

THE CIVIL WAR
EXPERIENCES OF W.H. KAVANAUGH

Written for His Children

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This is the story of a young farm boy that leaves home to fight as a foot soldier in the Civil War, during a time when honor and devotion to duty were considered the only way of life.

This is more than an account of the war; it is a human interest story about life, death, sorrow and the occasional joys that a private in the Southern Army experienced during that "unjust and unholy war".

These writings of W. H. Kavanaugh were first published in 1913 in Versailles, Missouri in a newspaper appropriately titled the Versailles Leader. The papers have remained in our family for these many years and were recently typed in manuscript form. Note that in several places where the copy was lost in the folds and could not be deciphered it was recorded as a dashed line.

It is the desire that the restoration of these papers may bring a certain sense of history and enjoyment to those that may read them.

Both of the author's great grandsons served in the United States Armed Forces, also as enlisted men. Therefore, these events as recorded here are held somewhat dear to them.

Howard V.Z. Kavanaugh
U.S. Marine Corps
U.S. Army

William A. Kavanaugh
U.S. Army

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Email: flysafehoward@hotmail.com

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Written for His Children.

On the 12th day of October, 1844, I was born in Moniteau county, Mo. This, of itself, is of little importance but it was the starting point of my existence. From the time I was seven or eight years old, and until sixteen years of age, I pretended to attend the district schools a few months each year. But progress toward an education was exceedingly slow, partly on account of inferior teachers, and partly because of the very short term I could attend each year.

My father being a farmer, and myself the oldest boy in the family of eight or nine children naturally made me a very valuable asset on the farm. But at the age of sixteen, I attended regularly one six months term of school. At the close of this term my father was so well pleased with the progress I had made he promised to send me to school regularly until I was twenty one years of age. But, alas, "there is many a slip, twixt the cup and the lip". This was the last school I ever attended. The term ended in the spring of 1861, and this the year the Civil war commenced.

I shall not enter into details as to the cause of this unjust and unholy war--as to who was right or who was wrong, but will say that might is no proof of right. I have come to the conclusion, after many years of thought that both sides--North and South--were very wrong. But possibly in the order of things, it could not have been avoided.

In the spring of 1861 everything was confusion. South Carolina and other states had passed ordinances of secession. Abraham Lincoln had been elected and inaugurated President of the United States. War had been declared and the time was now to take sides one way or the other. Internal dissensions were prevalent everywhere. Communities were divided within themselves. Households were divided. It frequently happened, especially in the border states such as Kentucky and Missouri, that father would be turned against son, brother against brother, and so on.

My parents being of Southern blood, it was natural for me to espouse the cause of the South, and well do I remember when at the first call for volunteers, issued by Governor Claiborne Jackson, how anxious I was to respond; but I was restrained by a loving mother and father--for only a few short months, however. During the spring and summer months of that eventful year I remained on the farm and assisted in raising a good crop of corn, oats, hay, etc. Our country, in the meantime, had been invaded and overrun by Federal soldiers from the North, and after much persuasion on my part my parents consented that I might join the army. It was considered, at that time, to be about as safe in the army as it was at home.

But now comes another difficulty. The army under General Sterling Price, who had been appointed Commander in Chief by Governor Jackson, of Missouri, had been withdrawn in the early spring months, and was in the far southwest part of the State, nearly two hundred miles from where I lived. The country everywhere was infested with guerrillas, bushwhackers, thieves and thugs. To undertake at this time to get to Price was anything but inviting.

In the latter part of July, General Price, being reinforced by several regiments of troops commanded by Gen. Ben McCulloch, broke camp on Cowskin Prairie, in McDonald county, Missouri, and advanced on the enemy--several thousand men commanded by Gen. Nathaniel Lyon who had taken position at Springfield, Mo. On the 10th day August, 1861, a pitched battle was fought between these two armies, ten miles southwest of Springfield on Wilson Creek or Oak Hills.

The result of this battle was a complete victory for the southern arms. Gen. Lyon was killed outright and his army dispersed. After the dead had been buried and the wounded cared for, Gen. Price again put his army in motion and headed north, his objective point being Lexington, Mo. After the victory at Wilson Creek, Gen. McCulloch withdrew his part of the army from Missouri, and returned within the borders of Arkansas.

During all this time I was at home trying to devise ways and means of getting through the lines to Price's army. I had procured a good horse and some other necessities for camp life, and having made several ineffectual attempts to run the gauntlet did, finally, one nice, bright sunshiny Sunday morning, it being the first day of September, 1861, bid farewell to father, mother, brothers and sisters. In company with eight of my neighbors, we made a bold dash, not for the North Pole, but for Price's army, which was now somewhere between Nevada, Mo., and Ft. Scott, Kansas.

After four days hard travel, we found ourselves safely within the lines of the southern army. Immediately after arrival, I enlisted as a private in Captain William's company, Kelly's regiment, Parson's division of the Missouri State Guards. Captain Williams organized this company at Tipton, Missouri, a few months previous to this time, and the company was largely composed of young men and boys who were reared in that immediate vicinity, quite a number of them being my neighbors and schoolmates. I was so glad to see my neighbor boys, and the captain was so kind to me, taking me in his own mess and looking after my personal welfare so closely, that I at once felt quite at home. At this time I was a little less than seventeen years of age, weighed about 135 pounds, was tall and thin, green and gawky, and one of the best men physically, in the company. This last assertion can be easily verified.

Aside from the Captain, my mess mates were composed of the following named boys: Benjamin Fisher, Jimmie Venable, Thomas Adair, Truston Adair and Wallace Martin, arranging in age from 16 to 20 years myself being the youngest by a few months. I ask that you keep the names of these boys in mind, and see further on what became of them, as I will have more to say of each one later.

These boys were the flower of the community in which they lived. A more heroic, nobler or braver set of lads never shouldered a musket or donned a uniform. The two Adair boys were first cousins. Aside from this, there was no relationship, but all neighbors, schoolmates and friends. We organized our mess by pairs--two to sleep together, cook together, etc. Wallace Martin, the best boy I think I ever knew, and myself were paired together. This arrangement was indeed very agreeable to me. From that time on we slept together, cooked together (when there was anything to cook) played together when in camp, and went into battle together, side by side. After organization we agreed not to admit any one else into our mess so long as we six were all living. This agreement was faithfully carried out.

The morning following our arrival in camp, the 5th day of September, 1861, orders were received from headquarters to resume the march north, which had been delayed----by Kansas jayhawkers from Ft. Scott, threatening attack on the flank. But they were soon brushed aside and the march continued without further trouble from that source.

Nothing of special interest happened on the campaign from Nevada to Lexington, which required seven or eight days to accomplish; but it was of much interest to me, as I had never before seen anything like it. Gen. Price had about 7,000 men, and on those wide plains of western Missouri the army made an imposing sight, especially to those not used to such things.

Col. Mulligan was in command of the Federal forces at Lexington, consisting of several well organized regiments of infantry and cavalry, and a few pieces of artillery, numbering in all about 4,000 men. He entrenched himself on Seminary Ridge, just north of the town and made a heroic resistance, but at the end of a three day siege, vigorously pressed by Gen. Price, Mulligan capitulated unconditionally.

Gen. Price's army, at the time of Col. Mulligan's surrender at Lexington, had been reinforced with several thousand troops from North Missouri, commanded by Gen. Harris, but his army was raw material, undisciplined and poorly organized. Price was also handicapped by a lot of camp followers who had to be fed, but who did not want to fight. Under these circumstances he thought it best to parole Mulligan's men and permit them to return to their homes rather than feed them, which he did. The battle of Lexington was heralded as a wonderful triumph--a great victory. And it was of some importance, but in after years we looked back on it only as a skirmish of considerable dimension.

After a week's rest, Gen. Price, having been informed the enemy was concentrating a large army at St. Louis under the command of Gen. Curtis, with a view to threaten his rear, began a retrograde movement in the direction of Springfield, Mo. This move was not at all to my liking, as I had now been away from home about four weeks, and was beginning to want to see my mother--homesick, as it were. This was the first time I had ever been away from home so long.

Nothing of importance occurred on the march South. We traveled by slow degrees, and after a few weeks went into regular camp at Pineville, county seat of McDonald county, Mo. By this time--I did not only want to see my mother--I wanted to see my father, brothers and sisters, the dogs, cattle and horses, any and everything connected with the old farm. And to make matters worse, about this time, through private sources, I learned of the death of my two year old brother, which occurred about two weeks previous. This was but the beginning of greater troubles in store for me.

Sometime in November we moved to the North, going into camp on Sac river, St. Clair county, Mo., near where the little town of Roscoe is now situated on the Osage river. Here we remained until after the holidays, and during this stay a great number of our men procured furloughs for indefinite lengths of time, and returned to their homes. Hundreds of them never came back. Such great numbers left the army here it looked like a disbandment. The situation became so alarming that Gen. Price visited each division, in person, and earnestly appealed to his men to stay with him, and not forsake the Cause for which they had been struggling. Price's great influence with his men is all that saved his army.

About January 11, 1862, we broke camp and marched direct to Springfield, Mo., and established regular winter quarters. We were not allowed, however, to enjoy this privilege many weeks. While in camp at Springfield a reorganization of the army was effected. Previous, the army was composed of men mostly who had enlisted for a term of six months, as a kind of State Guard, and their time having expired Companies, Regiments and Brigades were enlisted for a term of three years, or during the war and mustered in to the regular Confederate service. Six regiments of infantry and three of cavalry, with four or five batteries of light artillery were mustered in at this camp--possibly 8,000 men of all arms. These troops were formed into two brigades and were composed mostly of young men, many being boys like myself.

With my original mess mates I enlisted in Co. D., 2nd Mo. Infantry. George Butler was our captain, and John Q. Burbridge colonel commanding the regiment. The first brigade, composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd infantry and the 1st and 3rd cavalry were assigned to Gen. Little. The 4th, 5th and 6th regiments of infantry and the 2nd cavalry constituted the 2nd brigade commanded by Gen. Martin Green, who was killed at the siege of Vicksburg, eighteen months later. The battery commanders were Captains Guibor, Landis, Wade, Biedsoe and Clark. Captain Clark was only twenty years old, but had received a fine military education, and was considered one of the most competent artillery officers in the whole command. Unfortunately, he was killed March 8, 1862, at the battle of Elkhorn Tavern, two months after the organization at Springfield.

Gen. Little was a fine disciplinarian, and it was only a short time until he had a well drilled body of men--men who had left their homes to sacrifice their lives, if need be, for a

cause they felt was just and holy. Such men as these were easily disciplined.

These two regiments I have described were not in the whole of Price's army. He had other remnants of battalions yet in the State Guard service, but it was the backbone of his army and the part he most relied on.

It is now February. We are yet in camp at Springfield. We are warned the enemy is advancing from the East, many thousands strong! And now we are just beginning to see, feel and realize what is genuine war. Yes, Gen. Sherman was right when he said "War is Hell!"

While at Springfield I visited the grave where Gen. Lyon had first been buried, though the body had been removed. I also visited the battle field, ten miles southwest of Wilson creek in company with some of the boys who participated in that bloody encounter. They explained to me many points of interest, and showed me where Totton's battery was planted, the battery that played such havoc with the southern troops; and where Siegel's five-gun battery was, near Sharps house on the hill; and how the 3rd Louisiana Infantry charged the battery and captured it after a hand to hand struggle with the gunners--all of which was very interesting to me.

The 3rd Louisiana was a noble body of men, and Col. Herbert their commander, a gallant and magnificent officer. We engaged with them in many battles, side by side we fought on many bloody fields and to the honor and glory of that magnificent regiment, I must say they were never found wanting but always responded with such impetuosity as to strike terror to the foe. I am here reminded of a story told just before the close of the war: The 3rd Louisiana, like many other good regiments had almost been removed from the face of the earth--there were very few of them left. One day a private belonging to the command strayed from the ranks, or as they said those days, had "taken French leave." He strolled into the suburb of Mobile, and being halted by a sentinel who demanded to know who he was, and where he was going, answered by saying: "I'm the Third Louisiana regiment, and I'm going into camp as quick as I can find a suitable location."

Now I will drop back to where I left off--or about the middle of February. Gen. Price had information that Curtis was advancing on him from the East with a greatly superior army in numbers to his own. He therefore determined to fall back to the South, where he could be reinforced by Gen. Ben McCulloch, who commanded the army in Northern Arkansas, with headquarters at Ft. Smith. Generals McCulloch and McIntosh had some ten or more regiments from Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana.

Gen. Price cou----treat on short notice----and press him from----all the way down to the southwest Missouri counties----no chance to sleep and----to eat. I remember----the day we crossed the state line and when they said we were in Arkansas. Imagine my feelings if you can. Hadn't seen mother for six months. It seemed to me six years and getting further away from

her all the time. Holy Moses! How homesick I was. Did you ever experience anything of this kind? If not, you can't appreciate it.

Well, we kept plugging along, the enemy hammering away on our rear both day and night, their cavalry now and then making flank movements, threatening our wagon train and giving us no rest until we reached Sugar Creek. Here we gave them battle which almost culminated in a general engagement. But after a few hours of sharp fighting, with honors about even, and our supply train well on the road, we resumed march South without further trouble and went into camp on Cove creek.

Before reaching Cove creek we passed through Fayetteville. Here we were compelled to destroy a large amount of army supplies to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. The supplies consisted of bacon, corn meal, flour, rice, sugar and molasses, which were burned by orders from headquarters. The soldiers were turned loose on the town and allowed to pillage, burn, carry away or destroy everything they desired.

