen. Tom Green's Division (cavalry) when Gen. Banks made his famous raid up the Red River.

Was in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. At Mansfield, we



fought from 8 a. m. until noon. Were relieved a while and again taken to the front later in the evening. Capt. Boeden was so badly wounded that he was never fit for active service any more. Our regiment made the first charge the second day at Pleasant Hill, in which our Colonel (Buschel) was killed.

WM. P. GEE, Livingston, Texas—Born Apr. 19, 1845, near Camden, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Dalington, S. C., on Sept. 1, 1861, as private in Pegram's Light Artillery, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was McIntosh, and first Lieutenant Colonel was W. J. Pegram. On account of depleted ranks we were sent to Charleston, S. C., to recruit in 1864. Evacuated Charleston in 1865 and fought several small battles through South Carolina.

Was in the battles of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Groveton, Second Manassas, Warrenton Springs, Sharpsburg, Harper's Ferry, Gettysburg, and all Lee's battles from 1861 to June, 1864.

My father came to Texas when I was 6 years old, but I went to South Carolina to attend school and went from there to Virginia in 1861. I still have a correct list of my old company.

CHAS. W. GEERS, Pilot Point, Texas—Born May 27, 1840, at Lexington, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Lexington, as private Company A, Second Regiment, Morgan's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. I was wounded at the battle of Milton, Tenn., in the neck, leg and wrist. Captured three times, sent to Jeffersonville, Columbus, Ohio, and Camp Douglas, Ill. My last capture was on the Ohio River. I escaped from prison twice. I was promoted to Corporal and Orderly under Gen. Breckenridge. I was in the following battles: Shiloh, McMinnville, Milton, Sparta, and the Ohio Raid. We were in skirmishes almost every day.

#### Reminiscences.

At the battle of Shiloh Johnston had about 40,000 and Grant 44,900, besides the reinforcement of Buell. As the battle line was only three miles long, Johnston thought he could overcome the superior number of his enemy by surprise and the suddenness of an assault. Gen. Hardee had the honor of commencing the battle on the morning of the 6th. He was in command of the first line. Gen. Bragg of the second and Gen. Polk of the third. Gen. Breckenridge's six thousand men constituted the reserve. Morgan's men occupied the extreme left of Breckenridge's Division. Everything worked like clock work. Thus we made the attack in three lines, deliberately and methodically, with a good reserve, and our flanks well protected. About 5 a. m. the reveille sounded, the lines began to move forward, and the first gun was heard from our skirmishers and then another, and another, as we pressed on until the musketry grew into a cracking sounding which preceded the roar of battle. The wild cheers of the men fairly shook the earth, and if there was any fear on the part of anyone, it was not in evidence. A more inspiring scene was never witnessed by any man. The roar of battle and the smell of power seemed to inspire the men with superhuman courage, as they rushed upon the panic stricken foe. The field was covered with scrubby wild wood and underbrush, and the ground was rugged. Morgan, with Breckenridge, went into the battle last, and of course, we saw and heard a great deal more than those at the front. Now, the incessant volleys of the lines, and the artillery, made a noise like the continued roar of a million lions.



At first our boys did not meet the least check, as the Federals ran for their lives, leaving their tents in a panic, and the hindmost of them were shot and bayoneted by the Confederates. The Confederates and Federals swept through the camps together. But the Federals sounded the "long roll" and the bugles were calling them to form in line. Hardee swept on and on, until a long line of Federal Infantry, which had formed in the rear of the retreating Federals, met him. This staggered his men for a short time only, but they immediately rushed upon this line also, with such irresistible force that the enemy was beaten back. Ere long they stopped and turned again and "made fight," but were put to flight again, leaving hundreds of their comrades, in a long line dead upon the field. Hundreds of them were wounded, crawling about like worms, and some of them calling for water. At about 8 o'clock a. m. Braggs' corps came up to relieve Hardee, and that fine command moved forward in splendid form and strength. While this maneuver was taking place the Federals thought that they could discover signs of our weakening, and they came to a halt and formed. Just then Bragg fell upon them like a cyclone. An awful struggle followed, and the roar of musketry and artillery cannot be described. The earth seemed to shake and neither the bugles nor the cries of the wounded could be heard. The roar of the battle was like ten thousand thunderstorms combined. No man, not there, can have a conception of the terrible struggle, the deafening rattle of the conflict, and the resounding echo of the combined artillery. This was the most stubborn stand the enemy had made, by reason, no doubt, of the fact that it came at the time they thought we were weakening. They did not understand the slack that occurred in transferring Bragg to the front, and this misunderstanding caused hundreds of them to be slain by fresh troops. Their ranks were terribly thinned and they broke again, and this time ran like turkeys. This rallying and retreating, however, went on all day long, at almost regular intervals, like the regular stroke of some enormous machine. About 11 o'clock Polk's Corps came to the front, and now all three of these corps were engaged, as was the whole of Gran't army. At this stage of the battle there seemed to be no commanders of regiments. Before the fight began every officer and every subordinate officer, had been commanded by Gen. Johnston to "seek and attack the nearest enemy," and at all hazards to "press forward," therefore no officers were needed. At several stages of the battle Gen. Johnston took command of brigades and "placed them where they could do the most good."

While all this was going on Morgan's men, with Gen. Breckenridge's Division, looked on in great awe and astonishment. This was a bigger thing than we had ever seen or "dreamed of in our philosophy." We had never thought of anything like it. We could tell by the Confederate yell when the Federals ran, and we hoped our boys would whip before our services were needed. As we advanced upon that part of the battle field already won by our boys, we saw the dead and wounded strewn thick upon the ground. Some were torn all to pieces by artillery. We thought of military glory, and the cost of it, and one man was heard to say, "Oh, how I wish I were at home plowing in the field. The actual sight of so many corpses at first produced a cnilly sensation, but this feeling soon wore off. By some means Morgan's men, receiving no orders, became detached from Breckenridge's Infantry, and wandered over the captured part of the battle field, looking at the sights. Soon some of us began to criticise the management of the battle and the entire campaign. Judging from the captured camps of the Federals, they had everything to eat, wear and drink, and shelter, that a soldier might want, and we were as-



tonished that they could be driven away from them. Of course, all this time the battle raged in front, and an occasional shell would burst over our heads, coming from a long distance away at the Federal front. Some of the boys laughed at these shells, but presently the fragment of a shell hit one of our boys on the shoulder. This was serious, and he did not enjoy the joke. At about 12 or 1 o'clock we overtook Breckenridge's Division going into action. We took position on the left of it. Bullets were singing thick and fast about our head, and the infantry was singing, "Cheer Boys, Cheer, etc." The writer was not in a singing mood, and, of course, did not feel like singing. He was thinking of the little prayer which his sister taught him when she would put him to bed. As Breckenridge advanced, the left center was repulsed by the Federals. The enemy was posted on a high hill, supported by lots of artillery and there was a great deal of underbrush in front. It was a strong position, from which the smoke, artillery and musketry was so dense that we could see nothing else. Breckenridge came forward, however, with Morgan's men on his flanks, and the eminence was taken by storm. About this time a courier came dashing up to Morgan's men and yelled out: "Gen. Hardee says what cavalry is this?" One of our men went back with the courier and reported to Hardee that it was Morgan's Cavalry. "I am glad to hear that, I will use it to take yonder battery." When informed of what Hardee said, every man looked grave and the writer said to himself: "Holy Moses; have we got to charge into the cannon's mouth? Have we not had enough glory already?" But the order was never given. The enemy abandoned his guns to prevent being surrounded and captured. Our left and center now pushed forward, but our right received a check. Gen. Morgan now received an order from Gen. Hardee, to go to the extreme left and charge the first enemy he saw. Gracious, this was a reckless order! but we were ready to obey it. We proceeded to the point designated as rapidly as our horses could carry us, but did not reach it until after 2 o'clock, as we had to travel in the rear of the battle line. The water on the ground from the hard rain was deep and red with the blood of men and animals.

A little after 2 o'clock Gen. Johnston was killed. He had exposed himself unnecessarily. He had been in the front of the fight from its beginning, and his clothes had been riddled with minie balls. But he heeded it not. In the enthusiasm of the battle he was with his men cheering them to deeds of valor. He was shot in the leg. An artery was severed. He was at the time leading Col. Statham's magnificent brigade. He gave no heed to the wound, but continued the charge, bareheaded, with his hand elevated, riding a large gray horse. The charge was successful. He grew weak and reeled in his saddle. His staff officers came to his assistance, but they could do him no good. They carried him to a ravine where he died in a few minutes. He was one of God's noblemen. His memory will ever be cherished. Had he lived another day Grant and Buell would have been wiped from the earth.

**WILLIAM GENTRY**, Anson, Texas.—Born Oct. 5, 1843, near Bentonville, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 21, 1861, at Sherman, Texas, as Second Sergeant, Company C, Ninth Texas Cavalry, Whitfield's Brigade, Price's Division, Van Dorn's Corps, Army of Missouri. First Captain was J. E. McCool and first Colonel, Quales. We were sent to the Army of Tennessee to oppose Gen. Grant. Was wounded in the right shoulder at Elkhorn, Ark., while charging a battery at the time when Gen. McCulloch was killed.



Was in the battles of Bird Creek, Ind. Ter.; Elkhorn; Jackson, Miss.; Rome, Ga.; New Hope Church, Ga.; Dallas; Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Ga., and Campbellville, Tenn. After the battle of Elkhorn, Gen. Price's army was sent east of the Mississippi River. Gen. Whitfield's Cavalry Brigade was dismounted at Des Arc, Ark. As I had been wounded I was sent home in charge of the company's horses. In October, 1862, I was ordered to take the horses to the command in Mississippi. We were in Mississippi till the fall of Vicksburg, and after the battle of Jackson we were transferred to Johnston in Georgia.

Gen. Ross was now our brigade commander. Our first battle was at Rome, Ga. We were ordered back to New Hope Church. After a hard fought, open field battle, Gen. Johnston threw up breastworks, but Sherman, who was commanding the Federal troops, made a flank movement and Johnston was compelled to fall back, and our brigade went into the ditches to make a feint so that the army could get away to Dallas, Ga. Here we were ordered to stay awake. It was a dark and rainy night. We were ordered out on the quiet. I was wearing a gum coat, which protected me, and I had fallen asleep. At sun-up next morning a battery was fired at the works, which woke me up, and I found I was alone. I went down to the end of the ditches the way our men went, and could see two men coming. They had on blue coats. I halted them. One threw up an arm with a white cloth around the elbow. I told them to come up. They informed me that there was a Federal picket coming up to a tree on the ditches. I remained where I was and one of the men went to the tree and the other went to a stump beyond it. When the picket crawled to the tree I halted him, and just then the man on the opposite side of the tree caught him and pulled him over on our side. We disarmed him and I took charge of him. He was wearing blue clothes and I was wearing a gum coat, so we were not fired on. I followed up the brigade and turned over my prisoner to Gen. Ross.

We then went to Dallas, Ga., where we were fighting for some time. Gen. Killpatrick came around behind our army and soon found himself surrounded. After making several attempts to cut his way out, he saw that our position was the weaker; we were on foot. He made a desperate charge on horseback and succeeded in getting out, though with a great loss of men.

The next fight was at Peachtree, Ga., on the 20th day of July, 1864. We fell back to Jonesboro, where we had a desperate battle. The Federals were repulsed as they had been at every other place in this campaign. At this time we had been placed under the command of Gen. Hood. At Duck River, Tenn., I was walking along a fence when a man rose and halted me. I thought it was our picket line, and I answered that I was a friend to the South, when he told me I would go the other way. They took me to Gen. Wilson's headquarters. I had on a blue overcoat. Gen. Wilson pointed to a seat. I gave him my name, State, and command. The General wanted to know why I had on a blue coat, and I told him it was to keep off the rain. Using profane language, he said he would kill every one of us if the government was too poor to keep us in clothes. The General then wanted to know how long I had been in the army. He wanted to know if I had ever killed a Yankee and I told him I was not sure that I had ever met one. I told him that the Yankees were all at home and the negroes and everybody else were fighting us. He said that I looked too well to be in the Confederate Army. The General instructed the guard to see that I was disarmed. The next day I was taken to Franklin, Tenn., and after Hood assaulted the works I was taken to Nash-



ville and held until after Hood's defeat, when I was sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Here I was robbed of all I had except a change of clothing and one light blanket. Two of us would occupy one bunk with one blanket to cover with and one for a bed, with no fire at night. In this cold state our rations were one-fourth of a pound of poor beef and one tablespoonful of navy beans and a third of a loaf of bread per day. After I had been here awhile some friend of mine got me a position as cook. This was like being elected Governor of Texas.

After Gen. Lee's surrender I was released on the 18th of June, 1865.

**I. N. GEORGE**, Austin, Texas.—Was born Feb. 9, 1832, in Lincoln County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1861, at Iuka, Miss., with rank of Lieutenant in Company K, Second Mississippi, Jackson's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Stone and first Colonel, Faulkner. I came home and afterwards went back to the command and was made Captain. Was wounded in the army at Iuka, in the hand at Tishomingo Station, and in the leg in Virginia. Was in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Tishomingo, Shiloh, Brice's Cross Roads, Tupelo, Noonan, Ga.; Jackson, Tenn.; Fort Pillow, Decatur, Ala.; Sulphur Springs, Tenn., and Pulaski, Tenn.

**F. M. GEORGE**, Terrell, Texas.—Was born near Franklin, Ga., on Nov. 13, 1835. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861 at Gilmer, Texas, as private in Company E, Fourteenth Texas Dismounted Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, Cabell's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. J. Lafayette Camp, first Captain, who was later promoted to Colonel, and McRay was made Captain. On our march to Kentucky our command was divided and we were put under Kirby Smith. Was wounded at Murfreesboro by a piece of shell hitting me on the right cheek, and I had to go down in Georgia and stay quite awhile with my kinsfolk. Went back to my command and was furloughed home. Was made Lieutenant, but was frequently in command of the company. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Corinth and many skirmishes while marching over the different States holding off the Yankees. Before the battle of Murfreesboro, John Wyche told me if I showed the white feather he would write and tell my people. I told him to follow me and see. When I was wounded in the face I saw this comrade being carried off the battlefield on the Lieutenant Colonel's horse. I never heard from him afterwards. This is written by my wife, as I am very, very feeble, and for some years the wound in my face has given me trouble.

**S. R. GERALD**, McGregor, Texas, deceased.—Born in February, 1848, near Clinton, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1864, at Clinton, La., as private in Company A, Twenty-seventh Louisiana Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department.

When Mr. Gerald came home on furlough on his way home he was overtaken by the Yankees and after a lively chase and several shots being fired by the Yankees, he managed to get away. Finally he reached the home of a Southern lady, who took him and gave him something to eat. After he returned to the army on one of their marches his whole company had to swim a river which was frozen over. They broke the ice to swim across. This exposure caused him a spell of sickness, which came very near costing him his life. This record was given by Mrs. S. R. Gerald, of McGregor, Texas.



HENRY CLAY GHENT, Belton, Texas.—Born Dec. 6, 1831, near Lawrence Court House, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861 in Alabama, as First Lieutenant in Company D, Thirteenth Alabama Infantry, Archer's Brigade; James Akins first Captain and B. O. Try first Colonel. In 1861 was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the regiment on account of disability caused from a severe attack of pneumonia in 1862; resigned while at Yorktown. Was never wounded. Surrendered with the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House, on April 9, 1865. Was promoted from First Lieutenant to Assistant Surgeon, and from the latter to Surgeon. Was in the battles of Gaines' Mill, Drewry's Bluff, Five Forks and Appomattox. The Southern people knew that they were right.

W. C. GIBBS, Kuntze, Texas.—Born July 27, 1827, near Aberdeen, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on Nov. 6, 1861, at Sabine Pass, Texas, with rank of First Sergeant in Company C, Liken's Battalion. My first Captain was J. S. Irwin and J. B. Liken was Major of the battalion.

In 1862 at the reorganization of the forces I was elected Captain and A. W. Spaight was elected Colonel. We were ordered to Louisiana and served in Dick Taylor's Division. I was neither wounded nor captured. Was in the battles of Sabine Pass, at the capture of the "Morning Light" and Velocity, capture of Berwick City, Fordoche, and the other battles of the campaign of 1863 and '64.

When our company was organized our destination was Tennessee, but we were not allowed to leave the State, so we went to Sabine Pass and joined Major J. B. Liken's Battalion. We remained there until the spring of 1863. Then we were ordered to Galveston, and after the battles of Galveston and Sabine Pass we were ordered to Louisiana and attached to Polignac's Division, where we served till the spring of 1864. Our battalion fired the last hostile gun of that State campaign at Calcasieu, where we captured two Federal gunboats. I remained here with my company till September of that year, when I was ordered to Sabine Pass, Texas, and put in command of Fort Griffin. At this juncture Spaight's and Griffin's Battalions were consolidated and became Spaight's Regiment and was ordered to Galveston, and I, with my company, was placed in command of the heavy artillery at Bolivar's Point, where we remained till the end of the war.

With all our long hard marching and suffering from thirst under burning suns, our rations a small bit of lean beef and yellow corn bread, facing the winter's chilly blast, sleeping on the cold wet ground without tents, our lonely, dark watches on pickets, without medicine in sickness and all other privations we had to suffer, leaving out of account the bloody battles we fought, the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, I never heard one of the boys murmur. They continued firm in their patriotism for "Dixie Land," and when they saw that our cause was lost they returned to their wasted homes and dear ones, determined to restore them to that happy state in which they left them.

I cannot believe that such love of country and its cause was ever before manifested.

SAMUEL GIBSON, Austin, Texas.—Born in Caddo Parish, La. Enlisted in the early spring of 1861 at Victoria, Texas, as private in Company C, Sixth Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Bass and first Colonel Garland. I was never wounded but had my clothes almost shot



off me at different times. I don't know how I escaped. Was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post, the 11th of Jan., 1863, and sent to Camp Butler, Ill. Was at the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, Dug Gap, New Hope Church, Marietta Bridge, Peachtree Creek, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, and lots of others too numerous to mention.

W. L. GIBSON, Rosalie, Texas.—Born at Crossville, Tenn., in 1835. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 at Waldren, Ark., as Assistant Surgeon, Dockery's Brigade. My Captain was Featherston and first Colonel, Dawson. After the battle of Elkhorn (or Pea Ridge) I was afflicted with rheumatism and was sent home and laid up for six months. I then came to Texas and was appointed Quartermaster by Gen. Raines of Missouri, and acted as spy for him and Gen. Price on their last raid into Missouri. We were changed about so fast after the battle of Elkhorn that I do not remember the brigades and divisions, corps, etc. I want to say that of all the close places that I found it was between the two armies when the homes had been vacated and every man that saw you supposed you were his enemy until you convinced him you were on his side.

There is where neighbor fought neighbor to the finish and there is where they took men from their homes and hanged them for not taking sides. My position as spy kept me a great part of the time between the two armies. They called it "bushwhacking," but it looked to me a good deal like murder. No man was safe at any time. Your life and your property was in danger from both sides. There are so many horrible scenes come before my mind that I will not try to describe them, but will let some abler writer give details.

JOHN B. GILBERT, Brownwood, Texas.—Born Jan. 19, 1819, at Charleston, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1861, at LaGrange, Fayette County, Texas, as private in Company F, Bate's Regiment. My first Captain was "Cub" Hines and first Colonel, Bates. Second Colonel was Casey. Ford was first Major. We were stationed at the mouth of the Brazos River all during the war. I was never promoted. Was in no battles of interest, but had small fights with gunboats occasionally.

J. E. GILBERT, Caddo Mills, Texas.—Born in 1843 near Lewisberg, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Nashville, Tenn., October, 1862, as private in Company B, Fifty-third Tennessee Infantry, Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was W. B. Holden and first Colonel, Abernathy. Was taken from the old company to be a sharpshooter, and was on the enemy's lines all the time through Georgia and Tennessee. I was slightly wounded at New Hope Church; can't remember the date. Was with Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Hood. When we fell back from Tennessee we were reorganized with Johnston and went to North Carolina and was in the last battle. I was promoted to Major, bearing a Whitworth Sharpshooter rifle. I cannot remember all the battles I was in, but was in those at the right and left of Atlanta, Franklin, Tenn.; Nashville, Tenn., and others, and was surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., on the 26th of April, 1865.

JAMES E. GILDEA, deceased.—Born at Mount Vernon, Pa., in 1820, and came South in 1847, and was a sutler in Gen. Winfield S. Hancock's Army when it went to Mexico. Returning, he bought land in Caldwell



County, and went to New Orleans and married my mother, and they moved back to Texas, where they lived afterwards. My father was a "Minute Man" in Texas before the war, when the Indians were numerous and troublesome in Texas. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1863 at San Antonio, in Capt. Carr's Company and John S. (Rip) Ford's Cavalry, Department of the Rio Grande. Was appointed Second Lieutenant in 1864 and was engaged, principally, in guarding and scouting duty along the lower Rio Grande. Was in only one battle, that known as the "White Ranch," or Casa Blanco, near Brownsville, Texas, known as the last fight of the Civil War, and in which the Confederates were victorious. He went into the war, comparatively, a rich man, but sold many horses and beeves to the Confederate Army for which he got nothing. After the close of the war, with many others, joined the Mexican Army in its war with the French and Austrians under Emperor Maximilian and was pardoned by President Andrew Johnson in 1867. He died March 25, 1880.

This sketch was given by his son, A. M. Gildea, Del Rio, Texas.

VAL C. GILES, Austin, Texas.—Born Jan. 26, 1843, near Memphis, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Austin, Texas, in May, 1861, as private in Company B, Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Texas Brigade, Whitney's Division, Longstreet's Corps. My first Captain was Ben F. Carter and first Colonel, John B. Hood. After escaping from Camp Morton, Ind., I was transferred through to Kentucky, and had many skirmishes while with Major Taylor. Was elected Second Lieutenant, but was never commissioned. Was in the battle of Gaines' Mill and was severely wounded. Was promoted to Fourth Sergeant in 1862 and was made Second Sergeant July 3, 1863, on the field of Gettysburg. Was in the battles of Eltham's Landing on York River, May 7, 1862; Seven Pines, May 30, 1862; Second Manassas, Aug. 30, 1862; Sharpsburg, Md., Sept. 17, 1862; Fredericksburg, Dec. 11-15, 1862; Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863; Chickamauga, Sept. 19-20, 1863, and Raccoon Ford, Nov. 28, 1863.

W. H. GILLISPIE, deceased.—Reported by D. F. Williams. The date or place of birth is not known by the writer. He enlisted in the Confederate Army at Gilmer, Texas, in 1861, as private in Company B, Seventh Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. His first Captain was named Camp and first Colonel, Clough. He was wounded at New Hope Church, Ga., in 1864. Was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Raymond, Miss.; Jackson, Miss.; Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, and all the battles of the Georgia campaign in 1864, till Franklin, Tenn., where he was killed, Nov. 30, 1864.

J. T. GILISPIE, Sr., deceased.—Place and date of birth not known by the writer, D. F. Williams. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Gilmer, Texas., as private in Company B, Seventh Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. First Captain Camp, first Colonel Clough. Was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill.

These three Gilispies were cousins and enlisted in the same company at the same time. He was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Raymond, and Jackson, Miss., and at Chickamauga, where he was killed. No Confederate soldier made a better record.



F. P. GILLESPIE, Los Angeles, Calif.—Born near Franklin, Tenn., Feb. 6, 1830. Enlisted in the Confederate Army the day after the fall of Fort Donelson at Oxford, Miss., as private in Company B, Thirtieth Mississippi, Walthall's Brigade, Polk's Division, Army of Tennessee. First Captain, Robinson, and first Colonel, Neil. Was taken prisoner at the battle of Chickamauga and taken to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was promoted to Captain and afterwards to Major on the brigade staff, but never served, as I was soon captured. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. During a spell of typhoid fever I had the following dream, which may not be wholly uninteresting. In my dream or vision during the wasting fever, which was devouring me, it seemed that a strange messenger took me by the hand and led me up on the side of a mountain, around the base of which ran a railroad. The messenger bade me "Look," and pointing to the North, said, "See!" and behold darkness enveloped me. I heard screams and groans and ravings, as if a mighty engine was passing over those who were wailing and grinding them to death under its ponderous wheels. I stood in a bewildering fright and astonishment, when this stranger touched me again and said: "This is the doom of the South." The awful noise and darkness passed by and a streak of light, such as often follows an angry cloud, appeared. The light came hurriedly on, increasing in brightness, and as it swept by me seemed more dazzling and even brighter than the rays of the sun. Then the strange messenger touched me again and said: "The future of the South." I gazed on the scene as it passed on to the South and my sight seemed unbound. Waving fields of grain and boundless acres of snow-white cotton spread out before me. Cities, teeming with millions of men and women, railroads running in every direction, made a scene which no pen can picture, and yet I have lived to see it more than realized. What was revealed to me banished doubt from my mind. Yet the dream was realized far differently from what I expected or hoped it would be. A kind Father was directing the storm and has accomplished or fulfilled the dream, and today we stand in the glare of that bright light which swept before me on the brow of that mountain. Even the grand principle of "States' Rights," for which we fought and for which so many brave men bled and died, still lives; and our enemies have been forced to admit that they are the correct principles of our government. These principles have been maintained at a terrible sacrifice, but it could not have been otherwise. God knew best and the freedom of the negro established the freedom of white men on a still firmer basis and the South will eventually be the "home of the free" as it has always been the "home of the brave."

BENJAMINE B. GILLETT, Lytle, Texas.—Born March 29, 1840, near Columbus, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at San Antonio, Tex., as Sergeant of Company E, Third Texas Volunteer Infantry, Scurry's Brigade—afterwards Waterhouse's; Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain, C. L. Arbuckle, and first Colonel, Luckett. Was in the battle of Jenkin's Ferry on Sabine River.

W. T. GILLEY, Atlanta, Texas.—Born April 30, 1846, at Draketown, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Atlanta, Ga., April 18, 1864, as private in Company I, Nineteenth Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, Hoke's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Chambers and first Colonel, Neel. Was in the battle of Drewry's Bluff, Weldon Railroad, and many others. I belonged to a skirmish battalion and was in a fight all the time. As to my conduct as a soldier, that is for



others to say. I will say that I was always at my post when the call came, and once stayed on the battlefield three days with dying and dead all around me. As for clothes, I did very well, except that I got barefooted. I was in the ditches three months at Petersburg, where I could not raise my head above the ground. Then at night I had to crawl over the works to a hole about thirty or forty paces in front of the breastworks and stay one hour alone. For rations we got two biscuits a day and a piece of boiled beef about the size of an egg. Then I was at the "blow up," where there were all sizes of guns, from the pocket pistol to a 140-lb. mortar, blown into the air.

**J. T. GILLISPIE** (deceased).—Reported by D. F. Williams, Sulphur Springs, Texas. The writer does not know the time nor place of his birth, but he enlisted in the Confederate Army at Gilmer, Texas, in August, 1861, as private in Company B, Seventh Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. His first Captain was Camp and first Colonel, Clough. He was slightly wounded at Chickamauga, and was killed at Franklin, Tenn., on Nov. 30th, 1864. Was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson in the spring of 1862 and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. He was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Raymond, Miss.; Jackson, Miss.; Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, as well as all the long Georgia campaign in 1864. There was no better soldier than J. T. Gillispie ever died for any cause.

**GEORGE WASHINGTON GILLMAN**, Blossom, Texas—Born May 8, 1836, near Lexington, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Mifflin, Tenn., as private in Clifford's Company, Twenty-First Tennessee Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, Forrest's Division of Cavalry. First Captain was Clifford, and first Colonel was Spain.

Was in the battles of Okolona, Harrisburg, Brice's Cross Roads, Oxford, Miss., and Memphis, Tenn.; Fort Pillow, Columbia, Tenn.; Franklin, Murfreesboro, Pulaski, Nashville and Johnsonville.

Before entering the regular service in the war, I was sent to a drill camp where they selected the best men and sent them to the regular army. This was in 1862. The enemy found us out, and we were forced to disband.

**C. M. GINGLES**, Mount Pleasant, Texas—Born in 1842 in Concord, North Carolina, and enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 1, 1861, at Coffeetown, Tex., as Orderly Sergeant of Company C, Tenth Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, French's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was J. M. Rucker and first Colonel was Nat Lock.

I was first wounded at New Hope Church, struck by a ball between the eyes, which rendered me unconscious for a time, but did not seriously injure me. My second wound was at Murfreesboro in the Cedar Brake charge, a flesh wound in the arm. The third was at Nashville, in the left hand, and a scalp wound, at Spanish Fort, Ala.

Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Chickamauga; Jackson, Miss.; Spanish Fort, Ala.; siege of Atlanta; Nashville, Tenn.; Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, and many skirmishes.

When we left Texas we went into Arkansas and struck camp at Jackson's Port, and all took measles. From there we went down White River to its mouth and up the Mississippi to Memphis, where I was put in the hospital with measles and stayed a month.

After the surrender of Fort Pillow I went to the army at Corinth,



Miss., where I relapsed with measles and was sent to the hospital at West Point, Ga. From there I joined Bragg in Kentucky and had baked pumpkin and parched corn for a regular diet for some days. From there we went to Tennessee and got ready to go to Vicksburg.

We camped on Big Black River, and had orders to cook five days' rations to last us into Vicksburg. Just about the time the cooking was done a courier came and told us that Vicksburg had surrendered. We then turned our steps toward Jackson, Miss., and from there a long march was made to Chattanooga, and from there to Atlanta, Ga.; from there to Florence, Ala., where we took up the pontoon bridge and took it to Franklin, Tenn., arriving the day after the battle. From there we went to Nashville and Mobile and Spanish Fort, and after its surrender we returned to Mobile, and from there to Citroneli, where we surrendered.

A. M. GLADISH, Stratford, Texas—Born in January, 1840, near Pulaski, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1862, in Giles County as private in Company K, Third Kentucky Cavalry, Gano's Brigade, Morgan's Division; W. S. Edwards, first Captain, and Gano of Dallas, Tex., first Colonel.

Colonel Grigsby was all the time claiming our company, so when we were on the raid into Ohio and Indiana we were turned over to him, and then we were in Company E, Sixth Kentucky Regiment. Was almost starved to death a few times and frozen a part of the time, but was never wounded.

I was captured about 160 miles above Cincinnati on the Ohio River July 19, 1863, and sent to Indianapolis; remained there for three weeks, and was then sent to Chicago, Ill.; remained there until March, 1865, then sent to Richmond and exchanged.

We were never in regular engagements. When anything like that came up, we were sent inside of the Yankee lines to tear up the railroad and cut off communication, but we had to do some fighting while doing this. We crossed the Cumberland River July 2, 1863, and fought every day until the 19th, through Indiana and Ohio. About half of the boys were captured.

J. M. GLANTON, Hico, Texas—Born Nov. 19, 1844, near Thomason, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Feb. 22, 1862, at Clopton, Ala., as Corporal in Company E, Fifty-Seventh Alabama Infantry, Scott's Brigade, Loring's Division, Pope's Corps, Army of Tennessee. J. H. Wiley, first Captain, and A. Morrill, first Colonel.

Was taken prisoner Dec. 16, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn., and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Remained in prison until after the surrender in 1865.

Was in the battles of Dalton, Ga.; Peachtree Creek, New Hope Church, Atlanta, and all of the Georgia campaign; also in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.

ELIJAH W. GLASS (deceased), Farmersville, Texas—Born Jan. 25, 1825, near Rome, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at \_\_\_\_\_, Tex., as private in Marshall's Company.

Was changed to the Ranger service, and was discharged by the conscript act, and when the age was afterward raised, re-enlisted in Edwards' Company, in Erath County, Tex. Was on the frontier, and in none of the battles of the war.

His brother, "Pony," belonged to Fitzhugh's Regiment, and died of sickness in the army in 1862, and was brought home and buried. Fred,



another brother, belonged to Company F, Martin's Regiment, and was drowned in East Caddo, between Farmersville and Greenville, on his way home. He was First Sergeant of the company, and there was no better soldier in it. When volunteers were called for he was always among the first to respond. Was wounded at the first Cabin Creek fight in the Cherokee Nation.

WILLIAM F. GLAZE, Athens, Texas—Born January 16, 1847, near Turkey Creek, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1862, at Pocatoligo, S. C. as private in Company K, Twenty-Fourth South Carolina Volunteers, S. R. Gist's Brigade, W. H. T. Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. First Captain, S. S. Tompkins, first Colonel, C. H. Stevens. We were transferred to Mississippi in 1863 in an attempt to cut the Yankee lines around General Pemberton at Vicksburg.

I was in the battles of Jackson, Miss.; Chickamauga, Ga.; Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Tenn.; Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, and Atlanta, Ga. This last battle ended my military career. I have never fully recovered from the wounds received there.

When we arrived in Mississippi we were commanded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. We got to Jackson, Miss., about dark one evening; it was raining a little, and we marched a short distance from the depot to camp. Next morning we were aroused by the drums beating the long roll, and we knew that it meant battle. We were soon in line, marching out on the Raymond road. We arrived at a farmhouse, formed in line of battle and waited perhaps an hour or more, and I began to think there was no enemy about; but I was mistaken.

Our battery of six guns was placed in position in the yard on the right of our regiment, and in front of us was a gin house. There were some bales of cotton under the gin. As soon as our battery was in position they sent a shell over into the enemy's lines, where it exploded. It was answered by one which exploded just over our company, hurting no one; but the pieces of shell flew in every direction.

A man in our company, W. T. Stillman, yelled out: "Look out, over there, Mr. Yank; you'll hurt someone if you don't mind." Soon the pickets were firing all along the line, and we knew the battle was on in earnest. We moved up to the gin, pulled those cotton bales out and strung them along for breastworks. Just then our Colonel stepped out in front and ordered us not to fire a gun till commanded. T. C. Morgan, then our Captain, said: "Stand your ground, men, if there should come ten thousand." We cheered and said we would.

When the enemy was in about two hundred yards, we were commanded, "Fire by file; commence firing." That means to fire as rapidly as possible. I felt perfectly safe behind that bale of cotton. We were ordered to fall back, so we fell back toward Jackson, and then began our long march to Vicksburg.

By the 4th of July we could hear the cannon plainly, but that day Gen. Pemberton had surrendered the city. His resources were cut off, and his brave men were simply starving. I learned after our little battle at Jackson that we were sent out there to meet the enemy and check them, so that our main army could pass.

After Gen. Pemberton surrendered we began our long and dusty march back to Jackson, in which we suffered terribly from heat and thirst. We found water on Big Black River, where we camped a day or two; also



camped for awhile on the Yazoo, where we had some picket fighting almost every day, as the Yankees were coming carefully along after us.

Gen. Johnston would not have a general engagement unless he had a decided advantage, and that was never offered until we got back to Jackson. There we stayed eight days in line of battle. We fought some most every day. Finally the enemy got reinforcements sufficient to go all around us and fight us, too, so we retreated to Morton, where there was plenty of good water. We rested here several days.

While here my father, who was a member of our company, died in the hospital at Lauderdale Springs. This was hard to bear, but the hardest part was to communicate the sad intelligence to my mother 700 miles away.

We left Morton and went to the Chickamauga battle. Our regiment boarded the cars at a place called Calhoun Station. The train consisted of box and flat cars. Our company took a box car. We arrived at Chickamauga and went into the fight next day, Sept. 19, and fought two days. This was the hardest and most complicated battle I was in during the whole war. We lost one-third of our whole brigade (Gist's) in one charge on Sunday, the 20th. The brigade was commanded on this occasion by Colquitt, of the Forty-Sixth Georgia, being the senior Colonel of our brigade. Col. Colquitt was very badly wounded here, and our Third Lieutenant, Evan Morgan, was killed while waving a Confederate flag which he had picked up on the battlefield and was leading the advance. Our Captain, T. E. Morgan, was badly wounded in the left side of his throat, and Henry Zimmerman, a remarkably good man of our company, was killed. We lost several more good men of our company whose names I do not just now recall.

We finally routed the enemy and got full possession of the battlefield and held it. The enemy retreated on the night of the 20th. We met them at Chattanooga, Tenn., where we camped awhile on the ridges south of the city and on Lookout Mountain. We stayed there several weeks, and did picket duty and fought some every day.

The Federal Army, having rested and having been reinforced liberally, began hostilities again, and they came with an overwhelming force and took Lookout Mountain, then shelled Missionary Ridge and the valley and took them. We did not have sufficient forces to defend them, so we were compelled to fall back. Gen. Johnston had relieved Gen. Bragg, and we began that long retreat to Georgia.

Gen. W. T. Sherman was in command of the Federals, and we fought some every day till we got to Dalton, Ga., where we went into winter quarters and built little log cabins and passed the cold, rainy season, doing some provost duty in the city of Dalton near by. Many of the men got furloughs during the winter and went home.

While we were here our Colonel, C. H. Stevens, was promoted to Brigadier General; our Lieutenant Colonel was made Colonel. We had to elect a Third Lieutenant to take the place of Evan Morgan, who was killed at Chickamauga. R. M. Winne was elected, and made a good officer.

Hostilities began and we began to move around and fight the Yankees every time we could get them to face us. We knew we could whip them any time we could get them in front of us, and they knew it, too; so they preferred to flank us.

We now began our long march down through Georgia. This is what they call "Sherman's march to the sea." It was not a very pleasant march: in fact, it was anything else but a pleasure trip, as those Yanks had to face as brave a little army as the world ever produced, commanded by



two brave and noble Generals, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston first, and then by Gen. Hood.

The Northern people sometimes call us "rebels" or "traitors," but "champions of the world" would be more appropriate, for we whipped a sample of nearly every Nation under the sun, and they know that today.

Nothing of importance occurred from the time we left Dalton. We had the regular routine of fighting, a little every day on some parts of the line, and retreat at night; then make a stand in the morning, and by night they would have enough Yankees and negroes to go all around us and we would have to retreat again.

We finally got to Pine Mountain, where we remained in line of battle seven days, and had pretty hard fighting almost every day. Here we lost our old General, L. S. Polk.

A man named Fitch of Company G, of our regiment came over to talk with us, and had just sat down under our shade when a shell exploded over us and a piece of shell striking the pole glanced down and killed him. It cut the back of his head entirely off. We gave him a decent burial. We did not lose many of our men here, notwithstanding there was some cannonading almost all day and some nights, and that the whole time the pickets never ceased firing day or night.

The enemy finally got men enough to get nearly all around us, and we had to fall back. We heard them charge our breastworks next morning, thinking we were still there, but Joseph E. had slipped us out and the Yanks wasted many hundreds of dollars' worth of shot and shell on a deserted fortification.

The Peachtree Creek battle was another short but fierce fight. It was on the 20th of July, 1864. Here I was shocked by a shell exploding close to my head. It did me no harm except to make me deaf for awhile, and my head roared all next day.

Our next battle was near Atlanta, Ga., on the 22d of July, 1864. We went into the battle about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, after having marched all night. And up to that time we had neither slept nor eaten since the morning of the 21st, and had nothing in our haversacks, but had filled our canteens with water as we waded the creek. We all knew that Gen. John B. Hood of Texas was in command, and that fighting was the order of the day.

But alas for me! Soldiering was to be a thing of the past. We had just got into the fight and were warming up to the work when I was shot through both legs, which put an end to my military career. I spent the remainder of the war in the hospital and on furlough at home.

Late that afternoon I was taken in an ambulance to Atlanta and sent to Macon, Ga., where I remained eight weeks. The surgeons and ladies of Macon treated me very kindly, indeed, and at the end of this time I went before a board of surgeons and was granted a sixty days' furlough and went home. Afterward I received several sixty-day furloughs, which lasted me till the war was over and the army disbanded.

I was quite a young man then, but was crippled for life. Still, I have worked and earned a living, and have never received a pension.

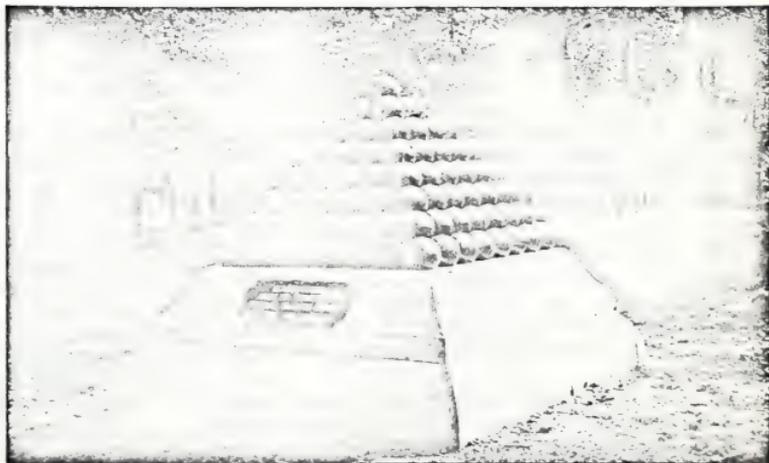
C. T. GOBER, Throckmorton, Texas—Born near Actworth, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Fannin County, Tex., in 1862 as private in Company I, Hawpe's Regiment, Spaight's Brigade, Taylor's Division. My first Captain was Cameron, and first Colonel was Hawpe. I was only in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. The rest of the time I was on detail service or sick.





OBSERVATION TOWER AT BRAGG'S HEADQUARTERS  
ON MISSIONARY RIDGE

Courtesy W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn.



MONUMENT IN CHICKAMAUGA PARK MARKING THE HEADQUARTERS  
OF GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG DURING BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA

Courtesy W. L. Danley, Nashville, Tenn.



**JAMES FRANKLIN GODBOLD**, Marshall, Texas—Born April 12, 1843, near Sparta, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Jan. 13, 1861, at Dallas, Tex., as private in Company A, Third Texas Cavalry, first under Gen. Whitfield and then in Ross' Brigade. Was first in McIntosh's Division, and then in Van Dorn's, Army of Tennessee. First Captain was T. W. Winston, and first Colonel, E. Greer.

First the regiment was ordered into Arkansas and Missouri, and then went across the Mississippi River and remained east until the end of the war.

I was in the battles of Oak Hill, Mo.; Chustenahlah, I. T.; Pea Ridge, Middleton and Thompson Station, Tenn.; Yazoo, Miss.; was at the fall of Vicksburg and was in a fight nearly every day till we reached Jackson, Miss. Was with Gen. Forrest in the Georgia campaign, and with Hood in the Tennessee campaign.

**ANDREW GODDARD**, Waco, Texas—Born Jan. 8, 1831, near Cumberland, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, at Knoxville, Tenn., as private in Company D, Sixty-Third Tennessee Infantry, Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, Hill's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Blaine, first Captain, and Fulkerson, first Colonel.

After the battle of Chickamauga, was attached to Longstreet's Corps, and went by Knoxville and on up through Tennessee.

Was not wounded, but had two ribs broken while running from the Yankees at Loudon, Tenn. I ran over a train of cars.

On April 2, 1865, I was captured and sent to Point Lookout Prison, and remained there for three months.

Was in the battles of Chattanooga, Fort Harrison, Drewry's Bluff, in front of Richmond, Petersburg and Hatcher's Run.

**ROLAND GOOCH**, Nevada, Texas—Born March 17, 1842, at Oxford, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in November, 1861 at Fishersville, Tenn., as private in Company H, First Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi Regiment, Col. McGill's Brigade, Army of Trans-Mississippi; John R. Feribee, first Captain, and Baker, first Colonel.

My company was transferred to the Forty-Second Tennessee after we were exchanged in 1862, and my company was C until the close of the war.

I was taken prisoner April 8, 1862, at Island No. 10 and sent to Madison, Wis., for a short time, and then sent to Chicago, Ill. Was exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862. Was promoted to Second Lieutenant at Enterprise, Miss., in August, 1863.

Was in the battles of Jackson, Island No. 10, Port Hudson, New Hope Church, two battles at Atlanta, Franklin, and Nashville. Was in rear guard from Nashville until the army recrossed the Tennessee River. Was with the Army of Tennessee until it surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

My last Captain, T. A. Cargill of Collinsville, Tenn., was one of the bravest men I ever saw. He would tell the boys to be sure and not show the white feather on any occasion. And when he knew that we were going to have a fight he would tell them that some of them would be killed, but to be sure and not disgrace themselves or their families by running away from the fight.

**J. C. GOODMAN**, Carmona, Texas—Born near Rodna, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 18, 1862, at Hamburg, Ark., as private



in Company A, Bell's Regiment, Hawthorn's Brigade; Sam Bell, first Captain, and Pleasant, first Colonel.

Received a slight wound at the battle of Pea Ridge, in North Arkansas. Was never changed, captured nor promoted.

Was in the battles of Mansfield, Jenkins Ferry, Pea Ridge, and others. Col. Pleasant was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge, and many others, whom I assisted in burying.

After the death of Col. Pleasant, Sam Bell was promoted to Major, and at Fort Donelson our First Lieutenant was promoted to Captain of Company C. I. D. Thomson was elected our First Lieutenant, Pat Laury, Second Lieutenant, and Harry Smitser, Third Lieutenant of Company A, Bell's Regiment, Hawthorn's Brigade, Churchill's Division of the Trans-Mississippi Department. We surrendered at Marshall, Tex.

PLEASANT K. GOREE, Madisonville, Texas—Born May 22, 1845, at Marion, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1863, at Richmond, Va., as private in Company H, Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Field's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; my first Captain, John Cleveland.

Was wounded the 16th of August, 1864, in a small battle called Jussell's Mill, about nine miles below Richmond. Shot through the arm.

In the autumn of 1863 was detailed as courier at division headquarters under Gen. Charles Field, commander of Hood's old division.

Was in the battle of the wilderness, on May 6, 1864; Cold Harbor, siege of Petersburg, and Appomattox Court House, where we surrendered.

I was the youngest of five brothers, four of whom were in the Army of Northern Virginia. The eldest, Major T. J. Goree, was on Gen. Longstreet's staff. The second brother, R. D. Goree, was in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Langston J., Ed K., and P. K. Goree were all members of Company H, Fifth Texas, Hood's Brigade, all but myself leaving home at the beginning of the war. I was left with a widowed mother until two years later, when brother L. J. was wounded and discharged from the army, when I went as a recruit to the army in Virginia. On account of being so small, I did not serve long in the ranks. My brother, T. J., had me detailed as courier, in which position I remained till the surrender at Appomattox.

One among the sad experiences at the battle of the Wilderness was: While riding over the battlefield in company with Gen. Fields, where the dead and dying of both armies were so thickly strewn that we had to be careful where we rode, I heard someone calling my name, and I found it to be the Lieutenant of my company, William Robinson, of San Jacinto, Tex.

He was mortally wounded, and begged most piteously to be taken out, which Gen. Fields was prompt to have done, as some litter bearers were near at hand. We held the ground of this battle for two or three days, and tried to bury all the dead we could. The first night I went to the ravine from which we had been drinking, to fill my canteen with water, and found it well mixed with blood.

My brother, E. K. Goree, was shot through the leg at this battle and permanently disabled. He still lives at Huntsville, and is familiarly known over the State as "Uncle Ed."

One more incident about an old comrade named Buck Carlton: During the siege of Petersburg we had to take dispatches into the trenches every day. It came his time to go in. Several hundred yards of the way had



to be made by crawling, as one moment's exposure might have meant death. So, after he had been in, curiosity prompted him to stand up and look at the enemy's breastworks. While in this position some Yankee spied him and sent a shrapnell shell, which burst a few feet in front of him, and one of its contents made a round hole in his ear. He came out very much elated. Said he: "I have got a furlough. Look at this hole in my ear." But the doctor told him he could fight about as well as ever, and he got no furlough.

At the Confederate reunion at Houston I was getting a shine when someone put his hands over my eyes from behind and asked me to guess who it was. After failing, he asked me if I remembered Buck Carlton, and I told him that if that was Buck Carlton he was marked in the ear, and sure enough there was the hole. We sometimes called him "Old Pap."

**WILLIAM HUGH GRAHAM**, Athens, Texas—Born in Raleigh, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Athens, Tex., as Sergeant in Company K, Eighteenth Texas Cavalry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was George D. Manion, and first Colonel, Darnell.

Was captured at Arkansas Post and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., and exchanged at Richmond, Va., and returned to the Army of Tennessee. I was the only one of our company who went all through the war who was not wounded.

I was in the battles of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Ga.; Dug Gap, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Marietta, Ga.; Atlanta and Jonesboro.

My first service was in Indian Territory and Arkansas. Was in several skirmishes, but in no regular engagements. Came back to Little Rock, where we were dismounted and sent to Arkansas Post, where we went into winter quarters, 1862 and '63. The enemy came up the Arkansas River in gunboats and transports above and below us and began to shell and close in on us from all sides, as they had about fifteen or twenty to our one. We held our ground for two days.

After our surrender our troubles began. We were crowded on transports like cattle and sent up the Mississippi River in as cold weather as I ever saw, with but little clothing, fire or blankets, to Camp Douglas, Ill. We were placed in barracks about 16x35, containing about 125 men. Here we were kept about three months with one blanket and thirteen pounds of hay for bedding, with almost nothing to eat, and great numbers died from exposure; but they died as heroes, and were just as good men as those who lived through the war or fell on the field of battle.

Some time in May we were started to Richmond, Va., to be exchanged. It was then that we could sing "Dixie" and "Home Sweet Home" with the spirit and understanding, for we would rather bare our breasts on the field of battle than to lie in a Federal prison.

After keeping us for some time around Richmond we were reorganized, and the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth were made into one regiment and put into Granbury's Brigade and sent to Tennessee and placed in Pat Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps.

After several skirmishes, our first regular battle was Chickamauga, where we held our ground, but lost many of as good men as ever went into any army. The enemy fell back to Chattanooga, where they remained for some time with our army at the foot of Lookout Mountain and our pickets often within a few feet of those of the Federals.

Our next engagement was at Missionary Ridge, where the enemy



massed their forces and we were compelled to fall back, after great slaughter on both sides. We then made a stand at Ringgold Gap. I expect half of our Texas troops were then without shoes, as well as scantily clothed.

After this we fell back to Dalton, Ga., where we went into winter quarters, almost without tents or shelter of any kind. In the early spring the Federal Army moved down on us and began the campaign from there to Atlanta. It was almost continual fighting day and night as far down as Jonesboro. There were so many different battles and skirmishes on this trip that I cannot recall them now, but it was fight all the time.

After this Gen. Hood of Texas was put in command, and we turned back to Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., thinking to change the course of the enemy, who had started to the coast; but it failed to change them. In this campaign we lost many good men—Pat Cleburne, Granbury and a host of the officers and men of the line.

With Johnston again in command, we started in after Sherman, who had started to the sea destroying everything in his wake, burning what he could not use, leaving the people to starve.

We followed through Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina. We met some of his cavalry and had two or three days' skirmishing with them at Greensboro, N. C., where the war ended so far as our army was concerned. We were ordered back to Greensboro, N. C., and formed into as compact a body as was possible, and here received our first official notice that Gen. Lee had surrendered.

