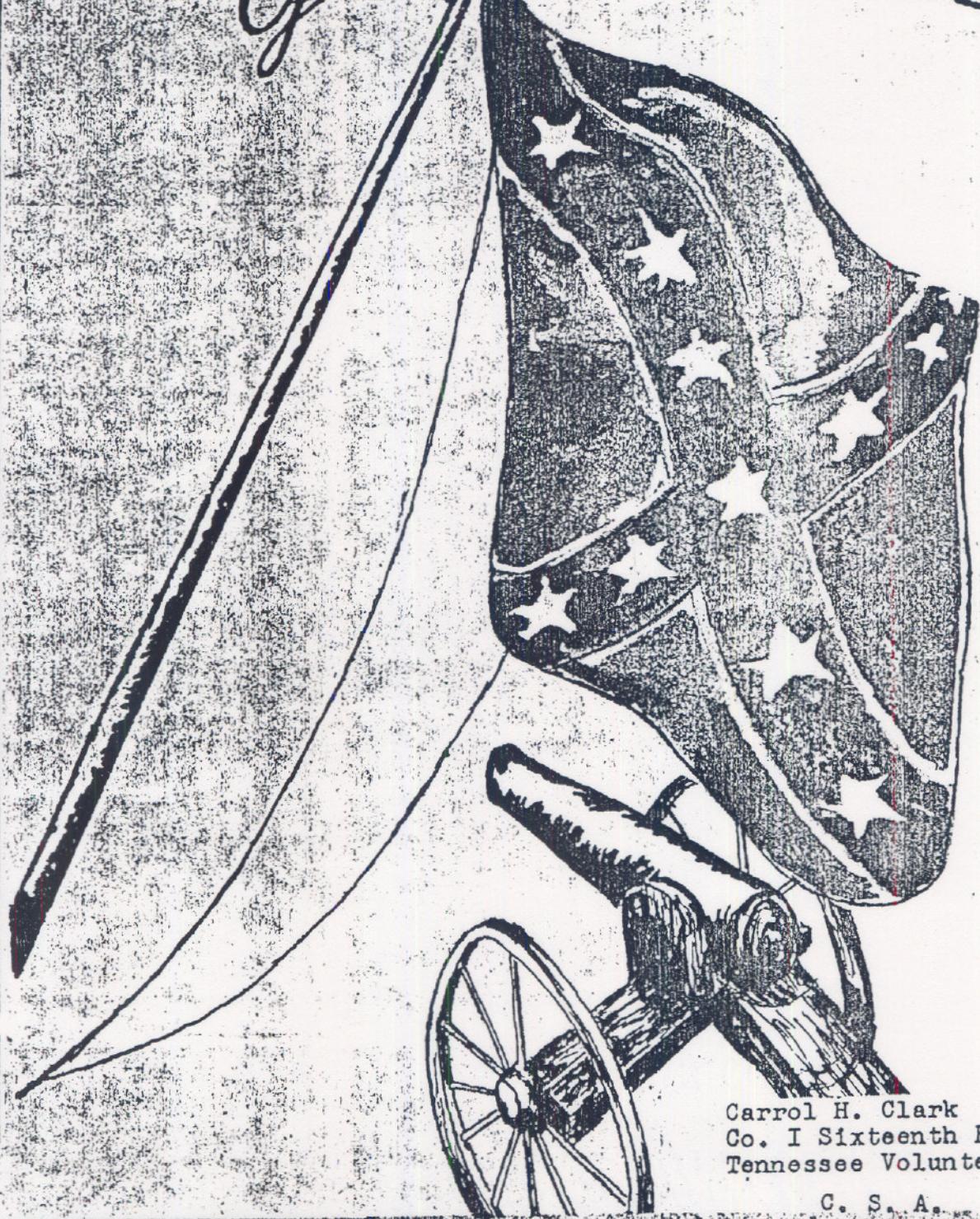


My Grandfather's Diary

of the WAR



Carrol H. Clark
Co. I Sixteenth Regiment
Tennessee Volunteers

C. S. A.

Article
No 2

(no. 1 lost)

The Civil War
Articles of C. H. Clark
Published in the
"Spencer Times" by
E. H. Barnes, begin-
ning June 1st 1911

E. N. Harlan, editor

E. H. Barnes, Teacher
of the Spencer Comet
Band

These articles were reprinted in THE SPENCER TIMES about 1918 and by
THE SPARTA EXPOSITOR---and probably other county papers.

This year, 1963, seemed to be the proper year for re-publishing these
articles, since we are observing the Civil War Centennial.

We elected to use the off-set method for two reasons---to substantiate
the authenticity, it such should be needed; and to reveal the excellent pen-
manship of that era.

It is our hope that these articles might be of some minor historical
value---especially to the relatives of the Van Buren boys who fought for the
Lost Cause.

It is not our purpose to re-open a wound that has so nearly healed after
a century. Instead, we concur with Abram J. Ryan in his beautiful poem "The
Conquered Banner"---

"Furl that Banner; True 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
.....

"Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently---it is hoiy
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not---unfold it never---
Let it droop where furled forever,
For its people's hopes are tied."

Respectfully,

C. H. Clark Jr.

August 1963

of his daily experiences during the Civil
War. He often wrote articles for county
papers giving the dates and places where
the boys in gray were fifty, sixty years
ago. This was especially popular during
the 'teens when the Confederate Veterans
had their annual reunions and were en-
tertained at all the county fairs.

Unfortunately, his diary has been
lost. However, in 1911, he wrote a series
of articles for THE SPENCER TIMES published
by E.N. Haston, long-time Secretary of
State of Tennessee. Mr Haston, gave the
originals to his brother-in-law, and my
uncle, F.S. Clark of McMinnville,

These articles were written more
than fifty years ago---fifty years after
the CIVIL WAR. Much of his material was
taken from his diary---but THE war was
still fresh in his memory.

The first article was lost and we
had despaired of locating a copy. Just
a few days ago my sister, Mrs. C.B. Shock-
ley, found a copy of this article in the
bottom of a trunk in her attic.

