

Camp Rattlesnake,  
About 8 miles from Pittsburg  
Landing, April 30th 10 P.M.

My Own Dear Wife:

I snatch a few moments from the active business I have constantly had since leaving you to write, this being the first opportunity since landing that I could get a letter to the Landing. . . . In the first place I am *very well* and *very* comfortable; have a good tent and writing on a good desk, and have a good fire before my tent. To commence where I left off in my last. I landed my Company and marched them to headquarters. Pitched tents and was immediately ordered out to drill with the regiment—then supper and to bed, and next morning break up camp and marched to this place near the line between Tennessee and Mississippi, I don't know which State it is in. We have troops all around us, and in good condition; you need have no fear of a surprise. Buell's army is in splendid condition. I know nothing of Grant's as I have not seen it. He is not in favor here however. We had to march without our baggage which came up to-day. We had to huddle together last night but are very comfortable now, have been drilling all day. All my writing is behind, which will take me several days to bring up. I have no assistance, as Mr. Stansbury has been detached and made Quarter Master; so you see I am busy indeed. You have no idea how much work is required to make a new company comfortable; but I have done it to theirs and Maj. [Stephen D.] Carpenter's satisfaction. As a whole I am much pleased with my company; they behave well; I have some sick but none seriously ill. Every man that I left Indianapolis with was mustered to-day, which was a great gratification to me. I think we will be in this

camp four days more. We moved forward yesterday, and a division moves every day; there are four more divisions to move; we are lapping one another every day slowly and easily. We were in the front yesterday but to-day another division is in front of us. Our officers are inclined to think there will be no battle, but we poor underlings know nothing about it. We are now encamped in a very pretty place in the woods on a high ridge near a clear little brook and everything looks fresh and green not yet destroyed by a camp; but the road out here from the landing is terrible to contemplate. For miles you cannot travel without seeing either far or near the results of the great battle of Shiloh;<sup>5</sup> here are the remains of horses, burned to prevent their decay; there the ashes of burned camps and here again rows of graves—some more carefully made than others, with little wooden head boards with the name in pencil work. But the reality is soon accustomed to. I have nothing like the shock in looking at it that I would have in walking through one of our old cemeteries that hold the remains of my old friends, and it is astonishing how callous the men become. I was really amused yesterday on the march listening to the conversation of the men; just as we passed a grave one was talking about his land warrant, another pointing to the grave said, "There's some feller's got his already", which was received as a pleasant sally. Such is our life here. . . . Major Carpenter has won laurels with everybody. What a gallant man he is. He is so sick that he can scarcely hold up his head but goes through with all his work, with conscientious industry; he is a lesson for anybody; I am proud to be serving under such a man. I have told you all about our camp, and that is all I

<sup>5</sup> Fought on April 6 and 7.

know; we have rumors every day of what has happened—one is that New Orleans is taken, and another that Yorktown is taken; but we don't believe anything, and get no papers at all.<sup>6</sup> . . . God bless you and preserve you and my dear children is the prayer of your Husband,

Alfred

In Camp Near Corinth<sup>7</sup>  
May 16th or 17th 1862

My Dearest Wife:

. . . We have not moved since my last letter, nor do I see any immediate prospect of moving immediately. Since being in this Camp we have done nothing out of the ordinary course of camp (and drill) life excepting a reconnaissance [*sic*] in force yesterday. We marched out of camp prepared for a fight if necessary, went about 2 miles halted, sat down to rest, remained about 3 hours, and then marched home again. Such was our "reconnaissance in force". It is all explained in this way. We are the reserve Division as I told you in my last, the reconnaissance was made by another Division, and one Brigade was selected as the reserve for that Division, so while we were sitting still, they were making the reconnaissance expected of us. If they had been attacked and forced back we would have "gone in" and finished the work, but as we heard no firing, we suppose they found nothing. I understand they were within 3 miles of Corinth. I predict that if the rebels stand the battle will be an artillery one. They will not come out of the entrenchments but will remain and be cannonaded out. My

<sup>6</sup> New Orleans was in Union hands by April 29. Yorktown was taken May 4.

