

"JIM MILLING AND THE WAR"

1862 - 1865

by

James Alexander Milling

James Alexander Milling, son of Capt. Hugh Alexander Milling and Margaret T. Milling, was born May 17, 1846 in Fairfield County, 14 miles West of Winnsboro, 7 miles East of Ashford's Ferry on Broad river. Commenced going to school when 3 years old. Taught by Miss Nancy Phares, a Yankee teacher - governess in father's family, at home. A school house was built in 1855 on Mrs. McPheter's place (Happy Valley) one mile from home. First year (1855) school was taught by Clarke Kirkland, who was killed during war. The years '56, '57, '58, '59 and 1860, the school being moved to Salem Church, was taught by Samuel B. Clowney. The last two years, '59 and '60, William Durham was assistant teacher, teaching the languages and mathematics. Samuel Clowney went to army in 1861.

My father sent me to Monticello to clerk and keep Post Office for Robert Yarborough, a farmer and merchant of Monticello. My father did not want me to go to army while so young. I, though, would go. Left home January 1st, 1862 in company commanded by Guss Orby. Was mustered into service January 14th at Camp Hampton, four miles below Columbia. We were sent from there via Charleston to Camp Brooks below Adams Run. Our company was attached to James' battalion, commanded by Lt. Col. B.S. James, who was killed at first hard battle our battalion was engaged in - Boonesboro in Maryland, 12th September, 1862. While on coast we were under shell fire on James Island. In Summer of 1862 we were sent to Virginia. Had reorganization in our company before going to Virginia. B. M. Whitmer was elected Captain, Wash Gladney 1st Lt., Robert Jennings 2nd Lt., Jim Shedd 3rd, David Martin Orderly Sgt. Our battalion was attached to Drayton's Georgia brigade when we got to Virginia. The 15th South Carolina regiment, commanded by Col. Bun Davis of Fairfield County was also attached to Drayton's brigade. After reaching Virginia, we were sent to Chapin's farm. In a few days we were sent by railroad to Gordonsville. There we took up march for Manassas.

We were under shell on Rappahannock river and Thoroughfare Gap before getting to Manassas. We were double-quickened into the fight late in evening, when had the Yankees on the retreat. Russ Milling of our company was wounded at Manassas. Gov.

ans, Col. of 17th So. Car. Regt., was killed. R. Stack Means, who was Major of the same regiment, was wounded. On march from Manassas to Maryland, I was left with pack and barefooted at Leesburg. From there sent to Winchester. Rejoined the army when Lee crossed back into Virginia a few days after. We were sent to near Harper's Ferry, tearing up the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. I came near being captured that day, being left on guard at a dwelling. The Yankee cavalry made a dash on our rear guard. They burned the wheat stacks of the old gentleman where we were on guard. The next day we marched back to near Winchester.

I forget really how our time was put in from then to our march to Fredericksburg. At this place the 15th regiment and our battalion was put in Kershaw's brigade, where we remained till close of war. Kershaw was promoted to Major General at Cold Harbor in 1864. Keith commanded our brigade. He was killed leading our brigade in charge on Yankee line. Col. Bun Davis commanded for a while at Cold Harbor when Col. Kennedy of the 2nd was promoted to Brigadier General. Our brigade at Fredericksburg fought on and at foot of Marie's hill our battalion was at the mill. Was not much exposed, only to shells. The snow was on the ground all during the battle. We slaughtered the Yankees in front of the stone fence, nearly annihilating Meagher's Irish brigade. Lt. John Milling of 6th regiment and I walked over the field after the Yankees were driven back across the river. We could step from one dead Yank to another all along the front of the stone wall.

We Winter quartered near Hamilton's Crossing. Our men built little log huts with chimneys. Russ Milling, Ben Lyle, Billy Robinson and I had a big Sibley tent for our quarters. On front of tent was in large letters, "Col. 1st Penn. Regt." We had a chimney which smoked awfully. I drew a furlough while in Winter quarters. Being nothing but a 16 year old boy, I gave the furlough to old Mr. James Beard, a sergeant in our company. Whilst I was anxious to see the home folks, could not get my consent to come home leaving Mr. Beard, who had a family, there in camp.

Old Joe Hooker was put in command of the U. S. Army, the campaign of 1863 opening at Chancellorsville Hotel on turnpike in the Wilderness. We were in line of battle in front of Hooker's headquarters. General Stonewall Jackson was killed the

ight we drove Hooker back across the river. We were, after near one week's fighting and skirmishing, marched back to our camp near Hamilton's Crossing. I left camp sick the morning we started to front Old Joe Hooker. He had crossed the river some miles above Fredericksburg, but when he started on his "on to Richmond" he found General Lee's army in front of him. 'Twas Burnside, if I recollect correctly, who crossed at or just above Fredericksburg and attempted to get in our rear. We were double-quickened from in front of the hotel. Down the Plank road four or five miles (we) met the enemy who were driving our men back. Some of our troops, Georgians I think, locked bayonets in a churchyard with the Yanks. We checked their advance that evening. The next day and night they fell back across the river also. General Jackson was brought, mortally wounded, by our line of battle in front of Hooker's Headquarters. I forget how many days we remained in camp before starting again to cross the Potomac. I had not recovered quite from my overgorge of wild onions. Collapsed on first day's march. Reported to Dr. Maxwell. He saw my condition but said he could do nothing for me. The ambulances were all full. Told me just to drop off road and take care of myself as best I could. I lay down, going to sleep. When I awoke the whole army, wagon train and all, had passed. I gave a little chap the last piece of silver I had, a 3 cent piece, to draw me a bucket of water. Just then Capt. Dawkins and Commissary John Evans came along. They belonged to the 15th regiment. They carried my gun and baggage until we reached camp, just across Raccoon ford on the South Anna river. We lay over next day. When the army started again next day, Jimmie Aiken and I were both hauled to Culpepper Court House. Both had fever. From there sent via Lynchburg to Farmville to a hospital. There Jimmie Aiken died and when he died I was so near dead, (I) knew it not, though occupied the next cot to him.

While I had Typhoid fever at Farmville, the big battle of Gettysburg was fought. The three battles across the Potomac - Boonesboro, Sharpsburg and Gettysburg were the only battles I missed during the war, after the 1st Manassas. That (battle) our brigade was in. That I missed being in. Yes, I missed Bean Station in East Tennessee. I was home wounded when it was fought. After our army returned from Pennsylvania, ours and Jankin's brigade was sent to the Western army to reinforce

Bragg's army. Longstreet's Corps joined Bragg at Chickamauga. In that battle our company came out with only four men. There Russ Milling lost his leg, Bob Jennings (was) wounded and Mathew McGrady lost an arm. John Morgan and others killed. Longstreet's Corps, I always considered, won that battle. That was the Fall of 1863. Had Bragg forced the enemy, we could have taken Chattanooga. We lay around Chattanooga some few weeks when our Corps (Longstreet's) was sent to Loudon. Crossing the river there, we drove the enemy back to Knoxville. I was wounded before sunup the morning after driving the Yanks back into the city. Our battalion was commanded then by Lt. Col. W. G. Rice. We were Sharpshooters for brigade. I was in hospital and at home near three months. Had gangrene in wound, scarlet fever and an attack (of) cholera morbus, from which I came near dying. I had a brother to die while I was home from scarlet fever. He was about 12 years old.