ARTICLE NUMBER ONE

It was understood by all that we would start on the 15th of May. Spring opened early that year, and farmers were over their corn crops the second time. The 15th was on Wednesday which was clear and beautiful.

We all met at Wiley Millers (now Goodbar). Our wives, sisters and sweethearts were there in great numbers. About 2 P.M. we told them good-bye and marched off to the music of Alf and Joe Stipes Tidues and Lewis Ford's drum. Several of them never saw Van Buren County again. Remember this was fifty years ago in May. We arrived in McMinnville late in the evening and the good people took care of us that night and gave us breakfast next morning.

The railroad then came to the river below town. We went down there to take the train for Tullahoma. Many, in fact, most of us, had never seen a Steam Car and some of the boys looked under the car box for the engine in a little while the engine came from the water tank hitched to the train and "we sailed away ladies". The distance to Tullahoma was 35 miles and I think we made the run in about six hours. We thought that we were flying. One fellow held his watch, while another counted the mile posts and said we were going a mile a minute. But he was mistaken. We stopped at Tullahoma and waited for the train from Nashville. We took the train; went South 8 miles; crossed Elk River and camped at a place called Alisona. We soon began to experience camp life. We drew rations in abundance, but had no cooking vessels for a few days. A factory had burned down, just previous to our going there. We used pieces of smoke stack and other materials for cooking vessels. Do you remember Gabe Ekins? He had been preaching for several years, but put away his Bible, and took up his fiddle. He called his favorite piece "Pewter" and played for the boys to dance. We began to learn guard duty and daily drill. We would occasionally, steal a ride on the train to Dechard. I remember my first experience in cooking rice. We divided the company into what we called messes, with six to the mess. I decided to cook some rice for my mess. I put about one gallon of rice in a Camp kettle of water and it soon began to run over. I took out some of it and it boiled over again. I decided the rice was spoiled but some fellow told me that it all did that way.

We had not yet organized and had no tents nor guns. We were mustered into service on the 20th by General Anderson. We were all out in line to be inspected as to our physical ability. The halt, the lame and stiff jointed put forth their very best appearance, for fear of being rejected, but Oh! my, 'twas not long until some began to make excuse. We enjoyed our short stay there, but anxious to go elsewhere. It is natural for a soldier to soon tire of one place. My first guard duty was on the South end of the bridge across the river near our encampment. In my next I will carry you away from Alisona.

C.H. Clark

most people. Validation! Dan Porter stood on the platform gazing at the Telegraph wire & remarked that he could see how letters could skip over the line and pass through the bottle neck's at top of pole. Frank Thompson got a false face some where & put it on, & passed through the car box'd having his fun & ~~Sam~~^{Sam} Porter poked his finger in the eye of the false face, & Frank blooded his nose. But I must pass on. We went on through Bell-buckle-Hartrace Murfreesboro & on to Nashville. The population of Nashville was then about 15,000. The people there showed us much kindness. East-Nashville was then almost a wilderness. In the evening we crossed Cumberland River on a foot wire bridge, & about night took the train again. We passed Gallatin late in the night, and arrived at Camp Trousdale next morning. On the 10th of June our Regiment was organized, containing 10 companies, making about 1000 men. John H. Savage was Colonel. T. B. Murray Lieut-Col. Joseph Goodbar Major. Harmon York was Captain of our Company, & known as Company I. On the 11th we moved two miles North & camped. On the 4th of July we received our flag (or banner.) On the 5th Rev. Doindexter was elected Chaplain. Several thousand soldiers were organizing & making ready for war. The sounds of fife & drum & the words "hep-ho, halp, forward etc" were heard on the drill field. General Zollicoffer was in command there. We began to mix & mingle with other companies & soon became acquainted with many of them whose names

About the latter part of June, the measles infested our camp,
& all who never had them were soon down. I very well
remember my experience with them & remember too, the
kindness of Caleb H. Bridge. He went out in the Country
& gathered up material out of which to make tea. He threw it
in a camp kettle of water, like woman ~~put~~ dumplings in
a pot boiled it awhile & then dipped out some & gave me
to drink without straining. Caleb told me to drink it, and
I would get well & never have measles again. I was sure
sick & had confidence in Caleb & took the medicine.
He is yet living ^{will}, tell you that I have told the truth. I
guess he yet prescribes the same medicine & can be
found in any sheep pasture. While at Camp Preusdale, we
were aroused from Slumber one night & ordered in line
of battle, that the Yanks were near & we must fight them.
Great excitement prevailed. We had not yet drawn guns,
& were in a poor fix to fight. The boys got their pistols
& butcher knives. We formed in line & started making
very little noise. We were notified before going far that
it was a false alarm, & ordered back to camp. Some seemed
to be sorry that we didn't get to "clean-em-up," but I
was glad that it was a false alarm. One of my messmates
professed religion in the lonely hour at night, & Col'
Savage permitted him to come home & be baptised. He went
back to camp in a few days, but was not much soldier
afterwards which proved that it is wrong for a
Christian to go to war.

C.H.?

he would need me to kill Yankees in Va!" This was the
only time I ever thought hard of Col. Savage, but I
soon got over it. This was nearly 50 years ago and I
must leave untouched many incidents of interest and
hasten on. On the 21st of July we packed our knapsacks
and filled our haversacks with rations & left Camp
Grousdale, marched through a drenching rain to the
Detroit, took the cars for ~~some~~ where we knew not
at that time. In crossing Tennessee river I peeped out
to take a look, my cap blew off, & I have never seen
it since. We arrived at Chattanooga early next morning.
Chattanooga was then a small town. At 10 o'clock
that night we boarded the cars again and arrived at
Knoxville next day at 12 o'clock, & remained there until
next morning. We then started again, went to Hayesville
and remained there one day & night. On the 26th at 1 P.M.
we started again & arrived at Bristol same day at
6 P.M. The line between Tennessee & Va. passed through
Bristol. On the 28th we started again and arrived at
Lynchburg "on the James", next day at 3 A.M. The city
is on the west side of James River. We began to feel
like we were far from home. When we got off the cars,
we were met by Negroes with their armsful of long plugs
of tobacco at 10¢ per plug. I purchased a plug, handed
the Negro a half dollar & he could not change it.
He said, "boss go right dar to dat store & get it changed"
I did so, took him the dime & he gave me another plug
of tobacco. He was busy waiting on the boys, and
had forgotten handing me one when I first went to him.