In my company was a neighbor boy by name of Polk Chapman. On this occasion it so happened that he and I fell in together, and in the scramble for loot got hold of a five gallon can of something--at first, we did not know what; but after a careful examination by experts it was found to be pure alcohol, and by the rules governing all wars, both foreign and domestic, it was confiscable. Having handles on either side, we swung the can between us and proceeded on the march south.

We remained at Cove creek more than a week. By adding five gallons of soft water to the five gallons of alcohol and stealing enough sugar to make it drinkable, we royally entertained our friends and it is needless to say Polk and I were two of the most popular boys in the camp while the stuff lasted.

About the 25th of February Gen. Earl Van Dorn, a Mississippian by birth, I think, was appointed, by the President, Commander-in-Chief of all the armies in the Trans-Mississippi Department. He divided the army into two parts. One was commanded by Gen. Sterling Price, which embraced all of the Missouri troops; and the other by Gen. Benjamin McCulloch, commanding the Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana troops. After a few days preparing Gen. Van Dorn began to move to the North, with the intention of striking the enemy wherever found. On the morning of March 7th, we encountered the enemy at Bentonville and after some sharp fighting they withdrew to the east and took position at and around Elkhorn Tavern. Generals McCulloch and McIntosh were ordered to follow up and attack on the West, while Gen. Price was ordered to make a circuit and attack on the North simultaneously with McCulloch. By two o'clock that afternoon the battle was on, and now I will give some of my personal experience. Up to this time I had never seen or heard any real fighting between two large armies. At the beginning of the battle the company to which I belonged was detached from the regiment and ordered to form at the mouth of a hollow to the east and left to guard against any attempted flank movement of the enemy. Occupying this position the engagement became general all along the line.

Being hilly and woody the noise was much greater than it would have been in an open country. The rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery was almost deafening, and while we were doing nothing at the mouth of the hollow but listening I will be frank and admit I was thoroughly frightened. From some cause my cap, at intervals would rise upon my head, on account presumably of the peculiar conduct of my hair. I pictured in my soul that it would be utterly impossible for anything human to live up there on the ridge where all the noise came from. And what made it harder for me to bear was the thought that at any minute we were liable to be ordered up where our regiment, the good old 2nd Missouri Infantry, was right at that minute covering itself with glory by a baptism of blood.

My fears and expectations were soon realized. Looking to the right I espied a courier headed our way, whom I soon recognized as Bill Goddard. He came dashing down the road with a white paper which he delivered to our Captain. It was orders for us to move to the firing line. Now I knew I would be killed--that I would never see my mother again. I knew we all would be killed for no living thing could live where all that noise came from--and that was just where we were bound. At least I thought I knew all those things. But brother, did you ever notice how few people are killed in a cyclone, in comparison with the number exposed? Well, the same rule applies to battles. Many years afterward I got even with Goddard for bringing that white paper to our Captain --I married his wife's youngest sister and thereby became his brother-in-law.

In justice to myself will say that after we got into action a great deal of that fear left me. We were marched up and formed on the extreme left of the regiment and began a slow advance, firing all the while and slowly but surely driving the enemy in front of us. By nightfall our part of the lines had been entirely successful, but to the right and west of us misfortune befell our troops. Generals McCulloch and McIntosh were slain. This was the turning point against us. After the death of these officers their commands became somewhat demoralized and could not be rallied in time to prevent defeat the following morning. The enemy was quick to see their advantage and at an early hour, March 8, hurled their entire force against Price and his Missourians. This made the contest so unequal that Van Dorn, after consultation with Gen. Price, decided to withdraw from the field, and about 10 o'clock that day a retreat was ordered.

This was accomplished under very difficult circumstances and with considerable loss in killed and wounded. Here is where young Captain Clark was killed. While covering the retreat and walking off the field with his face to the enemy, he received his death wound. In our company five were killed and eight or nine wounded, fortunately none of my mess mates were injured, so we continued to live according to compact.

The battle of Elkhorn was very unsatisfactory from our viewpoint. We were now compelled to give up our dear beloved State for a season at least. The thought of this was hard on us boys, for we had been hoping and praying that ere long we would be able to redeem the State and drive the invaders from her borders.

About this time the battle of Shiloh was being fought between the armies of General Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard on one side and Generals Grant and Buell on the other. Gen. Johnston was killed the first day of the battle, it being Sunday. The command of the army then fell to Beauregard, but he was unable to maintain the advantages gained by Johnston the previous day, and was finally forced back to Corinth, Mississippi, where he entrenched himself.

Corinth was considered a strategic point, it being situated on the Mobile & Ohio railway, and on the Memphis & Charleston road. The authorities at Richmond, (the capital of the confederacy) for reasons best known to themselves at this time, ordered Gen. Price, with his Missouri troops, to the assistance of Beauregard at Corinth. At once we took up the line of march from Ft. Smith to DesArc, a point on White river. From here we were transported by steamer to Memphis, where we remained one night, and then by rail we were hurried to Corinth.

The march from Ft. Smith to DesArc was made by easy stages. Gen. Little's brigade led the advance. The distance, I presume, was something near 250 miles. We traveled about eight hours each day, resting five minutes each hour. I enjoyed this trip very well although getting a long ways from home. My health was splendid and suffered no inconvenience.

Some----occurred during the journey the inhabitants of the country through which we passed had never before seen an army in motion, and they congregated from great distances up the road sides and the little towns would turn out enmasse to see the soldiers and offer words of cheer.

One man in our regiment named Henry Thruston was exceedingly tall. He was a product of Morgan county, Mo. His height was 7½ feet. While not our regular color bearer, in passing through these towns he was allowed to carry the regimental flag. He loomed up so much above all others that he attracted universal attention, and many comical remarks were made about him. Some thought he was a giant and others that he was on stilts. We advertised him as the "Wild Man of Borneo." While passing through Clarksville, one woman was heard to inquire of another if "she reckoned all them are men had names." The answer was "Law sakes alive, No! If they have I wonder where they got 'em all and what they are. Wouldn't you like to know, Sarah Ann?"

When we embarked at DesArc, our regiment was allowed the honor of passage on the same vessel with Generals Price, Little and Jeff Thompson. This was the first, last and only time I ever saw Jeff Thompson. I have forgotten the name of our boat.

Now remember one thing. All historians agree that Gen. Price took with him 8,000 men, all Missourians, when he joined Beauregard at Corinth, and this was the pick of the army of the trans-Mississippi Department. In a few months Gen. Price was himself transferred back to the West, but these noble boys who came with him were retained to the Sis Mississippi Department until the close of the war.

On arriving at Corinth we found Beauregard's army apparently well entrenched. We were assigned to a position on the right flank. The two armies were facing, both entrenched and each waiting for the other to advance. They seemed to be sparring for an opening, like prize fighters in a ring, and were thus engaged for several weeks.

We are now in camp at Corinth. The rainy season has set in, the drinking water is of the worst and the food supply not much better. Sickness prevailed throughout the camp and many, many deaths occurred. I helped bury one of my comrades, Sam Williams. He had a brother Egbert, whom I saw shot through the brain and killed one year later at Vicksburg, Mississippi. At Corinth, in the spring of 1862 it was the only time I was ever off duty on account of sickness, and then for only a few days. I was really not off duty then, for my captain detailed me to take charge of the Company's sick, and remove them to a hospital at Okalona, about 100 miles south on the Mobile & Ohio railroad.

There were several train loads of the sick transported at this time and distributed at different points in the South. The train just ahead of the one I was on was captured at Boonville by a raid of federal cavalry commanded by Phil Sheridan, who was Colonel at that time, and I think commanded the 2nd Michigan Cavalry. But they were compelled soon to liberate the prisoners as our cavalry was close after them. Having delivered my charge to the authorities, I immediately returned to the ranks. I was suffering with the mumps. In the meantime General Beauregard had ordered a general retreat. I met my command the second day out. Beauregard fell back to Tupelo. Tupelo, you know is the home of Private John Allen. This is about the only good I can say of Tupelo.

We encamped here during the summer months. The enemy was occupying Corinth and appeared to be satisfied for the present. While at this camp we were put through a rigid course of drill each day--two hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon. General Little having a fine military education, was anxious to bring his command up to a high standard of discipline, and it was not many months until the Old 1st Missouri Brigade was attracting general attention for its soldierly bearing.

Here I must relate a little joke on myself. Having become somewhat tired of the general routine of camp life, I applied one morning at regimental headquarters for leave of absence for one day. Col. Cockrell gave me a written pass, signed by himself. Armed with this, and in company of two comrades who had also procured leaves of absence, we hiked to town--Private John Allen's town, Tupelo--a distance of about 2½ miles. The guards allowed us to pass in without hesitation. From some cause after awhile we became separated, and while I was sauntering around alone seeing the sights, I was challenged by the inner guard and ordered to show my pass. I did so, but it didn't seem to satisfy the guard. He took me to the Provost Marshall's office, where upon request I again produced my pass to the commanding officer. It was declared by him to be no good, as it was not countersigned by the brigade commander. This officer, I think

his name was Crittenden, assessed my punishment at two hours hard labor. There was no work to be done that would benefit anyone, but they were determined to punish me. So they gave me a two tongued wooden hay fork and had me to rake shucks, straw, corn cobs and other waste matter into a heap. They would have me remove the pile of trash to another place, and then remove it again to some other place and so on. They kept up this kind of foolishness until my two hours had expired, and then turned me loose and told me to get back to camp, which I did. My friends who accompanied me were more fortunate. By some means they became aware of my predicament and skipped back to camp and thereby avoided trouble.

Now I will introduce another character, and a very interesting one too--a man by the name of Wm. Chapman, a friend and neighbor of my father's family. Chapman had been appointed by Gov. Jackson, as recruiting officer for General Price's army, early in the year 1861. This necessitated him being on the road a great deal of his time. He would go into Missouri at great risk of life and get a few recruits together and bring them through the lines to the regular army. Bill Chapman, as we generally called him, was at that time a middle aged man, brave and daring and possibly had as many hair breadth escapes as any one. He was very popular with our boys, especially with those from his neighborhood, for the good reason that he was our mail carrier and the only medium we had of exchanging letters with loved ones at home. More than once he gave me money that my mother entrusted to his care. Sometimes his visits would be quite frequent, while at other times there would be months that we would not see him. No wonder, then, that we were always glad to see Uncle Bill Chapman.

One day in the latter part of July and while we were at Tupelo, Uncle Bill made his appearance. He had just returned from a long trip up into Missouri, bringing with him a few men and some good horses which he put on the market. I don't think I was ever so glad to see anyone before, because we had---ways from home and had not heard from our homes for several months and because we knew he could tell us of all the happenings that had taken place during our absence. Before he could be conducted into a tent and given a seat we surrounded him and began asking questions. Of course everyone wanted to talk at the same time. He readily yielded to our wishes and subjected himself to a long interview, and he appeared to take as much pleasure in giving the news as we were to receive it. Everyone talked until they got tired, and then the crowd began to decrease. Only two or three of us remained when suddenly, looking straight at me as though he had forgotten something, he said: "Will, I have bad news for you, my boy." "What is it, Mr. Chapman," I asked with fear. "Your mother is dead," he answered. Horror of horrors! Never since that day have I been able to describe my feelings. I cannot begin to do it now after an elapse of fifty years. There I was, not quite eighteen years of age, a tender hearted boy. Had drifted a thousand miles from home, had never been away from home before. I had kind parents and loving brothers and sisters, therefore I think it natural that I should have been. I make no apologies, neither am I ashamed of it. I, like

most all boys, thought I had the best mother in the world, and will say now at this late date, I have never had cause to change my feelings. When I look back on her sweet face and think of her loving kindness, it only emboldens me to say--SHE WAS THE BEST MOTHER ON EARTH.

Among the last words she uttered was a wish to see me. On the receipt of the news of her death I was completely prostrated. I felt there was nothing more to live for. For the previous several months I had only been living, as I thought, to just see her one more time. I thought of her day by day and dreamed of her at night. But now all was gone--it just appeared that way to me. But my messmates and other friends came to my relief. You know the old saying, "misery likes company." There is some truth in that saying, but I think it wrong. Wallace Martin (who was a brother of the late Judge Joe Martin, of this county) came to me, and placing his arms around my neck told me how he had lost his mother several years before. Tom Snorgrass, Jimmie Venable, Ben Fisher and others offered words of sympathy and encouraged me to be brave. Jimmie Venable had lost his father a few months before, but I did not know how then to sympathize with him. A few months later Ben Fisher lost his father. This made three deaths among parents in our immediate neighborhood since we left home.

During the summer months of which I have been writing, General Beauregard had been succeeded by General Baxton Bragg, in the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and his army had been transferred to Middle Tennessee with a view of an advance into Kentucky. General Van Dorn was in command of the armies in Mississippi and East Louisiana, with headquarters at Baton Rouge. About the 10th of September General Price, under orders from Van Dorn broke camp at Tupelo and moved north to Iuka, twenty miles east of Corinth. Corinth, at this time was occupied by the Federal forces, commanded by General Rosecrans.