I rejoined the army at Greenville, east Tennessee, in January 1864. We got sorriest rations while in that camp than (any) during war. We left camp at Greenville, marching to Bristol. Camped there about one week. While there I was detailed to guard a house - Mr. & Mrs. Bushing. They sure fed Denny and myself, giving us a bed to sleep in and all kinds good treatment. We saved the old man's meat. The soldiers had taken several hundred pounds before we got there. We left Bristol for Virginia. Stopped over at Charlottesville for day or two. From there we went to Gordonsville and into camp. We were proud to get back to Virginia, that grand old state, beloved by the army commanded by that grand old man, General Robert E. Lee. He reviewed our corps few days after we landed there. U. S. Grant was then in command of the U. S. army. The year 1864 we did more hard fighting than ever before. The campaign opened on the 5th of May at the Wilderness. Our corps marched that day, going into camp near where the fighting was done. That day, before day, the fighting commenced. The Yankees were driving our men back. We were ordered out, double-quicking down plank road. Formed our line part of brigade on left; changing our line crossing to right of road. Lane's N.C. brigade was falling back when we went in. Some of our men, shame to say it, fell back with them when we opened on them. The prisoners we took said it flashed up and down their lines - "Longstreet's Corps has

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has arrived." We commenced driving them. Jimmy Withers, Robert Jennings and I were fighting side by side. Would be down few seconds and up again. Withers was killed. I had not missed him when Robert Jennings asked me if I knew he was killed. While in midst of battle, I came across old Irish cousin, Jim Milling. He was behind big oak tree. Says I, "Cousin Jim, how do you like it?" Never a word he said. He belonged to 15th Regiment. This battle fought May 6th. We whipped Grant's army. General Longstreet was wounded - General Jenkins killed. Doby, on General Kershaw's staff (was) killed. One of our company came up next morning shot in foot. He ran out of fight. Was with Lane's N.C. brigade. On 7th we lay around in the wilderness all day till night when we made forced march to Spottsylvania. Grant had pushed his army around our right flank. General Jeb Stewart's cavalry was holding them back until the infantry got there. Our brigade was in front. We had halted to broil piece of bacon. Before we could eat, an old countryman came bareback, telling Kershaw "Hurry up, Stewart was withdrawing his cavalry." Stewart led our brigade in. We Sharpshooters rushed to front. The 2nd regiment of our brigade did not get in line. Stopped 200 yards in our rear. We Sharpshooters, seeing the Yanks two or three columns deep, fell back in line with balance (of) brigade - we on left in road. The Cavalry had thrown up breastworks of rails. 'Twas race who reached them first - us or Yanks. We got there first, throwing ourselves behind rails. I know the Yanks had 15 men to our one. They struck our line at our battalion, completely lapping our line. We fought hand to hand. We had but few bayonets - never before needing them. I was lying down between Lee Moore of battalion and Sam Harris, our color bearer. His thigh was broken. He dropped colors across my legs. The Yankees demanded the colors. I reached back, pulling staff to Sam. He held them through the fight. Moore was killed dead. When they ran into us, my head was resting on his upturned feet. A ball grazed my neck, powder burning my face and putting a dozen holes in my rubber and blankets, they being rolled together. They demanded our surrender, and had not the right of our brigade, which had some little time to play on them, not commenced driving them back, they could easily have carried us off. Our lines not running parallel saved us. The ground was literally strewn with dead Yankees, all in front and to left of where we

ught. We had a number of our men bayoneted. I assisted Bill Tinkler to the rear
 ter the Yankees fell back. He was bayoneted clear through the body. He was lying
 wn, the bayonet entering near backbone and came out in front. I got him to the
 ar of 25th regiment. They had stopped on edge of pines. Tinkler asked me to lay
 m down. Said he would die in few minutes. He was back in ranks in short time,
 killed one of our own men, several hundred yards in front of our line. We found
 m when the Yankees moved from our front. His name was Owens. Belonged to one of
 e Laurens companies. We supposed the enemy was carrying him back a prisoner when
 e was killed. That evening we moved to the right a short distance and built breast-
 orks. The Yankees charged us time and again. Lt. Cooper of one of our companies
 old us not to expose ourselves; that he would tell us when they got near enough. As
 e said this, he straightened up behind a pine tree. Just then a rifle shell tore
 alf his forehead away, leaving his whole brain exposed. 'Twas said his muscles would
 witch for some two days before he was entirely dead. I was looking at him when he
 old us (to) lie low till he would tell us fire. He was a brave man. Had a brother
 n the breastworks in few feet of him - he standing some ten feet in rear. Sam Harris,
 olor bearer, lived couple days. His brother was our Adjutant. Turned Republican
 fter the war. He wanted us (to) go and get Sam off the field that evening. Was
 afraid to go with us. General Lee, that same evening, was riding up to where we, our
 attalion, fought that morning when our Capt. Whitmer ran to him and told him the dan-
 ger. He thanked the Captain and turned his horse in another direction. Old Captain
 whitmer was as brave a man as any man in Lee's army. That was the hottest place I was
 ever in during the whole war. We had two men of our company run out of that fight. I
 would have run myself if had not been too proud. Our Orderly, Sgt. Joel Ashford, ran
 out. Said he thought we were all running. When he got some distance to the rear, said
 he looked back - saw us still holding our ground. He went back to us but took a
 "circumvenderous" route. Struck right of brigade and worked his way up the line. Our
 battalion was the only regiment locking bayonets. We stayed in those breastworks some
 little while. I can't recollect dates. Kept a diary from March of 1864 to end of war.
 It was burned when we lost our dwelling by fire in 1896. I prized it so much.