<sup>7</sup> Corinth, Mississippi, twenty-two miles south of Pittsburg Landing.

position in the fight will be this: McCook's Division having established its reputation in the last battle has been selected as the reserve, to be brought up when all else fails. As I do not think there will be any failure, we will have but little to do. I do not know what troops are in our division excepting our own brigade, but our brigade is a splendid one; we have the 15th, 16th and 19th regulars, 1st Ohio commanded by Capt. (now Vol. Col.) [Benjamin F.] Smith a regular and old friend of mine . . . 6th Indiana, 15th Ohio, and the Louisville Legion,<sup>8</sup> Rousseau's old regiment, and Capt. [William R.] Terrell's regular battery, as good a one as is in the service—all commanded by Genl. Rousseau, as gallant a soldier and accomplished a gentleman<sup>9</sup> as I ever met; he is a great favorite with all of our officers, our old regular officers such as Maj. Carpenter think the world of him. I cannot say as much of McCook although a regular; he is only a Capt. in the regular service, but a Brig. Genl. of Vol. He is a good fighting man, but coarse, without dignity. He is much set up with his elevation and is overbearing to his officers although many are his superiors in rank in the regular service. We have however confidence in him in battle. Our Brigade consists of the very first troops that went into Kentucky so you see they have had large experience. We have a reputation, and are expected to keep it and are therefore in the reserve for the final stroke. When I arrived the Major was much exercised at the prospect of having a green Company in the battle then daily expected; con-

<sup>8</sup> Fifth Kentucky Infantry.

<sup>9</sup> More than eight years after writing this judgment, Alfred Lacey Hough made the following note on this letter with regard to Rousseau. "Changed my mind about this. A.L.H." Near the notation is another, in the handwriting of his son, Charles M. Hough, which says, "This is the only comment made by my father on any of these letters."

sequently I was kept hard at work drilling them in which I took a deal of pride as I was determined to win his confidence. He told me yesterday that he saw a *very great improvement* in my company and was not at all afraid to trust me when necessary and wound up by telling me that when Capt. Mulligan arrived which is expected soon that I would be assigned to other duty, and I need not expect to be relieved during this campaign. . . . We have hard work to live here, can get nothing but army rations, except fresh bread occasionally; have had no butter for a week, but it is wholesome. The worst of it is the tea that we get is very poor, and I miss our old tea so much. I cannot imagine what our dignitaries are doing that we should lie here to long, but have no doubt it is all right.<sup>10</sup> This is their last stronghold, and I suppose we are making sure of destroying them. So must it be.

. . . Give my love to all of the household. (I note what you say of Col. [Edward A.] King; from what I can hear of him here I think you formed a correct opinion of him; he is not popular here). . . .

Yr Husband

Alfred

In Camp near Corinth,  
May 22nd, 1862

My Own Dear Wife:

. . . We are still in the old camp undergoing the usual routine, nothing new to tell; hear cannonading for a few minutes every day, get ready to march, noise ceases, and we go on with our drill &c. To-day it is as

<sup>10</sup> Halleck had started for Corinth on April 29 and spent the whole month of May covering the fifteen mile distance from the Shiloh battlefield to the approaches to Corinth. Stanley F. Horn, *The Army of Tennessee, A Military History*, New York, 1941, 148.

