

distance from town and halted. Heavy rain in A. M. & P. M.
Camped 2 miles from Chattanooga. On the 5th we camped at
Shellmound. Visit Nickerjack Cave to see the saltpeter
works and go in the cave. Magnificent spring. 8th. Move
to Brig d Camp 5 miles from C. South of town. 9th. Letter
from cousin B. and one from Uncle W. R. with order for,
from \$300.00 to \$500.00 from Mr. Ledbetter. 10th. Went
to hunt Capt. Ledbetter, found him. 11th. Moved camp to
within 2 miles of Chattanooga. Division artillery parked
together. Letter from Mr. H. L. F. 12th. Went to see
Cap. Ledbetter again. Not able to find Dr. Hall. Said to
be in Stewart's Division. 13th. All quiet in camp. Wea-
ther showery. 16th. Wrote letters to Mrs. F. R. & Mrs.
H. E. Pearson. 18th. Got leave of absence to go to Ty-
nees' Station to see Dr. Hall, Sgn. of Bates Brig d. He
did not have the money on hand. Stay all night with J. M.
Wright 5 miles from Tyner's and 12 from Chattanooga. 19th.
Dr. Hall gives me an order for \$500.00 on Steen of Chatta-
nooga. 20th. Go to see Mr. Steen and find I had left the
order at Tyner's. Write to Dr. Hall to send it by mail.
21st. To-day one year ago I left home for the Army of
Tenn. in company with Sam Lamb. 23rd. Considerable com-

plaint among the men of short rations. 1/4 lb. bacon pr. day. Scarcely anything to be bought in the country. Potatoes cost \$5.00 pr. bushel. Onions \$1.00 pr. dozen. Beets 50 cts. each. Butter and milk not to be had. 24th. Rec'd the order for \$500 from Dr. Hall by mail. 25th. Rec'd the money on the order. Walthall's Brig d left on the railroad for Atlanta. 27th. Visited Sam Lamb's grave which is about 3 miles south of Chattanooga, on the east side of a field, under a small sycamore tree. He was buried last Thursday, July 23rd, After being confined to his bed three days. I saw him a few days before, but not after he was taken sick. He belonged to the 5th Tenn. Regt. as Hospital Stewart. Lieut. McCall goes with the horses to graze, 10 miles from Chat. 30th. Rec'd. letter from Dr. Frost at Atlanta, Ga. Wrote to Mrs. S. R. and Shrimp yesterday. Send \$125.00 to Lieut. McCall to pay for money I got from him at Shelbyville 31st. Wrote letter to Dr. Frost, Atlanta, Ga.

August 1863.

1st. Things look gloomy through the Confederate States. The tide of our affairs begin to show the ebb too plainly to be denied. 2nd. Sunday. Have not been to church lately. 5th. Moved the guns on the Knoxville rail

road 4 miles from Chattanooga. I go to Capt. Nichols to take charge of the Battery horses, and relieve Lieut. McCall. 6th. The Battery fires 12 shots at a target to try the guns, and practice the men at aiming. I was detailed to stand near the target and report the striking effect &c. of the shots. Three men sent with me to take my reports back to the Capt. at the guns: The shots flew rather wild and there was some danger of getting in the way. One of the men lay down behind a large tree near the target in order to know better where the shot struck, and knowing the shot could not go through so much solid wood as protected him. The guns were a little over half a mile (1400 yards) from the target. He heard the gun fire, and not seeing or hearing the shot strike, he stepped out to look for the dust he knew would mark where it fell. Just as he cleared the tree, the shot tore up the ground not a yard from him and covered him with a shower of dirt, leaves and trash. He escaped unhurt. This trial proved that our guns were unfit for service, and were condemned and turned over to the ordnance department and 4 three inch rifles were given us in their stead. In the battles of Perryville and Murfreesboro we had worn them out. There not being a sign of a groove left in them. 7th. We

