

The Regiment had some sharp engagements during the time they were on this part of the field. In one of these Lieutenant Hugh J. Barnett, of Company F, was mortally wounded. He was leading a detachment of the Regiment in a charge when he fell. Poor Barnett lay where he fell for five days before death relieved him of his suffering, as we afterward learned. At the time he was shot he had the Henry rifle, belonging to Gilbert Armstrong, who was wounded yesterday. The rebels took the gun and all his clothing and valuables, but did not render any assistance to the wounded man. They did not even bury him after he was dead, but left the body to decay above ground. There is but one place where such heartlessness as this can be properly rewarded.

Lieutenant Barnett was one of our best and bravest men. He was full of life and fun, and did much to drive away the despondency and gloom of a soldier's life. He was known by every man in the Regiment and was well liked by all. He was a moral, upright christian man, and active in religious work in the Regiment.

Later in the afternoon, the 58th was formed in a low piece of ground, about a half mile from their former position. They were ordered to advance in a line supporting a battery. At this time there appeared in their front at least a Brigade of men, dressed in dark clothing, and with battle flags somewhat like ours. They came up in good order, bayonets fixed, and guns at "right shoulder shift." A discussion arose among our officers as to who these troops were, whether friends or foes. Colonel Embree and another Colonel contended that they were enemies. Some of the line officers and men thought they were friends; but the former opinion was correct, as was soon demonstrated. They proved to be a portion of Longstreet's Corps, which had just arrived from Virginia. Our men were not accustomed to seeing their enemies in any other dress than the regulation butternut. But the troops under discussion soon convinced everyone of their true character by pouring a volley

of the M. E. Church, at Princeton, and gave me five dollars towards repairing the church. This was as much as the leading members could be persuaded to give. In giving his life for his country he showed himself a better man than many whose professions are much more loud.

Of Company E, Sergeant Gilbert Armstrong, a famous sharpshooter, who sported a Henry rifle, was severely wounded in the shoulder. The history of this man is full of thrilling interest. He was in the Mexican war. He was a Western steambotman in the meantime. His rifle was a present from his fellow soldiers. When he was wounded he gave his rifle to Lieutenant H. J. Barnett, of Company F.

I must not omit to drop a tear to the memory of "Grant," a celebrated fighting cock, belonging to the old sharpshooter. He had long rode in the ambulance to the exclusion of weary men's knapsacks and the annoyance of the sick. He was a great terror to my mare, who always passed him on double quick. He was appropriately left on the battlefield. When he could be seen no more he was heard to crow. Poor rooster, I fear—nay, hope—he was eaten by some hungry soldiers on that fatal frosty night.

I was on the field at a late hour of the night, gathering up the wounded. I conducted a train of ambulances to the field and back to the hospital after all the wounded were in.

We had one hospital tent up. It was full of suffering men. Lieutenant Drury, who had been hauled about all day in the ambulance with one leg off, lay quietly in one corner. Captain Bruce was about midway on the same side, fully conscious that his end was near. Captain Davis was opposite, seemingly the worst wounded man in the tent. On every side were men suffering untold agony. Outside of the tent and near the corner were Robinson and Carnahan. Poor Carnahan was mortally wounded in the abdomen. He could not understand why he was not put in the tent, and why his wounds were not dressed. The tent might be of use to some—not to him. His sufferings were great. He did not die until next day near noon.

We spent but a single night in this delightful town, and under the ex-governor's fine trees. The men, with commendable zeal, fixed up snug quarters, and busy brooms this morning freshened the green carpet. "We are going to move," said the soldiers. And so we did. About the middle of the afternoon, we moved two miles, and camped near the railroad. I paid a short visit to the military college referred to in a preceding page. From Pine Mountain, it looked like a magnificent building, but when you come nearer you find it quite a tame affair. The building itself is three stories high, but is not constructed after any of the

orders of architecture that I ever heard of. The chapel, halls and rooms are all empty, save a few benches, and an air of desolation pervades the establishment.

By climbing to the roof, I had an enlarged sight of the country. To the rear, I could see the Allatoona and Kenesaw mountains. Pine and Lost mountains, and all the intervening country, were also in view. In front,

a vast panorama of hills and woods spread before my eyes. On the left, an immense dust, and the smoke rising from the occasional discharge of a cannon, told of the whereabouts of

\* Was mustered in with the Regiment at Camp Gilson, and was with the Regiment until the battle of Chickamauga, when he was severely wounded. After the completion of his three years' term of service, he returned to his former home in Dubois county. His death occurred several years after. The gun shown in the cut is the Henry rifle, presented to him by some of his friends in the Regiment, for bravery shown in the battle of Stone River.



GILBERT ARMSTRONG.\*  
Sergeant, Company E.

Census of 1880 La.

Rapides Parish  
Pineville Ward