

# James R. Thompson Memoirs

## HEAR THE WAX FRY

Memoirs of JAMES R. THOMPSON

1861-1865

### ITINERARY

Home – Walling, Tennessee  
Smithville, Tennessee  
McMinnville, Tennessee  
Estill Springs, Tennessee  
Camp Trousdale, Sumner County, Tennessee  
Nashville, Tennessee  
Chattanooga, Tennessee  
Bristol, Virginia  
Lynchburg, Virginia  
Charlottesville, Virginia  
Staunton, Virginia  
Millsboro, Virginia  
Huntersville, Virginia  
Lewisburg, West Virginia  
Dublin, Virginia  
Petersburg, Virginia  
Wilmington, Delaware  
Charleston, South Carolina  
Pocotaligo, South Carolina  
Grahamville, South Carolina  
Chattanooga, Tennessee  
Mobile, Alabama  
Corinth, Mississippi  
Smith's Bridge (across Tuscumbia River)  
Baldwyn, Mississippi  
Tupelo, Mississippi  
Montgomery, Alabama  
Mobile, Alabama  
Atlanta, Georgia  
Chattanooga, Tennessee (Missionary Ridge)

Sparta, Tennessee  
Gainsboro, Tennessee  
Tompkinsville, Kentucky  
Glasgow, Kentucky  
Munfordville, Kentucky  
Bardstown, Kentucky  
Harrodsburg, Kentucky  
Perryville, Kentucky  
Harrodsburg, Kentucky  
Camp Dick Robertson  
Knoxville, Tennessee  
Tullahoma, Tennessee  
Walling, Tennessee  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee  
Lavergne, Tennessee  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

While Captured:

Nashville, Tennessee  
Bowling Green, Kentucky  
Green River to Mississippi River  
Evansville, Indiana  
St. Louis, Missouri  
Alton, Illinois  
Chicago (Camp Douglass), Illinois  
Through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland  
Baltimore, Maryland  
Crossed Chesapeake Bay to Fort Monroe  
City Point, Virginia

Exchanged Prisoner here.

Petersburg, Virginia  
Through Virginia, Alabama, Georgia and a good part of Tennessee  
Chattanooga, Tennessee  
Walling, Tennessee  
Manchester, Tennessee  
Shelbyville, Tennessee  
Tullahoma, Tennessee  
Shelbyville, Tennessee  
Chattanooga, Tennessee

LaFayette, Georgia  
Rock Springs, Georgia  
Chattanooga, Tennessee (Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge)  
Cleveland, Tennessee  
Chattanooga, Tennessee (Missionary Ridge)  
Dalton, Georgia  
Rocky Face, Georgia  
Resaca, Georgia  
Calhoun, Georgia  
Adairsville, Georgia  
Dallas, Georgia  
Cassville, Georgia  
Allatoona, Georgia  
Acworth, Georgia  
Big Shanty  
Across Etowah River  
New Hope Church  
Lost Mountain  
Pine Mountain, Georgia  
Marietta, Georgia  
Lovely Station, Georgia

Wounded.

Hospital, Macon, Georgia  
Smithfield, North Carolina  
Walling, Tennessee – Home

#### FOREWORD

With mixed feelings, surely, my grandfather sat to record his memoirs of the “Civil” War. He started writing down these events on June 5, 1916, while Europe seethed with a World War into which his beloved America would most assuredly plunge. Even then it was apparent, although the United States did not officially enter that war until April 6, 1917. He lived to know that, too, but died in 1918.

How sad to have two wars in one lifetime! And each succeeding war in history has some added horror worse than anything known in the wars before. How would he receive the news of today’s bombs!

At least one consolation could be his. In this World War I, the North and South were united and were fighting common foes.

The North and South will always know some differences of climate, and occupation (most likely), but in the things which really count, we want to be united. In variety can be excitement and strength.

At the time of the Civil War, the North had many factories. The textile factories depended on the South for cotton. The South depended on slaves for cotton production. Stepped up factory production required more cotton. More cotton = more slaves. It was a problem for both North and South, it seems to me.

My great-grandfather owned several slaves. Recently I visited the graveyard there where both white and colored are buried. My great-grandfather was good to his slaves and appreciated their services. They did not even leave him when they were freed, but rather chose to continue to till his land.

My grandfather was only 16 years of age when he joined the Confederate Army as a Tennessee Volunteer in the 16th Regiment. He became flag bearer for his Company.

After the war, he returned to his home, later became a Justice of the Peace (which was the highest local honor of the time), raised a fine family of two girls and two boys, and raised several other children who needed a home. His house became the center of both entertainment and business for the community. He saw that his children got the best education available at the time and inspired everyone to live a good, worthwhile life.

James Robertson Thompson was a descendant of the Tennessee pioneer, James Robertson, who led Tennessee's first settlers. (There is a monument to James Robertson in Fort Nashborough, Nashville, Tennessee.) James Robertson Thompson married Mary Caroline Chisam, who descended from John Chisholm of the Revolutionary War. One of John Chisholm's kin established the Chisholm Trail.

When J. R. Thompson started his memoirs, he was 71 years old. He had rheumatoid arthritis so badly that he could not bend his knuckles. He gripped his pencil with his thumb, but with all fingers extended. However, he did not complain, and continued to show the strength of character which he had exhibited time and again during the war.

As you will see, he graphically presents his memoirs.

You might want to know what happened to his children. One daughter, Josie, died of

cancer at the age of 31. One son, George, died of a heart attack in 1957. The other son died of natural causes at the age of 81 (Leon). (I always got to visit Uncle Leon and Aunt Pearl for two weeks every summer.) The other daughter, my mother, Mrs. Julia T. Phifer, Cookeville, Tennessee, is still hale and hearty. For me, I wish I had her stamina. For her, I wish many more years of meaningful life.

I, the granddaughter of a brave Confederate soldier, pray that the different sections of America will be drawn even more closely together with the passing of the years, and that the light of the United States of America will glow even brighter as a guiding light for the world.

Sincerely,

Nellie P. Boyd

March, 1965.

My mother, Mrs. Julia T. Phifer, is living with me now. She is 82 and moves about the house and yard.

When I began to compile these memoirs, I asked Mother to add her comments. They follow. Following that are comments by Dr. E. C. Mason which were published in 1917 in the Sparta Expositor. This includes a poem written by my Grandfather. The poem. "The Nation's Dead" at the end was in Grandfather's tablet on which these memoirs were written.

After I typed these memoirs the first time, I read several contemporary histories for correct spelling of names and checked maps and books for correct spelling of places. I made the itinerary (found just back of the index) and the itinerary map. I then obtained calendars of the war years.

Prior to second typing, I divided the memoirs into short chapters and gave them titles.

Grandfather died before he completed his memoirs. Beginning with Chapter XX to the end, I added after reading some history books, especially one written by a man who served in the same Regiment. (History most used: Head, Thomas A., Campaigns and Battles of the Sixteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. Nashville, Tennessee: Cumberland Presbyterian Publishing House, 1885.)

The newspaper account of the McMinnville reunion was copied from the actual clipping.

Nellie P. Boyd

August, 1966.

Julia Thompson Phifer, deceased February 20, 1968, Jacksonville, Florida. Buried beside her husband, my father, in Caney Fork Baptist Church cemetery, Cookeville, Tennessee.

JAMES ROBERTSON THOMPSON

My father, JAMES ROBERTSON THOMPSON, was an industrious, friendly, generous Christian gentleman. One of his neighbors said, "He will live at least 200 years in his community."

His slogan was: "When I help my neighbors, I am helping myself and my family."

He was born August 29, 1845, and belonged to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, to which he was always loyal. He was always devoted to the work of the Lord. He was a mild-mannered man, medium size, 145 or 150 pounds, with bushy black eyebrows, black hair and piercing grey eyes. He was mild mannered except when the occasion called for otherwise. He could be tough aplenty when necessary.

Most of my Father's education was received at Manchester, Tennessee, where he stayed with his Grandpa Koger, before he volunteered for enlistment in the 16th Tennessee Regiment, Company A.

J. R. Thompson was 16 years old when he volunteered for service and he served 4 years and 4 days with the Confederate Army, 16 Tennessee, Company A. He served from the beginning of the war until the end.

He then returned to his home in DeKalb County, Tennessee, where he bought a farm, lived there and farmed for several years.

He married Mary Caroline Chisam, a beautiful brunette with dark grey eyes and brown wavy hair. She was the daughter of Overton Chisam, one of the early settlers of that section of White County, who shared in a section of land grant with three brothers and sisters. Her father was accidently killed by a wagon turning over on him. After his estate was settled, my parents moved to White County to take possession of my Mother's part

of the estate and to build a house on the land. (This house still stands.) My parents had been married ten years or more.

In the meantime, while in the process of building a house and carrying on the crop activities (with help, of course), I was presented to the family in all the glory of a new member of the family. I was child number 4.

My Father and Mother had four children: two sons and two daughters: Leon Thompson, Celia Josephine Thompson Willbanks, George G. Thompson, and myself, Julia Delena Thompson Phifer, of whom I am the only one living.

Each one married and had a family.

All of the children lived with our parents until they married, and Leon and wife, Pearl, until death.

My father bought out one of the heirs, then bought more land, and when he became afflicted, he had about 300 acres of land with a 10-rail fence around it. One had to fence against everybody's cattle, horses, hogs, etc. (that was before the no-fence law).

With help, he farmed a goodly part of the tillable land. Part was in mountain timber for wood, crossties and spoke timber.

His principal field crops were corn, wheat and hay. Of course, he raised lots of both kinds of potatoes. He had horses, hogs, cows, chickens and ducks. I remember his wheat crops would be as much as 500 bushels even after the "Hessian Fly" came to this part of the country. He raised bushels of corn; a barn full of clover hay, salted down. Also stacks of hay. Threshing time was a gala occasion. When the men belonging to the crew, and several other works hands, came to thresh wheat, this called for more cooks and plenty of servers at table to serve the delicious meals my Mother knew how to prepare.

My Father was friendly and generous to his friends, neighbors and relatives, whom he prized above all else. He would share his home or his food with all who were in need of them. There was always plenty of work to do on the farm, but he was never too busy to spare some time with visitors. Sometimes he would take them on a tour to see his stock, his crops or his 10-rail fences; his land or his timber.

My Father was a Mason. He held membership in this organization with high esteem. There was always a “freshly boiled” white shirt for the occasion of their meetings. Only one member was ever guilty of wearing a soiled shirt.

He also belonged to the “Farmer’s Alliance” as long as it was in operation (this was a secret organization for farmers). Once, when it met in our home, Father looked up and saw two eyes peeping through a crack from above, where the upstairs floor was being built. He excused himself and my brother’s eyes promptly disappeared.

Both my Father and Mother were Sunday School teachers.

My Father was a Rebel and a staunch Democrat all the days of his life. However, he had friends among the Republicans, also.

Two Republican friends were from Boston, Massachusetts—brothers: one a retired school teacher, one a farmer. The teacher, Mr. Charles Hill, didn’t know one growing plant from another. One day he went weeding the garden and pulled up a great many of his brother’s garden plants.

Mr. Billie would come to our house visiting. Of course, my Father would walk him out into the fields to see his crops. On the way, you needn’t be surprised to see them stepped on; and in a friendly way, one of them would be gesturing and telling the other what his party had done or not done, which that one thought was very wrong. They were wonderful men.

