

STANFORD'S
MISS.
Wm. A. BROWN'S BOOK.

Dec. 21-1867. BATHING

Preface.

In this book I propose to make an exact transcript from a "note book" I kept most of the time while the Confederate Army and to add such remarks &c as I now think proper. My notes while in the Army were entirely of a personal nature and, in fact, were written only with the view of assisting my memory in recalling names dates and the like. I intended to transcribe it immediately after the War, with such incidents added as memory might suggest, but my business being such that I could ill spare the time and my mind being kept in such a state by the "gelic conduct" of the freedmen with whom I had to deal, I felt in no humor for doing that which I had set aside the pleasant task of many an idle hour. And I do not view it now in this form for any other object than my own satisfaction and that I might have something to guide me when memory becomes less faithful than now, while the events

men as ever followed any colors on a battle field. We remained at Grenada two months collecting horses and drilling, though we had no guns. The two months we spent at Grenada was a very pleasant prelude to the hard times shortly to follow. Our quarters were in the fair grounds buildings. With good quarters and rations, pleasant weather and little or no camp duties to perform, except some two hours drill each day, the remainder of the time being at our disposal, we had altogether a good time of it. The only thing that seriously troubled us was the fear that the War would be over before we could get into actual service.

November 1861.

At last the long desired order came for us to be mustered into the regular service; as yet we were only in the State service; but now the prelude was ended, our hope was on the eve of being realized. How few witnessed the finale. It is sad now to recall the names of those boy soldiers, who with such wild joy waved their hats to the three cheers that greeted this order. Time has marched on and left them bivouaced on the silent fields of the

In 1860 I cast my vote for John C. Breckenridge. Further than this, I took no part in the political contest of that year; neither casting my vote for or against secession. I remained on the Mississippi Central Railroad as a station agent until the first of September 1861. When, being more to the excitement of the times than the necessity of our country, for at that time there were more volunteers offering their services than the government could arm, I enlisted in Stanford's Battery of light artillery then stationed at Grenada, Miss. I went into this Company an entire stranger to all the members then composing the Company. A few young men went with me from Duck Hill, where I was stationed, but these knew nothing of me further than what they had seen of me as a railroad man. I remained a member of this Company until the surrender when we were disbanded on parole; and I must say, after the experience of nearly four years in the field, that I do not believe a Company of noble hearted boys, more faithful friends, or truer men and soldiers could be found in an army of as brave and patriotic

ly fought for nearly four years, is embraced in these w

It was lost.

W. A. B.

Yazoo County, Miss.
Dec. 22nd, 1867.

are still intimately associated with events
ing. And I will have it distinctly understood
that this is not public property, and that I wish no one to
read it unless I give my personal consent. I do not write
it for friends or relatives to read, so, should it accident-
ally fall in the way of any, they will please remember that
I withhold my consent to their reading it. And those who
do read it will, I hope, not forget that being private, it
is beyond the reach of criticism; for I do not write it
with the view of its meeting such a test, then keep your
learning for a higher mark and a more worthy occasion and
remember too, that it is but the prosy memoir of an ordina-
ry soldier; his camps, marches and battles, entirely want-
ing in dash and adventure; and unless you feel an interest
in his person and the part he played in our struggle for na-
tionality, and what we thought to be our rights, then do not
throw your time away in reading this. If you read with a
view of learning the feelings of the soldier and the senti-
ments of the man, then leave them here without the trouble
of reading further. As a soldier I did, and as a citizen
I do honestly believe the most severe commentary that has
been, or could be written on the cause for which I willing-

eternal past. On the 6th day of November 1861, we were mustered into the Confederate States service for one year. About this time we received two guns, 12 pound howitzer as well as I can now remember. The 7th of November, witnessed our departure for the scene of action. A special train was sent for our accommodation. We were to report to Gen. Polk, then at Columbus, Ky. On this day I was pleasantly reminded of my, at that time, friendless position. The entire Company was composed of young men from Yalobusha County. It being understood that the Company would leave that day, there was, of course a large collection of friends and relatives to see us off. The scene of leave-taking on such occasions is always affecting to one was particularly so, as the War had then become a fact and reality. Amidst all the weeping and tearful leave-taking I had not a single friend or acquaintance to speak a cheering word or a kind farewell. The next morning found us at Jackson, Tenn. where we were delayed several hours, on account of no locomotive being at hand to take us on. Here we saw several of the killed and wounded from Belmont, opposite Columbus, where a severe little fight took place the day before. The sight of these, instead of cooling the ardor