way, from town until the 2nd of August when we again took the cars to Staunton, & thence to Millborough and remained there until the 5th, & at 6 P.M. Marched out 5 miles & camped on Cowlick creek, or river. (Remember we left the Railroad at Millborough.) I remember a church or school house stood where we camped. On the 6th we marched 12 miles to Warm Springs. On the 7th we marched 12 miles & camped on Back river. On the 8th we marched 11 miles & camped at Huntersville in Pendleton County. We camped in the bottom near town & the rain & mud were terrible. Many of the boys were taken sick & it looked like all of us would soon be down. Col. Savage asked Gen'l Donnelson to let him move us out of the mud & up on the mountain side. The Gen'l said "no," but Savage moved us up in the timber near a good spring & had to convert the owner of the spring before he would let us have water. I took a severe cold. & could taste & sneeze & I thought I was "a goner." I thought of home & mother, but "I am here yet, telling you about war, thistle & black berries were getting ripe on those mountains, & some of the boys slipped out with their guns eat berries & hunt for deer. I have never heard an old soldier say that he wanted to go back to Huntersville. In my next I will carry you from Huntersville.

G.H.C.

+ camped at Eddray & remained until the 7th. The fall rains began, + the mud was from shoe mouth, to knee deep in many places. Camp Eddray was near the river, in a low place, + many North Carolina soldiers died there, afflicted with Measles and Malaria fever. We then resumed our march, traveling all day & camped that night in 6 miles of Valley Mountain. On the 8th we went to Valley Mountain and remained until next morning. Now I wish I could picture to "The Times" reader the Scenery around there, the little potato hill Mountain just on our left, the big spring etc but must pass on. On Tuesday morning the 9th, we started again and it was up mountains & down the Hame all day, and slept at night on a high point. I have forgotten the name of the Citizen who piloted us in those Mountains. I think this is the place where Lieut. (Prof) A. T. Deity negro Cook sickened & died. Next morning (the 10th) we started again, going down the narrow dark winding Valley in Cheat Mountain. Our Regiment and the 8th Tennessee were the only troops going that route, but Genl Wise and others were south of us. A little Creek ran down the Valley which we had to cross very often, sometimes wade, & sometimes a foot log. The road was a pathway & we went in Indian-file, which made our line of march one mile long. Our guns were flint lock muskets and carried cartridges made of one large ball and three long buck shot. Our cartridge boxes held forty cartridges & fastened to a belt & cap box by side of it, which were very convenient, + unless a fellow was

Our march down the Little Valley. Col. Savage was with
the front guard. Near 10 o'clock we heard musket shots
in front of us, which caused us to double quick and all
excited. In crossing a little slick footlog my feet slipped,
down I went astride the log. my knapsack & gun unbalanced
me & down I went head first into the water, completely
immersing me, but I held to my gun. I crawled out
on the bank, threw up the gun of my old "Fuzee" and
found the priming as dry as powder. I was perfectly wet
& my knapsack of clothes wet & heavy but on I ran.
in a short distance passed a little cabin on the right
of the path, and just beyond it on the left lay two
wounded ~~l~~^{on} Lee ~~Lee~~ but we recorded ^{on} word their
willing for the war to close, but on May 1st we ate in
the evening we marched up on the side of the mountain
& remained all night. I chilled that night & could
imagine I was taking measles again. I thought of
home & mother, but doubted ever seeing them again.
We were in view of the Gent's Camp fired which
doubtless made my chill so desperate. A bear
& some other animal ran through our line that
night. We had gone further than Gen'l Lee had
ordered us & he was making his way so as when
the darkness of the night prevented him from
reaching us. He ~~we~~ were in a critical posi^tion
with twice ten. How we got out.

O.H.C.

& Captain Dillards were formed along the pathway leading up the Mountain & were near the Valley. About the rising of the Sun, Gen'l Lee & escort came to us & inquired for Col. Savage. About that time we heard the firing about 100 yards below us & we were satisfied that our Vedettes had fired on the enemy. Our Company and Captain Dillards were ordered to attack them, and on our way passed 2 wounded Yanks. The enemy was at the foot of the Mountain, & the bullets were flying thick & fast. Col. Savage ordered us take them out on our bayonets. We raised the yell & the enemy left. Alfred Martin was killed & others wounded. He was the first man killed in our Regiment, & was a Vanburen County boy, but belong^{ed} to a Warren County Company. He was a brother to Mose, Jessie & Lawson, and was lively & loved by all the boys. I have never known exactly the number we killed & captured. I would have been willing to close the war then, but Oh my! We were 30 miles from our wagon train & out of rations. The rain kept pouring, at intervals. We started back and after going 4 miles camped until next morning. We then marched 2 miles & remained until next morning. It's called the fine - beef hill. We drew plenty of fat beef & cooked it without salt. We were out of bread. 3 or 4 lbs of fat beef without salt or bread will give a fellow the sour belch. On Sunday the 14th we started again, & I remember that Col. Savage had a piece of beef on his bayonet. We marched all day & until midnight & camped in

Ordered our Brigade to get there as soon as possible.
It was about 90 miles from Valley Mountain. We started
again & arrived at Marlinton bottom on Greenbrier river
the 23rd & remained there until the 25th & then started to
Sewell Mountain, passing Hillspoint at 3 P.M. and
Hillsboro at 4-30, & on 4 miles further & camped. The
rain kept pouring. The 26th we marched all day through
the rain & mud & stopped near a farmhouse. Some
slept in stables, some on the fence & some under a
large sugar tree. It rained all night. Next morning
Col. Savage got some whiskey & directed that every
soldier who desired, should have a drink. E. T. Pass-
ons & I were detailed to roll Col. Savage's wagon
out of the mud as we left Cheat Mountain, and
we stole some of the Col. - beef out of his wagon,
as we rolled at the wheels. Space forbids my describing
the length, depth & breadth of the mud. Some teams
& wagons were left stuck, which could not be
extricated. We started from the sugar tree, & the rain poured &
poured but on we went, passing through Frankford and
8 miles further we passed through Lewisburg, a beautiful
little town, & 2 miles further, we camped in & around
a large barn. That was a fine country for stock, ~~and~~
hay and apple butter. It rained all night and small
water courses overflowed all the low lands.
Some of the boys were left behind sick, and Wash-
Drake a brother to U. G. died in West Va.