quiet as New Berlin here, and a beautiful summer day. I am still very well as are the most of our troops. There is a little fever but few deaths. The first one in our regiment for a long time occurred last night, the one in my company that I spoke of. The poor fellow died last night suddenly; I just reached him in time. I had him buried this morning and have now a detail protecting his grave building a fence around it placing head board, &c. I have just finished writing to his father in Crawford Co., Penn.; it has been a melancholy morning for me. I have all the requisite papers to make out &c. which will keep me busy to-day. . . . I am getting out of the way of business now and wish I had something to read for recreation, but nothing is to be had here. In fact there is nothing in this country, either to eat, to wear, to read, or anything else *but to drill*. We get a paper once in a while about two weeks old and that is all; we are so far from the landing that we have but little communication with the world. We are not allowed to go out of the Division lines and consequently cannot get to the front to know what is going. We have a great many rumors every day after we hear firing, but we *know nothing*. I however have put all the information I can get together and believe I can give you a pretty good idea of how our army stands by the following diagram. I have no map to draw it from, the proportions will therefore not be correct.

You will see from that every corps d'armée is within supporting distance of each other. The attack will be made it is said as follows: the centre and left of Buell's army, and centre and left of Thomas' army will make the attack with artillery a large quantity of which they are now placing. If they are unsuccessful and are driven back (which is almost impossible) Pope's army on the

left, the right of Thomas' army and our Division go in to their assistance and hold our position. If they are successful and the rebels attempt to retreat while the main army pursues them, Pope will move to the left and cut off the Memphis R[ail]Road, the eastern road is already cut off. If they, the rebels, should see that they are caged and attempt to make a detour to the west and come in our rear, McClernand's reserve will prevent that. This I believe is the plan and is all the war news I can give, and this is not *positive*. . . . believe me ever your Husband

Alfred

May 29th or 30th 1862  
Before Corinth

Dearest Mary:

We have fought the great fight, and "nobody hurt". We left camp last Tuesday morning, have had skirmishing, &c., been under fire at long range, heard bullets whistle past, &c., but without having a real battle, were just ready to pounce in on them to-day, when we found the bird had flown. They kept up a splendid show of force, and must have completely outgeneraled us,—although among us subalterns the belief was current that we should find no enemy, but our Generals thought or at least acted differently. We were about a ½ mile from their fortifications. I understand our cavalry and some artillery are pursuing but it wont amount to anything.<sup>11</sup> To tell the truth there is a feeling of "big disgust" at the whole thing; we feel as if we had undergone privations that would have justified our destroying their

<sup>11</sup> A brigade of Pope's cavalry was sent in pursuit and managed to destroy a trainload of ammunition and supplies at Booneville. Stanley F. Horn, *The Army of Tennessee*, 152.

army instead of letting it run away; but perhaps we may do it yet. I have not seen anybody that has been in Corinth but understand a body of our troops are there, whether we shall go on or back to Camp I know not all is uncertain. I am not very well, have the diarrhoea badly, but not ill; I always tell you exactly how I am. The doctor says I will be well in a few days. . . . God be praised for relieving you of one fear. I have gone through the *Battle of Corinth*. The loss of our whole Brigade is 13 wounded, 1 mortally, only 2 in our Battalion.

Yr Husband

Alfred

May 31st 1862

My dearest Wife:

. . . I wrote yesterday saying Corinth was evacuated, and that I was not very well. I am glad you will get this sooner as I am now all right again and shall take command of my company tomorrow again. To tell the whole story, diarrhoea commenced on me last Sunday, and by Tuesday had run me down considerably, when we were ordered to march at once. As I knew it must be to fight, I could not stay behind although I was not well enough to go, so the doctor said. But I felt as if I should be almost as willing to die on the road as to be suspected of cowardice, so went and grew worse as I went. Slept that night on the ground and the next marched into battle as we supposed took possession of a hill with no opposition except what our driving in their pickets amounted to; the whole loss in our Brigade was only 13 wounded, only 2 in our Battalion and none in my company. A few bullets whistled near me and that is all the fight we had. We lay there that night and