our boys, made them more anxious to go on. The evening of the 8th we were met at State Line Station by an order directing us to quit the train and report as soon as possible at a place across the country where it was supposed the enemy were about to make an advance. So, unloading our effects, we hitched the teams to our guns and took up our line of march at dark. We went but a few miles when we received orders to camp and wait for further orders. Some straggling cavalry had told us the enemy was but a short distance in front and we might expect a fight at any moment. We were so inexperienced and credulous at that time as to believe anything—even a cavalry man! We arranged our plans of defense and posted our guards, about half the Company being on post at once; so every man had his time that night. After we became initiated, we frequently laughed over the plans and precautions of this occasion. The next morning orders came for us to report back at the station, which was done in much better spirit than we had left it, for we had set out without ammunition for our guns. At the station the Company was divided, part going with the horses by land to Columbus in charge of A. H. Hardin, Jr., 1st Lieutenant of the Battery. The other part of the Company with the guns and baggage went

by railroad to Columbus where in due time, we met and staid
ed our tents, for the first time near the railroad depot.
Day or two after our arrival, in company with some six or
eight of the boys, I went across the river to examine the
battle field of Belmont. Fighting was just then coming in-
to fashion, and we felt a laudable curiosity as to how the
thing was done, and would go almost any length to catch
some of the outlines. However, we only saw a number of dead
horses, and a few small fresh mounds, marking where the fight
had been most severe. These, had we been in a frame of
mind to philosophise or draw conclusions, might have taught
us a lesson of the serious work in which we were so anxious
to engage. We brought off some two or three "army guns" as
trophies. Our next survey of a battle field was not quite
so cool and some of our trophies more interesting, if not
more pleasant. The enemy made no direct demonstration on
Columbus while we remained there. Occasionally they would
drop down the river in their gun boats apparently to take
a front view of our works, but always taking care to keep
out of range of the heavy guns on the bluff. I don't think
there was a shot exchanged at this place after the battle
of Belmont. Of the river defenses I formed a very good

opinion. There was a good display of heavy metal. I never took particular note of the number of guns, but know there were heavy guns on the bluff and several batteries on or near the water line, backed by gun boats and floating batteries; one the noted "tenth" or iron clad from New Orleans, though I think her history is unadorned by any brilliant actions. Of the land defences of Columbus, I did not form so high an opinion. I have seen better works constructed by infantry in two hours after the line of battle was formed. However they answered the purpose for which they were built. They kept the Yankees away from the place and thereby saved the life of many an honest rebel. Soon after our arrival, the busting of a heavy rifled gun, known as the Lady Polk, throwing about a hundred pound shot, took place. The gun was stationed on the bluff commanding the river. The shock from the explosion was felt all over the town. I was on the spot a few minutes after the mishap. Some two or three of the Battery were standing by, to witness the firing. One of them was so badly "demoralized" that he never stopped to pick up his hat, but at the top of his speed, struck a bee-line for camp, which was about a mile distant; arrived there he declared every man on the hill excepting himself was kill-

ed. Some twelve or fourteen men were killed and wounded. The cause of the busting as stated to me by a member of the Company, was this: On the day of the battle of Belmont, the Lady Polk was fired a number of times. The shot used were too large for the gun, and had to be filed down before they would enter. After the gun became warm and expanding, it was no longer necessary to file the shot. Contrary to the custom and rule of artillery firing, the gun was left loaded with one of these unfiled shot, and stood in this condition for several days. As the gun cooled and contracted the shot must have been most thoroughly clamped and nearly as firm as though it were a part of the gun. Attempting to fire this shot caused the busting. Gen'l. Polk himself was present and ordered the gun to be discharged. He was standing near enough to be knocked down by the explosion though not much hurt. He deserved a jolting for his unthought order.