That was the most solemn occasion of the whole war, and it seemed so to others. Gen. Johnston and his aide rode into the center and he had his orderly read the dispatches from Lee to himself.

I never saw as still an army in all my life. Each was trying to catch every word. After the reading was over, Gen. Johnston tried to make a talk to his men, but broke down, and quit with saying but little. My recollection is that his last words were: "Go home, boys, and make as good citizens as you have soldiers."

It was a sad day with us. Not that we were bloodthirsty, but we did not know what the result would be. We felt that our cause was just, and that we had a right to defend our rights—and I believe so yet.

I am one of those who believe that the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy are born of heroic blood, and that the historic fields and incidents of that brave struggle are in good hands.

**W. J. GRAHAM**, McGreagor, Texas—Born Feb. 14, 1845, at Ringgold, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Ringgold in June, 1861, as Private in Company G, First Georgia Infantry Regiment, Harrison's Brigade, Henry R. Jackson's Division, Army of West Virginia. My first Captain's name was Holeman, and first Colonel was Saxon. I re-enlisted for the war in April of 1862, was transferred to the Thirty-ninth Georgia Infantry, Taylor's Brigade, Heath's Division. Was sent to Kentucky in summer of 1862. Was slightly wounded in West Virginia in 1861, and was severely wounded at Champion Hill in front of Vicksburg, Miss., in 1863. Was wounded in the shoulder at Missionary Ridge in 1863; had two other slight wounds in 1864, and last wound was at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865. I remained in the hospital till the 26th of July, 1865. I was taken prisoner several times. Gen. Grant paroled me once; was recaptured three or four times, and made my escape once. Altogether I was fortunate to get out alive though I am still disabled from wounds in the body. When Lee surrendered that settled the war, though the principles for which I fought still burn as bright and strong as in 1861. I am proud I was a Confederate



soldier and never shirked a duty, and have no apologies to make the United States government for my soldier life and I want my children to forever defend the principles for which we fought four long years.

I was going to school when Lincoln was elected in 1860, to my first Captain Holeman. We formed a company and drilled more than we studied.

R. C. GRAMLING, Nacogdoches, Tex.—Born Oct. 30, 1845, near Pleasant Hill, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 1, 1863, at Bragg's Store, Ala., as private in Company B., Fifty-third Alabama Regiment, Hannon's Brigade, Kelley's Division, Wheeler's Corps. W. L. Lipscomb, first Captain, and M. N. Hannon, first Colonel. Was never changed, captured, wounded nor promoted. Was in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, and in the Siege of Atlanta, Ga. Served on to the coast, and then went up to Charlotte, N. C. Was honorably discharged when Johnston surrendered, in spring of 1865.

JAMES H. GRAVES (deceased).—Born 1833. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Belton, Tex., as private in Company D, Eighteenth Texas Cavalry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, and part of the time he served under Gen. Hood and Gen. D. H. Hill, Army of Tennessee. Davis was his first Captain and Darnell first Colonel.

Mr. Graves was struck by a piece of a cannon ball, but was not seriously hurt. He was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post and sent to Camp Douglas; had smallpox while there, and was kept in prison several months. He was promoted to Orderly Sergeant and was placed in the commissary department.

I do not remember all the battles he was in, but know he was in the following: Chickamauga, Arkansas Post, Franklin, Missionary Ridge, and under Gen. Hood on his raid into Tennessee. Like many other soldiers, he was poorly fed and thinly clad. I have heard him tell of his feet being so badly cut from marching over frozen ground that one could trace him by his bloody footprints. At one time he lived three days on parched corn, but this did not deter him from being true and loyal to the South. This record is given by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Graves, of McGregor, Tex.

ROBERT C. GRAVES, Clarksville, Texas—Born Sept. 4, 1845, near Perryville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Jefferson, Tex., as Orderly Sergeant in Lone Star Company, Thirty-Second Texas Regiment, Ector's Brigade, Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee; Cameron, first Captain, and Thomas Hunt, first Colonel.

Was transferred to Ector's Brigade, same army, for the reason that we desired to be with our own State troops, Gen. Bragg making special order to that effect. Was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga; lost right arm, Sept. 19, 1863.

Was never taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Hartsville on the Cumberland, Baton Rouge, Corinth, siege at Vicksburg, and was with Gen. Ector at Chickamauga.

I served under two commanders in the Army of Tennessee, so I send an additional statement. My company was made up from Bowie, Cass and Marion Counties, and started out from Jefferson some time in August or September, 1861. I lived in Cass County at the time of enlistment. I was made Orderly Sergeant of the company, and this company was known as the Lone Star; Watt Cameron, first Captain; Sam Wood-



ward, First Lieutenant: William Ellett, Second Lieutenant. From here we went direct to Bowling Green, Ky. At that time Breckenridge was organizing the first Kentucky brigade, known in history as the Orphan Brigade. Our Texas company being isolated from the other Texas troops, we attached ourselves to the Ninth Kentucky, Thomas Hunt of Louisville, Colonel commanding. And I might say here, while we reaped the honors of good deeds that befell the Kentuckians or bedecked their banners as chivalrous defenders of the South, I am sure that our Texas boys did well their part, even though we were known as Kentuckians. This company was thrown under my charge as a non-commissioned officer until the reorganization of the Army of Tennessee in 1862, just before the great battle of Shiloh, our first battle. I must here give a faint expression of our thoughts. While arraying for the struggle, Gen. Breckenridge's command lay in column on the Burnsville road and nearly opposite the right flank of Gen. Polk. The troops slept on their arms; the night was clear, calm and beautiful, and the broken slumbers of the previous one, together with the fatigue of the day just past, had prepared them for sleep and perchance for a darting thought for loved ones far away. They lay down early and were soon lost to the slumber that was to be the last one of earth for thousands of that gallant band of Southern boys. As our minds shot back with lightning speed to our dear ones at home and our hearts fluttered with pride and a faint degree of fear and excitement with the full knowledge that tomorrow we would meet in mortal combat, we were ushered into slumber.

The next day, the 6th and 7th of April, 1862, has been written in letters of blood. How well we did our part needs no repeating.

I will give a little incident which was an actual fact. After the battle of Murfreesboro the Sixth and Ninth Kentucky, with the cavalry force of Gen. John H. Morgan, dashed upon an outpost of some 200 Yanks stationed on Hart's Bluff, known as Hartsville, on the Cumberland River, in which engagement we succeeded in capturing the whole command, wagons, teams, provisions and all camp equipage. Here is how a web foot got away with one of Morgan's cavalry. After everything was captured we were hastily gathering up arms and other property and rushing it off toward Lebanon, Tenn. Our Sergeant, Joseph Anderson, found a red mule with a blind bridle on, and hastily taking possession of him and having a quick eye for the supply and medical department, soon had his mule loaded with a dozen U. S. blankets and about thirty pounds of coffee. A barrel of apple brandy he had scented while nosing around (an article hardly ever missed by a Confederate) from which he filled all the canteens he could lay hands on. On his way back to the winter camp he was halted by one of Morgan's men and ordered to disgorge and surrender the mule. Jap, as we called him, replied that the mule belonged to headquarters, and that they would have to go back and consult Capt. Morehead, as he was in command of the Ninth Kentucky at that time. When Morehead was found, he said that Gen. Morgan had ordered that all animals be given up, and that he would have to comply. "But," said Jap, "I can't do that, Captain; I have a valuable cargo here, and I can't carry it on my shoulders." "What have you?" "Well, these blankets, as you see, and a big lot of coffee, and something in these canteens—try a canteen." "Why, Jap, this is good apple brandy!" And then he took another pull or two, and wound up with: "Jap, you keep that mule, and stay along with headquarters. Shoot the first cavalryman that tries to take him away from you." And to the cavalryman he said: "You tell John Morgan that this is my mule, and he can't have him." Jap rode with great



dignity and pomp in front like a staff officer all that day, and slept at headquarters that night, and landed his cargo safely at Murfreesboro.

This is the only record where a web foot got away with a Morgan man when property rights were to be considered.

So you see that we were Kentuckians for the first sixteen months of the war, by special order from Gen. Bragg. While camped at Tullahoma, he ordered my company to report to any Texas command we desired to join, so we disbanded as a company and most all of us went to the Thirty-Second Texas, Ector's Brigade. I was with this command until I lost my right arm in battle.

I have the honor of being the first and second commander of Burks Camp, and am now Adjutant at this place.

JOHN R. GRAVES, Colorado, Texas—Born Sept. 20, 1846, near Eldorado, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 3, 1861, at Eldorado, as private in Company I, Fifteenth Arkansas Regiment; John C. Wright, first Captain.

Received a slight wound at Fort Donelson, but it did not put me out of action. Was captured Feb. 16, 1862, at Fort Donelson, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill.; was exchanged Sept. 7 of the same year at Vicksburg, Miss.

We reorganized at Jackson, Miss. Was first elected Fourth Sergeant, and the last two years of the war served as Orderly Sergeant.

Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, the bombardment of Forts Henry and Hudson, Mark's Mill, Poison Springs, Jenkins Ferry, and several small skirmishes too numerous to mention.

I left school when but a child of fifteen years and enlisted in the Confederate Army against my parents' will. Our regiment was organized at Camden, Ark., and we marched to Gaines' Landing, on the Mississippi River, there took a boat for Memphis, and were then rushed to Fort Henry. We were shelled out of that place, and rushed to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River. I lost my knapsack and blanket on the march, and when we arrived at the fort it began snowing and sleeting, and we built trenches. Arrived at the Fort about the 8th or 9th of February, and fought some every day; but the main fight came off on the 15th. It was a bloody day; the snow was red with blood, and I was all this time without anything to eat or a blanket to sleep on.

I fell asleep standing in a tent; could not lie down in the slush. Many of my dear comrades froze to death in this battle. We lost out of my company three killed and eight or ten wounded. I received a slight wound, but did not leave the field. We were forced to surrender on the 16th, and were sent to Camp Butler, Ill., where about thirty of my company died from mumps, measles and exposure. I had the measles and lay in the hospital about a month after we had gotten to the prison.

On March 10 we had another snow about three and one-half feet deep. We were exchanged at Vicksburg in September, 1862. We left Camp Butler on the 7th and arrived at Vicksburg on the 23d of September, 1862. From there we were sent to Jackson, Miss., reorganized and drew guns. From there we went to Port Hudson; remained there until the Federals came, and we had to fight nearly every day for two months. They simply starved us out; however, not until we had eaten all the mules we had. Our loss was heavy, but not so heavy as the enemy's. Then came the surrender, and we were paroled, and the balance of my time was spent on this side of the Mississippi River. We reorganized at Washington, Ark., drew guns and started out again. We had a number of fights on this side—



Poison Springs, Marks Mill, Jenkins Ferry and several small skirmishes. After the Jenkins Ferry fight we went to Shreveport, and from there to Marshall, Tex., and were there when Kirby Smith surrendered, in May, 1865.

**A. S. GRAVES**, McKinney, Texas—Born Nov. 10, 1841, at Columbus, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 17, 1862, near McKinney, Collin County, Tex., as private in Capt. Johnson's Company. In the latter part of 1863 was thrown into Morgan's Battalion, Parsons' Brigade, Kirby Smith's Division, Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

At the battle of Arkansas Post, Jan. 11, 1863, about 3,500 Confederates held back about 35,000 Federals nearly all day, killing and wounding, according to first account, 1,300 Federals and about 150 Confederates, but we were finally compelled to surrender. Gen. Churchill commanded the Confederates and Gen. McClelland the Federals. Capt. Alf Johnson, one of the gamest and best scouters in the Trans-Mississippi Department, was captured with about two-thirds of his company and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. Capt. Johnson was put off the boat at St. Louis, where he died. I was with the fraction of the company that was not captured at the Post, but J. N. Taylor and I were taken near Helena, Ark., on Jan. 27, 1863, by a brigade of Federal cavalry and put in prison at the last mentioned place. To noble Southern ladies, Misses Josie and Lizzie King, appealed to the Federal commander at Helena, Ark., and got us paroled, which we appreciated very much. At the battle of Helena, on July 4, 1863, I was promoted to Ordnance Sergeant, to prepare and issue ammunition to the boys. We were mostly in the scouting service, and had many skirmishes with the enemy, and nearly always won.

I was in the following battles: June 3, 1862, Rock Dam fight on Little Red River, Ark.; Cache River, Ark., July 7, 1862; Picket Hill, Ark.; Snicker's Gap, St. Francis River, High Hill, Helena; July 4, 1862, between Brownsville and Austin, Ark.; Duvall's Bluff, and many others. I took part in the capture of Fort Washita and Fort Arbuckle, I. T.

In October of 1861 Gens. Price and McCulloch were near Springfield, Mo. Gen. Fremont, Federal, was in Springfield with about 30,000 or more men. Gen. McCulloch sent Captains Johnson and Mabry as spies to learn the number of men, the purpose and surroundings of Gen. Fremont's army. They went into Springfield and learned a great deal. Stopped at a true Southern lady's house. The house was surrounded by "Yanks." Capt. Mabry went out the door fighting like a wildcat. Capt. Johnson ran to the window, threw the curtains aside, raised the window and jumped out. No sooner did he hit the ground than he let both barrels of his shotgun go off into the Yankee lines. Capt. Mabry ran to Johnson's assistance, and they succeeded in reaching their horses, which were a mile away. They ran all the way to McCulloch's camp to deliver their important information as well as to receive surgical attention, as both were badly wounded.

Capt. Johnson was soon in the saddle again, with a Captain's commission in his pocket to raise a "spy company" for Gen. McCulloch's army.

In regard to the private Confederate soldier, will say: Y. N. Taylor, now deceased, of Capt. Alf Johnson's spy company, was a great friend of mine, a gallant soldier, a daring scout, a fine shot, and one who would stay with you in victory or defeat. Peace to his ashes!

**E. L. GRAY**, Hempstead, Texas—Born in 1836 near Tuscumbia, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Navasota, Tex.,



as private in Company C. My first Captain was named Shannon, and first Colonel was Tom Green.

Was in the battles of Val Verde, Glorietta, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou, and smaller engagements.

**F. K. GRAY**, Red Rock, Texas—Born in Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, in Fort Bend County, Tex., as private in Company F, Twenty-Fourth Texas Cavalry (dismounted), Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Mitchell, first Captain, and L. C. Wilkes, first Colonel.

Was changed from Trans-Mississippi Department to the Army of Tennessee.

Was captured at Arkansas Post Jan. 11, 1863, and was sent to Camp Butler, Ill. Was exchanged May 16 of the same year.

Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga. Was in the retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, and in the battle of Atlanta. Was also in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.

The retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, I think, was the most trying part of my career during the war.

It is said to be a distance of ninety-eight miles, and we were ninety-eight days on the retreat. And do not think we were out of the hearing of minie balls over twenty-four hours at a time during the ninety-eight days, and had several pitched battles during the time, a few of which were Peachtree Creek, New Hope Church and Kennesaw Mountain.

**WILLIAM T. GRAY**, Fort Worth, Texas—Born July 24, 1843, near Kingston, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at that place in May, 1861, as private in Company E, Third North Carolina Cavalry, Barranger's Brigade, W. H. Lee's Division, Wade Hampton's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Evans, and first Colonel was Baker,

Was taken prisoner three times; escaped twice, and the third time was taken to Raleigh, N. C. and paroled the next day. I was in the Seven Days' fight at Richmond, Reine Station, New Berne, Wise Cross Road, Kingston, White Hall, Goldsboro, N. C., and also Gaines Mill, Stony Creek and Belle Field, Va. I first started out with a double-barreled shotgun and buckshot, and the first battle I was in in Virginia we killed and captured enough Yankees to arm our brigade and get ammunition enough to fight the Yankees with the rest of the war. There were nine of us surrounded by 600 Yankees. I led the charge and escaped with one horse killed and 2 men wounded; but I was captured. After I had been captured about ten minutes I broke away and ran. The bullets fell around me thick and fast. This was at Swift Creek village. I ran about a quarter of a mile and my horse thought so much of me that he followed me. I went into a millpond and he could not follow me any further, so they got him. But he got away and went to my sweetheart's, and she hid him out and sent him to me at 11 o'clock that night. We did without food half the time, but we were trying to save the country.

Gen. Grant asked Gen. McClellan why he fell back, and Gen. McClellan said: "The North Carolinians would charge with nothing but a Barlow knife."

I was in the battle of Petersburg, where we killed so many negroes. I had three brothers and a father in the army. Two of my brothers were wounded. One lost his arm. We went half dressed, barefooted, and when we put on a new suit of clothes we never pulled them off. They just wore off. We ate mules and horses, and many times could not get that. I



stood guard at night when I could hear the Yankees talking, and expected to be shot down at any time. When the war was over all I had was on my back, and that was not worth much. I was a prisoner the night that Lincoln was shot, but you may bet your boots I did not say anything. But I thought they were going to burn and shoot everything on the place when they received the news.

CURTIS GREEN, Leon Junction, Texas—Born Dec. 8, 1840, near Forsyth, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private in Company G, Sixth Georgia Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade, Martin's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee; John R. Hart, first Captain, and John T. Murser, first Colonel.

Was transferred from the Virginia infantry to the cavalry in the Army of Tennessee. Joined Smith's Legion. The seven companies of infantry constituted Smith's legion. John R. Hart, Lieutenant Colonel, organized the Sixth Georgia Cavalry in 1863.

Was never shot, sick or missed a fight in which our command was engaged during the war, unless I was on scout duty or in prison. Was captured at the battle of Big Creek Gap, Tenn., and carried to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. Remained in prison for three months and twenty days, and was then exchanged at City Point, Va. Joined my command in 1863. Was captured the second time in 1864, September 23, and condemned to death as a spy, broke prison on the night of Oct. 3 and swam two and one-half miles down Ostanolle River with my handcuffs on by the assistance of a plank, and made my escape.

I was in the battles of Perryville, Ky., on the retreat back to Cumberland Gap, Tenn.; Chickamauga, Sept. 19 and 20, 1863. On the morning of the 19th our regiment charged six times and six times we were repulsed. Reinforced by Gen. Walker's Division of infantry (Georgia troops), we made a charge on the Yankee breastworks, and a fearful slaughter it was. The Yankees received reinforcements, and we were driven back and our artillery position reformed. Capt. Haull's battery, which was with us all the time, and which had formed line while we were making our desperate charge, now commenced belching death at close range. Double grape and canister made great lanes through the Yankee columns. Generals Walker and Forest and Col. Hart dashed up the lines and gave the command: "Forward; double quick; charge over the breastworks, my boys!" Fearful, fearful, was the destruction of human life, but over the breastworks we went, and then the slaughter of the Yanks was awful. Eight times our cavalry charged over the Chickamauga battlefield before we captured their breastworks. Assisted by Walker's Division in the seventh and eighth charges, we were the first soldiers to break Rosecrans' lines, that I have ever heard of.

After the battle our cavalry, Martin's Division (as we had been transferred from Forrest's to Wheeler's command), Morgan's Brigade, went with Gen. Longstreet up to Knoxville and besieged Gen. Burnside. But before arriving there we fought many hard cavalry battles. Gen. Grant gained the position at Lookout Mountain, which enabled him to send Gen. Burnside's reinforcements, two divisions of infantry, and turned him loose. Gen. Longstreet went around Knoxville up the railroad to Morristown and went into winter quarters, and the cavalry had to guard Gen. Longstreet's command all of the winters of 1863 and '64, which was the hardest campaign of my life.

All of our cavalry force fought a hard fight at Dandridge, Tenn., Dec. 24, 1863. We lost quite a number of our boys in this battle. Gen. Alfred



Bale, who was in command of the Sixth Georgia, was killed. We gained the victory and ran them off the field. On the 23d we had a hard fight at Mossy Creek, Tenn. The Yankee cavalry outnumbered us; they had a brigade of infantry, and we were used up badly. We continued fighting January and February, 1864, and on the 7th of March of the same year Gen. Longstreet started on his march back to Virginia, as he belonged to the Army of Northern Virginia. Our cavalry started on its march through East Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina, Georgia and into Alabama to a place called Oxford to recruit from the hard campaign of the winter, and then joined the army at Resaca, Ga., where we assisted in this battle, as well as in the battles of Cass Station and Big Shanty, Marietta and Pine Mountain, where Gen. Polk was killed. Then we went to New Hope Church, where we fought a tremendous battle; then to Kennesaw, and on down to the Chattahoochie River, where we were engaged in a battle; then to Peachtree Creek, Atlanta and Jonesboro. We began our retreat at Dalton, Ga., with all available forces—infantry, artillery, cavalry, etc., numbering about 45,000 men. The Federals had about 80,000, and they were reinforced twice, 16,000 at one time, and 12,000 at another. All this occurred before we reached Atlanta, so you can easily see what odds we had to fight.

We then swung around for Franklin, Tenn. Gen. John B. Hood was in command. I was captured near Rome, Ga., and placed in prison at that place and missed the battle of Franklin, but joined my command on their return from Tennessee and fought to the last ditch and never surrendered.

My escape from prison: On the 23d of September I was captured in a blue uniform and taken to Rome, Ga. and placed in a log calaboose and the next morning handcuffed. The third day I was carried before about six Yankee officers. Three witnesses appeared against me. One was a deserter from our company, then belonging to the First (Yankee) Alabama Cavalry, commanded by Col. Spencer. The others were two women whose husbands had deserted from our army. They stated that I was Curtis Green, and belonged to the Sixth Georgia Cavalry, and was known to be a secret scout. There was no sentence passed at that time. I was ordered back to the guardhouse to be closely guarded. On the fifth day I received a note from a young lady by the name of Reynolds, through her brother, who was in prison with me at the time, telling me to get out or die in the attempt, as I was condemned as a spy and my doom was death. I then went to cutting on the double floor to make a hole through which I might escape. I had been allowed an old spade to build a fire on, by which to smoke the mosquitoes out, and I turned the fire over and burned the floor and burned my cuttings, so that it was disguised. The next morning the spade was taken from me. It was then Sunday, Oct. 3. The guard was changed every two hours, and the watch in the door gave me notice of the guard relief, when I would spread my blanket over the hole and lie down on it. The sergeant of the guard would count us fourteen Confederate boys, put on his guard and retire. I would then uncover and begin whittling again and continue for the next two hours till I had notice of the relief guard. I continued this way all day, and about ten minutes before 8 o'clock that night I had my hole completed. I waited till the new relief was put on so that I might have two hours to get out of town. When the relief was put on I told the Yankee sentinel I wanted to sing him a song. He told me to get up and sit in the door and sing. I did so, and it was as follows:

O dreadful, dark and rainy night,  
How have my joys passed away?



The sun's gone down, and this day is past,  
And now I am going home at last.

O Lord, what will become of me?  
I am condemned to die (as all can see).  
To heaven or hell my soul shall fly  
All in a moment when I die.

Judge Daniel has my sentence passed;  
These prison walls I leave at last.  
No one to cheer my drooped head,  
Until I am numbered with the dead.

When I had sung my song to the sentinels they were dumbfounded and did not speak a word for two minutes, but gave me eulogy for singing the song, as they said I was condemned to die. I laid down on my pallet and kicked the boys, and they got up making a fuss looking for water, as it was understood they should do while I was making a fuss going through the floor. I was then in a garden which guarded the calaboose. I ran to the back side of the garden and jerked off two palings, went through and ran around nearly in front of the calaboose, some fifty or sixty yards away, got a plank 1x12x8 feet long, went down the sewer into the Oostanaula River above the old Horter bridge place and swam down the river to Etowah River, then down the Coosa River and landed on the Widow Billup's farm. I have always said that I swam two and one-half miles, but have believed it was further; but I did not want to exaggerate. I had a piece of soap and soaped my hands, which were much drawn up from being in the water, pulled off the handcuffs, then pulled off my clothes and wrung them out. I was in my sock feet, having left my boots in the calaboose. I then started for home, and the next morning I jumped the road at the end of the bluff three miles from Rome. I went up in the mountain and looked back over Rome and saw a file of Yankees coming down the river road. I concealed myself and counted them; twenty-seven in all. I stayed there till they went back, about 3 p. m., and then cautiously took up my line of march and about 8 o'clock that night got to old Man Garner's, and was well treated by the old gentleman. He gave me a good supper and a pair of shoes, as my feet were worn out. I stayed a part of the night with him and the next day got home. I lived five miles from Cave Spring, on Big Cedar Creek, near its mouth. I then mounted myself and joined my command, and most of the time acted in the same capacity, secret scout. I have captured Yankees in daylight on their posts. They judged me by my clothes. I captured John A. Logan's saddle and harness maker. I don't remember his name, but he was from Illinois. If he should see this I would be glad to hear him tell of his capture. I was then between Logan's and Slocum's Corps as they marched, and I captured some of them while they pillaged and some while they were applying the torch, but they would not admit it. Some of the prisoners told me before Sherman got on South Carolina soil that Georgia had not suffered from the torch like South Carolina would, more especially Columbia; and according to their statements Columbia was wrapped in flames, and now Gen. Sherman says Wade Hampton burned Columbia. The Yankee prisoners told me before we got there Columbia would burn.

I have my handcuffs yet, and will hand them, with their history, down to the rising generations.



est brother, Knox, sixteen years of age, served only a short time in Wheeler's Cavalry, and came through without a scratch.

MARTIN VANBUREN GRIBBLE, Temple, Texas—Born May 13, 1840, near McMinnville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, May 13, 1861, at McMinnville, as private in Company D, Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry, Donelson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Army of Tennessee. P. H. Coffey, first Captain, and John H. Savage, first Colonel. Was wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., struck in the face. We were following the Yankees while they were on the retreat, and on approaching a little rise was shot in the left leg just below the knee, injuring the bone. I was sent to the field hospital on the battle ground and was made a prisoner on the next day, Oct. 9th. Remained at the hospital for two or three days, and was then sent to Lebonnan, Ky. Remained there for five or six weeks and was then sent to Louisville, Ky. Was in prison for a short time, and was then sent to Vicksburg and exchanged on Dec. 23. Was promoted to Fifth Sergeant by the company.

The battle of Perryville was the only regular battle I was in. Was in some skirmishing at Cheat Mountain, Va., and also in Tennessee. One afternoon before the battle of Perryville we stopped on a creek and drew three days rations of flour, and received orders to cook and be ready for march by five o'clock next morning. We had nothing to make dough in and nothing to cook with. As luck would have it we found that we were in a sugar orchard, and found some little sugar troughs. My mess got one and made the dough up in it. We made it a little tough and got some sticks and rolled the dough around one end about a foot long, and held it over the fire until the outside was cooked. We would prepare many in this way, then would open the hot ashes and lay them in like roasting potatoes. We cooked the three days' rations in this way and started the next morning at the appointed time. This was all the bread that we had for three weeks. We got some beef in the mountains and broiled it over the fire without any salt. I was wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., and Bob Waire was also wounded. He was shot through the mouth and the jaw bone bursted open and the ball passed through, lodging under the skin in the back of the neck. About the second or third day after the battle Bob found me lying under an apple tree in the orchard. I had not been on my feet since being hauled there. Bob said to me, "Mart, you must get up from there." I told him that I could not get up. He went away and returned with a plow handle and a walking stick. He and John Gribble assisted me upon this handle as a crutch and placed the stick in my hand. Bob said that we must go over the battlefield. We started and I assure you that we went very slowly. We got over the battlefield and found our Captain lying by a log near a little house, and there I sat down. Bob wanted to go further, but I was tired, and told him that I could go no further, so he went away and left me. In a short time four or five cavalrymen came up at full speed over the dead, as our dead had not been buried. They said to me, "What are you doing here?" I replied that I was just sitting on the log. "Have you been here since the battle?" "No, sir, I belong over at the hospital." "To which side do you belong?" "The Confederate." "Who is that lying there?" "My Captain." "What kind of a man was he?" "He was a good man and his name was Lambert." They said that he might have been a good man, but was fighting for a bad cause. They said to me, "Who's coat is that you have on?" I replied, "It is mine, I suppose." "No, sir, that is our uniform coat." And it was—but it was all I had. One of them said to me, "Pull it off, sir." I replied, "Well, if I



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must, I will," and began pulling it off. Another of the bunch said, "No, you will not pull it off." So they got up a quarrel among themselves, and the one who took my part drove them all away from me. But I was sure in my mind that they would come back and kill me, but thanks be to God I have never seen them since. They were all well armed and I had nothing but a plow handle and a walking stick, and was not able to use them in a fight.

SAM A. GRIFFITH, Paris, Texas—Born Dec. 14, 1837, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 14, 1861, at Paris, Texas, as Second Lieutenant in Company H, Ninth Texas Cavalry, Ross' Brigade, Jackson's Division, Army of Tennessee. N. W. Towns, first Captain, and W. B. Sims, first Colonel. At the beginning we belonged to Ben McCulloch's army in North Arkansas. After the battle of Elkhorn we were dismounted, and went by steamboat to Memphis, April, 1862, where we re-enlisted for three years or during the war. From here we went to Corinth, Miss., under Gen. Beauregard. Was taken prisoner on the retreat from Corinth at Hatchie River, about Oct. 7, 1862, and was carried to Bolivar, Tenn., and kept there under guard for about two weeks. Was then marched to Grand Junction and paroled and turned over to Jackson's Cavalry. I was promoted from Second Lieutenant to First Lieutenant in 1863 to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of John C. Gibbons for disability.

I was in the battles of Elkhorn, Farmington, Corinth, Iuka, Big Black River, Yazoo City and every day thereafter in front of Grant's Army to Jackson, Miss., Thompson's Station, from Rome, Ga., to Lovejoy Station, Ga. For one hundred days was in a skirmish or regular engagement. Was with Hood at Pulaski, Franklin, Nashville and Murfreesboro, Tenn. Second Lieutenant P. G. Mosley, of my company, was killed in the first day's fight at Corinth, Oct. 5, 1862. He had a presentiment of it before going into battle, and said to me, "Sam, I am going into the fight, but will never come out a live." He, like myself, had just been elected on the trip to Corinth. On the evening of the second day's fight at Corinth, Oct. 5th and 6th, our command was the second line of battle, and we had to crawl through brush and cut timber for hundreds of yards, under a galling fire from the enemy. Within thirty yards of the entrenchments, I had not fired a gun and had forty rounds of ammunition around me and could see about one dozen men shooting at us. They were firing through the port holes where a battery had been. Finding a friendly post oak stump about eighteen inches high, I used it for my breastworks while I shot at the Yanks through the port holes, taking deliberate aim at one man at a time, until they all disappeared and I had discharged my last cartridge. I ran up the works and had arrived near the top, when the Yanks reinforced and rose up from one end of the works to the other, those in front of me being not more than ten feet away. When I looked behind me to see where our men were and could see none but dead and wounded (they had retreated). I decided to run out, and luckily I struck a wagon road that wound around through the debris and kept in it. The enemy did not fire on me until I had gotten 100 yards from the works. Then they opened fire on me all along the line and kept it up until I reached the timber. You would have thought it a general engagement, if you had heard the firing. I was the last Confederate to leave the works near Old Battery Robinett, which was the closest place I was ever in.

E. R. GRIFFITH, Moro, Taylor County, Texas—Born in 1846, near Marion, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the fall of 1861, in



Fort Smith, Ark., as private in Company B, Seventeenth Arkansas, De Bray's Brigade, McCulloch's Division, Van Dorn's Corps. My first Captain was John Griffith, afterwards Colonel, and first Colonel, Frank Reector. Just before the fall of Fort Smith we were changed from the infantry to the cavalry.

I was in the battle of Elkhorn before I was sixteen years old. Was also in the battles of Corinth, Iuka, Tupelo, Port Hudson and quite a number of cavalry battles, and surrendered to Gen. Canby at Jackson, Miss.

I was near Gen. McCulloch when he was killed at Elkhorn, and had a comrade killed by my side by the name of Joe Meyers. This made a lasting impression on my mind as his father was opposed to his going to the army.

Capt. Hal Brown went out as a Sergeant and was promoted to Captain. He was a brave and good officer. He lived through the war and was killed at Hempstead, Texas.

GEO. R. GRIGGS, Floydada, Texas—Born Nov. 1, 1838, near Eatonton, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Eufaula, Ala., in 1861, as private in Kolb's Battery, Stewart's Corps. Was afterwards changed to Stewart's Reserve Artillery under Col. Williams. I was never wounded, but at Marietta, Ga., a Sergeant and eight men were moving a Caisson when the Sergeant was killed and all of the men except myself were wounded.

At this place our shots would fall just short of their breastworks and theirs would just go over ours, so we sustained great damage.

I was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and all the others fought between Dalton, Ga., and Atlanta. I marched barefooted after the fall of Atlanta to Columbia, Tenn., and was in the battle of Franklin.

Our command was sent to the mouth of Duck River to intercept gunboats. When the army was driven from in front of Nashville our command was put on the trail of Sherman, and we surrendered in South Carolina.

W. F. GRIGSBY, Oak Cliff, Dallas, Texas.—Born Jan. 15, 1835, in Licking County, Ohio. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Missouri, in 1862, as private in Price's Company, Perkins' Regiment.

My home was north of the Missouri River in Missouri, and I enlisted in Capt. Price's Company, under Col. Poindexter, a recruiting officer. The boys kept coming till we got about 1500. The only arms we had were what we got from farm houses, squirrel rifles and old fashioned pistols. There were quite a number of the boys who had no guns at all. We marched up and down, round and about till we got up into the northwestern part of Missouri on Grand River. We had gotten about half our men across the river when the Yankees came up on our rear. The officers gave orders for the men to jump in and swim across. The boys stampeded, and some were captured and some drowned. Many left their horses and crowded onto a flat boat and got over. My horse was working to a wagon, so horse, wagon and all were captured, but I succeeded in getting a horse and swam across. It was just about dark when the enemy came upon us. I intended to go back and get my horse when they began firing on us. Most of the men had gotten out of the reach of their guns. There were two men in the boat with me when bullets began to fly around us. One of them was killed sitting beside me. I escape without a scratch.





"STONEWALL" JACKSON MORTALLY WOUNDED, MAY 2nd, 1863.

Courtesy of J. C. Casler



After that we were all scattered. I was a hundred miles from home, but after four days and nights without eating or sleeping I got back to my old neighborhood and scouted around there until the weather got so cold that I had to surrender. So this ends my part in what is known as the "Poindexter Run."

When Gen. Price in 1864 made his raid into Missouri I enlisted again in Perkins' Regiment, Martin's Company, Tyler's Brigade. After we got with Gen. Price it was fighting every day. And on this raid we had nothing to eat but beef, and that without salt. It was thirty days before we could get bread and salt.

As we marched up the Missouri River we captured Lexington and then went up into Kansas. The Yankees had a force ahead of us in an effort to hold us in check till a greater force could come up in our rear. When we turned south in Missouri we came upon this force and had two fierce battles with them. Here, I cannot remember the place, my First Lieutenant was killed. We drove the enemy back, and had no more trouble till we got into Newton County.

This was our last battle, and we continued south and wintered on Red River. I got back to my wife and children in the spring of 1865, and they were all I had left.

JOHN ELBERT GRIMES, Austin, Texas—Born April 23, 1847, near Selma, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863 at Selma as private in Company I, Sixty-second Alabama Infantry, Thomas' Brigade, Maury's Division, Taylor's Corps; Shortridge, first Captain, and Huges, first Colonel.

We were originally Lockhart's Battalion, Alabama Volunteers, commanded by Col. Davidson; but in the spring of 1864 were reorganized and merged into the Sixty-Second Alabama Infantry.

I received slight wounds at Spanish Fort and Blakely. Was also wounded while a prisoner of war by a brutal Federal sentinel.

I was captured in August, 1864, at Fort Gaines and sent to Ship Island and New Orleans, and again at Blakely in April, 1865, and sent to Ship Island and Vicksburg.

Was promoted to field Quartermaster Sergeant from November, 1864, to final surrender, April 9, 1865. Was in the battles of Fort Gaines, Spanish Fort, Mobile Bay, Sibley, Bayou Monette and Blakely.

L. G. GRIMES, Turnersville, Texas—Born Sept. 6, 1846, near Hampshire, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the latter part of 1862 at West Point, Tenn., as private in Company A, Twentieth Tennessee Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division, Forrest's Corps; T. H. Pain, first Captain, and G. H. Nixon, first Colonel.

We were changed from one State to another just as fast as our horses could carry us—usually with the Yanks in front of us.

I received a light burn on my leg at Clifton, Tenn. At Franklin I had two holes shot through my hat and three through my coat. We paid no attention to rivers or anything else. I was taken prisoner, but made my escape five days after being captured and went to the woods as fast as my legs could carry me, until I reached my command.

Was promoted from hardships to hardships, and from hunger to almost starvation. I was in many battles, too numerous to mention. The hardest one was the battle of Franklin. We lost thirty out of our company there.



W. T. GRISHAM, Ennis, Texas—Born near Old Salem, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Maxie's Store as private in Company K, Thirty-Fourth Mississippi Regiment, Jones' Brigade (Jones deserted us at Perryville, Ky.; Walthall took command of the brigade and continued on), Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee; Bentax, first Captain; Sam Benton, first Colonel.

Was wounded in the head at the battle of Chickamauga; knocked down by a bombshell. Also received a wound in the head at the battle of Missionary Ridge. Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge.

While with Gen. Bragg through Kentucky, upon our arrival at Perryville, we met the enemy and we had a battle, and a very serious one. We went into the battle with forty-three men, the Captain, two Lieutenants, Colonel and Major; they were all killed or wounded, and Company K came out with three men and one Sergeant. After all our hardships and struggles we drove the enemy back five miles. Then we were ordered to pile up our dead and build a fence around them for burial. Eighteen were killed out of the right wing of the regiment. The next morning we started for Camp Dick Robertson, where we captured the enemy and their winter supplies. They were going into winter quarters here, and all the provisions we did not take we burned. Then Bragg pulled for Cumberland Gap, and from there to Knoxville, Tenn. We were on a steady march for fourteen days, and I was barefooted.

S. S. GROCE, Seymour, Texas.—Born March 12, 1847, near Charleston, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Clarksdale as private in Company B. Eighteenth Mississippi, McCulloch's Brigade. My first Captain was Saunders. Was put in a regiment at Columbus.

I was most of the time with Gen. Forrest. My company was generally on scout up and down the Mississippi River along the lines of Mississippi and Tennessee.

I was scouting for Forrest at the battle of Fort Pellow, and was with him when he made a raid into Memphis. My company was in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and had thirty-five killed.

I will say that I fought for honor, principle, home, mother, sisters and "State's rights."

T. J. GROSS, Del Rio, Texas—Born Feb. 6, 1843, at Dodsonville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 8, 1861, at Coffeytown, Ala., as private in Company K, Forty-Second Tennessee Regiment, Buckner's Brigade, Pillow's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Dick Davis, first Captain, and Quarles, first Colonel. Reorganized and put in the Sixth Alabama Battalion, with John Norwood as Colonel, then later went to the Fifty-Fifth Alabama, with John Snodgrass as Colonel.

Received slight wound in the head in the battle of New Hope Church; at Nashville was shot through canteen box and into hip, right hip being paralyzed for several days. After this went to Capt. Geo. Butler's Company, Fourth Alabama Cavalry, and remained there until the close of the war. At Fort Donelson, Feb. 16, 1862, was captured and taken to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., and exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., Sept. 27, 1862.

Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Baker's Creek, Port Hudson, Jackson, Miss.; Resaca, Ga.; Big Shanty, Lost Mountain, Jonesboro; Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Decatur, Ala.; Columbia, Tenn.; Franklin, Nashville, and many other smaller battles while in cavalry.



W. L. GRUBBS, Graham, Texas.—Born Sept. 27, 1836, near Anderson, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1861, at Anderson, as Second Lieutenant in Company D, Second South Carolina Rifles, Jenkin's Brigade, Field's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. D. L. Cox first Captain and John V. Moore first Colonel.

Was wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg in the calf of the leg, and was also shot through the thigh at the battle of the Wilderness.

Col. Moore was killed at the battle of Second Manassas. Capt. Cox was promoted to Major, and I was promoted to First Lieutenant.

Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, Second Manassas, Wilderness, Lookout Mountain, and was at the surrender in 1865.

At two different times I was without rations for three days. At times we had to eat bacon raw, as we were not allowed fire day or night.

ISAAC GUEST, SR., Detroit, Texas.—Born Jan. 5, 1841, near Moscow, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 20, 1861, near Clarksville, Tex., as private in Company E, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Ben McCulloch's Brigade, operating in Missouri and Arkansas. John C. Burks was first Captain, and William C. Young, first Colonel.

Our regiment, with others, was transferred east of the Mississippi River after the battle of Pea Ridge, and attached to the Army of Tennessee, where we served during the remainder of the war.

Was struck with spent ball, but never left my company. At Corinth, at the reorganization of the army, I was elected Third Sergeant of my company.

Was in the battles of Oustanolla, Elkhorn (or Pea Ridge), Corinth, Richmond, Ky.; Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Resaca, Ga.; Kennewasaw Mountain, and around Atlanta. Our regiment followed Sherman through Georgia to Savannah.

JAMES WILSON GUINN, Austin, Texas.—Born in 1831 near Troy, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Prairie, Tex., as private in Company K, Thirty-Second Texas Cavalry, Green's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department; Holem, first Captain, and Wood, first Colonel.

Was in the battles of Blair's Landing and old Caney River, La.

G. A. GUNSTREAM, Orange, Texas.—Born in 1843 at Harrisburg, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 28, 1863, near Quitman, Tex., as private in Company H, Lane's Regiment, Major's Brigade, Taylor's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department; H. H. Russell, first Captain, and Walter P. Lane, first Colonel.

Was transferred from Company H to Company G, on account of certain officers in Company H.

Have been in many battles, some very bloody ones, but escaped without getting wounded. Was in the battles of Cane Hill, Ark.; Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and a great number of smaller ones. Was discharged in Williamson County, Tex., May 23, 1865. W. P. Crump was in charge of the command at that time.

SAMUEL GUSTINE, Colorado, Texas.—Born near New Orleans, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Richmond, La., as private in Company A, Fourth Louisiana Battalion, R. L. Gibson's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; George Waddell, first Captain, and John McEnery, first Colonel.

I was first in the Army of Virginia, under Gen. Floyd, then in the gen-



eral army under Bragg. I have forgotten many things about the war. When it closed I did not want to think about it. My mother had lost everything, and I had to go to work.

I was slightly wounded near Atlanta, in both arms, and have a scar on my forehead. In skirmishes I had my clothes shot many times, but was never seriously wounded. Was captured Aug. 9, 1864, near Atlanta, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, remaining there for seven months.

I was again captured on my return from Selma, Ala., and kept prisoner in the stockade for ten days; then made my escape and succeeded in getting back to my command.

Was in the battles of Missionary Ridge, and, as I was under Gen. Bragg, the reader will know that we were in many hot places.

Z. M. GUYNES, Saratoga, Texas—Born Jan. 24, 1839, near Jackson, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Saratoga, Tex., as private in Company B, Twenty-Fourth Texas Cavalry; Rigley, first Captain, and Nichols, first Colonel.

We were first enlisted for six months. I then re-enlisted in April, 1862, for three years in the Twenty-Fourth Texas, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

Received a slight wound near Rome, Ga. Was captured at Arkansas Post Jan. 11, 1863, and sent to Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill.

Was promoted to Sergeant. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Ringgold, Ga.; New Hope Church, Atlanta, Goldsborough, Rocky Face Gap and Kennesaw Mountain.

We then returned to Tennessee and fought the battles of Franklin and Nashville. When we first started out the company had 110 men; at the surrender we had four left.

H. L. GWYN, Temple, Texas—Born near Somerville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 5, 1861, at LaGrange, Tenn., as private in Company G, Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade, Polk's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Winfield, first Captain, and John B. Wright, first Colonel.

Was discharged from the army after the battle of Shiloh, then joined the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, under Capt. J. J. Anderson and Col. Valentine, Crosby's Brigade, W. H. Jackson's Division.

Was wounded at the battle of Shiloh below the knee with a piece of shell, and at Jonesboro, Ga., across head.

Was captured at Belmont, Mo., but was recaptured at the gunboat which I was to take for Cairo, Ill.

I was in the battle of Shiloh and in the Georgia campaign. Was with Van Dorn when he captured Holly Springs, Miss., and was discharged at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865, paroled by Gen. Camby, U. S. A. I now have my parole and \$150 in Confederate money.

HIRAM HAGLER, Joshua, Texas—Born Dec. 30, 1846, at Champanole, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1863, at Montague, Texas, as Frontier Guard in Graham's Company, Potter's Battalion, Throckmorton's Brigade. Graham, first Captain.

Moved to Texas in 1851; settled in Fannin County, twenty miles above Bonham, then moved to Montague in 1860. Had many skirmishes with the Indians, and many trials and hardships on the frontier.



Part of Borland's Regiment and part of Throckmorton's Brigade started to the head of Washita River to fight the Comanche Indians for depredations on the frontier of Texas. The winter got so severe that we turned back, and I am satisfied that if we had gone on we would have been massacred, as Custer and his men were. We disbanded in 1865 and went home without doing anything.

B. W. HALCOMB, Aspermont, Texas.—Born near Gainesville, N. C., Feb. 26, 1825. In 1860 I went to Augusta, Ga., to the medical college, and in January, 1861, Georgia seceded, and on the 19th there were one hundred of us boys volunteered at 8:30 o'clock A. M., and immediately went with the Governor (Johnson) to capture the arsenal from the Federals, which we did at three P. M. that afternoon. We were then temporarily discharged. I returned home March 1, 1861, and commenced to wind up my business, and prepare for the future.

In December, 1861, I made up a company of eighty and the most of the \$50.00 bounty, and made application to go to Virginia but could not get transportation, and as my company was independent, I sought and found an independent regiment near Dalton, which I made application to join. My company being third and no surgeon, and as I was a doctor my name was sent up to the war department and I was commissioned as surgeon in the Confederate Army and served as such during the war. My commission is now in my trunk.

Our first brigade commander was Ledbetter, but only a short time. Was with Taylor, through the Kentucky campaign and with Kirby E. Smith, as Lieutenant-General commanding the East Tennessee Department. Gen. Taylor was in command of our brigade up to May 18, 1863. On the night of May 18, Alfred Cummings was placed in charge of our brigade and served up to August 31, 1864, at Jonesboro where he was severely wounded. No braver or better man ever commanded troops than he. My quarters were on the firing line usually near his, and we were very intimate for eighteen months or more. We had men in our brigade who were competent to command a brigade, Col. Watkins of the Fifty-sixth Georgia, Col. Milton, Thirty-ninth Georgia; Col. John Jackson of the Thirty-fourth.

After Gen. Hood retired from Nashville, Tenn., I was left in charge of the brigade, had only 495 guns, but my capacity as Brigadier General was of short duration. The fighting Colonel, Robert Henderson, of the Forty-second, was placed in command of the brigade, and served as such up to the surrender at Greensboro, N. C. I was Chief Field Surgeon up to the surrender.

At Rocky Face, May 8-11, 1864, our Corps was commanded by Gen. Hood, with much hard fighting, until July 15, 1864. Then we were placed under S. D. Lee, a man I knew well, as we had slept together at Vicksburg, Miss. He was a brave, kind and affectionate man. He was placed in command of our corps in July, 1864, at Atlanta, Ga., and was the man who brought on the fight July 19th.

Gen. Pemberton commanded us at Vicksburg, Miss., during the siege up to the 4th of July, 1863, but prior to the siege of Vicksburg we were under Bragg. Then at the battle of Chickamauga we went back to Bragg and remained with him up to Dalton, Ga., Feb. 27, 1863. Then we were under Gen. Joe E. Johnston, up to the 15th of July, 1864, then Gen. John B. Hood up to Dec. 28, 1864. Dec. 22, 1864 was exceedingly cold weather, spitting snow. I saw where a fire had been near the road and rode out to the old stump, found a few embers and kindled them up. Gen. Hood and



escort rode up and asked permission to warm, which was granted, he at the same time making the remark that he had only one foot to get cold.

JOHN P. HALE, Farmersville, Texas—Born Dec. 9, 1841, near Caple-ville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 22, 1861, at Capleville, in Company I, Third Tennessee Infantry, Gregg's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Alexander; first Colonel, John C. Brown. Remained in the Tennessee Army throughout the war. Was wounded at Fort Donelson, Feb. 15, 1862. Was struck in the left hip by grape shot, and disabled seven months. Still have ball that hit me. Was taken prisoner at Cassville, Ga., May 19, 1864, and sent to Rock Island, Ill., prison and stayed there till June, 1865. Was first commissary of a wagon train; afterwards wagon master, then later Second Sergeant. Was in the battles of Donelson, Chickasaw Bayou, Bombardment of Port Hudson, Raymond, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga. I was captured May 19, 1864, and taken to Rock Island, Ill. The first month we got plenty to eat, but after that we were cut short to retaliate for the treatment we gave their men in our prisons. The difference was that we gave their men all we could. In fact, more than our soldiers some times had for themselves. We drew rations Saturday mornings at 9 o'clock which were to last us till Monday at 9 o'clock. The prisoners would eat all they were given Saturday morning and do without till Monday morning. The boys ate rats and dogs and by this you can imagine how hungry they were. I studied arithmetic until I got so hungry that I went to work to make something to sell to keep from starving. I made rings and breast pins and traded them for tobacco and sold the tobacco for something to eat. Some of the boys decided they would get out, so they began tunneling the prison, next the fence, and finally got outside. The negro man who was on guard, said, "Praise de Lawd; jes look at de men comin' out o' de groun." They were fired into and one was wounded, two captured and four got away. I stayed in this prison until June, 1865. When I was wounded I lay in the snow from nine o'clock in the morning until about sundown when one of my company, Bill Wilsford, carried me off on his back. I was put on a boat and taken to Clarksville, Tenn. There were other wounded soldiers. I woke up in the night and was cold. We had no fire and I reached over to the cot next to me and discovered that the other fellow had my blanket. I knew it was mine by the holes made by the grape shot which wounded me. I put my hand in the wounded soldier's face and found that he was dead, so I took my blanket and wrapped up in it. I was wounded on Saturday and I did not get home or get my wound dressed till Wednesday. I was disabled for active service seven months but still remained with the army.

It was near Chickasaw Bayou that the Third, Thirteenth and Sixteenth Tennessee Regiments occupied the rifle pits in front and behaved with distinguished coolness and courage. Gen. Pemberton called attention of the War Department to the Third, Thirteenth and Sixteenth Tennessee as entitled to the highest distinction and in an order dated May 12, 1863, he conferred it upon them by ordering that "Vicksburg" be inscribed upon their banners.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HALE, Westminster, Texas—Born near Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 4, 1861, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., as private in Company D, Twenty-third Tennessee Regiment, Cleburne's Brigade, Hardee's Division, Army of Tennessee. Jim Neal, first Captain, and Matt Martin, first Colonel. Received a wound at the battle of Shiloh in the leg, but remained on the field. Was captured



at Kingston, East Tennessee, in the winter of 1863; was given a parole in January and went home. After this, was with Capt. Scott's scouts for Gen. Wofford. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Knoxville.