Mr. Billie and Mr. Charlie owned land overlooking the Horseshoe Falls, which falls has been replaced by Great Falls Dam with its electric power plant. But still the old farm exists, and part of it is very fine land.

While I am talking about Republicans, one of my Mother’s in-laws didn’t have any mode of transportation and would ask my Father for a ride or to borrow a mule to ride. My Father would never refuse except on election day. Then, no rides! He didn’t want to lose a vote.

Among my earliest memories of my Dad, we would hear him give a “Rebel Yell,” which was enough to make you take notice! Then, on about his duties he would go. I have not heard that yell in long years.

Another early memory of him—there were nights when he could not sleep on a bed. He would “roll up” in his blanket on the floor by the door and sleep.

My Father served 12 years as Justice of the Peace in the 4th District of White County. His friends wanted him longer, but he had to have some of the family to do his writing, so he wouldn't accept longer.

Once a year in winter, we would have a pound supper at my Father's and Mother's home. Everybody in the whole surrounding community had to be invited to come and bring a pound of something to eat. Everyone would place it on a big, long table. When the crowd had been assembled and all had played some games like "snap up," "skip-to-my-Lou," "Post office," etc., names or numbers were drawn, young and old. Partners marched to the table and a great time was had by all.

My Father's and Mother's home was home for preachers of all denominations. They even kept two Mormons two nights with the advice to not expound their doctrine to his family. It was snowy, bad weather. After my Dad told them no expounding of their doctrine, no more came.

When I was a very small child, a young fellow, John King, aged 12, came to our home. He only had a change of clothes and a pistol. He was looking for work. My Dad took him in. He stayed until he married, at age 21, a nice girl from Van Buren County. They named their first child for my Father, James Thompson King. They called him "Tomp." They moved to Texas and we lost sight. He was a nice fellow and seemed almost like a brother to me.

Several others were raised with our family, including the two children of my sister who died with cancer.

After my marriage, my family and I lived in Chattanooga for 10 1/2 years. It was during this time I broched [sic] the idea to my Father that it would be so nice if he would write such things as he could remember about his experiences of the war. He said he was afraid I had waited too long, as he had been trying so long to forget the most horrible parts. He had been in poor health for many years, being afflicted with rheumatism, heart trouble, also kidney trouble. Writing was extremely difficult because his right hand was almost helpless from rheumatism.

On August 29, 1909, we were to have a Birthday Dinner for our Dad. The day before, several of the family and friends were on the front porch when a couple in a buggy drove up and asked if that was J. R. Thompson's house. I replied that he was at the barn, but that he would be in soon. This fellow didn't want Dad to know who he was at first. It was his old mess-mate of the Civil War, and they hadn't seen each other since

they were mustered out in 1865—over 44 years—Mr. Bill Judkins and wife of Couredalene [sic], Idaho. My Father knew him at sight. They embraced and wept. My Father had to be excused to pull himself together. They later spoke of times when blood and brains were spattered over them during Service days.

One of my Father's quotations I heard him say many times was:

"Whiskey, whiskey—ban of life,  
Source of tumult and of strife,  
If I could half thy evils tell  
The wise would wish thee safe in Hell."

My brother, Leon, died at age 81; Jose, at 32 (of cancer); George, at 66. I am 77.

My Father died February 16, 1918—age 77 1/2. My Mother died January 6, 1931—she lacked two months being 85 years of age. My Mother was born March 10, 1847.

My parents lived Christian, Christ-like lives before their family as well as before others.

--Julia Thompson Phifer  
1961

PUBLISHED IN SPARTA EXPOSITOR, SPARTA, TENNESSEE:

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

To the Expositor:

The few surviving comrades of J. R. Thompson, color bearer for Company A, 16th Tennessee Regiment, as well as his numerous friends, will be glad to know that, after a long seige [sic] of sickness, he is as well as usual. But on account of chronic ailments he rarely leaves his home, and has not for several years. He is writing, when feeling well enough, his reminiscences of the Civil War in which he served with valor from the first call to arms till the last roll was called.

While wounded and in a hospital at Macon, Ga., he wrote the following lines which I persuaded him to allow me to send to the Expositor. It sprang largely from the exuberance of youth, as well as from the warmth of his admiration for Nathan Bedford Forrest.

## IN HONOR OF GENERAL FORREST

Let the bugle be mute, for he needs not its warning,  
Nor the drum with its reveille strains,  
For he rides to the tune of his steed stepping lightly  
And the blood as it bounds in his veins.  
As he comes from his lair and views the Memphis campfire,  
He rushes along amid the warm storm as the falcon sweeps on its prey.  
As the eagle that swings on his thunderbolt wings  
Is the rush of our Forrest so brave.

Though a kiss on the cheek, no halted or tarried,  
And a tear, nor falter or stay.  
He'll remember the lips when the foe lies before him,  
And the eyes when the stars are away.  
The forest lies black that sheltered his track  
As he closes on Colonel Strait's way,  
But the blessing and cheer of the lady so dear  
Still rides with our Forrest so brave.

The winds may have heard but they whispered it never,  
And the stars, but they may not tell  
The deeds he hath wrought with a hero's endeavor  
For the land he loves so well.  
The Yankee may boast his numberless ghost  
And exult in his haughty array,  
But the angel of wrath followed Grierson's path  
And struck with our Forrest so brave.

We live in the hope of a better day, comrade,  
A morrow of sunlight and bloom,  
Let us honor the brave whose valor unfailing  
Burns on through the midnight gloom,  
By his charges so swift, by the sabre [sic] he lifts  
(The scabbard he threw away),  
May the light of the dawn of our liberty's morn  
Fall bright on our Forrest so brave.

J. R. Thompson  
Macon, Ga.,

Sept. 23, 1864.

Verse 2 relates to Miss Stafford, who rode behind him and showed him a shallow ford where he crossed and pursued the Yankees.

Very truly,

E. C. Mason, M.D.

(1917.)

## CHAPTER I

### ARBITRATION BY THE SWORD

Walling, Tennessee

June 5, 1916

When the sages of the Colonial days laid their heads together in 1787, they recognized the institution of slavery. During the first session of Congress, the debates on slavery caused exciting debates and this was the beginning of a contention that was later arbitrated by the sword and resulted in a four-years war unexcelled in the history of the world up to that date—1861.

The war was declared between the North and South in 1861 and was ended by the complete subjugation of the South in 1865. Agreeable to the best information obtainable, the South mustered into military service 650,000 men; the North, 2,500,000.

The election of 1860 was attended with great excitement. There were four candidates: Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge and John Bell of Tennessee. When it was learned that Lincoln, the Republican, was elected, the South was greatly inflamed and was ready for war—but not prepared. The student of history will see at a glance that slavery was the immediate cause of the war.

On December 20, 1860, a State Convention was called at Charleston, South Carolina, and the State proceeded to pass the Ordinance of Secession. By the 1st of February, 1861, six other States passed ordinances and separated from the Union of States and formed a union called the Confederate States of America with Jefferson Davis of Mississippi as President and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, Vice President. On the 11th of April, General Beauregard summoned Fort Sumter to surrender. This was not complied with and the next day the fort was attacked. It surrendered the next day. The

news of the capture of the Fort stirred the whole country, and preparation for was all the cry. Four more States seceded and joined the Confederacy, thus making eleven. Now everything was done to raise men and arm them for active work in the field. Old flint lock muskets were brought out and cleaned up and made ready for the conflict that was to be long and arduous. Large knives were made for many of the men. Squirrel rifles were bored out and shot guns cut off. All went into service.

## CHAPTER II VOLUNTEER

Amid all these exciting scenes, this writer volunteered in Captain Lucien N. Savage's Company which later formed a part of Colonel J. H. Savage's Regiment which was attached to General D. S. Donelson's brigade.

Our first rendezvous was at Smithville, Tennessee, about May 16, 1861. We were transported to McMinnville in two-horse wagons, remaining there all night. The next day we went by rail to Estill Springs, there our company was mustered into the State service on the 24th of May, 1861. We left the camp of rendezvous at Estill Springs and went by railroad to Camp Trousdale in Sumner County, near the Kentucky line. At this place we were organized into a Regiment in June, 1861, and John H. Savage was unanimously elected Colonel.

T. B. Murray—Lieutenant Colonel  
Joseph J. Goodbar—Major  
George Marchbanks—Adjutant  
John T. Reed—Surgeon  
Gilbert R. Campbell—Quartermaster  
James Glasscock—Commissary  
J. W. Poindexter—Chaplain

Shortly after the formation of the Regiment, Doctors James B. Ritchey and Thomas Black were assigned to duty in the Medical Department.

The Regiment went into camp of instruction at Camp Trousdale and the following regiments were camped near us:

Seventh Regiment—Col. Robert Hatton  
Eighth—Col. Alf S. Fulton  
Sixteenth—Col. John H. Savage  
Seventeenth—Col. Tax W. Newman

Eighteenth—Col. Joseph B. Palmer

Twentieth—Col. Joll A. Battle

They were all Tennessee Volunteers and our times was devoted to drilling. Hup! Hup! Hup! was heard in every direction on the drill field.

We were placed under the command of Brigadier General G. K. Zollicoffer and remained at Camp Trousdale about eight weeks. So great a change the camp life made, many of our men fell sick. Most of them soon recovered except those who had the measles. Several of these cases died.

News of the great battle of Manassas was received about this time, and every soldier in the camp joined in a long and loud Hurrah!

On the morning of July 21 the tents were struck in a driving rain and everything packed on the train. We started for Virginia. We stopped a short time at Nashville, where we were showed many respects by the citizens. We then proceeded to Chattanooga, which was at that time a small village (1861). We were then ordered to Bristol where we drew rations. They hauled up a wagon load of bacon sides.

The sun was shining very hot and the grease was dripping out at the end of the wagon bed. I remarked that if they were going to feed soldiers that way, we would starve. But many, many times after that, I would have been glad to hold my bread under the drip of that wagon bed.

From Bristol we were ordered to Lynchburg, Virginia, and we were camped near the city. We arrived there July 29th and remained to August 1, when we were ordered to Staunton by way of Charlottesville where we stopped a few days and enjoyed the kindness and hospitality of the citizens and seeing the sights. Then, on to Staunton. Then to Millsboro where we arrived about 3:00 or 4:00 o'clock in the morning. We remained at Millsboro until the evening of the next day arranging transportation for our camp equipage for an overland trip across the Allegheny Mountains to Huntersville, about 35 or 40 miles.

I was taken dangerously sick during our short stay at Millsboro, first with billious [sic] colic, then fever and hemorrhage of the lungs. I lay for days almost as helpless as a child. I had to be lifted by two men—Dave Pittman and Caney Adcock. The care of Dr. Black and the good providence of God got me up, and I afterwards had excellent health to the end of the way except a few big chills. After I began to improve, Dr. Black had us all moved to Bath Alum Springs where there were plenty of houses for our comfort. This

was a great health resort in the summer and they had planted garden vegetables for summer boarders. We came along in the right time to use them.

After I got able for duty, we were sent to Huntersville. We were out of rations and some farmers came on with a few cows and camped where we did (there were but three or four of us), and they gave us a little milk.