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We did more fighting from May 6th, 1864 to end of the war than ever before. Our next fighting was done by the 3rd and 7th regiments and our battalion. We were left to hold bridge on North Anna river until our troops and wagon train all got across. If I ever enjoyed a battle, that was the one. Our battalion occupied a redoubt or small fort around a dwelling on side of road. 'Twas on top of hill in the open. The 3rd regiment on opposite side of road and the 7th regiment on our left. 'Twas as if a big open field. The advance of the Yankees came in view a mile away. In the redoubt with us was one of Longstreet's scouts. He had a globe-sighted Whitworth rifle. I saw him pick a Yankee (officer, I guess he was) from his horse. We guessed the distance was near a full mile. As soon as the enemy came in view, they formed line of battle and advanced. We waited until they got in about 600 yards. Then we opened on them. They ran out a battery of artillery and commenced shelling us. Knocked off top of chimney of the house, one of the brick wounding one of our men. Two old women were in the house. They moved their bedding, etc. out of house. The Yankees advanced in beautiful line. They would lie down when we made it hot for them; then they would charge. Our whole attention was to those in front of us. Someone yelled, "Look out, boys. Look to left." The 7th was falling back and the Yankee colors were almost in our rear. We fell back in short order. Many of our men waded the river. I crossed on bridge. When I got across the Yankee colors were on the end of bridge. As we crossed, some of our men filled some rifle pits and checked the Yankees. 'Twas getting dark. Our men were badly scattered, Old Capt. Whitmer did not stay with us till next morning. After leaving the redoubt, he ran back after his sword. He was using a very large pistol he carried. 'Twould weigh almost as much as our rifles. When he ran back for sword he said he shot Yankee officer down. Some few of our men suffered the Yanks capture them, rather than make attempt to escape. I always had horror of being captured.

The next day we marched to Cold Harbor. The Yanks had again gone around our right flank, trying to get between Lee and Richmond. At Cold Harbor, the 20th S.C. Regiment, having come from coast, was attached to our brigade. We called it the 20th Army corps. They had more men than we had in balance brigade. We had 2nd, 3rd, 7th,

8th, 15th and our battalion. Keith was Colonel of 20th. J. B. Kershaw, having been made Major General, Keith, being Senior Colonel, was put in command of our brigade. The next morning he took our brigade to feel of the enemy. He charged the brigade right against a massed line of battle. I always thought 'twas done to try the mettle of the 20th. We Sharpshooters were put on left to protect flank of brigades when they made the charge. The Yanks drove our men back with heavy loss. Col. Keith was killed. He, foolishly, went in mounted. Was on Gen. Kershaw's horse, their horses not having arrived. One of our company was wounded, the ball making four holes. Shot through fleshy part of both thighs of his legs. (Jesse Gradick, the laziest man in our county and the lousiest.) That evening one of the 20th came near jumping on me. I was guying him, telling him the 20th had disgraced our brigade. Ran the first fight they got into. We remained at Cold Harbor several weeks. We built formidable breastworks where, in the woods, the trees were cut down. Also had spikes sticking on front of works, close together and at an angle of 50 degrees. Our works and those of enemy were so close, could not show a hand above breastworks. Some of our men built portholes through the works. Goren Gibson of our company, a young recruit, built him porthole and was shot in head the second time he shot through it. We told him he would get shot. Oh no, he would be too quick for them. Goren was a brave boy. Had no fear, He relieved me of a disagreeable job at Cold Harbor. The Yanks charged our pickets. 'Twas a very dark night. There was a hot fire for few seconds - then quiet. 'Twas not known if pickets were captured or repelled the attack. I heard Col. Bun Davis tell Capt. Whitmer, who was in command of our Sharpshooters, to send man in front to know what the situation was. Capt. Whitmer called me. I never had any taste for scouting. Always obeyed orders and did my duty. I knew if the enemy got our pickets, they would be obliged to get me. Goren Gibson begged me (to) let him go. It needed but little persuasion. I let him go. He soon returned saying our pickets repulsed them.

At that place our battalion lay in rear of our line of works. 'Twas at this place, Cold Harbor, I killed, to my knowledge, my first Yankee. He was in a rifle pit. From the pit he had picked off several of our men belonging to a battery of ar-

tillery. It was stationed on right of our brigade. It got so that not a man could move about the guns without getting killed or wounded. One evening Col. Davis commanding our brigade, sent an order to our battalion for Lt. Jennings to pick out three men and with shovel and pick went our way up a thick ravine on our left and see if we could locate this Yank and silence him. We slipped up to within 35 or 40 yards of him unseen. He was in their first pit near edge of ravine. We dug us a shallow pit. He neither saw nor heard us, he was so intent watching our line where the battery was. We disputed as to who should shoot him. Left it to Lt. Jennings to decide. I being considered a fine shot, he decided on me. I had a true shooting rifle I took at Spottsylvania. It was Moore's, who was killed by my side. I had got a ball fastened in my fancy Winchester, captured at Wilderness on 6th. When I shot him, he fell in his pit. It sure created a consternation on their line; a shot from so unexpected a quarter. In the pit we dug, one of our men was killed next morning. Sam Dendy and Goren Gibson were the two men with Jennings and I when I shot Yankee in the pit.

There was lots of hard fighting on the line at Cold Harbor. A few days after this event, we were moved to the right several hundred yards. At this place we had splendid breastworks. 'Twas here Gibson made his porthole through the works and got shot in head. Only a scalp wound. We tried to catch him as he was falling. He sure struck for the rear in a hurry. Last I saw of Goren he was zig-zagging down the deep ditch we had to take us to rear or to come to works. The ditch was dug like a fire row runs, so the Yanks could not shoot up it. The Videttes or pickets that went on duty in morning had to remain in their pits all day. A hat could not be placed on a gun and poked above the works unless the Yankees put a hole through it. At night we would stay out there four hours when put on Vidette post. I was on duty one night when the enemy advanced their works little nearer ours. I could hear their shovels and picks, thousands apparently of them. Every half hour I could hear our men on my left call out quietly, "Ready" - "Fire". They then would pour a volley into them. They were in pits. I never joined them in their volley. I was lying flat behind a good-sized pear or apple tree. That night I remember distinctly. I relieved a member of Harper Rifles, our Columbia company (Cooper). I thought when I went out

in front I had nearly reached the Yankee line before I found him. I would call Cooper - Cooper - Cooper. At last I heard him in whisper say "Here, thank God". One evening the Yankees made charge on our right and captured our works. Our brigade was rushed to the right and retook them. I recollect Allen of Harper Rifles was killed bringing us a box of cartridges. When we drove the Yankees back, old Capt. Whitmer and our scout, Paysinger, went in front - more to plunder than aught else. The old Captain was the mischief to plunder. Was worse than any man in our company. Paysinger was wounded. He was scared almost to death. After retaking works, we went back as I recollect to our same position. 'Twas Georgians that the Yanks ran out of the works.