**JAMES M. HALE**, Farmersville, Texas—Born Dec. 13, 1837, near Pulaski, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, as private in Company L, Fifty-third Tennessee Infantry. Ran up against the Yankees at Fort Donelson and was captured and sent to Indianapolis, Ind. Was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. Was discharged on account of bad health and went home. I could not behave myself so my troubles began. I was not in the regular army any more but was at the service of the Confederate Scouts, as I know most of the trails in the country and had helped to make many of them. If Dick Horn and Bill Horn were alive they could tell you some more, as well as Perry Wilkes and Wes. Harless. But they are gone.

**JAMES T. HALL**, Farmhill, La.—Born in 1841, near Yorkville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Yorkville, as private in Company G, Sixth Regiment, D. R. Jones' Brigade, Field's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. John White, first Captain; Reeves, first Colonel.

At the reorganization I joined a regiment made up from various regiments and styled Palmetto Sharpshooters, Company H, B. Smith, Captain, and Michel M. Jenkins, Colonel. Was Corporal while in Company G, Sixth Regiment. In summer of 1863 was recommended for Courier to Gen. John M. Bratton, commander of the brigade, until the close of the war.

Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Second Manassas, South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Chickamauga, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Knoxville, Fort Harrison and various battles from Richmond to Appomattox Court House, at the surrender of Lee's Army.

I enlisted in the Confederate Army in York County, S. C., under John White, Captain; later we were assigned to the Sixth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, Col. Reeves commanding. From there to the coast, near Charleston, S. C. Later we were ordered to Virginia, to reinforce that army, then concentrating at or near Manassas Junction to meet the Federal forces advancing from Washington. We arrived on the field of conflict at Bull Run, but was too late to take part in the battle as the enemy was then in full retreat. Brigadier General D. R. Jones was assigned to the command of our brigade which consisted of First, Second, Fifth and Sixth South Carolina troops and we went into camp and went through the usual routine of drilling and preparing for the duty of full fledged soldiers.

Some time during the latter part of the summer our brigade was ordered forward to a place called Hay Market, some twenty miles north of our camp at the present time, Centerville, to engage a body of Federals quartered there. This was our first battle, and proved to be unsuccessful as we found the enemy in large forces. Unfortunately for my regiment the Sixth, we were mistaken by the first Kentucky Regiment for the enemy and fired into killing and wounding a number of our men. Every man of my squad of four, save myself, were killed by this volley.

Sometime during the winter it became necessary to reorganize the army, as the time of enlistment of the greater part of the soldiers had expired. We were permitted to re-enlist in our old regiment called the Palmetto Sharp Shooters (P. S. S.) under command of Michael M. Jenkins,



former Colonel of the old Fifth. Col. Jenkins was later promoted to Brigadier General, and placed in command of the new organization consisting of First, Second, Fifth, Sixth and P. S. S. Regiments. Capt. Joseph H. Walker assumed command of the Palmetto Sharp Shooters, remaining in command until the close of the war. Early in the spring of 1862, the forces in camp at Centerville and the surrounding country under the command of Joseph E. Johnston, were ordered to break camp and march with all haste to Richmond, to join in the organization then going on, they were forming to meet the forces then advancing on our Capitol under the leadership of General George B. McClellan. Johnston, with a small army, of which our brigade formed part, was ordered to Yorktown, Va., where McClellan was fortified and making preparation for an advance on Richmond. After many demonstrations and bluffs on Johnston's part to hold McClellan at that point while we were fortifying the Capitol for the grand campaign which now seemed to be inevitable.

Johnston, like a sly old fox, broke camp and slipped away on his famous retreat to Richmond, just the night McClellan planned an attack on our little army. So quick was McClellan to perceive the mistake of his delay that he pressed on after Johnston with such vigor we were compelled to make a stand at Williamsburg in order that our wagon train and heavy artillery could be gotten ahead. We engaged the enemy all day against great odds, and when hostilities ceased we still held our original position. Jenkins' Brigade was stationed in the flank of Fort McGruder (the P. S. S. holding the fort proper) commanding the key of opposition to McClellan's progress, with orders to hold it at all hazards, which we did until ordered to take up the line of march for Richmond. Here Robert Hemphill, my friend and classmate, was killed by the enemy. On the night of the 30th day of May a terrible rainstorm broke forth over that portion of the country lying along the James River. Our scouts who had been for some time watching closely the enemy's movements, came in with the report that the Chicahomany River was very much swollen, and that McClellan's pontoons had been washed away and a part of his army on our side of the river with no chance of reinforcements. Our General thought this might be an opportune time to strike the enemy in detail. Our troops failing to move the enemy, save Jenkins' Brigade, who succeeded in penetrating the line some three times, driving the enemy before them, making our last charge some half hour before sun set. It was in this last charge on the Williamsburg Road, near an old log cabin, that I received a wound in my right hip, the ball passing through my ammunition box, just glazing the hip joint, lodging near the spine. I made my way back to our field hospital, narrowly escaping capture several times as I was really in the enemy's lines. The ball was taken out by Dr. Post, our brigade surgeon, and I lay down on some blankets to sleep and rest. When I awoke in the morning I was somewhat surprised to see one of my company by my side. J. P. Barron, with a wound in the left cheek. Barron expired on a cot in the hospital and in my father's arms. Being disabled on account of my wounds, I was not in the fight (Seven Days) around Richmond. But when Gen. Lee made his campaign I was again in my place and with my regiment made the campaign.

I was in the battle of South Mountains and also at the battle of Sharpsburg, at the last named battle, our brigade was placed in a position on the right of the town looking towards the enemy near the apple orchard. Capt. Smith's Company, to which I belonged, was ordered on the skirmish line and to occupy a rock fence to our front. While occupying this position we were charged on by a line of the enemy's skirmishers whom we repulsed.



and again by two lines with like results, then by a solid line of battle which we drove back in disorder, and again by three regiments, but we continued to hold our position until the enemy was near us and then Capt. Smith seeing the position of line on our right gave way, giving the command to fall back to the main line. The advance of the enemy now became general all along the line but were soon driven back with heavy loss, thus ended Lee's first campaign into Maryland. We again crossed the Potomac River into the State of Virginia. Longstreet's Corps, Field's Division, to which my brigade belonged, was placed in position near Staunton, where we spent the greater part of the winter. I forgot to state that on our way into Maryland the second battle of Manassas was fought on almost the same ground as the former or Bull Run battle. Jenkins' Brigade, with a part of Stuart's Cavalry, turned the Federals' left flank from Manassas Heights with terrible slaughter. I was also at the battle of Fredericksburg, where Lee won a great victory over Burnside's. We were not with Lee on his second campaign into Maryland, owing to the fact that our brigade had become very much run down on account of the continued hard service. We were left around Richmond and Petersburg to guard any raid that might be made from down the James River. Later we were transferred to Longstreet's Corps, to the Western Army, arriving at Chickamauga, to join Gen. Bragg, against Rosencrans and Thomas, driving them back to within their fortifications at Chattanooga. I was with Longstreet on his raid into Knoxville and was in the charge made on a stockade fort on the morning we recrossed the Tennessee River and gave up the siege. We spent the winter at a place called Bull's Gap; later when Grant began his campaign on Richmond by way of the Wilderness, Longstreet's Corps were ordered back to Lee's army to join him at the Wilderness and assist, if possible, in repulsing Grant's further progress. We went into the battle not having time to form line, so desperate was the battle raging. It was here that I saw our grand old Chieftain as he sat on his grey horse and as we were passing I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks, saying forward boys I will lead you, the shout went up, "never"—and while an officer held his horse by the bits, we rushed into the battle and soon turned the tide and Lee's army was saved. It was here that our gallant and much beloved Gen. Jenkins was killed by our own men, through a mistake for an officer of the enemy, while reconnoitering in front in company with Gen. Longstreet. His remains were sent home to York, S. C., with the flag that he so well loved and so proudly defended.

From the Wilderness we made a forced march to Spottsylvania, Grant having given up the route by the Wilderness and turned in the direction of that place. We marched all day and all night following until between sun-set and dark we were ordered to proceed quietly as the enemy was supposed to be close. There are two roads leading from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania, one on the north by which Grant's army was moving, and one on the south by which Lee's army was moving. Intersecting the road leading to Richmond at the same point—just here occurred something which I have never read in history. Our Jenkins' Brigade was in the lead of the column and just as we came to the junction of the roads, we came face to face with the enemy. Fortunately for our boys these troops were new, having just come to the front and never having been in battle were very much alarmed at seeing themselves in such close quarters and so near their enemy, they suddenly fell back into the woods, not offering to make any resistance. Capt. Smith's Company, deployed as skirmishers, advancing feeling for the enemy, and we soon found them lying in line of battle in the underbrush, it now being dark—we called to them to sur-



render when quite a number of them came into our lines. The following day was spent by both armies getting into position, after which the struggle was taken up and continued day and night until Grant, unable to force our line, concluded to move. He moved southeast towards Cold Harbor, where we again met him and engaged in one of the most terrific and deadly conflicts of the war. Grant lost several thousand men in this conflict in one short half hour. Our loss was one thousand, as we were protected by breastworks. From here Grant continued his move in the direction of the James River, and later to Richmond and Petersburg.]

We occupied the fortifications, where an almost continually sharp shooting was kept up, as well as more or less hard fighting during the month. On the afternoon when he made his grand move around our right and came in on our rear, our brigade was now commanded by Gen. John M. Bratton, we were ordered from the trenches and met and held the enemy in check until something could be determined on. We met them on what was called the model farm and to the rear of Petersburg, checking their advance without any fighting. They seemed content with their achievements. It was here that I did the most daring deed of my life as courier. I was compelled to carry orders and get our troops in position, to ride in front of the enemy's line not more than three hundred yards distance with no shield or protection, the distance of four hundred yards twice, while they kept a continual fire at me and sometimes by volleys, strange to say that I escaped without a scratch. The night we commenced to retreat from Richmond and Petersburg, during the time up to the surrender we were almost continually engaged fighting and skirmishing both night and day.

I do not remember having unsaddled my horse nor did I lay down to sleep during the entire retreat, sleeping mostly on my horse. At last came that fatal day when it seemed impossible to resist longer. Grant, through Gen. Custer, had demanded a surrender. Gen. Grant having sent his staff officers to escort Gen. Lee to his headquarters for consultation as to the surrender. Gen. Lee dressed in his best suit and mounted on his old gray charger looking every inch a soldier, passed through our lines, cheered by loving soldiers, while tears rolled down their sun-burnt cheeks, never did he look more noble and grand than he did on that sad day, and never was a General more beloved and honored by his men than Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Thus ended, on the field of Appomattox, the long and desperate struggle for our homes and what we deemed our rights.

E. T. HALL, M. D., Fort Worth, Texas—Born May 5, 1840, in Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Claiborn Parish, La., in 1861, as private in Company H, Seventeenth Louisiana Regiment, Moore's Brigade, Lovell's Division, Johnston's Corps, Army of Tennessee. First Captain was Mattox, and first Colonel, Hurd. Our company was first stationed at Tangipahoe, La. This was a camp of instruction and from here we went to New Orleans and from there, in 1862, to Corinth, Miss. Was struck in the breast at the siege of Vicksburg by a shrapnell but not seriously hurt. When Vicksburg fell I was surrendered and paroled but was never in prison. Was in the almost incessant fighting around Vicksburg. After being exchanged was on the west side of the Mississippi River and when news reached us of Lee's surrender we were disbanded and went home.

JOHN A. HALL, Marshall, Texas—Born at Huntsville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Marshall, Texas, as Orderly Sergeant in Company H, Seventh Texas Regiment, Gregg's Brigade, Cleburne's Division.



Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. W. P. Hill, first Captain, and Gregg, first Colonel, and Granbury, second Colonel. The regiment was reorganized at Hopkinsville in 1861. Was captured at the battle of Ft. Donelson on Feb. 15, 1862. I remained in prison at Camp Douglas, Chicago, until exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., which was seven months. Was wounded in the battle at Lookout Mountain. Was in the battles of Ft. Donelson, Raymond, Miss., Chickamauga and several battles around Jackson, Miss.

CLAUD B. HALL, Smithville, Texas—Born near Statesville, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army January, 1862, at Austin, Tex., as private in Company I, Sixteenth Texas Infantry, Henry E. McCulloch's Brigade, Walker's Division, Magruder's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. S. W. Moore, first Captain, and George Flouruoy, first Colonel. I was appointed to general headquarters, as clerk, but refused to leave my regiment. Was never wounded nor captured. I acted as company clerk, did all the writing for the company and no regular guard duty. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, and in many others. I am now past eighty years of age, and my memory is not as good as it was in my prime. Was not in the battle of Sabine Pass, on account of being in the hospital at the time.

LAWSON HAMBRIGHT, Dallas, Texas—Born Dec. 27, 1843, at Clarksville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, June 1, 1862, at Ringgold, Ga., as private in Company E, First Georgia Infantry, Murry's Division. Tom Mossie, first Captain, and Geo. A. Smith, first Colonel. Was changed to Dalton, Ga., April 1, 1864. Was in Stevens' Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Was wounded at the battle of Peachtree Creek on the 20th day of July, 1864, in the left side. Was in the battles of Resaca, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, and Peachtree Creek, all in Georgia. Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., Kingston and Bentonville, N. C.

Our regiment was stationed at Fort Gaines, Ala., about 22 months. Fort Gaines was on an island at the mouth of Mobile Bay. We held the fort through thick and thin until we were ordered to Dalton, Ga., in 1864. I have my parole yet which I received at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

T. S. HAMILTON, Italy, Texas—Born in Wahalak, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1864, in Cookville, Miss., at the age of sixteen years, as private in Company G, First Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Forrest's Corps. King, first Captain, and Pinson, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was with Johnston's army on the retreat through Georgia, and with Hood on his raid to Franklin and Nashville, Tenn.

A. L. HAMILTON, Comanche, Texas—Born at Cartersville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1862, at Dalton, Ga., as private in Company A, Thirty-sixth Georgia Infantry, Cumming's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, S. D. Lee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Joe Flynn, first Captain, and Jesse A. Glynn, first Colonel. Corps commanders and brigade commanders were changed occasionally. I was never wounded, but had clothing hit twice by minie balls. Was captured at Vicksburg, but never was sent to prison. Was promoted from Orderly Sergeant to Second Lieutenant in the winter of 1863 and 1864. Was in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Siege of Vicksburg, in all the fighting from Dalton to



Atlanta in the spring and summer of 1864, and Jonesboro below Atlanta. With Hood's army in Tennessee, 1864, in the fights of Franklin and Nashville, and on the retreat after leaving Nashville.

J. T. HAMILTON, McGregor, Texas—Born Sept. 25, 1842, near Winchester, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 10, 1861, at Wittsburg, Ark., as private in Company F, Fifth Arkansas Infantry, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Smith, first Captain, and Cross, first Colonel. After August, 1861, was transferred from the north border of Arkansas and Missouri line to Bowling Green, Ky.

Was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga Sept. 19, 1863, on top of in-step on the left foot, which kept me on crutches the remainder of the war. Was taken prisoner after Lee's surrender but released on parole. In our reorganization was elected Fourth Sergeant, and afterwards, in the latter part of 1864, was promoted to Third Lieutenant.

I was in the battles of Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Liberty Gap and a number of skirmishes.

Our regiment, the Fifth Arkansas, was stationed at Glendale, Miss., seven miles north of Corinth, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, on picket duty when the battle of Shiloh was fought. So eager was the regiment to be in that fight, that they petitioned the commanding General (Albert S. Johnston) and our Colonel sent Couriers asking that we might be permitted to assist in the fight. Gen. Johnston's reply was that he heartily thanked us, but that the post of duty was the post of honor. After the battle of Shiloh, we still remained on out post duty although our lines had been drawn in during the time. Just a few days before the evacuation of Corinth our regiment was sent out on a reconnoitering expedition to feel for the enemy. Company A and Company F was sent to the right of the regiment as a precaution against an attack. We were in a dense post oak and black jack thicket and missed our bearing and became lost from our command, and of course, began trying to find them. Finally we found them, and the remainder of the regiment (eight companies) mistook us for the enemy and began firing upon us, which resulted in the killing and wounding of forty-nine of my company and several of Company A. In reading the history of Adjutant-General Buck of Cleburne's Division, I find that he is in error concerning the annihilation of the Twenty-second Indiana Regiment at the battle of Perryville, Ky. He gives the Sixth Arkansas Regiment the honor, when the Fifth was entitled to it. It was about 10 o'clock P. M., the moon shining brightly, our brigade (under Little at that time), was making a forward movement trying to locate the enemy, but their main army had retreated some distance for the purpose of obtaining water for their stock and men. In doing so we chanced upon the Twenty-second Indiana (which became detached from their main army), in a dense woodland. When we were in a short distance of them—I shall say that the right of our regiment was within ten paces of them—we did not know who they were, so our Lieutenant-Colonel rode hurriedly around in the rear of the Federals and asked the Federal Colonel who they were and he readily told him. Col. Murry told him that we had come to help him, wheeling his horse he rode back and gave the command to fire, and since my residence in Texas I was fortunate enough to meet a Federal Lieutenant of that regiment who told me that out of 1100 there were only twenty-two who made their escape; all the balance having been killed, wounded or captured. After the battle of Perryville we made a hasty retreat out of Kentucky via Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, Tenn. On



this retreat, I subsisted on five biscuits without meat, and at my journey's end was barefooted and almost destitute of clothing and with a snow on the ground four or five inches deep. I shall relate only one more incident concerning an act of heroism in the battle of Murfreesboro. The Fifth Arkansas deserves credit for this noble act. I was in the midst of it and an eye witness. In this charge our company and regiment almost had a hand to hand conflict, in fact, our Colonel ordered us to fix bayonets. J. R. Leslie, I believe it was, rushed to the color bearer of a Federal Regiment and grabbed the flag staff the Federal being the larger of the two still held on to the staff, so Leslie pulled the top of the staff down, tore the flag off and crammed it in his bosom, but by this time we had the Federals routed, they leaving two or three pieces of their artillery in our hands.

I am now in my sixty-eighth year, and feel that my time is drawing near when the "last roll" shall be called, but I thank the Lord that my name is enrolled up yonder, and feel that I shall be able to answer, "Here am I Lord," when my name is called.

W. H. HAMMETT, Wolfe City, Texas.—Born in 1841, at Spartanburg, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 1, 1861, at Spartanburg, as private in Company K, Fifth South Carolina Regiment. We were sent out as State troops under Jenkins as first Colonel. We reenlisted in the Confederate service, and were sent to Richmond, Va., and reorganized. I belonged to Jenkins' Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Was wounded at the battle of Fraysers Farm, in head and hip and was disabled for six months. Received my next wound in the second battle of the Wilderness, which disabled me for field service and was detailed to go with commissary department, where I remained until the surrender.

Before Lee commenced his retreat, we were ordered to Lynchburg, Va., where we remained three days and nights; then received orders to meet Lee's army at Appomattox Court House, but did not get there as the trains were captured by Gen. Grant's Cavalry. The conductor, the engineer and I were left on the front train. They took the engine loose, I got on with them and we went until we were out of danger; stopped on the way and cut the wires.

We three boys went back to Lynchburg and remained there all night. Next day the commander of the Post disbanded the troops that were there. I could not walk without a crutch, so I cut a mule loose from a government wagon and rode home, went by the way of Blue Ridge Mountain.

W. W. HAMMOND, Llano, Texas—Born June 15, 1845, at Augusta, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1863, in Virginia, as private in Company K, Seventh South Carolina Regiment, Kershaw's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Berry, first Captain, and Akin, first Colonel. Was sent with Longstreet's Corps in September, 1863, to Chickamauga, to help whip Rosencrans and we sure did whip him good. From there we went back through East Tennessee to Virginia and arrived there in time to gain the fight of the Wilderness where I was slightly wounded. Remained with our old war horse (R. E. Lee) until the first day of January, 1865. My brigade was sent to Savannah, Ga., where we were put under Joseph E. Johnston and surrendered with him at Greensboro, N. C. Was in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Knoxville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Cold Harbor and the battles around Petersburg and Richmond.



J. V. HAMPTON, Cleburne, Texas—Born May 12, 1844, at Fayetteville, Washington County, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 12, 1861, in Berry County, Mo., as private in Company C, Craven's Regiment, Rain's Brigade, Price's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. John G. Hardin, first Captain; Cravens, first Colonel. Was transferred from the State troops to the Confederate Army. Was first in the State guards for six months, then enlisted in the Confederate Army for the war. Was captured July 4, 1863, and sent to Alton, Ill., and then to Ft. Donelson and held until February, 1865. Was never exchanged. Was sent from there to Richmond, Va., and then to Mobile, Ala. Was in prison for two years and know all the horrors of prison life. Was paroled at Jackson, Miss. Was in the battles of Willson Creek, Lexington, Lone Jack, Newtonia, all in Missouri; Pea Ridge, Prairie Grove, Ark.; captured at Helena, Ark., July 4, 1863. Was never wounded, never in a hospital, sick or reported unable for duty. While in prison, the small pox broke out and a great many of the Confederate prisoners died. I was warden in the hospital, but escaped the dreaded disease, so you see, I have been very fortunate, for which I have ever been grateful.

Gen. Stark was mortally wounded at the battle of Elkhorn, and I was one of four who removed him from the field. The army was in full retreat but we quit the ranks and carried him twelve miles through the White River mountains, and guarded him until death relieved him of his sufferings. He was one of God's noblemen. He never complained, but talked of his family, and told us what to tell them if we were permitted to see them. He was a brave and good man, and it seemed hard to see him die in the mountains away from his family, but such is war. We lost three of our best Generals in this battle.

I will give you a short history of my prison life. We were placed in prison with a vile set of men, and we had regular battles and the officers had to divide us, putting them in other quarters. The winter of 1863 was one of the coldest on record and we suffered severely, the death rate was also great. I have seen as many as twenty in the dead house at one time. During the winter of 1863 we were offered freedom if we would take the oath, but very few of the Confederates took it. In February there was a detachment sent to Delaware and we were in hopes that the change would be for our benefit, but found it to be the opposite. We suffered greatly from the cold and heat, and also for the want of food. In February, 1864, we were sent to Richmond, Va., for exchange as we thought, but only to be paroled. From Richmond we were sent to Mobile, Ala., and while there Mobile surrendered. I volunteered to defend Fort Blakeley, was at the last fighting at Spanish Fort and Blakley. I have never seen any history that gives a correct statement about that great battle. From Mobile we were sent to Jackson, Miss., and then paroled as the war was over. I then returned to my home in Berry County, Mo., to find everything that I had owned destroyed. I was only permitted to remain a short time, as the feeling was so great against us that they would not permit a Confederate to remain at home. Our county was a border county and the fighting was continued for quite a while after the surrender.

T. F. HAMRICK, San Saba, Texas—Born Sept. 27, 1844, in Lauderdale County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at San Saba, Texas, as private in McMillian's Company, McCord's Regiment. I first enlisted as a State ranger and served about twelve months on the frontier and was then transferred to the Confederate service.



J. L. HANCOCK, Hempstead, Texas—Born Oct. 20, 1839, near Huntsville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, in Mississippi, as private in Morland's Company, Warren's Regiment. Was changed from Mississippi to Alabama. Was in the battles of Chehaw, Ala.; Day's Gap, Collierville, Tenn. Went into East Tennessee and tore up railroads. From there went into West Tennessee. Made raid at Jackson, Tenn.

M. M. HANCOCK, Mullin, Texas—Born in 1840, at Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Paris, Texas, as private in Company G, Whitfield's Legion, Ross' Brigade, Jackson's Division, Forrest's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Patterson, first Captain, and Whitfield, first Colonel. Was under Forrest in 1864 and 1865. Was never wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in all of the battles of Mississippi, Tennessee and Georgia.

W. G. HANCOCK, Paris, Texas—Born in Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March, 1862, at Paris, Texas, as private in Company G, Whitfield's Legion, Ross' Brigade, Jackson's Division, Army of Tennessee. Geo. W. Patterson, first Captain, and Hawkins, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Corinth, Murfreesboro and Thompson's Station.

C. C. HANCOCK, Hansford, Texas—Born February 3, 1839, at Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army October, 1861, at Nashville, Tenn., as private in Company C, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Phillips, first Captain, and Stone, first Colonel. Was wounded in right shoulder in a battle in East Tennessee. Gen. Dibreil and many more were wounded in the same battle. Was never captured—preferred death to the prison. At the reorganization in Tennessee I was elected First Lieutenant and thought that we had the best men in the service. I was in the battles of Chickamauga, Lexington, Richmond, Frankfort, Saltville, and a long running fight afterwards. Followed Col. Straight in his raid to Rome, Ga. If the war was to be fought over I would fight them harder than ever. Though I respect the genuine Yankee soldier and admire his bravery. I do love the old Confederate Army and always will, for I do know what they endured. I was under Gen. Forrest, and with Gen. Smith at Lexington, Richmond, and Frankfort, Ky. At the battle of Chickamauga, Lieutenant Grandstay of my company fired the first shot. He was a brave man and a good officer. I was in the last fight at Ft. Donelson. E. L. Lindsey was my last Captain, and a better and braver man never lived, in fact, all of my company were brave and noble men.

TYRE HANCOCK, Dallas, Texas—Born June 20, 1843, near Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 23, 1862, at Henderson, Tex., as private in Company B, Eleventh Texas Infantry, Randall's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Tom Smith, first Captain, and O. M. Roberts, first Colonel. Volunteered to go into Holdman's Battery, but remained four months and ran away and went back to my regiment where I remained until the end. Was in the battles of Carrion Crow Bayou, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.

Our company consisted of 129 men the day we were sworn in and during the war we got about fifty recruits, making 169 men. Thirty-five only answered roll call when we were discharged in 1865.

Our first experience as soldiers was a march from Henderson, Texas, to Navasota, Texas, the terminus of the H. & T. C. Railroad. There we took



train to Houston, where we remained for three months, and organized the Eleventh Texas Infantry, O. M. Roberts, Colonel.

After leaving Houston, we marched to Little Rock, Ark., where we were attached to Randall's Brigade, and Walker's Division. We were in winter quarters there until spring. During that long hard winter many of our men died. We commenced to bury them with the honors of war, by firing a volley over the grave as the rude coffin was lowered. Often fifteen or twenty of these volleys were fired in a day in hearing of the rude hospital, which so alarmed the sick that it was discontinued. Then they were buried without ceremony.

After leaving this place our duties consisted mainly in long and wearisome marches up and down the Mississippi River and into Louisiana. We had very little fighting to do. We were almost continually on the march for more than a year before we met the enemy in a real battle, the battle of Carrion Crow Bayou. We marched to the battle ground, sixty miles, in forty hours, without sleep and with only one meal. We were formed in line of battle in a valley, and were told that the enemy was just over the hill. We raised the "Rebel Yell" and charged. I saw a fine large tree on top of the hill, and was determined to get to that tree, which I did, and fired the first gun direct at the enemy in the valley below. I was not scared, until I looked back and saw that I was far ahead of my command. Greene Duncan was mortally wounded just as he passed my tree, and Nathan Walker and I picked up poor Greene and took him off the field under the heaviest fire of shot and shell that I ever experienced. We laid him behind a log and started back. Just then I saw Tom Green's Cavalry charging the enemy's rear. At the same time I looked and the enemy's cavalry was charging our rear. There was some hard hand to hand fighting, and many were killed and wounded. Five or six of their cavalry ran through our line and were coming straight at us firing with their pistols. Nath was a good runner and got away. I fell like I was killed and escaped.

In this battle we had 900 infantry, commanded by O. M. Roberts and 500 cavalry, commanded by Tom Greene. We were fighting 2000 infantry and about 500 cavalry. We lost 145 men. We captured a good many prisoners, killed and wounded about 500. Greene Duncan died in a few days, and Nath Walker was killed some months later, at Jenkins Ferry. This little battle has never figured much in history, but it was quite an event with us that took part in it, as it was our first baptism of fire.

Our next fighting was at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La. Some few days after this battle I received my first furlough and visited my old home, sixty miles away. Rumors of the battle had preceded me, and my parents had heard that our division was cut all to pieces. My old mother and father sat on the gallery all day anxiously looking to see or hear of their boy. Late in the evening, when I came in sight, I heard my mother shouting. No word was spoken for some time, just shouting. The neighbors heard her and began to come, and when I told them that their loved ones were safe, we had a very happy gathering.

My furlough lasted sixty days, during which time the Jenkins Ferry battle was fought, in which three of my company were killed (Nathan Walker, Bill Sumner and Will Mabrey), and nine wounded. I returned to the army and served to the end. Our command was discharged at Hempstead, Texas, after a long and wearisome march to that place from Shreveport, La.

Some amusing little incidents of the war, in which I figured might be appreciated, though in giving them I will have to disclose some secrets





A CHARGE AND CAPTURE OF FEDERAL BREASTWORKS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA.

Courtesy of J. C. Keeler



that were very closely guarded by us private soldiers. I was called a pretty good hustler for something to eat, and often my mess had me to thank for a delicious roast of fresh pig. Jake Parker, now living at Minden, Texas, and I were almost inseparable. Jake and I were taken prisoners one day. We slipped out of camp with our guns. We soon got a shot, but missed. The cavalry, who were guarding the camp, heard the report and arrested us and marched us up to headquarters. I was spokesman, and made such fair promises never to be caught again, that the officers took pity on us and let us go.

On our return to our company, Jake looked up at the sun and asked me if I thought we had time enough to make another round. This time we were more successful, and got a fine fat pig.

Zack Sanders was another fine forager and afraid of nothing. Zack and I went out one evening and found a fine bunch of sheep grazing near a briar thicket. My gun brought down a fine fat one, and Zack pulled it into the thicket quick. The next day we had the finest baked mutton you ever saw. Joe Ware, our mess-mate, said he was going to ask Lieutenant O. M. Airhart to dinner. We tried hard to get him not to do so, as that particular lieutenant was very hard on foragers, but Joe went and told him that we had a fine beef roast, and the boys all wanted him to take dinner with them. He came, and as we were all seated around the fire and viewing the fine baked mutton he said "Boys, those are mighty small beef bones," and began to look rather ugly, but Joe Ware said, "Now Lieutenant, we asked you here to eat, and not to make remarks; now, you just eat," and the lieutenant did eat until we were almost sorry we had invited him.

Lieutenant Airhart was honest to the core, and was always in the front of the battle. He died a natural death a few years ago.

Joe Ware and Zack Sanders were brave and useful soldiers and loved by all the boys. They went through the war safely.

DAVID B. HANEY, Robert Lee, Tex.—Born in Tennessee in 1842. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Pontotoc, Miss, as private in W. D. Bradford's Battery, Trans-Mississippi Department; John O. Grigham, first Captain. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Petersburg, Va., and all through the siege until the surrender of Lee's Army.

I well remember when we left the battle ground at Scuppernon on the James River east of Kingston, N. C. We had orders to go to Blackwater, which we reached about dark and struck camp. At 9 o'clock we received orders to go to Weldon on the Ronoake River. When we started it began to rain and continued all night and a part of the next day. We marched without food. When we reached our destination about 8 o'clock the second night I never made any complaint. We had a fight at Hix Ford and at the mine explosion at Petersburg, and was present when Lee surrendered.

JASPER N. HANEY, Canyon City, Tex.—Born on the 16th day of December, 1844, in Alabama, and very early in 1861 I became a member of Company D, Thirteenth Alabama Regiment. James Aiken, Captain, and B. D. Fry, Colonel. After being mustered into service at Montgomery, Ala., we were transported direct to Richmond, Va., thence to the historic town of Yorktown, where we remained for the winter, during which time we had many alarms, forced marches and several skirmishes with the "boys in blue," as they were landing, and attempting to land from Federal gunboats. We evacuated Yorktown and marched towards Richmond, experi-



encing quite a warm time at Williamsburg with the enemy in our rear. Halting and skirmishing, we continued our march to within a few miles of Richmond. After the battles around Richmond and McClellan had given up his intention of marching into Richmond, we went on forced march towards Washington City; crossed the Potomac River, and had a spirited interview on South Mountain, in Maryland, in plain view of the city. After we decided to put off the visit to the Yankee capital, we fell back, intending to recross the Potomac, but we were forced to contest our right to do so. On the night of the 16th of September, we slept in line of battle within a few hundred yards of a similar line of "blue jackets." About sun-up, on the 17th of September, 1862, opened the historic battle known as Antietam (or Sharpsburg) by a fixed bayonet charge on the enemy's lines. These successive charges and repulses were kept up with stubborn persistence until near 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the flag of the old Thirteenth was shot out of my hands by a minie ball, passing through my left elbow. I have been and ever will be a cripple. This ended my active participation in battle as Ensign Sergeant of the regiment.

Gen. D. H. Hill, the Brigade commander, was within ten feet of my side when the old flag fell, and several months later wrote a very complimentary indorsement on my assignment to light duty, where I served under Gen. Wilson in the commissary department at No. 316 Broadway, Richmond, for the remainder of the "unpleasantness."

The Confederate Congress had passed a law prohibiting any permanently disabled soldier, who was qualified for light duty in any of the departments of the government, from being discharged; but instead, should be assigned to light duty.

I will now give you my opinion of war, based upon actual observation and experience "of the real thing?" War is livid hell; it is a relic of barbarism and heathenism. The saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword" is not only inspired, but is divine. When a people become civilized and intelligent, there will be no more internecine war. I am anxious to contribute to a monument to be erected to the heroes and heroines of peace. I want my posterity to regard war as a crime and politicians as criminals. True chivalry is not bloody; true statesmanship is not murder. "Let us have peace" is an echo from the throne of God.

J. A. HANKINS, Taylor, Tex.—Born near Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 3, 1861, at Lebanon, Tenn, as private in Company D., Seventh Tennessee Regiment, Hatton's Brigade, Heth's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps. Monroe Anderson, first Captain, and Robert Hatton, first Colonel. Army of Northern Virginia. Was slightly wounded in the Seven Days Fight in front of Richmond, also in the battle of the Wilderness. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Seven Days in front of Richmond, Fredericksburg, Manassas and Bull Run, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania and the Siege of Petersburg.

We began the battle of the Seven Pines in the early part of the day. Seven brigades made the first charge. Hatton's Brigade consisted of the First, Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee Regiments, and the first charge captured a battery. In this engagement Gen. Hatton was killed, and James Archie succeeded to the command. I was placed on picket line on the Rappahannock River near Fredericksburg, where I was compelled to spend the night in the snow two feet deep. On another occasion marched from Stanton to Winchester, Va., a distance of two hundred and four miles, without shoes. Was marched from Winchester to Hancock, Va. On our retreat from Yorktown to Richmond, Va., we waded Jackson River during the night, while large pieces of ice floated down the stream. When we reached



camp and got the fires built, our clothes were frozen stiff on us. We had slept none the three days and nights previous to this. I was captured and taken prisoner on April 2, 1865, and sent to Point Lookout and placed in prison, where I remained until June 28, 1865.

**JOHN W. HANKS**, Columbia, Tex.—Born March 26, 1844, at Pittsboro, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army February 14, 1861, at Pittsboro, as private in Company G, in Third North Carolina Infantry, Ripley's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, T. J. Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; Rodes, first Captain, and Gaston Morris, first Colonel.

After being promoted to First Lieutenant was sent to West North Carolina, McRae's Battalion, Palmer's Brigade, border men and scouts.

I was wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill (right arm broken), Sharpsburg (flesh wound in right leg and left leg broken), Fredericksburg (slight wound), Chancellorsville (slight wound).

Was taken prisoner at the battle of Sharpsburg Sept. 17, 1862. Was in prison at Fredrick, Md., afterwards Fort McHenry, Md. Captured at Morgantown, Va. In January, 1864, and placed in prison at Knoxville, Tenn., then at Johnson's Island. Promoted for meritorious conduct at the battles of Sharpsburg and Gettysburg.

Was in the battles of Seven Days Around Richmond, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, South Mountain, Winchester, Mine Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Cedar Mountain, Cedar Run, Cross Keys and a number of heavy skirmishes.

**J. M. HANSON**, Cleburne, Texas.—Born Nov. 18, 1844, near Shelby Springs, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Perryville, Ala., as private in Company F, Third Alabama Cavalry, Morgan's Brigade, Martin's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Cole, first Captain, and Joe Wheeler, first Colonel.

Was wounded as follows: First, Perryville, Ky., saber cut on the head; second, near Chattanooga, flesh wound in right arm; third, at New Hope Church, by bayonet in breast. Was captured at New Hope Church after being wounded, but made my escape on the night of the same day. Was in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee from Perryville, Ky., to Atlanta, Ga., except the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn.

**BEN HARDIN**, Kirkland, Tex.—Born June 18, 1845, near Powhatan, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 28, 1864, near Mansfield, La., as private in Company G, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department; W. O. Michaux, first Captain, and W. B. Watson, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou.

**E. J. HARDIN**, Farmersville, Tex.—Was born in Calhoun County, Miss., April 29, 1825, near Pittsboro, where I enlisted in Company H, Third Mississippi Regiment, Chalmers' Brigade. My first Captain was H. H. Barksdale and first Colonel was McGuirt. Barksdale was promoted to Colonel and I was made First Lieutenant. Was under Gen. Forrest for three years. When there was no danger he was a very pleasant man, but when there was danger you had better look out. I was wounded twice. Was in a great many battles during 1864, which was almost a continual engagement. Gen. Lyons sent to Gen. Forrest for help, and while on that trip Gen. Forrest went into Memphis. I was surrendered at Lauderdale Springs, Miss. I am nearly 84 years old and am nearing the end. I love the South and the old soldiers.



**J. F. HARDY**, Marlin, Tex.—Born near Hanesville, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 11, 1862, at Columbus, Miss., as private in Company H, Thirty-Seventh Mississippi Infantry, Hebar's Brigade, Wall-thall's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Frank Loper, first Captain, and J. H. McLane, first Colonel.

My first Colonel was killed at the battle of Corinth, Miss.; then my first Lieutenant-Colonel, O. S. Hablan, was promoted to Colonel, and served as such the remainder of the war. I was captured at Nashville December, 1864, and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., where I remained until June 19, 1865.

I was in the battles of Iuka, Miss., Siege of Vicksburg, Miss., Resaca, Dallas, Calhoun, New Hope Church, Lost Mountain, Pine Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain, two hard battles in front of Atlanta, all in the State of Georgia; also in the great battle of Franklin, which was fought on the 30th of November, 1864, and the battle of Nashville, Dec. 15, 1864, where I was captured. I laid in the breastworks at Vicksburg, Miss., for forty-eight days and nights without shelter; took the weather like a brute, and ate mule meat and bread made of peas. When I was captured I saw hard times. We got a pint of soup and a third of a loaf of bread about 9 o'clock for our breakfast, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we would get the same amount of rations for our dinner and supper. The Yanks were very cruel to us, also. Our sleeping apartments were (in a long barrack) on bunks, three in a row, one above the other, and only one blanket to the man. When the lights were put out, we were not even permitted to speak to our bunk-mate, and if the Yanks caught a fellow talking after dark, he was taken out and placed on Morgan's mule, regardless of the weather. Morgan's mule was a 2x4 scantling put up on legs about ten feet high. So you see, a fellow would get very cold while he was taking his ride. I had to ride that wooden horse one day myself. There were about fifteen thousand prisoners there, and we were very thick, and the Yankees would beat some of the boys with big walking sticks like they were dogs. We were not treated as soldiers, fighting for a just cause. We were fighting for local self-government, the same government that Washington gave us. We people of the South never violated the constitution and the whole world is beginning to see it.

**L. H. HARDY**, Throckmorton, Tex.—Born Oct. 22, 1846, in Noxubee County, Mississippi. Enlisted in the Confederate Army August, 1863, at Cooksville, Miss., at the age of 17, as private in Company B, First Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Forrest's Corps, Army of Tennessee. King, first Captain, and Pierson, first Colonel.

Was wounded at the battle of Franklin on Nov. 30, 1864; finger broken by minie ball. Was captured at the battle of Nashville, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where I suffered from hunger and cold. Was paroled at Vicksburg, Miss., after the close of the war. I joined the army after the battle of Jonesboro and was in all raids and skirmishes, but only one regular battle.

**W. E. HARE**, Glendale, Tex.—Born Nov. 9, 1838, near Blakely, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army October, 1861, at Sabine Pass, as private in Capt. Jas. Collier's Company, Speight's Regiment, Walker's Division. Was in the battles of Sabine Pass, Johnson's Bayou, Galveston, Tex., and Mansfield, La. After leaving Sabine Pass, we went to Spindle Top, near Beaumont, where we reorganized. We were there ordered to Louisiana. I, with my comrades, endured exposure, pain and starvation, such, I hope, by the wisdom of man and the providence of God, none of our youths



shall ever have to endure. For many days we were destitute of food. My clothing consisted of one shirt and a pair of worn-out jeans trousers, which my mother wove for me before leaving home, and an old palmetto hat made by myself. We were compelled to sleep in the open air, enduring the cold and the rains.

While in this destitute condition my feet were frozen. Notwithstanding my bare, bleeding feet, I was compelled to do my regular duty. We marched to a place twenty-five miles east of Alexandria, where we received a ten days' furlough to go home and get clothing. On my homeward journey, one could have easily tracked me by the blood from my feet.

When I returned to the army at Beaumont I was very well dressed. Was then sent to Galveston, where we disbanded.

J. R. HARGIS, Taylor, Tex.—Born in 1844, near Jasper, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Chattanooga, as private in Company B, Third Tennessee Infantry, Zollicoffer's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. C. C. Spiller, first Captain, and McLoud, first Colonel.

Was transferred to Company H, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. Stone, Forrest's Brigade.

Was captured May, 1863, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, in 1864, from there to Rock Island, Ill., and paroled March, 1865. Was in the battles of East Kentucky, Murfreesboro, with Forrest, until captured in 1863; Franklin, Thompson Station; in the campaign of West Tennessee, Fort Donelson in the spring of 1862.

PAT H. HARGON, Llano, Tex.—Born March 22, 1831, near Annapolis, Md. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 1, 1862, at Camp Waul, as private in Company D, Waul's Legion, McCulloch's Brigade, N. B. Forrest's Division, W. D. W. Peck, first Captain, and Willis, first Colonel.

After the fall of Vicksburg, Willis' Texas Battalion, was ordered to the Tennessee line. I was promoted to Orderly Sergeant. I was in the battles of Holly Springs, Miss., two weeks in front of Sherman near Tuscumbia, Ala. Our battalion and the Second Missouri Regiment captured Fort Pillow. Gen. Grant was collecting a large force at LaGrange, Tenn. Gen. Van Dorn had headquarters at Holly Springs, Miss., with about 22,000 infantry and about 3,000 cavalry. About the last of November Grant advanced with about 82,000 men, Van Dorn retreated with his cavalry, until he reached his breastworks at Grenada, Miss. Grant reached Oxford, Miss., and there stopped. He made Holly Springs his headquarters for supplies and ammunition. Van Dorn gathered up all the cavalry in and around Grenada and went around in the rear of Grant's army and captured Holly Springs, destroying all his supplies and ammunition. Grant was then forced to retreat to Memphis, Tenn. I have the pleasure to say that our battalion led the charge at Holly Springs. Grant failing to reach Vicksburg by the Mississippi Central R. R. started from Memphis down the Mississippi River to capture Vicksburg, and after a long siege and hard fighting succeeded. No cavalrymen were allowed inside the fortifications. Our battalion was ordered to the Tennessee line and brigaded with the Second Missouri and Eighteenth Mississippi Regiments, Col. Bob McCulloch, commander, and placed in N. B. Forrest's command.

Our battalion and the Second New York were engaged in a fight near Mobile, Ala., we routed and drove them from the field. In this battle I had my horse killed. About 33 miles above Mobile Capt. Peck came to me and said that he wanted me to go home with him, that the war was over and that I would never shoot another gun. On the last of February, 1865, we



got a ninety days' furlough and the war closed before our furlough expired. I will say that I did nothing extraordinary—just obeyed superior officers. I have never regretted being a Confederate soldier.

**ROBERT H. HARKEY**, Waxahachie, Tex.—Born in North Carolina. Enlisted in the Confederate Army January, 1862, at Gilmer, Texas, as Fourth Corporal in Company E, Fourteenth Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, French's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. J. L. Camp, first Captain, and Ector, first Colonel.

Reorganized at Corinth, Miss., and elected Captain of Company E. Was never in hospital from sickness or otherwise. Was never captured nor wounded. At the battle of Chickamauga we retreated under a heavy fire, losing fifteen men. Was in the battles of Corinth, Richmond, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Chickamauga; Jackson, Miss.; Rome to Atlanta, Ga.; Altoona Hills, Franklin and Nashville.

**C. D. HARLESS** (Deceased), Farmersville, Tex.—Born July 13, 1832, in Alabama. Enlisted in Capt. Bumpass' Company F, Fifth Texas Partizan Rangers. Was true to the South and staid with the army until the close of the war. He had many good qualities and was well liked by his comrades. In company with W. C. Robinson and L. T. Robinson was detailed to come to Texas, by Col. Martin, on some important matter connected with the army.

**H. J. HARPER**, Fort Worth, Tex.—Born near Lynchburg, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Tullahoma, Tenn., on March 4, 1863, as private in Company E, Newman's Battalion, John C. Brown's Brigade, DeBray's Division, Army of Tennessee. First Captain, Lewis Moore, and first Colonel, Newman. Was changed to the Forty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment. Was not wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Ga., and all down the line till the end of the war.

**W. HARPER**, Atlanta, Tex.—Born May 26, 1845, near Gordan, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Knoxville, Tenn., as private in Company D, Sixth Florida Regiment, Finley's Brigade, Bates' Division, Buckner's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Hays, first Captain, and Finley, first Colonel.

Was taken prisoner May 20, 1864, and carried to Rock Island, Ill., remaining there for thirteen months. Was released June 20, 1865. Was in the battles of McLemore's Cave. I was detached to wait on the wounded. Went to LaFayette, Ga., and from there to Forsyth; joined the forces again five days before the battle of Missionary Ridge.

Sherman executed a flank movement and we were compelled to retreat to Resaca, where we had a fight, and Sherman was again defeated. We retreated from there at night across the river under heavy fire. We threw up breastworks at Cassville. I was captured near Cassville, Ga., and carried to prison, where I remained until the close of the war.

**MADISON D. HARRELL**, South Bend, Tex.—Born Feb. 15, 1844, in Lafayette County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, 1862, at West Point, Miss., as private in Company K, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi Regiment, Moore's Brigade, Maury's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. R. H. Shotwell, first Captain, and W. S. Berry, first Colonel. After the battle at Corinth, Bragg, with part of his army, went to Middle Tennessee. I remained in Mississippi until the fall of Vicksburg. Was wounded at



Vicksburg, shoulder blade broken, and was in the hospital when the place was surrendered. Had a dear brother in the hospital with me whose head was torn to pieces the last day of the siege. Was taken prisoner at Alltoona, Ga., in 1864, and kept at Camp Douglas until the close of the war. Have no words to express my sufferings while there. I almost starved to death at Camp Douglas. My first battle was Corinth, Miss, next Vicksburg. After that my command went to Georgia, where I was engaged in a number of small battles, and saw many brave soldiers who had families at home, fall to the earth.

It was some time after the surrender before I got out of prison, but finally my name was called, and I assure you I answered at once. My trip home was in some respects sad. I came from Chicago to Cairo, where I took a boat for Memphis, Tenn. Here I took the train for Corinth, Miss. My home was about 100 miles southeast of Memphis, and I had to walk part of the way. Had not heard from home in a long time. When passing the homes we could see some one looking for their loved ones, and finally I came in sight of my home, and who do you think I saw? It was my dear old mother at the door looking for her boy. Oh, how she ran to meet me. At home again, and the best of all, at home to stay.

R. O. HARRIS, San Saba, Tex.—Born in 1846 near Brenham. Enlisted in the Confederate Army September, 1861, as private in Company E, Fifth Texas Cavalry, Gen. Sibley's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department.

My first Captain was McPhail; first Colonel, Tom Green. I was in the following battles: Valverde, N. M.; Galveston, Tex.; Camp Bisland, Mansfield, La.; Pleasant Hill, Brasher City, Donaldsonville, Bayou La Fourche, Carrion Crow Bayou and Yellow Bayou.

MINYARD H. HARRIS, Kirvin, Tex.—Born Oct. 8, 1846, near Equality, Ala. I enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863, at Montgomery, Ala., as private in Company B, Capt. J. T. McDonald's Company, Hubert's Battalion, not attached to any brigade, Wheeler's Division, Army of Tennessee.

I was neither changed nor wounded. The most of our Battalion was captured at Atlanta just before its fall, and were paroled after a few days of imprisonment. I succeeded in escaping.

Our command was made up of men over 45 and boys under 18, for the purpose of arresting deserters and returning them to their commands. We were in no regular battles, but had some hot skirmishes with the deserters, who were quite numerous and aggressive in our country, and we grew to hate them worse than the regular Federal soldier.

Living in a section of country, a large majority of whose citizens were "Union Men," we were constantly embroiled in personal difficulties with returned soldiers, whom we had before arrested and sent to the front as deserters. This feeling engendered strife and formed feuds in different neighborhoods and much fighting and many killings occurred. It was simply a repetition of the old feelings that existed between the Patriots and Torys of the Revolutionary days.

Happily, time has allayed much of this feeling, but the dregs and bitterness of it still exists in the hearts of many of the old veterans, and in none more bitterly than in the old "Butter Milk Cavalry," and let me assure you, my dear friend, that it "riles" me to this day to note these things. Take notice of the men who shun and deride our reunions; enquire closely into the war records of their ancestors and you will, more than likely, find some, or all of them deserters.

I only served ten months in the C. S. A., but my whole command, as



well as myself, mounted, armed and equipped ourselves at our own expense, except for drawing uniforms once and rations occasionally; but we never drew a cent in wages.

After the war, when the Federals had control of the country, I was reported as having run down white men with bloodhounds in order to send them back to the army; so I was in constant danger of being caught and shot or hanged; but I only escaped by being absent when wanted.

JOHNSON BUSBEE HARRIS, Karnes City, Tex.—Born Nov. 25, 1840, near Raleigh, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 10, 1863, at Chulahoma, Miss., as Third Sergeant in Company G, Third Mississippi Cavalry, Chalmers' Brigade, Army of Tennessee. James A. Barksdale, first Captain, and John McQuirk, first Colonel.

Was promoted to Second Sergeant. Being in the cavalry, we were in no large battles, the following being the principle ones: Salem, Miss.; Colliersville, Tenn.; Quinns Mill; Wyatt, Miss., and Memphis, Tenn.

My brother, Henry Harris, 16 years old at that time, was home on a furlough. Some Yankees came to the house. When they saw him one Yankee raised his gun and took aim. My sister, Bettie, saw the movement. Henry was only ten feet away from the muzzle of the gun. It meant certain death. She rushed and knocked up the gun. He missed his aim. In the surprise and confusion Henry escaped.