C. H. C.

bluff, & remained all night. On the 29th we started again & waded Meadow Creek, which had spread out several hundred yards, & 4 miles further, after a hard day's march we reached the top of Sewell Mountain. Next morning, we could see the Yanks tents about one mi. distant. Gen'l Lee was with us, and it was my pleasure to go near his tent & take a look at him. I am glad his name is not spelt L-e-a. We all expected a battle while there but the enemy left. Col-Savage advised Gen'l Lee to fight the enemy there, & it Gen'l Lee did not want to leave a dead soldier in that section. The rain had ceased & we were firing very well. We remained there until the 12th of Oct., in the evening, then marched a few miles & camped. That night, a few of us decided to slip through the guard line, go out & get some potato pumpkins, which were numerous in that section & when baked, were as good as the old yellow Yam sweet potato. We cut sticks about 4 feet long & sharpened each end of the sticks. We found plenty of pumpkins in a field, stuck a pumpkin on each end of the stick, then shouldered the sticks & started for camp. In going out of the field, I was the last one to cross the fence, and in a few steps further some one in the bushes near the path yelled out, "Oh yes, d-n you we've got you." The boy in front of me moved on in a hurry & I was in a loap when off fell one of my pumpkins, & of course down went the other, but I never halted, but pulled for camp.

back towards Greenbrier river, & after marching 12 miles
Camped at Meadow Bluff. On the 22nd we marched
15 miles & camped in 2 miles of Lewisburg. On the
23rd we marched 15 miles & camped on post oak ridge.
That is where Captain Dillard shot a rabbit with his
pistol. On the 24th we marched 15 miles passing through
Frankford & camped near Hills Point. On the 25th
we marched all day and camped near Marlin bottom
on west side of Greenbrier river. On the 27th we
crossed the river, marched all day & camped one
mile North of Huntersville at the mouth of a big
hollow. Fall had begun with big frosts & we had
log heap fires & plenty of fat beef. This is the place
where Ben Mandae & Jim Mitchell had a fight but
were too well matched to do much hurt. This is the
place where Jack T. Bell violated orders and
Court-martialed & sentenced to put a fence rail
in his shoulder & carry it around our Regimental
encampment. This made "Uncle Jack" mad and
he said "by gosh I will do no more service
for the Confederacy," & he made his sword go off.
None of the boys were getting to be very unruly
& were considerable trouble. This is the place where
Prokett Moore & I ventured out on the mountain
with our shotguns hunting for deer & came in a
hostile fire. Captured but escaped. In
it I will carry you away from me.

C. A. C.

& camped at Marlinton bottom. On the 12th we marched all day and camped. On the 13th we marched all day & camped near Frankford. On the 14th went near Lewisburg & remained there until the 16th & then went through Lewisburg & out 3 miles & camped. The weather was getting pretty cold in the Va. Mountains & we had log heap fires. This is the place where Bill Hodge and Jim Richardson quarreled about midnight, ~~when~~ when Hodge hit Richardson & Richardson hit the ground. We were all getting tired of the rain, snow & mud in Western Va. & anxious to leave. On the 1st of December, we bundled up again & started, crossing Greenbrier river & 2 creeks & camped. On Monday the 2nd we passed through Union City at 10 A.M. & camped that night in 3 miles of Salt Sulphur Springs. On the 3rd we passed through Centreville & camped on Kibble mountain, in 3½ miles of red sulphur springs. On the 4th we marched all day & camped near Peters town. On the 5th we marched to New river, then up the same 2 miles & crossed on ferry boats, then up the river 5 miles & crossed Wolf Creek on a bridge & camped. On Friday the 6th we passed through Parisburg & 8 a.m. & going 13 miles further, crossed Walker Creek on a bridge, thence up Little Walker Creek crossed it on a bridge and camped. We had not seen or heard a steam whistle since the 5th of August, and

the boys who spread their blanket & slept all night on
the big Rattler. Crockett Ward came up with one shoe
gone, & told of running his arm down after it, but
failed to find it, & then got out on the bank & dive after
it but could not get deep enough. We took a good
rest there, knowing that we would soon move again.

On the 11th of December we packed our chattels, marr-
hed out to Dublin Depot, got on the cars at 8 a.m.,
and at 8 P.M. were back at old Lynchburg on the
James. On the 12th we went to Petersburg a nice little
City 22 miles south of Richmond. On the 13th we
left Va. & went to Weldon ~~&~~ N.C. I believe that
is in Halifax County & that Tar river runs through
it. I sometimes tell the boys that I have been to
Halifax & crossed Tar river. On Saturday the 14th we
started again, on the Eastern Atlantic Coast line, passing
the beautiful little City of Goldsboro, & many other
places. I remember the fine orchards were beautiful,
& more sedge grass than I ever saw elsewhere. Some one
would approach the train at each stop & want to sell
a fresh rabbit. I would like to travel that route again.
I remember at a stop for water or wood, some of the boys
left the train went over into a turnip patch, pulled up
some, started back to the train & Col. Savage met them at
the fence, took a turnip out of a fellow's hand and
warped him over the head with it. I remembered my buck
back in Va. with the junk kind, & I was afraid to
tackle the turnip patch.