It rained all night and we started soon the next morning. We had nothing to eat. About 9:00 a.m. we came to a branch which was much swollen by the late rain. In going down the branch to find a place to cross, we came upon a cluster of fox grape vines. The fruit was about the size of the tame Concord, and we gathered all we would eat. After this splendid feast, we found an old log across the branch and soon got over. We proceeded on our way until we came to the Greenbrier River which was very muddy, much swollen and wise. Finally a horseman came along and decided to cross it. We saw him get over safely. So we cut some long sticks to brace us against the current, took each other by the hand for support and waded in. We found it quite deep and swift, but we crossed without accident.

We reached our camp that night, got something to eat, dried our clothes, got a good night's rest and felt ready for duty. Our Regiment (except the sick and convalescent) had gone to Cheat Mountain, so we were placed in a batallion [sic] and put on guard at bridge several miles down the Greenbrier River, where we remained a short time. We were joined by the Regiment October 25. At noon on the 27th we marched for Lewisburg and encamped near that place.

### CHAPTER III

#### APPLE BRANDY AND A BUTCHER KNIFE

The weather was cold and many of us were in great need of clothing and shoes. November 17 and 18, snow fell and the winter was severe. On the 19th, clothing came, and supplies of nice things consisting of blankets, quilts, coats and almost anything to wear you could think of. And a lot of letters from loving ones at home. To crown it all, James Hill and Hon. H.L.W. Hill sent several hundred bottles of fine apple brandy, which the boys enjoyed to the full extent. I, being an abstainer, did not taste it. One of our boys got too much. While cooking his dinner, he had a dishrag and a butcher knife in the same hand, and went to wipe his nose with the dishrag. He cut off his nose and it appeared to sober him. The doctor fixed it up until one could hardly tell of the mishap.

The Regiment, worn out with marching and cold weather, now rested around big log heap fires in their new clothes. They were happy. We remained in camp near Lewisburg

to November 28th when orders came to be ready to march on the following morning. But the 29th and 30th of November were very cold and bad on account of rain and mud. So the order was countermanded until December 1st. On the 2nd we camped at Red Sulphur Springs. We waded New River the 5th. We arrived at Dublin depot on the 8th where orders were received to proceed immediately to Charleston, South Carolina.

We drew four days rations and took the cars on the 11th. We proceeded by way of Petersburg and Wilmington to Charleston. After seeing the sights about the city, we proceeded to Pocotaligo, a small station on the railroad to Savannah, Georgia. We went into camp near the station.

It was now the 19th of December and almost everything was green as May. The contrast between the Virginia mountains covered with snow and ice was great. The boys, commonly noisy with the Rebel yell, were surprised and quiet. While we remained at Pocotaligo, we had nothing to do except our daily drilling and doing picket duty to prevent surprise, as several roads from the coast converged at this place and we had to watch to keep the Negroes from communicating with the Yankees. We spent one Christmas here. We had fish, oysters and vegetables. The men grew healthy, happy and contented.

Some of the sick whom we left in Virginia came up, but a considerable number were buried in the bleak mountains of Virginia, which we all mourn.

On the 24th of January, 1862, orders were received to hold an election for Major. This election was held January 25th and resulted in the election of H. H. Faulkner as Major of the 16th Tennessee to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Major Goodbar.

Shortly afterwards, we were ordered to Grahamville where we remained until April 7th when we were ordered to Corinth, Mississippi, to reinforce General Beauregard.

I must return to South Carolina a few minutes before taking my farewell of the Palmetto state. While we were camped near Pocotaligo, the Federals came out on the first of January, 1862, near the mouth of the Coosaw River and commenced shelling our works very furiously from their gunboats. Their fleet consisted of five gunboats. Their infantry was landed under cover of the gunboats and after a brisk fight, our men fell back. Orders were received for Donelson's Brigade to move forward with all haste to reinforce our men. We were in motion within 15 minutes with about ten miles to march. When we reached the battle ground, our line had fallen back to Gardener's Corner, and the wounded were being brought in. They were terribly mangled. One shell fell in a South Carolina Regiment and killed six and wounded seven. The shells were 13-inch shells

and were thrown with great precision. We were now prepared to give them battle out of reach of the gunboats and we had a reasonable hope to win. But the enemy returned during the night to their base on Port Royal Island, and we had failed to get a shot. We returned to our camp.

One night orders reached us that the had landed at a certain point—I forget the name—it was 26 miles from our camp. We were put in marching order and started at 2:00 a.m. Being very dark, our artillery got off the causeway and we made but little progress until daylight set in. Then we made a forced march and reached the objective point in good time. We found that the enemy had skipped and returned to Beaufort Island without giving us an opportunity for battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Murray was in charge of the Regiment and after being satisfied that the enemy had left, he dismissed the Regiment and told us to return to camp at will, but to get back to camp the next day. A very few others and I returned to camp a little after sundown. A few of the men were out two or three days before they returned to camp,

As before stated, while we were camped at Grahamville, South Carolina, we were ordered to Corinth, Mississippi, to reinforce General Beauregard. We were ordered to travel by the most practical route. We entrained as soon as possible and started by way of Chattanooga. But when we reached that place, the enemy had occupied Huntsville and we had to go by way of Mobile. We did not reach Corinth until April 23, 1862.

The great Battle of Shiloh had been fought April 6 and 7. The first day was a great victory for the Confederates. They carried all before them. At night Grant was reinforced by Buell. The Confederates were driven back by fresh troops and superior numbers. General Beauregard withdrew his army in good order late in the evening and fell back to Corinth, their old camp.

Here we found many of our old friends in the 5th Tennessee and other Tennessee Regiments. We saw war in all of its devastating horrors, such as the sick. The wounded from Shiloh had been sent to the interior. The loss in killed and wounded on both sides had been terrible and every preparation was going forward for a greater slaughter.

Fortifications were going up and being strengthened every day. Fighting was going on daily. A little paper was published at Corinth and it would report heavy skirmishing on our right flank. Twenty thousand were engaged on a side. General Price moved out his Division and struck Halleck's left. He turned it back on his main line and returned to his camp. As the enemy moved upon Corinth, they fortified their lines. An attack was expected daily but failed to materialize. Beauregard, weary of waiting, decided to move out and onto Halleck.

On the 21st day of May, 1862, everything was put in readiness. General Van Dorn's Corps occupied our right wing; Hardee's Corps occupied the center and General Polk's Corps occupied the left wing. Beauregard's army consisted of fifty thousand men and Halleck's, about eight thousand. Hardee's and Polk's Corps reached their allotted position on the line for attack, but owing to a heavy rain and the topography of the country, Van Dorn was unable to reach his position on the line for battle within time for a general engagement. He sent Beauregard a dispatch to that effect and fell back to his own line. The expected great battle for the day was past.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### I COULD HEAR THE WAX FRY

Heavy skirmishing was going on daily, in one of which a Yankee in my immediate front and I singled out each other. He was behind a good-sized oak tree. I had a small post oak to stand behind. He was sending his bullets too close to me for comfort. I could hear the wax fry on them as they went by my ear. They were so very close that I resorted to a little strategy that gave me relief. I took my gunstick [sic], placed my hat on the end of it, brought it up to a level of my head and slowly passed it out from behind the tree. Here came his bullet. As I dropped the gunstick [sic] to the ground, I had my gun ready with the hammer sprung. I came down the side of his tree to the center of the smoke and fired. He shot at me no more. I do not know whether I killed him or not, but I know I silenced his gun. That was of special importance to me at that time.

Major Bill Farris was on the skirmish line with me. They were shooting so close to us that I called to them to raise their sights. Farris called to me, "Hush! Hush!" My plan was to make them think they were shooting wild. One of them sent a bullet through Farris' gunstock and the splinters or bullet cut his hand. I never got touched all day.

Times were not getting very critical. Skirmish fighting was going on every day. The boom of the enemy's cannon was heard regularly. We had our cannon in position, but we did not return the fire. We were keeping them concealed until the enemy would attack our line of fortifications. They were now entrenched in our immediate front and could throw shells in the heart of our camp. Everything that skill and labor could do had been accomplished. So to speak, we stood on tiptoe ready to attack or defend our position. In the midst of all this strain, our commander knew that the country for miles behind the enemy was full of breastworks and if we drove them out of one, they would fall back to another. Our numerical strength was not equal to theirs and their arms and equipment was far superior to ours. So Beauregard decided to evacuate the place on the 29th of May. Owing to lack of cars, he decided to stay until the 30th and get away all

they could of the great amount of ordinance and other baggage. Everything in the way of transportation was pressed to its full capacity. Such things as we could not get away were broken or burned. Many cooking vessels were broken and trunks were piled and burned.

With three days rations cooked and in our haversacks, we were marched to our different positions in the breastworks. At the proper time the tattoo was sounded, which was about eight p.m. It sounded as if it would be the last tattoo for hundreds and perhaps thousands of us tomorrow night, as we fully expected to fight the next day. But soon after the sound of the tattoo died away, we were silently marched away from the fortifications. Each command took their different road that had been mapped out beforehand. The main army was withdrawn in the direction of Guntown. Our Regiment (Colonel Savage's) was ordered to Smith's Bridge across the Tuscumbia River. We arrived at the bridge about daylight and immediately commenced cutting timber across the road in the swamp and destroying the bridge. This we completed about 8:00 or 9:00 a.m. We remained here three days guarding the crossings and protecting the rear while the army retreated to Baldwyn.

We got out of rations and forage for the field officers' horses. Colonel Savage went to some farm houses and procured cornbread for us and had some beeves killed and cooked for us, as we had no cooking vessels. Our position here was very important and we were in great danger of being cut off. Colonel Savage was determined to fight any force that might confront us. We marched to Baldwyn and the army went on to Saltillo and then to Tupelo about the 10th or 11th of June. While at Smith's Bridge, when we had finished our work of cutting timber across the road, we threw quite a number of axes in the yard of a man by the name of Jones and a good many more in a gully.

## CHAPTER V

### WHITE TABLECLOTH: WHITE PLAINS

Tupelo was situated a few miles from the railroad. We camped on a range of broken ridges and we soon learned that good water could be had by shallow digging. We soon had all the good water that we needed. After resting and recuperating, we were put to heavy drilling and arranging for other and more arduous campaigns. What we had gone through was as nothing to compare with the sufferings and hardships which lay ahead of us.

While we were camped at Tupelo, Bragg's great campaign for the invasion of Kentucky was planned and perfected. While we were camped at Tupelo and in the latter part of July, Bragg began to move his army to Chattanooga, having sent his wagon trains in

June and the first of July. The army and such baggage as it retained were speedily moved. On July the 22nd Colonel Savage's Regiment, 16th Tennessee, took the cars for Chattanooga by way of Montgomery, Mobile and Atlanta. We reached our destination the 27th and went into camp near the foot of Missionary Ridge. The army was concentrating as fast as our limited means of transportation could convey them.