all using green corn to piece out short rations. 9th. Got dinner at the mills 3 miles from Capt. Nichols'. Mail line open to Jackson, Miss. 12th. Ordered to camp with the horses-return to Capt. Nichols' in the evening. 13th. I went out to hunt better pasture for the horses. Guns moved 4 miles from Chattanooga. 14th. Went to see pasture at Alexander's. 16th. Sunday, All quiet. Sent a letter home on the 14th by mail to Mr. S. R. answer to hers of the 31st. 18th. Fall back on camp face again. Rations too bad at Capt. N's table. Cooking not clean-table filthy. 19th. Ordered to return to camp with the horses tomorrow. 20th. Start to camp with the horses at daylight. Had review of Corp's & Reserve Artillery at 4 P. M. 21. Rejoin Capt. Stanford's mess. At 10 A. M. the Yanks opened, with a Battery across the Tenn River, on a Battery of ours on this side. Fire slowly all day. A good many shells fall in Chattanooga. But little harm done. Orders to cook 3 days rations. Troops in motion. 22nd. All quiet until nearly sunset, then a few shots fired. 23rd. Sunday. All quiet-no firing-Clear and warm. 25th. Write home by Capt. Ledbetter. No firing. 26th. Clear & cool. Fall like. Quiet. 27th. Yanks open again on Chattanooga at 10 A. M. Firing slowly

until 2 P. M. Our batteries return a few shots. 28th. All quiet. Go up on Mt. Lookout. Went serenading last night.

Gen'l. Cheatham's headquarters and Mr. Whitesides. Capt. S. leaves for Augusta, Ga. 29th. Yanks throw a few shells into Chattanooga. 30th. Sunday All quiet no firing. Cool and clear. 31st. Same movement of our troops. No firing.

September 1863.

1st. Ordered to cook three days' rations and be ready for immediate movement. 2nd. Wednesday. All quiet-no firing. 5th. Yanks shelling the town slowly. 6th

Turn our worn out brass rifles over to the ordnance department and get 3 inch iron rifles in their place-same caliber as the brass ones. Ordered to cook three days' rations and be ready to move at a moments notice. Ordered to report to Gen'l. Strahl for orders. At light we return to camp. 7th. Yanks again shell Chattanooga. Enemy reported advancing on Rome in heavy force, and crossing the river above Chattanooga. Reported yesterday that we are making preparations to evacuate Chattanooga. Leave camp. Ordered to McFarland's Spring at the foot of Missionary Ridge some six miles from Chattanooga. Horses in harness all night. Troops moving

Yanks following us promptly. As soon as they appeared in easy range we again opened on them-they replied with their battery. After firing some 40 rounds we were ordered to retire again-the infantry keeping in line with us. The enemy did not follow up this move as it was desired they should. The skirmishers continued to crack away at each other, but we had quiet for the remainder of the day-the enemy not attempting to advance any further. The fight began today about 2½ miles from Rock Spring Church. The Battery fired 79 rounds in the fight today. One man (J. R. Heath) slightly wounded in the foot by a shell. We could very plainly hear the Yankee bands playing in the front this evening. Later in the evening (13th) we retire within our line of battle and camp for the night. It seems the object of our "feeling the enemy" today, was to bring them to a general engagement, which they declined. 14th. At 11 A. M. the Battery was ordered to move with the brigade back to Lafayette. Get there at 3 P. M. and camp in Lafayette again. The Army appears in fine spirits and prepared to meet the Yanks. No skirmishing to-day. 15th. Remain in camp. All quiet. Heavy reinforcements, reported, coming to our Army. 16th At 2 P. M. ordered to move with the brigade. Go 2 miles

North-east of Lafayette. Capt. Stanford and Sgt. Martin re-
turn to the Battery. 2 days rations on hand. 17th. Order-
ed to move out at 5 P. M.-going North. Bivouac at 12 o'
clock at night $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Rock Spring Church. A fight
is expected soon. Saw Dr. Frost yesterday. 18th. At 6
A. M. We moved towards the church. Drew up in line of bat-
tle at 8 A. M. Strahl's brigade supports Wright's. Cool and
cloudy. At 8.30 A. M. our line of battle moves to the right
and front. First artillery heard at 11.30 A. M. continued
to fire until dark. Small arms fired rapidly from sunset
until dark. We bivouac on the road-side for the night. 19th
Fed our horses at $3\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. Received letter from Mrs. S. T.
Ross at 7 A. M. dated Aug. 29th. Artillery opened at 8
A. M. We move to Chickamauga Creek and cross and form in
line of battle on the bank. At 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ we move rapidly to the
right, going at a trot. Reform in the rear of heavy fight-
ing. At 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ the Battery advances with the infantry to re-
lieve the troops which had been fighting in front of us. We
had to advance in the face of a very severe fire. Our troops
were thrown into some confusion by not being allowed to re-
turn the fire of the enemy that was sweeping them down by