Another instance, Miss Sallie McKie was riding on horseback; her cousin, who was wounded was in a buggy. She turned and saw the Federals within a hundred yards of them. Quick as a flash, she dismounted and helped her cousin mount, and after one of the hottest races ever witnessed, he escaped.

When the war broke out, two of my brothers, John and Henry, aged 18 and 15, enlisted with the Seventeenth Mississippi. My mother was a widow with nine children. I was the oldest and a cripple. Four times I was pronounced unfit for duty by the examining board. In March of 1863 I managed to get enlisted in a company which was then being organized. We had to make up the company in the enemies' lines. In so doing lost three of our men—one killed and two taken prisoner.

Gen. Chalmers was fighting on Coldwater River, Miss. We started to him. All day as we rode we could hear the cannon roar. When we reached Panola, it was night, the cannon had ceased and we went into camp.

While stationed here the Yankees came to Independence, about ten miles from us. Col. Edmonson ordered me to take five men and picket the cross roads, midway between the two places. It was a glorious ride over a smooth road. When we reached the place designated, we received a sharp order to halt. My first command to my men was to get out of the road, but our conception of the command differed somewhat. Where I meant for them to go was to the sides of the road, to avoid all being shot at once. Their idea was to reach the farthest end of it, in the quickest possible time. For all we know, two of them have not reached it yet. One alone remained with me. He insisted upon shooting at the runaways. When I refused he told me to hold the horses while he investigated. He was familiar with every pig track in that part of the country. Soon we learned that the order to halt came from some of our own men placed there by another regiment.

I shall never forget my first fight. Some time in June, 1863, the Federals came to Panola and made our regiment cross to Okolona at Baldwin's Ferry. We were in the neighborhood of Courtland, but finding the enemy had turned in the direction of Holly Springs, we gave pursuit, and overtook them. The enemy charged on our left, cutting the regiment in two.



Our Sergeant Major and I pulled down the fence, both calling "Fall into line." As my company formed a line we dismounted and ran down to a fence one hundred yards nearer the enemy and began firing. I had fired five shots when I heard some one calling, "Come, get your horse if you don't I'll turn him loose." I looked and it was one of my company. I took the horse and endeavored to overtake the regiment, but soon found myself down in a gully, with my saddle girth broken. After patching up things, I met one of the men belonging to our regiment. His Lieutenant and every other man in the company had run off. I told him I was going back. When I reached the battlefield I found that half of the regiment on the north side had defeated the enemy, and had captured some thirty-five or forty prisoners. There were four of our company on the ground. Three of them had lost their horses, and the one who held my horse had returned. There were three specially brave men who came under my observation in this fight. The one who held my horse, the one I found on picket and a Federal, thinking he was with his own men, and realizing that the Yankees were routed, called to our men, "Fall in boys and we will whip the darn Rebels yet." When he realized where he was, he said: "By Gee, I'm in the wrong pew."

On the 5th of October we were at Wyatte, Miss. Six cavalry regiments started on a raid to Grand Junction, Tenn., on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The enemy, both infantry and cavalry, were in stockades for a distance of 150 miles in the different towns, protecting trains. The first night we camped near Holly Springs, Miss. Next morning when we started on the march I was sent ahead of our regiment to investigate. I had proceeded only a short distance when I heard a shot from in front of us, and almost instantly came upon a dead Confederate, who had been sent forward by the Seventh Tennessee Regiment. Several hundred shots were fired on both sides, besides cannon shots from the enemies. But there were no more casualties. They fell back rapidly across Coldwater Creek, so we marched due north. The Yankees followed unbeknowing to us and captured some of our men who were sick and had stopped at a farm house. Among them was Capt. Kyle of the Third Mississippi.

The following day we were kept in line of battle. Firing along the picket line continued the greater part of the day. I had become so lame and stiff that I could not go on to Collierville the next day. Our fighting there did not amount to much. Gen. Sherman and part of the Thirteenth Regulars came while the fight was on and got within the stockade. We had only one little piece of artillery, "Whistling Dick." Twenty times that little old piece was fired in an effort to hit the stockade, but failed every time. There they were. We had easily run them in the stockade and plundered their camp, but could go no further. The enemy had sent out a command from Grand Junction to cut us off. Failing, they followed us to Wyatte, where we gave them battle, during the hardest rain I ever saw fall. It was there a Yankee Major rode his horse into a well. We fished the Major out, but his horse was killed. Matt Hood of my company shot a Yankee in the arm. His horse threw him and he was captured. The surgeon found it necessary to amputate his arm. Billy Rochelle was detailed to nurse him. In a few days his arm began to slough off, and Billy saw he was bleeding to death. The white came into Billy's face. When the Captain saw it, he laughed and said "What's the matter, Billy, didn't you ever see a man die before."

I went home on furlough. One day while at home I went to a neighbor's. The Federals came up unexpectedly and took me captive. It was only for a short time, though. My captor, with his pistol in hand, made me lead the way to the barn. In the stable was a fine mule. He ordered me to go



in the stable and catch the mule. I refused. Told him I was afraid of a mule. At last exasperated, he rushed in and grabbed the mule. It was only for a moment, but it sufficed for me to escape.

One day in November I went to Tullahoma. There I happened to see two of my company, who said the command was on its way to Collierville. I did not return home, but joined my command at Crawford's Mill. We went to Quinns Mill on Coldwater River, ten miles from Collierville.

I did no more soldiering with the Third Mississippi Regiment. Was assigned to light duty, but not liking it, volunteered and went into service and served as scout most of the time.

While scouting in North Mississippi in August, 1864, I met two men who said Forrest was on his way to Memphis. I went along with them and was in the fight with the Twelfth Tennessee Regiment. After this I was a courier and served until the war ended. I was paroled at Grenada on the 28th of May, 1865.

**ANDY J. HARRIS**, Gainesville, Tex.—Born May 26, 1842, near Sevierville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, at Washita, I. T., as private in Company C, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Ben McCulloch's Brigade, Van Dorn's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department; G. R. Reeves, first Captain, and W. C. Young, first Colonel. Changed to Tennessee Army in March, 1862. Transferred to Ector's Brigade after Murfreesboro fight, remounted and transferred to Harrison's Brigade.

Was wounded in the leg on a raid in Tennessee after Chickamauga battle. Hand cut by saber near Knoxville, Tenn.

Was captured October, 1863, and sent to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, where I received inhuman treatment and almost starved. Was in the battles of Pea Ridge, Farmington, Richmond, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Peach Tree Creek, and in many smaller engagements. Surrendered at the close near Greensborough, N. C.

**J. L. HARRIS**, Blooming Grove, Tex.—Born May 4, 1843, near Walnut Grove, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 27, 1861, at Port Gibson, Miss., as private in Company C., Tenth Mississippi Infantry, Chalmer's Brigade, Army of Tennessee; Bill McKeiver, first Captain, and R. A. Smith, first Colonel. Discharged at Corinth, Miss., after serving for twelve months, returned home to Walnut Grove, Miss. Re-enlisted some time in May, 1862, near Walnut Grove, under Capt. Jas. Childers, Company B, Fortieth Mississippi Regiment, under Col. Colbert Carthage. Was captured the 16th day of December, 1864, at Nashville, Tenn. Was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and remained there until June, 1865. Was promoted to Corporal Company B, Fortieth Mississippi.

Was in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Resaca, Alltoona, New Hope Church, Peach Tree Creek, Lovejoy, Tuscumbia and Franklin. From Franklin to Nashville, where I was captured. Hood's Army, Loring's Division and Featherston's Brigade.

**R. B. HARRIS**, San Saba, Tex.—Born in 1840, near Brenham, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army September, 1861, at San Antonio, Tex., as private in Company E, Fifth Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Brigade, McPhail, first Captain, and Tom Green, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Val Verde, N. M., Feb. 21, 1862; Galveston, Jan. 1, 1863; Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Brasher City, Donaldsonville, Battle La Fouché and Yellow Bayou.



**J. T. HARRIS**, Graham, Tex.—Born March 30, 1835, near Grenada, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army February, 1862, at Grenada, as private in Company B, Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Infantry, Chalmers' Brigade, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Robertson, first Captain, and Brantley, first Colonel.

Was captured on the 19th day of September, 1863, at Chickamauga, and was sent to Camp Morton, Ind., remaining there for about eighteen months. Our treatment at the prison was reasonably good for two months, after which we received only one scant meal a day. Was in the battles of Munfordsville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga.

**NORVELL W. HARRIS**, Waco, Tex.—Born near Bowling Green, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Fairfax C. H., as private in Company G, First Virginia Cavalry, Stuart's Brigade, Army of North Virginia. C. R. Irving, first Captain, and J. E. B. Stuart, first Colonel. Remained in the Army of Northern Virginia until the close of the war. Was never wounded, captured nor promoted.

Was in the raid around McClellan in 1862; in advance with Jackson up to Cold Harbor in 1862; with Jackson on Hooker's flank at Chancellorsville, in 1863; Courier for Stuart after Jackson was wounded; on raid through Maryland and Pennsylvania, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania C. H.; Yellow Tavern; with Early at Cedar Creek in 1864; Five Forks and Appomattox in 1865.

I had been away from Virginia nearly six years, living in Denver, Colo., when the war came on. I felt like I wanted to be with my people, so I went back, getting to Virginia about ten days after the battle of Bull Run. Had quite an exciting time getting through the Northern States.

**J. S. HARRIS**, Sulphur Springs, Tex.—Born near Jonesboro, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, at Jonesboro, as private in Company E, Tenth Georgia Infantry, Magruder's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. George Croppare, first Captain, and Cummings, first Colonel.

I was in thirty general engagements from the first to last. Was on the retreat from Yorktown to Richmond, then to the valley of Virginia, and fought all over Virginia. Was never captured but once, and then made my escape by running. Was shot at the time, but made my escape. This was at the battle of Wilderness. Was promoted to Corporal, but do not remember date. Afterwards appointed Quartermaster Sergeant.

Was in the battles of Little Bethel, Williamsburg, all around Richmond, Manassas, Bull Run, Sharpsburg, Cold Harbor, from Petersburg to Look-out Mountain, Bristol and a great many others which I can not call to mind at present. Was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness, shot through the leg.

**W. H. HARRIS**, Farmersville, Tex.—Born August 28, 1828, near Union Court House, Union County, South Carolina. Enlisted in the Confederate Army August 1, 1862, near Cedar Bluff, Ala., as private in Company H., Forty-Eighth Alabama Infantry; McLaw's Brigade, Hood's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Golackly, and first Colonel, Sheffield. Capt. Golackly was killed at Sharpsburg; was acting as Colonel and was succeeded by Dr. Lumkin. Was afterwards changed to Longstreet's Corps. Was in the battles of Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg and many others. The last week of the war was the hardest service I saw. We had nothing to eat except corn, which we



parched. We reached such a state that it was common to see the men pick up corn around where the horses were fed, and after washing it off somewhat, parched it and thought it was good. Was at Appomattox C. H. at the surrender. Saw Gen. Lee pass our lines several times the day before the surrender. We did not expect a surrender, but a hard battle.

I. H. HARRISON, Sulphur Springs, Texas—Born Sept. 12, 1840, near Athens, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at Gilmer, Texas, as private in Company E, Fourteenth Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, French's Division, Army of Tennessee. J. L. Camp, first Captain, and M. J. Johnson, first Colonel. Was transferred from Tennessee Army to the Mississippi. Was slightly wounded at the battle of Marietta, Ga. Was with Gen. Johnston on his famous retreat from Dalton to Atlanta. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Alltoona, Ga.; Richmond, Ky.; Perryville, and the raid through Kentucky, all the engagements around Atlanta, Ga.; Jackson, Miss., and around Vicksburg. My last battle was at Spanish Fort across the bay from Mobile, Ala.

J. H. HARRISON, Ranger, Texas—Born in Eastland County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Upshur County, May 1, 1861, Tenth Texas Cavalry, Company C. After being organized went to Arkansas on the White River, where we dismounted and went to Corinth, Miss., joining the army under Gens. VanDorn and Kirby Smith. We were under Gen. Bragg and with him on his campaign through Kentucky. In a charge at Richmond, Ky., we routed the enemy. I saw four or five men run behind a haystack and asked a comrade on my left if he saw them, and he said that he did, and that we would get them. We were running and at the same time loading our guns, stopping and shooting. On reaching the hay stack my comrade went around to the left and I to the right. I had discharged my gun just before reaching the stack and had reloaded but had failed to put a cap on. A Yankee ran around on me, and as I was not able to shoot, I caught the muzzle of my gun and let drive at him. He dodged and the gun struck the ground and broke off at the breech. When I struck at him and seeing my gun broken, I seized his with both hands. He could not shoot me but we had it around and around until the other boys came up and captured him. He was a man that would weigh 180 pounds, while I was a mere boy of eighteen years. I was in a fight at Jackson, Miss., and in the charge at Murfreesboro, also at the battle of Chickamauga, was in the campaign through Georgia under Gen. Johnston. Was wounded at the battle of Atlanta, Ga., the ball going in behind my ear, ranging downward and lodging in my wind pipe. I coughed it up, and have the ball yet, a one-ounce ball.

Was in the campaign in Tennessee, under Gen. Hood, but was not in the Franklin fight, as I was on detached service. Was in the second day's fight at Nashville. Was in the battle of Spanish Fort near Mobile, which was our last fight as we surrendered near Meridian, Miss., and I reached home the 5th day of May, 1865.

JOHN T. HARTMAN, Farmersville, Texas—Born May 11, 1846, at Winston-Salem, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army February, 1864, as private in Company D, Fifty-seventh North Carolina Infantry, Hoke's Brigade, Early's, Gordon's and Pegram's Division, Ewell's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Was sent to Shenandoah Valley under Gen. Jubal Early in 1864. Was never wounded. Was taken prisoner near Farmville, Va., in April, 1865, and sent to Newport News on the James River and



paroled the latter part of June, 1865. Was never promoted. Was just a boy soldier. I belonged to the sharp shooters' corps of the brigade. Was at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, Fisher's Hill, twice; Winchester, Cedar Creek, when Sheridan made the twenty miles ride. Was in the charge that captured Fort Stedman March 25, 1865.

**J. M. HARTSFIELD**, Fort Worth, Texas—Born July 23, 1845, near Panola, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1862, as private in Company H, Seventeenth Mississippi Infantry, Parksdale's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was J. S. Fouth, and first Colonel, Featherstone. Was wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., the small bone in the left forearm was broken which caused that arm to be much smaller than the other. My brother, John A. Hartsfield, and Almizi Byers, both went out with the above command which was the second company leaving our county, and both were killed in the battle of Gettysburg, Pa. Our Captain, known as J. W. (Bud) Middleton, was also killed at Gettysburg. He was one of the finest specimens of Southern manhood I ever saw. Was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

**W. J. HARTSFIELD**, Cameron, Texas—Born June 25, 1837, at Forsyth, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 28, 1861, at Big Shanty, as private in Company C, Third Georgia Infantry. McDowell, first Captain, and Stovall, first Colonel. Sent from Richmond, Va., to East Tennessee in the fall of 1861, to run out railroad bridge burners. In March, 1862, was sent to Cumberland Gap. I was engaged in something like a hundred battles and skirmishes during the war, and never received a wound. Was captured at Nashville, Tenn., in 1864, remained there about ten days, and spent about seven days in prison, and was then sent to Camp Chase, Jan. 1, 1865.

Was promoted to Second Lieutenant in 1863. Was in the battle of Hoover's Gap, June 24, 1863, when we lost just half of our men; Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga., Kennesaw Mountain, Jonesboro, Murfreesboro and Nashville.

**JOHN HARVEY**, Meridian, Texas—Born Dec. 13, 1835, at Philadelphia, Pa. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, March, 1862, at Meridian, Texas, as private in Company B, Hawpes' Regiment, Polignac's Brigade, Mouton's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Allen Anderson, first Captain, and T. C. Hawpe, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Newtonia, Mo.; Prairie Grove, Ark.; Fordoche, Harrisonburg, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou, La.

**MADISON HARVEY**, Vernon, Texas—Born June 11, 1844, near Summerville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, at Iuka, Miss., as private in Company K, Second Mississippi Infantry, Bee's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. J. M. Stone, first Captain, and Falkner, first Colonel. I remained in this command for one year, and being under eighteen got a discharge and went back to Mississippi, and joined the cavalry, and soldiered the remainder of the war in Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama and Louisiana. Was never captured nor wounded. Had many narrow escapes but came through in fine health, and still have very good health. I learned a big lesson and do not regret it, for while we had some trying and dangerous times, it is all over now and I am glad I was in it. I went as a private and came out the same. I was in the battle of the



First Manassas July 21, 1861. After I joined the cavalry I was in a number of battles under Gen. Forrest.

**J. D. HARWELL**, Hico, Texas—Born May 4, 1833, near Buffalo, Dallas County, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, at Camp Walker, Benton County, Ark., as private in Company H, Pierce's Brigade. Enlisted with the State troops. J. R. Dowd, first Captain, and Neal, first Colonel. Was transferred from the State troops to the Confederate Troops. Company C, Elliot's Battalion, Shelby's Brigade (cavalry). Was wounded at the battle of Mark's Mill, Ark., April 25, 1864; shot through the hip. Was in the battles of Oak Hill, Cross Hollow, Prairie Grove, Prairie Island, Patterson, Boonville, Sedalia, near Kansas City, Mo., and many other small fights. I served as a Confederate soldier from July, 1861, to April 5, 1865.

**M. PETTUS HARWOOD**, Hubbard City, Texas—Born Aug. 13, 1843, near Campbellville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May, 1861, at Campbellville, as private in Company I, Third Tennessee Infantry, John C. Brown's Brigade, S. D. Brown's Division, Cheatham's Corps, Army of Tennessee. William Peden, first Captain, and Jno. C. Brown, first Colonel. First served in the Mississippi Department, then transferred to the Army of Tennessee, under Joseph E. Johnston. Was wounded at the battle of Raymond, Miss., with loss of index finger and middle finger broken. Knocked off the firing line at Chickamauga by a fragment of shell and was severely wounded at the battle of Resaca, Ga. Had left arm shattered and ribs broken. Was captured at Ft. Donelson, Feb. 16, 1862, and confined in Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., for seven months. I served over six months in hospital from gun shot wounds.

I was in the battles of Raymond, Miss., Chickamauga, Chickasaw Bayou, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Ga., where I was last wounded. I had a pair of \$65.00 pants and they were so completely saturated with blood that when the nurses endeavored to weigh them they came all to pieces. Then I had no more pants than a rabbit and was a long way from home. Though the Lord put it into the good heart of a lady to make me a new pair.

**D. P. HARX**, Ennis, Texas—Born in Cooper County, Mo., Nov. 30, 1830. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at Hempstead, as private in Company I, Elmore's Regiment. J. B. Stephenson, first Captain. Was in Galveston at the time of the battle, and again two years after the fall; was in the gunboat service. From there went to Louisiana, remaining there for two months, then returned to Galveston and from there went to Richmond, Texas, where we were discharged in 1865. I am now in my eightieth year. Well do I know of the many hardships and sufferings which the Confederate soldier endured.

**BEN H. HATCHER**, Moscow, Texas—Born Sept. 16, 1838, at Richmond, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1862, at Crockett, Texas, as private in Company I, Fourth Texas Cavalry, Greene's Brigade. Nunn, first Captain, and Riley, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou.

**PERRY HAWKINS**, Taylor, Texas—Born Dec. 1, 1840, near Greenville. S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Greenville, S. C., as private in Company A, "Palmetto" Regiment, and served on James Island, S. C. My first Captain was Thomas Holtzclaw, and first Colonel, E. B. White.



Was afterwards Chaplain of Second Regiment of South Carolina Artillery from 1862 till the close of the war, except one year as supervisor of field hospitals under Secretary of War and ladies of the South. Was never wounded nor captured.

I was in the battles of James Island, Jackson, Miss.; Chickamauga, with Gen. Johnston from Resaca to near Atlanta, and from Charleston, S. C., to Raleigh, N. C.

R. R. HAWKINS, Athens, Texas—Born in 1840, in Gadsden County, Fla. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1862, at Chattahoochee, Fla., as private in Company H, Second Florida Cavalry. My first Captain was Simmons, and first Colonel was Smith. I first enlisted in Captain Milton's Company, which was afterwards divided and I went with Simmons. I was neither wounded, taken prisoner nor promoted. I was on the flank of the army at the battle of Oulata, Fla., but did not have a chance to fire a gun. Served as a picket most all the time on the coast of Florida.

W. H. HAWKINS, Merkel, Tex.—Born March 16, 1834, at Huntington, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May, 1861, at McLemoorsville, as private in Company B, Twenty-second Tennessee Infantry, Clark's Brigade, Pillow's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Adam Hall, and first Colonel, Freeman. Was transferred to cavalry on account of lameness. Received two slight wounds in the battle of Shiloh and got a broken leg at Okolona, Miss.

Was made a prisoner while under a flag of truce in the fall of 1862, at Trenton, Tenn., and sent to Alton, Ill., and from there to Johnston's Island. Was detailed to raise a company and was elected its Captain. Was in the battles of Belmont, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Guntown, and second Murfreesboro. I served as private in the company in which I enlisted till after the battle of Shiloh, when I was sent home sick. Crossed Tennessee River and was Adjutant of Napier's Battalion. Was sent to Trenton to effect exchange of prisoners where I was made a prisoner.

When Gen. Bragg was notified of this he demanded my release and I was sent South. After this I served as Captain under Forrest till the close of the war.

R. F. HAWKINS, Farmersville, Texas—Born near Morgantown, Ga., April 9, 1846. Enlisted near Cartersville, Ga., as private in the Confederate Army in May, 1864. Belonged to Company I, Sixth Georgia Cavalry. Captain, John H. McConnell; Colonel, John Hart. Anderson's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Was never wounded nor captured. Was detailed as scout. It was our business to annoy the enemy and to fire on anything that wore a blue coat, no matter how many there were nor how few there were of us. I have fired into their lines myself quite often. There were thirty-five of us divided into five squads. We wrecked the last train that the Federals sent out from Atlanta and captured 155 prisoners. They had 800 of our men on the train, but we did not know this in time to save them. During the winter of 1864, we were scouting on the line of Georgia and Tennessee, till about the 1st of January, when we joined the army at Aiken, S. C. This was the first time I had been with it since detailed as scout. Finally at Greensboro, N. C., we found the arms of the infantry stacked; the artillery had been disbanded, the horses had been ridden away. I carried away four pistols, but fortunately never needed them again. I was just a boy and intended to come West of the Mississippi and join Shelby and continue the war on my own account. In



the meantime I was taken sick and before I could travel there was a general surrender and all was over.

DAN S. HAWLEY, Marshall, Tex.—Born 24th April, 1845, near Clarksville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1863, at Marshall, Tex., as private in Company I, First Texas Cavalry, Gen. Bee's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. Geron, first Captain, and Young, first Colonel.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou (all against Banks). There were two First Texas Cavalry Regiments. The one I was with was made up of Magruder's and Yager's Battalions; Buchel, first Colonel. I had two brothers in the war, namely, Theodore P. and Lee C. Hawley, both enlisted at Marshall. Theodore was captured at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, where he remained for seven months. Died Feb. 8, 1889. Lee was captured at Arkansas Post and sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, where he died.

G. W. HAWLEY, Austin, Tex.—Born July 19, 1845, near Lewisburg, Ark., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Sabine Pass March 1, 1861, as private in Company A, J. W. Speight's Battalion, Trans-Mississippi Department.

My first Captain was O. M. Mars, and first Major J. W. Speight. March 1, 1862, we were dismounted and ordered on the gunboat *Sachem*. Was afterwards on the *J. N. Bell* and also on the steamer *John F. Carr*.

I was a visitor in Harrison County, Texas, when my uncle, Tom Tucker, raised a company in and about Elysian Fields, so I joined. We only met once or twice for drill when we were disbanded. I then returned to Sabine Pass, where my mother lived, and in the latter part of February a fort was being built by the citizens of the town, myself among the number, and was garrisoned by the citizens. Soon after a battalion was formed for coast defenses, which was composed of one company of heavy artillery, three companies of infantry and two of cavalry. I joined the cavalry, Company A.

Our duties were to scout between Sabine Pass and Bolivar's Point. We were stationed at Sabine Pass till the fall of 1862, when we were ordered to Galveston, where we remained until the spring of 1863, when we were ordered to Louisiana and joined Tom Green's Division of Cavalry. We captured Morgan City, where we remained till after the battle at Sabine Pass, when Gen. Franklin came to Morgan City, which we evacuated, retreating to Bayou Teehe, the Federals following us and destroying houses, fences and sugar houses. We were under orders to fall back; just why I cannot say, as our beloved Tom Green was loth to do so, and whenever opportunity offered we skirmished with them till we were driven through the towns of Opelousas, New Iberia, Washington, Vermillionville and other places en route.

Although we were on the retreat we killed, captured and wounded a number of the enemy, and I believe could have captured the whole of Franklin's army if Gen. Tom Green had been given troops available to cooperate with him, but the orders were to fall back, fall back; until, for some reason, the enemy began retracing its steps. Gen. Green's troops were ordered to Texas, and my command returned to Sabine Pass and the cavalry dismounted, when there came an order to detach men for service on the gunboats. Thirty men were taken from our company, myself among the





PRAYER IN "STONEWALL" JACKSON'S CAMP.

Courtesy of J. C. Casler



number, and placed on the Sagem, she having been captured at the Sabine Pass fight.

Finally the Sagem was dismantled and her armament was transferred to the steamer Josiah Bell, and we went with them. Then came an order to disarm her, and we were sent to do duty on the J. F. Car, where we were when the war closed.

When the news came that all was lost we divided the commissary stores with the people of the town, and in return we were taken to Columbia on the Brazos, where we took trains for Houston. Here we were discharged by Gen. Magruder, May 26, 1865.

I will refer to one deed of daring which I have never seen in print. In a fight with gunboats at Calcasieu Pass two Federal boats, the Ware and the Granite City, were anchored in that stream. Not knowing their destination, Col. Griffin, in command of Sabine Pass, concluded to capture them. So with about 400 men he crossed the pass and marched thirty miles to Calcasieu, moving his men to the bank of the river opposite the vessels. When morning broke each and every living object on the vessels was fired on, and the consequence was that after a few trials to man their guns they ran up the white flag. Our loss was thirty-eight men wounded, and, strange to say, all died of their wounds. We captured between 200 and 300 men.

**WILLIAM DUDLEY HAYNES**, Ennis, Tex.—Born July 3, 1835, near Franklin, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Amite City, La., in May, 1861, as private in Company E, First Texas Infantry, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was F. S. Bass, and first Colonel L. T. Wigfall. Was wounded at Gettysburg by a shell, while charging a battery. Was sent to the hospital at Winchester, Va., and from there to Culpepper Court House, and rejoined my company at Fredericksburg.

Was wounded the second time at Newmarket, Va., on the retreat from Yorktown. We fought the Yankee gunboats a running fight over the same ground where my father fought the British in 1812.

Was in the battles of Gettysburg, Wilderness, Seven Pines, Elkin's Landing, Fredericksburg, and a great many other small fights and skirmishes. Had pretty good clothes and never suffered for anything to eat but once, and that was on the retreat from Yorktown.

**JAMES MADISON HEADRICK**, Van Alstyne, Tex.—Born in January, 1836, near Van Wert, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Floyd Springs, Ga., in Company C, Twenty-Third Regiment, Colquitt's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Mark Ballinger, and first Colonel, Hutcherson, who resigned, and Huggins became Colonel, but was killed, and Capt. Sharp was promoted to Colonel.

The first battle I was in was at Seven Pines, then Cold Harbor, Seven Days Around Richmond, White Oak, Second Manassas, South Mountain, Md., Sharpsburg, Siege of Petersburg, Chancellorsville, Ocean Pond, Fla., and numerous other engagements.

I went through the entire war, and surrendered at Kingston, Ga. Was at home on sick furlough. My company surrendered at Wellington, N. C.

**ORREN A. HEARNE**, Dallas, Tex.—Born July 26, 1836, near Paris, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Columbus, Ky., September, 1861, as private in Company F (Henry Guards) 15th Tennessee Infantry,



Cheatham's Brigade, Polk's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Edward Fitzgerald and first Colonel was Preston Smith.

I was slightly wounded in the back, I am sorry to say, while on picket duty near Atlanta, Ga., in the fall of 1864. I had fired at the enemy and turned to load and was in a stooping position.

Was taken prisoner near Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1864, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio.

Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro, Ga., Belmont, Murfreesboro, Resaca, Peachtree Creek, Franklin, Dead Angle (Spottsylvania), and skirmishes without number.

After burying a young wife who had been an invalid for months at Memphis, Tenn., in August, 1861, I armed myself with an old rifle, Colts revolver and Bowie knife, bid my friends and family an affectionate adieu and started for Columbus, Ky., where I joined the army as above stated.

I had been offered the command of an Arkansas Company, but in my haste to drown my domestic sorrow in dire war, I refused. I had two half uncles in the company to which I was going, I. E. S. Alexander, now living in Memphis, 77 years old, and P. P. Alexander, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh.

My first experience in battle was at Belmont, Ky. I was one of sixteen picked men to act as skirmishers, and we did our work well, capturing eight Federals and only firing three shots, landing them safely in prison. We thought we were heroes.

Early in the spring of 1862 we were ordered to Purdy, Tenn., to prepare for the battle of Shiloh. There I took pneumonia and with others was sent to the hospital at Lauderdale Springs. After my recovery I was retained as ward master at the hospital until a few days before the battle of Murfreesboro. In the meantime I had provided myself with some good and rather fancy clothing, and when wending my way through camps looking for my company, you may imagine how I felt when I heard a dozen voices crying, "There goes your hospital rat." "Come out of them clothes," "Oh, what a pretty shirt," and then some more.

I could not talk back, for they were begrimed and footsore from much fighting and marching. They had been to Perryville, Ky., and I had missed it all. The "Old Vets" will realize how I felt, but the Sons will not. I soon found my company, but, oh, what a change. Some few had deserted when the time of enlistment was out; some were wounded and some had been killed. My brother had been appointed Chaplain of the Fifth Tennessee.

But in a few days we fought the battle of Murfreesboro, and I reinstated myself with my comrades, but in doing so, completely wrecked my good clothes. During the battle our regiment had driven the Federals out of a heavy timbered lot, charging them and giving them the Rebel yell, and after they had fallen back to a fence they formed a new line and made another stand. As we emerged from the timber, through an open field, they poured into us such a terrific fire that we were compelled to lie down. Near me was a dead Federal soldier, and I took his lifeless body for breastworks, believing that under the same circumstances he would have acted the same way towards me.

Our regiment up to this time held the position of honor, but when we lay down on the field and the Ninth Texas, which was attached to our brigade on the extreme left, kept going forward till the line of the enemy was being flanked. The enemy had fallen back until we were relieved, but we lost our position of honor, which was given to the Ninth Texas.

There are many other things which I might relate of other battles and prison life, but this will do.



**WILLIAM WILLISTON HEARTSILL**, Marshall, Tex.—Born Oct. 7, 1839, at Louisville, Tenn., and enlisted in the Confederate Army on April 19, 1861, at Marshall, Tex., as private in Company F, Second Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, Steele's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Sam J. Richardson, and first Colonel, John E. (Rip.) Ford.

The company was first mustered into the State service, and on May 23 was sworn into the Confederate service as Company F, Second Texas Regiment of Mounted Riflemen. When the year was out, April 19, 1862, we re-enlisted for three years, or during the war, as an independent company, till January, 1864, when we were attached to Morgan's Regiment as Company I, Parson's Brigade.

Was never wounded. When Arkansas Post fell, Jan. 11, 1863, I, with about forty others, was captured, and along with about three or four thousand Texas troops, were sent to Camps Butler and Douglas, Ill., and were exchanged at City Point, Va., May 11, 1863, and sent with Arkansas Post troops to Tullahoma, Tenn.

Was promoted to Second Sergeant Nov. 2, 1862, and to Orderly Sergeant Jan. 11, 1863, and served as such till the close of the war. Was paroled May 20, 1865.

Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Hoover's Gap, Tenn., McLemore's Cove, Tenn., Duck River, Tenn., Chickamauga.

**ZACHARY W. HEATH**, Terrell, Tex.—Born Dec. 16, 1845, near Vicksburg, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on July 1, 1861, at Randolph, Tenn., as private in Company G, Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry, Pillow's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Charles Palmer, first Captain and John V. Wright, first Colonel. The Thirteenth Tennessee was soon changed to Cheatham's Brigade, later to Preston Smith's and then to Vaughn's. Was first wounded at Richmond, Ky. My arm was shattered, which would have been taken off but for our old family physician, who said that with my youth and good health he could save it, which he did. Was again wounded in the hand at Atlanta, Ga., which was a permanent injury and left me a very poor hand. Was in the battles of Belmont, Shiloh and Richmond, Ky., before I was 16 years old. Was in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga., which was almost one continual battle. The specially hard fights were at Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church and Dead Angle, where Gen. Vaughn said he had orders to hold that position if he should lose every man in his brigade, and we held it till ordered away, although we were attacked by a force of ten to one. Dead Angle, which was known as "Devil's Elbow," was a sharp turn in the Main line where the Yankees shot at us from three directions, but we killed ten of them to where we lost one.

**W. R. HEDGER**, Ranger, Tex.—Born Jan. 5, 1846, near Brooklyn, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army December, 1862, near Okalona, Miss., as private in Company H, Second Alabama Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee; McCreary, first Captain and Earl, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted.

Was in many fights from Rome to Savannah, Ga. The greatest loss my company sustained in one fight was on the 22nd of July, 1864, near Atlanta. After going to North Carolina and meeting President Davis and others and coming back to South Carolina with them, my regiment was paid \$25 each. We then started to fight our way to Texas—that is, a few of us—and after getting into Georgia, Gen. Breckenridge advised us to surrender, which we did, and we were the last to give up arms.



JACOB HEMPHILL, Haskell, Tex.—When a lad of 17 I volunteered in Confederate Army at West Liberty, Liberty County, Texas, as private in Company H, Fifth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Field's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. I was wounded four times and have two of the balls in my body now. I was in the battles of Second Manassas, Va.; Boonsborough Mountains, Md., Sharpsburg, Md., where I received a very serious wound and went home for six months. Married Miss Emily V. Jernigan, Dec. 8, 1862. Returned to my command and was wounded at Williamsport Road, eight miles out from Richmond, and was disabled for four months.

I returned to my command in time for the Chickamauga fight. I also engaged in the battles of Wilderness and Gettysburg, and skirmishes too numerous to mention.

### Reminiscences.

We were never detached from the main line under Gen. Wade Hampton. When I returned to command with Gen. Lee at Appomattox. In 1864 Miss Fuller of Houston, Tex., sent three gold and two silver stars to be given to the most meritorious Texas soldiers. Gen. Lee was unable to distinguish the most valiant, so turned the stars over to a committee of commissioned officers to decide. Senators Frank Lubbock and Louis T. Wigfall made stirring speeches, while the latter presented the stars. I was a very wicked young man, and for that reason received a silver one instead of a gold one. He told me that in presenting it.

The scene comes vividly to mind—winter quarters near Richmond, on the line of battle, it was a very cold day. At the death of Lucian Woodall, First Sergeant, I was elected to fill the vacancy, and I still have the roll of my company. After the surrender I was given my parole—both it and star were stolen.

I returned to my old home in Walker County, where I had a wife and a sweet little babe awaiting me.

The sad recollections of the dreadful days of 1861 to 1865, and the horrible "reconstruction days" bring bitter tears, only solaced by the thought that through it all, I was loyal and true to the cause, never flinching where duty called, and, the best of all, my helpmeet was a Christian, and through her life God pointed me to a better life. The new South may well remember the names of known and unknown heroes and still love and cherish the few remaining fathers and mothers, who have never known the word defeat, and out of the ashes of dead hopes, a nation can point to a Southland resplendant with stars and undimmed brilliancy. At the Second Battle of Manassas on Saturday morning, a courier came with orders to stop, but before the Courier had reached the Fifth Texas and the Eighteenth Georgia charged through seven lines of battle. There is where we met the New York Zouaves, totally demoralizing them so they never reorganized. At this place Gen. Hood gave us the name of "The Bloody Fifth."

With Malvern Hill and Seven Pines we passed seven days of hard fighting. Gen. Lee ordered Magruder to occupy Malvern Hill, and he maneuvered for three days and failed to take it, consequently McClellan took it. Gen. Longstreet, chagrined at Magruder for lack of loyalty to orders, asked Gen. Hood to allow him to take Malvern Hill. Gen. Lee replied, "Yes, we will take Malvern Hill!" Quickly climbing off his small roan horse, Longstreet lined up his men, then the whole brigade. We charged right through wheat fields and over breastworks, driving McClellan with his men to Elston Landing, where they had gunboat protection.



R. C. H. HENDERSON, Comanche, Tex.—Born near Forsythe, Ga., and enlisted in the Confederate Army, May 5, 1861, at Oxford, Miss., as private in Company B. The regiment was first known as Miller's Battalion and afterwards became the First Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Army of Tennessee.

My first Captain was A. J. Boles, and first Colonel was named Miller. I was mustered into the service at Union City, Tenn. From there were sent to New Madrid, Mo., thence to Hickman, Ky.; thence to Columbus, Ky.

Our first engagement was at Belmont, Mo., and from there we went to Columbus, Ky., again and remained there until that place was evacuated, and then we went to Purdy, Tenn., where we had a skirmish with Rosecrans' army, and from there to Shiloh, Grenada, Holly Springs and then back to Grenada, then to Middle Tennessee, where we remained with that wing of Bragg's army till the battle of Chattanooga.

We then went to South Mississippi, about Jackson, where we remained till Johnston's army fell back into Georgia, when we marched across the country and joined him at Adairsville, Ga., and remained with him as long as he staid in Georgia. I was with Hood in Tennessee and at Nashville. We were on the right wing of his army at Murfreesboro, and after his defeat we were ordered to cover his retreat.

We were then furloughed and I was not with the army any more. I was engaged in most all the battles of Georgia and Tennessee. Fortunately I went through the whole war without a wound, but had a horse killed under me at Belmont.

Was taken prisoner at Britton Lane about the last of May, 1862, and sent to Cairo, Ill., and exchanged after about a month at Vicksburg, Miss., and rejoined my regiment at Grenada, Miss.

A rather remarkable incident happened here to one of our men, Kamey Parks, who was riding a little mule, which, when saddled and mounted, was covered up except for his ears and tail. Parks seemed to be more walking than riding, but when we were trying to outrun the Yankees our attention was attracted to the mule, whose tail was describing a circle about the size of a big straw hat, and Parks was lashing him first on one side and then the other, saying, "Hup mule, hup mule." It was remarkable to see him run. He was going at about a "2:40" gait, as if to say, "Good-bye, comrades, I am going away from here," and strange to say, Kamey and his mule got away while the remainder of us were captured.

At Sugar Hill, Lieut. Day, an officer who was highly respected, was killed. The boys placed him on his horse after the battle was over and carried him back six miles to where we camped at Sugar Creek and buried him that night.

H. T. HENDERSON, Crowell, Tex.—Born Dec. 2, 1844, near Chetham's Hill, Harris County, Georgia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on the 17th of November, 1862, at Clarksville, Tex., as private in Company K, Twenty-Third Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade, Maxey's Division. My first Captain was M. S. Young, and first Colonel, N. C. Good.

I was never wounded nor captured. Was in the campaign on Red River, when Banks started from New Orleans to Shreveport. He was defeated at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. We had several skirmishes with him between there and Yellow Bayou, where the campaign ended.

When we were first enlisted we were sent to the coast to guard the forts, and staid there until Gen. Banks started from New Orleans to Shreveport in 1864.

These are all the battles that I was in, and all that I want to be in. The worst with me was the cold and hunger.



The Texas boys, when called on, would charge without a flinch. With brave hearts and loud yells, would charge into a hail of death which was the last of many of them. Others lost their limbs and eyes. I am thankful that I was spared to get home sound and safe with an honorable discharge.

A. N. HENDERSON, Abilene, Tex.—Born in 1825 in Anderson District, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Sulphur Springs, Tex., April 1, 1862, as private in Company E, Eighteenth Texas Infantry, First Brigade, Walker's Division. My first Captain was W. R. Buford, and first Colonel, W. B. Ochiltree. Was slightly wounded in the leg at the battle of Mansfield. Was promoted to Second Lieutenant in December, 1863. Mansfield was the only important battle I was in.

WILLIAM F. HENDERSON, Sulphur Springs, Texas—Born June 24, 1843, near Huntington, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July 3, 1862, at Paris, Texas, as private in Company C, First Battalion of Sharpshooters, Maxey's Brigade, Loring's and then French's Division, Johnston's Corps, Army of Mississippi. My first Captain was Wert Smith, and first Major, Burnett. Was never wounded nor taken prisoner. I filled all the Sergeant's positions from Fifth to Orderly, and was color bearer for eighteen months.

Was in the battle of Jackson, Miss. This was the only regular battle we were in, as our duties as sharpshooters were to bring on engagements and to cover retreats. We were in numerous skirmishes in the line of our work.

W. H. H. HENDRICKS, Rodgers, Texas—Born March 5, 1840, near Butler, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 22, 1862, at Tusculum, Ala., as private in Company D, Fortieth Alabama Infantry, Baker's Brigade, Clayton's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was A. G. Campbell, and first Colonel, A. A. Coleman. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, paroled and sent home. Was promoted to Sergeant in 1862.

Was in the battle of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face, Mill Creek Gap, Resaca and New Hope Church. Was captured on skirmish line at Noonday Creek, near Kennesaw, June 20, 1864. Was taken to Rock Island, Ill., on 24th day of June, 1864, and left there Feb. 25, 1865, and got home March 25, 1865.

JOHN HENDRIX (Deceased), Farmersville, Texas—Born April 3, 1826, in Henderson County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville, Texas, as a private in Company F, Fitzhugh's Regiment, and served in Indian Territory, Arkansas and Louisiana. The regiment after going to Little Rock, Ark., was dismounted and was afterwards known as the Sixteenth Texas Dismounted Cavalry. He was in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., where there was some hard fighting. He was also at the fight at Jenkin's Ferry, Ark., where Gen. Scurry was killed and Andy Lucas of Farmersville, helped to carry him off the battlefield. Emanuel Young was wounded in the leg and Lieutenant Pendleton (E. H.), was slightly wounded at Mansfield. At Pleasant Hill, La., Capt. Taylor was captured and Gabe Meyers and Elisha Robinson were killed. His brother, James, was wounded at the Cabin Creek fight. Mr. Hendrix lived to be very old and was always ready to entertain his friends with reminiscences of the war and the early history of Collin County, and it was remarkable



how well his memory had held the details of all the years. The above was given by his grandson, H. L. Hendrix.

JOHN T. HENLY, Paris, Texas—Born March 16, 1837, near Galatin, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Fort Smith, Ark., as private in Company C, Fifth Missouri Infantry, Green's Brigade, Price's Division, Van Dorn's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was John M. Weidemeyer, and first Colonel, Eugene Ervin.

I went with the army to Corinth, Miss., in 1862, and after that battle in the summer of 1862, and the retreat from that place I was stricken with paralysis in my left arm from which I have never recovered. Was discharged on account of disability, but wishing to do all I could for the Southern cause I came back to this side of the Mississippi River and enlisted again and entered the Quartermaster's Department under Gen. E. Kirby Smith and remained in that Department until the close of the war. The only battles I was in were those fought around Corinth, Miss., previous to the time I was disabled.

J. E. HENNEGAN, Brook, Smith County, Texas—Born Sept. 30, 1844, near Pineville, N. C., where I enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, as private in Company F, in Forty-ninth North Carolina Infantry, Ransom's Brigade, B. R. Johnston's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was J. T. Davis, and first Colonel, Ransom. Was slightly wounded at Fredericksburg. Was promoted to Sergeant in 1864.

Was in the battles of Fredericksburg, Ream's Station, at the "Crater" and nearly all the battles around Richmond and Petersburg. Surrendered with Gen. Lee on the 9th of April, 1865, at Appomattox Court House. Lived three days on wind.

JAMES W. HENRY, Austin, Texas.—Born in Canada, near Montreal. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in November, 1861, at Mobile, Ala., as private in Company K, Twenty-first Alabama, Bragg's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Stewart, and first Colonel was Crawford. Was wounded in the hand and wrist, disabled and discharged.

HENRY HENSLEY, Edna, Texas—Born in Germany and came to Texas in 1856. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Victoria, Texas, in 1862, as Orderly Sergeant of Company D, Waller's Battalion, Tom Greene's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was Wm. Blair, and first Colonel, Edwin Waller. Was never changed, made prisoner, wounded nor promoted. Was in the battles of Bonnet Carrie, Fardoche, Berwick's Bay, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, and other skirmishes too numerous to mention.

L. J. HENSLEY, Stratford, Texas—Born Jan. 10, 1840, near Marshall, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Searcy, Ark., November, 1861, as private Company C, Seventh Cavalry, Cabell's Brigade, Steel's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was James Harry Love, and first Colonel, John F. Hill. Was changed in 1864 to Gen. Shelby's Cavalry, Second Missouri Cavalry, Company A; Captain, Bob Adams.

We were west of the Mississippi River and in numerous small fights but no general engagements. I think the hardest fighting was between Little Rock and Devall's Bluff on Aug. 26, 1864, where we fought from



seven in the morning till five in the evening. We used about sixty rounds of ammunition to the man.

I could not give you a connected history of these things as I kept no notes and was busy all the time with the Yankees. We were on the move all the time.

I think the men who served on the west side of the Mississippi have been badly overlooked as I think that Gen. Cabell's and Shelby's commands killed more Yankees than any two brigades in the Confederate Army, yet there is nothing said about it.

**J. G. HENSON**, Howth, Texas—Born in 1832, at Linden, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 9, 1862, at Dayton, Ala., as Corporal in Company A, Bird's Regiment of ninety-day men. I stayed about half the time and volunteered for the war in a Company of Partisan Rangers. The H. Lewis Company. Was never wounded. Was in a good many skirmishes in Northern Alabama and Tennessee. Spent fifteen months in Alabama hunting deserters. Was sent down about Blakeley with sixteen men where we lost our horses and were sent to the Battery at Blakeley to report to Capt. Winston. I acted as gunner for him and was captured there the day that Lee surrendered, and was sent to Ship Island and from there to Vicksburg, Miss., where we were exchanged.

Our command was with Forrest and Pillow in Tennessee and Northern Alabama. Was with Pillow at the battle of Lafayette, Ga. Capt. Lewis was killed there and Capt. Brooks succeeded him. After this we were in a good many skirmishes. We were at Blakely nine days before we were captured.

**R. L. HERNDON**, Fort Worth, Texas—Born Dec. 18, 1845, near McMinnville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in January, 1863, at Shreveport, La., as private and musician in Denis' Company which was an independent Company, and was afterwards consolidated with Harrison's. I do not remember the brigade, etc. Was in the battles of Little Rock and Pine Bluff, Ark., and two or three fights on the Mississippi River with gunboats and was also at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La.

My brother, W. J. Herndon, was with Gen. R. E. Lee and died during the war, but I can not say as to his company, regiment, etc.

**A. N. HERRINGTON**, Waldrip, Tex.—Born Dec. 19, 1843, near Enterprise, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army November, 1861, at Enterprise, as private in Company H, Walthall's Brigade, Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee; Crampton, first Captain, and Holland, first Colonel.

Received a slight wound in the side at the battle of Peachtree Creek. Was captured at the fall of Vicksburg and paroled. Was in the battles of Yazoo, Vicksburg, Resaca, two battles at Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, New Hope Church, Franklin and Nashville. Was in many skirmishes and small battles.

I entered the service and was in front until the close of the war. Was in the hospital for two months. As to camp life, we had both good and bad times, but more bad times than good ones.

Sometimes we had clothing, caps and shoes, and then again we would be bare of either. But those needs did not excuse us from duty. We had to take the rain, snow and all the chilly winds with but one blanket, and at times not even that much. When the bugle sounded, we had to go, rations or no rations, blanket or no blanket—sometimes way out on picket alone.



with only one canteen of water for twenty-four hours, and no one near but the enemy. This is what we call vidette duty. Many times it would be so dark that you could not see your hand before your eyes. At Vicksburg they gave us quarter rations at first, and the longer we staid the shorter the rations were, and finally got down to mule meat. I had a father and three brothers in the war, and we all came out alive, and all living today except father.

FRANK HERRON, Graham, Texas—Born Feb. 29, 1843, at West Point, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1862, at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., as private in Company K. Third Tennessee Infantry, Gen. Bell's Brigade, Walker's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tenn. First Captain was Frank Mathis, and first Colonel, Walker. After the battle at Chickamauga I received a discharge and went home but soon after joined the Forty-eighth Tennessee Cavalry, which served under Gen. Forrest.

Was wounded at the battle of Raymond, Miss., on May 12, in the right thigh and a thin piece of bone about two inches long was taken out. Here I was captured and four months later made my escape, rejoined my command and was again captured on Gen. Hood's retreat from Franklin, Tenn., and was sent to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, where I remained until the war closed. Was in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Raymond, Miss; Chickamauga, and others with Gen. Forrest until I was captured under Gen. Hood on his retreat from Franklin.

While our command was stationed at Port Hudson we received orders to hasten to Raymond, Miss., to assist in checking Gen. Grant's forces which were advancing on Vicksburg. We arrived at Raymond early in the morning of the 11th of May, 1863, and next morning were ordered out to relieve a company which had been on picket the night before. Without breakfast, tired, hungry and with blistered feet, sadness was pictured on the faces of my companions as we were hastening on through the dust to the death of some of us and to great suffering of others. But our sadness was suddenly relieved when we saw on a porch of a palatial home, some beautiful girls waving the "Bonnie Blue Flag." We gave the old and familiar yell in return, and no sad faces were seen for a while, but on the other hand duty to our Southland and our Southern homes, could be seen pictured on the faces of every member of our company.

While on picket we could see our grand old colors, Third Tennessee, moving out to take its place in line of battle. In a very short time Gen. Gregg came up and ordered our Captain to move his company and take our proper place in the regiment. After taking our place in line we could see our skirmishers falling back. This proved to me that we would soon be in a hot engagement.

Never will I forget the picture of sadness that was on the faces of my comrades, the majority of whom were as still as death. Minutes seemed hours but we were not long in this suspense for as the Federal skirmishers came in sight our grand old Commander, Col. Walker, stepped out in front and calling "Attention," said, "We will soon be engaged in a battle and before we begin I wish to say that I do not command you to go, but to follow this old bald head of mine," and lifting his cap, gave the command, "Forward, Guide Center, March." In the twinkling of an eye sadness and despair vanished and in its place appeared a determination to conquer or die. Onward we went with the rebel yell, driving the enemy back through a cornfield and across a deep narrow creek. Here we were ordered to lie down and continue the fight in this position.