As soon as Gen. Rosecrans learned of Gen. Price's presence at Iuka, he immediately put his army in motion to dislodge him. History says he advanced with fourteen regiments of Infantry, which I presume is true. He struck Gen. Price's left wing about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which had taken position on the south side of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, about three miles southwest of the town. Price's right wing, composed of Little and Green's Missouri Brigades, was posted about the same distance from the town in a wothwest direction and on the north side of the railroad. Gen. Rosecrans hurled his entire force against the left wing with great energy and skill, and but for the timely arrival of Gen. Little with his Missouri brigade just before sunset the enemy would have penetrated the town and thereby had Price's army doubled up and put the wagon train at their mercy. But Little was equal to the occasion. He moved his men from the right on double quick time, wheeled them into line in the rear of the Texas, Mississippi and Louisiana troops, who were being overpowered, and pressed back Rosecrans' furious onslaught. The enemy was checked here and held at bay until morning. A heavy fire was kept up until late at night. After the firing ceased we laid on our arms the remainder of the night, ready for an attack any moment. The loss

in this sanguinary struggle was heavy on both sides, but I am not prepared to say who suffered the greater loss.

Here I will have to chronicle the death of our beloved Commander, Brigadier General Henry Little. He had just been in consultation with Gen. Price, and hardly had his brigade formed in the line of battle when a musket ball pierced his brain. He fell dead from his horse into the arms of one of his staff officers and in the presence of many of his men. This, of itself, was a severe loss to us. Gen. Little was an efficient and capable officer, and his place was hard to fill. My company was exceedingly fortunate in this engagement, as we had none killed, but few wounded and none taken prisoners. I think Gen. Price made this move for observations, but be that as it may, the following morning he withdrew his forces from the field and leisurely marched his army back to a point on the Mobile & Ohio railroad, about sixty miles to the south of Corinth.

Camped sixty miles south, in the latter part of September, Generals Van Dorn and Price formed a junction with their armies for the purpose of a direct attack on Corinth, Van Dorn being the ranking officer. The line of march was begun on or about the 27th. On the morning of October 3rd we came in contact with the enemy at Hatchie Bridge, fifteen miles west of Corinth, and from early morn until late at night were busy marching, maneuvering and fighting. Our brigade, now commanded by Col. Elijah Gates after the death of Little, was not hotly engaged at any time during the day. We were used principally this day for flanking purposes. While other commands were engaging the enemy in front, we would form our lines and advance making a detour to the left and north, thereby slowly but surely pressing them back to their fortifications around the town, and when night came we had them completely hemmed in--that is, we were formed on the north and west of them, General Price with his division on the north, and Generals Lovell and Villapingue on the west.

The formation of these lines was a duplicate of the plan of battle at Elkhorn Tavern, with Gen. Van Dorn in command at each place. This appeared to be a favorite plan of battle with him, but as will be shown each attempt was unsuccessful. This 3rd day of October was a hard one on us boys. If we ate anything, I don't remember it now. The weather was warm and we suffered very much from the want of drinking water. Early in the day General Price was wounded in the left arm by a piece of shell from the enemy's batteries, but he remained astride his old sorrel horse and directed his men as though nothing has happened. General Price was very popular these days. A private soldier one day through love and admiration referred to him as "Old Pap." It was soon taken up by the rank and file and from that day on he was known throughout the army as "Old Pap Price." And he seemed to enjoy the distinction.

But to return to the battlefield. When hostilities ceased on the night of the third, we had the federals driven back into their entrenchments. We occupied a position immediately in their front, at a distance of about 800 yards, we facing to the south.

Our command was pretty well sheltered through the night from the enemy's fire by a railroad embankment, which we had taken advantage of. After securing this position we threw out a heavy skirmish line, a short distance in front, that faced the Federal skirmishers a little further on. These two lines kept up a continuous exchange of shots during the night, each side being partially protected by trees, stumps, ditches, etc.

At a late hour at night and after things had become comparatively quiet, Wallace Martin and myself spread our blankets preparatory for a night's rest. But this had been an eventful day. We were both chock full of talk, and after laying down and pulling the blankets over us, we began to relate to each other the experiences of the day. Wallace would talk a while, then I would talk a while. Here we lay, tired and worn out, but somehow we couldn't get off to sleep. It had indeed been an exciting day, and we just had to recount our experiences and speculate on the morrow. We were only boys, just private soldiers, but we knew then and there that the morrow would be the great day. We knew that two mighty armies would grapple with each other in deadly conflict.

I do not know what the actual strength of these armies was, but their numbers were very nearly the same. There were probably 25,000 to 30,000 on either side. The Federals were entrenched in breastworks that General Beauregard had constructed early in the spring for the defense of the town, and it has always been a mystery to me why we were led up against them. But it was not for me to ask questions.

Now, gentle reader, I will call your attention to the fact that my messmates were all alive at this time but not all present. Ben Fisher and Tom Adair were seriously ill and in the hospital, but the remaining four--Jimmie Venable, Trus Adair, Wallace Martin and myself were here in the ranks answering "present" every roll call.

Now I will drop back to the conversation between Wallace and myself on the eve of the battle. After we had exhausted all of our conversational resources, and being completely tired out, Wallace turned in bed with his back to me and said: "Will, let's go to sleep; tomorrow some of us have to be killed, but we do not know whom it may be." This was the last thing he said that night. I made no reply, and finally got off to sleep. Further back, I made the remark that if we ate anything on this day I had forgotten what it was, but I do remember what my breakfast consisted of the next morning, October 4, 1862--three "hard tack," very hard, and a slice of raw bacon, the kind generally known as "sow belly." This was the first time I had ever tried to eat fat bacon in the raw state, and in justice to that hog must say it was very good.

By sun up on this morning most every one else was up. The skirmishers were busy whacking away at each other. The artillery from the Federal lines opened simultaneously with ours, and for more than two hours a perfect fusillade of shot and shell were exchanged by the opposing batteries. A fresh supply of ammunition

had been issued this morning, and every man was required to know that his gun was in perfect working order. Here we lay behind this railroad embankment breathlessly awaiting orders, that we knew were sure to come, to move forward and attack them in their works. About 9 o'clock the order came. At a given signal the entire line was to move forward at double quick time with fixed bayonets. The order was promptly obeyed, and what a sublime sight it was to see that magnificent body of men moving majestically forward in regular battle array.

After passing through a wooded skirt of about 100 yards, we were in plain view of the enemy, who were posted on the crest of the ridge surrounding the town. Now we raised the "Rebel Yell" all along the line and pressed gallantly forward. It was yet some 500 or 600 yards to the works, and mostly up grade. Our men had been ordered to reserve their fire until we got into close quarters. Their skirmish line had been swept from our front in a jiffy. A few escaped, but most of them were killed or taken prisoners.

No sooner had we struck the open country than we began to lose men rapidly. The shot, shell and shrapnel ploughed through our ranks unmercifully, but on we rushed straight to the forts. Where so many men are being slain it is impossible to maintain a solid line, and unavoidably we became more or less scattered but not in the least demoralized. I remember to this day who some of my nearest companions were, going up that slope--Wallace Martin, Tom Snorgrass, Jimmie Venable, Ham Devinna, Trus Adair, Wes Dasher, John E. Price and others. I also remember how Col. Cockrell rode up and down the lines that day encouraging his men onward.

By this time the smoke of battle had become so dense one could see only a short distance. But on we went, bravely though blindly to defeat. Our losses had been so great by the time we reached their entrenchments it was a physical impossibility to dislodge them. It is true their lines were broken at a few points, but fresh troops would be thrown against our depleted ranks, and we were finally forced to give up the unequal contest, though stubbornly our men fought even on the retreat.

Possibly I have been a little tedious in this description, but there were certain things I wanted to impress on your mind. Now ask me, please, what became of my mess mates. I will tell you--two of them were killed. You will remember the last thing Wallace said to me the night before the battle--"Let us go to sleep, Will; tomorrow some of us will have to be killed, but we don't know who it will be." Poor Wallace, my chum and best friend, was shot through the brain and instantly killed when within about 10 yards of the enemy's works. ----buried the following day with hundreds of others on the field of battle, without pomp or ceremony. Peace be to his ashes. And little Trus Adair was killed, too, and there was something pathetic in his death. He was last seen by acquaintances close up to the Federal batteries, going forward. No acquaintance saw him fall, but he was never heard from again and we knew from surrounding circumstances he gave up his life right there. His good old mother, Aunt Polly Ann Adair, sister to the late Porter Davis, never ceased to grieve for her lost boy.

Of course now our mess of six is all broken up, but we kept our promise to each other faithfully. After this I had many different messmates--some good, some bad, but I thought none so good as Wallace Martin. In our little company of about forty-five men, we lost 35 per cent on that day. Six were killed on the field and eight or nine wounded. Three of the number killed were my neighbors and schoolmates, Jasper Scoggins, Ham Devinna, Thos. Snorgrass, John E. Price and myself were among the wounded --all neighbors and friends.

In the battle of Corinth, Tom Snorgrass was dangerously wounded. A musket ball pierced his ribs, on the left side just below the heart. I was shot through the right wrist, and was off duty on account of it about three weeks, while Tom was disabled for more than six months. I think it proper to state here that this was the only time I was excused from duty on account of disability, from sickness or otherwise.

Tom and I got off the battlefield without being taken prisoners, a feat of which we felt very proud. We fell in together on the retreat and traveled a distance of nine miles to the west. Here we procured lodging for the night in a shanty by the road side. Charley Close, who lived at Syracuse, and was engaged in tailoring, of our company, who had been shot through the left breast, joined us at the shanty. A lone woman lived here and she allowed us to spread our blankets on the floor and remain overnight. The next morning she prepared us coffee and biscuit for breakfast. That was all she had to offer us, but it tasted mighty good to me, for this was the only food I had eaten since the morning before, when my breakfast consisted of hard tack and bacon.

Tom Snorgrass could eat but little, and Close couldn't eat anything. The poor fellow was almost dead. We had to leave him here and I never saw him again. During the night while we were lying on the hard plank floor, a Texas cavalryman arrived and got permission to remain until morning. He belonged to the 3rd Texas Cavalry. He arose early the next morning and after paying for his nights lodging he handed a \$5.00 bill to the lady, and told her that was for these Missouri boys. We had not yet undertaken to get up, but we thanked him for his kindness and he passed out.

Van Dorn and Price succeeded in getting the army off without further serious loss. The enemy had been crippled badly and were unable to press their advantage. Individually, I was allowed to go and come, as I pleased. Col. Cockrell, in person, took my gun out of my hands and gave it to John Oneil, a member of my company who had his gun shot out of his hands that day. So all I had to do was to plod along and keep up with the command.

Snorgrass had a much harder time, and but for his powerful phisique, he would have been left behind. He struggled along as best he could, sometimes horseback, then in the commissary wagon and at other times on a caison, but most generally afoot. By this means Tom eventually got down into Pontatoc county and safety inside the Southern lines. Having gone as far as he could he

called at a farm house one day and got permission to remain there awhile to be doctored up. They told him to stay as long as he pleased and make himself at home. No, indeed, there was nothing too good for a Missouri soldier those days in the good old state of Mississippi--God bless her people.

Here we will leave Snorgrass in the care and keeping of this good family for a period of six months and until the next spring. It might be well at this time to give you an introduction to these people. The family consisted of man, wife and six children--two boys and four girls by the name of Mull. He was known in the neighborhood as Captain Mull. He came by this title honestly for he had organized a company of old men and boys--a home guard for the protection of the neighborhood. These old men and boys were not eligible for regular service. Mull was unanimously elected captain. He was an ordinary farmer, fairly intelligent and enjoyed the full confidence of his neighbors. Mrs. Mull was one of those good old fashioned, hard-working mothers that everybody loves to love. Their oldest daughter, Miss Maggie, about twenty years old and of the brunette type, was well educated, rather tall and stately. She was not a beautiful woman, but so good of heart, kind and ladylike, one would be compelled to admire, if not to love her. Mag, as we generally called her, was continually striving to make others happy. She took no thought of herself, but would sacrifice her own personal comforts at any time if thereby it would advance the interests of her friends. Her sister Ellen was two years younger and of a different makeup, not but that she was just as good as Mag, but she had a different way of expressing it. Ellen was a wild, rollicksome girl, chock full of fun and a perfect tease, yet her heart was as tender as a child's. Mag was more sublime, more matter-of-fact, more serious. There were two other sisters, Josephine 14 and Sadie 12 years of age. James was the oldest boy, a member of a Mississippi regiment at the time. Thomas, the youngest, was a great big 16 year old boy, and no account. He was a member of his father's company, but never distinguished himself, neither as soldier or civilian. I think he was born tired, and never recuperated. Now we will leave our friend Snorgrass in the care of this good family. Miss Mag had extended him an invitation to stay, and you may surmise who nursed him these six months back to health.

It is now near the middle of October. Gen. Van Dorn had resumed his original position down about Baton Rouge with his part of the army. Gen. Price with his Missouri troops went into winter quarters about the middle of November, near Grenada, Mississippi. Grenada is situated on what was then the Mississippi Central Railway, but now the Illinois Central, and about 60 or 70 miles south-east of Memphis, Tennessee. Here we erected fortifications to guard against an attack from the north or west, and settled down in regular camp. From this time on until the spring months we were put through the regular routine of daily drills, dress parades, etc. Each regiment was provided with a chaplain, and when in camp religious services were held regularly every Sunday morning and evening. No one was compelled, but all were invited to attend these services, and most everyone attended.

While encamped here President Jefferson Davis paid us a visit, and in his honor and for his edification the entire army was marched out and passed in general review. Our boys were very proud of the occasion, and each battalion did its best to make a favorable impression with the reviewing officers. This was the first opportunity many of us had ever had of seeing an actual, live president, and yet he looked very much like other men. He was just a man.