I forget how long we remained at Cold Harbor. Anyway, our next move was to Petersburg. The Yankees came near capturing the city before we got there. We crossed the James River on pontoon bridge. Our lines were established about one mile from Waterworks of city. A day or two after getting to Petersburg, our battalion of Sharpshooters were thrown out in front of our brigade - the brigade in breastworks. We advanced to edge of woods in front. 'Twas here I killed my second Yankee - Lt. Jennings again by my side at the time. When we got to edge of woods, there were no enemy right in front but across a hollow to our right we could see a long trench or pit that appeared full to overflowing, for one or two was lying out in front of trench. I guessed at distance, raised my gun sights and shot into or at least at the trench several times. Jennings thought I wounded one lying in front. He rolled himself back to trench, falling into it. About then, two Yankees came into view all at once in our front. Someone on my right called to them, "Throw down your guns and come in". One man ran back over hill. The other, a big Yankee, seemed hesitating whether to surrender. I shot him dead. He fell back on his big knapsack. Did not seem to move. Jennings remonstrated with me saying "Jim, you ought not to have shot him. He was going to surrender." He had me regretting my being so hasty. Just then old John McClure, our butcher for our battalion, yelled out, "Look yonder". A line of battle looking like a black cloud rising, were advancing over hill in our front. We, of course, broke for the rear. We only had man every 15 or 20 paces. McClure had never shot a gun or ever before been in

battle. I guess while Jennings and I were behind that tree, he popped a dozen more caps. He was behind a big stump. At last McClure says, "Jim, I'll hint em out and you do the shooting". Old man McClure had, I am satisfied, loaded his gun - I.E. - spilled the powder, putting ball in without any powder. The 20th regiment was located just where we crossed over our works. McClure and one of them were cussing each other. The 20th man said Mac knocked him on his head when he fell over breastworks. Old McClure says, "Damn you - do you expect me to limp over careful when you and the damn Yankees both shooting?" The 20th man said, Major Boykin says 'tis best we kill few of you Sharpshooters than lose line of battle". I was, as always, scared but could not help laughing at old Mac and the 20th man.

All the while our army was fronting Grant at Petersburg, we most of time lay back in rear near the Waterworks in suburbs of city. 'Twas a mile, I guess, to the Yankee line, yet we had men killed that distance. I recollect one of our men being killed and his flesh only bruised. He was lying down. A shell struck the ground two or three feet of (from) him - ploughed up the earth under him. The concussion killed him. We had a detail one day to gather up the bomb shells lying around that had not bursted. You bet we had to handle them carefully.

We were at this place when the big fight at Trevillion was fought by Hampton and Sheridan. My only uncle on Milling side was killed there. Uncle John McC. Milling. He belonged to 6th S.C. cavalry. I dearly loved him. Will never forget how sad I was when hearing he was killed. John Clowney was also killed there. Gen. Jeb Stewart who led us in fight on 8th of May at Spottsylvania Court House was killed a few days afterwards. He was a fine looking officer and rode a fine dark dapple-gray horse. He, the general, wore black plume in his hat. At Petersburg, Austin Lyles of 6th regiment was killed through porthole. Also Hutchinson of 15th. I had gone up line of our brigade that day. Had good many friends in Col. Bun Davis' old company from Fairfield. Hutchinson had his gun unbreached and was rubbing it up. He showed me the porthole he had made. Told me was going to kill a few Yanks. Here, as at Cold Harbor, you could not show your hand above breastworks, I had not been back

to our position ten minutes when they brought him dead down line by our battalion.

During Summer we were kept on run most of time. Sometimes near Weldon - then north of James river. On trip north of James river, first trip, our brigade had fight at New Market heights. We went into fight, driving the Yanks back some distance, capturing two small field pieces artillery. During fight my gun got so out of fix would not stand cocked. Robert Jennings had picked up a gun. Said to me, "Here Jim, take this gun". Just as we were making the exchange of guns his arm was broke by mini ball. About that time I saw some Yankees that had gotten on our flank, firing from windows of big two-story house. I ran to Whitmer who was in command of battalion. Called his attention to it. Says he, "Don't say anything. If you do we will have stampede." A Georgia brigade was to have gone in on our right. From some cause, they did not support us. We had to fall back, which was done in considerable confusion. When we got back to woods we had advanced from, there seemed to be a dozen different stands of colors. Scarce two men of same company together. All was confusion. Some said the cavalry was in our rear. Let's cut our way through them. Just who to look to as in command we did not know. Just then Harlee on brigade staff came up. Says he, "Men, follow me. I can get you out". The woods were a perfect wilderness. Whilst following Capt. Harlee, we come across Dave Gladney of our company. Dave was wounded in side, yet he had his own baggage and Robert Jennings'. He asked me to help him. I never so wanted water in my life. He and I obliqued to right, leaving the rest. In short while we come across a spring of water on side of bluff in head of a gully or ditch. 'Twas five feet or more deep. I rolled down like an alligator, quenching my thirst. Scooped up some in hat for Dave. We made water detail when starting in fight. They had never come up; hence we had no canteens. We stopped a while to rest. About this time up comes old Henry (nicknamed Dumplings). He had on his head[^] dishpan of hash. Says Dumplings, "Thank God. Here's Mars Dave and Mars Jim. Where is Mars Wash?" He cooked for Wash Mason of our company. Just then a brisk firing commenced near us. Old Dump - I can see him now - gave his pan of hash a swish and away he broke through the swamp. We were just at a thick swamp. I could see the tops of the undergrowth shaking. That was the last we

saw of Dumplings. Dave and I followed in his wake. While getting through that swamp we got a bad fright. We heard something making its way toward us. It made just such a noise or fuss as a big bear or bull would make. Seemed to be dragging a lock chain. Dave seemed to forget he was wounded. I kept my rifle at a ready and tore through those vines and briars at as rapid a rate as any one could. I have often wondered what it was that so scared us.

After getting out of swamp and striking a road, we soon came to a field infirmary. There was Lt. Jennings. His arm had not been amputated. He begged me to go to Richmond with him. That, of course, I could not do. I felt sorry for him. He was a poor man and had a wife. He and I were mess mates too. Slept together. He used to keep the calves of my legs sore. Could pinch with his toes, same as one can pinch with fingers. He claimed my flesh was so soft - like a woman's. He said he just could not help pinching. We parted there for balance of war. He and Dave got to hospital in Richmond. Dave, after getting well, got a detail of some kind about Soldier's Home and never did again rejoin our company. When I found our command that evening, they had made out a list of casualties and had me down as killed. In that fight we lost some good men. One of our company was missing - Pink Hogan. Don't know if killed or captured. I recollect our battalion losing a splendid officer - Lieut. Weir. He had just been promoted to captain. Had on that morning a new Confederate gray uniform. We marched south of James river. Next day, I think, camped in four miles of Petersburg. We heard the explosion. That was when the Yankees blew up our breastworks, having undermined them. I recollect what my breakfast consisted of that morning. 'Twas corn bread, raw bacon and onions, the latter brought from home by Davy Wilson of our company. I so enjoyed those onions that they were indelibly impressed upon my memory.