Bragg camped east of Chattanooga where we remained a few weeks. Many of our Tennessee kinfolks and friends came to see us and among them, my Father. He remained with us until we crossed the mountain and then returned. He met us again at Sparta where we arrived the 5th of September. There many of our friends from White and adjoining counties came to see us. There was much rejoicing in our Regiment. Our friends brought baskets and provisions and queensware and tablecloths. And a good lady by the name of Pollard arranged our dinner by spreading a nice white tablecloth on the grass and a full supply of nice white plates and a homecooked dinner, which we enjoyed to the full extent. With many thanks to the kind friends, on the 6th we left Sparta for Gainesboro. The army moved now in great rapidity, crossed the Cumberland River near Gainesboro and pushed on by way of Tompkinsville and Glasgow, Kentucky, and on to Munfordville. Munfordville was garrisoned by 4,500 men under Colonel Wilder.

After a forced march in the night, we reached the rear. About 4:00 a.m. on the 16th, General Polk sent them an order to surrender. When Colonel Wilder was satisfied that General Polk's Corps of infantry was in his rear and that it was no Cavalry trick, he surrendered in the early morning of the 17th, stacked their arms and marched out. The prisoners were paroled just before we reached Munfordville.

General Donelson and staff rode upon the front guard and were fired upon, killing Captain Lowe of the General's staff and wounding the General's horse and one or two other horses. We expected the enemy's Cavalry to charge us and with fixed bayonets we waited for the onset. But they did not come. We soon learned that it was a false alarm. As it was very dark, it was a dangerous assault on the General and his staff.

## CHAPTER VI

### PARALLEL

After the capture of Munfordville, we moved to Bacon Creek. On September 18th and 19th we marched on parallel roads with Buell in the direction of Louisville. In this way the march was kept up until September 20 and we learned that Buell had gained distance on us. Bragg quit the railroad and went to Bardstown where we remained for two or three days and feasting on Kentucky bluegrass beef, which was extra fine. Buell proceeded quietly on his way to Louisville and received reinforcements and supplies. It has always been a mystery to me why we did not force Buell to fight before he was

reinforced. However, campaigns have their enigmas that the man behind the gun is not expected to solve, although they can see many glaring inconsistencies.

On October 4, Buell moved his army out from Louisville in order to give Bragg battle on the dark and bloody ground at Bardstown, but he did not move to attack us.

Bragg moved out by Fredericksburg and Springfield and Danville and camped for the night. Next morning we moved out to Harrodsburg where we received rations and got everything in readiness to march at about 8:00 at night for Perryville. We arrived near Perryville about 12:00.

Hardee's Corps placed in front of Perryville and Polk's Corps was placed on rising ground in the rear as a reserve. Early in the morning the enemy's skirmish line attacked ours, which grew fiercer as the day advanced and resulted in a general cannonade.

The weather was dry and water was scarce. There was a long hole of water in the bed of Chapman Creek and a spring near it. Buell pressed his attack to our left and in the direction of the spring and pool of water. Our Cavalry there advanced and checked it and Hardee's Corps was sent to their relief. The enemy was posted in line of battle a few hundred yards from Chapman Creek. We were ordered to attack him and we had to climb a hill which was difficult to ascend. We went up an old road, and the 15th Tennessee reached the top about the time we did. We were given a few minutes rest. We were then ordered forward, which was obeyed with a loud "Hurrah!" We were perhaps two hundred yards from the enemy when we ordered to open fire, which we did with effect on the enemy, judging from the piles of dead which were before us after firing a few rounds.

Colonel Savage, who was in front of our line, rode around to our side and his horse got wounded. I ran forward to a little stump six or eight inches through and about two feet high and rested my gun on the top and took deliberate aim. Before I could fire, some of our men shot a ball into the stump, which barely missed me. I stormed out at them that if any of them shot me, I would come back there and kill him. About this time we were ordered to charge, and we went forward with a rush. The enemy fell back and we crossed the fence they were behind, amid hundreds of their slain.

Just at this time Colonel Savage got wounded. I was right by him, and he said to me, "I am wounded. Where is Colonel Donelson? He will have to take charge of the Regiment." Colonel Donelson appeared on the right where I was and a flanking party had started around us on our right with their guns at a right shoulder shift. Our men had failed to get up the hill as fast as we did. Just at this critical moment, Maney's Brigade

appeared upon the scene. With a yell they charged and drove back the flanking party. We had been in the fight 30 minutes, according to Colonel Savage's statement, with no help except the 15th Tennessee. They were on our left. We would have been captured in ten or fifteen minutes longer. There was a battery just to our right side. When the flanking party was driven back, I thought it should be silenced or captured. There were two little log cabins just behind the enemy line that we had captured and a fence running about north and south. I jumped over this little fence and started toward the battery. I came to a small shade tree and rested my gun against it. I commenced firing at the cannoneers. A ball from down the fence tore through my hat and hair. About this time Alvin Simpson, one of our company, came and rested his gun against the six or seven inch tree and fired. A ball from the same direction that had clipped so close to me, split his hat on the side about four inches. When the flanking party was driven back, it opened the way for our artillery, which was put in use with vigor. And the enemy finally yielded this line and fell back a few hundred yards to a lane.

They re-formed their lines and arranged their artillery. The battle now raged with terror and the slaughter was terrible. About sundown the enemy withdrew from this line and fell back to a woods about three miles. So the battle was over for the day and we had won a complete victory.

The loss had been heavy on both sides. The enemy had lost three general officers, to-wit: Webster, Terrell and Jackson. Jackson was killed by our Regiment. Bragg withdrew his army early in the morning of the 9th of October to Harrodsburg, then to Camp Dick Robertson, then to Knoxville.

Snow fell during the night to the depth of about four inches.

It was said that Bragg's wagon train was forty miles long.

## CHAPTER VII

### TO SLEEP 'TIL THE TRUMP OF GOD

We had left many a good soldier to moulder [sic] back to dust within the confines of old Kentucky, to sleep until the Trumpet of God should awaken them to come to judgement.

While we were camped at Knoxville, I was detailed and sent home to DeKalb County to get clothing for our company, as winter was setting in. Many of our men were very thinly clad. I traveled with the Regiment until we crossed the Tennessee River, then took the train for Tullahoma. The McMinnville branch of the N.C. Railroad had the bridges burned, so I had to walk home from Tullahoma, a distance of about forty miles. When

the command reached Tullahoma and camped, some of our company got permits to go home for a brief stay. The remainder went without permission and stayed a short time, procured shoes and clothing, and returned to their command. There was not trouble about it. I was relieved of the trouble of collecting their goods.

At this time Bragg's Army was concentrating at Murfreesboro. Our outposts extended to Lavergne, while our Cavalry made frequent dashes to Antioch on the railroad and to Mill Creek. Our Regiment was sent one trip to Lavergne.

Our camp was daily visited by friends from home and many of the Tennessee soldiers were indebted to home folks for good clothing.

The Yankees under General Rosecrans had concentrated at Nashville and in the latter part of December, 1862, Rosecrans moved out his army to attack Bragg in his chosen position before Murfreesboro. We were sent to Lavergne and remained one day and night, but saw nothing of the enemy. But they moved up to Bragg's front and on December 30, Bragg's lines were established in front of Murfreesboro and Rosecrans moved up in battle array. Each army maneuvered for the advantage and the day was spent in heavy skirmishing and occasional cannoneering [sic]. Hardee's Corps occupied our left and Polk's Corps, our right, of which we were a part. Breckinridge's Division was placed behind Stone's [sic] River in reserve and was not in the first day's battle.

Everything was in readiness. The morning of the 31st of December arrived and the two armies were hurled at each other with all the fury that good discipline and generalship could command. Men fell thick and fast. We left thirty dead in one place in perfect line as we advanced to the attack.

We came to the Cowen house which had been burned, but the walls were standing and also a lot of picket fence. It broke our alignment and part of our Brigade went to the left and Savage's Regiment went to the right through corn stalks and a cotton patch. We were heavily attacked by two batteries of artillery and a heavy line of infantry. We halted and went to firing. We were soon moved further to our right, as the enemy was extending his line in that direction. We were then formed into what might be called a skirmish line. We had now reached a skirt of open woods and I was firing from the side of a tree. Lieutenant R. B. Anderson of our Company was next to the tree and holding my ramrod after I would load and until I would fire. A rifle ball struck him down. M. E. Adcock and I picked him up when we started to fall back. We ran under the river bank with him and were cut off and captured with ten or twelve others. The ball that mortally wounded Lieutenant Anderson would have hit me had it not been for him, but by trying [sic] to save my friend from capture, I was captured myself.

CHAPTER VIII  
CAPTURED

The enemy let me remain with my Lieutenant until he died, which was about thirty-six hours. He had Dr. Cox of the Third Army Corps to write his will and gave it and his money to me. I brought it through and turned it over to his brother, Colonel John H. Anderson of the 8th Tennessee.

The battle raged with terrific fury during the day with but little advantage to either force, but I thought mostly in our favor. But during the night Rosecrans succeeded in amassing a lot of artillery on an eminence in front of our line, supported by heavy lines of infantry on our right, which Bragg ordered Breckinridge to attack. This he did in the most gallant manner, but was repulsed with great loss. Bragg, now seeing that Rosecrans had gained advantage in positions and being afraid that Stone's [sic] River might rise in his rear and cut him off from his supplies, retreated on the night of January 1, 1863, in the direction of Tullahoma and Shelbyville. The great battle of Murfreesboro was ended, a victory for Rosecrans, although dearly bought by the enemy. We had suffered in killed and wounded, for the battle had been a severe one with great slaughter on both sides.

But now I am a prisoner of war. It brought feelings of deep depression, but I steeled my mind and nerves to make the best I could out of the situation and to be as sociable and polite with my captors as possible. In the main, personally, I was well treated, but rations were generally short. As we were carried from the battlefield, Yankee knapsacks and haversacks were thick along the way. I had left my pack at our camp, that I might have nothing in my way in the battle. I saw what a destitute condition I was in after I was captured. So I watched as I went along and when I came to my knapsack, I slung it on and also a well-filled haversack. I found that I had two fine blankets, two or three good winter shirts, plenty of socks, etc., etc. The blankets just about kept me from freezing to death; the rations kept me from being hungry, for while the battle was going on, General Wheeler captured a long supply train of wagons and burned them at Lavergne. The Yankees had no rations to give us, for they were out.

We were marched to Nashville and kept there a few days, some in the State House and some in the Penitentiary. There were about 1,000 of us. Some were from Murfreesboro and some from a fight with Forrest at Parker's Crossroads where the enemy had surrendered. But Forrest had not received their arms and at this moment, heavy reinforcements arrived for them, so they gathered their arms and all commenced firing. Forrest had to get his men out the best he could. This is what his men told me.

As we went to prison, we were sent by cars to Bowling Green, Kentucky, then down Green River by steamboat to the Mississippi River, then on to Evansville, Indiana, where we remained a few days. Efforts were under way to have us exchanged, but it all fell through. So we were sent on to St. Louis and there remained about one day. There we found many Southern sympathizers. Then we were sent to Alton, Illinois, then sent by cars to Chicago where we were put in an enclosed camp of about fifty acres called Camp Douglass. The camp had plenty of good water from Lake Michigan. It was divided into many squares. I, along with my squad, was placed in White Oak Square where we remained until the latter part of March, when we were ordered to take trains for Baltimore, Maryland, to be exchanged. We were glad to leave Camp Douglass. The houses were open, rations and coal had been very scarce, and the winter was very cold.