threw up intrenchments as we knew we were within shelling distance from their works, we began to believe that they had left, although there was heavy firing on our left. That night we had several false alarms and stampede of a team all of which kept me awake. The next morning a Deserter informed us that Corinth was evacuated, and as by that time I was pretty sick and had behaved well all through, I yielded to the Doctor and Major and went to Camp on horseback, went under treatment got rest and with the blessing of God am convalescent and will go on duty tomorrow. Our troops went into Corinth, and to-day are all back in Camp in good condition. To sum up the whole, we have been out-generalled, and there is a feeling of intense disgust at everybody and everything that leads our Armies.<sup>12</sup> The evacuation was perfect, what they did not take they destroyed. Their works were very fine, and it would have cost us many lives to attack them in front, but that we should not have done, and that they knew, hence their running. Some of our troops are pursuing but with what success I know not. They kept up a show of force by strong picket guards, who suffered very severely by the advance of our lines, we found several dead in front of us, and the fight on our left that I spoke of was very severe on them. Even the last night when they were almost all gone, they had their bands playing at 3 in the morning, calls beating, &c. Didn't they fool us bad? It

<sup>12</sup> General U. S. Grant agreed with this completely. He remarked that "On our side I know officers and men of the Army of the Tennessee—and I presume the same is true of those of the other commands—were disappointed at the result. They could not see how the mere occupation of places was to close the war while large and effective rebel armies existed." Grant was convinced that Confederate morale must have been raised by their ability to remove not only the troops but their supplies as well. U. S. Grant, *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, New York, 1885, II, 381.

may be all for the best but we can't see it. We want to get out of this country; what we are going to do we have not the least idea, we will know in time I suppose. . . . Love to all.

Alfred

Iuka, Miss.

25 miles east of Corinth

June 12th or 13th

My Dearest Mary:

. . . We are resting here to-day and shall march on towards the East I suppose to Huntsville, Ala. Being on the march we have no writing conveniences and it may be some time before I shall have another opportunity of sending a letter. Our march will be about 150 miles; it will take us some 10 days or two weeks I suppose, but when we get there I shall be much nearer you by mail. But we may not be going there, we do not hear it officially. But we are going east, that is certain and there is no enemy near us here. I had intended writing you a long letter giving a full account of the march on Corinth &c. but circumstances prevented till it is too late now; you must wait till I tell it you. . . .

Yr true husband,

Alfred

In Camp 1 mile below Florence, Ala.

South Bank of Tenn. River,

June 16th, 1862

My Own Dear Wife:

. . . I have gone through a great deal in the last three weeks, much more in the way of deprivation of the comforts of life, and severe taxation of my powers of endurance than I ever experienced before. . . . So much

has occurred, and so long a time has elapsed since my last descriptive letter, that I may not be able to give you a full account of my experience but will try. Some time during the 4th week in May I was seized with a diarrhoea, which almost everybody had in our old camp between Pittsburg and Corinth. It did not trouble me at first but by Sunday the 25th it became so bad and I felt so miserable that I concluded to rest, and went off duty. I remained in my tent taking medicine but kept about statu-quo till Tuesday night, when orders were issued to be ready to march to the front at 6 o'clock next morning prepared for battle. This order was a heavy blow to me. I feared my inability to go through with it, sleeping on the ground, no chance to cook, in fact everything to do but what a sick man should do. But how could I stay behind? This the first battle, and the very one I was sent here to help fight! How could my absence be explained to my friends (or enemies if I have any). All this I weighed well, and finally felt that I must go. Major Carpenter said I had better not go, and the Doctor refused to put me on duty. But I made ready for the start and in the morning moved with them. But to save myself as much as possible rode in the ambulance. We reached our entrenchments and stopped for the night,—next morning I was no better, but still able to push on. This day we expected to fight so I took my place at the head of my company. About 10 o'clock in the morning we moved, crossed our entrenchments and marched to the right and front about two miles. We were now on disputed ground, the night before it had been occupied by both Picket Guards whose firing had been heard by us continually. We reached the foot of a hill in a dense forest which covers the whole country here. Here we were halted, and word given along the line, not to speak