just before dark, when to the right and front there was some very heavy infantry and artillery fighting. It seems about this time both parties made an effort to advance their lines. The Yanks had to give ground. In the twilight gloom and smoke, at some points, the two lines were entangled with each other, and friends could hardly be distinguished from foes. The volleys that followed such meetings were fatal to both parties. Gen'l. Smith was killed in one of these collisions. It is said he asked the man who killed him some question, thinking he was a Confederate soldier. The somber woods were lit up by the flashing guns and the night seemed to quake and tremble in the frayed peals. It was the most awe inspiring-of battle I ever heard. Such fighting could not last long, and soon a death like stillness settled over the field, and men instinctively spoke in whispers to each other. We bivouaced on the field. We well knew the fight was not ended. The shadow of coming events made the night more gloomy. We were too intent, catching at any rumors that indicated the programme of tomorrow, to discuss the events of the day just passed. This morning while passing along the line of battle from the left to the right, we passed by the Virginia troops, which

had come to reinforce us for the coming fight. Our first impression on seeing them was that they were Yankees. This impression was caused partly by the color of their uniform, but more by its uniformity, and the superior style of their equipments, in haversacks, canteens and knapsacks. The contrast between them and Gen'l Bragg's motly, ragged troops was striking in the extreme. If this command was a specimen of Lee's troops, they were certainly superior to the troops of the Army of Tennessee, in dress. When we were getting into position between 12 and 2 o'clock the column of wounded coming from the front was almost unbroken-there was one continual stream flowing to the hospitals. All means of locomotion known to wounded soldiers were called in-to requisition-ambulances and litters-the wounded infantryman crutching it along on his gun, and the mangled artilleryman clinging to his bleeding and staggering battery horse, passed painfully laboring to the "red flags". It was about this time I met Henry Head, then a Lieutenant in the 9th Tenn. Regt., his hat gone and his face and breast covered with blood. He had just been wounded in the head by a minnie ball. He was some distance in rear of the lines, but

was still under fire when I met him; he had concluded to return to his company, as he did not think his wound serious enough to keep him from doing duty on the field. I think his head was still slightly muddled from the shock of the wound and he did not have a clear idea of what he was about. It was with some difficulty I could get him to go on to the hospital. He told me he saw Dr. Frost coming out of the fight as he went in; he said the Doctor was very seriously wounded-he feared dangerously, but seemed in good spirits and very much excited about the way "we were driving the Yankees". I did not have much time to sympathize, for in a few minutes after this I was in the very close place of which I have already spoken. So much for the events of the first day of the Battle of Chickamauga-. 20th-Sunday. Fed our horses at 3½ A. M. Hitched up and ready to move at daylight. At 6 A. M. we moved up to our line of battle. We had camped a short distance in rear of the infantry of our brigade, which held the front line until after daylight when another command came up and passed in line of battle to the front. The morning was so obscured by fog and the smoke of yesterday's fighting that a man could be distinguished but a few yards distant, and in moving troops there was certainly

great danger of having them thrown into confusion. The colors of a regiment could not be distinguished half the length of the regiment. Everything was thus completely veiled until about 8 A. M. when the curtain rose, though the tragedy did not begin until about 10 o'clock. From this time until 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ the roll of musketry was unbroken, when there seemed to be a lull for a brief space, though at no time did the firing cease. Up to this time the lines seemed to change but little, and the fighting evidently very stubborn. The position of the Battery remained unchanged until 2 P. M. Our brigade, and I think our whole division, was held in reserve throughout the day, and did but little if any, fighting. From the opening of the fight until 2 P. M. we received no orders and did not move, though we were subject to the long range firing of the enemy. Some of the minnie balls and numbers of shells and shots reached us, some of the rifle shots passed over us far to the rear; when one of these long range shots went sailing far above our heads, the boys would say "it was hunting the bomb proof department". A number of the infantry, which was lying down in line a few yards in front of us, was wounded by these shells. None of the Battery men were wounded, because most of us