M. E. Adcock and I ran a ring and breastpin shop. I averaged fifty cents per day while I was in prison and I lived extra well. We could buy at the settlers' store anything we wanted to eat and the milk wagons came in every morning. When we were preparing to leave, I loaded my haversack with sausage, cheese and crackers and feasted as we traveled.

We went through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland to Baltimore. Then we were marched aboard the Maryland, a large steam and sail ship, and started for Fort Monroe. While we were crossing the Chesapeake Bay, there arose a severe gale. It made the boys all seasick and they vomited terribly. I braced my back against one of the mast poles and tried to keep the motion of the vessel and did not have to vomit.

After the storm was over, we were marched by some large tanks filled with coffee and we received any sized cup full that we happened to have. We also received a generous piece of loaf bread and meat.

We reached the Fort March 21st and were transferred to a steamboat. We started up the James River to our own lines. At City Point, as we started up the river, we had a good view of the wrecks of the Cumberland and Congress, two vessels destroyed by the Confederate ironclad Merrimac March 8, 1862. This was the first ironclad vessel that ever fought a battle on the American continent, if not in the world. Her accomplishments astonished her adversaries. If she had been completed twenty or thirty days earlier, she would have made terrible havoc among the enemy's fleets.

But Providence would not have it so, for when she came down the next day to finish up the enemy's vessels about Fort Monroe, the Yankees had brought in an ironclad,

Monitor, to cope with the great Merrimac. They assaulted each other in deadly combat without any real damage to either. But the Monitor stopped any further aggressive work of the Merrimac and, as I think, saved the enemy's fleet.

The Lord overthrew the good counsel of Ahithophel in David's troubles with Absalom. So in this case, ironclad Merrimac was not allowed to be completed long before the enemy was ready to compete with her. Her career was short and was blown up to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy.

## CHAPTER IX

### GOD RULES IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN

We were soon landed at City Point among our own troops. The Confederate uniform had never looked so pleasing. We were ordered to board a train that was sent down from Petersburg, Virginia, and we soon reached the city of Petersburg, where we had been in 1861.

But everything had changed so much and prices were so terribly high. One dollar for a bit of fried fish and a piece of cornbread and everything else in proportion.

Here we drew bacon that had been preserved in charcoal and no salt. We soon took the train for our command at Shelbyville, Tennessee. We traveled through Virginia, Alabama, Georgia and a good part of Tennessee. When we arrived at Chattanooga, a case or two of smallpox had developed among us, so we were placed in quarantine. The authorities who had charge of us did not give us rations enough and would not let us go to town to buy anything to eat. We were camped close to the Tennessee River and were allowed to go to the river to fish.

M. E. Adcock and I and four or five others decided to go to our command and to go by home, which was very little out of our way. So we went out to the river in daylight and found a lot of canoes. When they all came, we started. Just before we got to the guard line, I called back to one of the boys to bring some fresh beef with him for bait. The guard didn't halt us. The river was much swollen. Our canoe was small and would not safely carry more than three or four. I had to cross it twice before they were all over. Then we started across the bottom in the woods and briers. After many jags with the long briers, and slips and falls, we came to the big road at Stringer's Branch where we had camped on Bragg's campaign into Kentucky. After traveling until about 12:00 p.m., we lay down and slept a short nap. Then up and away to cross the mountain to our homes in DeKalb County, where I remained a few days. I then pulled out for my command, staying all night at Manchester with my Grandpa James Koger. I went to the

Provost Marshall and told him I was an exchanged prisoner. He gave me a pass to my command at Shelbyville. I reached my command before some of those who were quarantined, so my comrades had many questions to ask me.

I told them the travel I had made in the enemy's country and that everything was prosperous and that farms and factories were in full blast. Ships, boats and railroads, I said, were in as fine fix as if there were no war, and the men for recruits were thick at all the cities, towns and villages. Railroad stations were often crowded with men.

Then I had traveled through the heart of our own land. At the cities, towns and villages and railroad stations, I saw soldiers convalescent and wounded, but not recruits enough to make a Corporal's Guard. Our farms were idle. Just here and there a patch. Our railroads were worn out and our rolling stock done for. No stock hardly on the farms and everything so high the civilians could barely live.

Nothing but a miracle in our behalf could save us. Some of them would curse and say if they believed that way, they would run away in twenty-four hours. But I would soon quiet them by telling them that as a soldier I tried to do my duty and would be with them to the end. But facts were facts, and all we could do was to try to overcome the disadvantages by courage and devotion to our country. The result would be with God, who rules in the affairs of men and nations.

## CHAPTER X CARRY THE FLAG

Our regiment remained at Shelbyville drilling and fortifying during the latter part of March or the first of April. General Bragg's whole force was concentrated at Tullahoma and remained there until about the first of May, and we were sent back to Shelbyville about the middle or latter part of June.

Rosecrans began to advance on our position and we were moved out to our breastworks, expecting to be attacked. But it was soon learned that the object of the enemy was to flank us out.

On July 1 we started to fall back to Chattanooga. We camped on the same ground that we occupied before the Kentucky campaign. But many of our number were left at Perryville and Murfreesboro, and their places could not be refilled, for we did not have the men to replete our depleted ranks.

The battles of Perryville had given the enemy undisputed control of Kentucky and Tennessee up to Nashville. And the Battle of Murfreesboro gave them the remainder of Tennessee to Chattanooga. Yet we were as full of fight as we were at the beginning, and a great deal more effective, for we had learned the lessons of war by hard experience.

On our retreat we stayed all night at the mouth of Battle Creek. I was taken bad sick with a chill. I shook for three days with intermissions of a short time to pant in. Dr. Muzzee gave me so much opium that I could not hold my eyes open all day. But I could hear everything that went on. When I got waked up and quit shaking, I was all right in a few days.

We now went to fortifying Chattanooga and expecting the enemy at any time. About the first of September, Rosecrans' advance appeared across the river in front of Chattanooga and commenced to shell the place. The shells fell near a church and spread consternation among the citizens. They placed pickets along the river, and Bragg placed pickets on his side on the river as far as the mouth of Chickamauga Creek.

Several of us took the chills by being on the bank of the river. I was among the number.

About this time I was summoned to appear at Colonel Donelson's quarters. Knowing him to be a very strict disciplinarian, I saluted him according to military style and asked what was wanted. He informed me that he had selected me to carry his Regimental Flag, and proceeded to give me such a nice compliment for my soldierly qualities that I could scarcely refuse to take it. I informed him I would take it and that I would never be the first to leave the field.

The enemy kept up the shelling of Chattanooga and Bragg perfected his plan of campaign. We withdrew from Chattanooga and prepared to give Rosecrans battle in the open country and defeat him.

## CHAPTER XI CALLING TO JOHN

We were reinforced by Longstreet's Corps from Lee's army. Bragg now had an army about equal to Rosecrans and the Confederates were well acquainted with the country. This gave the Confederates great hope of success.

On the 8th of September Bragg withdrew his army from Chattanooga and retreated to Lee and Gordon's Mill on the upper waters of Chickamauga Creek. Here we spent September the 9th. A column of the enemy having moved down McLemore's Cove, Bragg moved from Lee and Gordon's Mill to LaFayette, Georgia, on the 10th. On the 12th they returned in the direction of Rock Spring Church and on the night of September the 12th, the men were halted in the road for a short time. They were tired and sleepy. Some sat down and others lay down and were asleep in a few minutes.

A caisson which had fallen behind for some purpose came forward with considerable speed to catch up with the battery. They missed the road in the darkness and ran into the bushes. The rattle of the wagon and harness and the drivers yelling at their horses—our sleeping heroes were suddenly awakened. They stampeded in every direction, running over each other and over a tall fence which stood on one side of the road. One of my color guards (a large stout man) caught some fellow in his arms about the middle of the road and began to twirl him around and around and at the same time calling for him to "Give me my gun, give me my gun." This stampede was quickly over and no one was hurt.

We then went on the even tenure of our way. We arrived at Rock Spring Church on the 13th and we maneuvered the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th from one position to another. On the evening of the 18th, General Bragg had a battle order read telling us to attack the enemy on tommorrow [sic], September the 19th. Everything was in readiness and the battle opened about 1:00 or 2:00 o'clock in the evening. Our Brigade was placed on the left and we made a long, double-quick march to get to our place in the line.

I had a heavy shake of ague on the morning of the 18th and lay by the side of Rock Spring until after the middle of the evening before I could rejoin my Regiment. I found the long spell of double-quicking [sic] about all I could stand. Dr. Muzzee gave me a lot of quinine and it and the big battle cured my chills. I never had another chill for about twenty years.

The 8th Tennessee under Colonel Anderson and the 38th Tennessee under Colonel Carter and Captain Karne's battery were on our left. And, owing to a misconstruction of orders by General Wright and the dense undergrowth, they were run too close to the enemy's lines. The men and horses of Captain Karne's battery were nearly all killed. When they were ordered to fall back, the Captain had neither men nor horses to move his battery, so it was captured. Colonel Anderson and Colonel Carter did valiant fighting to check a heavy flanking party. While we were hotly engaging the enemy in our front at this time, Gardner, Green and others were wounded, and Green lost a leg.

Longstreet's men had just arrived and marched from the depot. Hood's Division of Longstreet's Corps relieved us and assaulted the enemy heavily. This made them halt and finally waiver and fall back a considerable distance. Karne's battery was recaptured.

The fight now raged with fury and extended all along the line, until after night in some places. It ceased about 7:00 or 8:00 at night. All was quiet except a wounded man in our front calling to John for help, which finally ceased.

We lay down with our arms and accouterments on, knowing that we must finish the battle in the morning.

## CHAPTER XII

### DREAM AND CHICKAMAUGA

I fell asleep and dreamed of being out on a lake of clear water in a round-bottomed canoe which had four stanchions up, two at each end on opposite sides and some very thin plank thrown on them. A storm arose and the waves began to roll. I decided I would get wet if I remained where I was. I decided I would climb one of the stanchions and get on the plank, but my canoe turned over and I was thrown into the lake. I began to swim very slowly and look for a place to land, but there was not a twig in sight. Presently I began to see very clearly. The water was getting shallower and finally I reached a sandbar, all safe and sound. So I got up the next morning telling my dream and interpreting it that I would go through the battle safely. And so it happened to me. I am not much on dreams commonly, but I strongly believe that God rules in the affairs of men and nations.

The morning of the 20th of September dawned beautiful, clear and bright. It was spent in maneuvering, with occasional assaults at different points along the line. At length Bragg found the place which he regarded as the key to Rosecrans' position. He decided to attack and carry it, so he massed his forces. He commenced the assault, which was stubbornly resisted. The slaughter was terrible, but on the second assault the enemy's line crumbled and gave way. They threw down many of their arms and fled in a route pell mell to Chattanooga eighteen miles. The sturdiness of General Thomas saved many of them from being captured.

## CHAPTER XIII

### NOBODY SCARED HERE BUT YOU

Thus ended the great Battle of Chickamauga. Our Brigade was in reserve the second day of the battle and our loss was light in comparison to other battles we were in.

We were ordered just at night to take a line on Snodgrass Hill, but the enemy gave way just before we reached it, and so the victory was won. The Confederates set up a great shout that made the Welkin ring. But we had lost heavily of good and brave men in killed and wounded, and their number could not be replaced.