a word, but move along in silence, and be prepared to obey any order at a moment's warning. (When I speak of *we* I mean our Brigade which when in line of battle would reach about a third of a mile, no other part of our Division can be seen by us). Our first order was "Forward into line", which was soon executed. The next, "Right shoulder shift arms", which indicated readiness for anything. At this time I felt as cool and collected as ever I did in my life and for the time was as strong. I felt a great work was in my hands and I must execute it. I had 50 men who looked to me for their every action, and almost for their every thought. I knew they had confidence in me, and if I did my duty they would do theirs. If we moved a step farther we should go where none of our army had been before, so waited anxiously for the next order. A line of skirmishers were thrown in front of us, and then the order was heard very lowly given, "Forward March". Forward we went, quietly, solidly, and firmly. Not a sound was heard excepting the cracking of the bushes beneath our feet, we could just see our skirmishers occasionally, about 50 yards in front of us but no further. Onward and onward we went, and still no enemy, much to our surprise. We reached the top of the hill and accomplished what we went there to do, *take possession of that hill at any sacrifice*, as it commanded the town of Corinth (This *we common folk* learned afterwards); reaching the top we halted, and were kept at our attention for a long time. I could see our Generals were at fault, but soon now movements commenced. The Battery was brought up, placed in position, a company from each regiment thrown out as skirmishers, the whole line ordered to lie down, and the skirmishers to advance. The Battery was right in the centre of our Battalion,

we supported it. The skirmishers soon passed from our sight down the hill toward Corinth, in about 5 minutes crash went a rifle, and then another and another, in a few minutes it extended along the whole line in front and the bullets whistled over our heads quite frequently, two passed through a sapling under which I was lying, one of them would have been uncomfortably low if I had been standing up. In a few minutes two wounded men came limping in, both wounded in the legs, and later two more, they passed to the rear to the surgeon, no questions were asked them as we could not leave our positions. Soon the firing ceased for a while, and then was resumed farther off. We knew that they were being driven in, but in a moment Bang Bang went two cannon, and then the explosion of shells. We now waited anxiously and almost breathlessly, and soon comes in an orderly with a report that our skirmishers have driven the enemy in over the next hill when the shells were thrown among them from an unseen battery some distance in front, and they fell back to their position. And thus ended the battle so far as we were concerned. But the Brigade on our left, Johnson's, at the same time were having a serious fight which we heard all the time and supposed a general engagement was coming on. They drove the enemy in, in force. By night, firing had ceased along the whole line, and we saw no other signs of battle than two of our wounded being carried by on stretchers. (And here let me say that the most gruesome sight I have yet seen is the detail for carrying off wounded that deliberately marched in front of us all with yellow badges on their arms). We were then ordered to keep our positions during the night, every man lying on his arms, with a strong picket guard in front. During the evening the officers gathered in conversa-

tion, and we almost unanimously came to the conclusion that Corinth was evacuated, or they never would have let us take those positions without a fight as the next day our siege guns could open on Corinth. A feeling of deep disappointment prevailed, as we did not want to go farther South. I felt very badly that night, but laid myself down and tried to sleep, for a long time I could not, but finally did so, and here occurred an incident, that I think tried me well, and as I conducted myself as I would wish to, I will give it. I was aroused from a feverish sleep by firing of guns, hollowing, rattling of wagons, and a most terrible sound generally on our right. I jumped from the ground, ran among the company buckling on my sword meanwhile. I had them in line in a moment. My first thought was where and what is the difficulty, and what shall I do. I saw the confusion was on our right, and no noise in front. I therefore supposed our right flank had been surprised, on this supposition I acted, when the company was fully aroused, I said to them, *Keep cool, don't move an inch, fix bayonets, come to the position of "ready" without cocking the piece, and don't a man fire until I give the order.* All this was done in less time than it takes me to write it, and was all done before the Major reached us which he did by the time the whole battalion was in line. It was pitch dark too, and the noise and firing increased. Just then I heard Capt. Terrell's (of the Battery) loud voice on our right, hollow: *Be quiet men! it is only a stampede of the teams! . . .* It occurred in the Louisville Legion immediately on our right, and the half asleep soldiers as they jumped into line had fired their pieces at an imaginary enemy in front. It was soon quieted and not much damage done and nobody killed. But the best of the joke was, as we heard afterwards,