The hardest part of our lives this winter came from the fact that we had no longer any way of hearing from our Missouri homes. Our old mail carrier, Uncle Bill Chapman, had failed to show up as usual. What had become of him we knew not, but felt sure some misfortune had overtaken him. For myself, I had become pretty well seasoned, and was not grieving over things that could not be avoided like I once did. Since leaving home, something more than a year, my little brother had died, my mother had passed away, two of my messmates were killed in battle, many more of my friends and acquaintances had been killed and many had died from sickness. Such a life as this will either harden an eighteen year old boy or kill him.

The next thing of interest that comes to my mind, after the departure of the President and his party, was receipt of the news of the death of Ben Fisher and Thomas Adair, which occurred some time before this. They died within ten days of each other in the hospital at Canton, Mississippi. You will remember I mentioned their illness when writing up the battle of Corinth. All of our old mess are gone now, except two. Looks gloomy, doesn't it?

After the battle of Corinth, the remaining winter months were spent monotonously in and around Grenada, but in the early spring General Grant with his hosts began to press heavily against Vicksburg. The Federal troops had possession of the entire Mississippi river, except from Vicksburg down to Port Hudson, and were making strenuous efforts to acquire this part.

The Confederate authorities were concentrating their forces at and around Vicksburg in the effort to defend this territory. To hold a portion of the river was very important to the South, as a vast amount of beef cattle and other supplies from Texas and other points west could be passed over for the use of the armies in the East. And it was equally important to the North that they have full and undisputed possession of the entire river and contiguous territory, and thereby break up all communications between the two Departments, and for this purpose more than 100,000 men were being concentrated under the command of Gen. U.S. Grant.

Gen. Pemberton in command of the Confederate forces was also concentrating his troops to meet this threatened advance, but his numbers in men were insignificant as compared to those of the enemy. As a part of this movement the Missourians at Grenada were ordered to Jackson, Mississippi. Jackson is situated on the Mississippi Central railway, and forty miles to the east of Vicksburg. Jackson has another road also running east and west.

I should have mentioned before this that General Price had been relieved of his old command, a few months before this and transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Our entire command was shipped from Grenada to Jackson in box cars. There were several train loads and a jolly good time we had. After being cooped up all winter, it was a great relief to get out of camp and go somewhere, although we were shipped like a lot of cattle. Our boys would always get gay after a few months in camp, and want to fight, and if there was no enemy handy, we would fight among ourselves.

After a few weeks sojourn at Jackson, we were moved down to Grand Gulf. This is a point where Black river empties into the Mississippi forty miles below Vicksburg. Here a new organization was effected. Brigadier General John S. Bowen, who was originally Colonel of the 1st Missouri Infantry, was placed in command of all the Missouri troops, and thereby became our division commander. General Bowen was a gallant and meritorious officer, and soon became very popular with his men. Unfortunately, Gen. Bowen died of sickness about two months later.

The country around Grand Gulf and Port Gibson was settled by well-to-do people. In fact, there was a great deal of wealth in this community. The citizens welcomed us with open arms, and proved their appreciation of our coming by donating a great deal of clothing, provision, etc., for which we felt very thankful.

One day while here, a negro man aged about fifty years, came into camp and said he heard Mr. W.H. Kavanaugh was here from Missouri, and if he was he wanted to see him. He was conducted to my quarters and introduced himself something like this: "Is this Mr. Wm. Kavanaugh?" I told him that was my name. "And is you Miss Elizabeth's boy?" "Yes, my mother was named Elizabeth." "Lah, sakes alive chile, Ise nussed your mudder many a day, and I know all your folks back in Missouri." "And may I ask who you are?" I interposed. He explained that he once belonged to my grandfather, Judge John Briscoe, of Cooper county, Mo., and had been sold when a young man to some slave trader and shipped south. I had never heard anything of this before, and became very much interested, and was fully convinced he had told the truth. He seemed to know all about my kinfolks on both sides of the family. The old fellow visited me most every day as long as we stayed here, and we became very much attached to each other. The slaves had all been emancipated and he was free to go and come as he pleased. He declared he was going to stay and return to Missouri with me, if I would allow him, and live with me the remainder of his life. I agreed and he actually stayed with me about a month and until we were forced into Vicksburg, and there I was compelled to let him go. Poor old negro, I never heard of him again. I do not remember how he happened to hear of me, nor do I remember his name, but I called him "Old Sweat". Snorgrass gave him this name. Tom had joined us at this camp, after spending the winter with Capt. Mull's family, and had fully recovered from injuries received at Corinth, thanks to Maggie Mull.

The way Snorgrass happened to give the darkey his name was: We were marching one hot day at a pretty lively clip, when Tom and I had the old darkey to carry our surplus baggage, that made him a good load. He had to labor hard to keep up with the procession, and if you ever saw a negro sweat at an election you can imagine how this old man looked--hence his name Old Sweat. Old Sweat had the same stimulus to cause him to walk fast that we had --the Yankees were in our rear.

But I must go back to Grand Gulf. Here we had a few batteries of light artillery planted to prevent any landing General Grant might undertake to make. Our regiment, under the command of Colonel Cockrell, was assigned to support these batteries. In the meantime Grant's iron clad fleet had run the gauntlet at Vicksburg, and was steaming down the river, while his immense army was passing down on the west or Louisiana side.

About nine o'clock one morning, in the latter part of April, five of his gunboats were seen approaching our batteries. Our regiment was ordered to the front and had taken position to the left, but in supporting distance of the batteries. Here we witnessed a most magnificent spectacle. These five iron clad monsters with their heavy ordnance bombarded our forts without any intermission for more than four hours. Our batteries promptly and unceasingly replied but being of small calibre, did them no great damage. It is true two of their boats were crippled and withdrew from the contest, but none sank. This engagement was the more interesting to me because I had never seen anything like it, and the further fact, from our position we could witness the whole proceeding without being much exposed.

Our artillerymen suffered considerable loss in life and limb, and a few of our guns were dismounted. Capt. Wade, who commanded the batteries and one of the most meritorious officers we had, was killed by a shell, and the loss was keenly felt throughout the command. But such is war.

A few days after this engagement the entire Federal fleet, commanded by Admiral Faragut passed the batteries and effected a landing ten miles below our position. Grant's army had moved down on the opposite side of the river, and he immediately began to cross his men over to the Mississippi side. General Bowen, with a few regiments of his Missouri troops met this advance near Port Gibson and gave him battle. By strategic maneuvering and hard fighting Bowen held them in check for six hours. This was done to give our people time to remove the wagon trains and army supplies in the direction of Vicksburg, which place we will get to after awhile.

And this is the retreat we were on when the old darkey earned the title of Old Sweat. General Pemberton concentrated his army about midway between Jackson and Vicksburg, and awaited developments. General Grant waited for nothing but pressed straight ahead to Jackson via Raymond, and on the 16th day of May came in contact with Pemberton's forces who were in position on Baker's Creek, near Edwards Station on the Southern Railway. Here these two armies clashed and a royal battle ensued from early morn until late in the

evening, but the Federal army was so overwhelming in numbers the Confederates were compelled to withdraw late in the evening and fall back to another position on Big Black river, a distance of about six miles. The losses on both sides were extremely heavy. The Missourians became engaged about noon. Their position was in a skirt of timbered lands about one mile in width, and here in this timber we fought for 2 1/2 long hours without any relief whatever, and a great deal of the time at close range.

Our part of the line (and I am not saying this boastingly) succeeded in breaking Grant's center, and driving them back through the wooded country and into the open fields beyond. Us boys thought we were gaining a great victory, and we were justified in this belief, from the fact that we knew what we were doing. We knew we were driving them in our front, but of course we were ignorant as to what was going on in other portions of the field. Our losses were very heavy, but fortunately not one of my neighbor boys were injured. I was hit by a spent ball, which lodged in the joint of my right elbow. I picked the ball out with my left hand, put it in my pocket and went ahead. I carried this ball most two years, but finally lost it. At this time our brigade was in fine fettle, and many compliments were bestowed upon us by officers high up for our conduct in the day's struggle.

May 17 we were vigorously assailed at Big Black Bridge. Pemberton had posted a few regiments with some light artillery on the east side of the river to defend this bridge. Why he did this foolish thing was always a mystery. There was not a boy in our company but who would have exercised better judgment. The result of this rash act was the loss of several batteries of artillery and about 1200 men made prisoners. Furthermore, it had a very demoralizing effect on the entire army.

After this fiasco we were marched into the defenses around Vicksburg, a distance of fourteen miles from Big Black, and here we awaited the coming of the enemy. I never knew who was responsible for us being cooped up in this place. Most of us blamed Pemberton for it, but he may have been carrying out orders of his superior officers--we do not know. It was evident all the while that he made no effort to avoid being hemmed in.

The day following the Big Black disaster the siege of Vicksburg began. Grant encircled the city with his vast hosts, and immediately began a systematic course of operations. This was the 18th day of May, 1863. If my memory serves me right, and I am writing this entirely from memory, General Pemberton's army numbered about 39,000 men, all told. In his previous engagements he had lost quite heavily of his artillery, and this arm of the service was very weak. He had no cavalry of any consequence, and didn't need any. He had a few good river batteries that held the Federal fleet at bay, but the burden of the defense of course fell on the infantry.

The position we occupied was naturally a strong one, and having been previously fortified with parapets and rifle pits, made it well nigh impregnable. Our line of battle around the city was possibly four miles in length, with forts or parapets built at all the angles and connected by a line of rifle pits.

Here we took our respective positions and defied the enemy to do his worst. I do not know how many men Grant had, but I do know he had enough to wrap around us two or three times and then some.

The eighteenth was spent mostly maneuvering and feeling our position, apparently trying to find our weak points, and on the following day Grant made a determined effort to break our lines. His main attack was centered on Fort Beauregard at the northeast angle of our works. He hurled his forces against this point with great determination. The fort was occupied by the 27th Louisiana infantry, and it was said this was the first time this regiment had ever been under fire. If this be true, it was simply magnificent for they stood their ground and met every assault with stubborn resistance equal to veterans.

After they had been engaged for more than an hour and their ammunition was mostly exhausted, the Second Missouri Infantry was sent to their support, a distance of about one half mile. But just previous to this our captain, Samuel Livingston, while giving instructions to his men, was pierced by a musket ball, from the effects of which he soon afterward died, and in less than an hour from the time Captain Livingston fell my last and only original messmate, Jimmie Venable, received his death wound.

You will remember I told you in the beginning to keep these boys in your mind and see what became of them. Now you know--all dead, all buried in Mississippi, three killed in battle and two died of sickness. Myself, the least worthy of them all it appears to me, the only survivor of this bunch of boys who two years before entered into compact, to take no one else into the mess so long as we all should live--and we kept the faith.

Now we will drop back to our support of the 27th Louisiana. As soon as we arrived at the fort they withdrew and we took their places. The enemy was still making desperate assaults, sending up regiment after regiment, only to be shot down or compelled to throw down their guns and become prisoners. Egbert Williams, a member of our company was killed in this engagement, shot through the brain and died instantly. This was the third member of our company killed this day, and several others were wounded.

We held our position against repeated assaults, and sometimes at the point of the bayonet until night fall, when the enemy withdrew to their own entrenchments, which they had erected about 600 yards in front of our own. I have always believed had General Grant made as determined an effort on the 18th as he did on this day he would have been more successful, for at that time our troops were somewhat demoralized from the effects of defeats sustained a few days before at Baker's creek and Big Black, but this is only speculative.

The 20th and 21st days were comparatively quiet, but the enemy of course were tightening up their lines all the while and closing in on us, so there could be no possible chance of escape. A----had occupied Fort Beauregard about two weeks we were relieved by some other command and sent to Fort Hill. Fort Hill was

defended at this time by the 6th Missouri Infantry, commanded by Colonel Eugene Irwin. This fort was situated on the Jackson road about three-fourths miles south of Beauregard, and very near the center of the Confederate lines.

At this point, we faced directly to the east, and it appeared to be the key to the whole situation. It was in front of this fort that General Grant concentrated the flower of his army, under the command of Generals McPherson and John A. Logan, with the determination of reducing the fort at all hazards. They kept up a continuous and merciless fire, both day and night.

This is the place, after several weeks of struggle and thousands had been slain, that the enemy finally succeeded in getting their works right up against those of the Confederates, and it was here the sappers and miners tunneled under the fort and planted their mines. We knew what they were doing, and expected an explosion several days before it occurred. The 2nd and 6th Missouri regiments of infantry alternated in defending the fort. Each regiment would stay in 24 hours. While off duty we bivouaced at the foot of the hill to the rear of the fort, about 150 yards distant.

It so happened that when the mine was touched off the 6th Missouri was occupying the fort. This was a scene that beggars description, and one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. As soon as the explosion took place the 2nd Missouri, almost to a man and without orders grabbed their muskets and rushed to the fort to the assistance of their comrades--the poor 6th Missouri Infantry, that grand old regiment was almost annihilated. We got to their rescue none too soon for no sooner had the mine been exploded than the enemy began to pour a merciless rain of shot and shell into this almost defenselty position.