In the last charge which our regiment attempted to make I was wounded. When I was first struck I supposed I was killed and when I saw the



blood running to the ground I was sure it was true. I did not seem to have any great fear of death but what worried me most was the thought of dying so far from home and loved ones.

With the assistance of my gun I hobbled to a tree for shelter. Soon one of my comrades came to assist me from the battlefield, but he was seriously wounded before starting with me, so another, a messmate, came to help me and he, too, was wounded.

Our command was repulsed and in a little while I was captured and sent to the field hospital where my wound was tenderly dressed by a Federal surgeon. This hospital was at and around the home of Mr. McDonald, a Southern planter and a noble gentleman. Mr. McDonald and his family were allowed one room of their house and the remainder was used by the Federal officers who were wounded. A large arbor was built for the protection of the soldiers from the sun.

In a few days the wounded Federal officers were moved to the town of Raymond and the rooms were used by the wounded Confederates. My wound had not been dressed in six days and was giving me great pain. I believed I was going to die. While there my attention was attracted to a beautiful girl standing in the door with tears trickling down her cheeks. Her true Southern heart was bleeding and she was overflowing with profound sympathy for us wounded men and boys. For a short time I was transformed into a new creature. My wound ceased to pain me and I wiped away the tears which had moistened my cheeks. In a few moments this girl came and sat down by me and took my hand saying, "Have you a father and mother?" She then procured a basin and some water and washed my face and combed my hair, as best she could, and then brought me something to eat. After this she made an effort to cleanse the clotted blood from my wound and found to our surprise that the wound was full of worms.

In a short time I was moved to the hospital in the Court House at Raymond. This little girl visited the hospital daily, brought me something nice to eat, and a bouquet of flowers.

Among the great mass of suffering humanity at the hospital could be seen the grand and noble daughters of the South, the majority of them raised in luxury, inexperienced in every sense for hospital work, with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows, hastening here and there, tenderly nursing the wounded and dying. Never was there more heroism and self-sacrifice shown by the nurses in any part of the South than was shown to the wounded and dying soldiers at Raymond by these noble women, and it is a source of pleasure to me in my declining years to live my life over, in thought, especially that part of it which was spent at Raymond. In fact, I love the word "Raymond."

A short while before the Chickamauga battle I returned to my command and applied for a discharge which came back approved by Gen. Johnston. I returned home and soon enlisted in Gen. N. B. Forrest's command and served until the close of the war.

Twenty-eight years after the battle of Raymond I wrote the post master there, making inquiry about several of the young ladies whom I remembered and especially the precious little girl that I first saw standing in the door at her father's home. I knew her as Miss Myra McDonald, who is now Mrs. Myra Dennis, and resides in Jackson, Miss. The answer to my letter to the post master came from this Mrs. Myra Dennis, and I am proud to say that we have kept up a correspondence ever since. One of her daughters, a beautiful young lady of nineteen, paid myself and family a visit several years ago. It is useless for me to undertake to describe my



feelings when I saw this beautiful daughter of the lady who nursed me from almost death back to life. I will never forget the kindness and tender care of Mrs. Myra Dennis to a wounded soldier boy of fifteen, and if I can pay the debt in no other way I will endeavor to pay it in gratitude.

I wish to mention a command which I heard Gen. Grant give to the Chief Surgeon at the field hospital. It was this, "Give the wounded men every attention which it is possible and make no distinction between Federals and Confederates." This is not given from report. I was within twenty feet of him when he gave the order.

**J. A. HESSER**, Ennis, Tex.—Born Nov. 12, 1838, near Springfield, Ill. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Waxahachie, Tex., as private in Company H, Twelfth Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, Steele's Division, Wharton's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was W. J. Stokes and first Colonel, W. H. Parsons.

Was never changed, and fortunately, was not wounded. Was never taken prisoner, and that was my greatest dread, as I would have very likely been taken to Camp Butler, within a few miles of my old home, and my father was classed among the "Copperheads" and a Southern sympathizer, and it might not have been well for him.

In March, 1863, I was promoted to Regimental Commissary Sergeant, and in 1864 was promoted to Regimental Commissary with rank as Captain, and served in this position till the close of the war.

Was in the battles of Searcy, Ark.; Cotton Plant, Ark.; Blair's Landing, La., and in the Red River campaign till the last battle at Yellow Bayou.

**M. T. HICKMAN**, Moscow, Texas.—Born Aug. 31, 1841, near Newton, Texas. Enlisted the 2nd of March, 1862, in the Confederate Army at Livingston, Texas, as Orderly Sergeant, in Company F, Twenty-second Texas Infantry, Waul's Brigade, Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was John Guynes and first Colonel, Richard B. Hubbard.

Was in the following battles: Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, and Yellow Bayou, La.; Jenkins Ferry, Ark., and various and sundry skirmishes. We were disbanded at Hempstead, Texas, in May, 1865. We campaigned through Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. I still have my discharge papers.

**WILLIAM C. HICKS** (deceased), Bonham, Texas.—Born in 1833. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 near Bonham, Texas, as private in Company A, Stevens' Regiment, Alexander's Brigade, and served in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Was in no large battles, the principal one being Prairie Grove, Ark., but was in a number of smaller fights and skirmishes. He took sick and was furloughed home and died in Fannin County in 1863.

**JOHN W. HIGGINS**, Grapevine, Texas.—Born in Kingston, Tenn., in 1841. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on April 20, 1861, at Trenton, Ga., as private in Company B, Sixth Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Was transferred to the sea coast just after the battle of Chancellorsville in May, 1863, and returned to Virginia in May, 1864. Received two slight wounds at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, but did not leave the field. Was taken prisoner at Fort Harrison on Sept. 30, 1864, sent to Point Lookout, Md., and paroled June 27, 1865. Just after the Seven Days Battle Around Richmond I was promoted to Second Sergeant. Was in the battles of Seven



Pines, Cold Harbor, Second Battle of Manassas, South Mountain, Md.; Sharpsburg, Md.; Fredericksburg, Va.; Chancellorsville, Va.; Ocean Pond, Fla.; Drewry's Bluff, Va.; Fort Harrison, Va., and in the following smaller ones: Siege of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, White Oak Swamp, James Island, S. C.; Battery Wagoner, Fort Sumpter, and the Siege of Petersburg.

#### Reminiscences.

An 8-inch mortar shell dropped in our company on the 27th of June, 1864, and killed Robert Stewart and wounded eleven others, two others besides myself escaping. In the battle of Drewry's Bluff four of us were behind a small tree, ten inches in diameter, and all were wounded except myself. In the battle of Ocean Pond I had the bark knocked off of a tree into both eyes. I shifted my position and lay down behind an old stump, when a ball came through and struck me in the breast, but had spent its force and did not hurt me. I could relate many other narrow escapes, but this will be enough.

W. A. HIGHSMITH, Bastrop, Tex.—Born near Troy, Mo. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 22, 1861, at San Antonio—Texas, as private in Company E, Second Texas Mounted Regiment, Tom Green's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. Was in the battles of Val Verde, N. M., and some smaller engagements.

WILLIAM T. HIGHTOWER, Sweetwater, Tex.—Born March 15, 1846, near Lodi, Miss., where I enlisted in the Confederate Army in January, 1862, as private in Company C, Thirtieth Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, Walthall's Brigade, Wither's Division, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was T. W. Billingsley, and first Colonel, G. F. Neil.

Was never wounded and seldom sick. Was taken prisoner near Franklin, Tenn., about the 19th of December, 1864. Was kept a few days in the penitentiary at Nashville and then sent to Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio. Left prison on April 2, on call to be sent to Texas, arriving at New Orleans. Dick Taylor having surrendered, we were taken to Vicksburg and paroled June 9, 1865.

I was never promoted. Was generally detailed for guard duty, etc., as a non-commissioned officer, which I preferred to promotion.

Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Ga. I was in all the battles from Dalton to Resaca, Ga., and Jonesboro, and, in fact, I believe it was 100 days of almost continuous fighting. Our Brigade was in the "Battle Above the Clouds" on Lookout Mountain.

I am aware that the names of all the gallant men who bore the brunt of the fighting can not be mentioned, together with their valorous deeds, in the many hard-fought battles, where they were often outnumbered four to one, but you must know that we who are spared are very proud of our record, and some of us have arrived at an age when we appreciate flattery. In fact, I find some men who never succeeded in burning gun powder during the war now endeavor to get in the band wagon at all our parades and reunions.

You know that it has passed into an adage that "none but the best is counterfeited," so it makes us only think the more of ourselves when these people try to participate in our honors.

We were organizing when the battle of Shiloh was fought, and I was afraid the Yankees would be whipped and the war ended before I could get to the front. I was sick at Chattanooga when our regiment had its first



battle at Perryville, Ky., Oct. 8, 1862, and again I felt almost discouraged. However, I was on hand at Murfreesboro, after which I was truly sorry that the boys had not thrashed the Yankees before I arrived. But I managed to stay to the finish, and, as I said before, I am proud of the part I played from January, 1862, to June, 1865.

V. M. HIGHTOWER, Cleburne, Tex.—Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, at Cedartown, Ga., as Sergeant of Company G, First Confederate Infantry, Georgia; Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was J. B. Bray, and first Colonel, G. W. Smith. Was changed from the Mobile Army to Tennessee, April, 1863.

Was wounded in the thigh in the battle of Missionary Ridge. Was promoted in 1863 to Second Lieutenant, in which capacity I served the remainder of the war. I still have the sword which I carried through the war. I had it made in Mobile and had my name engraved on it.

I was in the battle of Chattanooga, and Jonesboro two days. I was not able for duty after the battle of Missionary Ridge, where I was wounded, but was with the command at the fall of Atlanta. Was also at Jonesboro.

ANDREW MALONE HILL, Normangee, Texas—Born March 18, 1842, near Newberry, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Courtland, Ala., as private in Company B, Sixteenth Alabama, Wood's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Frederick Ashford, and first Colonel, W. B. Wood. Was hit several times by spent balls, but never lost blood. Was promoted to Fourth Sergeant just before the battle of Shiloh, to Second Lieutenant, after the battle of Chickamauga, and to Captain only a few weeks before Gen. Johnston's surrender at Greensboro, N. C. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the campaign from there to Atlanta and back to Franklin, Tenn.

B. F. HILL, Alvarado, Texas—Born March 5, 1840, at Athens, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Navasota, Texas, in April, 1862, as private in Company I, Twenty-sixth Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain was Whitehead, and first Colonel, DeBray. Was never changed during the war. Was wounded by a piece of shell which struck me above the right knee in the battle of Pleasant Hill, La. Never had a furlough during the war and was at Houston when the end came.

Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Monett's Ferry, Marks-ville and Yellow Bayou, all in Louisiana.

G. B. (BERRY) HILL, Farmersville, Texas—Born Jan. 12, 1842, near Florence, Ala. Entered the Confederate Army at Wayland Springs, Ala. Was elected Corporal and stayed in the Infantry service about two years and served under Gen. Forrest the remainder of the time. Was slightly wounded in the ankle at Perryville, Ky. Was in the battles of Chickamauga and at Richmond, Ky. Was in all the battles under Gen. Forrest who fought all the way from Lawrenceburg to Nashville and back again to Dandridge on the Tennessee River. Was mustered out in Southern Alabama, and was glad to get home alive. Was absent from duty two weeks in hospital and thirteen days furlough at home during the three and a half years.



**JAMES I. HILL**, Winnsboro, Texas.—Born Oct. 11, 1835, near Montgomery, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at that place March 1, 1862, as Corporal in Company A, Forty-sixth Alabama, Pettus' Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was G. E. Brewer, and my first Colonel, M. L. Wood. Was never wounded but was taken prisoner on Dec. 16, 1864, and was sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was in the battles of Resaca and Marietta, Ga.

**JAMES M. HILL**, Ennis, Texas—Born July 9, 1836, near Jackson, Tenn. Enlisted in 1861 at Center Point, Tenn., as private in Company I, Ninth Alabama Infantry, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was O'Neal, and first Colonel, Willcox. Was not wounded but taken prisoner the second day of the fight at Gettysburg, and was taken to Fort Delaware where I stayed four months; was then taken to Point Lookout, Md., and stayed there twelve months.

Was in the battles of Chancellorsville, Va.; Fredericksburg, Va.; Gettysburg, Pa., and here was where the Yankees got me. I was in numerous other smaller engagements.

At the battle of Fredericksburg we lay in line of battle two days and nights and were allowed no fire, having three days' rations cooked in advance.

**JOHN A. P. HILL**, Blossom, Texas—Born Jan. 19, 1841, at Montgomery, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the winter of 1862, in Panola County, Texas, as private in Company G, Fourteenth Regiment, Ector's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Roguemore, and my first Colonel was Ector. Was taken prisoner at the battle of Chickamauga and carried to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was captured in 1863 and was held in prison till the war closed.

Was in the battles of Richmond, Ky.; Chickamauga, Ga.; Murfreesboro, Tenn., and Farmington, Miss.

**JOHN W. HILL**, Smithville, Texas—Born Dec. 3, 1836, near Tuscaloosa, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 7, 1861, in Bastrop County, Texas, as private in Company D, Eighth Texas (Terry's Rangers), Harrison's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps. My first Captain was Steve Terrell, and first Colonel was B. F. Terry. Was taken prisoner Dec. 31, 1862, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., and released April 7, 1863. Was promoted to Second Sergeant and then to First Sergeant.

Was in all the battles in which the Terry's Rangers were engaged, which was most of the battles of the Army of Tennessee.

When the Company enlisted we had 124 men, rank and file, and was recruited to about 160 on the roll and when we were mustered out between Charlotte and Sebery, N. C., we had about thirty men present. The others were killed, discharged or disabled.

**TOM HILL**—Sketch of Tom Hill's soldier life given by H. M. Harrison, of Wolfe City, Texas. Tom Hill, a member of my Company, Company D, Nineteenth Georgia, was as brave a soldier as ever lived. At Ocean Pond, a Yankee armed with a repeating rifle and behind a tree, kept shooting at him. Tom got tired of this, so he left the ranks and went straight towards the Yankee, who continued to fire, missing him every shot. Tom caught him in the collar and led him back through our lines, then took his place in the ranks coolly as if nothing had happened. This fight at Ocean Pond was one of the hardest of the war, for the Yankees out-numbered us three



to one. It was in this battle that Gen. Finnegan sent Colquitt word to fall back into the breastworks. Colquitt replied that he was driving the Yankees, besides his men did not know how to fall back.

Speaking of Tom Hill. At Fort Harrison he was on the litter corps. A fellow by the name of Thurmond was knocked down by a ball and lay as if dead. Tom remarked that the "niggers" should not have him, so he crawled on his hands and knees to where the fellow lay, and said to him, "Can't you crawl?" Thurmond replied that he could, and began crawling towards our line, Tom crawling behind to shield him. When they got near our lines Thurmond rose and ran, beating Tom to the lines. Tom was the maddest man I ever saw. The idea of him risking his life for a man who could run like that, and yet had lain still to be captured by the "niggers."

T. A. W. HILL, Smithville, Texas—Born July 24, 1834, near Tuscaloosa, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1862, at Corinth, Miss., as private in Company D, Eighth Texas Cavalry, Harrison's Brigade, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Steve Terrell, and first Colonel was B. F. Terry. Was promoted to Corporal in 1863. Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky., Chickamauga, Ga., and Murfreesboro, Tenn.

WILLIAM A. HILLIARD, Lockhart, Texas—Born Oct. 22, 1844, near Columbus, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1862, at that place, as private in Company A, Col. Burgin's Regiment, Harrison's Brigade. My first Captain was Lacy, and first Colonel was Burgin. After the Siege of Vicksburg I enlisted in Company H, Ninth Mississippi Cavalry, Col. Henry Muldroe's Regiment, Furgerson's Brigade. Was never wounded. Was captured at the fall of Vicksburg July 4, 1863, and was exchanged in August of the same year.

Was in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg, where we fought forty-eight days and nights. Was with Johnston's army when he struck Sherman and fought through Georgia to Atlanta and following Sherman's army to Tar River, N. C., from there we were ordered to Greensboro, N. C. Here we met President Davis and his escort. Gen. Breckenridge and Furgerson's Brigades. Here was where President Davis made his last address to the Confederate soldiers under arms. We then started to Mississippi with the President and his family, these two brigades being his escort. We were trying to escape with the President from Sherman's Army, but failed.

E. K. HILLYER, Ennis, Texas—Born Jan. 19, 1841, at Pine Hill, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at French Camp, Choctaw, Miss., in April, 1861, as Second Corporal, "Choctaw Guards," Fifteenth Mississippi Infantry, Zollicoffer's Brigade, Loring's Division, Beauregard's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Hemphill, and first Colonel was Hemphill. I saw one of the greatest Generals of the war fall and this was none other than Albert Sidney Johnston.

On the 4th of July, 1863, I was taken prisoner and paroled on the field of battle at Vicksburg, Miss. In 1862 I was elected Second Lieutenant of my company.

Was in the battle of Fishing Creek, Ky.; Shiloh, Baker's Creek, Vicksburg, fighting every day for fifteen or twenty days. After I was exchanged I joined a cavalry company and was in some skirmishes on the other side of the Mississippi.



REV. J. J. HINES, Bridgeport, Texas—Born Sept. 9, 1843, near Jackson, Tenn., where I enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, as private in Company E, First Confederate Cavalry, Forrest's Brigade, Wheeler's Division, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was C. H. Conner, and first Colonel was Cox. Was not changed to any other part of the army. Was never wounded. Was captured three times but always managed to escape.

Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Perryville, Chickamauga, Shepherdsville, Ky.; Nashville and others.

M. M. HINES, Iatan, Texas—Born Dec. 23, 1840, near Lincolnton, N. C., where I enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, as private in Company K, First North Carolina Infantry, for six months under Gen. Magruder. My first Captain was W. J. Hoke, and first Colonel, D. H. Hill. My enlistment expired on Nov. 15, 1861. Was discharged and went home and re-enlisted March 15, 1862, in Twenty-third North Carolina Infantry, Company B, with S. A. Shuford as Captain, and J. F. Hoke, Colonel, Early's Brigade, D. H. Hill's Division. I was wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Seven Pines and in the side at Chancellorsville, and in the thigh at Gettysburg. These were all flesh wounds. My blanket saved my life when I was wounded in the side.

I was taken prisoner at Winchester and sent to Fort Delaware where I was held until the war closed. I suffered almost death in prison and arrived home on June 10, 1865, a mere skeleton. Was promoted to Orderly Sergeant May 20, 1862, and to Third Lieutenant Nov. 20, 1862.

Was in the battles of Williamsburg, Seven Pines, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Cold Harbor, Lynchburg, Kenistown and Winchester.

I was exceedingly fortunate. Never sick nor absent from the command except when wounded. When I look back at the slaughter of my comrades I don't see how I could have escaped death. At the battle of Seven Pines my Captain was killed, Lieutenant disabled for life, twelve privates killed and twenty wounded out of seventy. This is as I remember it.

At Chancellorsville Capt. Hunter and ten privates were killed and twenty-five wounded. At Gettysburg out of twenty-seven men, the loss was twelve killed. The wounded were all captured except Comrade Finger and myself and he started out with one wound and got four more flesh wounds before he got away. In other battles our losses were not so much. The company was small and favored by the chances of war.

I will not undertake to describe the sufferings of the men without rations from two to five days. Without shoes and with bleeding feet. The young must study this and draw on their imagination and learn that when Gen. Sherman said, "War is hell," he told the truth.

No tongue nor pen can describe the sufferings of our men in prison, but will only say that a great many died and that all came near dying.

When Gen. Grant opposed the exchange of prisoners he said that it was cheaper to feed them than to fight them. He meant that it was cheaper to starve them than to fight them. There was no excuse for the starving of our prisoners as they were starved. It has been said that the petty officers sold the provisions which the government furnished for us. Perhaps so, we never got them.

ABNER M. HINSON, Gatesville, Texas—Born Aug. 25, 1839, near Centerville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, at Harrisburg, Texas, as private in Company D, Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brig-





BURIAL OF WILLIAM I. BLUE.

Courtesy of J. C. Casler



ade, Field's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was R. M. Powell, and first Colonel, Archer. Was wounded at Gettysburg in the head, at Second Manassas, in the knee, and at Darbytown Road, painfully wounded in the hip. Was never taken prisoner. Was First Sergeant for two years.

Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Spottsylvania, Eltham's Landing, Seven Pines, Gaines' Mill, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, and surrendered with the army at Appomattox.

At the battle of Sharpsburg we went in with eighty rounds of ammunition to the man. When we had used up all our ammunition we were ordered to hold our position at all hazards. My Captain came to me and asked if I had any ammunition and I told him yes that I had just taken some from a dead man's cartridge box. He asked who else had any and I told him Parker as I had just divided with him. He said he wanted me to go to that big tree in front and shoot all the officers and color bearers. We agreed to go, but asked him to not go off and leave us, and he agreed to call us when he went to leave.

In a little while Parker looked around and said, "They are all gone." I looked and said that Capt. Turner was there yet as he promised to call us if he went to leave. Presently we looked around and sure enough they were all gone and Parker wanted to know what we would do and I said, "run."

We were very nearly surrounded and we ran nearly half a mile across an open field to our regiment which we found in a grove of timber and neither of us was hurt. The boys all gave us a hearty cheer and Capt. Turner complimented us very highly on our escape.

On the second evening, the 3rd of July, 1863, after being wounded in the head I was started on a wagon for Williamsport. My wound hurt me so that I could not ride in the wagon, so got out and walked all night. We crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport and walked to Winchester. I could get no attention to my wound, so the surgeon ordered me to Staunton, from there to Charlottesville and from there to Lynchburg, before my wound was dressed. It is needless to say that I suffered a great deal of pain.

MARTIN L. HINTON, Atlanta, Texas—Born Dec. 14, 1837, in what is now Douglas County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Falcon, Ark., July, 1861, as private in Company E, Eleventh Arkansas, Adams's Brigade, Forrest's Division. My first Captain was Lee Moss, and first Colonel was Smith. We were first organized as infantry and then mounted.

We were in the battles of Baker's Creek, Clinton, Jackson and Port Hudson, and many other smaller battles. I was promoted to Sergeant.

In Little Rock our company went into Eleventh Arkansas and went to Memphis, Tenn., to Fort Pillow and from there to Columbus, Ky. From there to Island No. 10. Then went to Thompson Station, Tenn., and went into winter quarters. We came back to Island No. 10, and went to fighting. It was all cannonading and on the 6th of April, we left the island coming down the river to Tiptonville, Miss., and there surrendered to the Federal General and was sent to Camp Douglas, Ill.

On September 20th we were exchanged at Vicksburg and went to Jackson, Miss., where we rejoined the army and the hard struggles continued. We went to Corinth and Holly Springs and then to Fort Hudson where we remained for some time, going from there to Olive Branch where we were mounted as cavalry and then had fighting at Baker's Creek. Here my broth-



er was wounded and I carried him four or five miles. I laid him down and pulled his thigh straight, pulled my shirt off and bound up his thigh, and he got well. This was all the assistance he received.

**JULIUS HIRSCH**, Gatesville, Texas—Born in Germany. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Harris County, Texas., in 1862, at the age of twenty-six. My first Captain was named Peel.

**J. W. HODGE**, Temple, Texas—Born in 1837, in Fort Bend County. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1861, at Belton, Bell County, Texas, as private in Company H, Sixth Texas Cavalry, Ross' Brigade, Jackson's Division, Forrest's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was named White. Was transferred from the army in Arkansas to the eastern army at Corinth, Miss. Received a saber wound at Jonesboro on the head, but not a very serious one.

I was never taken prisoner. I broke ranks and ran. They shot at me but only struck my shirt with thirteen holes and one struck the horn of my saddle.

I was in the battles of Corinth, Miss.; Jonesboro, Nashville, and Vicksburg, and served until the close of the war. I was in a great many more battles, but can not remember the particulars of all. All told I was in over 100 battles of all kinds.

**ROBERT HODGES** (Deceased), Kendleton, Texas—Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, as Second Lieutenant, in Capt. Holt's Company, Twenty-fourth Texas Cavalry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Was wounded in a charge at Atlanta, but was back in the ranks in less than two months and served till the close. Was later taken prisoner and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. I had two other brothers, Edwin R. Hodges and Sam N. Hodges, who were privates in Company A, Capt. Benson's Company, and Brown's Regiment. They enlisted in 1862, but never left the State as they were on duty on the gulf coast of Texas. The above was given by his sister, Mrs. W. M. Dorst.

**GEORGE H. HOGAN**, Ennis, Texas—Born at Boonville, Mo., in 1844. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, at Rockett Springs, Texas, as private in Company E, Twelfth Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, Green's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was J. C. Brown and first Colonel, W. H. Parsons. Was taken prisoner at Monroe, La., but was paroled next day.

The first fight was at Searcy Lane, below Batesville, Ark., in May of 1862. I read several years ago the Federal side of this fight as it was our "maiden" fight, it made an impression on my boyish mind which I have not forgotten. The Federal account read about like this: "A detachment of about 1,200 of our army was sent South to reconnoiter as we heard that the Rebels were coming up from Little Rock. Gen. Curtis deemed it advisable to locate the Rebels and crush them at a single blow. They met the enemy about 1,200 strong, in a narrow lane below the little town of Searcy and a terrific battle ensued in which the Rebels were repulsed with a loss of several hundred killed and wounded."

Now, the simple truth of the matter is this: Our Colonel, W. H. Parsons, detailed 175 men and officers to go North from Little Rock and to go till the enemy were located. We found them in the aforesaid lane, took him at a disadvantage, with double barreled shotguns at close range and killed 185 on the field, and captured one of the finest outfits in the way of medicine stores which we were in great need of, and we had one man killed



and three wounded. The man killed was Lieut. McDonald, who threw his life away and when found had seventeen of the enemy around and near him dead. This story will be vouched for by many of the old command still on this side of the divide.

Our command again struck Gen. Curtis at Cotton Plant, Ark., east of White River, in July, 1862, when we had many casualties and would have done the enemy considerable damage had it not been for the lack of support of some other troops at the critical moment.

Part of our command fought at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. I was only in the Pleasant Hill fight, but from then on to Yellow Bayou, for forty-two days and nights, we were constantly engaged. The battle of Yellow Bayou ended the campaign and we were ordered back to Texas and were disbanded at Hempstead, Texas, on May 25, 1865.

I have my old "enfield" yet and in good state of preservation and am proud of the inscription on it, viz: "Has never been surrendered to the enemy and can shoot yet."

WM. M. HOGSETT, Saltillo, Texas.—Born near Clinton, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, at Pine Forest, Tex., as private in Company K, Nineteenth Texas Infantry, Scurry's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was A. A. Minter, and first Colonel, Dick Waterhouse.

Six months before the close of the war our company was detailed to guard the powder mill at Marshall, Texas, and was disbanded there.

I was wounded in the arm while on skirmish at Mansfield, April 8, 1864, where we thrashed the Yankees, capturing 2,800 next day and Banks moved his Western men to Pleasant Hill where they gave us all we wanted. It was always considered a drawn fight. Our company went from there to Jenkin's Ferry on the Saline River, where they thrashed Steel's army. We lost several good men here, amongst them our Orderly Sergeant, Nathan Penn.

The Mansfield fight was the only one in which I was wounded. I am prouder of that wound than I would be of a Yankee pension.

MARVEL HOLBERT, Mt. Vernon, Texas—Born Feb. 7, 1833, near Rutherford, N. C. Enlisted about Oct. 1, 1861, in the Confederate Army at Preston, Texas, in Company I, as private, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Army of Missouri and Arkansas. My first Captain was John P. Hill, and first Colonel, William Young. Was changed from the Western Army to Corinth, Miss., to reinforce the Army of Tennessee. About this time I took sick and was not able for duty for about nine months and was discharged and rejoined the army at Port Hudson, Company D, Seventh Texas Infantry, Grigg's Brigade. The Seventh Texas Infantry afterward became part of Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Was wounded in the hip and thigh at Raymond, Miss., considered mortally, and lay in the hospital five months. Was taken prisoner about the 12th and recaptured in a few days. After getting out of the hospital I joined the army again at Missionary Ridge, Tenn. Was not able for duty.

I was in the battles of Raymond, Miss.; Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro, Ga., and Franklin, Tenn., where I was again wounded in the leg and was disabled the remainder of the war. Surrendered with Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps.

M. F. HOLBROOK, Longview, Texas—Born May 30, 1846, in Trinity County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Laredo, Texas, Jan. 16, 1862, H. Clay Davie's Company H, Caten's Battalion, Col. Benavid's



Regiment, Ford's Brigade. There were 30,000 Federals at Brownsville, and we moved down the river until within about thirty miles of Brownsville, where we met them and had one small fight. A Captain named Dunn got me to stay with him in a charge on our horses. He was saying in a loud voice, "Charge boys," when the adjutant rode up behind him and told him several times to halt, but Dunn continued to say "Charge boys." The adjutant said please, Captain, halt, his voice had stopped and I looked to see what was the matter and the blood and brains were spouting from his forehead. A cruel minie ball had done its work and he was falling from his horse.

There were three of us; I was in the center, Capt. Dunn on my left and another man on my right. This left our squad without a commander but we did not stop but put the enemy on the run, but only for a short distance. They stopped and stood their ground. In forming our line I was on the extreme end of the line. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a ball from a Remington revolver pierced the calf of my leg and, more from fright than pain, I fell from my horse. I loaded my musket and raised on my knees and about thirty yards from me right in front and straight with our line, was a man on his knees with revolver in both hands, firing down our line. I took good aim at his breast and when the smoke cleared away there was no man there.

I could mention several narrow escapes. Once while on picket one and a half miles from camp, with two other pickets between me and the camp, I was ordered to shoot. Just at daylight two Federal soldiers rode within about 100 yards of my post and stopped. According to orders I fired on them and they returned the fire. The two pickets between me and camp fired to give the alarm. I thought the enemy had got between me and the camp and was trying to kill me. Just imagine how lonesome a fifteen-year-old boy would feel with death staring him in the face from both sides.

After that my Captain thought so much of me that he made me first Corporal and squad drill master. I was in several other running fights.

I often think of the sickness and sights of the battlefield where hundreds of men and boys lay wounded and calling for parents, some for sisters, groaning and reaching out their hands for help that could not come.

It was awful. We can only bow our heads and say, "God, in His infinite wisdom and according to his own Divine purposes, touched their tired hearts with that wand of eternal silence and the trembling lights of brave hearts and noble young lives went out. Earth's glory had been taken to add to heaven's treasures. But what was all the desolation of war in comparison to our own beloved youths, who lay sweltering in their blood, with the tear stained cheeks of the loved ones at home looking for those to come who had gone to that bourne from whose shores none ever return.

But the aching frame and fevered brow had been kissed by the angel of rest and their throbbing hearts had been stilled, and it remains for us to bow in submission to the Giver of all good and say, "Thy will be done."

Our hearts bleed in sympathy and love for the absent ones but this can not bring them back. Father and mother, often in the solitude of their grief, looked into each others faces, but could say nothing. Brothers and sisters would walk again in the paths so often trod in the good old days of childhood, but there was a silent sorrow that could never be overcome, there were memories, which, while sweet, could never be answered by the hope of a return. This is the sad side of war, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the time will soon come when "war will be no more."



A. W. HOLCOMB, Midway, Texas—Born July 30, 1840, near Camden, Ark. Joined the Confederate Army in Ashly County, Ark., in July, 1861, as private in Company K, Third Arkansas, Hood's Brigade, Field's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was Dan. H. Manning, and first Colonel was Albert Rush. I belonged to Lee's army from the beginning till the close of the war. Was wounded first in the leg at Sharpsburg, and second time at Chickamauga, shot through the shoulder and lay eight months in the hospital.

Was in the battles of Manassas, Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Spottsylvania Court House, Petersburg, Chancellorsville, Chickahominy, Malvern Hill, Mechanicsville, Gettysburg, Seven Pines, and in fact all the battles of the Army of Virginia.

I was never furloughed from first to last and never asked for one. Was never off duty except when sick or wounded. Suffered many hardships, often with scanty clothing and no shoes, and many times on short rations. One time we were after the Yankees and Col. Rusk stopped at a cross roads and said, "Now boys, all who can not stand hard fighting and a heap of it, just turn and go back to Romney with Dr. Stroups."

JAMES ALFRED HOLCOMB, Belton, Texas—Born near Columbia, Tenn., Oct. 18, 1839. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Chadburn, Tex., May 9, 1861, Company F, First Texas Mounted Riflemen. My first Captain was Green Davidson, and first Colonel, Henry E. McCulloch. Gen. H. P. Bee's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department, with headquarters at San Antonio, Texas. The First Texas Regiment was composed of ten companies and occupied different posts along the Texas frontier, up and down the Rio Grande River, till the twelve months for which they had enlisted had expired, when five of these companies disbanded and went home. The other five companies re-enlisted for the war and were consolidated into what was known as Taylor's Battalion of Cavalry, when our Company F, became Company B, with the same officers in command.

Taylor's Battalion was ordered from San Antonio to Ringold Barracks and from there to Carreicetas Lake, on Rio Grande River, where Yeager's and Taylor's Battalions were merged into a regiment, First Texas Cavalry, and August Buchell, Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Texas Infantry and was placed in command.

The regiment went from Carreicetas Lake to Cedar Lake near the mouth of Old Caney River to keep the Federals on the lower end of the Peninsula. When they evacuated Deo River Peninsula the First Texas was sent to Sabine Pass and arrived there a few days after Dick Dowling and his brave artillerymen, who manned the little mud fort situated about one mile from Sabine Pass on the west or Texas side of the Channel and some five miles from the Light House which stands at the mouth of the channel, had gained a decisive victory over the Federal naval force which had succeeded in crossing the bar and were steaming directly for Galveston, firing round after round at the little mud fort and its intrepid defenders, who with two twenty-pound parrot guns and two small ten-pound field pieces, drove the "Diana" back across the "Bar" badly crippled, and captured the gunboats, "Clifton" and "Sachem," without the loss of a man.

From Sabine Pass we went to Niblet's Bluff, La., and from there to Mansfield, La., where we joined Gen. Tom Greene's Cavalry the evening before the battle at Moss's Farm, known in history as the battle of Mansfield, in which Gen. Dick Taylor met and defeated Gen. Banks, with 25,000 men, capturing 2,800 prisoners, 200 wagons, several blacksmith's forges,



some thirty or forty portable bread ovens, twenty guns, ordnance stores and commissary supplies, etc., etc.

The Federals fell back to Peach Orchard, where we had a hard skirmish, and forced them back to Pleasant Hill. In the mean time the Texas and Louisiana troops had been re-enforced by Gen. Parson and Gen. Churchill. Gen. Dick Taylor, after combining these forces on the next day gave battle to the Federals at Pleasant Hill.

After several hours of severe fighting the Federals fell back to Alexandria, leaving their dead and wounded on the field in possession of the victorious Confederates. At this point Walker's, Parson's and Churchill's Divisions of infantry were ordered to meet Gen. Steele, who was on his way to re-enforce Gen Banks.

While Banks was constructing a dam across Red River at Alexandria the First Texas and Gen. Tom Greene's Brigade was skirmishing almost all the time along the bayou, between McNutt's Hill and Alexandria.

After Banks had completed the dam, and had succeeded in getting his boats over the shoals, excepting one or two which they destroyed, they burned the town of Alexandria and proceeded on their way down the river to Morganza, burning the sugar houses and dwellings of the planters as they went, whenever the Confederates annoyed their rear, which was as often as possible. Several skirmishes took place on the way down, the last at Norwood's Plantation on the Bayou DeGlaze and Yellow Bayou.

At Atchafalaya Bayou the Confederates ceased to follow them, and the First Texas Regiment was stationed at Stribling's store, not far from where the battle of Yellow Bayou was fought, and while here I was placed in the hospital department as steward of the First Texas.

When Gen. Lee surrendered, the First Texas had been ordered back to Texas, and was encamped on the Trinity River near Corsicana, and it was there disbanded and Company K, ordered to Waco, Texas, and there Capt. James S. Bingham discharged his men and they dispersed to their respective homes, after four years' struggle for what they knew was their Constitutional rights.

T. H. HOLCOMB, Comanche, Texas.—Born Jan. 2, 1836, near Dalton, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 26, 1861, at Belton, Texas, as Second Sergeant Company G, First Texas, Gano's Brigade, Price's Division, Western Army. My first Captain was Green Davidson, and first Colonel was H. E. McCulloch. Was transferred from the First Texas to the Thirtieth to be with a brother.

I was not in any hard battle. Was in the Cavalry service and on picket duty all the time.

DANIEL C. HOLLAND, Dallas, Texas.—Born July 23, 1844, near Hutsonville, Ill. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 6, 1862, at Fort Pillow, as private in Company B, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry. My first Captain's name was Russell, and first Colonel was W. H. (Red) Jackson.

Being under age, I was allowed to join a Partisan Ranger Company which was finally disbanded and I went into the guerilla service, in what was known as "Dick Davis" Guards and operated around Memphis, Tenn. Dick Davis, whose real name was John Ballinger of Maysville, Ky., was captured and hanged in Memphis, Tenn.

I then joined Company A, Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry, Capt. C. P. Strickland and Col. Uriah Greene, Rueker's Brigade, Chalmer's Division, Forrest's Cavalry and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 4, 1865.

Was at the battle of Fort Pillow, Harrisburg, Miss., at Corinth with



Price and Van Dorn, at Memphis, on the 18th of July, 1863; Athens, Ala.; Jacksonville, Franklin and covered the retreat from Nashville.

**JAMES C. HOLLIDAY**, Kingston, Texas—Born Feb. 25, 1839, near Wythville, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Aug. 5, 1862, in Missouri, as private in Company I, Sixteenth Missouri Infantry, Price's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was J. C. Martin, and first Colonel, L. M. Lewis. Surrendered at Shreveport, La. Have my parole and furlough yet from which I am able to copy dates.

Was in the battles of Carthage, Wilson Creek, Lone Jack and Lexington, all in Missouri; Pea Ridge or Elkhorn, Jenkins' Ferry, Prairie Grove, in Arkansas, and Pleasant Hill in Louisiana, besides other smaller engagements which I need not mention.

**J. M. HOLLIDAY**, Bardwell, Texas—Born Aug. 25, 1840, near Bolliver, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate service at Saulsbury, Tenn., July, 1861, as private in Company E, Twenty-second Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade, Johnston's Corps. My first Captain was J. M. Richardson, and first Colonel, Freeman. Was slightly wounded in the arm at Belmont, Mo., on Nov. 7, 1861, and was also wounded at Shiloh. Was in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, and Belmont.

**M. W. HOLLIS**, Texarkana, Texas.—Born in Tolbert County, Georgia, Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Muscogee County, Ga., as private in Company B, Thirty-first Georgia Infantry, John B. Gordon's Brigade, Early's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Dolly Pride, and first Colonel was Jack Phillips. Was wounded at Fredericksburg by a shell bursting in my face which put out one eye. Was slightly wounded at Wrightsville, Pa., and also wounded at the battle of the Wilderness. Was captured on the 10th of May, 1864, near Spottsylvania Court House, Va., and carried to Fort Delaware.

Was in the Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond, Second battle of Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, Winchester, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and from there all the way around the Peninsula to Petersburg, and other battles too numerous to mention.

Could give many details in reference to comrades, but perhaps it would be too much.

**T. H. HOLLOWAY**, Odell, Texas—Born April 6, 1837, near Clarksville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Dec. 29, 1861, at Mt. Calm, Texas, as private in Company E, Eighth Texas Infantry, McCulloch's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was A. A. Tomlinson and first Colonel, O. Young. Was promoted to Second Sergeant. I was in the battles of Young's Point and Richmond, La.

My first enlistment was for twelve months, and on May 12, 1862, we were reorganized and enlisted for the war. We were all granted sixty days' furlough with orders to meet at Tyler, Texas, where we organized

Henry E. McCulloch's Regiment and were attached to Walker's Division.

We left in August for Little Rock, Ark., for a drill camp called Camp Nelson, where we remained till the Helena, Ark., fight. We were ordered to that place but failed to get there in time. We went into winter quarters at Pine Bluff and stayed there till the Arkansas Post fight, where we stayed until March, 1863.

We went to Louisiana to meet Banks in his first raid into that State, and followed him towards New Orleans, but never overtook him.



The First and Eighteenth Regiments of our brigade were sent to Milliken's Bend. We took the fort and killed and captured all of the negroes that were in the Fort. The gunboats routed us but we got away with our prisoners.

On the 3rd of July we were on the ground near Richmond, drilling. We heard the boom of a cannon and looked across the Bayou and saw the Yankees, about 20,000 strong. We had but one brigade. The Eighth Texas took a position down the Bayou on the right and the Twenty-second Texas went up the Bayou. The Fourteenth Texas was left in the center to support the battery. The Eighteenth crossed the Bayou, fired into the Yankees and had to swim back as the Federals had cut them off from the pontoon bridge. We lost eighteen taken prisoners and two killed.

We then fell back to Negro Hill which we captured, and took the negroes back to Delphi.

Near Snaggy Point on Red River, Gen. Haines took command of our brigade, Gen. Forney commanded the Division, Gen. Walker was made Major-General, and Kirby Smith was made Commander of the Department.

We remained here till in March when the Eighth Texas was sent on picket down the river to the drift we had put in as a blockade. That night Banks' army and gunboats came up Red River and tore out the drift and we had to get out.

We left that night, and after marching all next day we were trotted down the Bayou about half a mile and thrown into line for a fight. The enemy fired one shot at us, and our commander saw that they were too many for us and ordered a retreat, at double quick for about twelve miles, till we came to the bridge which we crossed and burned to keep the Yankees from following us.

We had had nothing to eat so we stopped and cooked rations. While we were eating, a courier came up and said the Yankees were coming and would cut us off at the forks of the road. Our Cavalry was fighting the Yanks between us and Alexandria and we moved on towards Mansfield.

Near Woodville, La., I got a sixty-day furlough and left the command for Limestone County, Texas, a distance of about 325 miles and made it home on foot in eight days, arriving there on the 3rd of April, 1864.

We scouted Louisiana and Arkansas, back and forth till in March, 1865, when we left Shreveport for Texas, and landed at Hempstead, Texas, and remained till May 23rd, when we were disbanded and went home, where I arrived on May 28, 1865.

**JESSIE AUSTIN HOLMAN**, Comanche, Texas—Born June 4, 1842, near LaGrange, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 6, 1861, at Houston, Texas, as private in Company F, Eighth Texas (Terry's Rangers), Tom Harrison's Brigade, Holmes' Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Louis A. Stroble, first Colonel David Terry. We were temporarily with Gen. Longstreet in the East Tennessee campaign, but returned to the Army of Tennessee at the battle of Dalton and served with it till the end.

Was never seriously wounded, never was sick, and never was absent from roll call except the three months which I spent in prison. I had many close calls but was never wounded.

Was taken prisoner on the 31st of Dec., 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., together with thirteen comrades, and was in Camp Douglas Barracks No. 1, Chicago, Ill. Was exchanged at City Point, Va., April 6, 1864.

I served quite awhile as Orderly Sergeant and in the absence of Commissioned officers commanded the company in several engagements. Was in



the battles of Mumfordsville, Ky., Dec. 31, 1861; Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Mumfordsville again, Perryville, Ky.; Cumberland Gap, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Chickamauga, McLamore's Cove, Bull's Gap, Massey Creek, Dalton, New Hope Church, Cartersville, Kennesaw Mountain, All Around Atlanta, Adairsville, Averyboro, Bentonville, Columbia, S. C., and many others.

At Murfreesboro I was given a detail to take a captured battery of six guns out to our lines, but owing to the dense smoke we were surrounded and captured. On our way to prison many of the prisoners had their feet and hands frostbitten. Two escaped before getting to Chicago and two (Apperson and Hendricks) died in prison.

On the boat taking us to prison were 800 prisoners. We stopped at St. Louis, and we were marched up in the city and formed in two lines facing a two-story hotel where the officer in charge made us a speech, promising us liberty, anywhere inside the lines, if we would take the "Oath of Allegiance." When he was through he ordered all who would take advantage of the offer to step two paces to the front. The proudest moment of my war experience was when only two of that 800 ragged, starved and frozen bunch stepped to the front.

Then several ladies, who were on the upstairs porch, waved their handkerchiefs and cried out "Stand to your colors, God bless you; we love to see you do it!" Then came up out of that two feet of snow the "Rebel-Yell" from those 800 throats, and a loud huzza for "Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy." Our answer to the Yankees was that we would rot and starve before we would take the oath, and many did.

The guards were brutal on the way, but when we got to Chicago we fared much better, and was fortunate in getting away before the retaliating practices were put in force. Of the Rangers who were with us only two are living, so far as I know. They are J. W. Hill, Orderly of Company D, now of Bastrop County, and William Byrd, living somewhere in Tom Green County.

We went from Texas with eleven full companies (1,100), men, or rather boys (for there were only forty married men in the regiment), and were recruited by about 600 men from Texas during the war. I think there were only about 175 when we surrendered in North Carolina in 1865. As to the others the bones of most of them are scattered from the Ohio River to the Gulf.

Allow me to give this short sketch of Comrade JOHN HAYNE:

He was born and brought up in LeGrange, Texas, and was about my age; was the son of James Haynie who was a prosperous merchant in his native town at the beginning of the war. He was in my company and part of the time in my mess. He was known throughout the company and regiment as the most daring and reckless man in Harrison's Brigade. I don't know that you could meet a ranger who could not tell of his own personal knowledge of some dare-devil, reckless acts of this man, John Haynie.

The realization of danger, or fear of death, seem d to be absent from his mind and makeup. He was never sick nor absent from duty, and was never wounded except slightly one time. Just before the close of the war he was drowned in the Saluda River just above the city of Columbia, S. C. It was a swift mountain stream and the bridge had been burned by our forces, and he was told that he could not swim it, but true to his record, he fearlessly plunged in and getting separated from his horse and with all his clothing and accouterments weighing him down, he went to the bottom.

In about two hours afterwards two other men and I came to the same



place, but were advised not to try to swim, and we went back and miraculously escaped through the rear of Sherman's Army.

After we came home Haynie's father got our description of the place and the circumstances and confirmed our report.

One of the most reckless of the many daring things performed by Haynie was a rush he made on the center of a brigade of Yankees during our fight with them, and shot down the horse of the Colonel commanding, and brought him safely within our lines. The Ranger Association, after the war, got the details of this incident and had them published, and the correspondence is now somewhere in the archives at Austin.

The war experiences of this brave boy, if fully written, would fill a volume, and probably for thrilling incidents and cool courage could hardly be surpassed.

**NATT HOLMAN**, LaGrange, Texas—Born June 24, 1842, near San Phillip, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at LaGrange, Texas, as private in Company A, E. B. Nichols' Regiment. First Captain was Fred Tate. Was transferred to Terry's Rangers or Eighth Texas Cavalry, Company F, Captain, W. R. Jarman, and remained with the "Rangers" through the Bragg and Johnston campaigns and until we were surrendered in North Carolina.

Was wounded in the knee at Tusculumbia, Ala., in the right foot at LaGrange, Tenn., also slightly wounded on the head at Bentonville, N. C. These were all slight wounds and I remained on duty all the while.

Was in the campaign around Atlanta, Stone River, Averasboro, Bentonville, Holly Springs, Waynesboro, Ga.; Coffeetown, and dozens of other places too numerous to mention.

**JAMES H. HOLMES**, Austin, Texas—Born in 1841, near Clinton, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 1, 1862, at Clinton, Ga., as private in Company F, Forty-fifth Georgia Infantry, Thomas' Brigade, first in A. P. Hill's Division, and then in Willcox's, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was Richard Bonner, and first Colonel, Thomas Hardaman. Was in the Army of Virginia all the time. Was with T. J. Jackson's Corps till his death and then A. P. Hill took his place and Gen. Willcox was my Division Commander.

I received a flesh wound on the 7th day of May, 1864, at Spottsylvania Court House. Was never a prisoner till the surrender at Appomattox. I was paroled at Lynchburg, Va. My regiment surrendered with the army, but I was with a detailed force sent to Lynchburg to guard the large amount of commissaries from Gen. Stoneman's Raid.

Was in the battles of Hanover Court House, Seven Days Around Richmond, Petersburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, and on till the end.

**ANDREW J. HONAKER** (Deceased), Farmersville, Texas—Born in Russell County, Va., Oct. 27, 1834. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Farmersville in 1862, as private in Company F, Fifth Texas, Partisan Rangers, Cooper's Brigade, Kirby Smith's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain, John K. Bumpass, and first Colonel, L. M. Martin. Moved to Texas with his brother, W. P. Honaker, in the fall of 1854. Died in the Indian Territory with fever at a place called Camp Snow.

**S. T. HONNALL**, Van Alstyne, Tex.—Born Oct. 23, 1844, in Carroll County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 9, 1862, at Guntown,



Miss., as private in Company B, Eleventh Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Forrest's Corps. First Captain was Yates, and first Colonel, T. W. Hamm. We were changed to Wheeler's Corps for about six months and was then returned to Forrest where we served till the close of the war. Was taken prisoner at Selma, Ala., April 2, 1865, and paroled at Montgomery, Ala., on the 13th of the same month.

Was in the battle of Okolona, Miss.; Jackson, Miss., and Selma, Ala.

Private soldiers were not supposed to know the reasons why they were transferred from one part of the army to the other, but we were transferred to Joe Wheeler and fought Kilpatrick, McCook, Stoneman 100 days in Georgia. The worst battle I was in was at Jackson, Miss., on July 8th and 9th, 1863.

We were outnumbered five to one, but we gained the field and buried our dead. My dinner that day was green peas and bacon rinds. This was the first thing I had eaten for four days.

ANDERSON B. HOOD, Somerville, Texas—Born in 1831, near Tusculum, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Independence, Ala., as private in Company I, Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Whiting's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Virginia. Was wounded at Derbytown Road, Chickamauga, flesh wounds, which were all except the loss of a finger, in the battle of the Wilderness.

Was in the battles of Eltham's Landing, Seven Pines, Seven Days Around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Siege of Knoxville, Wilderness, and innumerable skirmishes.

DAVID SWAIN HOOKER, Galveston, Texas—Born at Fort Landing, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 16, 1861, at Columbia, N. C., as private in Company A, First North Carolina Battalion, Rodes' Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Was changed to the Navy at Richmond on account of wounds received at Gettysburg where I was wounded in both legs and shoulder. Was taken prisoner July 4th, in hospital. Was promoted to Assistant Engineer on Steamer Rhonoake, for getting up steam from cold water under fire from a battery which was planted during the night near Chaffins Farm, Va.