the team that caused the stampede ran through our lines into Corinth and caused a terrible panic there.—All this was very exciting and did me no good, I slept but little or none the rest of the night, but laid and listened to the whistling of locomotives, and playing of bands in Corinth which I heard very plainly and again reassured me that Corinth was evacuated, and they were only keeping up a strong rear guard to cover their retreat, and the bands playing at that unusual time was to make us believe they were still there, but it was a poor device, as we all knew it was unusual, and caused us to think and reason.—Well, morning came at last, and with it a number of deserters, at the same moment tremendous explosions were heard in Corinth. The deserters said they had completed the evacuation, and were blowing up their shell &c., our scouts soon came and confirmed the facts. So ended the "Siege of Corinth". A siege brilliantly planned, and brilliantly executed, notwithstanding its apparent barren effect as it only drove them away instead of destroying. At first as I wrote you I was grievously disappointed, but time and experience have changed my views as well as others. It is a great pity that they run, but that *could not be prevented*. The plan of the siege was to put ourselves in a strong position before them which could be held by a small force, and then a large body to move both to the right and left and come into their rear and thus destroy their army. The first was accomplished, the latter was prevented by the genius of Beauregard. He knew he must be destroyed and evacuated. The only other thing we could have done, would have been to boldly move on their fortifications and carry them, then pursue them to destruction. This I believe we could have done, but after seeing their fortifications I am satisfied that it would have cost us from

20 to 30 thousand lives. This Genl Halleck knew, and never intended to attack them in front. 'Tis a pity our plans could not be carried out but still it is much better than a defeat, as we have accomplished what we went to do, take Corinth. As it is the results have been much greater than we at first thought as you have no doubt seen by the papers. So much for Corinth, again to myself. When all this news came, orders came to move into Corinth. By that time I thought I had done my duty, there was to be no more fighting, and I might as well go back, so as soon as we reached their entrenchments and I was assured that all was true, I borrowed a horse, and returned to camp. I found the other Doctor there (we have two) who placed me under treatment, and has cured me.

. . . In a day or two the Battalion was ordered to go in front of Corinth. We went there, and from there to a camp to the east of it. . . . The next day but one we moved and yesterday we reached here about 60 miles, a march that has not had its equal in some respects during the war, and which I intended to describe to you in this letter, but I have orders at this moment to prepare to move so must defer it. We cross the river tomorrow and move *we don't know* where but suppose it to be East Tennessee. . . . Good-bye and believe me as ever

Your loving Husband

Alfred

Camp at Jacksons Ferry

Near Florence, Ala. June 18/62

My Dearest Mary:

I wrote you a long letter day before yesterday which I closed very abruptly under orders to march. But we did not march, and are still here resting, which is about

the best thing we can do after our tiresome march here. Troops are crossing the river though now, and I suppose we will get off this afternoon or tomorrow morning. And as I may not have another opportunity of writing for some time will continue my journal to date. . . .

When I sent the note by Mr. Miller I had a headache, unfortunately next day I was not well and in the evening had a chill. I took quinine next day and the next day we had orders to march, and to prepare for a long one. Here was more trouble for me. Two of our officers left us for home on sick leave, and should I go too? I had a long talk with the Doctor, who told me I had an intermittent fever, that was producing a thorough change in my system, my bowels were getting into good condition, and if I would take strong doses of quinine and brandy the change of air and water would perhaps benefit me, if the exertion of marching would not be too much for me at the start; so I prepared to go. And here let me say that your question about the heat and dust and scarcity of water in our old camp was correct. What little water we could get was unwholesome, and that was the cause of mine and others sickness.