Some few weeks after going to Columbus, the measles made its appearance in the Company. My case was among the first, was very sick for three or four days. As soon as Dr. Trotter, who was 3rd Lieut. and at the same time attending to the sick of the Company, pronounced me suffi-

ciently recovered to venture into the open air. I made arrangements to go home to regain my strength. Being informed of a certain formality I had to comply with before I left and instructed as to the manner in which the thing was to be done, a furlough in due form was made out and sent up to Gen. Pillow, who was then in command of the forces at Columbus.

December 1861.

Two or three others, just recovering from measles, made application for furlough on certificate from Dr. Trotter that we would not be fit for service in less time than two weeks. In order for us to get off on that evenings train, Capt. Stanford took our applications up to the Gen'l. and we, not anticipating a refusal to so reasonable request, in fact regarding it as a right more than as a favor, had carpet bags &c ready packed. Our furloughs were returned disapproved. It took us some time to take in the full force and meaning of this word "disapproved", being inclined to consider it as a jok. This was my first lesson in the reverence due "red tape" and "gold lace". We remained in camp near the river until about the middle of December, when we moved to our position on the defences of the town. The post assigned us was at the first railroad out from the

depot, and about half a mile from it. Here we built our winter quarters and remained until the evacuation. This building was done with some reluctance on our part, as we had not yet learned that labor was one of the duties of a soldier, and being comfortably situated in our tents, we could not see the use of building houses which cost us so much hard work. Our opinions and objections were worth nothing, so we built the cabins. Each cabin had eight men in it, or more properly speaking we divided ourselves into squads of this number and then built our bunk. After finishing our cabins, we had to build a double stable, forty feet wide and eighty feet long. This was not a difficult task, as it was built of sawed lumber. In the meantime, the number of our guns had been increased to seven. Our most unpleasant duty was guarding these guns, and the horses, and they, not being all together, required three men on duty day and night, making a guard for 24 hours amount to 18 men. During our stay at Columbus, we did not suffer from short rations—drawing most of the time, one and a quarter pounds of flour, and three quarters of a pound of bacon, or one and a half of beef also drawing rations of sugar, coffee &c. Added to this, the greater number of the boys were receiving boxes of "good

things" from home.

January & February 1862.

In fact, we fared almost as well as we did at Grenada, save the fact we felt the military power tightening its grasp upon us. Our horses, too, were equally well cared for, having plenty to eat, and nothing to do. Our old impatience for a fight had not yet passed away, and we honestly thought and feared we were doomed to remain here, during the War, or our term of enlistment. We had not seen enough of War to know that we were only in winter quarters, and a return of spring would place us in the field. We had not learned to read the signs of the times, for while we were expressing dissatisfaction at our inaction, movements were going on around us which later in the War would have told us very plainly that there was a move of some importance about to take place. While the infantry was moving out, and leaving their quarters in flames, we thought the fire was caused by carelessness. The enemy getting possession of the Ten. and Cumberland rivers, was forcing us to give up this point without firing a shot in its defense and that, too, with such haste or carelessness as to cause the loss to the government of a considerable quantity of stores and ordinances &c. Nothing however, fe

into the hands of the enemy; they only gained the position. Orders to cook rations, and be ready to move at short notice gave us to understand that "something" was about to be done. Next came orders to put our guns in the cars. Could we have seen this feat performed later in the War as we then performed, we would have been impressed with a lively sense of the hideous. But it was no laughing matter then. "Dismounting the gun" was at last accomplished with no small outlay of strength and with some danger. I had a considerable piece of skin taken off my hand, and others came near being seriously crippled. After getting some of our guns on the cars, we hitched up to the others, and on the evening of the first of March we left Columbus to the keeping of the Yankees, taking the precaution however, to burn our cabins and stables, and such other things as we could not take with us.