The first battle I was in was at South Mills, N. C., and the last was at Gettysburg. The State of North Carolina has a roster of all her troops and a history of all regiments. I belonged to the regiment which won the first honor of the South. We were presented with the honor flag at Carlisle, Pa., and I won first honors in that regiment and I have a history of the matter under the seal of the State and county to prove what I say, notwithstanding I thought I was one of the biggest cowards in Lee's army, but others thought differently.

R. M. HOOKER, Bluffdalo, Tex.—Born Aug. 29, 1839, near Lebanon, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Jackson, Tenn., as private in Company I, Twelfth Tennessee Infantry, Preston Smith's Brigade, Cheat-ham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Ned Williams, and first Colonel, Russell. Got a flesh wound through the leg at Murfreesboro, Tenn., and was rather seriously wounded in the head over the right eye at Atlanta, Ga., July, 1864. I was promoted after the battle of Chickamauga to Second Lieutenant to fill a vacancy.

Was in the battles of Richmond, Ky.; Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, Tenn. Was in the campaign in Georgia, which was almost a continuous battle from early spring until fall.



After the battle of Missionary Ridge, which left the Army of Tennessee in a demoralized condition, we went into winter quarters at Dalton, Ga. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston took command, and by spring he had the finest army of its size in the world. Every soldier from the highest to the lowest loved that old hero, as a good boy loves his father and even felt secure and happy.

On the retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, I venture the assertion that we killed and wounded more Yankees than we had men in our army. I will relate one instance in proof of what I say:

At Kennesaw Mountain in June, 1864, the brigade to which I belonged occupied a projecting curve in our line. The enemy came out of their works with seven lines of battle to storm our position, and according to their own statement only enough men got back to their ditches to make one line. They left several thousand dead on a space of ground 200 yards square. We lost one killed and one wounded! When Gen. Johnston was relieved by the authorities at Richmond, and Gen. Hood took command, there commenced a great slaughter of our army by continuous charges against the enemy's breastworks.

On July 27th we charged their works and took not only their position but took the whole ditch full of Blue Coats prisoners. On the morning of the 28th we buried three of our comrades who had been killed in the charge the evening before. Their names were George Strayhorn, Frank Haynes and Charley Young, all of them were from Milam, Tenn.

Later, on the same morning, I was appointed Adjutant of the regiment and within half an hour was wounded in the forehead. This ended my career on the battlefield. In May, 1865, I surrendered with my command at Greensboro, N. C., under the grand old chieftain, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. God bless his memory forever!

**THOMAS J. HOOKER**, Cleburne, Texas—Born in 1843, near Monticello, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 3, 1861, at Corinth, Miss., as private in Company A. "Mississippi Grays," Twenty-second Mississippi Infantry, Featherstone's Brigade, Lorine's Division, Stewart's Corps. My first Captain was Jim Prestrage, and first Colonel, Bonham, and stayed with the same company and regiment all during the war.

My introduction was at Shiloh where I was wounded in the head; second was at Baker's Creek near Big Black Mississippi, where I was shot in the foot; the third time was at Corinth, where I was shot in the hip and the ball is in there now; the fourth and last time was at Peachtree Creek, Ga. Was never promoted but was always in the front rank and went as far as the man next to me until I was shot out of ranks.

Was in all the battles fought in the West. Was with Bragg's army at Resaca and went to Atlanta and really do not know how many engagements of all kinds I was in.

**D. M. HOOKS**, Goldthwaite, Texas—Born Sept. 5, 1838, near Montgomery, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1863, at Troy, Ala., as First Sergeant in Company E, Fifty-sixth Alabama Cavalry, J. H. Clanton's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Randolph Head. This was an independent regiment in the sense that it was raised and detailed for coast defense of Florida and Alabama.

After the battle of Pollard where we fought ten to one, we were disbanded and after that the Federals began to burn and destroy everything, taking all horses and mules which left the country in a very destitute condition.



My regiment was in one of the last battles fought at Pollard, Ala., which was in the early part of 1865, in which one member of my company was killed and one of our Brigadier was wounded. I was at home on sick furlough. The soldier killed was named S. B. Dean.

**CHARLES W. HOOPER**—Born at Lafayette, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 17, 1861, at Rome, Ga., as private in Company E, Eighth Georgia Infantry, Bee's Brigade, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Was afterwards changed to Forrest's Division, Cartrell's Company. Surrendered with Forrest on May 11, 1865.

I hereby certify that R. J. Fort was a private in good standing of Forrest's Scout Squadron. He was faithful to his duties and he is worthy of all honor as a Confederate Soldier. He surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 11, 1865.—C. W. Cooper, Company Commander. Was in the battle of Selma, Ala.

**G. W. HOOPER**, Hico, Texas—Born Oct. 24, 1839, near Pickensville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Eureka, Ala., as private in Company C, First Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Forrest's Corps. My first Captain was J. R. Taylor, and first Lieutenant Colonel, Lindsay. Was not changed to any other part of the army.

Was in the battles of Shiloh, Corinth, Atlanta, Franklin, Murfreesboro, and many others as I followed Gen. Forrest through the entire war.

**D. E. HOPKINS**, Goldthwaite, Texas—Born March 7, 1842, near West Union, West Virginia. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Petersburg, Va., in McNeil's Rangers, an independent company, and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. Was wounded in the right arm in a skirmish between Moorfield and Petersburg, Va. Was also wounded in the head Nov. 28, 1863, below Moorefield. We captured fifty-six prisoners and one twelve-pound cannon and several wagons from the First West Virginia Cavalry.

Was in the Second Battle of Manassas, Winchester, Va., and Gettysburg, Pa.

**W. H. HOPSON**, Athens, Texas—Born July 9, 1832, in Merewether County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in Mississippi, as private in Frank Kimbrue's Company, Perrin's Battalion. We were disbanded at Macon, Ga., and attached to the Twenty-fifth Mississippi Cavalry. I was in only one skirmish on Yazoo River. Was paroled with my company at Grenada, Miss.

**DEMETRIUS HORGIS**, Taylor, Texas—Born in Jasper, Marion County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Dalton, Ga., at the age of fifteen years, as Second Lieutenant in the Army of Tennessee, under Joseph E. Johnston and John B. Hood.

**ALBERT M. HORTON** (Deceased), Athens, Texas—Born near Pleasant Grove, Ala., June 2, 1844. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Carrolton, Ala., as private in Company C, Twenty-fourth Alabama Infantry, Army of Tennessee. His first Captain was McCracken, and first Colonel, Davis. Two men from each company were detailed as sharpshooters and placed under Capt. Meyers. They were supposed to be the best marksmen in the regiment. He was one of the number.

At Franklin, Tenn., he was wounded in the wrist and thigh, the ball



ranging around the bone but not coming out. This was the cause of continual inflammation.

Was in the battles of Shiloh, Iuka, Chickamauga, Siege of Atlanta, Chattanooga, with Hood at the evacuation of Atlanta, and Franklin (where wounds were received), which was his last battle. Died June 5, 1908.

Franklin, Tenn., was the last engagement in which my husband took part. Here he was wounded and left on the field. Soon after he began his trip home. Without sufficient clothing, in the cold of winter, and while his wounds had not yet healed he started back to his command but the Yankees cut him off both times. (The above was given by Mrs. Horton.)

**J. F. HOUGE**, Livingston, Texas—Born Sept. 18, 1843, near Vanwert, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Fairfield, Freestone County, Texas, Oct. 1, 1861, as private in Company D, Tenth Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Wilson and first Colonel, Nelson. At Jonesboro, Ga., I was shot in the leg below the knee and walked on crutches nine months.

I was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post Jan. 11, 1863, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was in prison three months and then sent to the Army of Tennessee.

Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, and in fact we were fighting from Dalton to Atlanta.

Col. Nelson was promoted to Brigadier General in 1862, and R. Q. Mills was made Colonel. Gen. Nelson died soon after he was promoted. Capt. Wilson resigned on account of bad health and John L. Wortham was made Captain, who died in Arkansas in 1862. Then Ruben Kennedy was Captain till the close of the war.

We lived hard during the war and suffered much for clothing. We only carried one blanket and an oil cloth. I could not travel when the war closed and did not get home till in December, 1865.

**CHARLES F. HOUSE**, Runge, Texas—Born Feb. 11, 1833, at Chattanooga, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at Chattanooga, Tenn., as private in the "Lookout Battery," Company C, Battalion of Artillery, Adams Brigade, Loring's Division, Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee. R. L. Barrell, first Captain, and Smith, first Colonel. Was never changed, captured, wounded nor promoted. Was in the battles of Jackson, Miss., 1863; Resaca, Ga.; New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek and Battles About Atlanta, July 22nd to 28th, 1864, and the battle of Mobile Bay.

**FRED HOUSE**, Davy, Texas—Born Feb. 28, 1833, in Germany. Enlisted in the Confederate Army January, 1862, at Hempstead, Tex., as private in Company K, Twenty-fourth Texas Regiment, Carter's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps. Wilkes, first Colonel, and Charlie Cabell, first Captain. Was taken prisoner Jan. 11, 1863, and sent to Camp Butler, Springfield, Ill.

Was in the battle of Chickamauga, where Capt. Cabell was killed, Sept. 20, 1863. Tom Moore Bryant started in with sixty-three men and came out with twenty-eight.

**G. M. HOUSTON**, Winnsboro, Texas—Born in 1838, at Greensboro, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, in Mississippi, as First



Sergeant in Company H, Fortieth Mississippi Infantry, Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. S. Parrett, first Captain, and W. B. Calbert, first Colonel. At first we were in Herbert's Brigade, Maury's Division, and served in Army of Mississippi until after the siege of Vicksburg. Was then transferred to the Army of Tennessee. Was wounded at the battle of Peachtree Creek on July 20, 1864; was shot through one leg and the heel of the other foot. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg and paroled. Was promoted from private to First Sergeant and then to Third Lieutenant. Was in the battles of luka, Corinth, Vicksburg, Baker's Creek, and Peachtree Creek.

JOHN H. HOUSTON, Luling, Texas—Born in Lafayette County, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1862, at Gonzales, Tex., at the age of twenty-four, as private in Company I, Eighth Texas Cavalry, Terry's Rangers, Forrest's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. I. G. Jones, first Captain, and Terry, first Colonel. In 1864 was changed to Capt. Dave Terry's company and served in Louisiana and Arkansas the last year of the war. Received a slight wound in the head in a skirmish in East Tennessee. Was never promoted, but went through the war as a private and proud of it.

Was in two battles at Murfreesboro, under Gen. N. B. Forrest; Perryville, Ky.; Chickamauga and many others in Tennessee, East Tennessee, and Georgia. Was in only one skirmish in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

JOHN THOMAS HOWARD, Farmersville, Texas—Born Feb. 20, 1844, near Mount Pleasant, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1862, near McKinney, Texas, as private in Company F, Martin's Battalion, Gano's Brigade, Cooper's Division, Kirby Smith's Corps, Army of Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was John K. Bumpass, and first Colonel, L. M. Martin. Sometime in the winter of 1862 this battalion and some other companies were consolidated into what was known as the Fifth Texas Partisan Rangers. I was in two battles at Cabin Creek, I. T., one at Elk Creek, and other skirmishes from old Perryville to Maysville, near the Missouri line and up and down the Arkansas River from Fort Smith to the Creek Agency near Fort Gibson.

After leaving Shirly Springs, in Collin County, we marched to old Fort Ouchita, Ind. Ter. From there to Fort Smith, crossed the Arkansas River and were camped in the valley till the battle of Prairie Grove. We were commanded by Gen. Hindman, and I think the Federal forces were commanded by Gen. Blount. As we were the best armed company in the regiment we succeeded in getting into several hard places. They would say, "Send Bumpass' company because they have the long range guns."

Sometime during the winter of 1863, we were ordered on a scout across the Arkansas River to intercept a supply train from Fort Smith to Gibson. Col. D. N. McIntosh, a Creek Indian, was in command and late in the evening our scouts discovered the train and it was in the night before we were ready to attack and the commander (McIntosh) was afraid the whites and Indians could not distinguish each other and it was decided to wait till morning. Just before daylight we were discovered and they pulled out and we made a move to cut them off from Fort Gibson and struck the road about daylight just after they had passed. We were ordered to charge down the road after them and at the same time Col. Martin ordered Capt. Bumpass with two companies which formed the first squadron, to bring up the rear slowly. The others charged after them to within about two miles of Fort Gibson, capturing a portion of the train. The Yankees ran out of ar-



tillery and infantry and the Indians ran in and there were not enough white men to hold them. As the Yankees ran in and thought they were safe, leaving two men on picket who went to sleep. Some of our straggling Indians found these men and stripped them of their clothing and as we came up we found those Indians murdering one of the men and we got there in time to save the other. They struck the man over his head with something and then motioned him to run and then shoot him. And after he was dead they "Gobbled" over him. We moved on after the command and came up with them as the Indians retreated. Bumpass formed his squadron and checked the white men as they came out. They formed on him and retreated in order, but lost the wagons which had been captured. We retreated South of the river to our headquarters. Sometime in 1863 we made a raid for the purpose of capturing another train. We had fallen back to a little creek called Cabin Creek. There was a heavy guard with the train and it was reported at the time that Gen. Blount was with the train with about 4,000 men and some artillery.

In the battle at Cabin Creek Jim Hendrix had his thigh broken, Mech Hall was shot through the thigh, and Fred Glass was shot in the side. While the hardest of the fight was going on and while the grape and canister were flying thick, Hendrix begged so pitifully to be taken out that some others and I carried him out. It hardly looks like twenty men could stand there under fire as we did, but every one had a tree and if it had not been for that we could not have lived, for the artillery was not over a hundred yards from us. I could hear them every time they would swab their guns. We camped there that night with the Yankees on the other side. The next morning the Colonel detailed our company to carry the wounded men out of the way. We had no ambulances, so we carried Hendrix on a litter and the others rode. Soon after we left the Yankees and crossed the river. We failed to capture the train and returned south of the Arkansas River. We had to leave Hendrix, and John Tutley was detailed to go back after him, and as he did not want to go alone I went with him. There was nothing for us to eat and after a time we starved out and had to leave him. The Yankees carried him to Fort Gibson where he died. John Tutley was an Irishman and had been in the Navy and was a good soldier. In the fight at the Cabin Creek he lay flat on the ground behind a tree and I stood up astride him and we gave them the best we had. In this fight Col. Bass from Sherman lost about one-third of his men. He was a brave and gallant officer and bad management caused this defeat as his and DeMorse's regiments were in the center and neither wing gave them any support but he stood his ground as long as he could. I saw him a few days after and he would cry when he would tell how his men were slaughtered. The Yanks came over the river again and drove us south and they went back to Fort Gibson. Our regiment was sent to Texas where we remained till the next Spring for the purpose of hunting deserters and men who were lying out and sending them back to their commands. In the spring of 1864 we went back to the Indian Territory to our same old hard scouting up and down the Arkansas River and across and north of Fort Gibson trying to annoy the Federals. Sometime in 1864 the brave and gallant Gano came up to take charge of our brigade and put a different taste in the mouths of the Yankees. There was a regiment of Yankees out from Fort Smith, and the second day after Gano got there he went out with a small squad of men and captured the whole thing except one or two men. I think this was the Sixth Kansas Regiment. Soon after this Gano organized a scout to go north of the river. We crossed northwest of Fort Gibson and intersected the Gibson and Fort Scott road where the Federals were cutting hay for the post. A lot of white





FIELD HOSPITAL AT BULL RUN, AUGUST 28, 1862.

Courtesy of J. C. Casler



and negro soldiers for guards. Our boys killed about half of the negroes, made prisoners of the rest, and sent them back on the river. We moved north toward Fort Scott and at Cabin Creek the place where we lost some men just a year before, we met another train coming down to Fort Gibson. We scrapped with them most all night. They had long hay ricks and a stockade for protection and we had only the open prairie, but at sunup next morning Martin's men charged in and we got the train of about 400 wagons loaded with supplies for Fort Gibson. This shows what a competent officer can do. Old Gen. Stanwaitie, a Cherokee Indian, came galloping in and said, "Hurrah for Gen. Gee-No." They were either drunk or scared or both. We found plenty of "red-eye" in their train which we turned back towards Fort Gibson, and late in the evening we met the Yankees coming out from Fort Gibson with artillery and infantry. We had an artillery scrap for some time. When night came on we run some empty wagons over the road and built fires to make believe that we were camping, while in fact we turned the train west and by morning we were some twenty miles from the Yanks, and crossed the river to the main command, and from here we moved south to Red River and went into winter quarters. Next spring, 1865, went south to Houston and from there to Harrisburg, then Richmond on the Brazos River and was there when Lee surrendered. Then our Captain marched us home to Farmersville, Texas, and we were disbanded.

JAMES W. HOWARD, Farmersville, Texas.—My brother Willoughby and I went to Greenville, Texas, and enlisted in the Confederate Army in Anderson County, Crump's Battalion, on Feb. 8, 1862. We went from there to Mississippi and were organized into a regiment under Col. Julius A. Andrews. Our first serious engagement was at Richmond, Ky. Was also at Perryville, Covington, Georgetown, Cynthiana and Paris, Ky. We then came out of Kentucky by way of Cumberland Gap on the night of Oct. 26, when the snow was about a foot deep. We then went to Murfreesboro, Tenn. We then fell back to Shelbyville and went into winter quarters, which we left in April, and went to Big Black, Miss., and skirmished back to Meridian. From there to Demopolis, Ala., thence to Rome, Ga., where we joined Johnston's army and were in the Atlanta campaign. At Marietta, Ga., I was on picket duty and we had been run into the breastworks. This was on July 4th. The weather was warm and as we had "double-quickened" through a cornfield and I was very hot and was about to smother in the ditches and had climbed upon the embankment for some fresh air, when Arch Candler said: "Jim, you had better get down from there; they will kill you," and I said: "I had as well be killed as smothered to death." Just then a bullet hit me under the eye, and I tumbled over. The litter bearers started to carry me off the field, when one of them was shot and fell. I told them if they would help me up maybe I could walk. They did so and I found I could run. We then went back to Mississippi and were mustered out at Meridian. After this I came back to Farmersville. I was more fortunate than others, for out of eighteen who enlisted when I did, I was the only one able to get back.

D. W. (WILLOUGHBY) HOWARD (deceased), Farmersville, Tex.—Born in Maury County, Tennessee, September 23, 1836. Came to Texas with his father, November 17, 1857, and located at Farmersville, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Greenville, Texas, along with his brother James and others, February 8, 1862. He was 26 years old and left a young wife and boy and girl. His first



Captain was Anderson and his first Colonel Andrews; Ector's Brigade, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Was killed in the battle of Chickamauga on Sept. 19, 1863. The night before the battle of Chickamauga we waded the Chickamauga River; the bridge had been burned, and the next morning he was killed. I dug his grave and buried him myself. He was in the battles of Oak Hill, Ky.; Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro and last at Chickamauga. It was hard to lose him and put him away in such a hurried way, but it was the best we could do under the circumstances. However, it was no uncommon thing to thus hurriedly bury our dead and really nothing else was expected. Brad Fowler and James Buie, two Farmersville boys, were killed at Murfreesboro.

The above was given by his brother, Jas. W. Howard.

F. C. HOWARD, Comanche, Texas.—Born June 16, 1835, near Pine Grove, Scuykill County, Pa. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in December, 1861, at Fort Graham, as First Corporal in Company H, Eighth Texas Infantry, Hubbard's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Dept. My first Captain was T. Caruthers and first Colonel, Overton Young. Was changed from the army to the ordnance department at Arkadelphia, Ark. I was not in any battles, but was making ammunition for the army. I taught the ordnance department to melt iron with charcoal and made the first shot-and-shell that was used by the Trans-Mississippi Department.

G. R. HOWARD, Dallas, Texas.—Born Nov. 25th, 1841, near Pickens, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army about May 10, 1861, at Spring Place, Ga., as private in Company A, Third Georgia Battalion, Rain's Brigade, McCowin's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

My first Captain was R. E. Wilson and first Colonel was Stovall. Was wounded in the left thigh and right knee at the first Murfreesboro battle on Dec. 31, 1862. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta, Ga.; Jonesboro, Nashville and Franklin, Tenn., and the Second Battle of Murfreesboro.

If you will consult Mr. Tom Connally of McGregor, he can tell you about how mean I was. He and I were wounded in the same battle (Murfreesboro), where John Connally and Benson Stacy were wounded and William Gladden and Abe Kimery were killed. I went through all of the other battles and never got another scratch. I want to say that Joseph E. Johnston was one of the greatest men I ever served under. One of the greatest women I ever saw in my life was in Tennessee. After we had crossed the Cumberland Mountains and had nothing to eat in three days, except a little parched corn, we stopped at a house and begged for something to eat. The woman said: "There is the table. Help yourselves if you can find anything to eat." The soldiers who had just finished had just about eaten her out. So we sat down to a table with nothing on it except cornbread crusts. You may be sure we demolished them. They were the best bread crusts I ever saw and in fact it looked like she was the best woman I ever saw (except my wife).

JAMES G. HOWARD, Henrietta, Texas.—Born near Paris, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Dresden, Tenn., as private in Company H, Seventeenth Tennessee Cavalry, Rucker's Brigade, Forrest's Corps. My first Captain was McCutchen and first Colonel, Duckworth. Was neither wounded nor taken prisoner. Was in the battles of Tishomingo Creek, and Harrisburg, Miss. These battles were fought under the most fearful odds, where the Federals outnumbered us 5 to 1.



but through the strategy of Gen. Forrest and the indescribable courage of his men, we completely routed them and thwarted their designs. At the Cross Roads we captured 16 pieces of artillery and over 200 wagons loaded with provisions of all kinds; 5,000 stands of small arms and something over 500,000 rounds of ammunition, and several hundred prisoners.

I am glad to say that I took as active a part in these encounters as I was able and that I followed as brave a soldier and as successful a commander as ever drew his sword in defense of Southern rights. It was my privilege to visit Forrest Park at Memphis, Tenn., and linger around the Equestrian Statue of the noble General for several hours.

**WILLIAM HOWARD**, Brownfield, Texas.—Born June 3, 1842, in Pickens, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, July 15, 1861, in Polk County, Ark., as private in Company H, Fourth Arkansas Infantry, Ben McCulloch's Brigade, Price's Division, VanDorn's Corps, Western Army. First Captain, W. H. Earp, and first Colonel, E. McNair. After the battle of Elkhorn our brigade was sent east of the Mississippi River and remained in that department till the close of the war. I was made Corporal in 1862 and Sergeant in 1863, and served in that capacity during the remainder of the war. When the end came I was commanding the company, though not commissioned.

I was in the battles of Elkhorn, Farmington, Miss.; Richmond, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Jackson, Chickamauga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peachtree Creek, Lovejoy Station, Jonesboro, Ga.; Franklin, Nashville, Tenn., and Bentonville, N. C.

When I enlisted I felt that the South was being imposed upon and that we had the right to secede and form a Confederacy of our own, and the longer I live the more I am confirmed in that belief. I was taken with fever and stayed in the hospital at Mt. Vernon, Mo., about three weeks. Our command then fell back to Camp Jackson, where the measles broke out and caused a number of deaths. I got a sick furlough, came home and stayed two months, and on returning found the command ready to meet the enemy at Elkhorn. This was in March, 1862, and was our first introduction to the Federals as fighters. When we got to Elkhorn we could hear Van Dorn and Price in conflict with them. Gen. McCulloch struck the enemy north and east of the Tavern. As we went into the battle we met some Indians coming out. They said: "White man shoot wagon," meaning cannon. Our command went in through a thick undergrowth of brush, which kept us from seeing the enemy until we were within thirty or forty paces of them, when C. T. Farris and I fired on them, which opened the ball, and both were wounded, I through the neck and Farris through the breast. When I came to myself enough to try to get off the field I found that Gen. McCulloch and Col. McIntosh had both been killed and the Colonel of the Third Louisiana had been wounded, which left my Colonel, E. McNair, in command of that wing of the army. We drove the enemy back some distance but the loss of our brave commanders made our forces fall back. Our wounded were taken prisoners and we used a church as a hospital. I was given a berth in the pulpit. I was very weak from loss of blood, but did not stay there long, but made my escape the sixth night.

From here we were ordered to Corinth and expected to get there in time for the battle of Shiloh, but failed, though we engaged in the battle of Farmington. Near Williamstown our General called for a volunteer regiment to go into the Federal lines and capture a mail packet on the Ohio River, and our Colonel went. We were piloted by a citizen and got



there five minutes too late. The packet was leaving the wharf just as we got there. While we were resting our horses the rear guard brought in a prisoner in the person of a fine looking lady riding barebacked on a fine sorrel horse. She lived close to the landing and found out that we were coming and had started to warn the Federals that we were there. The Colonel detailed my company to take the lady home and guard her till daylight. When we got there she went in and commenced to sing and play the piano. I was put in charge of the guards. We were to allow no one to pass in or out. Isaac Kuykendall was stationed in the back yard. Mr. Hendrix (her husband) was hiding out, and I thought that the singing and playing was a signal for him to come in, and pretty soon he came slipping up by the backyard, and Kuykendall caught him, which caused quite an excitement. Our officer assured Mrs. Hendrix that he did not intend to hurt any one for being Union, and this quieted her. She ordered her servants to prepare us an early breakfast, which they did, and it was fine.

Our next battle of note was at Murfreesboro on Dec. 31. Our position was on the left and we made the attack just at daybreak. We took the Federals by surprise. They were in the edge of a cedar brake, and they were cooking and eating breakfast. I passed over coffee pots and smoking frying pans which looked good but there was no time to eat. We drove them back three or four miles. But just as we drove them out of the cedar brake we found them at the crossing of a field fence close to a big gate. Here my "blanket mate," Thos. Ward, was shot in the head and killed. This was a great shock to me, as he was my closest neighbor at home. He was a man very much liked by his comrades and always ready to obey his superiors. But he was only one of hundreds of good and brave men who answered the last roll call at Murfreesboro.

I was with Joseph E. Johnston on Yazoo River when Vicksburg fell, and we turned back to Jackson and had some skirmish fighting for two days, but the Federals were too much for us and we vacated and were sent to help Gen. Bragg at Chickamauga, and on the 19th got into this most terrible conflict. I was on our left in McCowan's Division and on the swing to the right on Sunday evening, the 20th, just after we had relieved Bushrod Johnson. I was slightly wounded on the side of the head, a minie ball just grazing the skin and knocking me senseless for a short time. My command had fallen back and left me between the fires, but I did not stay there long.

We were under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta. At Resaca one of our company, James Marcus, while working on the breastworks, was shot in the back of the neck and spit the ball out of his mouth, yet he got well and was on duty again in less than two months. New Hope Church, May 25 to June 4, was a hotly contested battleground. I am told that the timber on the battlefield died from the effects of shot and shell. The lines of battle were entrenched within 80 or 100 yards of each other. I remember one day we got up a conversation with each other as the firing on the line ceased. One of our men, Bob Goodlett, proposed to meet one of their men on halfway ground and swap newspapers. So it was agreed. Goodlett jumped over the breastworks and started. The Federal got on the breastwork on his side and said: "Go back, Johnny Reb; they wont let me." Goodlett got back just in time, as the bullets soon came thick and fast.

Our next battle of note was at Kennesaw Mountain on June 19-25. The first day we were under the mountain at the Cob farm, where we had hard fighting. On the 25th we were on the mountain at Little Kennesaw. Our skirmish line repulsed two lines of battle. The boys rolled rocks down



the hill at them and it was more than they could face. Here I was slightly wounded by a piece of bombshell. We had a strong position but Sherman's Army so outnumbered Johnston's that he could flank us, and we moved back to Atlanta, disputing every inch of the ground.

On the 18th of July, 1864, our beloved Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was relieved and Gen. John B. Hood put in his place. Many a soldier was seen to weep when this was known. Johnston's men had confidence in him and most of them thought that he had no superior when it came to maneuvering an army, but it was orders and we obeyed.

Then came the terrible conflict in and around Atlanta. The people in the town suffered from the bombardment as there were cannon balls thrown into the town, which killed and wounded many. While this was going on some of our comrades would be killed while sleeping. Our regiment was sent to help our cavalryman, Wheeler, drive McCook, the Federal cavalryman, from the railroad in the rear of Atlanta. We had 400 men and Armstrong's, Ross's and Furgusen's Cavalry. It was said the Federals had 8,000 men, while we had about 3,000. We went there on the train and got there just before McCook, and deployed two paces apart, which gave us a line 800 yards long. Kilpatrick's men had to advance through some thick brush. Our cavalry got on three sides of them and dismounted. McCook dismounted. We met them in the thicket and they were mistaken as to our numbers on account of the length of our line, they fled to their horses, and when they found they were surrounded they massed their forces and made a break for liberty.

Then the Peachtree Creek fight came on the 19th and 20th of July. We were sent to Jonesboro to help our cavalry again, and when we got there we had to confront a good part of Sherman's Army. We had a hot time holding our ground till Hood could get there from Atlanta. Here is where Hood turned back in Sherman's rear and went to Tennessee.

The battle of Franklin was the bloodiest conflict, considering the number and length of the engagement, that I saw during the war. Here we lost many of our officers. Our men were tired, hungry, worn out and a great many barefooted, but there was never a lot of men fought with the desperation that these did. If space permitted I would be glad to mention some of our losses at this place. Nov. 30, 1864, at 1 o'clock that night, the Federals slipped out of their breastworks and fell back towards Nashville.

We pursued them to Nashville, threw up breastworks and lay there till the Federals had reinforced to about twice our number. On Dec. 15, Gen. Thomas came out on us 60,000 strong.

After the great slaughter at Franklin, with bad weather and poorly clad as our men were, they fought desperately for two days at Nashville, when, late in the evening of the 16th of December, 1864, our line gave way. We lost all our company commissioned officers and the company fell under my care as a noncommissioned officer and remained so to the end of the war.

We fell back out of Tennessee. Our ranks had dwindled down till our regiment would not make a good company, and it was consolidated prior to this into two companies. My company was composed of Companies F, G, H, I and K and Fourth Arkansas Battalion. I was offered a commission, but told my Colonel that I thought the war was about over and it was hardly worth while.

Our last battle was at Bentonville, N. C., commencing on the 19th to 21st of March, 1865. For two days we held Sherman's Army of 100,000 in check, while our hero, Joseph E. Johnston, had only 22,000 of all arms. In this battle our Brigadier Commander, Gen. Dan Reynolds, lost a leg by



a cannon ball. On the third day we fell back towards Crenshaw, and on April 26 at Greensboro, N. C., Gen. Joseph E. Johnston surrendered to Sherman. On May 3 we got our paroles and started home.

We "took it afoot" to Greenville, N. C. While running over the Strawberry Plains, in crossing a river, the car jumped the track and killed and wounded fifty men. It was said that the engineer was drunk. I was sitting on the right side of the car with comrade Boney McKinney on my right and James Hill on my left. The car turned off the embankment and caught us under it and killed both my comrades and mashed me up considerably. I lay in the hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., ten days when seven of us left for home in Arkansas.

When I got to the old home I found that my old parents had "refugeed" to Texas, and I found them near Pilot Grove, Grayson County, July 15, 1865, just four years from the date of enlistment. Like a great many other boys, what I had left was on my back, and that was badly worn, but I went to work under "Carpetbag Rule," gritted my teeth and bore it.

W. M. HOWELL, Cleburne, Tex.—Born July 26, 1837, near Glasgow, Ky. Enlisted in the spring of 1862, at Dallas, Tex., as First Duty Sergeant, Company K, Darnell's Regiment, Cooper's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. First Captain was Hamp Witt, and first Colonel, Darnell.

Was changed into Well's Regiment, which was made up in the army and had no number. Was neither wounded nor taken prisoner. Was promoted to Third Lieutenant when we reorganized. We were then sworn into the army for three years. This was about the 1st of June, 1862.

Was in the battles of Honey Springs, Cowskin Prairie, Cabin Creek, Massard Prairie, Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, Dutch Mill and a number of skirmishes.

T. W. HOWETH, Fairfield, Tex.—Born in December, 1845, at Henderson, Rusk County, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1864, at Athens, Tex., as private in Company D, Jamerson's Regiment, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; Josh McManus, first Captain, and Jamerson, first Colonel.

I was on detail service most of the time, guarding prisoners at Tyler, Tex. My company was there when the war closed. And as we were on detached service, we were in no battles.

THOMAS CRAWFORD HOY, Swenson, Tex.—Born April 5, 1845, near Spartanburg, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1861, at Pontotoc, Miss., in First Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, W. H. Jackson's Division, Forrest's Corps, Army of Tennessee. First Captain was Lester, and first Colonel, R. A. Pinson.

Was discharged from Bradford's Artillery on account of ill health, and in three months joined First Mississippi Cavalry, with which I served the remainder of the war.

I was struck by spent balls, but was not disabled for service. I was never captured, but I sometimes outran them. Was in the battles of Moscow, Tenn., Tusculumbia, Ala., Selma, Ala., and was in the three months' campaign in Georgia. At the battle of Moscow, Tenn., four regiments of cavalry were engaged. We made a cavalry charge against the Federals, supported by sixteen pieces of artillery, and, according to their own reports killed and drowned in Wolf River, 250 of them.

At Dallas, Ga., we made a dismounted charge and lost heavily. We brought on the Peachtree fight on left of Atlanta, which lasted all day.



H. H. HOYLEY, Robert Lee, Tex.—Born near Chulahoma, Miss., and enlisted in the Confederate Army Oct. 1, 1863, at Hernando, Miss., as private in Company G, Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry, McCulloch's Brigade, N. B. Forrest's Corps. My first Captain was J. R. Perry, and first Colonel, Alex Chalmers.

I first went out in Collins' Regiment, but was afterwards changed to Chalmers, which was the Eighteenth. After this we had several changes. My regiment was put in Stokes' Brigade.

I was captured once in Memphis, but turned loose on account of my age, as I was too young and small to be a soldier. I was "running the blockade" to get me some clothes. I got a suit, but it was a very light one for army service.

Was in the six days' fight at Harrisburg, Miss., Brice's Cross Roads, or as some call it, "Gun Town." Was with Forrest when he went to Memphis. I can not tell all the little fights I was in.

When Gen. Forrest went into Memphis I was in the front ranks and when we came out I was still in the front ranks. When we went in the Yanks were leading, and when we came out we were leading, and I think most of my company as about as game as could be found. They generally staid as close to Gen. Forrest as possible, for it was generally understood that he could whip anything that came our way, and we generally did, but at Harrisburg they took the starch all out of us. We had one man who ran off from there, and if he has ever stopped I have never heard of it. He ran ninety miles the first day and the last we heard of him he was still going at a lively gait.

The hardest soldiering I did was in the winter of 1864, when 100 picked men from my regiment were sent to Mississippi City to clean up a band of outlaws, who were there, and to break up a band of "Layouts." We had a hard time of it. Some of our bravest and best boys were shot from the brush as we traveled the highways. We captured more men than we had and killed several in battle, and hung a few of the worst ones. It is a fact well known that I captured the notorious Jack Brown. This was by pure accident. He was at that time a terror to South Mississippi, where he lived. He was sent South to be tried for his crimes, as the war soon closed, I never heard what became of him.

JAMES MADISON HUBBARD, Clarksville, Tex.—Was born Dec. 31, 1836, in Bibb County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1861., at Chesterville, Miss., as private in Company H, Second Mississippi Infantry (volunteers), Bee's Brigade, Whiting's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, Sam H. Taylor, first Captain, and Bill Faulkner, first Colonel.

The regiment was never sent out of Virginia, except to Goldsboro, N. C., the winter of 1862, for detached service on Black Water. Was wounded at the first battle of Manassas, shot through right cheek. Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond, flesh wound in right side and lost left leg below the knee at the battle of Sharpsburg. I was assisted off the field by two comrades to the old Dunkard Church, where the regiment was formed for action in the first charge against the enemy, in which our company lost five killed and seventeen wounded. At the reorganization in 1862 I was appointed Second Sergeant, and was acting Orderly at the time I was wounded. Our brigade and Hood's Texas Brigade formed Hood's Division, which did such heroic service in that memorable engagement. I was in the battles of First Manassas, Seven Pines, on June 25, 1862. Whiting's Division, and Hood's Division were attached to Jackson's command and fought the battle of Gaines' Mill. After the battle of the Seven Days



Around Richmond our troops were turned north to meet and demolish the great Pope. So, Aug. 30 found Hood's and Whiting's Brigades going over the mountains by a foot-path to turn the enemy. On the following day found Hood's Brigade deployed across turnpike getting in position for the battle of Second Manassas. Our next engagement was South Mountain, and then Sharpsburg, where I lost my leg, which put me out of commission for the remainder of the war.

**J. C. HUCHINGSON**, Hico, Tex.—Born Nov. 7, 1837, near Little Rock, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, as Lieutenant in Bronaugh's Battalion, French's Brigade, Heavy Artillery.

My first Captain was Gregory, and first Colonel, Thompson. After the retreat from the peninsula I resigned and served the remainder of the war in the Eighth Arkansas, Trans-Mississippi Department, in Hawthorn's Regiment, Fagan's Brigade, Churchill's Division.

Was wounded in the head at Jenkin's Ferry in April, 1864. Was taken prisoner at the battle of Prairie Grove near Cane Hill. Was given camp parole and exchanged on Dec. 25. Served as Lieutenant, but owing to the Captain being in prison I commanded the company most of the time during the last year of the war.

Was in numerous artillery engagements on the Potomac. Was with Joseph E. Johnston on the retreat from the Peninsula. Was in the battle of Prairie Grove, Jenkin's Ferry and Hellena, all in Arkansas.

**W. G. HUDDLESTON**, Jacksonville, Tex.—Born March 8, 1843, near Wedowee, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on April 2, 1861, at Montgomery, Ala., as private in Company C, Confederate Marines, with R. T. Tom as Captain, under Commodore Ingraham. After the burning of the Merrimac I was transferred to the cavalry in Capt. Suttle's Company, Major Gilmore's Battalion, Army of North Virginia.

Was wounded at Santa Rosa Island in 1861 by the explosion of shell. Was taken prisoner at Gardenville, Va., in 1864, and sent to Wheeling, West Va., and held until the surrender. Was promoted to Second Lieutenant in Gilmore's Battalion.

Was in the battles of Santa Rosa, Fla., on the Merrimac at Hampton Roads, Va., Drewry's Bluff, Va., Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg and a number of small engagements.

**WILLIAM P. HUDGINS**, Marshall, Tex.—Born Oct. 10, 1831, at Rappahannock, Va., and enlisted in the Confederate Army May 26, 1861, at Heathsville, Va., as private in Company F, Fortieth Virginia Infantry, Field's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Army of Northern Tennessee.

My first Captain was Henry Cundiff and first Colonel, John M. Brockenbrough. Joined Company G of the same regiment because of an invitation to become Orderly Sergeant.

At Gaines' Mill near Richmond was shot through the arm-pit, paralyzing the arm. Was discharged from active service and worked in postoffice department until the close of the war. Was never captured. Was in the battle of Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill.

**J. J. HUDSON**, Copperas Cove, Tex.—Born Dec. 15, 1838, near Starkville, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at Palestine, Tex., as private in Company I, Seventh Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Brigade, Gardner, first Captain, and Steele, first Colonel.



Was taken prisoner at Camp Pratt, La., in November, 1863, and sent to New Orleans, and after five weeks was exchanged.

Was in the battles of Val Verde, N. M.; Glorietta and all the important battles that were fought in Louisiana. My company also assisted in the capture of the Harriet Lane at Galveston. Saw many hardships all through the war.

**ROWLAND W. HUDSON**, Farmersville, Tex.—Born at Long Cane, Ga., Feb. 5, 1848. Joined the Confederate Army June 3, 1864, at West Point, Ga. Was elected Second Corporal in Capt. R. F. Thomason's Company, W. W. Cato's Regiment, Tyler's Brigade.

On Dec. 1 was transferred to Ferrell's battery, to be with four brothers, Richard M., Asa C., J. Turner and H. Clay. All of whom lived to return from the war.

Was captured by Gen. Wilson's forces at Selma, Ala., on April 2; was marched to Columbus, Ga., and paroled. We left Selma Sunday night, April 9, and got nothing eat until Thursday evening, except raw beef and flour. We made dough with plain water and baked, or rather dried it on rails before the fire. On our march from Selma to Columbus, the roadside being lined with wild roses, which were in bloom, we went for them like cattle for grass. Our stomachs had passed the stage of hunger and turned to nausea. Many of the boys sank down by the wayside.

In the fight at Selma about 1,500 of our troops, many of whom were convalescent soldiers, and citizens of the city, opposed 24,000 Federals. We lost only about 100 men and the Federals about 2,000. Before the fight we could tell of the advance of the enemy by the smoke from burning houses and barns. Only five or six hundred of our men were captured. Gen. Forrest was in command and he kept the Alabama River so full of logs that as fast as the Federals would get the pontoon bridge across the river the logs would break it. They then sent a force up the river to dislodge him, when the way would be open to Atlanta.

**W. H. HUDSON**, Edna Tex.—Born near Gosport, Ind. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, at Milford, Tex., as private in Company D, First Texas Cavalry, Bee's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department; James Homesley, first Captain, and Henry McCulloch, first Colonel.

After the first year's service the regiment disbanded, as our time had expired. One-half the regiment re-enlisted, including the company to which I belonged, and formed Taylor's Battalion, afterwards united with Yeager's Battalion, forming a regiment under Colonel Buchel, still retaining the name of First Texas Cavalry.

Was promoted to First Corporal. Had the honor once only of carrying the C. S. A. flag on a short campaign. Was in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

There were twelve of us who enlisted at the same time at Milford, Tex. I think there are only two or three others who are living. My first year's service was on the frontier of Texas, hunting the Indians to keep them from invading the settlements. After reorganizing we were then sent to the Rio Grande near Brownsville, where we spent most of the summer, then marched across Texas into Louisiana to meet Gen. Banks, who was marching from New Orleans up through Louisiana into Texas with an army of about twenty-five thousand. Gen. Dick Taylor, who was in command, being reinforced by Price's Corps from Missouri, met the enemy near Mansfield, La. Taylor had orders from Kirby Smith to fall back to Shreveport, but knowing the condition of Banks' army, one corps being



one day's travel behind the other, he formed line of battle and engaged Banks at Mansfield, La. Here we completely routed them, capturing about 2,800 prisoners and about seventy-five six-mule wagons loaded with supplies and thirty pieces of artillery. The next day Kirby Smith arrived and placed Gen. Dick Taylor under arrest for giving battle. Taylor remarked that this was the first time in the history of the world that a General was placed under arrest for whipping the enemy. That night Bank's army retreated to Pleasant Hill, where they were reinforced by the corps behind Gen. Smith, who was now in command of our army, commenced advancing as soon as it was light, and coming to Pleasant Hill, formed line of battle. Our regiment supported a battery which had commenced to fire on the battery of the enemy, located some four or five hundred yards from us across a field. The enemy's battery was supported by three solid lines of infantry entrenched in ditches some thirty or forty yards apart. Late in the afternoon when the sun was about two or three hours high, one of our commanding Generals came galloping to our regiment, and ordered Colonel Buchel to charge the enemy's battery in our front.

Col. Buchel, an officer of acknowledged ability and bravery on the field of battle, knowing the foolishness of such a charge, refused to take his men into such a trap. The General referred to, ordered him for the second time, and accused him of cowardice. Colonel Buchel told him that if he insisted, he would make the charge himself, but would not order his men. He then turned to his men and told them of his being ordered to charge that battery, and was going to do so, but would not order them to do it. All the men in the regiment threw up their hats and told him that wherever he went they would go also. So he formed us into columns of fours, and we raised the "Texas Yell" and started on that fatal charge in which we lost our beloved Colonel. The Yankees hearing our yell, knew that we were coming. I suppose they had heard it before, for they limbered up their battery and carried it to the rear. We had hardly started before there was a courier sent after us with orders for us to turn to the left and get out of this death trap. However, it was too late to reach Col. Buchel, who was in front; but Col. Yearger took most of the regiment to the left and saved the greater part of his men. When we reached the timber we tied our horses and went into the battle with the infantry, for the battle had now opened up all along the line. Col. Buchel did not fall from his horse until he had passed two lines of infantry. We found him mortally wounded after we had driven the Yankees back from where he had fallen. When I came up to him he spoke and asked how the battle was going. I told him that we were driving the Yankees back as far as I could see along the line. He remarked, "That is good. He asked us to stay with him. Three comrades and myself picked up a blanket which the Yankees had thrown down in their haste and gently laid him on it. Each taking hold of a corner, we carried him back to where we found the ambulance and placed him in it. That was the last time I ever saw him. He died in three days. The battle lasted until about dark, and then our army withdrew, leaving a picket guard on the field. The battle was a hard fought and bloody one, and might be considered a drawn battle. Our left wing drove the enemy from their ditches almost into Pleasant Hill, while our right wing was driven back some distance. During the night, Gen. Banks commenced his retreat back to Alexandria to get under the protection of his gunboats. Of course, the next morning we followed, harassing him as much as possible. He burned a great many beautiful residences, sugar mills, etc., on his way back, laying waste the country as he went.

We had a great many skirmishes, some of them almost amounting to



battles, on the way back. Afterwards we were marched back into Texas, and disbanded about April 29 or 30, 1865.

W. J. HUGGINS, Lindale, Tex.—Born April 16, 1822, near Glasgow, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Tyler, Tex. George Bates, first Captain.

I was never in battle; was detailed to operate a tannery to furnish leather and shoes for the government.

W. J. HUGHES, Eliasville, Tex.—Born Sept. 27, 1841, near old Pickens Court House, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 19, 1861, at Sandy Spring, S. C., as private in Company C, Orr's Rifles, Gregg's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. First Captain was J. J. Norton, first Colonel, James L. Orr.

Was wounded at Gettysburg the third day; flesh wound in the arm, and also a flesh wound in the hip at "Bloody Angle," at Spottsylvania Court House. Was taken prisoner at Bloody Angle and sent to Fort Delaware.

Was in the Seven Days' Fighting Before Richmond, Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania Court House. I was taken prisoner about ten feet from the Red Oak tree which was cut down by minie balls.

W. V. HUGGINS (deceased). Farmersville, Tex.—Born Sept. 2, 1830, near Lexington, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Dec. 18, 1861, at Henderson Station, Tenn., as private in Company F, Fifty-Fourth Tennessee. Marcus J. Wright's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

First Captain was Marcus Russell and first Colonel, Curtis Hudson. W. V. Huggins died at his home in Farmersville, Tex., on Aug. 16, 1908, and this report is made out by Mrs. Huggins. He was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. The ball struck his hip and the surgeons at first pronounced it fatal. He was taken prisoner at Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., where he remained eight months.

He enlisted as private and was promoted to Sergeant. Was in the battles of Port Hudson, Fort McHenry, Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga and Chickamauga.

Mrs. Huggins still has his discharge from the hospital at Montgomery, Ala., as well as his parole dated at Jackson, Tenn., May 29, 1865.

W. O. HUGHES, Childress, Tex.—Born Feb. 16, 1849, near Jonesborough, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in June, 1864, in Stone County, Arkansas, as private in Company D, Fristoe's Regiment, Col. Freeman's Brigade, Marmaduke's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. J. C. Guinn, first Captain.

Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Iron Mountain, Mo; Independence, Mo.; Big Creek, Kans., and many others.

JAMES M. HUFF, Blooming Grove, Tex.—Born July 13, 1843, near Perryville, Perry County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 25, 1861, at Marion, Ala., as private in Company K, Eighth Alabama Infantry, Cox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, Longstreet's and afterwards Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

My first Captain was Duke Nalls and first Colonel, John A. Winston. Was wounded in the breast at the battle of Sharpsburg. At Gettysburg I lost the little finger of my right hand and the third finger was broken, and



at Petersburg a flesh wound in the right side. Was taken prisoner July 3, 1863, and sent first to Baltimore and then to Fort Dalaware.

Was in the battles of Williamsburg, Second battle of Manasas, Salem Church, Gettysburg, Siege of Richmond, Petersburg, Sharpsburg, and from there with Lee to Appomattox C. H., where we surrendered, April 9, 1865.

**L. E. HUFFMAN**, Crystal Falls, Tex.—Born May 6, 1843, near Orangeburg, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861. (This was the coast defense.) At St. Stephens, Charleston District, as private in Company K, Tenth S. C. Regiment, Andrews' Brigade, but commanded by Manigult, Withers' Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

The Tenth Regiment was stationed on Bull's Island, South Island and Cat Island, guarding the coast until ordered to reinforce Gen. Johnston at Shiloh. The Federals cut us off and we had to go by Mobile, and so we were too late to participate in the battle.

Was wounded at Chickamauga by piece of shell and had a hole shot through my hat at Atlanta and numerous holes shot through my blanket; the one through my hat just grazed my forehead.

Was taken prisoner at Booneville, Miss., but was recaptured by Armstrong's men. Was in the battles of Farmington, Murfreesboro, Perryville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lost Mountain, the Battles Around Atlanta from 22nd to 28th of July, and Jonesboro, Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., as well as the one at Bentonville, N. C., just before the surrender, and in addition was in a great many skirmishes, some of which would be called battles.

When South Carolina seceded I was living in Charleston and heard the gun fired at the "Star of the West," when she attempted to provision Fort Sumpter, and which caused the declaration of war.

A call was made for "minute men" to report at Charleston to attack Fort Sumpter, which was responded to by most of the young men of my section, and Fort Sumpter fell. After the fall, we returned home and organized a company called "Eutaw Volunteers" and elected Julius T. Porcher as Captain. On Sept. 3, 1861, we were mustered into service and attached to the Tenth South Carolina Infantry as Company K.

Our first service was at Farmington, Miss. A division of Federals made a raid and captured us, but we had not been captured more than an hour before Armstrong, with a handfull of brave men, ran in and recaptured us.

At the battle of Murfreesboro, Gen. Polk and Gen. Cheatham rode down the front of our lines and made us a talk, telling us that we would soon be engaged in battle, that we must drive them back to Nashville.

After talking to us Col. Polk turned to Gen. Cheatham and said: "General, talk to them in your way." Gen. Cheatham straightened in his stirrups and said: "Men, give them H——" and rode on.

In the battle we occupied the center of the line. A Federal Battery to our right was doing great damage. It had been charged twice, but each time our men had been repulsed and our Brigade was ordered to take it. The battery was on a commanding point in a cedar brake, and the ground was covered by trees cut down by the cannon balls. We captured the battery, but at the expense of many men.

The four captured pieces were turned over to the State of South Carolina with the name of each officer that fell in the engagement (killed or wounded) inscribed on it. My first Lieutenant's name was on one piece.

On Bragg's raid into Kentucky we left Harrison's Ferry on the Tennessee River, in August, 1863, with no base of supplies.



At Mumfordsville we captured a garrison of about 4,800, and at Camp Dick Roberson we captured a good lot of pickled pork and hard tack. At Perryville we lost a lot of brave men and accomplished nothing. We arrived at Knoxville on Oct. 23, barefooted, almost naked and litterly starved. The next night, the 24th, I had to stand guard barefooted and in the snow six inches deep. So after six weeks of starving and marching and fighting we had accomplished nothing.