It was estimated that more than 100 cannon belched forth their deadly missiles on this occasion. Then their legions of infantry advanced in solid columns with fixed bayonets and a mighty shout to take possession of this sacred spot. And on they came, firing volley after volley as they advanced only to be hurled back--by what? Why, by the 2nd Missouri Infantry, assisted by the 6th. But soon Col. McCown, with the 5th Missouri rallied to our support and then, after a long and desperate struggle for the mastery, and when it seemed we could not hold out much longer that grand old 3rd Louisiana, the regiment that had distinguished itself so often on other fields, came rushing to our support. And here we remained that live long day, under one of the most galling fires that a devoted soldiery was ever subjected to. We held our position against some of the more ferocious assaults that were ever known in war. But at what a cost! What a fearful loss of life it was! It was here that Col. Irwin, commanding the 6th Missouri gave up his life. Captain Senteny, commanding Co. A, was killed.

Among my personal companions who were either killed or wounded were John O'neil, William Martin, brother to Wallace, Creed Glasscock, P.H. Devinna, John E. Price, Wm. Palmer, Thos. Gilmore and others. Although my gun was shot out of my hands, I escaped without injury.

After the explosion at Fort Hill, about the 18th or 20th of June I think, the enemy settled down and resumed their former tactics to reduce the garrison. History tells us that General Pemberton capitulated on the 4th day of July 1863. We are taught that. Our children have been taught that it is true. But I want to say here and now that it is false teaching.

The truth is this: Shortly after noon, on the 3rd day of July, Gen. Grant, commanding the Federal forces and General Pemberton commanding the Confederate forces agreed to an armistice, to see if they could come to terms of surrender. These two commanders, with a few staff officers, met in person, and in plain view only a short distance in front of Ft. Hill on the Jackson road. Everything was still as death. Not a shot could be heard on any part of the lines. Here these two officers did agree on the terms of surrender. I have no doubt that Pemberton agreed with Grant that the records could show the surrender was made on the 4th day of July. But there was never a shot fired from musket nor cannon from either side after the hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon of July 3, 1863.

Now, reader, think of it. Here was General Pemberton who had allowed himself cooped up, with about 39,000 men at his command. Out of this number he lost 12,000, killed and wounded. He therefore surrendered General Grant 27,000 fighting men.

This siege lasted from the 18th day of May until the 4th day of July--forty-seven days. Most all this time Pemberton's army subsisted on about one-fourth ration, of very inferior grub--such as hard tack, bacon, sorghum molasses, rice, mule meat and cow peas mixed and cooked with corn meal, which they called corn bread. Uh! I can taste those cow peas to this day.

I will relate an incident that happened here, then we will drop Vicksburg and pass on. Up in Missouri a couple of my friends by the names of Jack Hushaw and James Estes had been arrested by the Federal authorities on account of their Southern sympathy, and were confined in prison at St. Louis. After a few months imprisonment they were offered their release provided they would enlist in the United States service. They agreed to these terms and were sworn in and enlisted in some Federal regiment, and immediately went into active service. After a few months Estes deserted his command and came direct to our company, where he had many friends and acquaintances and enlisted in the Confederate service. Hushaw remained in the Federal service, and his regiment participated in the siege and capture of Vicksburg.

After the downfall of Vicksburg, and we had been duly paroled, we were allowed to pass out, our command going east on the Jackson road. Estes was naturally very much concerned over his predicament. Had he been detected, he could not have expected anything short of death for the offense he had committed. Death is the penalty for a deserter in times of war. On the day we marched out, we passed many picket lines and sentinels stationed along the route. About eight miles out Hushaw and two other guards were stationed by the roadside along which we had to travel, on the lookout for Estes. Hushaw was supposed to point him out when detected. Hushaw being

an old neighbor, we were naturally glad to see him, and many of us stopped long enough to give him a friendly greeting. But Estes, of course, didn't stop. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but kept straight ahead. He guessed their business but made no demonstration whatever. Hushaw espied him but kept mum.

After we stopped for the night, a few miles further out, Hushaw all alone came to our camp about ten o'clock, and there remained with us several hours in friendly conversation. Estes joyfully participated in the meeting, as he now, for the first time since the surrender, felt secure. Hushaw told us how he had been detailed to watch for Estes, and how he didn't see him, etc., which was very interesting and amusing to us boys and most especially to Estes. Hushaw at heart was a Southern sympathizer, and would not have reported him at all, unless compelled to do so. But this was really a close call for Jim Estes. About a year later Estes was shot in the head at the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia. Though not killed, he was disabled for life and died several years later from the effects of the wound.

The second day out on our march from Vicksburg, my friend, Tom Snorgrass, and I decided to break ranks and take care of ourselves for awhile. Our object was to make a detour into the country, with a view to getting more to eat than we had been accustomed to, and join our command at our pleasure. We were enroute to Demopolis, Alabama, where the parole camp had been established. Demopolis was a beautiful little town of about 800 inhabitants, situated on the banks of the Tombigbee river, on the western border of the State. Tom and I hiked out across the country and at noon stopped at a farm house to get dinner. The lady of the house, a good old soul, very cheerfully prepared the meal; and it goes without saying we did justice to the occasion. After satisfying our hungry appetites and preparing to move on, the lady, Mrs. Oldham, seemed to have a very sympathetic feeling for us, and rather insisted on our stopping with them awhile and rest up.

In the eyes of the people at that time, we were heroes of Vicksburg, and we were from that big Missouri, a long way from home. There was nothing too good for us Missouri boys. We thanked her for her hospitality, but declined the offer, bade her goodbye and passed on. But after traveling a few miles we reconsidered the matter. At Tom's suggestion we returned and accepted the offer and was soon installed into the family. Tom was two years older than me, and of course it was but natural for him to act as spokesman, and I generally yielded to his wishes. At this time, I was 18 years old and he was 20. There were a couple of very nice looking young ladies at the place, Misses Minnie and Sarah, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Oldham, and it may be possible that this had something to do with our retracing our steps. However that may be, it appeared later that they were already appropriated by two members of the 6th Texas Cavalry, who were making their headquarters in this vicinity. Miss Minnie was the fiancee of sergeant W.H. Bond, and a soldier by the name of Henry seemed to hold a first mortgage on Miss Sarah. This last was very much to my displeasure as I couldn't even secure a second mortgage. These two girls reminded me very much of the first novel I ever read, the title of which was, "Fannie and Julia, or Sunshine and Tempest". In this case as in the other Minnie was

Tempest while Sarah represented Fannie. She was all sunshine, cheerful and happy. Their father was a Methodist preacher, an able divine and a fine old gentleman. An older sister to the girls Mrs. Fannie Kirk, lived six miles distant on a farm of her own. Her husband, Wm. Kirk, was killed a year previous. Fannie was about 25 years old, and the mother of a little son who bore the name of his father. She was well poised, a most charming woman, and a fine entertainer. She had discarded her mourning weeds and apparently was on the carpet again for a second matrimonial venture.

The first Sunday after we stopped at Oldham's, Mrs. Kirk came to visit her parents. On taking her leave that evening, she invited us to visit her at her home. We assured her we would do so, and did the very first opportunity that present itself. She had a horse and buggy that she placed at our disposal, and by this means Tom and I kept the road pretty hot between her house and that of her parents. But in this case Tom fell to her graces, and I was used as a kind of go-between. But I do not desire to leave the impression that Fannie was not kind to me, for she was. I know she thought well of me, and many, many pleasant hours we enjoyed in each other's company. It soon became evident that Snorgrass was infatuated with her. I was too, but was young and bashful and did not press my suit. Snorgrass was much bolder, and during the stay he almost changed his boarding place. In fact, he became so persistent in his attentions to Mrs. Kirk that her mother manifested her displeasure in such a way that we thought best to move on. So, after a sojourn of six weeks with these good people we took our leave, and proceeded to the parole camp at Demapolis, Alabama.

There was one thing, however, in connection with this love affair that I could never understand. In those days there were no secrets between Tom and me. Everything went. And he told me afterward that he had asked Fannie to become his wife, but that she rejected him. I never doubted his word. The most astonishing part of it was, she afterward married a man named Moore, of the 6th Texas cavalry. I knew him well. He was not Tom's equal in any respect--intelligence, looks or anything else. Tom was a handsome man, while Moore was scrawny and of ordinary intelligence. It may be possible she knew Tom was engaged to another girl and did not desire to break into his matrimonial arrangements. But if she did know it, I was not the one who told her, although I knew it be a fact.

After our departure from Oldham's Tom wanted to go up to north Mississippi, and asked me to accompany him. He had not seen Maggie Mull for about four months, though they had been corresponding regularly except the time we were in Vicksburg.

Up to this time I had never seen any of the Mull family, but he told me what a good girl Maggie was and how she had nursed and doctored him while he lay there wounded, and made him well again. And then he drew down one eye a little and told me sorter confidentially that Maggie had a sister Ellen, and she was a very sweet girl, and just as good as she could be. She was just about my age. Well, what would you have done had you been in my place--consented to go with him? That is exactly what I did.

We first went to Demopolis and drew what wages were due us, and then applied for a leave of absence for forty days. But this request was denied us. A pass for four days was all they would allow us. We took the pass, put on our best clothes and made the start. After getting well under way we changed the letters and figures so as to make the pass read forty instead of four days. This was more than sufficient time to take us to our destination.

After we arrived at Captain Mull's we needed no furlough, for he was the high muck-a-muck of all that region, and Tom Snorgrass was his prospective son-in-law and he had brought his frield Billy Kavanaugh along as his guest. "Yes, my boys," he would say, "make my root your shelter, my home your home, and no harm will come to you." The old captain kept a portion of his company in camp all the time and ready for action. He visited the camp often, but would return home almost every night to look after home affairs. I have previously described his family to you--Jim, Maggie, Ellen, Tom, Josephine and Sadie.

After we were installed into the new home, and you might say as members of the family, we began to make ourselves as handy as possible, by helping the Captain look after his affairs, and making ourselves useful as well as ornamental. Jim was home on furlough, recuperating from a gun-shot wound he had gotten somewhere, and his brother Tom was still doing nothing and complaining of being tired.

On our arrival at Mull's we found another personage who seemed to be making his home here. In fact, he seemed to me to be very much at home. This man, George Johnson by name, claimed he belonged to Morgan's command of Kentucky cavalry. I always had my doubts about this being true. My private opinion was, he was a guerilla, or bushwhacker, if you please. I had reasons later on that justified this conclusion. He was a big raw-boned fellow of immense strength, and possibly thirty years old. He was very reticent in conversation and left the impression on one that he had something to tell if he wanted to, but didn't want to.

I knew not where he came from, nor did I know his business, but I did soon discover that he was paying court to Ellen. The next thing I felt most interest in was how she regarded him, and put my faculties to work to fathom her feelings toward him. Of course I was at some disadvantage on account of Johnson being an older acquaintance of the family. Nevertheless, I persisted in my efforts reasonably encouraged by Ellen herself, and also by the other members of the family. The natural consequences were that in a very short time Johnson and I were open rivals for the affections of Ellen.

Now, I never did admire the name of Ellen, I never thought the name pretty, but I was soon persuaded that the owner of this name was really a pretty black-eyed girl, and the more Johnson pressed his suit the more I was convinced she was not only pretty but that she was also a good girl, at least she was good to me during all this strife and turmoil.

Tom and Maggie were having all sorts of fun at our expense, they having nothing else to do but bask in each others' smiles. Their troubled seas had all been crossed, and it appeared now their sailing would be forever smooth. But alas, how true the saying, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

Time flitted rapidly these days, and everything was going well with me. Indeed I began to feel that I really was of some importance, but Ellen was personally responsible for my egotism.

After a few weeks of this pleasant life, Johnson proposed one day to Tom and me that we do something. He had a few good horses, pistols and other accouterments of war and he suggested that we make a raid up into the edge of Tennessee, some fifty or sixty miles distant. The Federals had possession of all that territory along the Memphis & Charleston railway that skirts the State of Tennessee. And here Tom and I did the most foolish thing that two boys were ever guilty of. At this time we were prisoners of war. We had taken an oath that we would not again take up arms against the Federal government until legally exchanged by our government. But what did we care for a little thing like this. We agreed to go with Johnson and were soon ready for the mount. We had our parole papers in our pockets. Hadn't even sense enough to leave them with the girls, and had we been captured with these papers on our persons there could have been but one result--we would have been put to death almost without a trial. But we had become pretty tough by this time, and it was the least of our expectations to be taken alive.

On the 15th of September, everything being in readiness, we kissed the girls good-bye and galloped away to the north. In due time we arrived in the vicinity of Lagrange, on the Memphis & Charleston railway. On the morning of our arrival here, about three o'clock we had a very thrilling experience with the enemy. We had stopped at a farm house to get a drink of water, and without disturbing the family went direct to the cistern. While here a detachment of the 8th Illinois cavalry rode up on us almost before we could get into our saddles. They immediately opened fire with their six shooters at very close range. We had no avenue of escape except to dash through their lines, and this we did with very commendable rapidity and firing as we went. We were soon out of harms reach. We had only star light and could not tell if we had done any execution. At least fifty shots were fired, but none of us were injured.

The following day we established our camp, or hiding place rather, in the bottoms of Duck river, about four miles distant from Lagrange, where the 8th Illinois cavalry were on duty. From this point we operated mostly by night. It was while in this country I was fully convinced that Johnson was a regular bushwhacker. He seemed to be acquainted with all the roads and could tell us who lived at the different farm houses, etc. While here he requested us not to divulge his name to any one in the neighborhood, and he also kept secluded, never appearing at any of the homes in the day time.