Well we started on the afternoon of the 10th, previously sent our sick that were unable to march to the Hospital at Corinth. We made 10 miles that afternoon through a wilderness, but found good water for the first time for a while. How we enjoyed it, that and the quinine and brandy gave me an appetite. I missed my chill and felt better next morning. We were off early this day, the heat came down terribly, the dust was fully from 3 to 4 inches deep, and you can imagine what an atmosphere we travelled in, 30,000 men stirring it up. I think I can safely say that during our march here I did not breathe a particle of pure air excepting at night.

We still kept through a wilderness and that night reached Iuka [Mississippi]. This is really a beautiful place, a new town with fine chalybite [chalybeate] and sulphur springs; it is a fashionable watering place. But it was almost deserted, I however got here, some fresh milk, and chickens which after our hard fare was delightful. We rested here one day and on the morning of the 13th started again. Now comes the hard part of the march. We soon got out of the continual wilderness I have ever been in since being in the field, and entered the west end of Tuscumbia Valley, a most splendid rolling cultivated country covered with splendid plantations. Here I saw slavery in its real colors for the first time, gangs of from 20 to 50 men and women in their cotton clothes working together in the fields. They would stop and look at us with grinning faces, and I could easily see that they thought us their friends. As we did not halt near any of them I had no conversation with them. It was observable though that we never saw anybody about the residences, they were tightly shut. I did not see more than a dozen white men on the march nor did we pass through any villages. It was one continuous line of large plantations, with palatial residences, nor did we see but very little cotton planted but a great deal of corn and wheat. This country is thoroughly secesh, as I believe the whole South is. I feel disgusted as do all of us at the particular care taken that no one enters any dwellings by the way while we poor fellows are living on hard bread and pork these rascals have their cellars full of wholesome food. We felt an additional disgust since being here at reading in a Cincinnati paper a communication from Gen. Halleck to the Sanitary Commission requesting aid for the suffering women and children about Corinth whose husbands

had been pressed into the rebel service. It is all true they are suffering, but why not levy on their rich secesh, and make them support them, even if we can get nothing from them. Just think of my having to pay 75 cents for one mess of beets, and \$1.00 for two small chickens, the only thing I could get on the route, and that my cook had to walk miles to darkey huts for, and since being here the only vegetables I have had is some stewed green apples which my man stole from an orchard. Our Generals manage to get enough but nobody below them can. But to our march. By some mismanagement, which it appears always occurs, our provision team did not come up and that night our men were without meat, at least most of them, some had some, among them myself and my Company had one day more. But that day had been a hard march, and being in an open country we had no shade, the mercury about 94, the dust worse and worse, but we found good water and that saved us. The next morning early we marched but this day we were in the rear and did not get off till about 10, in the heat of the day. This was a terrible day. The dust rose in clouds, so that for a great part of the time I could not see 10 feet in front of me, we made frequent and short halts. But the great heat, and want of meat and want of coffee with some was telling on the men, and for myself strange to say I got better and better and stronger as I went. We passed hundreds of stragglers lying under trees and under fences waiting for evening to come up. Some were very sick, and here I saw something of the terrible realities of a hard march. As we were ascending a steep hill a horseman rode back and asked for our doctor who rode back with him. When we reached the top of the hill as I passed by I saw a poor fellow lying under a tree just