At Chickamauga I was wounded and got a thirty days' furlough, and got back in time for the battle at Missionary Ridge, where our Major, formerly Capt. J. F. Porcher, was killed.

I was with Johnston in his various engagements down to Atlanta, and under Hood in his engagements at that place, and at Jonesboro. Went with Hood into Tennessee, and was at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., where I saw my only brother fall with a bullet through his brain.

In the battle at Nashville, Gen. S. D. Lee, our Corps Commander, was wounded, and Gen. Edward Johnson captured. At Franklin Gen. Manigault was wounded. On the morning after the battle of Nashville, Gen. S. D. Lee commended us for our bravery in holding the enemy, thereby saving the whole army from complete rout. Before we got back into Mississippi the blood from my feet marked my tarcks.

At the battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last one in which I engaged, we charged the enemy and took two lines of breastworks, and followed them to the third, before we noticed that we were entirely separated from the army.

Our flag bearer, Ruben Owen, tore the flag from its staff and stuffed it in his bosom. We all were sent to the rear without being disarmed, and when night came they captured our guards, disarmed them and marched them into a swamp, where we remained until we could escape. We would march all night and lay up in the day. The second day we captured a Quartermaster and his horse, and got back into camps about noon the next day. We were greeted with cheers as we marched down the lines, triumphantly flying our old flag and bringing in as many or more prisoners than were in our ranks.

I was surrendered under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., where I was paroled and started for home on May 3, 1865, having been in the service three years and eight months.

My company entered the service with 111 men, and at the surrender nine of us answered roll call. Four died in prison, three were then in prison, two deserted, one transfered, three discharged and the rest fell either by disease or bullets.

**PERRY W. HUMPHREYS** (deceased), Detroit, Tex.—Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Clarksville, Tex., as private in Company E, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, Ben McCulloch's Brigade, Army of Missouri and Arkansas. His first Captain was John C. Burks, and first Colonel, William C. Young.

The regiment, with others, was transfered east of the Mississippi River after the battle of Elkhorn (or Pea Ridge), and was attached to the Tennessee Army under Bragg and Johnston.

Was in the battles of Elkhorn, Corinth, Miss., Richmond and Perryville, Ky.; Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The above comrade met his death early in the morning at Murfreesboro while mounting the enemy's cannon in the first charge.

(Record furnished by G. B. Dean, Detroit, Texas.)

**H. P. HUNT**, Austin, Tex.—Born May 18, 1832, in Jefferson County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, March 5, 1862, at Marshall,



Tex., as private in Company A, Burn's Battalion, Lane's Regiment, Marmaduke's Division; M. B. Motlev, first Captain and Walter P. Lane, first Colonel. Was changed to Tom Green's Division of Cavalry.

Was never wounded. John Pope of my company was wounded in the temple at the battle of Prairie Grove. Several wounded and killed at the battle of Yellow Bayou; do not remember the names and dates. Was in the battles of Prairie Grove, Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou and a number of others in capturing gunboats and transports along the Red River.

H. W. HUNT, Nocona, Tex.—Born Dec. 14, 1849, at Bonham, Fannin County, Texas. Was first express man, then with Gen. H. E. McCulloch the last year of the war at Bonham. I was in no battles, but rode government mules awfully hard. I drew all my rations in sugar, so I had a sweet time during the war.

J. T. HUNT, Lipan, Tex.—Born Sept. 25, 1840, near Decal, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Philadelphia, as private in Company D, Eleventh Mississippi Infantry, Bee's Brigade, Heath's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; Franklin, first Captain, and Moore, first Colonel.

Next day after enlistment, we went to Harper's Ferry. Was in Lee's army from start to finish. Was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg twice, calf of leg and foot; Petersburg and Weldon R. R., right eye; Wilderness, right side. I was captured at Petersburg and sent to Point Lookout, Md. I was in all the general battles in which Lee's army was engaged, except while in prison.

J. N. HUNTER.—The mention of Camp Douglas, even at this late day, carries a shudder among the survivors who experienced the horrors of prison life in that gateway of death during the Civil War. Camp Douglas, Chicago, was a Northern prison. In the garrison square of this prison stood a flag pole twenty-eight inches in diameter at the base and tapering to a diameter of six inches at the top. This flagstaff was 180 feet high and from its lofty summit floated one of the largest of Uncle Sam's banners.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on the night of April 14, 1865. In token of respect for the late Chief Magistrate of the Nation, the flags of all military posts were ordered lowered to half-mast. On the morning of April 15, while attempting to lower the flag at Camp Douglas, the lanyard fouled in the topmost pulley and refused to yield. There were twelve thousand prisoners being held in Camp Douglas at that time and these were being guarded by three thousand Federals under command of Colonel Sweet.

A Federal soldier was detailed to climb that flag-pole and to release the colors so that they might be lowered to half-mast. He was furnished with a belt and gaffs to insure his safety. The entire garrison and many of the imprisoned Confederates watched this soldier as he slowly ascended the lofty shaft of swaying timber, a fierce gale was blowing off the lake and the movements of the climber were slow and laborious. They saw him reach the top, and pause as if to rest. Then they saw him extend a hand overhead as if to replace the lanyard in the pulley, and then they saw him shoot downward as if thrown by a mighty force from that lofty pinnacle. He lived only two hours after the fall, which was caused by the breaking of his belt.

Colonel Sweet was not willing to force another soldier to perform the



perilous task, but instructed the Adjutant to call for a volunteer to climb the pole. The call was made and a reward of five hundred dollars was offered, but out of the three thousand men in that garrison not one responded! They had witnessed the fatal fall of their comrade.

The 15th of April passed, and the great flag fluttered in the fierce wind at the top of the flagstaff, while the stars and stripes throughout the nation hung at half-mast.

Colonel Sweet was at a loss as to how to proceed. That flag must come down, but how? "Try the Johnnies," said a subaltern. "They have been trying to pull that flag down these four long years. Give the Johnnies a chance!"

It was a happy suggestion and Colonel Sweet acted upon it, with good common sense and decision. He knew that no Confederate prisoner in Camp Douglas would undertake to climb that pole for accommodation or for the entertainment of the spectators. It would require an incentive out of the ordinary to induce one of these twelve thousand cold, hungry and emaciated prisoners to perform a duty that had appalled three thousand well fed, well clad Yankees. He would increase the reward. "We'll try the Johnnies," said he to his Adjutant. "Five hundred dollars in cash, an immediate discharge from prison and free transportation home, awaits the man who will climb that 180-foot pole and remove the hitch in the lanyard!"

The Adjutant and orderly entered the prison square through the main gate. Barrack No. 27 was near this gate. The men in the barrack were called into line facing the flagstaff. The Adjutant called their attention to the condition of the flag, and read out the terms offered the man who would climb to the top of that pole, and release the lanyard so that the flag might be lowered. Then he asked anyone who wished to undertake the perilous task to step out in front.

Scarcely had he uttered the last words of his sentence, when a lean, lank, cadaverous boy, an artilleryman, said to have been from Georgia, sprang two paces to the front and saluted the officer, who, with his orderly, at once conducted him to the flag pole, where a climber's belt, new and strong, was carefully fitted to his waist and the gaffs adjusted to his ankles. By this time the most intense excitement prevailed among the prisoners, the troops in the garrison, and the sailors. The troops off duty crowded in the prison square, the rigging of the shipping in the harbor swarmed with sailors, and citizens occupied every point of vantage from which a view of the young Georgian's daring attempt was visible.

"He'll never reach the top!" drawled a stalwart Yankee soldier.

"He'll get his discharge when he hits the ground," said another.

And the ribald jest went round among the Federals, while multiplied thousands of eager upturned faces gazed upon the daring young artilleryman from the "Old Red Hills of Georgia" as he slowly, calmly, steadily ascended to the top of the flagstaff. They saw the towering shaft sway as a reed before the furious wind as he neared the top, and shuddered lest he would make a false move and be hurled to death, as was the unfortunate soldier on the preceding day. But onward and upward he went, and, reaching the top, he was seen to arrange the lanyard and guide it into its proper groove in the pulley. During these latter moments the great multitude below were held under the spell of a profound silence—a silence of dramatic suspense.

When the Georgia boy had released the lanyard, for the first time he turned his head and looked down upon the sea of upturned faces. Whether through a spirit of defiance, daring, sauciness, or exultation, no one



ever knew, but upon beholding the suspense of the gazing thousands below, he removed his old tattered Confederate hat and threw it at them!

The City of Chicago—perhaps, this great world—never heard such a storm of cheering as that which greeted the prisoner boy from Georgia when he threw away his Confederate headgear, and for the first time, and probably the last time, the "Rebel Yell" shook the very foundations of Camp Douglas prison. When he reached the ground he was seized by friends and foes, and on the shoulders of men wearing the blue and on those clad in tattered remnants of the gray uniform, he was borne around the square amid shouts of wild applause. For the moment they were all Americans and proudly exulted over the achievement of an American boy from Georgia, who, on instant notice, had performed a feat, from the dangers of which three thousand of his captors had recoiled—a feat that enabled the authorities to lower the national ensign to half mast in honor of the martyred President of the United States.

The young man received his reward—five hundred dollars and transportation expenses home. That evening he took the oath of allegiance, walked out of prison and went home to Dixie.

R. W. HURDLE, Winnsboro, Texas.—Born Feb. 5, 1842, near Union Ridge, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 15, 1861, at Jackson, Tenn., as private in Company K, Sixth Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. John Ingram first Captain and Wm. Stevens first Colonel. Was in the battle of Shiloh and many smaller ones.

I wish to correct some mistakes in Barnes' so-called school history. It is stated that "General Polk held Columbus, Ky., and was organizing an army at Belmont, on the opposite side of the river, to invade Southwest Missouri. Here Gen. Grant attacked him. The Confederates reinforced and surrounded him. One of his aides said: 'General, we are surrounded.' He replied: 'I cut my way in and will cut out.' And he did." I detest dishonesty and falsehood, whether it be from friend or foe. The facts are these: From some cause not known to me, the Thirteenth Arkansas Regiment was stationed at Belmont, Mo. Gen. Grant decided that he would surprise them and take them in. He landed after dark, six miles up the river. Polk had pickets there to witness the landing and when Grant reached Belmont, Gen. Cheatham was there to help him make the surprise. The battle raged fiercely for awhile—then followed silence except the gun on the bluff. Gen. Cheatham's ammunition had been exhausted to a single round, which was held in reserve. Cheatham then fell back to the water's edge and waited for ammunition. In a short time Gen. Pillow landed with new troops and ammunition, and then Grant cut the dirt and not the Confederates.

Some one stated that it was the Sixth Mississippi Regiment that was so fearfully slaughtered in charging Prentiss at the point called the Hornet's nest at Shiloh. It was the Sixth Tennessee. They had been held in reserve all morning, but at that moment they were hurled into the jaws of death. All was silent in front until our ranks were near. Then came an incessant hail of lead and iron until our line was strewn with the dying and wounded. The remainder had to lie down for protection. In a few minutes a Mississippi Regiment dashed up, and as they passed over our line, called out: "Get out of the way, Tennessee, and let Mississippi in." They passed on for a short distance and returned on double quick, and as they passed, a Tennessee fellow said: "Get out of the way, Tennessee, and let Mississippi out."





THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S RETURN HOME.  
"What does he find?"

Courtesy of J. C. Casler



Had Johnston lived, Grant would have been made a prisoner that day. Johnston had about 35,000 men. Grant had 70,000 men on the second day and formed into three lines, in easy supporting distance of each other, so when Johnston would press back the front line it would take position as third. Viewing the situation from my standpoint, it is evident that Grant's lines were somewhat curved, and as Johnston pressed him back to the river, his lines naturally shortened and became more dense and firm. His rear was protected by the river, aided by a fleet of gunboats and reinforced by Buell. It would have been more than folly for Beauregard to have made an attack on Monday. When Johnston fell, the battle stopped on Sunday, and his army was practically exhausted from over-exertion.

HENRY HUSTON, Austin, Texas.—Was born at New Orleans, La. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, at New Orleans, La., as Corporal in Company B, Fourth Louisiana Infantry, Gibson's Brigade, Clayton's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Hilliard first Captain, and Robert J. Barrow first Colonel. After the organization of the regiment, was ordered to the coast of Mississippi in the fall of 1861, from there to Louisiana, then to Tennessee; was at Mobile, Ala., when the surrender came. Was wounded at Meridian, Miss., by being struck on the head. Was captured near Atlanta on the skirmish line, about the 8th of August, 1864, and was sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, and remained a prisoner for six months. Was promoted from private to Corporal. Was in the battles of Indianola Bombardment, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Jackson, New Hope Church, and in all fights in which my regiment was engaged until I was captured.

ALFRED HUTCHERSON, Athens, Texas.—Born Aug. 26, 1841, in Williamson County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, at Franklin, Tenn., as private in Company H, Twentieth Tennessee Infantry, Zollicoffer's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. DeGraffenreid first Captain and Battle first Colonel. Was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga by a bombshell on left arm, and had to have it amputated near the shoulder. Was in the battles of Tyner Station, Murfreesboro and Hoover's Gap, Tenn. Also in the battle of Elk River and a number of smaller fights. Three of my messmates were killed in the battle of Murfreesboro.

I well remember the long march across Cumberland Mountain, three days and nights without anything to eat. My feet were blistered when we arrived at the foot of the mountain, where there was a large spring. The officers had to put a guard around it to keep us from drinking too much water. They gave us only a little at a time. The Forage Master had gone on ahead, killed a beef and had it cooked when we arrived. I had some flour bread made up without salt or anything else, but it was all right. We were allowed only a little of the meat at a time. After we had cooked three days' rations (about enough for one day), we crossed the Tennessee River, and made preparations for the battle of Chickamauga, which was the bloodiest battle in which I was engaged.

On Sept. 19, 1863, we had skirmishes all during the day; the 20th the fight opened in earnest. This was the day when I received my wound. Just before I was wounded my canteen was shot off me and the stock of my gun was broken by a minie ball. The dead were lying in piles over the battlefield. As I was going into the field, I met a number of the wounded coming out, and they were as bloody as could be. They were shot and wounded in every way imaginable, and being carried out on litters. The



enemy had secreted themselves in some fallen tree tops, where many were killed by the tree tops catching fire and they were burned. We then buried the dead. There was a fellow who was wounded, and he was talking of his wife and children, saying that he wanted to see them once more, and while doing this his grave was being dug near by. The trees were shot all to pieces. The Yankees captured the cannon of my regiment at the battle of Shiloh. At Chickamauga we captured some Yankees, who told us that they belonged to the regiment that got our cannon. We said that we would have it back or die in the effort. It was captured and recaptured five times. Our boys rushed up and secured it and carried it to the rear by hand. The bullets were flying so thick that I do not see how any of us escaped with our lives.

When I returned home, to my great sorrow, my mother, my best friend, was gone. She had been dead about a year. She now awaits me at the beautiful gate, and it will not be long until I shall join her in the world beyond.

W. C. HUTCHESON, Lytle, Tex.—Born April 12, 1835, in Shelby County, Alabama. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at San Antonio, Tex., as private in Company B, Second Texas Cavalry. My first Captain was Tyson, and first Colonel, Ford. We were first in the State service for about three months, and then went into the regular Confederate Army.

Was slightly wounded at Tebo, Sabine County, Texas. Our regiment garrisoned all the ports between Texas and Mexico, from Brownsville to El Paso. We were reinforced by Sibley's Regiment and moved into New Mexico.

Our principal engagements were the capture of 500 United States soldiers fifteen miles from San Antonio, Val Verde, Santa Fe, N. M.; Albuquerque, Tebo; Recapture of Galveston, besides many smaller engagements.

J. P. HUTCHINS, Merkel, Texas.—Born July 3, 1845, near Memphis, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Houston, Texas, as private in the Second Texas Infantry. N. L. McGinnis first Captain and J. C. Moore first Colonel. Was discharged in 1862 in Mississippi; remained at home for one year, then joined George Barlow's regiment and was disbanded at Richmond, Tex. In 1861 I was living at Chapel Hill, Williamson County, Texas, going to school at a place which is now the Georgetown University. I was in poor health all the time. I did not go on any scouts; was in several skirmishes, but I am unable to give the dates. Was in the battle of Shiloh, then discharged, and remained in Texas until the close.

JAMES B. HUTCHISON, Fort Worth, Tex.—Born Aug. 4, 1841, near Troy, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 2, 1861, at Brundidge, Ala., as private in Company F, Fifteenth Alabama Infantry, Trimble's Brigade, Early's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. B. H. Lewis, first Captain; Canty, first Colonel.

I received a flesh wound at Sharpsburg, Md. Was taken prisoner July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, and sent to prison at Fort Delaware and kept till the close of the war. Was in the battles of Fort Royal, and all the battles fought by Jackson in the Valley Campaign, the Seven Days' Battles Around Richmond, Second Manassas, Gettysburg, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and the battle of the Wilderness.



CORNELIUS HUTTON, Fort Worth, Tex.—Born Nov. 26, 1835, near Clinton, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in October, 1862, at Mobile, Ala., as Chaplain of the Thirty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, Clayton's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. First Colonel was Robert H. Smith, on whose resignation Lieut. Col. L. T. Woodruff became Colonel. We were under the successive commands of Gen'ls. Bragg, Johnston and Hood. Although I had many hairbreadth escapes from death, I was never wounded. While attending Private Allen, near Normandy and not far from Tullahoma, Tenn., whose leg had been amputated, I was captured and imprisoned for three months at Nashville, Tenn., and for one month in Washington, D. C., and released at City Point, Va. (See Sketches of Prison Life, published in the Confederate Veteran, March, April and May, 1911.) Was in the battles of Resaca, New Hope Church and various others while Gen. Johnston was falling back from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga. Chickamauga was fought while I was in prison. My command, under Brig. Gen. Clayton was much engaged and lost many valuable men. Religious services, preaching, prayer meeting and protracted meetings were held when practicable. At Mobile and Dalton, Ga., and many other places, meetings were held daily.

R. W. HYER, Frost, Tex.—Born Aug. 26, 1842, in Henry County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Nov. 3, 1861, in the Seventeenth Texas Cavalry. Was at the battle of Shiloh April 6, 1862. Was transferred to the west side of the Mississippi River in May, 1862, and joined the Eleventh Texas Infantry, May 22, 1862. The regiment was commanded by O. M. Roberts, afterwards Governor of Texas. I belonged to Company G. First Captain, R. B. Long of Tyler, Tex.; second, Louis Stillwell of Starville, Tex., who was killed in the battle of Bourbeau, La.; third, Walker, who was captured in 1864, and never returned to his command. Our fourth Captain was W. D. Hampson, who died in Van Zandt County, Texas, five years ago.

Was in the battle of Bourbeau, La. Received a slight wound in the arm, also in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill. Our division was then transferred to Arkansas. On the morning of April 30 we attacked the Federal Army at Jenkins Ferry, forty miles north of Camden. This was a desperate battle, which has never been given the place in history that it deserves. From the time Gen. Steele left Camden until he crossed the Saline River, we captured over 600 wagons and a lot of artillery. Our force was commanded by Gen. Walker, Brigadier Generals were Scurry, Randell and Waterhouse. Both Gens. Randell and Scurry were killed. Our regiment, the Eleventh, was in Randell's Brigade, and out of the ten Captains three were killed, and also Major Calloway of Sabine County. I was wounded by a piece of shell in this battle, but not seriously. Gen. Randell was a gallant man, and only 28 years old when he fell. He was in the North when the war broke out, and came South and organized the Twenty-Eighth Texas. He was in camp at Marshall, Tex., in April and married a Miss Taylor. She went with him all the time, and was about a mile away when he was killed. She had his body brought back to Marshall and buried. If I could see the reader I could tell many things about the hardships of the soldier. I could talk to you forty-eight hours and then not be through. My youngest child is 24 years old, and I haven't finished telling him yet. I will say, however, that I have stood guard in water from one to three feet deep when it would be freezing. The last years of the war we had nothing but the moon and stars for cover, and went hungry often. I went to the reunion at Memphis in June. About 15,000 old soldiers were there, and it was a sad sight to see so many together.



MIKE INDERMAN, Teague, Tex.—Born Feb. 2, 1840, near Louisville, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army October, 1861, at Fairfield, Tex., as private in Company G, Seventh Texas Infantry, Gregg's and Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. W. L. Moody, first Captain, and Gregg, first Colonel.

Served first under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, until he was killed, and then under Joseph E. Johnston, until the close of the war. Was under Gen. Bragg at the battle of Missionary Ridge. I was in every battle in which Granbury's Brigade was engaged from start to finish. I was never furloughed nor absent from the command at any time.

Our command was captured at Fort Donelson and all sent to Camp Douglas, Ill., and exchanged in October following, at Vicksburg. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Raymond and Jackson, Miss. At Port Hudson our battalion sank Dewey's boat, or set it on fire. The crew landed on the opposite side of the river. Many of them jumped overboard and swam to shore. We were also in the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and New Hope Church. Was in the battle of Atlanta two days after Hood took command, and the battles of Jonesboro, Franklin and at Nashville. When we surrendered at Jonesboro in 1865 we were half clothed and half fed—at times nothing to eat but parched corn. We fared well on picket duty, as the ladies would bring us something to eat. We were never whipped; we were starved out and overpowered. We were treated very badly in prison.

HENRY INGLE, Gainesville, Tex.—Born near Greensboro, N. C.—Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 2, 1861, as private in Company M, Eleventh North Carolina Infantry, Trimble's Brigade, Ewell's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. W. L. Scott, first Captain, and W. W. Kirkland, first Colonel.

In the spring of 1862 the regiment was changed to the Twenty-First North Carolina. Was wounded at Winchester, Va., May 25, 1862. Was in twenty-three battles and ten skirmishes, the last fight was on Friday before Lee surrendered, in 1865.

Was in the battles of Winchester, Cross Keys, Gaines' Farm, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Gettysburg and Sharpsburg, and many others.

EDWARD J. INGLEHART, Matagorda, Tex.—Born in Hamburg, Germany. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, Oct. 4, 1861, at Victoria, Tex., as private in Company D, Sixth Texas Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. James Jenkins, first Captain, and Garland, first Colonel.

Was wounded at the battle of Missionary Ridge, flesh wound in right leg; New Hope Church, slightly in left shoulder, July 22, on the retreat from Atlanta, right arm at elbow. Was captured at Arkansas Post and sent to Springfield, Ill. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Around Richmond, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Kennesaw Mountain, Resaca, Dalton, Ringgold, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church. Was absent from the command, wounded during the other battles in which the regiment was engaged.

Along life's path a battle scarred veteran stumbled,  
His strength almost spent, yet he never grumbled.  
Though weak and aged, yet as a true man,  
He had done his duty as well as man can.  
By example he strove, God's laws to teach.  
He was fit to rule, fame in his reach,



He made no effort to gain worldly renown,  
But strove to win eternity's crown.  
He was one of the many brave unknown,  
Who advanced other's welfare and neglected his own.

—E. J. Inglehart.

W. J. INGRAM, Sulphur Springs, Tex.—Born in 1844, near Lafayette, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1862, at Gilmer, Tex., as private in Company D, Lane's Regiment, Hardeman's Brigade, Wharton's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Earp, first Captain, and W. P. Lane, first Colonel.

Was wounded at the battle of Yellow Bayou, shot in leg. Was never captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Marks' Mill and Yellow Bayou.

A. T. INMAN, Lockhart, Tex.—Born April 1, 1835, in Jefferson County, Tennessee. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1861, as private in Company H, First Tennessee Cavalry, Wheeler's Brigade, David Neff, first Captain, and William Bralston, first Colonel. Operated in East Tennessee and Virginia.

Was wounded at the battle of Piedmont, Va., in 1864, a flesh wound below the right knee. Was in the battles of Knoxville, Strawberry Plains, Mossy Creek, Watauga, Salt Works, Bristol, Abingdon, Piedmont and Winchester.

JAMES C. IVEY, Princeton, Tex.—Born near Chattanooga, Tenn., April 1, 1840. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 4, 1861, at Chattanooga, as private in Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Zollicoffer's Brigade, Crittendon's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Haynes, first Captain, and McClellan, first Colonel.

Was wounded at the battle of Murfreesboro slightly while serving under Forrest, July 13, 1862; second, in Kentucky, just after the battle of Perryville, slight wound by a Bush Whacker. Was captured twice, but made my escape both times through the assistance of some of my comrades capturing my captors, one time killing one of them and capturing the others.

Was elected First Sergeant August, 1862, at the reorganization of Company H, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry. Capt. Spiller promoted First Lieutenant; Green killed, Second Lieut. Havron killed.

Was in the battles of Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, all the 100 days' fight from Dalton to Atlanta, Peachtree Creek, surrendering at Bentonville, N. C., April 26, 1865. On Aug. 11, the company contained 118 men, commissioned and noncommissioned officers and privates. In addition to this we had twenty recruits, making in all 138. Of these only thirty-two names answered to roll call on the morning of the last call at Charlotte, N. C., and what is the saddest to me, is that, so far as I know, only five of that 138 are living. The company was attached to the Fifth Battalion of the East Tennessee troops. Geo. R. McCellan was Lieutenant Colonel of the six companies. We remained with this battalion until the battle of Fishing Creek, where four of our companies lost their horses. We saved ours by staying in the works until all the infantry had crossed the river, and in a hurricane of bombshells we crossed just at day-light.

Gen. Zollicoffer having been killed, Brig. Gen. Strahl of the Fifteenth



Mississippi assumed command, and remained as such until after the battle of Shiloh. The four companies who lost their horses returned to their homes to remount; the other two went with Gen. Strahl to Corinth, Miss., and participated in the battle of Shiloh. After this battle we were organized into a brigade of cavalry and placed under Gen. Adams. Our brigade consisted of the Eighth Texas (Terry Rangers), four companies of Tennessee Troops and two companies of Kentuckians. We were ordered to Chattanooga, and then to London, Tenn., where Capt. Spiller was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. Our brigade was moved to Kingston, Tenn., and placed under Gen. Forrest. Gen. Forrest started immediately for Middle Tennessee, and on the 13th we fought the first battle of Murfreesboro, where our beloved young Captain, while leading a charge, was killed.

Our command consisted of 1,200 cavalry armed with only shotguns. We had no artillery, but by charging and recharging we succeeded in capturing 1,800 prisoners.

In August, Forrest returned to Kingston, Tenn., and our twelve months' enlistment having expired, every man re-enlisted for the war. We returned to Middle Tennessee, where we had many bouts with the enemy.

Should you ever meet one of the Eighth or Eleventh Texas or one of the Third Arkansas, ask them if they ever knew any of Paul's people, and see if his eyes don't twinkle. That was our nick name, for the Eighth and Eleventh Texas Chubs. And every man in the Third Arkansas was known as Josh from the Colonel down. After seven or eight months under down. After seven or eight months under Forrest we were transferred to Forrest we were transferred to Wheeler's Division, and Colonel Wharton of Texas was made our Brigade Commander. This brigade comprised four regiments until the close of the war. Early in 1864 General Wharton was made a Major General, and went west of the Mississippi River, when W. Y. C. Humes of Tennessee was placed in command of the brigade for a few months, and then promoted to Major General. Our last commander was Col. Harrison of Waco, Tex., the Colonel of the Eighth Texas, whom we called old "Iron Sides." He was our commander when we laid our guns down and turned our faces in the direction of home and monther, whom we had not seen in so long.

J. W. IVIE, Athens, Tex.—Born in 1841, near Clarksville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in July, 1861, at Clarksville, as private in Company E, Sixteenth Georgia Regiment, Cobb's Brigade, McLaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; Styles, first Captain, and Cobb, first Colonel.

Was with Longstreet when he was sent to Georgia, and then to East Tennessee. Was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, slight wound in the right leg below the knee. Was taken prisoner in December, 1863, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. Was in the battles of Dam No. 2 on the Warwick River below Yorktown, Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond, and at Fredericksburg, then Chickamauga, Ga., and a number of skirmishes.

I enlisted in the Confederate Army and left my darling wife and baby, to defend the cause of my country. My first engagement was at Dam No. 2 on the Warwick River, then at Chicahominy. Was engaged in the Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond, where one of my mess-mates, Smith, was killed. We found him three days later and dug a hole and buried him. Then we took up the march for Maryland. In an engagement at South Mountain we lost two of our company. My brother was wounded here and taken prisoner. At Fredericksburg we engaged in a siege. We gave the Yanks a good drubbing, but in the battle Gen. Tom Cobb was killed. At the siege of Knoxville, Col. Thomas and Col. Ruff and Jack Tankersley were killed.



On the retreat from Knoxville I was rear guard, and in going down a steep bluff sprained my left ankle, and the next morning I was captured.

HINTON C. IVY, Blooming Grove, Tex.—Born June 30, 1844, near Monticello, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 8, 1861, at Marion, Ala., as private in Company A, Eighth Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Y. L. Royston, first Captain, and John A. Winston, first Colonel. Was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, bruise on the knee, and was captured on July 3, 1863, and sent to Harts Island, N.Y. Elected Corporal and promoted to Third Sergeant by Capt. W. R. Sanders.

Was in the battles of Williamsburg, Second Manassas, Wilderness, Gettysburg, Salem Church, Beans Station on Weldon R. R., and Petersburg.

C. H. JACKSON, Krum, Tex.—Born in Spartenburg, S. C., and enlisted in the Confederate Army in Denton County, Texas, in 1862, in Company H, Stone's Second Cavalry, Tom Green's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was James Vance, and first Colonel was Quill Miller.

At the organization of the regiment Chisolm was made Lieutenant Colonel, and Vance Major. Throckmorton went out with our regiment, but soon got some higher position.

I was not wounded. The company I was in before the reorganization of the regiment had for its officers Capt. Dempsey, First Lieutenant, C. H. Jack.

Was in the battle of Mansfield, Donaldsonville, LaFouche, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou. Was also in many small engagements. I served most of the time on the picket line, and for two months day and night during the campaign in the spring of 1864, was on the go. I left my wife and three children on the Indian border of Texas, in Denton County, and if she had not been a brave and energetic little woman she would never have survived the hardships of the war.

D. M. JACKSON, Cleburne, Tex.—Born July 4, 1841, near Forsythe, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Yorktown, as private in Company C, Sixth Georgia Infantry, Colquitt's Brigade, Rodes' Division, Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. C. D. Anderson, first Captain, and A. H. Colquitt, first Colonel.

My brigade was detached and sent to Florida to drive out the Federal, Gen. Seymour; fought the battle of Olustee, on return, was at the siege of Charleston, garrisoned Fort Sumpter for a time and returned to Virginia.

Was wounded in the Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond; was shot through the shoulder, which disabled me for quite awhile. Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Williamsburg, Olustee, the blow-up at Petersburg and many other engagements around Richmond. Just before the close of the war was sent to reinforce Johnston, and fought in the last general engagement at Bentonville.

E. D. JACKSON, Hico, Tex.—Born June 14, 1845, in Washington County, Texas, and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Galveston, Tex., in 1863, as private in Company C, Elmore's Regiment, Walker's Brigade. My first Captain was C. C. Buster, and first Colonel was Elnore.

I was not in any engagements, and I can't remember dates to give definite details. It has been a long time since the war and you will get



other reports from the same companies and regiments. I will only register the fact that I was a Confederate soldier and obeyed orders.

**J. A. JACKSON**, Pilot Point, Tex.—Born near Owensboro, Ky. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June, 1861, in Bollivar County, Mississippi, as Sergeant in Company A, Twentieth Mississippi Infantry, Adam's Brigade, Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Brown, first Captain, and Dan Russel, first Colonel.

Was taken prisoner in front of Nashville in December, 1864, and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Baker's Creek, Two Days' Fight in Front of Nashville and Peachtree Creek, in front of Atlanta, Ga.

**J. W. JACKSON**, Crowell, Tex.—Born near Madison, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 at Madison, as private in Company G, Glenn's Regiment, Tom Cobb's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Knight, first Captain, and Glenn, first Colonel.

Was wounded at the battle of Knoxville, Tenn., shot in right shoulder; toe shot off at Chancellorsville, and hit on head with bombshell at Fredericksburg. Was in the battles of Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond, Knoxville, and in the others mentioned above.

**LELAND KENNEDY JACKSON**, Sulphur Springs, Tex.—Born Feb. 19, 1832, at Spartanburg Court House, S. C., and enlisted in the Confederate Army at Memphis, Tenn., as private in Company A, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry. Most of my service was with the Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was W. F. Taylor, and my first Colonel was W. H. Jackson.

Once a comrade at my elbow was wounded, and another time a comrade was killed, and on another occasion my horse was wounded, but I, very fortunately, escaped. In the cavalry service many of the engagements were not called battles, still in these skirmishes there were many casualties. Was in the battle of Belmont, Mo.; Corinth, Miss.; Thompson's Station, the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, the Tennessee campaign under Hood.

I have my certificate of parole, of which I am very proud, dated May 11, 1865. Had only one furlough (in January, 1864), during the whole war.

Like most young men of the times, I "went West," so I joined the service, not with friends and relatives, but amongst strangers. But having passed through many privations, I thank a kind Providence for many gracious blessings which have enabled me to have health and prosperity and to raise a family in Texas.

Amongst the many speculations and diversities of opinions about the facts relating to the war, there remains one fact little thought of and not often discussed by the young men of the present day, never having faced the trying ordeal, of a powerful enemy invading their country.

Take the condition that confronted us in our day. What was the decision we had to make and how would we make it in the line of manhood except just as we did; how could we avoid taking up arms?

The progress of the war at length forced an inevitable conclusion. Overpowered by numbers, their army increasing all the time, while ours was diminishing; their resources unbounded, while ours enfeebled, we had to succumb.

I will mention one strategic move in which my command figured, and which was of great importance, and was attended by great results. As our stronghold at Vicksburg prevented the enemy from using the great river,



Gen. Grant endeavored to come to Vicksburg by land by way of Memphis and Holly Springs and attack us in the rear. He massed a great amount of army supplies at Holly Springs, and Gen. Van Dorn took a force of cavalry and secretly marched around, captured Holly Springs and destroyed millions of dollars' worth of army stores, capturing 2,000 prisoners and causing Grant's army to retreat and take another route to Vicksburg.

One incident is worth relating. Gen. Grant, while at Holly Springs, occupied as headquarters the fine residence of the wealthy citizen, Will Henry Cox. Mrs. Grant remained there, and, as she thought, took up winter quarters with entire security. When she left, true to Yankee cupidity, Mrs. Cox's fine collection of silver-plate disappeared also. One very fine silver vase marked with a family name "Permelia," was also missing. Afterwards, when Mrs. Grant occupied the White House, strange as it may seem, that same vase was amongst the table decorations of the President's home.

A local paper at Holly Springs mentioned the matter at the time, and it was identified by parties who knew it. It is quite possible that the charge was never answered. I am truly glad that no Southern woman will have to rest under a slur of that kind, whether true or not.

Another incident with which I was connected is worthy of mention. This is the remarkable march we made from Tennessee to Vicksburg. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston hastily collected an army on the outside, and Gen. W. H. Jackson, with his Cavalry Division, made the march from Spring Hill, Middle Tenn., to Canton, Miss., in ten days, which was 300 miles, making the march with wagon train and artillery all closed up in good army style, including the slow and tedious ferrying of the Tennessee River. One thing favored us. It was in the last of May, and the days were long and the weather good.

Gen. Johnston assembled an army near Vicksburg, contemplating a bold stroke in relief of the garrison, but he was too late as the place had surrendered on July 4, 1863. He then made a forced march with his army to Jackson, Miss.

Knowing the roads in that country, I was sent at 3 o'clock on July 5 to Gen. Johnston's headquarters as a guide to get the army out on the main road. As the glamor of most events take on the spirit of the occasion, the flickering light of the little lamps under that silent brush arbor, one could never feel more impressed if in the presence of a funeral than that which was taking place.

Many opportunities were offered in army life to study human nature. When Jackson had to fall back across Pearl River on account of the enemy shelling the town and the inhabitants, being in a panic, thinking that the only place of safety was across Pearl River over the pontoon bridge. Every means of conveyance was used in order to transport their belongings—hand carts, wheelbarrows, baby buggies, all went pell mell across the bridge.

Despair was pictured on every face, except now and then a sweet little girl (to give the picture some relief), turning with a smile on her face as though she had not yet known the import of sorrow.

A young man, James B. Mills, in whose veins flowed true love of our Southland, was raised in Washington, D. C., and had spent the early part of his life in the navy. The commencement of the war found him in the western part of Kansas at a military post. He had left there and came a thousand miles down to us. Part of his way lay through a hostile Indian country. He joined the Southern Army and I became greatly attached to him, being messmate and bedmate with him during the war. He was a good soldier.



T. B. JACKSON, Waxahachie, Tex.—Born Nov. 30, 1842, near Alpine, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army, March 14, 1862, at Milford, Tex., as private in Company E, Fifteenth Texas Infantry, King's Brigade, H. E. McCulloch's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department; J. E. Holbert, first Captain, and Speight, first Colonel.

Afterwards changed to Louisiana in the spring of 1864 to give reinforcements against Gen. Banks' army. Was never wounded, but scared several times.

Was captured on the 3rd of November, 1863, and recaptured during the battle of Carrion Crow. We captured 1,000 Federals in this fight. I received the first meritorious furlough granted to Company E. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Yellow Bayou. At Mansfield we captured 2,500 prisoners, 250 wagons and ambulances, twenty-one pieces of artillery and other equipment; underwent hardships too numerous to mention.

W. N. JACKSON, Ivan, Texas—Born May 29, 1833, near Nashville, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army June 15, 1862, near Nashville, as private in Company G, Nineteenth Arkansas Infantry, Churchill's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. D. C. Cowling, first Captain, and Dawson, first Colonel. Was transferred to the Army of Tennessee. Was wounded in the hand on skirmish line near Tullahoma, Ringgold Gap, flesh wound in the shoulder, on J. E. Johnston's retreat from Dalton, bad wound on the head at New Hope Church. Was captured at the battle of Arkansas Post, on Jan. 11, 1863, and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was promoted to First Sergeant of Company G, Nineteenth Arkansas Infantry. Our First Lieutenant was killed at the battle of Chickamauga. Was in the battles of Arkansas Post, Tunnel Hill, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, Jonesboro, Dalton, Decatur, and Franklin.

After I was wounded at the battle of New Hope Church I was in the hospital until July 20, about the time Gen. Hood took command of the Tennessee Army. Was with Hood in a number of the battles fought in the Georgia campaign.

At the battle of Franklin had my arm broken between the shoulder and the elbow by a canister ball. The doctors split my arm from one joint to the other and removed all the shattered bones. I was two years before I could use it. Had my middle finger shot off by a minie ball. Was left in the hospital at Franklin when the army fell back. Was carried to Nashville on Christmas eve night and remained there for about one month, then sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, remaining there about a month and was then sent to Richmond, arriving there on the 6th of March. On the 9th got a leave of absence on parole, and was on my way home when Gen. Lee surrendered.

I still have my prison papers and parole.

JAMES K. POLK JAMISON, Clarksville, Texas—Born Jan. 15, 1845, near Clarksville, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army July, 1861, at Clarksville, Tex., as private in Company B, Ninth Texas Cavalry, L. S. Ross' Brigade, Jackson's Division, Forrest's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Smith, first Captain, and S. B. Maxey, first Colonel. Was transferred to Company F, First Texas Legion, in 1863, and went wherever Gens. Ross, Jackson and the famous and dauntless Forrest said go. Never wounded, though I'll venture to say that I have heard enough bullets whistle to have killed half of Gen. Johnston's army. Was never captured, though the Yanks



got between me and our lines several times. Once when I volunteered to stay behind with our gallant Maj. Norsworthy, who said, "Polk, I expect we had better get out of here." My reply was, "Maj. Joe, I have been ready for some time." Was in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Ky.; siege of Jackson, Miss.; Ninety Days Fighting, known as the Georgia Campaign in 1864. In this campaign we were engaged almost every day for ninety days. Was with Gen. Hood's army on his campaign in Tennessee in 1864. This campaign lasted more than four months and being with the dauntless Forrest we were in many engagements.

**JOHN L. JAMISON**, Clarksville, Texas—Born March 30, 1839, near Clarksville, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the summer of 1861, at Clarksville, Tex., as First Sergeant in Company D, Forrest's Cavalry. Joined Forrest's Regiment in September, 1861, at Memphis, Tenn., Army of Tennessee. N. C. Gould, first Captain, and N. B. Forrest, first Colonel. In the battle at Ft. Donelson, a portion of my company was captured and the officers sent as prisoners of war to Johnson's Island, and the privates to camp Butler. Afterwards we returned to Texas and enlisted in Company A, H and K, Twenty-third Texas Cavalry. In February, 1862, John McCulloch, Bob Wall and myself escaped from Fort Donelson and rejoined Forrest's Regiment, and I served as commissary of said Regiment until after the battle of Shiloh, when I returned to Texas and assisted in raising Company H, Twenty-third Texas Cavalry, and was elected First Lieutenant. In 1864 I was appointed commissary of Col. Gould's Regiment, and served as such until the close of the war.

Was in the battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh. This company D, organized at Clarksville, Texas, joined Forrest's Battalion of Cavalry and were sworn into service October, 1861. From Memphis went to Hopkinsville, Ky., and did scouting service between the Cumberland, Green and Ohio Rivers. Was with Forrest in first fight the command was engaged in, which was with gun-boats in the Cumberland River, second fight at Sacramento, Ky., next battle of Ft. Donelson, in which a portion of officers and men of this company went to prison. Capt. Gould returned to Texas and raised the Twenty-third Regiment of Texas Cavalry.

**D. JARRED**, Stamford, Texas—Born June 19, 1843, near Abbeville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in February, 1862, at Varnell Station, Ga., in Company B, Thirty-ninth Georgia, Runnels' Brigade, Pendleton's Division. Howard Pitner, first Captain, and Joe McConnel, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded nor promoted. Was captured at Vicksburg, on July 4, 1863, and paroled. Was in all the fights from Tennessee to Ohio and back. The hardest fights were at Perryville and Big Black. I had a brother killed at White Church near Atlanta, Ga., Joe Jarred; also a cousin by name of Mayfield, killed at Petersburg, Va.

**WILLIAM A. JARRELL**, Mabank, Texas—Born Aug. 1, 1842, near Jackson, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Montgomery, Ala., Aug. 1, 1862, as private in Company A, Fifty-third Alabama Cavalry, Roddy's Brigade, Kelley's Division, Joe Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was John Hamon, and first Colonel, Mose W. Hamon.

We were sent to Johnston's Army after the battle of Chickamauga. My first opportunity to fight the "Blues" was at Cherokee Station, Northern Alabama. I was detailed out with a bunch of 400, with Forrest when he captured Gen. Straight and 2,000 men down in Georgia. Here we all got guns. I was on picket when Sherman started to the sea. Was in the



battle of Resaca and was busy on the line every day on to New Hope Church and then on to Atlanta.

We were surrendered at Columbia, S. C., where I fired my last gun in the war, under a small pine tree, April 17, 1865. Got my parole at Augusta, Ga., May 5, 1865. About Sept. 1st, Companies A and D were on scout. Six Yankees were seen to go one road to themselves. Lieut. Ariett of Company D, called for five men to follow him and overtake the Yankees. Rube Phillips, Jim Johnson and I rushed off with him. We had gone some distance when we saw the six coming back. Both squads made a charge. Lieut. Arriett was killed from his horse by my side. He was the only one killed on either side. We emptied our guns when the Yankees ran. Rube Phillips caught two, Jim Johnson caught one and I caught one. The other two escaped.

After the fall of Atlanta and Hood had started north, I was with the bunch that captured over a thousand beef steers that were to feed Sherman's Army, and was detailed to help carry them to Macon to feed our army. After this we followed Sherman and would attack him in the rear as opportunity offered. One Sunday morning they turned back on us at Wainsboro; on the third charge we were routed. We had been dismounted and I had run till I was exhausted and some one ordered me to halt. I looked around and one of our men was a little way in front of him and a captive. I turned and before I could get my old rifle up to shoot he had shot three times. I heard them all go by me like hot pitch. I leveled above the horn of his saddle and fired and he tumbled over. My comrade came on with me and said, "Partner you got him." His horse turned the other way with him through the bushes. I and the fellow I recaptured got away all O. K. I am quite sure I killed one blue and captured four.

R. A. JARVIS, Hansford, Texas—Born Feb. 7, 1845, near DeCalb, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at that place, September, 1862, as private in Company I, Fifth Mississippi Cavalry, Harris' Brigade, Chalmers' Division, Forrest's Corps. First Captain of State troops was McClarion and first Colonel was H. C. Roberson.

I was slightly wounded in the Siege of Vicksburg. Once struck on the neck with spent ball, slight flesh found above the left ear, and slight wound in my left arm and in right thigh. Was taken prisoner at Vicksburg and paroled.

Was in the battles of Vicksburg, Harrisburg and Selma. I first enlisted in the State troops in 1862 and went into quarters at Columbus, Miss., and drilled and did guard duty around the Armory and Arsenal at that place until May, 1863 when we were ordered to Vicksburg which was the first real service we did.

I was placed in a Corps of Sharpshooters which was made up of the Fifth and served there most of the time of the siege. Once during the siege the Fifth was on duty in the city and our company was quartered in the court house. One night, about 11 o'clock, a mortar shell fell in the District Court room and struck the railing around the stand and wounded twenty-three of the regiment. The shell went to the ground floor and into the ground where it exploded. I do not remember how many were killed but of our company John Rogers, John Parker, Dan Clark and Martin Jones (who was Adjutant of the Regiment) were killed.

After we were captured on the 4th of July we were paroled and went to our homes, and in September, 1863, we were ordered to Columbus, Miss., where the Mississippi State troops were disbanded and the young men joined a company under Capt. Reynolds of Brandon, Miss., our Captain on



the Sharpshooter line at Vicksburg, and we were sworn into service at De-Calb, Miss., in October, 1863. This company formed a part of the Sixth Mississippi Cavalry. Our Colonel was Ishorn D. Harrison of Columbus, Miss.

The Fourth, Sixth and Eighth Regiments formed a brigade and were commanded by Col. Mabry of Texas, and later by Gen. Stark of Columbus, Miss. We were in a number of fights under Forrest, a few of which I will mention. At Oxford, Miss., we had a spat with the Yankees and held them in check while Forrest went into Memphis and captured nearly as many men and horses as he had and brought them out. At Harrisburg was our worst fight. Our regiment was in Mabry's Brigade in this fight and numbered about 600 men and we lost in killed and wounded about half of that number.

Our Colonel, Ishorn D. Harrison, was killed in this battle and his body was mangled by bayonets after he was dead. I had a close call there; had my cartridge box cut from my belt and my gun knocked out of my hand by grape shot. Our next fight of any consequence was at Selma, Ala., where we were routed.

This was our last fight. I was surrendered with my command at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

W. P. JEANES, McGregor, Texas—Born November 23, 1846, at Pinkneyville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army about Sept. 2, 1863, at Savannah, Ga., at private in Company C, Tenth Confederate Cavalry, Anderson's Brigade, Kelley's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tenn. My first Colonel was Partridge. I was slightly wounded in the hand at the battle of Resaca. The day before we reached Columbia I was cut off from my command and was among the enemy but made my escape and reached Columbia that evening. I was in the battles of Resaca, Adairsville, Chickamauga, then in all the movements of the army in the Georgia Campaign; was in the fighting at Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Ga., then came the battles of New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Kennesaw Mountain and the capture of the Federal wagon train near Cassville. Here a sharp fight ensued and we captured one hundred and eighty-two prisoners and about two hundred wagons with army stores, etc. We Confederates brought across the Etowah River seventy of these loaded wagons with their teams, contents, etc., and burnt the rest. Graysville was also the scene of a hot fight between Wheeler's Cavalry and the Federals in August, 1864. This was during the siege of Atlanta and Gen. Hood sent Wheeler to raid Sherman's communications, we were in the fighting around Atlanta, Ga., and then with the movement of the army from that on through Georgia and Savannah campaign. Then we fought the battle of Aiken, S. C., from there to Columbia we were with all the movements of the army from this place to Jonesboro, N. C., where we surrendered.

JOHN D. JENKINS, McKinney, Texas—Born near Clarksville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 1, 1861, at Mount Pisgah, Tenn., as Sergeant Color Bearer, Company K, Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, A. P. Hill's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was J. W. Lockhart, and first Colonel, W. A. Forbes.

At Chancellorsville I had my collar bone broken, and at Gettysburg was shot through the breast. Escaped from hospital in time for the battles of the Wilderness. Was taken prisoner at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House and was sent to Fort Delaware and from there to Morris' Island, S. C., and placed under fire of our own guns. Was promoted to First



Lieutenant for distinguished gallantry at the battles of Seven Pines and Fredericksburg.

Was in the battles of West Point, Seven Days Around Richmond, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and all the battles of the Wilderness up to the 12th of May when I was captured.

When Gen. Pope took command of the Federal armies he came with a great flourish of trumpets and issued some flaming proclamations to his army. He told them that he came from the victorious West where he never saw anything but the backs of his enemies. That they had only been playing soldier, that their officers had been having their headquarters at citizens' houses, but that from that time on his headquarters would be in the saddle and his watchword would be "On to Richmond."

As it had been reported that Pope had been heavily reinforced, the ever alert Stonewall was anxious to know his exact numbers. As his regular spies were absent he applied to A. P. Hill for a man. Brig. Gen. J. J. Archer, commanding the Tennessee Brigade, said he had the man if he would undertake it. So they took me to Gen. Archer's tent and explained to me what they wanted and the dangers surrounding it.

I went through Pope's whole army and counted his Corps, Division, Brigades and Regiments and got back at 11:20 o'clock next night. About 12 the next night Old Stonewall shattered the grand boasts of Pope, he barely escaping in his night clothes, lost all his quartermaster and paymaster funds. He even lost his hat and coat which were sent to Richmond and placed in a show window.

W. A. JERNIGAN, Centralia, Texas—Enlisted in the Confederate Army as private at the old town of Sumpter, Texas, in April, 1862, in Captain Howard Ballinger's Company (M), and left Texas for Virginia May 7, 1862. Served in Company M, First Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. Was East of the Mississippi River one year on account of physical disabilities, was furloughed from hospital in Richmond back to Texas, by Dr. Lundy Surgeon in charge, approved by all the officers of the command.

In the meantime Vicksburg was Blockaded and by orders from headquarters through Gen. E. Kirby Smith, I went into ranks again in Capt. Snyder's Company, at the town of Rusk, Texas, rendering the last service at Galveston, Tex., under Gen. Magruder and was there when the war closed.