sought the friendly protection of trees; we were in the edge of the timber, an open field stretching in front towards the enemy. It was quite interesting to peep from behind our trees and watch the balls skipping across this open space and "kicking up a dust" in their hunt for rebels. We kept in a feverish excitement by the continual expectation of an order to move up to where the work was going on. There was passing enough to and from the front to keep us well informed as to the progress of the battle. Nearly all these reports were favorable "we are driving the Yanks back" and "we are holding our own", and again, "they are trying very hard to hold their ground." However, as the day advanced we could tell that the fighting was getting further off, and drifting to the right. At 2 P. M. the long expected order came for us to move. As we rose to the command of "attention", sub silentis, we preferred our prayers to the God of battle for protection in this, our day of utmost need. We expected to be marched into the fury of the battle. The Battery moved with the brigade and division (Cheatham's) For a time we advanced in line of battle towards the fighting, then halted and "dressed" the lines. Now we braced ourselves for the deadly charge, for there in front of our lines, rode that

grim old chief, Gen'l Cheatham, and his staff. What better indication could there be of a fight? Again we advanced through the woods, already cut up by thousands of shots and the numbers of the dead showing that they had found still other marks. Another halt: anxiously we watched the going and coming of couriers, The Gen'l. and escort ride off to the right. "Attention," Right, face" and we are on the march at a quick step in the direction taken by Gen'l. Cheatham. Going for some distance, perhaps a mile or two, at this rate, our march began to be broken by frequent halts. It appeared that we were keeping along a range of hills overlooking a lower tract of country, thickly timbered, in which the fight was going on. We halted at a point where the road we traveled turned to the left and descended into the level country. The sun was about two hours high when we halted. The wounded were coming out by this road and a number of them had been left by the wayside at this place. In one group, I observed a boy, not more than twelve or fourteen years old, with an intelligent childish face. He lay on the bare ground, his head resting on his arm, his face deadly pale. His appearance attracted the attention of our men and several of them

had gathered around him, among them was our surgeon who was examining his wound. A minnie ball had passed through his bowels, and we knew he must die. In reply to his question, the doctor only told him he was very badly wounded. We could all face the battle's deadliest fury, but could not tell the child-soldier he must die. Scenes of blood and mental anguish were familiar to us, but faces were now turned away to hide the falling tear. Pity could not stay the battle, and we moved on and left the poor boy-"somebody's pale darling"-to die untended in the shadows of the trees of "dark Chickamauga". This boy was attached to some regiment, though not as a regular soldier. He was fighting in the line, I thin, when wounded. From our present position we could see heavy clouds of dust rising on the road leading to Chattanooga, and the impression prevailed that the Yanks were retreating. Though we could not tell but that it was caused by reinforcements coming to them. Shells from the Yankee batteries in front soon turned our attention from the dust and its cause. In a few moments our line was ordered to "forward" and we moved in the direction of the firing. As night came on the fighting grew hea-

vier. A desperate effort was being made by our forces to break the enemy's lines before dark. Our Division began to press forward, and, at sunset, there seemed to be a strong probability of our getting into the closing scene of the day; and we certainly would have done so, had the enemy not given up his position. Tonight we bivouac a second time on the battle field. A short time before sunset I had a short talk with Col. Lamb. He spoke very hopefully of the issue of the fight. I had just heard from Misspi. and gave him some information about his brother. I saw him no more during the fight. 21st-Up at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. Harness and hitch up at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ Everything was obscured by a thick fog, or, perhaps, more properly, the smoke from the previous day's fighting until 8 o'clock when it began to lift. The order of battle for today throw our division (Cheathams) in the front line. At 8 A. M. we moved to the front, passing through the command which held the front lines last night, and taking position next to the enemy. The part of the line assigned our Brigade stretched across an open field, with an open space of wooded hills rising from the further side. As we passed through the lines of infantry which we were relieving, they comforted us with the information that we "would catch hell