-March 1862-

The first evening we went only a mile or so and camped. Early the next morning we were on the march for State Line Station. It was at Union City I think, we placed the rest of our guns and caissons on the train and took our horses on to Humboldt by land. The riders and sergeants only, going with the horses in charge of Lieut. Hardin. The

cannoneers going with the guns and baggage by railroad. Arrived at Humboldt, we again went into camp, about half a mile North of the depot. While at this place, an election was held for a junior lieutenant. Dr. J. S. McCall was elected. Up to this time he had been orderly sergeant of the Company by appointment of Capt. Stanford, H. N. Bingham was now appointed first sergeant. The commissioned officers of the company at this time were as follows: T. J. Stanford, Capt.; H. R. McSwine, Senior 1st Lieut; A. H. Hardin, Junior 1st Lieut.; T. R. Trotter, Sr. 1st Lieut.; and J. L. McCall Jr., 2nd Lieut. While at Grenada, Capt. Stanford appointed me first sergeant, according to a promise made before I enlisted in his company, and in fact, was made to induce me to join it, think that several others would join with me from Duck Hill, when we were there forming an infantry company. At the same time he proposed to use his influence to have Dr. Trotter elected to a vacancy then existing in the company. He fulfilled his promise and Dr. Trotter was elected. He could have had almost any man elected that he desired. He did not strictly keep his promise to me, for instead of my being 1st sergeant, the appointment was construed to mean sergeant of the 1st gun, which is a very different pos-

ition from that of 1st sergeant. Before we left Grenada, a circumstance took place which prejudiced Capt. Stanford against me. McSwine, our first lieutenant, was a friend of the Capt's and from some cause the Capt. seemed determined to do all he could for him and sustain him, right or wrong. Soon after we began to drill, it became evident to the company, that McSwine was not qualified to fill the position to which he had been elected. The Company drill was a profound mystery to him, an enigma that could not be solved. He could not give commands for the most simple movements. With the company on the drill ground, he was completely befogged, worse than at sea without compass or chart, and making such absurd blunders, that the company, breaking over military restraint, would indulge in noisy laughter at his expense. Notwithstanding his blunders and inaptness, his conduct showed him to be a martinet and having just cause to suppose that he would soon degenerate into a tyrant. From these causes a petition was gotten up and signed by nearly every man in the company, asking him to resign his position as 1st Lieut. Hearing of it in time, and supposing me to be a prime mover in the matter, Capt. Stanford took me privately to task about it. I told him plainly I thought McSwine

unqualified, and that he ought to resign. Capt. S. agreed with me as to his incompetency in the drill but thought he would make a good officer. But objected to it more on account of precedent and example, and the dissatisfaction it would cause among the friends of the Battery. After considerable discussion, I promised the Capt. I would remain passive in the matter. He then went to work to put a stop to it, and the result was that most of the men withdrew their names from the petition which was finally destroyed without be presented. The result proved, that it was a misfortune both to the company and to McSwine that he did not resign. While at Humboldt we were one morning considerably surprised to see Gen'l. Cheatham, entirely unattended, walk into our camp. It was very apparent that the Gen'l. was on a slight spree. The object of his visit was to learn who was firing guns or pistols near our camp. He and Capt. Stanford went in search of the violators of orders, and soon discovered who they were, but could not get hold of them as they retired in time to save themselves, but, unfortunately, not in time to keep Capt. S. from recognizing them, and promising the Gen'l to have them arrested and sent to his quarters. Thus satisfied he continued his scent in search of unlucky marksmen.

before, deficient in men, we called on a company of artillery from Vaiden, Miss. for volunteers to fill out our number, as they had not yet been furnished with guns. Some eighteen or twenty were sent to our company, which brought our number up to that required for a six gun battery. It was the general impression that we were shortly to be favored with a fight, though not understood how it was to be brought about. My Mess, then composed of Robt. Burt, and R. I. Allen from Duck Hill, George and John Sledge, and John MacMath from Yalobushal Co. and Wm. A. S. Rendeau from New Orleans, for our mutual advantage we made a list of our names with the names of our relatives or friends, and their addresses, and each member of the mess was then furnished a copy of this list. The object of this was, should any of us be killed, wounded or captured, our friends at home might be informed of our fate through these members of the mess who should escape. A short time before sundown on the third, we moved out and joined the column marching for the battle field of Shiloh which was some 20 or 25 miles from Corinth near which place we had been in camp. We marched that night until after midnight, when we camped and remained until day light, when we took up the line of march, which was continued until about