A. F. JOHNSON, Cleburne, Texas—Born July 16, 1832, near Columbia, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1862, at Mt. Kernon, Ark., as private in Company G, McNeil's Regiment, McRae's Brigade, Price's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. Ed Malory, first Captain, and McNeil, first Colonel. Hart's Regiment was nearly all killed and captured at Helena. Was wounded in 1864 at West Port, near Kansas City by minie ball in the left knee. After being captured at Helena, was paroled at Wittsburg, Ark. Was then under M. Jeff Thompson, who was commanding the Northern District of Arkansas. After the battle of Helena we re-organized and I was elected First Lieutenant. Served in McGee's Regiment until I was wounded. Was in the battles of Cotton Plant, Prairie Grove, Cane Hill, Helena, Jenken's Ferry, West Port, and many other engagements during Price's raid through Missouri.



**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN JOHNSON**, Paris, Texas—Born Feb. 4, 1842, at Lexington, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at West Station, as private in Company D, Fortieth Mississippi Regiment, Moore's Brigade, Price's Division. Geo. Wallace, first Captain, and Kolbert, first Colonel. Was wounded at the siege of Vicksburg, June 22, 1863, rifle ball struck my breast bone and passed to back part of shoulder. Was first taken prisoner at the siege of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. Being disabled for regular duty, was detailed to gather beef cattle on the Mississippi River. Was captured again by a Regiment of negro troops and sent to Vicksburg prison, remaining there for two months. We made a trade here with a Federal officer promising him six bales of cotton for our freedom but he never got the cotton. Was in the battles of Iuka, Miss., and Vicksburg. Two of my comrades were killed by the negroes who captured me.

**E. T. JOHNSON**, Avoca, Texas—Born April 13, 1840, near Danville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 29, 1861, at Florence, Ala., as private in Company K, Seventh Alabama Infantry, W. H. T. Walker's Brigade, Bragg's Corps, Army of Tennessee. S. A. M. Wood, first Captain. Was changed to Bowling Green, Ky., to re-enforce Sidney Johnston's army. Was then transferred to Forrest's Cavalry and served as Adjutant of the Tenth Alabama Cavalry until the surrender.

Was in the battles of Corinth, skirmish at Port Hudson, La.; Baker's Creek, Harrisburg, Miss., Selma, Ala.

**FAUNTLEY JOHNSON**, Waco, Texas—Born in Clarksville, Montgomery County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Bosqueville, Texas, in the Quartermaster's Department, E. J. Gurley's Regiment, Bankhead's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. Pat Morris, first Captain, and Gurley, first Colonel. Was never engaged in any battles.

**JAMES JOHNSON**, Mabank, Texas—Born Sept. 27, 1836, near Jackson, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in January, 1862, at Prairieville, Tex., as private in Company C, T. C. Bass' Regiment, Maxey's Brigade, Hindman's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. J. R. Johnson, first Captain, and T. C. Bass, first Colonel. Was transferred at Ft. Smith, Ark., and the Indian Territory, to Cooper's Corps. Was wounded at the battle of Elk Creek, I. T., slight wound on the head. W. M. Huddleston was killed at my left the time I was wounded. 365 went into the battle and 105 came out. Was in the battles of Fayetteville, Prairie Grove, Ark.; Honey Springs, and Elk Creek. We were then sent from Ft. Washita to Houston, Texas, where we were discharged in 1865.

**J. B. JOHNSON**, Mabank, Texas—Born in 1837, near Columbia, Ark. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Kaufman, Texas, as private in Company C, Twentieth Texas Regiment, Maxey's Brigade, Hindman's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. John R. Johnson, first Captain, and T. C. Bass, first Colonel. Was transferred from Ft. Smith, Ark., to the Indian Territory, and from there to Houston, Texas. Never received a wound in all the battles in which I was engaged. Seemed to be out of range of the Yankee bullets.

I think I must have been born lucky, as I was never captured and was never in the guard house except for some small offense. Was never promoted but remained in the ranks and was ever ready when needed. Was in the battles of Prairie Grove, Honey Springs, Elk Creek and several small skirmishes.



J. J. JOHNSON, SR., Longview, Texas—Born Jan. 13, 1826, near Jackson, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Jackson, as first Sergeant in Company K. Nineteenth Tennessee Cavalry, Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division, Army of Tennessee. Stratton, first Captain, and John Newson, first Colonel. Received a slight wound on wrist during the battle of Brice's Cross Roads. Was captured at home, but was not held as a prisoner. Was in the battles of Brice's Cross Roads and Raid into Memphis.

At the battle of Price's Cross Roads Forrest captured more men than he had in the fight, and put the Federals to a disgraceful rout. We captured all their artillery and infantry and everything else they had excepting their horses, on which they made their escape. The Confederates pursued the Federals for about forty miles killing and capturing a great number of men. The Federals made their last stand at Ripley, Miss. Here we captured more than one thousand men in the Court House. The raid into Memphis, Tenn., was in September, 1864. It was very daring for Gen. Forrest to go into Memphis as he did with his small number of men. We entered Memphis about day light one morning and fell back about 10 o'clock, taking 150 or 200 Federal prisoners and about 75 or 100 fine horses. Here the Confederates lost very few men.

To show you that Gen. Forrest was not so cruel, and not a monster, like the Yankees accused him of being, I wish to state this: After falling back a few miles from Memphis, he sent a flag of truce into the Federals' camp to state that if they wanted their men fed, to send out provisions under a flag; for we did not have anything for our own men, as we were living on what we could get in the way of green corn and fresh fruits. Next we forded the Tennessee River and went into Alabama where we tore up the Decatur and Nashville Railroad from Athens to Columbia, and captured all the garrisons and block houses. Then we fell back across the Tennessee River into Mississippi, rested for a few days, and started for Kentucky. We struck the Tennessee River below Johnsonville and after a severe fight captured a large steam boat and a gun boat, loaded heavily with army supplies for Gen. Sherman's army and which we needed very badly. I fell sick here and was left behind, remaining here for about a week, not being able to again join the army until after Gen. Hood's defeat at Nashville. Then joined Forrest again and staid with him until the war closed.

JOHN O. JOHNSON, Austin, Texas—Born June 21, 1841, near Lynnville, Giles County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army March 15, 1862, at Austin, Texas, as private in Company G, Sixteenth Texas Infantry, McCulloch's Brigade, Walker's Division, Army of Trans-Mississippi. Fred W. Moore, first Captain, and Geo. Flournoy, first Colonel. Served all through the war west of the Mississippi River. Was wounded at the battle of Mansfield, in the leg. Am happy to state that I was never a prisoner. Was promoted to Lieutenant of Company C, latter part of 1862 and served a good part of the time as acting Adjutant for the Regiment, and a part of the time as Quartermaster. At the close of the war was in command of Company C. Was in the battles of Millican's Bend, and Mansfield, La., and on account of the wound I had received at Mansfield was not in the battles of Pleasant Hill and Jenkin's Ferry.

R. C. JOHNSON, Waco, Texas—Born Aug. 2, 1847, at White Plains, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1864, in Georgia, as private in Company D, Alabama Partisan Rangers, Martin's Brigade, Allen's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Robt. Draper, first Cap-





"THE NIGHT WAS LIGHTED UP BY BURNING HUMAN BODIES," AT CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA.

Courtesy of J. C. Casler



tain, and John T. Morgan, first Colonel. Was never changed, but at the re-organization of the army received the title Fifty-first Alabama Cavalry. Was appointed Orderly Sergeant. Was in the fight at Noonday, during the Stoneman McCook raid, then Savannah, Averysboro, Aiken, Fayetteville and Bentonville. Received my parole at Greensboro. I was just a common private soldier who never missed a roll call or detail, nor a service in which my company was in, and received an honorable discharge on the last day, without a cent and thirteen hundred miles from home.

By way of reminiscence. Upon the evacuation of Atlanta, our cavalry followed Hood to Tennessee. There we were turned back to Georgia, and hung upon Sherman's rear and flanked him in his march to the sea. Witnessing the horrors and desolations of that inhuman campaign. From Tennessee to Greensboro there was never a day of repose or a bit of exemption from the most exacting service and daily conflict, coupled with deprivations which apparently should have destroyed all of us. The saddest incident of my army life, is that of Dave Ross, a member of my company, who had served with zeal and honor throughout the war and was killed at Bentonville, in the very last engagement. Such a useless sacrifice to the demon of war, and so near his return to his family and home.

RICHARD J. JOHNSON, Austin, Texas—Born Sept. 21, 1835, near Columbia, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, for one year, Capt. Ashby's First Texas Regiment, McCulloch, Colonel, for frontier service. Mustered out April, 1862, re-organized our company at Gonzales as Company C, elected Frank Weeks, Captain, and enlisted in Col. Leo Willis' Cavalry Battalion, Gen. Waul's Legion, and went east of the Mississippi River, where our battalion was detached from the legion and placed under Maj. Gen. Earl VanDorn.

Our first engagement was at Cold Water when Grant made the foolish attempt at the overland route to Vicksburg. Our army retreated to Coffeeville, where we brought Grant to inglorious defeat and entirely routed his army. Gen. VanDorn with about 2,000 cavalry captured Holly Springs, cut off Grant's supplies and captured a great many prisoners, besides a vast amount of stores, ammunition, teams, etc.

We remained with Van Dorn until he was killed at Spring Hill. Our battalion was then consolidated with the Second Missouri Regiment, in Gen. Ross' Brigade, with Forrest's Cavalry. I remained with Forrest until the close of the war.

Was paroled at Jackson, Miss. I was Second Lieutenant in Willis' Battalion and remained so until the end. Slightly wounded at Harrisburg, Miss., Old Town Creek and Fort Pillow. Was engaged in the battles of Cold Water, Coffeeville, Harrisburg, Old Town Creek, Okolona, Tallahassee, Holly Springs, Fort Pillow, Fall of Rome, Selma, Mobile and several minor engagements.

Northern history teaches that Fort Pillow was a massacre. It was not. We attached the fort early in the morning, drove in the enemy, captured the works by 12 o'clock, when they took refuge in their stronghold on the second bank of the Mississippi River.

Gen. Forrest then went to the breastworks and the Federal officer came out. Forrest demanded a surrender. The officer asked on what terms. Forrest replied, "Unconditional." The Federal commander said that he would not surrender his colored troops unless they were treated as prisoners of war. Forrest told him emphatically he would not do it, but would treat all white troops as prisoners of war and the negroes he would treat as negroes. Gen. Forrest further said he would guarantee no fur-



ther loss of life, and no more bloodshed. The Federal officer still refused. Gen. Forrest says, "It is all at an end, and waiked away. The Federal officer went into the fort and ran down his flag of truce and hoisted his battle flag to the top of the flag staff. What was done then is history.

R. W. JOHNSON, *Boydston, Tex.*—Born May 5, 1843, in Pickens County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in August, 1861, in Eutaw, Ala., as private in Company E, Twentieth Alabama, Pettus' Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Lee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was R. E. Watkins and first Colonel, J. W. Garrott, who was killed in the siege of Vicksburg. I received two shots at Rockface Mountain, one part finding lodgement in the seam of my skull. The other was under my eye. I have kept it there ever since.

My first active service was in Eastern Tennessee, fighting what they called "Jayhawkers." Was in the battles of Port Gibson, Big Black Mississippi, Siege of Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and through all the battles in the Georgia Campaign except Resaca and Jonesboro.

Was with Hood in the Tennessee Campaign though not in the battle of Franklin. Stephenson's Division with one brigade of Johnston's Division was left at Columbia, Tenn., and did not come up till night. Was one of the few who covered Hood's retreat after his defeat at Nashville.

I was an eye witness to some of the grandest deeds of heroism ever displayed by mortal man. No one can describe them, no tongue can tell them. Was with the command through the Carolinas with Beauregard and Johnston.

At Bentonville, I witnessed the heroic charge made by the cadets. Our command was their support. Too much can not be said of them. I am sorry to see a controversy arising about the burning of the covered bridge over Broad River, at Columbia, S. C. If R. A. Kyle of Company, Twentieth Alabama, was alive, I would like to ask him to write it up. I know he was on detail, and as we passed by he was asked what those piles of rosin were there for.

Our brigade surrendered at Salisbury. I returned home to find devastation on every side and it looked like there was no place to begin, so my eyes turned to the West and I drifted to Texas.

VIRGIL A. JOHNSON, *Lytle, Texas*—Born July 14, 1842, near Jackson, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at San Antonio, Texas, as private in Company C, Twenty-ninth Texas Cavalry. My first Captain was Dr. J. K. Stevens, and first Colonel was Woods. Was transferred to Duff's Regiment in 1863, at Brownsville, on Rio Grande. I was never in a battle.

Indians are the only people I have ever had any trouble with. In 1865, after I came home, I got into trouble with them, and rode into a bunch of ten on the 12th day of August, 1865, and sure did stay close for a while.

W. B. JOHNSON, *Hillsboro, Texas*—Born in Perry County, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 15, 1862, at Fairfield, Tex., as private in Company B, Twelfth Texas Cavalry, Parson's Brigade, Army of Trans-Mississippi. A. M. Maddox, first Captain, and W. H. Parson, first Colonel. Received a slight wound at Yellow Bayou, La. Was in the hospital at Oak Ridge, Moorehouse Parrish, La. Was in the battles of Cotton Plant, Ark.; Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou and after Gen. Banks during his raid on Red River.



**W. J. JOHNSON**, Kopperl, Texas—Born June 25, 1831, near Whitsburg, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army November, 1862, at Midway, Greene County, as First Lieutenant in Company C, Sixty-first Tennessee. I have forgotten the brigade, division, etc. My first Captain was Jim Jackson, and first Colonel was Pettus. Was taken prisoner the first time at Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, and was paroled. Was taken prisoner on Oct. 3, 1863, and sent to Johnson's Island and stayed in prison till the war was ended.

April, 1863, I was made Captain. I was in no large battles. When my company was in the Big Black fight I was sick in the hospital.

**W. O. JOHNSON**, Marshall, Texas—Born Jan. 11, 1843, near Lawrence, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Marshall, Texas, Oct. 31, 1861, with rank of Fourth Corporal in Company F, Second Texas Cavalry, Churchill's Division, Hindman's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was S. J. Richardson, and first Colonel was Rip. Ford. Was taken prisoner at Arkansas Post and sent to Camp Douglas, Ill. Was only in the battle of Arkansas Post.

**W. P. JOHNSON**, Young, Texas—Born near Thomasville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1863, at Galveston, Tex., as private in Company A, Bradford's Regiment. Was on detach service. J. E. Oliver, first Captain, and Bradford, first Colonel. We were cavalrymen and were on picket duty around the Island and guarded it until the close of the war. Was never in a general engagement, but was shelled many times by the gunboats. Many of the boys and officers died on the Island from yellow fever.

**J. A. JOHNSTON**, Royse City, Texas—Born May 6, 1844, near Troy, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in March, 1862, at China Grove, Ala., as private in Company F, Thirty-seventh Alabama Infantry, Moore's Brigade, Bragg's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Dunn, first Captain, and Dodle, first Colonel. Was not changed until the fall of Vicksburg, when I was captured and paroled, remaining here until exchanged. Went to Demopolis, then to Lookout Mountain.

Was at the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, New Hope Church, and skirmishes all the way down to Atlanta where we lost our Colonel. Was then transferred to Mobile, Ala.

**ABERHAM JONES**, Aledo, Texas—Born April 10, 1844, in Magupin County, Ill. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at Farmersville, Texas, as private in Company F, Partisan Rangers, L. M. Martin's Regiment, Cooper's Brigade, Maxey's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. My first Captain was J. K. Bumpass, first Colonel, L. M. Martin. I was promoted to Second Sergeant. I was in the following battles: Cabin Creek, Wolf Creek, and many other skirmishes. I went out September, 1862, and returned home May, 1865.

**ALBERT F. JONES**, Temple, Texas—Born Sept. 9, 1837, near Montgomery, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Holly Springs, Miss., as private in Company D, Seventh Mississippi Infantry, Featherstone's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Williamson, and first Colonel, Featherstone. Our Corps was sent to aid in the battle of Chickamauga,



and was afterwards returned to Virginia. Received a flesh wound in the Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond. Was never taken prisoner. Was promoted to First Sergeant. Was in the battles of the Virginia Army from Manassas to Appomattox Court House. Was with Lee when he surrendered.

One of my comrades, Ballard Laws, was killed at Knoxville, shot through the head. Before we went into the battle he told me that he felt like we would not come out all right, and if he should be killed he wanted me to promise to write his father, and if he lived through, and I did not, he would write for me. So next morning I wrote the sad intelligence to his father. It would be useless to try to tell about our sufferings from exposure.

I lost three brothers in the war. Two died from exposure, and one died from wounds received at Strausburg, Va.

A. H. JONES, Merkel, Texas—Born Oct. 22, 1839, near Okolona, Miss. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 1, 1861, at Pontotoc, Miss., as private in G. O. Grissom's Company, Mississippi Artillery, Longstreet's Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia. After the first twelve months was changed to Capt. Bradford's company, near Wilmington, N. C. Was wounded near Wilmington, N. C. Was never a prisoner. Was in the battles of Richmond and Petersburg down to Wilmington, N. C. Was in all the battles along this line.

A. J. JONES, Breckenridge, Texas—Born near Clarksville, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on March 15, 1862, at Cheeseland, Red River County, as private in Company I, Seventeenth Texas Dismounted Cavalry, Deshler's Brigade, Churchill's Division. My first Captain was J. J. McKnight.

There were eleven companies in regiment. I was changed to Taylor's Dismounted Cavalry. I fortunately escaped capture at Arkansas Post on Jan. 11, 1863.

Was in the battle of Arkansas Post, after which I was on detail service with Gen. E. Kirby Smith at Shreveport, La., Montgomery's Company, as Provost Guards.

F. M. JONES, Gatesville, Texas—Born April 26, 1843, near Demopolis, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April, 1861, at Hempstead, Tex., as private in Company E, Twenty-sixth Texas Cavalry, DeBray's Brigade, Tom Greene's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. G. W. Owens, first Captain, and DeBray, first Colonel. I was fortunate enough to escape being wounded and was discharged in April, 1865, serving the entire time of the war. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Yellow Bayou and many skirmishes in Louisiana.

F. P. JONES, Como, Texas—Born Feb. 14, 1836, in Pickins County, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861, at Sulphur Springs, Texas, as Flag Bearer in Company D, First Texas Battalion, Greene's Brigade, B. McCulloch's Division, VanDorn's Corps, Trans-Mississippi Department. J. A. Weaver, first Captain, and J. A. Andrews, first Colonel. We reinforced A. Sydney Johnston at Shiloh, then went to Knoxville and on to Kentucky under Kirby Smith; next to the battle of Richmond, Ky.; captured the entire army and lost only nine men. Was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga, in the left leg. From here we went to Big Black Mississippi and engaged in battle at Jackson, and on to Jonesboro, Ga. Then the Siege of Atlanta. Slight wound on arm at Atlanta, then to Murfreesboro. The



most trying thing of the war was leaving our boys wounded on the field at Murfreesboro. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Oak Hill, Corinth, Farmville, Richmnod, Ky.; Harrisburg, Siege of Atlanta, Jonesboro, Columbia, Nashville, and Mobile, where we surrendered.

G. K. JONES, Wolfe City, Texas--Born in Savannah, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in the spring of 1863, at Corinth, Miss., as private in Company F, Featherstone's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Carpenter, first Captain, and Ham, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was engaged in the battle of Brice's Cross Roads and in a number of skirmishes.

JAMES A. JONES, Bridgeport, Texas--Born June 21, 1841, near Verona, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April, 1861, at Rickman, Tenn., as private in Company B, Forty-first Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Brigade, Hardee's Division, Army of Tennessee. Was wounded at Nashville on the White Pike by shot through the ankle. Was captured in 1864 and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where I remained a prisoner until May, 1865. First promoted to Sergeant and acted as Third Lieutenant. Was in the battles of Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Nashville, Franklin, Missionary Ridge, Dead Angle, Resaca, Tunnel Hill, Kennesaw Mountain, Jonesboro, Raymond and Jackson, Mississippi.

JESSE JONES, Knox City, Texas--Born Feb. 29, 1842, near Somerville, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Fort Donelson, Feb. 6, 1862, as private in Twenty-sixth Mississippi, Barksdale's Brigade. My first Colonel was Reynolds, Wheeler's Cavalry. The Twenty-Sixth Mississippi was captured at the fall of Fort Doneison on the 16th of Feb., 1862, and carried to Camp Douglas, Ill., near Chicago. I made my escape after the surrender of Fort Donelson.

I was in the Alabama Cavalry at Murfreesboro and was wounded by a musket ball penetrating the elbow which was afterwards stiff. I was captured four times and made as many escapes in less than forty-eight hours each time.

Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro and a host of cavalry fights under Gen. Wheeler around Nashville, Franklin and Murfreesboro. After my wounded arm would permit, I returned to duty and surrendered at Danville.

JOHN C. JONES, Anson, Texas--Born May 4, 1837, in Maury County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, in Arkansas, as private in Company E, Hindman's Brigade, Pendrin, first Captain, and Hindman, first Colonel. Served in the Army of Tennessee until the fall of Atlanta. Made my escape and served with Gen. Forrest until the end. Was wounded at the battle of Perryville, shot through the right leg, and wounded at the battle of Chickamauga in the left leg. Was captured at Perryville and at the fall of Atlanta, but made my escape. Was in the battles of Green River, Ky.; Perryville, Ky.; Shiloh, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Jonesboro, Farmington, Miss.; Richland Creek, Tenn. Was taken prisoner four times and made my escape three times.

J. M. JONES--Born in Henderson County, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, in Harrison County, Tex., as private in Company C, Jemerson's Regiment. Was in the Texas Reserves. George, first Captain, and Jemerson, first Colonel. I volunteered under Lieutenant Hardeman as



body guard for Gen. Wharton, at Shreveport, La., and got a furlough for forty days. Came home and went to Arkansas after my sister. While there for safety went into Gano's command and went into a hot engagement and whipped Gen. Banks. He went down Red River and tackled him again, where he licked him again. I came back to Texas from Arkansas and was ordered to the stockade in Smith County, to guard the boys in blue. Was there when the end came. Now, referring to the above statement. I was forced into Gano's command because they were fighting so thickly over there that I was in great danger. When a man met a crowd of these guerrillas, as they were called, he had to fight for dear life or be captured.

**J. R. JONES**, Carrigan, Texas.—Born in Jackson, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1862, at Moscow, Texas, as private in Company K, Fourteenth Texas, Randall's Brigade, Walker's Division. My first Captain was L. B. Wood, and first Colonel, Randall. We went out under Randall and was transferred to Clark's Regiment; Randall having eleven companies and Clark only nine. I was wounded at the battle of Jenkin's Ferry, being shot in the hip. When I came to myself there was no one on the battlefield except myself and the dead and wounded. In a short time after I became rational the Yankees sent a line of skirmishers on the battlefield. They were all negroes except the officer. One of the negroes threw his gun on me to shoot, but I begged him out of it. My wound is still running.

This was a hard fought battle. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkin's Ferry.

I will not try to tell about our hardships and privations but will just say they were bad enough.

**JOHN W. JONES**, Mambrino, Tex.—Born Jan. 5, 1837, at Stanbery, N. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at Centerville, S. C., at the age of 24, as Sergeant in Company A, Fourteenth South Carolina, Gregg's Brigade, Wilcox's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was W. J. Carter, and first Colonel, James Jones. Was never changed. Was taken prisoner at Spottsylvania Court House, May 10, 1864, and sent to Fort Delaware. They had quit exchanging prisoners so I had to remain and was discharged in June and got home on the 27th of June, 1865.

I walked from Gettysburg to Staunton, Va., with my shoes about worn out, when I started.

Was in the battles of Seven Days Around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania Court House. James W. Jones, the only brother in the Company with me, was in all the principal battles with me and was killed at Gettysburg in July, 1863.

I was wounded June 27, 1864, at Gaines' Mill, and also wounded in the thigh at Gettysburg, and in the foot at Richmond.

**MARTIN CALLOWAY JONES**, Robert Lee, Texas—Born Oct. 29, 1841, near Livingston, Texas. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1862, at Livingston, as private in Company K, Fourteenth Texas Infantry, Randall's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. L. B. Wood, first Captain, and Ed. Clark, first Colonel. Was never changed, wounded, captured nor promoted. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill and Jenkins' Ferry.

**M. I. JONES**, Dallas, Tex.—Born Aug. 6, 1842, near Forsythe, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in May, 1861, at New Orleans, La., as pri-



vate in Company A, "Caddo Rifles," First Louisiana Infantry, Stafford's Brigade, Starke's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, Army of Virginia. My first Captain was H. R. Shivery, and first Colonel was Blanchard.

Was in the Army of Virginia during the whole of the war. Was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville in the arm and was in the Winder hospital two months. Was promoted to Third Sergeant on battlefield of Sharpsburg, Md. We had four Color Bearers killed at Sunken Roads in the Sharpsburg fight.

Was in the battles of Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Germantown, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, Wilderness, which was my last fight for Dixie.

My regiment was armed with old army muskets, and used the "Buck and Ball" cartridge, one round musket ball and three buckshot.

We left New Orleans by rail and arrived at Richmond about June 5, 1861. As we were among the first troops to arrive from the far South the citizens welcomed us joyfully. The Third Alabama came in the same day, commanded by the gallant Lomax.

Our first baptism of fire was at the battle of Seven Pines. We were not actively engaged but under fire.

Our regiment moved from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill where on July 1, 1862 we went into that bloody charge about 5 o'clock and fought till after dark. Forty guns of the enemy threw grape and canister into our ranks with terrible effect. Here we charged across an undulating field of about nine hundred yards, and about half way we encountered a deep ravine. This to some extent shielded us from the enemy's batteries. A hot fire now began. We had the advantage as we fired up hill and the enemy down hill and the artillery were unable to depress their guns so as to reach us. Their killed and wounded were left on the field. We buried their dead on July 2, in a drenching rain. The sight of 2,000 dead men, friends and foes, terribly mangled, and lying in rows, was sickening.

After this battle we encamped near Richmond, and all the boys under 21 and men over 35 were dismissed. In our company only three took leave, but in our regiment a number went out of service under foreign protection. I was twenty years old but decided to fight on.

Early in August, 1862, Gen. Lee started on to Manassas and Maryland. The army halted in front of the enemy's position which was near Jeffersonville, Va. My company, after cooking four days' rations, left at daylight on Aug. 26, 1862, and marched across country towards Manassas. On we tramped, strung out like cattle; dusty and footsore, but lively. Night coming on we marched by God's lamps, reaching camp about 12 o'clock at night, the boys in droves tramped in like birds, seeking shelter, too weary to wash our dirt-stained hands and faces. We ate a lunch and fell asleep to dream of good things in store for us at Manassas Junction.

This march from daylight till 12 o'clock at night was forty-seven miles, and brought us within ten miles of Manassas Junction. Breaking camp at daylight we marched for the Junction. J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry captured the Junction at daylight, the infantry coming up about nine o'clock A. M.

Here all their army stores were captured and burned. We had plenty of coffee, sugar, bacon, hard tack, besides many luxuries; in fact, we had a picnic. All "Stonewall's" wagons were loaded, every officer and private in the line had a Yankee canteen; haversack loaded, a new suit of underwear, new oil cloth and double blanket.

Jackson fell back to near old Bull Run field and let Gen. Pope pass on to Washington. Pope believed he could destroy Jackson before Lee with Longstreet and A. P. Hill could reach him. Pope attacked Jackson Aug.



30th. Our regiment held position behind the embankment of the Manassas Railway, and waited from early morning till about 5 o'clock P. M., when Pope made his attack. He was driven back, though four lines of battle charged us, and the loss was very great. Our old fashioned smooth bore muskets, with buck and ball, at close range, did great slaughter, while our line of battle was never broken.

The last charge they made was just before sundown. Gens. Jackson and Starke came from the rear in double quick, passing the line of battle in front, with caps lifted. The troops cheered while the enemy retreated, and our gray line all along stood at rest, while Longstreet and Hill came in solid lines of gray, with arms gleaming in the sunlight. While Stonewall was in a strip of woods, sitting on his horse, viewing the retreating army, a cannon ball cut a limb from a pine tree and knocked off his cap.

In front of our brigade, the enemy lay piled in heaps, mowed down by a battery of eight guns, and deadly buck and ball.

Our brigade, now armed with Enfield rifles, captured by the thousands on the field, with unlimited ammunition, were well equipped. Resting on the battlefield that night, burying the dead, and cooking four days' rations, Jackson found the enemy slowly retreating. At daylight, on Aug. 31st, next day, Pope's rear guard was attacked, and the battle of Germantown was fought.

Harper's Ferry surrendered with 1,200 prisoners early in the morning of the 17th. My regiment went into the fight at Sharpsburg about daylight and was engaged till noon. At Sunken Road the enemy enfilated our regiment and we were forced to fall back under a terrible artillery fire. Here we had four Color Bearers killed and our division commander, Gen. Starke. Our line fell back to the position occupied early in the morning. Gen. McLaw was in line, lying down on the battlefield, in the edge of the woods, awaiting the advancing enemy's line. He gave them a volley at close range and charging them, drove them back.

The last of October, 1862, we crossed Blue Ridge Mountain and went into camp at Fredericksburg. Gen. Joe Hooker crossed the Rapidan at U. S. Ford at Chancellorsville Tavern. "Stonewall," by rapid marching, stopped Hooker's advance, and by a flank movement gained a victory in the first day's fight. Sigle's old Dutch troops to the number of about 6,000, were captured here. The old Rebel yell, as the troops debouched from the woods and coming on to the enemy at a double quick, had the enemy panic stricken. They resembled a herd of cattle on stampede. Knapsacks in large piles, beeves skinned and cooking, arms stacked, artillery parked, were a great sight and a great victory for us.

Hooker fell back to Chancellorsville. Gen Jackson formed his lines of battle the following night facing the enemy. Our position was in line on the left of the old plank road. We lay all night under severe shelling. At daylight we found the enemy entrenched behind log breastworks, but after a sharp fight we routed them.

None of our troops knew of Jackson's being wounded until the fighting was all over. I was wounded in the left arm while charging a battery in rear of the Old Tavern on the second evening.

After this Gen. Lee's army went into winter quarters near Orange Court House and remained there till the spring of 1864, when the campaign began. My company was in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, where I was wounded, captured and taken to Point Lookout, and then to Elmira, N. Y., held there seven months, paroled on Feb. 26, 1865, and sent to Richmond, and was there at the evacuation. Marched to Newbury Court House, S. C., and remained there till Lee and Johnston surrendered.



M. J. JONES, Gail, Texas—Born May 16, 1836, near Covington, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Covington in May, 1861, as private in Company H, Third Georgia Infantry, Wright's Brigade, Anderson's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Gus Lee, and first Colonel, A. R. Wright. Was in the battles of Chickamauga, Gaines' Mill, Second Manassas, Spottsylvania Court House, Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Winchester, Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, and Appomattox Court House. Was also at the Crater at Petersburg and others too numerous to mention.

We were stationed in 1861, at Portsmouth, Va., and I was detailed to work on the Merrimac for three months in the Navy Yard. The Third Georgia captured a little boat called Fannie, near Fort Hatteras in North Carolina with 1,000 blue overcoats on board.

O. G. JONES, Waco, Texas—Born near Jefferson City, Mo. Enlisted early in the war at LaGrange, Texas, as private in Company A, Nichols' Regiment, and served the first six months for which we were enlisted. Re-enlisted and went north. My first Captain was Tate, and first Colonel was Nichols. First went to Gen. Hindman and then served under Gen. Price. Was afterwards attached to Walker's Division, where I remained till the close of the war. Was fortunate in never being wounded nor taken prisoner. Served as a Color Guard and Sergeant.

Was at the battle of Pleasant Hill, Mansfield, Jenkin's Ferry, and several small fights around Vicksburg, in an effort to relieve that city before the surrender. Carrion Crow Bayou, Milliken's Bend and other skirmishes in lower Louisiana.

W. H. JONES, Brady, Texas—Born Feb. 6, 1842, at Centerville, Tenn., where I enlisted in the Confederate Army on the 9th of April, 1861, as private in Company H, Eleventh Tennessee, Raines' Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Tom Bateman and first Colonel, J. G. Raines. Was in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and all the battles from Resaca to Atlanta.

At the battle of Chickamauga, I got my heel shot off. Was in the hospital about two months, returning to my command and serving till the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., without another wound.

In the spring of 1862, we were attached to Bragg's army, and were in his campaign in Kentucky, where we were in a number of fights the most important of which was Lexington. The army then moved down into Middle Tennessee and then came the battle of Murfreesboro, on the last day of December, 1862 and the first day of January, 1863.

That night we started on our retreat to Shelbyville. We were not whipped though some call it a Federal victory. We quietly fell back to Shelbyville where we went into winter quarters.

After leaving winter quarters I do not remember anything of importance till the battle of Chickamauga, which was in September, 1863. In that battle we were in Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps. Longstreet was on the left, Hardee in the center and Polk on the extreme right. This was a hard two days' fight. In the evening of the first day Cheatham and Cleburne were ordered to the right to relieve Polk. This was late in the evening. In the night we drove them from their position and about 10 o'clock we were ordered to stack arms, when I heard Gen. Polk tell Gen. Gordon that he could shell Longstreet's left from his right with a parrot gun. We were ordered to rest but take off nothing. About 4 o'clock in the



morning we started in pursuit of the enemy. I was on skirmish line and went up on Missionary Ridge about 10 o'clock. We thought we were going to Chattanooga that day, but we did not, and the Yankees had good time to reinforce and they had about ten men to our one. If we had not stopped, but had pushed on we could have easily taken Chattanooga.

I was sitting on a log when Gen. Forrest rode up and gave me a paper and told me to take it to Gen. Bragg at once. I told him I had no horse and he asked me what I was doing there, and I told him that I was Infantry Vidette, sent in rear of the cavalry and had overtaken them. He told me that I was a swift one and he handed the paper to a cavalryman and looked over into Chattanooga. As he was about to put up his glass I asked him to let me look and he handed it to me saying, "Look all you want." As I handed it back to him he asked me what I thought and I told him they were in a stir. He replied that we would stir them worse before night.

Every private soldier in the ranks thought so too and was anxious to advance at once.

The last evening at Missionary Ridge when the brigade on our left gave way, Cheatham on their right and my regiment on the right of the Division. Two other comrades and myself heard no commands and saw no movements and were left. The Lieutenant ran back to tell us that we were left and we started. Lieut. Jones was wounded, and he asked me not to leave him, so I took him astraddle of my back, but by this time, the Yankees were so close they were trying to halt me, but I carried him out, out-running them and their bullets, carrying him four miles to Chickamauga Station, and put him on the train. If living, he can be found at Waverly, Tenn. I give this reference because it sounds "Fishy." He weighed about 145 pounds and I 185. I thought afterwards that I could have caught a quart of bullets in a pint cup if the bottom had held.

From Misisonary Ridge we went to Dalton and remained till 1864. One morning we had orders to prepare three days' rations which was unusual, but any of us could have eaten it at one meal, which some did, saying "let every day provide for itself," others saying if they were killed they would have it.

We fell back to Resaca which was the beginning of the Georgia campaign and to make that short and as correct as I can, will say that it was one battlefield from there to Atlanta where we had a desperate battle in which my company lost every commissioned officer. I was with Hood when he started on the Tennessee campaign. On this campaign we had three hard fought battles, Columbus, Franklin and Nashville. This brought the war to a close.

Joseph E. Johnston again was put in command and started to join Lee as we all thought, but Lee surrendered before he could reach him. We surrendered at Greensboro, N. C.

**JAMES DOUGLAS JORDAN, M. D.,** Madisonville, Texas—Born April 16, 1844, near Jordan Springs, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in April or May, 1861, at Ripley, Tenn., as private in Company K (Lauderdale Hornets), Ninth Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade, who was afterwards our division and corps commander. My first Captain was Joe C. Marley, and first Colonel was Douglas. I never left the Company, Regiment nor Brigade, and one of the two of our company who were with Johnston when he surrendered near Greensboro, N. C., in 1865.

Was wounded at Perryville, Ky. My brother, Samuel Jordan, was killed by my side and I was shot in the face which resulted in permanent partial deafness. Was wounded in the thigh in front of Atlanta, July 20, 1864.



Was taken prisoner at Harrisburg soon after the battle of Perryville, Ky., and was sent to Louisville, Cairo and Camp Douglas, Ill. Was exchanged at City Point, Va., and returned to my command at Shelbyville, Tenn.

I served as Corporal when the ranks were reduced to two by deaths, discharges, wounds, desertions and transfers. Was in the battles of Perryville, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, all the battles from Chattanooga to Dalton, Ga., Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and the almost daily fight from Dalton to Atlanta, including New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Dead Angle and others. Our regiment covered retreat from Nashville to Tennessee River.

**E. T. JOSEY**, Bering, Texas—Born in Butler County, Ala., in 1833. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Moscow, Texas, as private in Company F, Fourth Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Brigade. My first Captain was J. M. Crosson and first Colonel, Riley. Was changed from Sibley's to Tom Greene's Brigade: when he was killed, served in Wharton's Brigade. Was in the battle of Val Verde, N. M., and some other small engagements near Santa Fe, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, La., and all the others in which my command was engaged.

**WILLIAM COLONNA JOYNES**, McKinney, Texas—Born in Elizabeth City, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May, 1861, at Williamsburg, as private in Company F, Thirty-second Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Tinsley, first Captain and Ewell, first Colonel. Was discharged and re-enlisted in the Norfolk light artillery at Richmond, Va. In 1862 I asked for a transfer from infantry to artillery, but was refused on account of being under age. I demanded a discharge and re-enlisted. Was wounded at the battle of Petersburg April 2, 1865, and sent to Point Lookout, Md., and released at the close of the war. Was in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines and through the Siege at Petersburg, also at the battle of Fredericksburg when we bursted one of our guns.

**J. O. JUSTIS**, Mt. Pleasant, Texas—Born Nov. 10, 1843, in Troup County, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army April 12, 1861, at Mt. Pleasant, Texas, as Third Corporal in Company I, Eleventh Texas Cavalry, McCulloch's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department. J. P. Hill, first Captain, and Bill Young, first Colonel.

After the battle of Elkhorn we were transferred to the Mississippi Army under Gen. Ector; were dismounted in Arkansas. Was slightly wounded at the battle of Richmond, Ky. Was in the battles of Elkhorn, Farmington, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro; followed Joe Wheeler in every battle during the war. Was never captured nor promoted.

**JAMES H. KEARLY**, Cleburne, Texas—Born Jan. 20, 1836, at Hartsville, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army in September, 1861, at McKinney, Tex., as private in Company C, Sixth Texas Cavalry, McCulloch's Brigade. My first Captain was Fayette Smith and first Colonel, B. Warren Stone.

At the time of the removal of Van Dorn's army from Middle Tennessee to Mississippi I was transferred to the Twenty-Fourth Tennessee Infantry.

Was never wounded. Was in the battles of Tustanola, Kuttsville, Mo.; Elkhorn, Ark.; Farmville, Iuka, Corinth, Hatchie Bridge and Oakland, Miss.; Spring Hill, Tenn. Was with the Sixth Texas and Twenty-



Fourth Tennessee at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. Was in many skirmishes too numerous to mention.

The first battle we had with the Indians was at Tuestanola. As we went up the mountain after them, they slapped their sides and gobbled like turkeys. We killed some of them and routed the others and captured about 300 fine beeves and camp equipment, besides their women and children. During the day we came across an old squaw lying on a buffalo robe. She was so old she looked like a pile of wrinkles. We tried to feed her, but she shut her eyes and would not look at us. We turned the women and children over to Col. Cooper, a Confederate Indian.

At Missionary Ridge our Captain, Burroughs, was killed. We took his body across Chickamauga River and buried it in a garden between the river and Chickamauga Station. We had no coffin. It was hard to have to bury our beloved Captain in this way, but it was the best we could do.

He was a brave and good man and a true soldier. We learned before we got him buried that the army had left the pontoons, so we started for Chickamauga Station and got scattered, and, as we had no guns, we were captured and carried to Rock Island Prison, where I registered as belonging to Company C, Sixth Texas Cavalry, intending, if I was ever exchanged, to go back to my old company.

At the battle of Iuka, Miss., Col. Sull Ross put me on vidette duty, about a mile from the army, and I had to stay there all night. I was on guard the night of the battle of Chickamauga.

At the battle of Corinth I tried to save a Yankee by setting him up against a stump, but he bled to death.

**E. H. KEASLER**, Marshall, Texas—Born June 28, 1840, at Antioch, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army some time in 1861 at Providence, Ala., as private in what was afterward Company H, Eleventh Alabama Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Sam Vangaudt, and first Colonel was Rodes.

Some time in 1862 I was given a discharge on account of my having no collarbone in my left shoulder. Soon after I re-enlisted in the Fifth Alabama.

Was changed to the naval service in 1864 and served on the battleship *Charleston* in Charleston Harbor for about eleven months. I was never wounded, except slightly, at the battle of the Wilderness by a minie ball. I fell as if shot through the heart, but it only grazed the skin. I soon got up, but was taken prisoner. Was sent to Washington, D. C., where, after ten days of prison life, I was exchanged.

In the naval service I was ship's yeoman, Captain's clerk, etc.

Was in the Seven Days' Battle around Richmond, and the battle of the Wilderness. Here we captured seventeen Yankees. They were so surprised at Jackson's attack they ran off without their arms.

**W. H. KEFFER**, M. D., Hico, Texas—Born March 16, 1833, at Newbern, Va. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Logan, W. Va., as private in Company K, Thirty-Sixth Virginia Regiment, Floyd's Brigade, Army of Virginia and East Tennessee. My first Captain was Henry M. Beckley, and first Colonel, John McCasland.

Was detached to take charge of the sick of the Thirty-Sixth Virginia Regiment at Beckley, Va. (now West Virginia), Feb. 21. From Cotton Hill the sick were removed to Dublin, Va.

Was in the battles of Cross Lane, Saltville and Wytheville, Va.



Floyd's Brigade was ordered from Dublin, Va. to Bowling Green, Ky. Hospital was established and then the command was ordered to Fort Donelson. The sick and wounded were moved to Nashville, and from there to Dublin, Va.

Was appointed examining surgeon, camp of instruction, Dublin, Va., then operating surgeon at Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 30, 1862, and remained in the medical department until the close of the war.

JOHN D. KEITH, Santa Anna, Texas—Born in 1844, near Luther-ville, Ga. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 26, 1861, at Magnolia, Ark., as color bearer in Company A, Fifth Arkansas Regiment, commanded by Ex-Gov. Rector. First Captain, Thomas P. Dockery, who was promoted to Colonel. This enlistment was with Arkansas state troops. After the defeat of the Federals at Oak Hills we volunteered as artillery and were sent east of the Mississippi River. I was badly wounded at Vicksburg, and long after I returned to the service pieces of the bone worked out through the flesh. I was surrendered at Island No. 10, but made my escape in company with a few others by crossing Reelfoot Lake in dugouts. Was again surrendered at Vicksburg and paroled. I was gunner of "Whistling Dick" when she won her name from the Yankees on June 28, 1862, and held this position till she was bursted.

Was in the battles of Oak Hills and in the bombardment at Island No. 10; was in the siege of Vicksburg, besides six other engagements with both Porter's and Farragut's fleets. The siege of Vicksburg lasted forty-eight days. I was in the fights at Jenkins Ferry, Chickasaw Bayou, and many other artillery duels.

Paul T. Dismukes was our last Captain, and is still living at Magnolia, Ark. (1910.) I feel as proud as a king of the humble part I took in the only army which ever fought to maintain the integrity of the white race. We were not ignorant of the fact that we were fighting the whole world. We knew we were right, and fought for our sunny Southland with her grand men and noble women, every one of them a king or queen in their own right. God bless the Daughters of the Confederacy for trying to hand down a true history of these fateful days just as it was shot from the guns of those Southern boys and flashed from the swords of our matchless commanders. Confederates ask nothing more.

At Oak Hills the Fifth Arkansas and Third Missouri Regiments made the last charge against the Federal position, held by Gen. Lyon. Here we witnessed the utter rout of the first Federal army we had ever encountered. An amusing incident occurred. The Federal prisoners had been told that if captured we would butcher them, and they were expecting to be executed at any moment. One ugly Irishman gave vent to his feelings by saying that "Iv'ry wan of ye's will go to h—ll because of me." At Island No. 10 we had a battery and four guns, which for three days fought the whole Yankee fleet. Our men who were not killed or wounded were so much worn that Gen. McGown called for volunteers to relieve them. We waded Reelfoot Lake for half a mile we took charge of the guns. The river was rising, and we had to move our ammunition. We had to put it on the breastworks, in plain view of the enemy. It was in boxes of two hundred pounds each, and the boxes had rope handles so that we could carry them. Pug Formby and I were carrying one of the boxes, when a shell from the enemy struck our breastworks near where we were standing and exploded, spilling both us and the ammunition into the opening; but we held on to it and landed it out of danger. These four guns continued to fight Porter's whole fleet until the rising water drove us out. Here my brother was taken prisoner and carried



North, where he died. In 1862, while fighting Farragut's fleet, two of our men, while seriously wounded, begged piteously for water, and one of them said to Dave Dickson: "Won't you give me a drink?" To do this was to risk being killed, as the air was full of shot and shell. Dave said: "If I live long enough, I will." He took a canteen and deliberately walked seventy-five yards directly toward the enemy to an old cistern, drew the water and returned in the same deliberate way and gave his dying friend a drink. I have often thought that this was one of the most daring and heroic deeds and proof of devotion to a comrade that occurred during the war. Dave Dickson lived till a few years ago, loved and honored by all who knew him.

I was in old Arkansas a few days ago, and met two of my old chums, one of whom was in my detachment at Whistling Dick, and while going after an ambulance to take me off the field where I had lain for ten hours, had the sole of his shoe shot off by a minie ball, but he walked with his sore foot till he found what he wanted. Brave old Cicero Ansee; dear old boy, I will not forget you.

**TARLTON FLEMING KEITH**, Llano, Texas—Born Aug. 13, 1846, near Liberty Hill, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Camp Bigland, La., as private in Company H, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Infantry, Mouton's Brigade. My first Captain was James Brice, and first Colonel, Henry Gray.

Was transferred to the Navy Department just a few days before President Lincoln was assassinated. Served on the rebel ram "Webb," which met disaster on its first attempt to run the blockade. After running the gauntlet from the mouth of Red River to New Orleans, we met the U. S. boat Brooklyn face to face, where we grounded our boat and burned the 350 bales of cotton on board.

Was never wounded. We were captured and taken to New Orleans and placed in the Picayune Cotton Press, where we remained until the surrender of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Was in the battles of Franklin, Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

**R. P. KELLY**, Lockhart, Texas—Born March 10, 1845, near Gonzales, Tex. Enlisted in the Confederate Army at Camp Terry, near Austin, Tex., in May, 1862, as private in Company K, Seventeenth Texas Infantry, Waterhouse's Brigade, Walker's Division, Kirby Smith's Corps. My first Captain was S. J. P. McDowell, and first Colonel, R. T. P. Allen.

Was wounded at the battle of Mansfield, in the right arm. Was promoted in the latter part of 1864 to Third Corporal.

Was in the battles of Gaines Landing, Milliken's Bend, Mansfield and Jenkins Ferry.

**T. A. KELLY**, Hempstead, Texas—Born May 15, 1847, near Bishopville, S. C. Enlisted in the Confederate Army Sept. 1, 1861, at Abbeville, Ala., as Sergeant in Company E, Fifty-Seventh Alabama Infantry, Clanton's, and afterward Scott's Brigade, Loring's Division, Polk's Corps (afterward Stewart's), Army of Tennessee. My first Captain was Horatio Wiley, and first Colonel, Cunningham.

When I first volunteered I joined Clanton's Brigade, which was stationed at Pollard, Ala., and afterward stationed at Montgomery, Selma, Demopolis and Montevallo. Then we joined Johnston at Resaca, Ga., under Brig. Gen. Scott of Louisiana.

Was wounded at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, and a Federal sur-



geon amputated my leg near the hip joint. Was wounded on the 20th of July, 1864, and the amputation was made on July 22, 1864.

Was taken prisoner where I was wounded and spent four months in Chattanooga and nine months at Nashville, Tenn. Was not able to leave the Federal hospital till Aug. 21, 1865.

Was on duty every day in the campaign from Resaca to Atlanta, Ga.

**T. A. KELLY**, Longview, Texas—Born April 15, 1836, near Tuskegee, Ala. Enlisted in the Confederate Army May 29, 1861, at Greenville, Ala., as private in Company F, Eighth Alabama Infantry, Wilcox's Brigade, Mahone's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. My first Captain was Hillery A. Herbert and first Colonel, John A. Winston. Served through the war without a scratch.

I was made First Sergeant and commanded the company through the last year of the war.

Was in the battles from Yorktown to Richmond, Seven Days, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Deep Bottom, Dutch Gap, Second Manassas, Gettysburg, Antietam, Wilderness and Bean's Station; was one of the boys who took the "Crater" from the negroes.

**WILL ED. KELLY**, Cedar Creek, Texas—Born Sept. 2, 1845, near Tazewell, Tenn. Enlisted in the Confederate Army on Aug. 21, 1861, at Knoxville, Tenn., as private in Company B, Second Tennessee Cavalry, Wheeler's Brigade, Albert Sidney Johnston's Corps, Bragg's Army.

Was taken prisoner in June, 1863, and sent to Camp Morton, Indianapolis, Ind., and remained there until March, 1864.

Was in the battles of Perryville, Ky.; Chickamauga and Fishing Creek, where Gen. Zollicoffer was killed.

One incident came under my observation at the battle of Chickamauga. Our commanding officer, Major Coon, was riding up and down the line shouting to the Yankees at the top of his voice that if they shot him he would report them to Susie Coon. In that battle we lost one of our best Captains, J. D. Ford. Just as we crossed Chickamauga Creek I saw him fall dead from a rifle shot. Two of his men carried him off. We lost two of our brave boys there, McBee and Ellis. They were hit by a cannon ball, which tore them to pieces. I helped to get the fragments together.

There are many other incidents which I might relate.

**G. G. KEMPNER**, M. D., Bonanza, Texas—Born Sept. 5, 1844, at New Liberty, Owen County, Ky. Joined the Confederate Army in Owen County, Ky., Aug. 25, 1862, as private in Company C, Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, Marshall's Brigade. The division was commanded by Ransom, Buckner and John H. Morgan. My first Captain was J. T. Alexander, and first Colonel was H. L. Giltner, who was promoted to Brigadier General, but did not get his commission before the war closed.

Was wounded in the left forearm at the second battle of Cynthiana, Ky., in the last charge, on June 11, 1864.

Was taken prisoner June 12, 1864, at Lexington, Ky., and sent to Camp Morton, Ind., where we were treated with inhuman cruelty, starved and frozen. About February 10, 1865, was surprised at an offer to be allowed to "take the oath," which I did with another comrade, with no thought of its observance; but my illness was diagnosed as consumption and the war was long over before I was well.

We were in none of the large battles. Was at Perryville, Ky.; Blue

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