out there in front". After our lines were established in the open space, and the fog began to clear from the hills in front, there was every indication that the prediction was about to be fulfilled. Our skirmish line was only a hundred yards or so in front of the main line, and the prevailing opinion was that the bushes on the opposite side of field concealed thousands of Yanks. Every moment we expected the batteries to open on us from the hills. We remain here, without even "feeling" the enemy, until nearly 12 o'clock, when the skirmish line was ordered to advance. Thousands of anxious eyes watched this line as it went slowly across the open space, expecting every moment to see the Yankee sharp shooters fire on it from the bushes. I never watched with so much interest the movements of a line of men as I did this line as it drew near the woods. On its reception depended our fate for to-day. We drew a breath of relief as it gained the woods without a shot being fired. Now we strained our ears to catch the reports of the guns that must soon reach us if the enemy was still there. We were not long left in doubt. News soon came that the Yanks were gone-had retreated to Chattanooga. Then the victory was ours, for

we still held the field; and with no uncertain grasp, for Gen'l. Bragg certainly intended an advance on the enemy had he been present to receive it. About 2 P. M. our lines were in motion, moving to the right and in the direction of Chattanooga. Continued our march until 10 P. M. when we halted near Red Hill, on Chickamauga creek, where we bivouaced for the night. Gather corn from a field for our horses. Rations very short and we go to sleep hungry, Not an unusual thing with horses at 3½ A. M.; ready to move at daylight March & t 7 A. M. going Northwest. At 1 P. M. the infantry has a sharp little hush and drive the enemy from the ridge. Our Battery was moved forward to take position and support the infantry. The 2nd gun takes position and fires three shots at the Yanks, who seem to be hurrying into Chattanooga, From our present position on Missionary Ridge we had a fine view of the valey, and could see, from the dust rising in different directions, that the Yanks must be in great commotion and making hurried moves. The range was too long and our shots did not have much effect. Our scouts report the enemy in line of battle around the town. At dark our Battery move down in the valey and bivouac. Still hungry. 23rd. Up at 3½ A. M. Ordered to be ready to move at 4 A.

M. Did not change our position until 4 P. M. when we move to the right and front, and approaching the town from the east. Halt within two miles of it. There was some indication that an attack was meditated by Genl. Bragg. Bivouac with the infantry in line of battle to-night. 24th. Fed horses at 3½ A. M. Signal gun heard at 3 o'clock this morning. Heavy cannonading heard a little after day. All quiet at sunrise. In the evening the enemy began to shell the woods; exploding the shells in unpleasant proximity to us. At one time to-day, the opinion prevailed that an advance on the enemy was about to be made. At sunset the lines fell back to the foot of the ridge, the enemy shelling as we retired. Some of the infantry were wounded. The shelling was at long range, and the shells came down with considerable curve. I gave one of them a clear dodge. I saw it coming over towards me with unfriendly intentions. I gave my horse a quick check and a touch with the spur, and the shell hurried itself in the ground a few feet from me. My timely observation alone saved me. At 10 o'clock tonight there was heavy skirmishing and cannonading on the left. It continued about half an hour. This fighting at night has a peculiarly wild and unnatural sound, and is much more impressive than in day-

light, producing a feeling of vague fear not easily described. Yesterday, I saw Capt. Ledbetter, who has just returned from Misspi. He brings letters and clothes for me from home. 25th. All quiet this morning. Nothing doing until late in the evening, when there was cannonading some distance to the left. 26th. Some picket firing on the left of our front. Some artillery this evening. For the last four days our position has been about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Chattanooga, near the foot of Missionary Ridge, and on the right of the infantry line of battle, the cavalry continuing the line on to the river. 27th Sunday Fortify our guns by building pens in front, and filling these pens with loose rocks of which we had plenty—dirt would have been better, but it was not to be had—we have a detail of infantry to help fill the pens. The infantry have also constructed temporary works for themselves. All quiet on the front. Write home. 28th. Some skirmishing last night. All quiet to-day. 29th. Saw Capt. Ledbetter and received letters from home. 30th. I was sick last night. All quiet on the lines. During the Battle of Chickamauga our left arm—J. H. McNeil, wounded in the arm—W. C. Chatham, wounded in the hand. We also lost several