While Johnson, Snorgrass and I were camped in the bottoms of Duck river, it devolved on me most of the time to provide the grub, which was a very pleasant duty. We obtained most of our provisions from a good old southern gentleman named Stafford. He lived on the main traveled road about one mile from our rendezvous. To this man's house I would go almost every evening, just after dark, for our daily rations. Here I spent many pleasant evenings with him and his family. He was kind enough to keep one of his boys on watch for me, in case the enemy should approach.

One rather amusing incident occurred when we decided to quit these parts. Stafford told me there was a negro man in the neighborhood who had caused a great deal of trouble to the Southern people, and they would be glad to get rid of him. He lived with his wife in a cabin near Lagrange, and Stafford offered us \$50 to take him out of the country, which we all agreed to. The cabin was but a short distance from the bridge across Duck river, and a troop of cavalry was stationed at the bridge, both day and night. This necessitated quick and noiseless work when we should swoop down on the negro. The cabin was situated in an opening. We tied our horses in a near-by thicket and walked to the home. The moon was shining brightly and all things earthly were exceedingly calm. On reaching the premises Johnson stationed himself on the south side of the house and I took a position on the north side, to guard against an attack of the enemy, while Snorgrass made a forcible entry through the only door to the shack. It required but a few moments to get the negro in readiness to travel, although he made a strong protest.

No sooner had we started with the prisoner, than his wife ran toward the bridge screaming at the top of her voice. This only caused us to hasten speed to our horses. The boys threw the negro up behind me, to which I entered no protest, but I did not like it a bit, for we expected trouble from the rear or the front, or both, and in case of fight I knew that with the negro hugging me from behind I would be at a great disadvantage. All being mounted, we put out at a break-neck speed on the same road we came, with Johnson about thirty yards in front and Snorgrass about the same distance in my rear. In this order we headed straight for Stafford's, where we halted and called for some drinking water. Stafford brought the water and of course this gave him a chance to see the negro. He took him by the hand and spoke very kindly, expressing great delight at seeing him that night, but no doubt he hoped never to see him again on earth.

After the business part of this meeting had been transacted, we bade Stafford a friendly adieu and headed directly to the south. By 4 o'clock in the morning we had traversed many miles, with the negro still clinging to me. He complained to feeling sore when Johnson proposed that we put the prisoner on his horse and Snorgrass and I would take him on south and make some disposition of him, and he (Johnson) would remain here alone for the present and follow up a few days later. We agreed to this and left Johnson by the roadside. We desired to put as many miles between us and the enemy by daylight as possible, so we traveled at a pretty good pace until sunup. Here we came to a well-to-do looking farm house and stopped to feed our tired horses and get something to eat and

a little rest for ourselves. After feeding the horses and stowing the old darkey away in a cabin near by, we lay down on the porch while awaiting our breakfast. The man of the house promised to look after the prisoner while we slept.

After a couple of hours perhaps, of good solid sleep the gentleman of the house came rushing to us excitedly, crying at the top of his voice, "Men! men! get up quick, the negro is gone!" and sure enough he was gone, and he was kind enough not to rifle our pockets before hastening away a-foot. We made a little search in the immediate neighborhood but never struck his trail, and soon gave up the chase.

Several months after this I learned through reliable sources that the darkey returned home in due time and straightway filed complaint against old man Stafford and had him arrested, but I never heard what punishment, if any, they inflicted on him. I always regretted this occurrence, for I knew Stafford would naturally think we acted in bad faith and allowed the darkey to escape on purpose. But we did not, we were simply tired and worn out and were not vigilant enough. We intended to take the negro to Mobile and get what we could for him and let them work him on the breast-works. If we had succeeded it would have been a plain case of peonage.

After this little fiasco we returned to Capt. Mull's as quickly as possible. A couple of days later Johnson came in, riding one horse and leading another, but he never did tell us of whom he bought them nor what they cost him. We found our people all quite well and they let on like they were really glad to see us. The next few weeks were spent quietly at this home, and then our young spirits began to yearn for something more adventurous, and we got it. We planned another raid up north. Armed with rifles, pistols and our parole papers we were soon off at a lively gait. This expedition proved more disastrous than the first one. We headed toward Memphis and on the second day's march we learned there were a few scattering Federal soldiers in a village just below Memphis. We decided at once to attack them, if their numbers didn't appear too large. We approached the place cautiously and espied possibly half a dozen Federals in the outskirts of town. We determined to charge, and if possible, take them by surprise. By our boldness they would naturally think we were the advance of a large body, but in this they were mistaken. When we went rushing on them firing and yelling like demons they took to their heels and running through back yards and alleys they made good their escape, all except one who received a scalp wound and fell into our hands a prisoner. The loss on our side was one man killed and one horse wounded. Geo. Johnson was shot through the body and immediately turning in his saddle cried out to us, "Boys, I'm killed!"

A more reckless, daring or braver cavalier than George Johnson never lived. After he received his death wound and realized the gravity of it he stayed in his saddle and rode that little bay mare at least one-fourth of a mile before he yielded and allowed us to lift him down. He lived only a few hours. We took his body to a farm house and arranged with the man of the home to give it a decent burial. This was the enemy's country and we could not

remain here long. If Johnson had any kith or kin he never told it. Where he hailed from we had no idea. He kept his own secrets and made no confidants. We reported the circumstances of his death to Capt. Mull and there the matter dropped. Of Johnson's belongings Tom and I appropriated his money, watch, arms and ammunition, to our own use. He had something more than \$100 in cash. We turned his horses over to Capt. Mull and he assigned them to his command.

Tom and I were undoubtedly getting the full benefit of the furlough. The autumn days had come and gone. We had not returned to our command at the expiration of our leave of absence, consequently we were reported as deserters. In the meantime an exchange of prisoners had been effected and we were included in this exchange. The Missouri troops had been reorganized, the ranks had become so depleted it was necessary to consolidate the different companies and regiments in order to keep up a semblance of discipline. The old 1st and 2nd Missouri brigades had been consolidated into one and was ever afterwards known as the 1st Missouri Brigade. This brigade included all the Missouri troops east of the Mississippi river. A new line of officers had been elected, with F.M. Cockrell, who had been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, in command, and a noble commander he was. We had been keeping tab on the movements of our command through the daily papers, and wanted to return, but were afraid, as it was now near Christmas and we had been absent about four months without permission. Just what was best to do we hardly knew but finally decided to take chances, for we had never really intended to desert. We reasoned this way--there was no use in both subjecting ourselves to punishment, so we decided it best for just one to return and report for duty, and if everything was alright he could notify the other and then we could go in. It was first agreed that Tom go first, but upon reflection it was decided that I go first for the reason that Col. Flourney, our regimental commander, for some cause unknown to us, thought very highly of me, and he therefore might be more lenient than he otherwise would be. And so I went.

Our command had established winter quarters at Meridian, Mississippi, to which point I went direct. On my arrival I was immediately notified by Lieutenant Frank Madole that my name had been placed on the deserter's list, and he at once took me to Col. Flourney's headquarters and here is about what took place: Madole saluted the Colonel and related my case and asked what would be his pleasure. The Colonel replied: "Hello, Kavanaugh, how are you? Where have you been, and why have you been absent so long?"

I drew myself up to my full height and told him I had been up in North Mississippi the last few months, and the reason I had not reported sooner was on account of my health; I had been sick and not able for duty. This was partly true and partly false. I had really been sick, and my looks were proof of it, but that was not the real reason why I had tarried so long, O, no. He then asked me if I had voluntarily returned, with the intention of taking my place in the ranks, to which I answered that I certainly had, or I would not have returned. He then turned to Madole and told him to restore me at once, and he didn't even give me a reprimand. I thanked him for his kindness, and returned to camp feeling quite jubilant.

On the same day I wrote Snorgrass to come at once, that everything was alright, but he failed to come. He didn't even answer my letter. He was having too good a time. He would tarry a little while longer in Jericho. The remainder of the winter months were passed in the usual routine of duties incident to camp life. Ellen wrote me regularly each week and kept me posted as to what was going on at home.

Now it is springtime, 1864. Gen. Leonidas Polk is the Commander in Chief of all the troops in Mississippi. General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the armies of Northern Georgia is being sorely pressed by General Sherman. Polk has received orders to marshal his forces and go to the assistance of Johnston, and in compliance with the order and to strengthen his regiment as much as possible, he issued a proclamation that he would pardon all deserters from the ranks who would return within twenty days, to their respective commands. Snorgrass seized the opportunity and returned under the call and rejoined the command while we were on the march to join Johnston in north Georgia.

This was a long and wearisome trip. We hoofed it across the entire state of Alabama, but our command was in fine shape and ready for any emergency. We are now entering one of the most strenuous campaigns that was waged during the civil war. It was Turk against Turk, Sherman against Johnston, Sherman with his hundred thousand or more, and Johnston with his sixty thousand or less, fighting by day and fighting by night, fighting all the time somewhere along the line.

What is known in history as the Georgia campaign commenced in April, 1864, away up about Resaca, and ended about the first of September at the downfall of Atlanta. Gen. Polk with his command joined Johnston about the middle of April at Rome, Georgia. I will not attempt to particularize the different engagements we participated in during that campaign, but will mention the most important ones. The first was at Resaca, then Kingston, New Hope Church, the Latimer House, Lost Mountain, Kennesaw Mountain, Pine Mountain, Marietta, Peach Tree Creek, and lastly, Atlanta, where we fought them for six solid weeks before we gave up the city.

On Pine Mountain our beloved corps commander, Gen. Leonidas Polk, was killed, his body being almost torn in two by a shell from the enemy's batteries. Peach Tree Creek is the place where General Benjamin Harrison distinguished himself, of which we heard so much during the campaign of 1888. During the siege of Atlanta General Johnston was superceded by Maj. General John B. Hood, much to the dissatisfaction of the entire rank and file of the army. I have never yet seen a soldier who served under Johnston in this campaign who did not think he was equal to any and second to none of all the great generals of the civil war.

Johnston's removal was brought about by the citizenship of the country. A great clamor of discontent had gone up, dissatisfaction prevailed everywhere and President Davis yielded to these mutterings. It is true the confederate army lost territory. It was pressed back inch by inch, day by day, by sheer force of strength

but I will venture the assertion and challenge contradiction that Sherman rejoiced at heart when he learned that Johnston had been relieved of the command. Atlanta was evacuated about the first of September, and after its fall General Sherman busied himself preparing for his famous march to the sea. General Hood, now commanding the Confederate forces was equally busy preparatory to his flank movement and bold march to the North again.

About the 10th day of September Hood moved out from his position at Love Joy Station, a small town about forty miles south of Atlanta, to the left and west of Sherman's army, which was entrenched around the city. Hood succeeded, without much difficulty in gaining Sherman's rear, striking the road running north at Kennesaw mountain. The march up North was very much like the one to the South--it was fight, fight all the while. With General Schofield's army in our front, and a portion of Sherman's hammering on our rear kept us most uncomfortably busy. The principal engagements on this campaign were Altoona Mountain, Georgia, and at the crossing of the Tennessee river, near Florence, Alabama; Franklin and Nashville, Tennessee. In order that you may have some understanding of the difficulties and obstacles that Hood had to overcome, I will tell you that it took him three long months--September, October and November, and a part of December--to reach Nashville, Tennessee, his objective point.

Before following up the fortunes of Hood and his army, or misfortunes if you please, I must chronicle an event that was of vastly more importance to me than the taking of Nashville or the crossing of the Tennessee river, or anything else connected with this campaign. Since leaving Captain Mull's, almost one year now, Ellen and I had kept up a regular correspondence. Most every week I would receive a loving letter from her, and in all our correspondence, no matter how serious a subject she was dwelling on, there would be mingled throughout a streak of mirth or flash of wit, or something to make one feel better. Her natural-born cheerfulness would instill itself into the lives of others with whom she came in contact. But several weeks had now passed and no letters, no word from any source could I get. What could this delay mean? There surely must be something wrong. I waited impatiently. No tidings, nothing could I hear. I became worried almost to desperation.

I was down hearted and almost desperate, because I did not hear from Ellen, when one day the carrier brought me a letter. I saw at a glance the writing was that of Maggie Mull. I opened the letter rather nervously and scanned the lines hurriedly. Maggie informed me that her sister Ellen had several weeks prior died from fever, the exact date of her death being October 12, 1864. On that very day I was twenty years old, having been born October 12, 1844--a singular coincidence. On receipt of this sad news I sought a secluded spot where no eye could see and sat there alone in meditation on the uncertainty of life. I immediately answered the letter as best I could and from that time on for several years Maggie and I were regular correspondents. It is proper to state here that while Snorgrass and Maggie had been lovers, an estrangement had taken place before he returned to his command, and they never again became reconciled. Tom went to Northern Illinois, where his Missouri fiance had recently moved. Her father's family had been banished from Missouri on account of their Southern sympathy and here Tom Snorgrass and Sallie A. Briscoe were married.

I must now return to the operations of Hood and his army in Tennessee. General Schofield was stubbornly resisting the advance of Hood into Tennessee, but on the 20th of November Hood forced a passage of the river at Ruscumbia, Alabama. His army was composed of three corps of infantry, under the command, respectively of Generals Stewart, (Polk's old command), Cheatham, (Hardee's old command) and Stephen D. Lee, (Hood's old corps), and one corps of cavalry commanded by General Forrest. Each command was supplied fairly well with light artillery.