On our next trip north of James river, we marched down into deep bottom. 'Twas a very dark night. We were going to surprise the enemy. When we got started, Capt. Whitmer took me aside. Says he, "Jim, I want you to watch Bill Douglass. If he tried to slip out tonight, you stop him or let me know." Well, 'twas so dark every man had to hold to his file leader. Could scarce see your hand before your face.

fell, Douglass slipped out. Come up next morning shot in his foot. We had not fired a gun, though captured a company of Yankee pickets. The next morning we were in road near James river. The Yankees commenced shelling us from their gunboats. After losing a man or two, we had to get out in short order. 'Twas there that Capt. Bill Dawkins of 15th regiment, a Fairfield man, suffered himself captured before he would run risk we did in getting out. 'Twas said of him that he had shown the white feather on more than one occasion. As to Bill Douglass, the brother-in-law of our old captain, there were three of them in our company - Bill, Sam and Charles. Each of them shot themselves. I knew Sam to come out of the Cedar Run battle when Early's army stampeded, with two bottles whiskey, having thrown away his gun and everything else ^{to} save the liquor. I am ashamed to record such about members of our company, but 'tis all true nevertheless. We had one man who took a chill every time we would be starting into a battle. He would shake as if having a regular old shaking chill. 'Twas seldom we got him in a fight. He did get near enough Snodgrass Hill at Chickamauga to be knocked down, his testament in breast pocket of his coat saving his life. I was always scared when going into a battle but once becoming engaged, the scary part generally wore off.

From deep bottom we marched back to Petersburg again. Our brigade a few days afterward was sent to reinforce J. B. Early's Corps in the valley. Sheridan was using Early rough. When we landed at Culpepper, Sheridan had driven Early's army back to near Staunton. Sheridan commenced falling back, burning barns, mills, etc. 'Twas said a crow had to carry his rations after then when flying up the Shenandoah valley. As the Yankees fell back up the valley, we were marching up Luray valley, which was parallel with Shenandoah. Sheridan beat us to Winchester, still falling back to near Harper's Ferry. We went into camp about one mile S.E. of town. A day or two after, Warren Turkett of our company and I went out foraging on Romney turnpike. Most of those people out on that road seemed to be Unionists. Had no use for our money. All the greenbacks we had was a 25 cent shinplaster. I told Turkett to go up to a house, buy a quarter's worth flour and pay for it - then engage our dinner. While he was up at the house, I heard a guinea cackle on a fence row. I slipped up to where she was.

There were a dozen or more. At least four in the fence corner. It was almost i.e. the ground; literally covered with eggs. I emptied my haversack of apples, thinking I would refill it with eggs. The eggs was^s on side of fence next house. Every time I would venture to climb fence, of all cackling I never had heard just such. Turkett taying so long, I too went up to house. Fell in love with the old lady. She reminded me of my mother, being fleshy. Turkett said he was waiting for dinner. I told the old lady about the guinea nest. She sent a girl for them and truthfully she filled early or quite a peck basket. There were three men and their wives, I think, at the place. I imagined them Yankee soldiers at home on furlough. When dinner was announced there were at least a dozen at table and a finer vegetable dinner I never saw. All kinds of vegetables almost ever heard of; boiled ham, chicken, etc., but also, before getting close to the dessert we heard the booming of artillery. That ended our part of the dinner. We were at least five or six miles from camp. Excusing ourselves, we jumped, asking what we owed for dinner. 25 cents apiece. We tendered our Confederate. "Oh", says old lady, "we don't use that kind". "'Tis all we've got". She says, "That man paid me greenback for flour". "Yes, Ma'am", but I am sorry that was all we had". "We - oh well, go long." You bet we made those six miles in less than an hour.

When we reached camp the brigade was just leaving camp. We made forced march to Berryville or Charleston, I forget which. We had brush at both those places while under Early at Charleston. We ran Yankees out of a redoubt about dark. My shoulder next morning was puffed up and blue as indigo. Cartridges overcharged with powder. The same thing happened at next to our last battle in North Carolina, just before our surrender. While up in and around Winchester under Early, the 8th regiment of our brigade was captured by the Yankee cavalry. The 8th was commanded by Col. Hensgan. They were on picket. Every man on duty was captured but one. He climbed a tree, leaving his gun and haversack at root of tree. The Yankees rode right by or under him. Never thought of looking up. General James Conner was put in command of our brigade after capture of 8th regiment. He made a talk or address to our men. Said it was a gallant brigade. Had done much hard fighting. Was composed of brave men

and all such, but said discipline was too slack and he was going to have a change in that respect and he did, commencing on the officers. He said, to kill a snake commence at his head and so he did. Just after he assumed command we were ordered back to Richmond. General Anderson was put in command of our troops, sent to reinforce Early. 'Twas him, General Anderson who was ordered back - not the troops under him. Anyway, the mistake was not discovered until we had marched back through Luray valley. When we got to Gordonsville, we were rushed back to help Early again. Sheridan, as soon as we left Gen. Early at Winchester, attacked him again and drove his command nearly to Loudon. Just as soon as we went to his relief, Sheridan fell back to Strasburg. We marched back up Shenandoah valley, driving the Yankees back. Our command went into camp at New Market. Stayed there some ten days, if I recollect correctly. Then we marched up to near Strasburg, camping on Fisher's hill. That was an impregnable position by attack from the front, though the Yankees had driven Early's command from there by flanking them on the left.

I recollect going out one evening, another one of our company and myself, foraging. We came across a still, the first we had seen. They were making apple brandy. There was no one at still. I recollect getting letter from my father that night when I got back to camp. I lay down by old Capt. Whitmer. Read him the letter. He said, "Yes, I am going to write your father and tell him that you drank too much of the pummies at that still this evening and got tight". I never touched drop whiskey all while in army until the last night we were in Charleston. Then I was made take it. Was crazy with toothache. The boys said maybe it would relieve me. After it being forced down, I soon was tite or drunk almost. Took an old fellow sent to us as a recruit. Made him believe I had to take him to guardhouse. Was marching him down street. When I got to Citadel green, some of the boys who was watching us took us back to camp. I never got over that spree for I know almost ten days. The toothache though got better. The next morning we marched out of the city, the last troops, 'twas said, to leave it. While formed in line ready to march out the city, the North Eastern Depot blew up. 'Twas said from four to six hundred people blown up in it. They were plundering. Two or three ran by us, nearly naked. Quantities

of ammunition was stored in Depot. It was accidentally set on fire.