horses. The brigade to which we were attached, Strahl's had 1200 men in the fight, and lost in killed and wounded, about 200. Reports from the field place our loss from the entire Army at 17,000 men, killed, wounded, and missing. The victory in this engagement was unquestionably ours. But further than checking and delaying the enemy in this advance, I see no good results. This was done by the superior fighting of our men. There was no surprise and not much apparent strategy in the movements of our troops. The enemy was forced back by front attacks; there was no turning of flanks. I saw several temporary breastworks of the enemy, behind which they had fought, and from which they were driven by charges of our men. The number of Confederate dead in front of these works, the cut-up condition of the timber, and the dead of the enemy still leaning against the rear side of the breastworks, all showed the kind of "strategy" that had sent the Yankees to Chattanooga to reform their broken ranks and wait no doubt with fear and trembling "the coming of the rebs". And, why did they not come? It is not for me to say what ought to have been done. I only know we waited until the enemy gained strength enough to come out and take

from us the fruits of the victory we had gained at Chickamauga. We were defeated after the victory was gained. I cannot see the advantage of such generalship.

October 1863.

1st. Rain slowly last night and to-day. 2nd Clear this morning. Our line of battle is now well protected by breastworks, and extends from the river to the foot of Point Lookout to the river above town. Quiet in front. 3rd. Clear and pleasant. We are now in full view of the Yankee camp, and can hear their drums and horns very plainly. Some cheering over that way last night at 4 P. M. our Battery moved half a mile to the right and camped in rear of the infantry breastworks. All quiet on the lines to-day. 4th. Sunday No more from either party. 5th. The Batteries to the right of us opened on Chattanooga at 11 A. M. and continued to shell until 5 P. M. Yankee Batteries replied promptly to the fire of ours. The Yanks moved some of their tents in front of our position. Heavy smoke in Chattanooga. I went to Chickamauga Station and bought a pair of boots for myself, for which I paid one hundred dollars in Confederate money; considered cheap at that. 6th. One half of the Company went to the wagon camp to-day

to wash and get clean clothes. All quiet in front. 7th. The Battery goes to Chickamauga Station to get new guns. Turn our 3 inch iron rifles over to the Q. M. Department and receive four 12 pound Napoleon guns in their place. These guns were just from the foundry and had never been fired. They were splendid guns. Rain last night and this A. M. I receive letter from home. Yanks throw a few shells. 8th Clear and cool. Very little shelling. Write home. 9th. Nothing doing-no changes. 10th. At 3 O'clock we get orders "to be under arms" before daylight. Reported that the enemy appears to be preparing to attack our right. Enemy remained quiet all day. President Davis passed along our lines to review. I did not see him as I had to go to the depot to draw horse collars. 11th. Sunday Clear, pleasant, and all quiet on the lines. 13th, 14th & 15th. Raining and very disagreeable. Dr. Penn the father of two of our men, in camp on a visit to his sons. Chickamauga bridge, washed away, this cuts off ammunition with the cook wagons, and stops our rations for a short time. Use pen tom boats until it is rebuilt. 16th. Capt. Stanford returned from Augusta on the 14th Oct. 17th. Draw my pay from May 4th to Sept. 1st at \$90.00 per month. Amount \$348.00, Capt.

Pitcher, pay master, 19th. Receive letter from Mrs. S. Ross. Write to Mr. W. Ross. 22nd. I draw pay for the Company. Up to this time we had had a very quiet time on our part of the line; but the quiet was broken this evening about 5 o'clock, by the Yanks opening fire on us. Several of the shells struck in our company camp, but without injuring anyone. Some of the infantry near us were wounded. At 6 P. M. our brigade ordered to get ready to move. At 10 P. M. Battery ordered to be ready to move at a moment's notice. at 1 o'clock we begin to climb the ridge. From this time until daylight we have heavy work. Our teams balking every few yards. We have to double teams and the men push at the wheels. At times we would have twelve horses hitched to one gun. By 8 o'clock we had everything on top of the ridge, and the men and horses exhausted. The enemy threw three shells from their forts every half hour during the night. They were directed to our part of the line. Began to rain before day 23rd. Got into camp at 10 A. M. Rain all day. No sleep last night. 25th. Sunday Ordered to hold ourselves in readiness move to Tyner's Station. March at 12 M to the Funnel, 5 miles from Chattanooga. Here I was placed in command of