Our commissary train had been left far to the rear, and as General Hood himself expressed it, we were now "living on our own resources." After crossing the Tennessee river, General Hood took the Columbia pike and headed direct for Nashville via Ringgold and Franklin. With Schofield in his front, with a considerable army obstructing his advance at every opportunity, his progress was necessarily slow. But finally, on the 30th day of November, 1864, Schofield was pressed so hard that he either had to abandon his wagon train or give battle. He chose the latter, and made a stand at Franklin about eighteen miles south of Nashville. The position was well taken. Earthwork had previously been constructed and they were now utilized, for the protection of his army.

Hood lost no time in lining up his men. With Cheatham on the left, Stewart on the right and Lee's corps in the rear and center, by 4 o'clock in the afternoon he was ready to throw his army against these almost impregnable breastworks. And here occurred one of the most bloody and desperate assaults that took place during the civil war. I except none, not even Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, or Cleburne at Chicamauga, or Longstreet's assault at Cold Harbor, as compared to numbers engaged or length of time it lasted.

With a gentle breeze from the south and a clear sky, the day was most beautiful. Everything was as still as death until the signal to move forward was given. The enemy's lines were in full view. Gen. Forrest with his cavalry opened the attack on the extreme right. Simultaneous with Forrest, Stewart and Cheatham moved forward on the left and right center, with Lee closing up from the rear. I think we had about four lines of battle in regular formation. The 1st Missouri Brigade was in the fourth or reserve line. These different lines of attack were formed at a distance of about 200 yards of each other. With our Missouri troops was a splendid brass band that advanced in line and cheered us on with the strains of "Dixie," and "The Bold Soldier Boy." Do you ask what became of the musicians? Well, they never played another air after this day. They were entirely put out of business. But the band suffered no worse, in proportion, than other divisions of the army. Sending a band in under fire was a new departure in our service.

The Missouri brigade, commanded by General Cockrell, occupied very nearly the center of the lines of the attacking party. We had fought many battles, but never in all our history had we gone into battle with better discipline or prouder steps than on this occasion. In our front was a double line of entrenchments, about 300 yards apart, defended by seasoned troops, all veterans. The

time had long since passed when you could stampede such troops as these. By the time we got within five or six hundred yards of their works, we began to lose heavily. Their artillery from the parapets would tear great holes through our ranks with shot, shell and cannister, but immediately and just like clock work the gaps would close up, and forward we pressed, reserving our fire for close quarters. We went over the first line of works without a halt, and but few of the enemy from this line made their escape. They were killed, wounded or made prisoners. But before we reached the second line, more than fifty per cent of our men had fallen.

And here I witnessed a sight such as I never want to see again. It was not sundown, but so dark from the smoke of battle one could not see further than twenty yards distant. I do not believe it would be an exaggeration to say that between the two lines I could have walked on the dead and wounded without touching the ground. This sounds a little extravagant, but it is true. The conflict where the opposing forces met in hand to hand encounter was indeed appalling. At some places the dead were piled up on top of each other two and three deep. This, also, sounds extravagant, but nevertheless it is true.

Where my immediate command struck the works, an old cotton gin stood about twenty feet back of the entrenchments, and here on this identical spot, a monument has been erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy, to the memory of the fallen dead at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee. A deadly conflict along the line was kept up until after dark, the opposing forces being separated only by a small embankment of earthworks, about 4½ feet high and three feet thick. Generals Stewart and Cheatham failed to dislodge them, but on the arrival of General Stephen D. Lee shortly after dark, with reserve forces, the enemy quietly withdrew across the river and took up a line of march to Nashville, which place was being daily reinforced with fresh troops.

I do not remember the number of casualties in this engagement, but it was appalling. On the Confederate side, we lost fifteen general officers. Five were killed, nine wounded and one made prisoner. This was a tremendous loss of general officers in one battle, but the losses to other line officers, such as colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, etc., were in proportion to that of the general officers. The rank and file suffered the same.

Now let me tell you what became of that proud old First Missouri Brigade. It was almost wiped from the face of the earth. In the entire command there were only three or four officers left unhurt, and one of them was Col. Flournoy, the commander of my regiment, the same Flournoy who refused to punish me for my little bad conduct in North Mississippi the year before. Out of the entire brigade there were less than 300 men left able for duty. Col. Flournoy being the ranking officer of those left, was placed in full command of the remnants of the old brigade, and ordered back to the South to garrison some little fort on the Tennessee river. And this little band, only a few hundred now, was all that was left of that once magnificent body of men who had crossed the

Mississippi river, two and a half years before more than 8000 strong. This was a very unwise attack on the part of General Hood, and still more foolish when he advanced on to Nashville, eighteen miles further to the north, with an army that had been literally butchered at Franklin. Instead of being on the offense he should have been on the defense and retired to the South as fast as possible.

Now, if you will pardon me, I will give you a little of my own experience in the battle of Franklin, Tennessee. I was in this fight, right in the thickest of it. I had been in many hard fought battles and had felt the sting of bullets, but here at Franklin it seemed to me the air was full and running over with flying missiles of death, and yet I was not touched.

It fell to my lot to strike their works right at the gin house mentioned before, and after one of the most desparate struggles I ever witnessed, which lasted possibly thirty minutes, but seemingly hours, General Gordon, of Tennessee, who was commanding that part of the line, to save further bloodshed ordered a surrender.

Then and there six hundred and twenty officers and men laid down their arms and became prisoners of war, and I was one of the six hundred and twenty. One other member of my company, John Hanger, of Monroe county, Mo., was with me. We two were the only ones of our company who reached the ditch. Hanger was shot through the calf of the leg, just a few moments before the surrender. All other members of our company, except five had been either killed or wounded in the advance movement, mostly wounded, some slight and others seriously. My old friend and neighbor, before and since the war, Wm. B. Dudley, fell in this battle about thirty feet from the works. A ball penetrated his arm and body, passing clear through. He was thought to have been killed outright. He soon became unconscious and lay in his own blood on the cold ground all night long and until the middle of the afternoon the next day. The Infirmary Corps, whose duty it was to look after the, neglected Dudley for the reason he was supposed to be mortally wounded, and they directed their attention first to those they had hopes of saving. But Dudley didn't die. He lingered long in the hospital before he finally recovered. He is now seventy-three years old. I have often told him the reason he did not die from this fearful wound was because of his infernal contrariness. This was the second time he had been seriously wounded during the war.

I will now revert to my own case. After the surrender the prisoners were lined up and put on the road toward Nashville, with a heavy guard on either side. We arrived at Nashville the following day and were placed in the penitentiary building, for safe keeping one day and night. This was the only term I ever served in the penitentiary, and it was of short duration. As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made we were placed on a freight train and shipped direct to Chicago via Louisville and Michigan City.

Early in the morning of December 5, 1864, we were landed in prison at Camp Douglas on the Lake. The first thing, we were thoroughly searched for any valuables or contraband goods that might be found on our persons. The only article they divested me of was an oil cloth cape that belonged to the U.S. Government, but which I had captured in a fair fight at Altoona Mountain, Ga., about two months previous. I was very proud of this cape. Being made especially for infantry service, it was of great protection, particularly in the rain. Next, every man was vaccinated. We were then assigned to our respective quarters and initiated into the mysteries of prison life.

It was estimated there were near 10,000 prisoners here at this time, and some had been here as long as two years. The prison proper embraced 25 or 30 acres of ground, and was laid off by streets and alleys, with frame buildings in rows at regular intervals, on either side of the street. These buildings were called barracks, and each barrack was supposed to accommodate about 175 men. A special guard was detailed to each barrack, and a cordon of sentinels paced their beats that encircled the prison walls, both day and night. With all these precautions it was almost impossible for one to escape, and it was seldom tried.

The prisoners were all very thinly clad, and the change of climate so sudden from the sunny south to zero weather in the north, caused great suffering to the unfortunate men. But the suffering from cold was only a part of our ills. I had thought before this I knew something about what it was to be hungry, but in this I was mistaken. Although I had been at Vicksburg on one fourth rations for forty-seven days, I had yet to learn the meaning of the word hunger, and here I learned all the word implies. For the first thirty days I was hungry every minute, both day and night. Many a night did I imagine in my dreams of eating, eating, eating, but when aroused from my slumbers I found no relief. It had only been a dream, that craving for something to satisfy the inner man was still there. After a month of this miserable existence, I received from my father, who lived in Missouri, ten dollars in money, and very nearly the same time my bunk mate, John Hanger, received a like amount from his father. We were now pretty well fixed, but all eatables were so high priced we were very sparing of our means. About the time our money supply was exhausted, Hanger's father came to see him and gave him thirty dollars more. Hanger and I were full partners in the prison business, and he cheerfully shared with me his latest income.

I have always blamed the Federal government for this inhuman treatment of its prisoners. It was a monstrous sin perpetrated by a government rich in stores, and there could be no legitimate excuse for it. It will not suffice to say it was in retaliation for the manner in which Federal prisoners were treated by the South. The north was rich in resources, while the south was poverty stricken. But thank God, some of us did not have to stay in the prison very long. In less than three months we were exchanged. An exchange of 500 had been agreed upon by the two governments, and from some cause I never knew they chose Kentuckians and Missourians from the Camp Douglas prison, Hanger and myself being of the number.

It is needless to say there was great rejoicing among the band of 500, when on the 13th day of February, 1865, we were lined up and marched out of prison gates and once more in the open. But before leaving the camp I want to mention the fact that on our arrival at the prison we met quite a number of our comrades whom we had previously known down south. Some of them had been taken prisoners at Kennesaw Mountain, some at Atlanta and other places. Some of my own regiment were there, but the one I was most surprised to see of all was George Mattox, the boy who the night we evacuated Atlanta, Ga., the summer before, left with Tom Snorgrass when the latter went to Illinois to be married. From some cause Mattox and Snorgrass got separated, the latter getting through safely, and Mattox was captured and sent to prison. At prison Mattox had applied to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal government, which was refused him. Neither would they exchange him, so the poor fellow remained a prisoner at Camp Douglas until the close of the war.

Before leaving Camp Douglas I had contracted a deep cold that settled in my head. My suffering was intense, and I know now I came very near death's door. But at that time I was of a never-give-up nature, and when I should have been in the hospital and under the care of a physician, I never let my misery be known as long as I could avoid it. Hanger knew my condition and insisted I should be treated, but I positively refused and never swallowed one dose of medicine. All the way on this long trip from Chicago to Baltimore I never tasted one morsel of food.

We stayed over one night in Baltimore, and while there I wrote what I termed a farewell letter to my father. I do not remember the wording of that letter, but remember the substance very well, also my feelings at that time. I knew my physical condition was very bad, and at this time there was no visible prospect of the war being terminated soon. I was returning to the south to join my command, that was at this time making a gallant defense of Mobile, Alabama, and I reasoned this way: I had already seen more than three years hard service, my original friends and comrades had most all been killed, and how or why was it that I had been spared through all these years of blood, death and hell. I was no better than they, and I figured that this could not continue for all time. These were the feelings that prompted the letter to my father.

The next morning we embarked on a steamer and went down Cheseapeake bay to the mouth of the James river. I never suffered more in one day in my life than I did on this occasion. My head apparently, was bursting open, and besides I suffered intensely from the cold weather that prevailed on the bay at this time. The second morning of our voyage we moved up the James river to City Point, the place designated for the exchange to take place. After disembarking, we had to travel afoot up the river another ten miles to take another boat that would convey us to Richmond.

Up to the time of my arrival at the mouth of the James river, I had no idea what my trouble was. I only knew I was

suffering untold misery every minute, but on this tramp up the river I found out my trouble. It was a fine bright morning in the latter part of February. In my weakened condition it was great labor for me to keep up with my companions. I exerted myself to the uttermost to keep along, so much so that I became very warm. After I had exhausted about all the strength there was in me, all of a sudden I felt something give way in my head, and then I knew my trouble--the rising in my head had broken. It is unnecessary to tell you that in less than fifteen minutes I was wonderfully relieved and felt like a new man.

On our march up the river we passed through the lines of Generals Grant and Lee but only a little skirmishing was going on at that time. Arriving at Richmond we established camp at the fair grounds, in the north part of the city and here remained two weeks recuperating. My appetite soon returned and I began to rebuild my shattered constitution as best I could. From here the Missourians were ordered to Mobile, Alabama. The trip was long and tedious. For many miles through the Carolinas and Georgia the railroad tracks had been destroyed by the Federal Cavalry. We therefore had to walk a great distance on this journey.

We arrived at Mobile about the first of April. General Cockrell had recovered from wounds he received at Franklin, sufficiently to take command again and had spent the winter in recruiting his shattered ranks with those like himself who had been disabled through wounds or sickness. He had in this way gattered together possibly one thousand men, all Missourians and still unterrified.

Just across the bay to the east, a distance of twelve miles, was Ft. Blakely and Spanish Fort, defended by General French and three small brigades of infantry, numbering no more than 3,000 men. These brigades were commanded respectively by Generals Cockrell, Sears and Ector. They were confronted by General Canby, with an army estimated at 30,000 men of all arms. This was quite a disparity in numbers.

On my arrival at Mobile, I remained over one night in the city. Early next morning, boarding a vessel, I was soon across the bay and rejoined my old comrades, after an absence of four months a prisoner at Camp Douglas. And now I learned for the first time that I had been reported killed at the battle of Franklin. This was a very natural mistake. Being reported as a deserter one year and killed the next, I thought was making too much record, hence I entered my solemn protest, especially to the latter.

I was very agreeably surprised to find so many of my old comrades and friends, whom I knew were severely wounded at Franklin, had recovered and reported for duty again, but none was I more pleased to see than my old and true friend Col. Flournoy. But many dear faces were missing and would never again respond to the call of the bugle.