After the battle was over and the hurraing was quiet, E. L. Atnip and I started to find some water. We had to go to Chickamauga Creek, about two and one-half miles. We kept the direction all right to the creek, as the woods were full of men with fires, warming their supper. But as we came back, all was dark, and the men were gone. We soon got lost, but pushed on until we came to a lot of old logs on fire. They had been thrown up for breastworks during the day and shells had set them on fire. There were dead Confederates on one side and dead Federals on the other side. We decided to lay down until morning, not knowing where the enemy was. There were a lot of dead Federals lying around. We lay down by the fire. The night was cold and frosty and the fire died down. Atnip got cold, reached out his hand and felt a blanket and crawled under it. When we got up to start to our command, he found that he had slept with a dead Yankee.

We finally struck our army on the extreme left, and our Regiment was on the right. Thus we had a good view of the battlefield and the havoc and death that had been wrought upon it. Dead men, horses, and artillery wagons broken by cannon shot, timber cut and scarred, and general destruction marked everything.

We reached our Regiment at 7:00 or 8:00 o'clock and soon fell in and marched to Missionary Ridge. We took up our position September 21st. Rosecrans and his army were hemmed up in Chattanooga, cut off from their supplies by river and rail. This situation remained for two months.

During this time Longstreet and his Corps were sent to Knoxville to look after General Burnside, whom he had besieged. But an attack on his lines was repulsed during this time.

Wright's Brigade, of which the 16th Tennessee was a part, was sent to Cleveland to rebuild the bridge across the Hiwassee River and guard the line of communications between Chattanooga and Knoxville. While camped at Cleveland, I got a pass for myself and W. L. Ludkin, one of my messmates, to go out and get some milk.

We came to a good gristmill owned by a man named Cleveland. Two Cavalrymen were ready to take the man's fine team of oxen—or mules (I can't remember which). I asked them by whose authority they proposed to take the team. They said by their own authority. I answered them, "By your authority, you cannot take them." Then they said by order of the Quartermaster. I answered and told him to show his written order and I had not one word to say. They had no order.

I saved his team, and he gave us a splendid dinner.

When we returned to camp, we received orders to take the train for Missionary Ridge, November 24th.

We arrived there the 25th and were marched at once to Bragg's extreme right, near the mouth of Chickamauga Creek. We were marching in columns four ranks deep, and our guns were empty. A few shots were fired from across the creek. Then a volley and a battery of artillery was directed at us at close range. We had marched right in range of the enemy's line of infantry and artillery. The artillery was placed ingeniously behind the railroad embankment and was well protected.

There was a rail fence just to our right. We were ordered to get over the fence, lie down and go to firing. The fence corners had briars in them two or three feet long, but they were not in the way amid the flying of shot and shell.

We obeyed orders with alacrity. After firing a few rounds, we were ordered to fall back.

One of my color guards, by the name of Henry Tate, jumped up and his eyes were spread as if he were excited. I took him by the arm and shook him, and said to him, "Nobody scared here but you, Henry." It calmed him at once. Tate was a noble, good fellow, and a religious soldier.

In this skirmish, LaFayette Clark of Company D was killed and Lieutenant W. C. Womack was wounded. T. R. Hooper of Company A was also wounded; he was one of my color guards. A true man and a good soldier and a Christian gentleman.

#### CHAPTER XIV

#### GOOD-BYE CHATTANOOGA

Our part of the Battle of Missionary Ridge was ended. The battle was still raging with fury. Hooker attacked and captured Lookout Mountain in the morning. And then there was heavy fighting in the valley at the southern end of Missionary Ridge. The attack

spread along the line about sundown. Grant attacked Bragg's center in full force and the Confederates did all in their power to hold their position. Their line had been weakened by sending troops to Knoxville and other places, so that in many parts of the line it was a mere skirmish line. Thus, they could not withstand the assaults of the heavy columns which were hurled against them. It was said that Bragg was in the thickest of the fight and did all that he could to rally his men. But having no reserve, he saw he could not check the progress of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and ordered a retreat. The military stores at Chickamauga station were burned and the army fell back to Dalton. The strong natural position of Missionary Ridge fell into the possession of the enemy and with it went the last inch of dear old Tennessee, for the redemption of which we had made the Kentucky campaign, fought the Battle of Perryville, fell back and went to Murfreesboro and fought and lost a great battle there, retreated to Tullahoma and Shelbyville and then to Chattanooga, fought and won the great battle of Chickamauga, the advanced to Missionary Ridge, fought and lost the battle there. And now at Dalton, Georgia. Poor in men and supplies of all kinds, and no tents, many deserted. But as an Army, we stood ready to endure even greater hardships for the cause we had espoused.

About this time, General Bragg was relieved of the command and General Joseph E. Johnston was put in command. He ordered us to build small cabins for winter quarters. He furloughed many of the men and went to feeding us better and soon restored discipline and confidence in the Army. Then the men were ready to go wherever he would order.

While stationed at Dalton, I was detailed for an Army Scout and had some exciting events. Between the lines, I broke up a line of couriers who were piloting our men to the enemy, and captured some of them. They were ordered to Fort Sumter for the war. I brought in some deserters and such information as I could get in regard to the movements of the enemy.

## CHAPTER XV

### RAISED FACE TOWARD HEAVEN

While out on one of these scouting trips, I had two men with me, and we stopped at a neat little cottage to get something to eat. An old lady and her daughter or daughter-in-law came out into the porch and told me her son was in the Army and they did not have a thing to eat and that he could not send them any money. There stood two or three of the soldier's little children. We went on, and I told my companions of their predicament. We walked a few hundred years in silence. I remarked that if they would give five dollars to them, I would give ten. If they would give ten, I would give twenty, and take it back to

them. We stopped right there and the money was handed to me. I ran every step back, and they came out onto the porch. I presented them our gift, and the old lady clasped her hands together and raised her face toward Heaven and uttered the most pathetic prayer I ever heard. Among other things, she prayed that I might safely return home and be prosperous and happy. I was deeply touched and shed tears from a soldier's eyes—whose hearts are usually like adamant.

After being out two or three days and suffering much privation, and capturing one of the men who was piloting our men to the enemy, we returned to our camp. But we were captured and disarmed by our outpost pickets. They were afraid we were spies. We were carried to General Walker's headquarters, reaching there about midnight. General Walker's aide took our Army pass and examined it and turned us loose.

We went and aroused Colonel Donelson. He ordered us to take our prisoner to the guard house and deliver him for safe keeping. We returned to our camp and took a much needed rest until morning. Then we took our prisoner to Colonel J. B. Hill, who was Acting Provost Marshal General. He ordered his Adjutant General to send word to General Beauregard at Fort Sumter that he was sending him a recruit for the remainder of the war, and that there was a cannon there red hot to kill him as soon as he landed there. We returned to our camp some days after the foregoing incident.

Orders were received from Army headquarters for each Regiment to put the name of the State and their number on the Regimental flag. Thomas A. Head and I were detailed to do the work. We got it lettered in good style, thanks to the assistance of a sign painter whom we happened to meet. He took great pains in cutting the letters, and a young lady sewed them on (I have forgotten her name). When it was completed, it read: 16th Regiment Tennessee Volunteers.

## CHAPTER XVI

### WE BUILD A CHURCH

About this time, Henry Tate and I decided that we would build a church house for preaching and to have Sunday School in, as our Chaplain was preaching and holding Sunday School in the open air. We proceeded to cut the logs, which consisted of small, long pine trees. When we got them cut, we commenced hollowing for help. We soon had all the help we needed to carry them to the place and lay them up. Then we proceeded to the woods and selected us a board tree, cut it, and prepared the timber for riving the boards—which we tried to do with a large shop-made knife, but soon abandoned it and went to an old farmer's and borrowed a frow. We proceeded with our board making until we had enough to cover our church, which was of good size. In it our

Chaplain preached regularly and gave us a very interesting Sunday School. We studied the Holy Bible by subjects. There were several conversions. We went to a nearby branch and made a dam of brush, pieces of boards and pine straw and raised the water deep enough to baptize them by immersion, which was all done as neatly (and I hope as efficiently) as if it had been in the River Jordan. (This was written Christmas morning, 1916.)

Many of our boys were converted while we were camped at Dalton in 1863 and a goodly number joined the different branches of the church which were represented by Regimental Chaplains. The Methodists led in number; the Presbyterians and Baptists received a liberal number.

During the winter, the sun had a large dark spot in it which was very plainly visible to the naked eye. When the smoke of our camp made the sun appear red, it was to me a very singular phenomenon and called forth much comment among the soldiers. I notice it is yet an unexplained phenomenon and perhaps will remain so, as it belongs in the realm of God's deep mysteries.

While we were camped here in our winter huts, there fell a soft snow about four inches deep. Our men and General Walker's got to snowballing. The field officers mounted their horses and ordered our side to charge, which they did with a yell in fine style, and captured Walker's quarters. Everyone had a lot of fun and did not lose a man. All returned to their quarters well satisfied with the sport, as the victor, I suppose, always feels elated.

As I have had such a few victories in my military life, I've had but little rejoicing over victories. Truly, we won some splendid victories—such as Perryville, Kentucky; the first day at Murfreesboro, Tennessee; Chickamauga, and Franklin, Tennessee. But they failed to be improved, and fell to pieces like a rope of sand. But a lot of our good men were gone at every engagement and no adequate means to replace them. We did not have the men to improve a victory when we won it. But our soldiers stood like lions at bay ready to strike to the last ditch.

Early in May one Sunday morning, while our Chaplain, W. Ransom, was busy with his Sunday School class and everything was progressing peaceably and nice—BOOM, BOOM went the cannon at the front. And our class was composed of officers of the line and high privates. I took a profile view of their faces, and every man's face paled. I could plainly see all except the face of J. R. Thompson. I had no looking glass, but his face was no exception. It was not the effect of fear, for we had faced the enemy's cannon amid their deafening roar as they sent forth shot and shell in our midst, as they

rattled back on their wheels of destruction and proclaimed that they were very destructive in war.

## CHAPTER XVII

### “GIVE HIM A CHANCE, MY SON”

After our class was dismissed, we were soon called into line and marched to the front at Rocky Face Ridge, where we engaged in a lively skirmish with the enemy. The ridge was very precipitous. In places the cliffs were perpendicular. When the enemy pressed in the timber to near the cliffs, Colonel Donelson ordered every man who had no gun to throw and roll rocks over the cliffs. I assisted in turning rock over the cliffs which weighed five to eight hundred pounds. They made a terrible noise as they went down among the enemy and the timber which covered the ridge.

Close to where I was, there was a small projection of rock in the face of the cliff. One of our boys from Putnam County, Tennessee, by the name of Moody had crawled out on the little ledge of rock and gathered up some loose rock and piled them up for breastworks. He was exchanging shots with a Yankee below and his Father came around to assist him. The son advised him to be careful, that the fellow was shooting very close. The Father stuck his head up over the frail works and said to his son, “Give him a chance, my son; give him a chance.” The Yankee fired at him and the bullet struck the cliff just behind his neck and fragments of lead and rock stuck in his neck. The Yankee’s argument was heeded and “Give him a chance, my son” was a by-word among the boys for a long time.