the middle of the evening, when we went into camp, or bivouaced for the night. The infantry in the line of battle, by the way, the first line of battle I had ever seen. Early the morning of the fifth we were in marching order and moved out to the road but did not move any further until the morning was considerably advanced. It appeared there was some misunderstanding about the road we were to take, which was the cause of the delay, or some other command had made a mistake and we had to wait for this command to get in its position. While we were waiting here I saw for the first time, Gen'l. A. J. Johnston, Poke and Beauregard. They and their staff stopping near our position for sometime, we had a good luck at the man who was weilding the terrible machinery of which we formed a part. Seeing the man increased our confidence in the General. He passed on to his fate and we saw him no more. This evening we halted a while before sunset when the infantry formed in line and we placed our guns in position. Things began to look serious and it was evident a battle was before us and no longer a jesting matter. Orders were sent round for us to keep quiet-the enemy being but a short distance in front. Quietly, almost silently, we returned to rest and thoughts of the morrow. Many a whispered

prayer was uttered that night, no doubt by lips unaccustomed to prayer. Sunday morning, the 6th of April, we were up before the day light. While things were yet indistinct in the early dawn, shots were heard, apparently but a short distance in front, beginning with a shot now and then, but warming up as things became more distinct, until they followed each other in quick succession, now and then breaking out into the sharp quick rattle of rapid firing. It was now evident beyond a doubt that a fight was close at hand. This strong evidence was required to convince us, that a battle was a thing of reality, as well as to be read of in history and romance. Attention was called and we were soon on our way to the front. Quietly and in order we moved on. There were no signs of excitement, all seemed seriously impressed with the coming struggle. Shortly after sunrise, we met some of the wounded returning from the front. It was evident we were being held in reserve for heavy firing, both of musketry and artillery was going on in front. For some time we advanced with our brigade, Clarks', in line of battle, the battery in column of pieces; my gun, the first, just keeping dressed with the infantry line. Soon we came to more impressive marks of the battle, the trees pitted by

minnie balls and the dead scattered through the woods. The spirit of battle was around us, and we were not shocked by these poor remnants of mortality, which at other times, would have sent the chilled blood back to our hearts. Thus are we the creatures of circumstances. In the meantime, our brigade 'Clarks', had been moved by the right flank, leaving us orders to move on in the road, in the direction of the firing, as the woods was too thick, and the country too broken for us to keep up with the brigade. While halted to the right of and near an open field across which a line of battle was stretched we, for the first time heard the soft fluttering sound peculiar to a rifled cannon shot. I did not notice this fluttering until Capt. Stanford called my attention to it, and asked me if I knew what it was, and told me to watch that line of battle a moment. The columns of dirt thrown into the air explained it all and one crashing through the timber just over our heads shortly after, causing us to pay most unexpected obeisance to its highness, informed us that we were now under fire. Moving on a short distance and passing by the end of a long field stretching away to our left, we could see a sharp contest going on at the further end. A Yankee battery was blazing away at our men, standing not more than a hundred

yards in front, and soon had them retreating in disorder across the field. Our men had charged the battery and failing to take it, had to retire. But this was only a glimpse of the terrible work being done all through those woods and fields. It was the first I had seen and remained fixed in my memory. Even now it reminds me of a grand picture of a battle. A short distance further, and we were in the deserted camp of the enemy, the tents standing and everything left as though the troops had only gone out on review. We finished our breakfast at their expense as we passed through. They had not vacated without a struggle as was evinced by the number of killed and wounded scattered about. We were now close up to the scene of action and the minnies began to sing sharply around us. Our line of battle was seen a few hundred yards in front standing and firing, but the enemy was hidden from us by the underbrush. In a few minutes Gen'l. Hindman galloped up, apparently wild with excitement, and announced with a flourish of language something like a school boy's speech, that we were gaining a "glorious victory", the enemy giving way at all points, and ordered us to move into position and open fire at once. At the request of Capt. Stanford, he led us to the place where we should take position.