C.H.A.

20 or 50 miles from the Atlantic, but the river ebbs and flows with the Ocean. There is where we ~~had~~ first saw a Steam Ship with Cannon on it. Thousands barrels of Turpentine were there. On Saturday morning the tide was up. Box cars were rolled out on flat boats, ~~and~~ floated across Cape Fear river to South Carolina. The boxes were then rolled on the rail road tracks an Engine hatched to them & we went to Florence. The next day we went ~~E~~ to Charleston & stopped at the Soldiers wayside home & remained there that night. The Citizens showed us great Kindness. Early next morning Andy Moore & Waldo had a hard fight just outside the door. Waldo loved to fight, provided he was confident of success; but if he had doubts, he was slow to take hold. A fellow gave him his - on lie, Waldo looked at him, sized him up and said "You are not the first man ever told one that." We went through the City & the flowers & roses did not look much like the cold snowy mountains of Va - we had just left. The Harbor was full of ships and boats. We saw Fort Sumter. Charleston is between the mouths of Cooper & Ashley river. We had just burned a good portion of the city, & they said that 900 houses were burned. I would like to see the City of Charleston again. On the 17th we went West 60 miles to Coosawhatchie in Beaufort County. I cannot ask for grace in the "Times" to tell all about our wandering & duty while on the Coast. I would like to tell you of Pocataligo how it got its name, of the swamps, & green moss.

has grown to be a Town. I remember the big live oak tree near the Stewart house under whose branches I stood guard many nights. An Oyster bank was near & when the tide was down we got all we wanted. We could see the Yanks on Beaufort Island, one mile distant. We would "halloo" to them & they to us. I heard one say 8th Michigan which meant that he belonged to the 8th Michigan Regiment. Two of the Warren County boys were out in a skiff, grabbing oysters & remained too long, the tide went down leaving their skiff stuck in the mud, & had to remain there until the tide arose & brought them back, which was after dark. That was a fine country for sweet potatoes & stock turnips. I, in company with a messmate, went out one dark night prowling for potatoes & found them stored away & covered with banks of dirt. We hurriedly crept into one, filled a sack & pulled for camp, expecting to slice & fry some for breakfast next morning. We opened the sack & behold they were turnips instead of sweet potatoes. I thought again of my punken luck in Va. For fear I may not think to tell you later I will now say that I never stole a chicken during the war, but helped to eat some that I knew had been stolen. I have seen soldiers go into houses & carry off goods, but I never did such a thing. So my secret I will carry away from North Carolina.

We were ordered to be ready to march at any moment, and started at 2 o'clock & marched until dark, & halted for the night. One of the boys said "Fush boys, I thought i heard a Yankee Officer give Command." In breathless silence we listened, and off a little way in the privacy woods heard a big owl go "who-oo-hoo-oo-oo." Next morning we learned that the enemy had gone back to their gun-boats, & we had to march 2 miles & remained 2 days. We were several miles from town our blankets, but the pine boughs & leaves made good beds. We then went to Page's point to guard the coast. My post was near the "Stewart House" one mile from Beaufort Island. We had a good time on the coast & got fat on Oysters rice & sweet potatoes. I weighed 185 lbs. One day while the tide was down, one of my messmates & I went out on the sand bar just below the causeway leading toward Beaufort Island, & saw some negroes in a skiff making their way to the point of the Island & we fired on them with our muskets, but failed to hit them. They fired on us with their long range guns & clattered the nearest close to us & we pulled for the "Live Oak." I will not ask three for many events of interest but fires are surely touching the high places. The way would tear up little hills scattered by neglect. Eat large rats & eat them. I am one old Negroe who never eat rats, turtles, frogs & possums, although I have the time when I could give the world & fullness thereof for a square meal & one good night's rest. In the early days some negroes were carrying cotton to market with one mule & drag, & the mule backed & would not be whipped or persuaded to go where.

"Those events & incidents by soldiers who had been there.
I remember the long house called the "ball room". Uncle
Sam McCorkle would mount the stage with his fiddle,
all who could dance had a good time. During sand
storms we could hearably see ~~the~~ "old Sol" as the white
sun was blazed from the hill field. One day while Col.
Savage was out his tent caught fire & burned up. We were
learning, ~~making~~ & singing war songs. One was
as follows. "South Carolina gals won't eat mush

South Carolina gals won't eat mush

South Carolina gals won't eat mush

When you go to kiss em

They all say mush.

Get along Mambo sound yer horn

We will eat sheep meat & gnaw the bone

and shave old Clay when the weather gets warme."

On the 20th of March the enemy landed at Bluffton
and we were ordered to prepare for battle. Next morning,
we started, marched 24 miles & learned that the enemy had
gone back, & we returned to camp, & most all got back
same day having marched 48 miles. Bill Head got back
before night and got a pass to Grahamville and back.
He was as pale & good natured a fellow as ever broke a
hard tack or chewed beef neck in the "old 16." He was
always cheerful & I guess the print of his no 10th are
not visible in the Chest mountain mind in West Va.
He died 50 years ago this last. In my next I will
tell you more from N.C. C.H.C.

mand of some of our forces on the Coast. He called him "Bull Cut". He was vigorous & wide across was why - we called him Bull Cut. Genl Donnelson preferred charges against Col. Savage for violating orders appointed a Court-Martial & tried him, but was acquitted & restored to his command. We run foot races & had a good time. Fifty years have passed & gone since my first experience in war & you cannot expect me to remember & write about all occurrences. Most of the boys who were with me on the Carolina Coast have crossed "over the river" and we who are here yet are growing old & feeble. But I must resume my history. We were ordered to join Genl Beauregard at Corinth Mississ.^{pp} on the 10th of April we took the cars at Grahamville at 4 P.M. & next morning at 4 A.M. arrived at Charleston & remained four hours, & thence to ~~the~~ Augusta Ga. arriving there the 12th at 10 A.M. You will remember the bridges & trestle work over swamps & lakes. Do you remember about the Irishman putting his head out & got knocked off into a swamp & we supposed killed but came on the next train? We went from Augusta to Atlanta & remained until next morning. Millidgeville was then the Capitol of Ga. We were ordered to come to Chattanooga & go to Corinth on the Memphis & Charleston R.R. On the 13th we went to Cartersville & heard that the enemy was in possession of Huntsville Ala on said R.R. & we went back to Atlanta & again received orders to go by way of Chattanooga, & started North again going as far as Dalton & again orders.