There was a beautiful level field within easy cannon range of the top of the ridge, and the enemy had parked it full of wagons. They were resting in great security. But our men took one small rifle cannon to the top of the hill by hand, with the help of ropes, and the first the enemy knew of the cannon was the bursting of the shells in their midst. I never saw teams hitched to wagons so quickly and they were gone in a few minutes as completely as if they had not been there at all.

About this time the enemy made a spirited attack on our line at the railroad and we obliqued to our left to assist them. But the assault was soon refuted.

But Sherman had succeeded in a flank movement by way of Snake Creek Gap which forced Johnston to fall back to Reseca [sic], where we had some forts. We took our position to the right of the forts to await the coming of the enemy, which was but a very short time. As soon as our line was formed, we were ordered to fortify with chunks of old wood and rails. We had barely got material enough to mark the whereabouts of our line

when General Polk and his guard rode up. He cast his eye along the line and ordered us to establish our line further down the hill some thirty to fifty feet, which we did in a jiffy, as the enemy's sharpshooters had got in reach of us. When they got their artillery in position and began to shell us, we saw the advantage which resulted in General Polk's order to move our line. For the cannon shot scraped the land where our first line was located and did not hit our line all the evening.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### LIVING WALLS OF HUMAN WOOD

The enemy appeared in fine military array with their armor gleaming in the sunlight and marching to step three lines deep. They looked like living walls of human wood dressed black. When they came in range of our artillery at the fort at Resaca, they opened a tremendous fire on the exposed columns. Their advance was immediately checked and the enemy's artillery was quickly wheeled into position. A heavy artillery duel was kept up all the evening and the sharpshooting was pressed lively all the evening, during which I got my upper lip lightly cut.

About the time our lines were being formed, Colonel. S. S. Stanton of the 28th Tennessee was killed. Colonel Stanton was a young man of high rank and intellectual attainments, quite a fluent speaker, and one of the most popular Colonels in the Army. We all mourned his loss, as a great number of his friends had an honorable life planned for him in political fields after the war was over. But a Yankee's bullet came down with a crash and put his light out forever.

Night came on. We were furnished with tools and fortified our line and dug pits for our skirmishers. At early dawn on the 15th, a brisk skirmish commenced which grew into a regular attack on our right without results to the enemy, as they were beaten back with loss. Owing to the shape of our line and the formation of the land, there was brisk skirmishing and artillery fighting during the day but no infantry attack.

Sherman's force was so strong that he could leave more men in Johnston's front than he could cope with and send a heavy column out to attack on the flanks of Johnston's Army.

Seeing he could not force Johnston's lines at Resaca, he extended his flanking party to Johnson's left. He was forced to fall back to Calhoun, and then to further retreat to Adairsville, thence to Dallas, where we as rear guard had a lively skirmish with the enemy in and around an eight-square house. We had one man wounded, Lieutenant Owens.

## CHAPTER XIX

### AS A COQUETTE HANDLES HER FAN

From Dallas we fell back to the vicinity of Cassville and General Johnston had decided to give Sherman a general battle. He began to make arrangements of his lines accordingly. But Sherman was right on hand and occupied a height in line with his heavy artillery as the line was formed. We were ordered to fortify. Every log chunk or rail was quickly appropriated. Everything was ready, but the quick eye of Johnston saw at once the advantage Sherman had gained.

He ordered a retreat right in the face of the enemy. Shells were flying. We had been on tiptoe to fight. We were ordered to march by the right of brigades to the rear and when we halted, a half wheel turn put us into line of battle. Thus our skillful Commander handled his Army as nicely as an accomplished coquette could handle her fan. This in the presence of an overwhelming number of the enemy.

Now the fighting on skirmish lines had become almost continual with small arms punctured at intervals with the BOOM of artillery on the enemy's side. But our own cannon remained silent until an assault was made on our line. Then they were used with vigor.

While we were at Resaca, Johnston was reinforced by General Polk's Corps from Mississippi. Yet our numerical strength and equipment was far inferior to the enemy, and Sherman kept up his flanking movements. We were forced to fall back to Allatoona on the 20th and on the 21st moved on by way of Acworth to Big Shanty, then across Etowah River. Sherman had sent a heavy flanking column on the left of Johnston's line and in the direction of Dallas. Johnston moved his Army across the country to a new line known as New Hope Church and fortified his line by hastily digging rifle pits and preparing for Sherman's assault. He reached our line May 24th. Assault was fierce and determined but was stopped by the prudence of Johnston and the accuracy of the aim of his soldiers. We remained on this line to May 27th and had heavy skirmishing all the time, which was met with sufficient force to check the enemy in his attempts on our line. The efforts of the enemy had now settled to incessant skirmishing through all the daylight and often in the night, with every effort in his flanking movements. But Johnston was on the alert and ever ready to check every move.

Our lines were changed in places almost every day. There was no rest for us. We fought in the daytime and fortified at night.

CHAPTER XX  
READY AND WILLING

The Army had great confidence in General Johnston as a skillful Commander. We were ready and willing to undertake anything he ordered. When he took command of the Army, it was terribly disorganized and on very inferior rations. He gave many of the men furloughs and had us fed on wholesome food.

Since the campaign opened early in May, we had been too busy to cook our rations. We had a detail to cook and send it to us in wagons. Watson Cantrell was the cook from our Company and our rations were well cooked and delivered on time.

Now, the country was cut up by rifle pits in every direction. Wherever Sherman went, he was faced by rifle pits which the gregarious Johnston had prepared for his reception. He was repulsed with loss on all occasions. Our lines were often changed, and now they took in Lost Mountain.

The mountain was a small elevation which rose to a considerable height about the surrounding country, which was comparatively level. The mountain was near the center of our lines. In the skirmishing about this mountain, our Regiment lost two men and a number were wounded.

Private Henry C. Tate of Company A and Andrew Sailors of Company K were killed on the 25th. Tate was a Methodist exhorter, and they were both good soldiers.

The campaign was vigourously [sic] pressed by Sherman and determinedly and skillfully opposed by Johnston from its initiation at Dalton on Rocky Face Ridge early in May to the fall of Atlanta on September 2.

Johnston's army held this position until June 14, 1864, when we changed lines to include Pine Mountain. Sherman wanted to keep the Confederates away from the railroad, and the scene shifted to about 15 miles southwest of the railroad.

A Signal Corps was advantageously placed on the summit of Pine Mountain and on the morning of June 14, General Johnston and several others were discovered by the enemy. A rifle shot instantly killed General Polk. Surprisingly, a Lieutenant Fluke had learned the Confederate signals and the information about this death was received by both sides simultaneously.

On June 15, we withdrew 1 1/2 miles where, after hasty fortification, severe skirmishing continued throughout the day.

On June 16, our 16th Regiment lost two men: William Lowry of Company E and Samuel Baker of Company I. Skirmishing continued brisk.

It rained almost constantly June 18th through the 21st. Our lines on the right wing now included Kennesaw Mountain near Marietta.

## CHAPTER XXI

### STRANGE EXCHANGE

On the evening of June 23, 1864, our left was also extended somewhat. Hood's corps briefly attacked the enemy's right. He then withdrew and formed his column on Hardee's left. The Kennesaw lines were strengthened with rifle pits and ditches. Picket fighting occurred throughout the day, but at night, each side agreed on a truce.

At times pickets would agree to meet half way, unarmed. Friendly conversation was indulged in and they often would exchange Federal coffee for Confederate tobacco or other personal items. They would then return to their side, to shoot at each other at dawn.

To me, this proved again that most individuals held no animosity in their hearts for other human beings, but the political facts of the times created a situation which they could not reconcile. If this brotherly love could have prevailed, they surely could have found some equitable solution.

The next day, June 24, was hot and humid. Heavier skirmishing occurred throughout the day; also the next two days.

On the 27th, General Sherman marched his troops in front of Johnston's line, occupied on the left by Cheatham's Division and on the right by Cleburn's [sic]. When the columns approached within a few rods of the breastworks, we opened fire. We were fearfully accurate, but the Federals pressed forward, some of whom survived hand-to-hand fighting. One time the Federal flag was planted, but it was immediately shot down. The brief, though furious, battle left many slain Federals before us when the remainder were forced to fall back to their entrenchments. Federal General Harker was killed. The Confederate loss was small. Private Joshua W. Carter of Company C, our Regiment, was killed on the picket line. A few others were wounded or captured.

Sherman then flanked us. Our left was withdrawn a short distance on July 2, and on the 3rd, Johnston ordered our whole army behind Marietta. The Federals enthusiastically entered Marietta the next morning.

The Chattahoochie [sic] River, near Marietta, became our next line, where we skirmished daily until July 17, when we fortified for a new stand.

General J. B. Hood now replaced General Johnston because the authorities in Richmond were unhappy when Johnston did not fight at Cassville and more especially when he fell back at Kennesaw Mountain. They just did not realize the vast difference in numbers and equipment. Although we were inured to hardships, our health was good and, with enough food, we were still ready and willing to fight for our cause.

As I have mentioned, we had great confidence in General Johnston. Under his wise command, we had disputed Sherman's advances and had checked every movement attempted by the enemy. With a comparatively small loss to our army, the Federals had a severe loss of several thousand men. We had protected withdrawal of our supply trains and our wounded, letting nothing fall into the hand of the enemy. I place him on the list of the greatest military chieftans [sic] of our time.

General Hood was brave, but he possessed more courage than [sic] prudence, more valor than discretion. His first official act confirmed my opinion. On July 18, we were hurled upon the Federal lines to no avail. Company H, our Regiment, R. M. Safley was severely wounded by shot through the lungs. Also, same company, Lieutenant John Akeman received four wounds, any one of which was mortal. Our Regiment, Company I, Private A. J. Agent was killed on the field. All regiments suffered greatly, and nothing practical was accomplished.

On July 20, General Hood again threw his whole army upon Sherman's fortified position in desperation. Both sides had heavy losses; many of the 16th Tennessee were severely, and some mortally, wounded.

The next morning, July 21, Wright's brigade was moved further to the right of Hood's lines. Private William Etter was killed that evening while on picket duty.

Cheatham's Division attacked on the morning of July 22nd, the enemy's left on that part of the line occupied by McPherson's Division. The Federals were driven back at this point and their General McPherson was killed. Our lines held and we captured quite a number of prisoners. Prisoners, as you can imagine, presented a considerable problem. Losses, however, were heavy. Considering numbers engaged, our losses were greater.

In our Regiment, in Company C, Grundy Gibbs was killed, James C. Biles received two very severe wounds, and Wright S. Hacket died within a few days of his wounds. Other companies and regiments also suffered great losses. Mr. Hacket was beloved by all. He resigned as First Lieutenant of his company when they reorganized in Corinth, Mississippi, and became a private by his own wish. At the battle of Murfreesboro we had followed him enthusiastically when he had temporary command because Colonel John H. Savage was needed to manage a detachment which was being flanked by the enemy.

Hood retreated seven miles to Lovely Station where he drew up his lines and hastily fortified his position. Sherman was in hot pursuit and, using heavy cannon, he came in close. Picket fighting was continuous and spread into a general battle on September 5. Both sides had about equal casualties. Joseph Brown of Company K, our regiment, was killed and H. C. Paine was mortally wounded.