Well, back to Fisher's hill. I think 'twas October - may have been September - anyway on the 13th of the month just our brigade and a battery of artillery, four or six pieces, was marched to some heights beyond Strasburg. The Yankees occupied the hills across the river or creek. They were all along the heights across Cedar Run creek. Just why we were sent over there - just our brigade - I have never known. Anyway, our artillery commenced shelling the enemy. In little while we were attacked by a division of Sheridan's troops. They brought a company of unarmed artillery men to take charge of our guns when they captured them. They had been taking Early's artillery for some time. Had captured nearly all Early had. While we were with him there was some field pieces artillery sent him, i.e. Early, from Richmond. Some wag had with chalk in big letters inscribed on the caissons, "To General Sheridan, c/o Gen. J. B. Early". We Sharpshooters opened the fight. It getting too hot for us, we lay down until the brigade come up. We soon drove them back, capturing those artillery men. General Conner lost his leg. Col. Rutherford was killed. I don't remember just how many men we lost. Dark coming on, we marched back to Fisher's hill. I halfway believed our General Conner had challenged Sheridan, offering to bet he could with our brigade, it a small one, whip any division he, Sheridan, had. That was the only time I ever put my hand in a dead Yankee's pocket. I needed a pocket knife, having lost mine. I took dead Yankee's knife and pocket book. The latter had only few stamps. No money.

We lay on Fisher's hill until the 19th. On night of 18th we got orders to be ready to move at three or four o'clock next morning. We were going to surprise the enemy. Had orders to buckle our bayonet belts around our canteen straps so we would not make any noise. We left camp, marching around Strasburg, leaving it to our left in coming to Cedar Run creek. It took us long while to cross. This time old Captain told me to try and keep Tom Brown from slipping out of ranks. He, though, slipped out. I did not know just when. He, though, slipped all the same. We surprised completely the first line of works. Some Georgians were in front. They had two men killed. We ran the enemy out of works, many of them not fully dressed.

after passing over this their first line of works, our brigade was put in front; left resting on Cedar creek, we Sharpshooters in front, Capt. Whitmer in command. Their second line was a considerable elevation. We got in a hundred yards of their breastworks when they opened on us. We lay down to let brigade come up, they advancing in as pretty a line as if on drill. I was lying behind a large rock, just on bank of creek. 'Twas twenty feet to water below. 'Twas a perfectly open plain. Not a tree. I recollect while lying behind the rock watching brigade advance seeing one of the Yankees' artillery horses. In some way he had gotten across their breastwork and was charging at full speed meeting the brigade and at every leap he made, the blood would gush from root of his tail. It was a mystery to me how he could have been shot by their own artillery. More than one ball struck the rock I was lying behind. Our brigade coming up, we fell in with them capturing the breastwork and most of their prisoners. We captured their camp just as it stood. I recollect seeing big fine hogs hanging up, nicely dressed, ready to be cut up. Many of our men went to plundering. As for myself, I knocked a Yankee officer's hat off as he jumped over breastwork surrendering. I threw him my old cloth hat as he made for the rear. That was the only captured property I got that day. 'Twas the richest battlefield I ever saw. Captain Whitmer, it was said, got a haversack full of greenbacks from a Quartermaster's tent. He, Captain Whitmer, brave old fellow, was killed late that evening. We captured 3,000 prisoners that morning - all their artillery wagons, etc. Came near getting Sheridan's Headquarters wagon. We drove those not captured back several miles.

When halting, General Kershaw and one of his orderlies rode up. He spoke to Captain Whitmer and was complimenting him upon the gallantry of our battalion. Just then, seeing two Yankee stragglers away off to our left, he told Capt. Whitmer to send two or three men to try and cut them off. He sent Bill Tinkler of our company, Ben Bates of Columbia and myself. The Yanks, seeing us trying to head them off, shucked their knapsacks and made time. One of their knapsacks had two old silver watches in it. When we got back to where we left battalion, they had moved on. We set down and ate our breakfast or dinner. Bates had a sugar-cured ham. We enjoyed

slices of ham and crackers. I recollect Ben saying, "Boys, if things change and they get me this evening, I'll sure not have this ham."

After resting a few minutes we started to hunt our command. General Kershaw's orderly coming along just then, pointed in the direction Gen. Kershaw told Capt. Whitmer to go. I could see no other of our troops that had come up. We started across a field, leaving a neck of woods we were in. When we got out in the field some distance, the Yankees opened on us. Lucky for us there was a gully we took refuge in. A drove of sheep was grazing on bank of gully. We could hear the balls whiz over us - see a sheep jump when one would hit close to him. We crawled up this gully until we got near woods. Just then the musketry began to rattle and here come our battalion. The old Captain had run them right up against some reinforcements that had come across from Luray Valley to Sheridan's aid. He, Sheridan, was in Winchester when the fight commenced. Poor old Captain, he was killed. The battalion was, of course, falling back in confusion. Us, a mere handful, fronting thousand or more fresh troops. Just as we got to battalion, I recollect someone running up to Capt. Spofford of I forget what company. Anyway, he says, "Captain, you will have to take command of battalion. Capt. Whitmer is killed". The old captain was hobbling along like an old gouty rooster. Says he, "Men, follow me". We had fallen back some little distance when we got orders to rally all stragglers. Just where those orders came from I forget, for I don't recollect seeing a soul up to then save our battalion the evening long. General Gordon of Georgia come charging up to us, asking what command we were. We told him Kershaw's Sharpshooters. Says he, "Well, you halt here. Rally every straggler. Hold your ground. I'll have ten pieces artillery here in few minutes." I could see the artillery coming and in short time there were a dozen or more different stand colors collected - scarce two men of same company together. The artillery never got but one piece unlimbered when a stampede commenced. I thought sure when we fell back to the captured breastworks our troops would make a stand, but not so. I struck breastworks on a knoll. I looked up and down. Not a man stopped. At foot of knoll was a bridge across creek. On it was wagons and artillery. Blocked, I managed to get across. When I went up steep

hill, on top of it was old "Jubal" - General Early, on his old black horse. He was trying to rally his men. Just then I heard cavalry bugle. The Yankee cavalry had got in our rear. I saw a cavalryman cut old Major Boykin of 20th regiment across his head. My gun was loaded. I was determined not (to) surrender to one cavalryman. I, though, wheeled to left, following creek bank until I got to the river. Our men were wading the river. 'Twas by this time dark. After getting across river, I came to a dwelling. Around yard were several hundred of our men. They were waiting for a pilot to show them where to cross river again in order to get back to Fisher's hill where we started from that morning. A young 16 year old girl and little brother piloted us to a ford. They had a lantern. That time I waded the river with Major Goggins and Captain Harles, both of General Kershaw's staff. The old major was a big fat old fellow. When we got to bank of river a big yellow free negro pulled us up bank. Neither of us could get out.