On the 17th we went to West Point arriving there at 4 P.M. On the 18th we went to Montgomery and while waiting for transportation we took in the city and were favorably impressed with the City & the people. Montgomery was the Capital of the Confederate States, for a while & then Richmond Va. was selected. We took a steamer & started down the Ala. River and arrived at Mobile on the 19th at 10 A.M. Where on earth can you find a river more crooked than the Ala.? Mobile is at the mouth of the river emptying into Mobile Bay, & a beautiful City. We were all anxious to visit the places of interest, and enjoyed sight seeing while awaiting transportation. We were not smoking & singing new songs, & fragments of a portion of one was as follows

In Alabama they live on peans.

In Tennessee they eat what they please,

In North Carolina tar & Rosemary,

Georgia girls eat goobers & sorghum, by & by.

But I must leave Mobile. On the morning of the 20th we took the train going north on the Mobile & Ohio R.R. which was then the best road in the South & runs through Home Free Country, & arrived at Corinth on the 23rd at 1 P.M., & joined the army under General Beauregard. He was 10 days & nights on the route and glad to stop. He met Cal. Hill's regiment many of whom were our kindred spirits & friends. They had seen it in the front of Atlanta, & told us of their victories in battle.

C.H.C

and a few miles West of the Tennessee River. We were
here about two months, drilling & making breastworks.
Gen'l Bragg was put in command of our army there
which numbered near 80,000. We expected a general
engagement while there, but nothing more than heavy skirmish-
ing occurred. I was with a large detail sent down
on Cypress Creek to cut timber & blockade the road
to keep the Yanks from running over us "rough shod."
The water in that country was not good & we soon got
tired of that place & anxious to move. We had tough experience
doing Picket duty. Our Regiment was out on Picket duty
about one mile in front of our main line, and near
~~the enemy~~ Shot & Shell were flying fast from the
Yankee's Cannon, but too far for our muskets. A
grape shot struck John Ericson (brother of uncle Jim
& Buck) & also struck Wm Creekley (brother of uncle
John Mooneyham's wife) mortally wounding them. They
were as good boys as ever Shouldered a musket.
That was more than 49 years ago. It always seemed to
me that I was kept on the firing line more than my share.
Our first twelve months service for which we enlisted ex-
pired, & some got out by being over age & some discharged,
but most of us re-enlisted for during the war. It became
necessary to evacuate Corinth, & fall back to Lufel.

~~I~~ Isaac Howard one of my messmates died at Corinth,
& I assisted in digging his grave, & when he was put
in the grave & filled with dirt a detail of about
4 men fired their muskets into the bank of dirt,
which was common after burying the dead who died
of sickness. I must leave out many things of interest at Corinth.

Sand almost hot enough to roast an egg. One day I was sitting out under a shade tree near Col. Harvey's quarters listening to him and Col. Donnel talk & I saw Col. Harvey put his hand to his face & took something from it looked at it & said "Col. Donnel here is a damn cause." That was the only one he got at Tupelo he fell far short of his portion for they seemed to grow in the sand. Uncle Sam McCorkle and Pete Hayes cheered us with fiddle and accordion. He didn't like Tupelo much. Soldiers are like other people, hard to please. He called the Mississippians "dead bappers." 49 years have passed since our stay at Tupelo & I leave untouched many things of interest. Some of the Times readers doubtless think that the war didn't amount to much but be quiet boys, you'll know the hatches later on. Some of the boys were getting tired of war & wished for the close, but they didn't. Two of the boys decided to go home & got as far as Chattanooga, arrested & carried back, but we were on the eve of leaving Tupelo, and the boys were not punished. I yet remember a part of Col. Harvey's talk to them. They were a good bunch & ~~most~~^{more} ~~hated~~^{loved} by everybody. In my next I will carry you away from Miss. and tell you something of more.

C.N.C

almost impossible to get rid of the lice, because some
soldiers were too lazy & trifling to scald their clothes,
or even scratch where the lice bit. Their excuse for not
scalding their clothes was, that boiling clothes would
not kill the lice on them. Some soldiers died of filth,
& tis a wonder to me that bodylice-lowdown laziness,
filth & unaccountedness does not kill some people
not in war. Laziness, filth & uncleanness are
leading many people to the Devil. But I am away from
~~the~~ over history, & must hasten on. In July 1862 we
gathered up & bundled our duds, and marched to the
Ditch & took the train and arrived at Mobile
the next day. Watermelons were ripe & some of the
finest I ever saw, were in Mobile. We crossed the
Bay in steamer, thence by Rail to Montgomery, thence
to Atlanta, & thence to Chattanooga. We felt like
we were getting near home again, & some of the
boys could not stand the temptation & went home.
Chattanooga was at that time, a small place. We had
a good time there swimming in the River climbing the pines
& the lofty lookout & viewing other natural Scenery.
We did not realize matters & conditions ahead of us. The
soldiers of the ditch, were not allowed to know where
we were going on all occasions. President Davis & the
Confederate department at Richmond decided to regain our
lost territory and invade the enemy's country. A large
Army cannot all travel the same road in long
marches. In September, part of the army crossed
Tenn. River near Chickamauga & started North, while
the other part crossed at Chattanooga. Our part crossed