Moving at a trot a short distance to the left, he pointed us to a slight elevation in front of some Yankee tents, the tents in our rear. The number of the dead of the enemy being around showed this position had been contended for. None of our troops were in front of us, and but a scattering line to support us, should the enemy charge our Battery; but this they could not do without exposing their flanks too much. One of the enemy's batteries, seeing us take position, opened on us at once. It was clearly a trial of mettle and skill between ours and the enemy's battery. Our six guns were soon in position, a moment more and three deep tones went rolling over the field of battle for the first time. Though this was our first firing, we were well drilled in the manual of the pieces and the boys worked sharp, quick, and with a will, every man at his post. We opened with shall, fuzes, and elevation for six hundred yards. Our opponents replied with no less spirit and most ungratifying precision. Their shells and shrapnel hissing and tearing about us savagely. A shot struck a tree standing a few feet from us, striking me with the bark and splinters; looking to the right, I saw a horse have his leg taken off just below the shoulder by a cannon ball, another hasty glance and I saw a flash of fire and

smoke almost in Sargeant's _____ face hurling him from his horse to the ground; he sprang to his feet, threw up his arms and again fell to the ground, a shot would now and then plow up the ground and sprinkle us with dirt. I felt sure we must all be killed and expected every moment to have the life jerked out of me by a cannon ball. I thought it impossible for a man to live anny moments in that terrible storm. But this did not prevent us from working our guns and remembering the order to "fire low". Our firing soon began to tell on the enemy and they began to be less accurate in their aim, and to slacken their fire. Observing this, we exerted ourselves, if possible, still more and, I think, in not more than ten minutes from our first shot the enemy's guns had ceased to reply, and we were ordered to cease firing. The enemy was driven from his position and the firing again retired towards the front. Our wounded horses and men replaced by others and we followed on in the track of the battle, every where marked by the mangled forms of the dead. We had sometimes to move them out of the way of our guns to keep from passing over them. Wherever a stand was made the dead lay thickest. Some places they were piled on each other. Guns, knapsacks and clothing were scattered every where

through the woods. After striking the line where the battle began in the morning, at no time during the day did we find a place unmarked by the killed. It was more terrible than I had ever thought a battle field could be. One place particularly struck my attention: it was where a Yankee battery had fought. Some said it was the same battery we had fought that morning, but we had changed positions so often that I could not tell what part of the field we were on. It was evident our men had captured the battery, but the fight, for it must have been fearful even for that fearful field. The dead almost covered the ground, being across each other and in every position. Rebels and Yankees together. Horses had fallen dead together-the reins still grasped by the cold, pale hands. Humbers still held their guns in the various positions in which death had found them. Our team of six horses all dead, lay still harnessed to the timber of a gun. It was indeed a sublime picture of heroism-such a scene is ever worthy the respect of a soldier, be his uniform what it may. I have often recalled this sight to my mind, when the bravery of our foes has been called in question-brave men had fought and fallen here. Bravery and devotion to the cause for which he fights are the virtues of a soldier and are worthy of re-

spect. Removing such as were in our path we followed on after the retreating storm. There was no intermission. True, at times, the fighting would be heavier, generally preceded by a cheer. These cheers were sure to be followed by such crashes of musketry and roar of artillery as to tell of a death struggle of a charge and then quieting off into an almost monotonous rattle. Once during the evening we were placed in position, in connection with another battery in order to dislodge the enemy from a position he had taken; but before we received the order to open on them, one of those wild shouts went up, followed by the sharp crackling of thousands of guns, and the enemy was swept from his last strong hold, and retired to the position of their gun boats. With the river in the rear, they, beaten and in disorder, we, flushed with victory, escape appeared impossible. The crisis of the battle had come; but the spirit that had wielded and directed the fiery mass had gone. One more gallant charge and we had not fought in vain. Passing by a small dwelling and some out houses near which a pile of cotton bales were burning, with a few dead and hundreds of stands of small arms scattered around, we pressed on after the enemy. My impression at the time was, that the river was on-

ly a couple of hundred yards away, seeing what I supposed to be the river banks but may have been mistaken. Passing to the left and going perhaps half a mile we fell in with our line of infantry which appeared to be on the point of making a charge. The infantry lay down and our guns were placed "in battery" or in fighting attitude. While we were advancing to this position the enemy was shelling us, or rather the woods where we were for they could not see us, but knew very well we were there. By the time we had got our guns ready for action the shelling became terrific. We soon found out that this shelling came from the gun boats. The boats were concealed by the trees, but the heavy smoke rising from every discharge showed where they were. At the point where we were affairs were evidently confused, and the officers at a loss what to do, or knowing were unwilling to do it. At one moment we would be ordered to open fire, and the order would be countermanded the next. Ordered once to "to limber to the front" or get ready to advance. Then an order to load with canister and be ready to repel a charge of the enemy, it being reported that they were reforming under cover of the boats. The gunboats had siezed on both men and officers. Our position was very trying one for raw troops