When I landed on Fisher's hill, I came to a big fire around which were a number of our men. I was wet, cold and hungry. Will never forget having a boiled beef heart in haversack. I thought 'twas sweetest meat I ever tasted. After eating, I was soon asleep. Next I knew, someone shaking me saying, "Get up. Our army is falling back." From there, that day we fell back to our old camp - New Market. Scarce two men of same company together. The soldiers gayed Gen. Early as we passed a house where he sat on his horse, waiting for a drink of water. Someone yelled, "Give that dog a bone and let him go." The old general retorted, "Fisher's hill, G.. D.. You." That was where his men ran out of their breastworks, leaving their guns stacked. He said they acted cowardly, etc. 'Twas before we joined them. We marched back to New Market. There we went into camp for several days. Our men continued to come down from off the mountain where they had gone the evening of the stampede. This was a mountain between Shenandoah valley and Luray valley. There we stayed for a few days. Both Early's command and Sheridan fell back, Sheridan falling back near Winchester. That, the 19th, was a day long to be remembered. 'Twas in morning as grand a success for Early as could be. Just the cause of the stampede I don't know. Some said old Jubal was drunk - that was the cause. Others said 'twas

caused by so many of our men leaving ranks plundering. As to Early being drunk, I don't believe it, for when I crossed the bridge he was on the knoll trying hard (to) rally his men. The Yankee cavalry was right on him. How he got out I can't conceive, unless he abandoned his horse and did as I and many others right there did; go down the path along creek until got to river and wade it. There were many along the path that were trying to make it on mules and horses they had cut from wagons and artillery.

After getting his men once more together, Early again advanced up the valley, going beyond Strasburg to Millford I think it was. One or two of our men went by when Captain Whitmer was killed. They said he was buried where he fell and that lying there was the strap of his haversack, which was made from bed ticking cloth. One evening beyond Millford we were stationed behind a stone wall, or rock fence it was. Ours and the Yankee cavalry were fighting in our front. We were told not to show ourselves. 'Twas a trap, trying to decoy the Yankees. 'Twas a treat to watch the cavalry. First our men would charge, driving the Yankees back. Then they would charge our men. I am satisfied we would have got them but for their finding out we were there. Two gray foxes ran along in front of rock fence. Our men, after being ordered to keep quiet, commenced shooting at the fox. Just then the Yanks were driving our cavalry back. When we opened on the fox they wheeled and away they went. I forget if we left Early's corps and just our troops that reinforced him marched back to New Market again. We remained there few days. Captain Whitmer's horse was put in my charge. One day I rode him across to Luray valley, getting from an old lady sack (of) apples. They sold readily at \$2.00 per dozen. I also went one day, Tinkler and I, foraging. An old farmer was housing his apples. We tried to buy some. He would not sell us any. Said we could have all we could eat. We sat down under a tree. They, the apples, covered the ground. I slipped my shirt up, buckling my belt as tight as could. I brought away near one bushel. I wore a roundabout coat. When I got up my arms almost stuck straight out. Now if that was stealing, I sure broke the 8th Commandment. We were at that time hard up for something to eat. I forget how I managed to get Capt. Whitmer's horse home. I, though, managed to get

him to his widow some way. I recollect seeing him plowing years after war ended.

We were ordered back to Richmond. I think we were sent to about five miles north of Fort Harrison. Hundreds (of) axes were given us. We were put to building breastworks. The axes, nearly all of them, would break. I one day got a pass to go to Richmond. A pass had to be signed by your captain, then battalion commander, then brigadier general and then major general. Had our corps been north of James river, the lieutenant general would have to have signed it too. After being in this camp, I disremember how long, we were one evening hurried to Fort Harrison. 'Twas then Winter. Snow six inches deep that night. We slept in some real nice little huts built of oak logs, cracks daubed with mortar. I pulled off my shoes, sitting there by the fire. Oh, how good I slept. Next morning, got up, reached for my shoes. When I attempted (to) put them on the uppers broke all to pieces - burned. Then I was barefooted. Then too we got orders to go right back to camp we left evening before. I had to make trip in sock feet. I forget how long before I got another pair shoes. From that time up to January, I can't remember just how we put in our time. We did no more fighting. 'Twas at Fort Harrison cousin John Milling was killed - he and I think, all the officers in his company. He was lieutenant in 6th regiment. Negro troops they fought. Our command never had negro troops to contend with during the war.

At the camp one day a turkey gobbler (wild) flew over our camp. The soldiers yelled so the gobbler was so scared he lit. I reckon more than a hundred of our men went for him. He got in kind of huckleberry bottom. Could not rise to fly and they caught him. I spoke of getting pass to go to Richmond. I was going to buy for my mess some eatables, such as we did not have in camp. Well, on road to city I lost my money. I took dinner at Soldier's Home. Mrs. George McMaster looked after the eating part of it. Dave Gladney of our company who was wounded at New Market Heights, after getting well of his wound in side, got a job there and that was the end of his soldiering in Company G, James battalion. Dave that day loaded me up with good things to eat for our mess. We again were ordered to Fort Harrison. There we stayed till X'mas or first of January, 1865, when we left Virginia for Charleston, S.C. While at this camp

helped one day to work the road. It got so bad our rations could hardly be
hailed to camp. I recollect getting box from home while there. A big ham, bis-
uits, mol. ginger cakes, sack flour and all such. You bet a box from home was
highly prized. I will record a little event I forgot. When we left New Market in
the valley for Richmond, we were nearly starved. After an all day's march one day
when we camped for the night, Bill Tinkler, Ben Bates and I went out foraging. At
the house one of the boys, I forget which, went in and tried to get something to eat.
The women, there were three or more of them, said they had nothing - no flour - no
milk - no nothing. At next house not far from this one, there was no one at all save
four or five small children. We told them about trying to get something to eat at
their neighbors. They, like children, said they had plenty and that in their garden
was two banks of apples. These children said their mother was dead and their father
worked in the salt mines to keep out of the army. They cooked us some bread. 'Twas
all they, poor little things, had. For a light they used sycamore balls in jars.
We gave the children some money and started back for camp. On coming to the house
where we had tried to get something, we fixed it up to get some of those apples. I,
though, thought 'twas strange way to save apples - bank them. I was to go in this
time and while I was trying to get some flour or milk, Tinkler and Bates were to make
raid on garden. Were to whistle when they got the apples. Well, the women were so
good to me, gave me our canteens full of milk. I forget if anything else. Anyway,
my conscience was whipping me when I heard the whistle. I hurried out (and) met the
boys. Says I, "Give me an apple." They patted their haversacks. They were full but
alas, 'twas Irish potatoes. I would so much rather have had apples. Irish potatoes
I had never heard of being banked before. When we reached camp we made fire, roasted
potatoes, ate a mess 'taters and milk. One of us was sick. I really forget which
one. I never was as hungry during war as was on that march from New Market to sta-
tion not far from Stanton. On that trip up in valley I drank at willow pump - a
yellow willow on side of pike. A wooden faucet was stuck in tree about 3 feet from
ground. OH!, would I could travel up that 92 miles from Staunton to Winchester. I
would rather own a home in that valley than any place I have ever seen.