been back. One company in Col. Hill's Regiment was
from this county & in that fight I may forget to speak
of Col. Hill's Regiment later on, & now I say to the
Readers of "the Times" that some of the boys of "Old
Van Buren", who followed Hill & Savage, were as true
brave & patriotic soldiers, as ever marched to the tap
of the drum, or ~~walked~~ through ~~the~~ rain & snow,
cold & heat, or drop down on the naked earth for
a night's sleep, hungry & haversacks empty, and at
the bugle call next morning rise feet, sore, weary
& hungry, fall in line at roll call answer "able
for duty" & start again. Many of those boys never showed
the white feather nor flopped their wings. Many of
them were left dead on battle fields & others died
in hospitals, with their wings up. A few remained
in line until the close, & went down in defeat, but
never flopped their wings, & a few of them can yet
be found with their wings spread, fighting for God
& Democracy. This article will bring you up to the
point where you will be prepared to "smell the
patchen" in my next article. Oh war! war!. Some
men could put "red tape" & flowery oratory, in war
history & make it more interesting than I can, but they
know no more about war than I. I hope the time is
not far off ~~when~~ when war between nations will
cease, & when all nations will be as one united,
happy family.

D.N.C.

anxiously. I was not eager for a battle, but very anxious for something better than marching all the time. We passed Derryville, a little village and went ten miles beyond there to Harrodsburg & halted. We never knew what minute we would be called on to start again & consequently did our sleeping in our r.r.t. Near midnight we were ordered in line & marched back to Derryville arriving there early in the morning. Gen'l Bragg had decided to engage the enemy in battle there & it took considerable time to get his army in the desired position & was expecting Kirby Smith to reinforce us in time for the engagement. We were formed in line & awaited the order to march forward. The enemy was about one & half mile from us & the crack of the pickets rifle & the occasional roar of a cannon made us feel bad. The day (Oct 8th 1862) was clear and beautiful. It was afternoon when we were ordered to move forward. We crossed a creek or brook and went out on top of the hill & ordered to halt and reform. We were in sight of the enemy & it looked to me like the whole face of the earth was covered with Yankees. Shot & shell from their batteries made me wish that I was at home but Oh My!. We were ordered forward again. The whole line of battle was expected to keep in line on the forward movement, but some of the boys seemingly anxious to close in on the enemy raised the yell & rushed forward which caused our Regiment to get far in advance of our main line & it is yet a wonder to me that any man in our Regiment escaped death. Three batteries of

friends lost their lives there. 12 Lanark County boys
were killed & mortally wounded on Perryville's bloody
battle field. If you wish to know how a soldier feels
in such a battle as that, you must ask some one else.
I cannot explain, but I had no hope of getting out
alive. Such trials as that has a tendency to tempo-
rarily derange the minds of some, at least it was
the case with me. If you ask me if I was scared,
I answer, I don't know, but I do know that I was
scared before we got in the thickest of the fight.
We were in 40 yds of the enemy & they were falling
fast. I hurriedly glanced to the right & left to see
if the main line was engaged. Soon the ^{the remainder of our} ~~soldier~~
came to our rescue on our right, & saved ~~soldier~~
regiment from being killed & captured. Many
times when thinking of that bloody battle, the tears
roll down my cheeks & I cannot force them back
now while writing this article. Some sleep and
rabbits were between the two lines scared and
demoralized, but I paid no attention to them. Some
claimed that they never dreaded a battle, & some
claimed to have a gizzard full of lead, & others
boasted of their long revolvers, saying they could
wrap them around them twice & tie in a bow knot.
In my next I will wind up the bloody battle of
Perryville & pass on. Don't worry & get too hasty, boy,
I will tell you more, if you can bear with me.

C. H. C

killed & mortally wounded. Wiley Hasteen a brother of John Hasteen was mortally wounded & died next day. Peter Shockley an uncle of George Hasteen's wife was a son of Daniel Shockley & lived where Mr. Hasteen now lives was killed dead. Avery Johnson was a son of Judy Johnson & cousin of Wiley Johnson was killed dead. Jim Jones only son of David & Bersheba Jones was mortally wounded & died that night. James Moore uncle to Tom Clark & Leslie Smith of McMinnville was killed dead. He had 3 brothers in the war one of whom was killed at Murfreesboro & the others wounded in battle. Sam Parker whose people lived in White County was killed dead. John Starkley was killed dead and his brother James mortally wounded & died that night. George Sparkman was severely wounded & took refuge behind a tree but a grape shot from a cannon killed him. I think his father's name was William & lived on Laurel Creek near where Henry Cotton lives. William Wood was a son of Hamlet Wood & lived near Goodbar was mortally wounded and died that night. John E. York a brother to Mrs. E. P. Passons died & was killed dead. John Donalson a boy reared by John M. Billingsley on Cane Creek joined us on our way to Ky. and killed dead making 12. Others were seriously & slightly wounded. The enemy finally retreated & we followed on. They loaded as they fell back but would whirl & shoot back. As we passed the little cabin on the hill I was severely wounded through my right side above my hip. We then had them on the run. James Martin was the only living man near me and offered to assist me off the battle field, but I told him I could make it, & for him to go on & kill all of them on my

night were heart rending & enough to make any man oppose war. Lieut. Denney Cummings a cousin to fo Denney commanding was shot in the mouth breaking his jaw and carrying away about 14 or 15 teeth & we thought would die but he got over it & rejoined our Company and was in the battle of Chickamauga! I would have voted for the war to close then, but Oh Shucks! The loss in our Regt was 199 killed & severely wounded. Gen'l Buell of the Yank Kee army reinforced Gen'l Rosecrans with 40,000 fresh troops that night, & Gen'l Bragg had to evacuate Ky. & hurriedly got matters in shape to move out. The severely wounded could not be carried away, but left in the hands of the enemy. I was very sorry that I had to be left back. The day after the battle, all the wounded who could be moved, were carried up to Harrodsburg 10 miles from Perryville. I was carried up there & put in the Court house, with good many wounded. The army was on the March, by Crab orchard & on to East Tennessee. The Cavalry took up the rear & I yet remember seeing John T. Huston in line and he gave me some ration. John is yet living & has his wings up, has never sold out for a mess of pottage & never will. If I go to war again, I want John with me. 9 of the wounded in the hospital with one died that night. I was fearful that the Yanks would mistreat his Rebs in the hospital, but I was mistaken. How many old Van Buren boys are living now who were in the battle of Perryville near 49 years ago? O.H.C.