I was wounded in this action. No hospital was available and no litter bearer was available to carry me from the front. Finally, I was able to crawl further back and managed to prop myself behind a stump. When fighting closed, each army was in its original position. Although both sides had used heavy cannon, casualties were comparatively light. A friend came to me as soon as he could and gave me what meager first aid was available. He and another man carried me to a section of ground where rows of other casualties already lay. They said a doctor would come. After hours of painful waiting, the one doctor came and, harried and exhausted though he was, he did for me what he could. He kindly apologized that he could do no more and could spend no more time per patient. We understood.

I finally was removed to a hospital at Macon, Georgia. Here I received adequate attention. I tried to be as little trouble as possible.

On September 7, history reports that the Federals had disappeared. My comrades followed five miles toward Atlanta.

The Federal army entered Atlanta September 2, 1864. This meant they had captured the principal storehouses and work shops of the Confederacy. Thus, our collapse was a mere matter of time.

Hood, realizing defensive operations were now useless, moved to the north side of the Tennessee River, hoping to obtain help to try to cut Sherman's communications with his supply base.

Sherman detached Thomas' corps to oppose Hood, and began his "March to the Sea," which he accomplished without opposition. He felt this must be done to impoverish the South.

The 16th Tennessee Regiment had suffered heavy losses. The remnant of the ten original companies was scarcely enough to make three good consolidated companies. Companies A, D, and E were consolidated under the command of Captain Frank M. York. Companies B, C, and H were put under the consolidated command of Captain John Lucas Thompson (no kin). Companies F, G, I, and K were consolidated and commanded by Captain Ad Fisk. Left out officers were placed on a list of supernumeraries [sic]. Other regiments were also consolidated. The 8th, 10th and 28th Regiments now became one under the command of Colonel John A. Anderson.

President Jefferson Davis visited at this time and addressed the Confederates several times. Friends report that he was well received.

Several changes were made at this time. Hardee took command of the District of South Carolina and General Frank Cheatham took command of his corps. General Stephen D. Lee retained the command of Hood's corps, and General A. P. Stewart was kept in command of ours (Polk's old corps).

In the hospital, our interest in the conduct of the war was keen.

General Hood had now perfected his plans for a march through Georgia, over the same ground we had fallen back before Sherman.

Now came again Marietta, Allatoona, Dalton. The Buzzard Roost Gap of Taylor's Ridge, Cedar Town across Sand Mountain to Decatur. And Gadsden and Tusculumbia. On November 11, a pontoon was thrown across the Tennessee River where my regular regiment crossed at Florence on November 13.

Friends reported the destitution of our troops, when they were brought in wounded. Our troops needed clothing and supplies, but they were still ready to serve their cause.

I did not participate in the encounters at Spring Hill or Franklin. Many a soldier of each side went into eternity.

From December 3-15, our troops were in readiness to take our beloved capital of Nashville, Tennessee, although the winter was severe. Hood was forced to withdraw his troops to Franklin on December 16. At Franklin, some provisions were issued. Hood's

forces were joined to those of General Joseph E. Johnston, who took command, and Hood became subordinate.

The Confederate forces were now composed of the remnant of three armies; the Army of Virginia, commanded by General Lee; the Army of North Carolina, commanded by General Johnston, and the Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, commanded by General Dick Taylor.

Realizing their beloved Confederate cause was lost, many went home to care for their families.

In my weakened condition, I had been unable to return to the field during the extremely cold weather.

I arrived in Smithfield, North Carolina, as the Tennessee troops were being consolidated into one brigade of three regiments and placed under the command of General J. B. Palmer. The 8th, 16th, 28th, 38th and 51st Tennessee Regiments were consolidated with a part of Maney's Brigade into one regiment and placed under the command of Colonel Fields. Our old 16th was consolidated into two companies, one commanded by Captain Hill of General Carter's staff; the other, by Captain Frank York. A. F. Claywell was Adjutant of the consolidated regiment, and made its last official report soon after consolidation. Surrender followed in a few days, at Greensboro, North Carolina, on April 26, 1865.

One-third of our original number, including recruits, remained. We remained loyal to our cause to the end.

We drifted home to do what we could.

Our house was intact, and it was good to see my family. The economy of the South, of course, was now very, very poor, but we conducted ourselves as true sons should.

On October 11, 1877, twelve years after the close of the war, the following account of our reunion held at McMinnville, Tennessee (about 15 miles from my farm, or approximately 10 miles from the home which my beloved wife, Mary Caroline Chism, and I established for our family), appeared in the McMinnville New Era newspaper:

THE REUNION OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT AT  
MCMINNVILLE, ON FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1877.

A reunion of Savage's Regiment was held in McMinnville on Friday, October 5, 1877. The day was pleasant, and the assembly a vast one, numbering between three and four thousand. A more orderly and well-behaved crowd never assembled in our town. No drunkenness, no boisterous or loud talking, no quarreling or fussing of any kind; and this feeling pervaded the entire assembly throughout the day. The remains of the regiment were formed on the public square at 10 o'clock, and marched to the Fair Grounds under the stars and stripes, headed by Colonel Savage, mounted on a spirited white horse. As the regiment filed out on our streets with its four hundred or less men in ranks, thoughts of the day when it left our depot in 1861, full of life, and its ranks numbering over a thousand souls, filled the minds of all who witnessed that occasion, and the absence of so vast a number from its ranks on its return filled the hearts of those present with remembrances of the noble dead, and the spring-fountain of affection burst its bounds and filled the eyes of hundreds with the silent tear of love and affection for the memory of those who sleep in the silent and unmarked graves of the various battle-fields in which the noble old regiment participated. It was a pleasant occasion, and even the sadness lent additional charms and bound the remnant in closer bonds of eternal friendship and fraternal feelings. Arriving at the Fair Grounds, the welcome address was delivered by Colonel Savage, in which he said:

Colonel Savage's Welcome Address:

**"SOLDIERS OF THE SIXTEENTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY, C.S.A., FRIENDS AND COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:** It is my pleasant duty, under the direction of our Committee of Arrangements, to extend to all of this large assembly, whether citizen or soldier, rebel or federal, a cordial welcome. What is said or done here to-day we are willing for the world to see and hear; but nothing will be said or done intended in the least to wound the feelings of a single human heart.

"The sound of hostile cannon and the shout of contending armies are heard no more without our borders, and much better would it have been for the American people if deadly hate and bitter words had been banished far away at the same time.

"The war came—it is not my purpose now to say who brought it on or who was right or who was wrong, or whether misfortune or misconduct of rulers caused the result. The historians, long after we have slept in the grave, will write and settle these questions. It is enough for me to say, comrades, that we who still live, and our dead brothers in arms, many of whom to-day sleep upon lonely mountain or in some desolate plain, in graves unmarked and unknown to human eye, and our mothers and fathers, our kindred and neighbors, then believed we were right. We 'lost the cause', and now submit to the victor as become gallant soldiers, but neither armies nor artillery have power over the mind.

“We are here to-day to honor the dead. They fought for principle—not for fame, power, plunder, or party. They offered themselves a sacrifice to the god of battles to maintain the constitution as it was; but we, the living, must obey it as it is. They sought to rule nobody but themselves, which they claimed the right to do without molestation from kings or armies. For four long years, almost without pay, upon scant rations, badly armed and clad, the Southern soldiers stood against more than double their numbers, sustained by Europe as a recruiting station, and by a greater expenditure of money than any the world has ever known before—courage, patriotism, and a sense of duty being the only bonds that held the Southern soldiers in the ranks. The memory of brave men who fell in such a cause may live for ages—indeed it may never die. It is not always the fame of the conqueror that lives longest and shines brightest upon the pages of history. But this subject is delicate, and perhaps enough has been said in that direction; and what has been said is intended for no other purpose than to show that there is nothing in the past to shadow the fame or conscience of the Confederate soldiers.

“And now, comrades, as your old commander, who shared with you many dangers, and who never ceased to care for your honor and welfare, I hope I may say without offense to any that your deeds upon the field entitle you to share in the honors and misfortunes, lost cause, and proclaim you the equal of the best regiment in the service. It is right that we should meet in tears for the heroic dead—we never should forget them, and they deserve to be remembered by the country. To live in the memory of the world and those we love is a heavenly instinct—man’s most powerful incentive to good. I remember a French general (Dessaix) who won for Napoleon a great battle, falling mortally wounded in the last charge. His last words were, ‘I die with regret only that I have not done enough to be remembered by my country.’ Our young brothers, bright, buoyant, and brave, fell upon disastrous battle-fields. They have no inheritance in the land; the only thing earthly that yet remains to them is the affection and remembrance of their brothers in arms and of the people in defense of whose rights they offered up their lives. This reunion to-day means that their memory shall not perish like brutes of the field, for they were men with immortal spirits. Our government, with public money, builds imposing monuments over the federal brave, but we are forced to humbler methods. We intend to call the roll to-day and hope to account for each soldier, the living and the dead; and when the rolls are completed we intend to print them and give to each living soldier, or to his representative when dead, a copy to be kept as a perpetual memento of the part their kindred and neighbors bore in the great war. It is my duty to thank this large and attentive audience for their presence here to-day. It shows that their hearts are with the soldiers still. And ladies, I know I utter the sentiments of every soldier when I say, a thousand thanks to you for your presence and assistance at this meeting. It is hard to believe that any cause is wrong that is approved by your smiles. I may well liken woman to a good angel sent from heaven to bind up the wounds and shed eternal tears over

the follies and misfortunes of man. We now call the roll to see who still lives, and who has gone from us forever.”

The regiment was formed in line, and the orderlies called the rolls of their respective companies, carefully noting the history, so far as known, of every member of the regiment, giving the present residence, so far as known, of the living, and the time, place, and manner of death of the dead. These rolls will be published, as promised by Colonel Savage, so soon as they are perfected.

At the conclusion of the remarks by Colonel Savage, Colonel Thomas B. Murray was loudly called for, and responded in an impromptu speech of ten or fifteen minutes in one of his happiest strains, in which he said that he had not come there to speak, but to grasp his old comrades by the hand and talk over the trials of the days that tried men’s souls. He said the occasion brought sadness to his heart. He had left here on May 1, 1861, with 108 of the noble sons of Warren—the sons of the best men in Warren County. He looked around him to-day and saw many familiar faces; he also saw many vacant seats. He asked where were the Thompsons, the Mauzys, Webbs, Smartts, Yorks, Marberrys, Spurlocks, Hacketts, and many others too tedious to mention. These were the pride and chivalry of the land. They had fallen in defense of what they believed right, and he had an abiding confidence that they had met their reward in a better land.

He said he and his comrades believed the South took up arms, not for slavery, but for the doctrine of State’s Rights, upon which a republican government depends in this country. They had failed in arms, but had triumphed on an appeal addressed to the intelligence of the people. That a Republican President was to-day administering the government on democratic or State’s Rights principles. He denied that he rebelled against the stars and stripes that floated over him—he was as true to them as Grant or Sherman. He cared nothing for flags except so far as they represented principles. He would follow the stars and stripes as far as he did the stars and bars, so long as they were the emblem of principle. He described the condition of the half-fed, half-clothed Confederate soldiers in March, 1865, in and around Richmond, their ranks decimated by hunger and by sickness, and nothing but defeat and ruin staring them in the face. He described [end of file]