80 men, detailed from several Batteries, and ordered to go on towards Tyner's until we found the railroad. Obstructed by broken cars, to remove these cars and report back to my command. Removed the cars by dark. Remain at Tyner's, where we camp without blanket or rations. Cloudy. 26th. Returned to the Funnel on foot, tired and hungry. Load our Battery on 3 cars and leave for Charleston. Pass Cleveland and get to C. at 10 P. M. Unload the Battery at once, and get to bed by 2 A. M. Sent our horses "overland" in charge of Lieut. McCall. No room to bring them on the cars. 27th. Horses came up at 12 M. Began to cross the Hiwassee river on a ferry boat at 3 P. M. Slow business and it is dark by the time our Battery is all over. Move out half a mile from the river and camp. A railroad bridge was being built here as fast as possible. It seems to be a temporary one to replace the one lately burnt. 28th. All the artillery over by 4 P. M. and we move on to Riceville, East Tenn. & Va. Rail R. and camp-5 miles. 29th. Up at daylight and march at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. Pass through Athens, where we halt 2 hours, and march on to Mouse Creek and camp. 30th. On the march at 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. Raining & cool. Pass through the small town of Sweetwater and camp. 31st. Remain

in camp near Sweet Water. Write to Mrs. S. Ross and forward the letter through Hd. Qs. to Charleston. We were now on what we called the "Sweet Water Trip". Cheatham's Division was marching to strike a blow, no doubt, at Knoxville; but from some cause was recalled to Chattanooga before anything was accomplished. To us it was a very agreeable relief from the tedium of camp life on the lines around Chattanooga. And the order recalling us was very ungraciously received. The Sweet Water valley is a delightful country.

November 1863.

1st Sunday. All the Battery officers, except myself, go to Sweetwater to Church. A quiet and beautiful day. 2nd. The first train comes through on the railroad from Chattanooga. Move camp nearer Sweet Water. 4th. Orders to return to Missionary Ridge. March at 12 M. Camp again 4 miles from Sweet Water. 5th. On the march at sunrise. Camp at Riceville at 3 P. M. Raining slowly all day. We, the officers of the Battery and Maj. Smith, commanding the battalion of artillery, have a "gay time" with the female inmates. 6th. Up at 3 A. M. March at daylight. Orders to hurry across the Hiwassee River. Camp near Char-

leston at 10 A. M. 7th. March at sunrise. Camp near Cleveland at 3 P. M. 8th. March 18 miles. Camp 10 miles from Chicamauga. 9th. March to Chicamauga. A number of the men from the Battalion went out foraging last night, and drew very heavily on an old citizen's hen house and without his knowledge or consent, bringing off "much spoil" In consequence of which we had lively search for chickens and honey-without success of course. The Battalion was then formed in line that the guilty parties might be identified by the injured citizen and his two daughters. They agreed on one unlucky fellow, and the shrens came near pitching into him before the officers could "interfere". He cleared himself, however, by proving he was in camp all night. They finally gave up the unprofitable investigation. The whole affair was ludicrous in the extreme. We had a merry time and plenty of honey in camp that night. 10th Remain in camp. Beef 45 cts pr. pound-loafed. 11th Battalion moved to McFarland's Spring. West of the ridge. 12th. Battalion horses inspected by Gen'l. Hardee. Confederate Batteries firing from Point Lookout on Chattanooga. Yanks replying from across the river. From flash to report 17 seconds. 13th. Turner's Battery sent to the top

of Lookout. Write to B. E. 14th. Some firing from Mount
Lookout. 15th. Sgt. Colet and I rode to the top of Mt.
Lookout, from which we had a splendid view of Chattanooga
and the Yankee and Confederate lines. Barrett's Battery
of long range guns, was firing from the point of the moun-
tain on Chattanooga. One Yankee Battery was replying by
shelling a train of our wagons coming down the mountain. The
line of works of each army, with the skirmishers and pickets
on post between them was plainly visible; beginning at the
river at the foot of the mountain, and extending across the
valley to Missionary Ridge, then passing along its base
and striking the river above the town. We remained two or
three hours admiring the magnificent panorama. As we rode
down the mountain we had to pass under the fire of the Yan-
kee battery. But it only knocked up a dust and made us
hurry down. 17th. Heavy firing for a few minutes at day-
light this A. M. All quiet again this P. M. Wrote to Mr.
& Mrs. Ross and S. E. 18th. J. M. Knox and Goble leave on
40 days furlough. Send letters to Canton by them. 19th Or-
dered to build stables at once. Value horse for Lt. Cockral
at \$300.00 20th. Began to get stable timbers. But little
artillery firing. 21st. Troops moving on Crawfish Spring