pleasant & beautiful, with no frost until the evening of
the 28th of Oct. when it turned cool clouded up & snowed
about 5 inches deep. The timber was yet green and
the snow bent & broke down a great deal of it, but next
morning the clouds cleared away, the sun shone well
pleasant the snow melted off & the timber and
vegetation not injured. The battle of Murfreesboro was
fought the last day of 1862, & the 1st day of 1863, before
I was able to rejoin my command. Some of the Van-
Buren boys were killed there, some of whom were Crockett
Moore, whose brother James was killed at Perryville,
Isham Hollandsworth ~~etc~~ who was a cousin to Mr.
Hollandsworth, and Henderson Rhodes who was a
brother to Aunt Bettie Madewell, & others whose
names I have forgotten. After the battle Gen. Bragg
fell back to Shelbyville, & remained in that section
& at Tullahoma during the winter. The Yanks at
Perryville ordered me to Bardstown & said I would
be conveyed to Louisville & thence by steamer to Vicksburg
Miss. & we exchanged, I didn't like that idea much,
& thought I could beat that. I came through some
rough country & byways to Tennessee and in Abby-
was back with the boys. We fared pretty well at
Shelbyville and Tullahoma. Our Regiment camped
about 1/2 mile north of Tullahoma on the west side of the
R.R. Tullahoma was then a small place. The army
needed a great deal of timber for fire etc. Army
regulations were getting strict & many soldiers
were getting tired of war, and deserting. A man
whose name I have forgotten ran away & carried

one who longed was formed around to witness the scene,
was near where I could see the poor fellow. At the
appointed hour, an officer with 6 soldiers with their guns,
marched the poor fellow to the grave and he sat down
on his coffin. The Officer & guard took position a
few yards in front of him, and the Officer gave com-
mand to the guard was as follows, "ready, aim, fire!"

At the word, fire, all the guns fired simultaneously and
the poor fellow was dead. I never voluntarily saw another
man shot. I never thought nor yet think that he should
have been shot, but it has to be done in war for example
to others. I have always regretted witnessing that execution.

Others were executed while we are at Tel. Oklahoma. Our

regiment escaped very well. I thought that Gen'l Bragg
should have pardoned the poor fellow, & I never liked
Bragg much afterwards. Strict orders were given
the Police to arrest any man caught with a gun
out in the woods, but soldiers will risk very much,

violate orders willfully & knowingly. Martin Mitchell
was sick & asked his bro. Mark to go out & kill a squirrel for him.
Mark asked me to go with him, I went, but never took my gun.
We went down on west side of R.R. & found a squirrel up a
tree & Mark brought away at it. I went on the opposite side
of the tree from Mark to shake a bush & scare the squirrel
back on side of tree next to Mark & he would bring away
again but missed the squirrel. The Police heard the
shooting & hurriedly came to us and arrested us.
I will tell you what became of us in my next article.

Oct 1 1863

did but missed the squirrel again. They then started with us, & after going about 100 yards, Mark said he had lost his knife under the tree where he had been shooting & must have it. I knew what he meant. We all started back to the tree & when in about 50 yds of it, the Officer stopped & told him to go & get it & hurry back. Mark went on, & when near the tree he put his gun to "trail," & I never saw a fellow run so in my life & the police hallooing "halt." He got away by a big majority. They said they would turn me loose if I would give them his name, company & regiment, but you know I never ran away to Alabama nor turned traitor, no sir. They carried me over across the Creek to the guard-house, & on entering it, behold there were C. T. Passons & others of my Company who had been arrested & put, ^{there} for having their guns out in the woods. We were released the same day without punishment. That was the only time I was arrested during the war. A fellow, (I forgot his name) did some ~~meanness~~ & was court-martialed, & the sentence was, he should dig up a big oak stump. Tools were furnished & the guard told him to go to digging, but he swore he would not dig up the stump. They "buckled" him awhile, loosed him & ordered him to dig, but he said no. They "buckled & gagged" him awhile, loosed him again & ordered him to dig, but he said no "There is no use digging up a stump out in the woods" & he never dug a lick. They kept up the treatment until we had to hike out from there, & he was given his gun & placed in ranks with his command. Three men ran away from the army, went home, but arrested, carried back court-martialed & sentenced to ride a wooden horse for several days. A guard with their guns sat Kept there to see that the order was carried out.

was fastened on the front end of the horse (or pole) and the poor fellow astride the pole in front of the other two, & near the beef's head was a preacher, & a broad slip of paper was fastened around his hat, with the following inscription, "COMB OR BOYS." Oh war-war! If that preacher was sanctified, & ~~had~~ never fell from grace, still living, voted for Cooper, & gets a pension, he will undoubtedly land where war & wooden horses are no more. Those three men were not members of our Regiment. While at Tallahoma, a vacancy occurred in our Brigade for General, & according to justice & right, Col. Savage should have been appointed, but Isham S. Harris our Gov. at that time, and Gen'l Donnell were enemies of Savage & Harkens J. Wright, a Lieut. Col. of another regiment rec'd the appointment, and became our Brigadier Gen'l. Col. Savage felt sore over such treatment and resigned, & D.M. Donnell became our Colonel. He died at Live Oak Fla. 15 or 16 years ago. He was a first class Christian gentleman and the war not the proper place for him. He made me mad on the drill field, but I got over it & loved him all the same. While we were around Tallahoma, our relatives & friends visited us & carried cakes, pies & other goodey. We built forts for cannon & made preparations to resist an attack from the enemy. The Yankee army was increased & had part of it on the flank movement & threatening our rear. Many incidents occurred there which I am compelled to leave untouched, & hasten on. In my next, I will carry you away from Tallahoma.

C.H.C.