Well, we bade farewell to Old Virginia, dear old state. I loved her. Did more fighting in it than in all other places combined. We boarded cars destined for our home state, South Carolina. Came via Danville. From Danville to Greensboro I rode on top of box car and it raining and freezing. Coldest of all rides I ever had from Greensboro to Charlotte. When we got to Winnsboro, every man of our company save Wash Mason, jumped from train and made for home. Joe Pearson of 15th regiment, Sam Douglass and I footed it out to Young Turner's - six miles. Woke him up, scaring him nearly to death. Thought we had come to carry him to army. He let us have two mules to ride home. I rode one. Joe and Sam rode the other. When we got to my home 'twas nearly day. Joe Pearson stayed to breakfast, Pa loaning him one of carriage horses to ride to his home near Monticello. He kept the horse, riding him to Alston when he left for Charleston. I stayed day at home.

When I got to my command, they were across the river from Charleston. There came an order for every man who stopped at home to write a written excuse for so doing and send or carry it to Headquarters. I wrote over page or two of legal cap - confederate paper - all foolishness. That I was crazy to see my homefolks - had no seat in my trousers, etc. etc. Some 150 of us were marched out in old straw field, formed a circle, marched around few times, then command "rest". We all lay down and crawled out into the broom straw. It was shoulder high. Then orders - "Fall in". Alas, no one fell in. Then 'twas, "Go to your commands." 'Twas the only time during war I was called on for doing anything not consistent with my duty. Mason's reason for not stopping - he had a family too - was he and I were candidates for captains of our company. We had not one command officer left. He thought perhaps he would be appointed captain or that he would be elected if an election held. By doing as he did, not a man would vote for him. We, though, never got to hold an election. Short while after we were consolidated. Many companies thrown together to make a company. The same with regiments. The 3rd, 8th and our battalion were put in one regiment. Stackhouse of 8th was Colonel and Burnside captain. He, Burnside, reduced to ranks a few more commissioned officers. I was promoted from high private to first corporal of our company.

From our camp near Charleston we were sent to Salkehatchie river. When marching down to river one of our men was killed or wounded. I forget now which, though I remember we were near a mile from the Yankees. They were on opposite side of river. I recollect getting an awful fright one night at that place. I was on picket, sitting on root of tree to keep out of water, about half asleep when a coon came racking by. Coon scared me and I scared coon. We did no fighting at this place - we on one side of river - Yankees on opposite side. After staying here short time, were taken back to Charleston. The first night we were in city, hundreds of barrels of whiskey were rolled out in street - heads knocked out. Done to keep it from falling into the enemy's hands when the city was surrendered to them. 'Twas said we were the last troops to march out. 'Twas the night before evacuating city that the boys made me take whiskey to relieve my acheing tooth. I was almost crazy. We a few times during the war drew a little whiskey. My part was always given to someone. I could not drink it. Couldn't stand smell of it. My mother said my aversion to it was caused by my getting hold of it at log-rolling whilst a little boy. Someone gave it to me and it made me drunk. Seeing strand of black flax thread, I was running over house yelling "black snake - black snake. Kill him - Kill him."

I can't recollect just how time passed. After leaving Charleston we camped at Cheraw some days. I remember there meeting some of our home boys who had been drafted into army - they 16 and 18 year olds. Old man Chly. Broom commanded a company from Fairfield - our county. After leaving Cheraw we were put on march. After getting up in North Carolina, our first collision with Yankees was at a place up in North Carolina. I can't for my life recollect name of it. Anyway, there the Yankees charged our brigade of old soldiers who had fought many fights in Virginia. The Yankees thought us reserves. They came yelling, "Lie down "melish" till we pop a cap." They soon found out who we were. We shot down an officer. They tried several times to carry him off the field. We would shoot them down. It looked cruel but such was war. In this fight my shoulder was made blue and sore. Cartridges overcharged with powder. 'Twas at this place Archie Hamilton come to see us. 'Twas first and only time I saw him during war. At this camp I won a goose raffling. That goose was an

aged one. Never did get it tender enough to eat.

After resuming our march, our next encounter was at Bentonville, the last battle of the war. The night after the fight (we) were lying behind some breastworks - the tallest I ever recollect seeing. Joe Ashford, our orderly sergeant, Green Gibson and I were sleeping together. A ball from some Yankee picket incoming must first have struck a limb. Glancing downward (it) hit Gibson in mouth, knocking his front teeth out. He jumped up, jerking our covering off. I could hear the blood dripping on the pine needles. That was the last I saw of Green Gibson until some two years after close of war. I had been to a wedding Columbia, coming up to Wimsboro with bridal party. When nearing Doko (?) it was then, Blythewood now, I told the party I was with that I wanted to go out on platform to see my old war friend and sure enough, there was Green right near depot with couple little steers and a little load wood. Here he come running, hollering, "Howdy, Jim." Says I, "Green, you have them teeth put back?" "No", says he, "they were just knocked back and were pressed back into proper place."

After this, our last battle, we fell back - passing through Raleigh before getting to Greensboro. A cavalryman riding a cream-colored horse, meeting us told us that Lee had surrendered. In few days - we were then in General Jos. E. Johnson's army, we surrendered to Sherman. Some few days were spent in fixing up terms of surrender, etc. We surrendered at Greensboro, N.C. It was some days before we disbanded. I with several others made several attempts to slip a horse or mule to ride home. They had guard around the stock. The night before we were to start for home, I made my last effort to get a horse. Went to a large barn. Every stall had horse or mule haltered in it. 'Twas dark. I felt over one. It felt to be in good condition. I unloosed halter, led it to camp, packed my baggage on and started leading it out. Day was just breaking. I heard someone yelling at me. 'Twas a negro. He come running up. Says he, "Boss, that Mars' John's mare. She broke out stall last night. She is blind." I thought she stepped high. I turned her over to him.

Now I had been detailed to guard our wagon to Charlotte. So intent was I to bring horse or mule home, I gave my job of guarding the wagon to Sgt. Ashford. Had I

not done so, I could have rode in wagon. As it was, had to walk and carry my baggage. I had Balle, a Jew tailor, cut up a big U. S. blanket and make me a pair of pants to wear home. I had good deal (of) powder nicely wrapped up and packed in paper sacks in which cheap smoking tobacco was in. There was a rumor that we were going to be searched for ammunition. When we reached Charlotte, we were formed in two ranks in main street and every two men were given roll of sailcloth. The lightest bolts made nice coats and pants. The piece I got was almost too heavy, but my mother made me pants out of it. We drew one dollar in silver and an extra half-dollar to be divided among three men. I forget how long it was since we had drawn any money. I had oodles though of Confederate money. I gave \$400 for small knife and \$100 for cheap package envelopes. Confederate money - no good at all.

The above "recollections" were written by Mr. J. A. Milling some time prior to his death in 1916. The original handwritten manuscript was found by his daughter Emma after her mother's death in 1972. It consisted of 38 pages which had been tightly rolled and placed in a purse belonging to his wife, Mart^{ie} Morrow Milling.