Experienced soldiers would have seen at a glance that we were comparatively safe. One position was in a hollow, the ground rising in a gradual slope to the front. Behind this rise was the river and the gun boats. Having to elevate their guns, so as to fire over the top of the hill in our front, the shells all passed harmlessly a few feet above our heads, making a most demoralizing crash among the branches of the trees, but seeming to us, to almost graze the ground. An effort was made by some of their officers to get the infantry to charge. The storm of shot and shell was too fierce, and it really appeared certain death to rise and face it; and besides they thought it madness for men to openly face gun boats. They were worn out with the day's hard fighting, marching and double quicking, and the fiery image of moving was gone. They did not rise to strike the last blow that would have gained the day. Victory still marched on; but the eye that had all day watched her from through the smoke of battle was closed in death, and one less piercing failed to see her in front still waiving us forward. The order came for us to retire and the line began to fall back—not hastily or in disorder, silently they marched away from the victory for which they had fought so well and were now

made us very comfortable after the rough times we had just passed through, and the prospect of getting home made us feel cheerful. Although the train was moving all night, I rested well. The company after the battle of Shiloh reported some twenty-one or two men in "killed, wounded, and missing". Four, I think, were killed on the field, two captured-the others were wounded, two of whom died of their wounds. At Grand Junction we met several old men from Grenada who had sons in the Battery, and as it was difficult to learn the truth during so much excitement, they were trying to learn the truth during so much excitement, they were trying to get to Corinth to learn the fate of their sons. They could get no further than the Junction on account of military orders. They were anxiously inspecting every train of wounded that came by. On coming to our car one of them found both of his sons wounded, one of them mortally. It was an affecting sight to see the gray headed father meet his wounded boys and weep over them. At Grenada, Miss. I was met by my Uncle, Mr. Wm. Ross. He had first received a dispatch that I was killed, followed by one stating that I was only wounded, thus leaving him in doubt still as to my fate. He had set out to hunt me up, and had stopped at

Grenada, to obtain information of the company and to look through the hospitals and see if I had come, and examined the trains of wounded as they passed. I gladly responded to his call of "any of Stanford's Battery in there?", and felt much better, knowing I was in good hands and no longer need look out for myself, and felt as secure as if already at home. Saturday morning, April 12th, we got home, which event very naturally produced much excitement. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that I must die as I had been wounded in battle. And my good, kind Aunt shed many tears over "her luckless boy". After I got home, my wound gave me little or no pain. Thanks to the good nursing I got, I was confined to my bed some six weeks before I was able to use my "game leg". I was however, over anxious to return to the army, not for love of it, nor a sense of duty, but in order to prevent a charge of "playing-off", which I did not like to hear spoken of even in sport. During my absence from the Company, the re-organization took place, and other officers were elected. The whole army was re-organized at the same time. I received a letter from Rouda stating that I was elected senior second lieutenant of the Battery, though I was not officially informed of the fact, because the offi-

losing through no fault of theirs. Had Johnston been there to order a charge, it would have been done with far better spirit than they now manifested in retiring. But such was the decree of fate and with it, it is not our province to complain. I do not remember the exact time we began to fall back, but think the sun was probably half an hour high. We did not get to the camp assigned us until after dark. As we passed through the various camps of the enemy-which our men now occupied, and began to light up with their camp fires, the effect of the day's battle was strikingly presented. The bodies of the slain lay "thick as autumn leave". The wheels of our guns jolted over hundreds of discarded muskets. Lights were moving in every direction as the living hunted for the lost friend. Sad groups stood here and there around the still white faces of the loved and honored. There was an indescribable spirit of grief brooding over the wearied army. We went into bivouac some two miles from the river, the infantry being between us and the enemy. There was a large number of the enemy's abandoned tents standing some two hundred yards in front of us. We had orders to stay with our guns and not straggle in search of plunder. This order did not prevent some of our men paying a visit to the abandoned tents, getting a number of articles of clothing &c. I did not