dead! The doctor had not reached him in time. As I passed I heard the doctor reading from a piece of paper taken from his pocket, "My name N. O. Hack, I am from — Co., Ohio. If I am killed write to my mother." What a pang it sent to my heart to think of that poor mother. We passed many that I don't think will ever get much farther, in fact I have heard of a number that died on that day. We halted after marching 8 miles and rested until after 4 p. m., then pushed on till long after dark and reached camp at 10 at night. The absence of the sun and a bright moon revived the drooping spirits of our men, and would you believe it, my own company came into camp singing a hymn, a chorus, it was really beautiful. I lost a number of stragglers that day but they all came up. The entrance to our camp was the finest military work I ever had. Our whole Division about 10000 or 10000 men were encamped in one large field, and when we came up they had their fires all burning. It was the first time, we had ever been in open ground together that we could all see each other. I wanted to see it in daylight, but the order was, *March at 3 1/2 in the morning*. As soon as supper was over (we got one day's rations here) the men were asleep, and Oh how hard it was to arouse them in the morning. But we were off at the time, and finished our march to this place by on Sunday morning. Here we are pleasantly fixed and resting preparatory to a long march somewhere, I have turned over all the men's extra clothing, leaving only what they have on, a change of under clothes and blanket, with 3 tents to a company;—just at this moment we have orders to pack up and cross the river so much sooner. Will only say that I am very well, have lost some flesh but believe I will gain it on the march. I must stop though that I had

a great pleasure this morning. Orders have been issued for all commanders to make a detailed report of the doings of their commands from the Battle of Shiloh to the taking of Corinth. Maj. Carpenter read me his report this morning, and in it he says after speaking in very flattering terms, I give you his words as near as I can recollect: "My 6th Company F commanded by Capt. Hough assisted by Lieut. Stansbury, joined me on the 27th and participated in the arduous duties of the Batt. with a spirit that shows the true soldier, and on the march upon Corinth though both sick and unfit for duty marched or rode in the ambulance, and by their presence and soldierly attention to their duties gave that confidence to their men, that only can be imparted by example, &c., &c." I feel grateful that I have performed my duty. But I must close in a hurry again. You must expect *notes* again now. Kiss the children. Ever your Husband,

Alfred

In Bivouack 7 miles west of Huntsville, Ala.

Sunday, June 29th, 1862

My Dearest Wife:

We arrived here last evening immediately upon which I dropped you a note for fear we should march again early in the morning. But I am happy to say we are to remain here all day and a very pleasant spot we are in. Just in the border of an open wood with cultivated fields in front and rolling hills in the distance, a stream running near, and withal a bright beautiful day with breeze enough to make it pleasant in our shady bivouack. Another element of comfort is abundance of ripe blackberries (the first *ripe* ones we have seen) all around us. I never saw so many in my life. Our whole

army have had their fill and there are enough left with-in a half mile of us to feed ten times as many. I do not exaggerate when I say that one man could pick a bushel in two hours. You cannot imagine how we enjoy them, the first fruit we have had this season. Our living though has been better since being on the march. In spite of orders *against entering houses on any pretence*!! our servants manage to buy chickens and vegetables enough to make us comfortable though to do so they have to cook at night while we are sleeping, as we march all day. I am having a glorious dinner prepared to-day of chicken, beets, new potatoes, onions, stewed apples, cornbread and butter and blackberries. My *shade* is hard at it now.

. . . I have left behind in hospitals between Corinth and here 16 of my men. I have now absent sick of my Company 21 men, have 4 sick with me two of whom I shall leave at Huntsville, the rest like myself have gained strength, and are in splendid condition although some of them are very bare of clothes, they have been allowed to start with only the suit they had on. Some of them are barefooted and I myself am almost so having my last pair of shoes on and a large hole in one of them. If we don't get clothes at Huntsville we will be in a bad plight. I shall not attempt to give as full an account of our journey from Florence here, as I did of the one to Florence, but will note the most important circumstances only, as generally it was much the same as heretofore. We started from Florence about 9 A.M. and marched 6 miles, under the hottest sun and heaviest dust I ever saw. Oh it was terrible, how any of us could do it I can hardly realize now, hundreds fell out of the ranks, some never to fall in again, many severe cases of sunstroke, at the end of 6 miles we reached delightful