road, they return at 3 P. M. Rain last night and this morning. 22nd Sunday. At sundown the Battery moved to the Watkins house on the lines. Considerable firing of artillery around the lines. 23rd. Reviewed by Genl. Stewart at 10 A. M. At 3 P. M. we take position on the breastworks. Artillery and infantry firing on the right. Enemy in line of battle in our front. 24th. The Battery and infantry bivouac on the lines-an advance of the enemy expected at any moment. Up at 2 P. M. Fight began on the left about 12 M. Enemy trying to occupy Lookout Mountain. Very heavy fighting for the position. As the fight progressed up the mountain, the advance of the lines and the smoke from their guns could be seen from our position. The enemy threatening our front, we were forced to stand idle, and see our men overpowered and driven from the mountain. At 2½ P. M. ordered to cook 3 days rations and be ready to move at a moments' notice. The fight continued on Mt. Lookout until 10 P. M. the flashes of the guns showing the position of the two lines. Up all night. Todays movements show the Yanks mean to give us a fight. 25th. At 3 A. M. we move with the troops towards Rossville. Halted at daylight, east of Missionary Ridge- 9 A. M. We move on to the right.

One P. M. move to the top of the ridge. Two P. M. enemy appears in heavy force in one night. At 2½ P. M. we again move to the right half a mile and take position. The scene spread before us from this position, was truly magnificent. We were on the top of the ridge, a little south of east of Chattanooga, some two or three miles distant. The enemy occupying the valley, and our men holding the Ridge. A heavy line of our skirmishers filling our former works at the foot of the ridge. Here we stood, idly looking at the splendid army of the enemy, maneuvering and forming below us, and in easy range of our guns, without firing a shot to disturb their leisurely movements, certainly, a very foolish waste of ammunition. Some two miles distant, in front and to the left, we could see a long column of the enemy marching down the valley. In front, stretching through the open woods and across the fields, were two lines of battle. The men had stacked arms and broken ranks, and now lay or stood idly near their guns. The preparations seemed better suited to a grand review than a battle. There was little or no firing along the skirmish line. And thus with almost perfect quiet for nearly an hour we stood and gazed on this, to us, all absorbing scene. At 3½ o'clock, a single gun fired from one

broke and our part of the line did not give way before the ridge on either side of us carried by the enemy, when both infantry and artillery rushed-poll-mell down the rebel side of the ridge. By the time we reached the foot of the ridge, the enemy were firing on us from the top. They showed their soldierly qualities by halting there to reform. Experience had taught them not to trust too much to a rebel panic after these few parting salutes, we proceeded without delay towards Chicamauga Station. We had to turn aside from the main road, as our ridets and skirmishers were driven in that direction by the emey, who had nearly succeeded in getting i our rear; no doubt the same forces we saw in the early part of the evening passing down the valley in our front. They had crossed the ridge on our left, and, had we held our position a half hour longer, would have had us between two fires. Ead fighting this time resulted in our favor, individually, at least, the position of the Battery was near the extreme left of the line of battle. Further to our right, the Confederates held the ridge until dark, or until ordered to retire. After being driven from our position the Battery retired to an open field near the corssing of the

creek, where it was ordered into position by a drunken staff officer, who said the Yanks would be on us again in a few minutes, and that we must load our guns with double charges of cannister. We were too well drilled to obey his orders about loading. It was now nearly dark. In our retreat we had given way to the right and thus fallen in rear of that part of the line which had not been broken by the enemy. Grand and gloomy in its drapery of battle the ridge loomed up in our front. Vivid jets of flame leapt out from the enemy's artillery planted on its summit. The burning fuses trailed through the air to the woods below, ending in the dazzling blaze of a bursting shell. On its sides and in the woods thousands of smaller flashes gleamed in the gathering twilight. The air trembled with the deep roar of battle. Silent and motionless we stood around our guns, whose black muzzles were turned on the thick woods on our left. The sublime scene in front made us forget that any moment might find us actors in a similar tragedy. As night came on the fighting grew less severe, and darkness, brought a quiet broken only by the tramping of the retreating army, and the groans of the wounded. We remained in battery in the old field, to guard against a surprise from the enemy, until 10 o'clock at