General Canby was slowly but surely closing in on this little band of heroes. Day by day they approached, building their breastworks as they advanced. Our skirmish line was thrown out about 400 yards in advance of the main line and was confronted by those of the enemy at about the same distance. Each line was entrenched in rifle pit each pit being large enough to hold four men, and located at intervals of about 100 feet. At dusk each evening a fresh detail was made to go on the skirmish line and relieve those on duty, each relief serving twenty-four hours.

On the 8th day of April it fell to my lot to go on the skirmish line, for the first time since my return. In company with Tom Gilner, Brac Giddings and Isaac Doty I occupied one of the pits. Our instructions were that in case the enemy advanced on us in heavy bodies to stand our ground and fight them back as long as possible, and then if need be, surrender to them. I made up my mind then and there not to surrender to any one or to any body of men as long as there was the ghost of a show to escape. Just the thought of going back to prison made me desperate. I knew that prison life would soon kill me, and I really felt at that time that to be killed outright in battle was far preferable to being killed by inches in prison.

I was ignorant of the fact that the end of the civil war was at hand, that on the morrow the last great act of this unholy war would be played. Tomorrow came. It was the 9th day of April, 1865. If you will look up your history you will find that it was on this day that Gen. Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox court house, into the hands of General Grant, and this virtually ended the struggle.

But we knew nothing of Lee's surrender doings at this time, and undertook to repulse Canby's army, as though the war was yet in its infancy. What fools we mortals be. About the middle of the afternoon of the 9th, General Canby ordered an advance all along the line. From my view point, could be seen his right wing circle around our left and double it back on the center. This being accomplished, they then advanced in our immediate front in solid columns. An imposing sight, truly, was this, and one never to be forgotten. Our little thin line of skirmishers loaded and fired as rapidly as possible, but on they came as though no one could harm them.

After firing eight or ten rounds in rapid succession, and the advance column within 150 yards of our position and seeing the utter uselessness of our efforts to check them, I hurriedly told my companions that for one I was going to make a break and try to save myself--they could do as they pleased. They insisted on my remaining in the pit with them, but there was no time for argument, and I at once made a dash for the main line, quickly followed by Gilner and Giddings. When we emerged from the pit we were in full view of the enemy, and, as we were making as fast time as our feeble bodies would allow, it appeared to me that all hell had turned loose and that every man in the United States was practicing on us with repeating rifles.

Isaac Doty remained in the pit, and was soon a prisoner, while my other comrades were less fortunate for both were shot down, though neither killed. My friend Gilner is now a citizen of Lawrence county, Mo. I got back to the main line without a scratch, but so exhausted I could not scale the embankment without help. After numerous ineffectual efforts on my part, my friend Ham Devinna, noticing my perilous predicament leaped over the works, right in the midst of a rain of lead, and grabbing me by the hand dragged me over to a place of safety.

Now, reader if you will remember, I told you in the beginning of this how it frightened me to go into battle the first few engagements I participated in, which was all true. But in justice to myself I must now tell you I had long since gotten over that feeling, that then I didn't care. I had seen so much bloodshed and pass through so many hardships that life itself to me was of small moment.

After Devinna had landed me in the ditch, my first impulse was to take a few minutes rest, for I was hardly able to stand on my feet. I threw myself back on the opposite embankment and watched the battle rage.

My rest and view of the battle was to be of short duration, for soon after I settled down against the embankment, our entire left wing was overpowered and made prisoners, and it was only a question of a very few minutes until we would have to follow suit. We were entirely enveloped by the Federal lines and those in our front were pressing right up to our works. We had been signalled to surrender, and our own officers realizing the futility of further resistance ordered their men to cease firing and surrender. The men reluctantly obeyed, some with curses on their lips and others silent with expressions of everlasting despair.

When Col. Flournoy repeated the command to surrender that had been passed down the line and most all the boys had complied with the order, I examined my gun and found it was loaded. I said to myself, "I will never surrender with a loaded gun in my hand," and acting on the impulse of the moment, I sprang to the embankment with gun already cocked, placed it to my shoulder and fired at the enemy. I don't claim this was the last shot fired at Ft. Blakely, but I do know there was very few if any after it. It was the last shot that I fired during the civil war. I had been in many battles before, in some of them firing few shots, in others a great many. I remember the 27th day of June, 1864, on Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia, where I fired more than 100 shots in one day, but if any of them hit their mark I never knew it, and am glad of it.

After the surrender of Blakely, events of importance happened in rapid succession. The City of Mobile made no further resistance. The Blakely prisoners were immediately transported to Ship Island, away out on the Gulf of Mexico. Here we were guarded by a regiment of negro troops, and realized that the bottom rail had at last got on top. It was here we received the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. Fortunately, we were detained on this island only about two weeks.

We were then shipped to Vicksburg via New Orleans, thence to Jackson, Mississippi. We never took up arms again. General Dick Taylor was in command of the Mississippi Department at this time, and made a formal surrender of all the troops under him to the Federal authorities.

While encamped at Jackson, I concluded one day to go out to Raymond and visit my friend Mrs. Fannie Kirk, whom I had not seen for most two years. It was about fourteen miles to her house, and being well acquainted with the country, I struck out afoot and alone, arriving there about the middle of the afternoon that day. She recognized me afar off, and met me at the gate, where she put her arms around my neck and gave me a good motherly reception. She then led me to the house, and the first thing she called my attention to was a darling little baby girl, the off-spring of her second marriage. She was now Mrs. Moore and no longer to be known as Fannie Kirk. Mr. Moore, as was his custom, and whom I had known before, came home from his camp that evening at an early hour. So many things had happened since we last met, we sat up late that night rehearsing our experiences. The next morning I took my leave and bade them adieu for the last time and wandered back to camp.

On the 10th of May, 1865, every man signed his parole paper, wherein he obligated himself to not again take up arms against the Federal government until duly exchanged. We were then disbanded and each individual allowed to go at his pleasure. This was one of the saddest days I ever experienced. Here we were the remnant of that once mighty and famous old First Missouri Brigade, disbanded, discharged. We had been linked together for more than three years, by ties of a common cause, but now it dawns upon us--it is a lost cause. What shall we do?

President Andrew Johnson had issued a proclamation shortly before this, and among other things stated that the Kentucky and Missouri soldiers who had taken sides against the Federal government, had forfeited their right to citizenship in their respective states. This, I presume, was on account of those states mentioned having never passed ordinances of secession. This was very discouraging to us Missourians. All day long on this eventful day could be seen our boys bidding each other good bye--some going east, some west, some north and others to the south, singly, in pairs and in groups.

After deliberating all day with seven others we decided to try and cross the river and go to Texas, or Mexico or possibly to the state of California. With this object in view we collected our belongings and made the start. Arriving at Vicksburg we immediately went to headquarters and applied for a permit to cross the river, but for some reason the request was refused. Here we were stranded, ragged and dirty, without a cent in the world. What could we do? It so happened that Ector's brigade of Texas troops, who had been paroled with us at Jackson, and who had been in the same division with us the last two years, were here and on their way to their respective homes in Texas.

Col. Young, who was at this time in command of the Texans, had no difficulty in procuring transportation and provisions for his men who were returning home. We could not understand this discrimination. We went to Col. Young and laid our case before him. He very kindly told us to remain with his men, as though we belonged to his command, and he would take us through, which he did.

Before leaving Vicksburg, I wrote my father what I termed my second farewell letter, for at this time I really felt that I would never return to my native state. I had no stamp with which to mail the letter, but making my wants known to a Federal officer he very cheerfully gave me the necessary postage.

Our journey from Vicksburg by steamer down the Mississippi to the mouth of Red river, and thence up Red River to Shreveport, Louisiana, was rather monotonous. The crowded conditions of the vessel, bad water and but little to eat made it a tedious and tiresome trip. At Shreveport, Price's army had been concentrated preparatory to a surrender at the Trans-Mississippi Department. Here our little band of Missourians disembarked and bade Col. Young and his brave Texans good bye.

Entering Price's camp, we found many acquaintances, some old neighbors and close akin, who had enlisted in the service the previous fall and had been away from home less than six months. They reminded me very forcibly of my first experience--the most homesick set of boys I had ever seen. I sympathized with them most sincerely. Here our little squad separated, going into different companies as guests, and awaited the return of General Price, who was in New Orleans negotiating with General Canby the terms of surrender.

On General Price's return he called his men together and told them he had made a formal surrender of his forces, to take effect immediately. He said as far as he was individually concerned he would not return to Missouri. He thought it unwise to do so, and made a pathetic talk to his men. He looked haggard and worn, and could scarcely control his feelings. After fully explaining the terms of surrender, he made an earnest plea to his men, advising them to return to their homes in Missouri. He admonished them to be loyal to the government and law abiding citizens and thus aid in restoring law and order in their respective communities. Right there I changed my plan. If Price's men could return home in safety and be protected from violence, why not I?

It was only a few days until everything was in readiness to make the start homeward from Shreveport. The 9th Missouri Infantry, to which I had attached myself, was assigned to the steamer B. L. Hodge, a very good looking little side wheel boat. We were soon sailing down the crookedest of crooked rivers, very appropriately called Red river. The waters being high, we made very rapid progress to Baton Rouge on the Mississippi. At Baton Rouge we were transferred to another and larger vessel, the Maria, a rather dilapidated old vessel that was slow, especially when headed up stream.

Our objective point was now St. Louis. I do not remember the number of days it took to make this trip, but it was long and tiresome. We landed at St. Louis on the morning of June 21st. After landing we were escorted to vacant lots somewhere in the outlying district, where we bivouacked until the following morning. While here many articles of clothing were donated for our use by the good people of St. Louis. I surmise they were Southern sympathizers. I hardly know why, but I declined these favors, though I was sorely destitute.

I must tell one little circumstance that occurred here that was rather amusing. A St. Louis gentleman, by the name of Henry Ashbrook, visited the camp soon after our arrival. He was personally acquainted with several of my comrades, who lived about Tipton, Mo. This is where my father lived at that time. It later developed that he and my father were very close friends, though I had never met him before. He offered to aid several of his acquaintances with money, some of them accepting the kind offer. He gave to some \$5.00 and to others as much as \$10.00.

He then turned and asked if he could be of any service to me. I thanked him very politely, but declined his generous offer. I told him I was not in need of anything, when in fact I was nearly naked and had not seen a cent of real money since Snorgrass and I fell heir to Johnson's greenbacks two years before.

Just after this short acquaintance with Mr. Ashbrook, I, with others went to the transportation office to get passports for our respective homes. The clerk at the office, in issuing the papers made a mistake in my case, giving me transportation to Boonville instead of Tipton, where I wanted to go. I did not notice the mistake until I arrived at camp, when I returned to the office and called the clerk's attention to the error. He positively refused to correct it, and seemed to be very unconcerned about it, anyway. In fact, he treated me with but little courtesy.

I was now within 165 miles of my home, but did not relish the thought of having to foot it that far. So after a long search I found Mr. Ashbrook, told him my troubles and asked if he would advance me \$10.00 with which to get home on. He readily granted my request by placing \$10.00 in my hand. My ticket from St. Louis to Tipton cost \$8.25, and with the remaining \$1.75 I purchased, after arriving at Tipton, one of those old fashioned long tailed linen dusters, which hid me from view from my neck to ankles. You can imagine what kind of a looking individual I was.

In this attire I introduced myself at my father's house, at about 5 o'clock in the evening of June 22, 1865, after an absence of three years, nine months and twenty-two days. I yet liked a few months of being twenty-one years of age. Not one member of the family recognized me. But what a change had taken place at home during my absence. It did not appear like home to me, and it was not the home of my boyhood days. It could not be. My mother was not here to embrace me, my father had remarried, and

although his wife was a good Christian woman and treated me kindly, there was still something lacking--something needed to fill an aching void, yes a mother's love.

Soon after my return home, the correspondence between Maggie Mull and myself, which had been abruptly broken off during my imprisonment, was renewed, and a pleasant exchange of letters was kept up between us for most three years. Mag was a fine little writer and I was so proud of her letters that I frequently showed them to the folks at home, and we all enjoyed them together. On one occasion my father intimated to me that our correspondence might lead to something more than just a friendly exchange of letters, but in this he was mistaken--we loved each other only as brother and sister.

Some time in the latter part of 1867 Maggie wrote me that her father, old Captain Mull, had sold his farm, and would at an early date remove with his family to the State of California and promised to let me hear from them as soon as they located, but this was the last letter I ever received from Maggie Mull. I waited patiently for more than a year, but no word could I get from any of the family. Sometime during the year 1868 or 1869, I received a letter from her little sister Josephine who had by this time grown to womanhood, informing me of the sad fact that on their voyage across the ocean (they went by water) her sister Maggie had fallen overboard, and that her body was never recovered. You can draw you own conclusions. I immediately answered Josephine's letter, but never again did I hear from any of the Mull family.

At the age of twenty-three years, and on Sunday, the 29th day of December, 1867, I took for a life partner Miss Araminda Chaney, of Morgan, Missouri, who was six years younger than myself. We have raised six children--three boys and three girls, whose ages range at this time from eighteen to forty-two years. And in about five years from this date, or to be exact, on the 29th day of December, 1917, we hope to celebrate our golden wedding, to which our friends are all cordially invited.

Howard V. Kavanaugh, M.S.

Medical Physicist

117 Century Oaks Lane

Mandeville, LA. 70471