

COMPANY FRONT

THE SOCIETAL MAGAZINE OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH NORTH CAROLINA

ISSUE 2, 2006



NC SOLDIER'S
WARTIME DIARY
PARTS II & III

MECKLENBURG COUNTY
SOLDIER'S MEMOIRS

WWW.26NC.ORG

COMPANY FRONT

THE SOCIETAL MAGAZINE OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH NORTH CAROLINA

ISSUE # 2, 2006

Company Front is the newsletter of
The Society for the Preservation of
the 26th Regiment North Carolina
Troops, Inc.

Editor and Chief
Jason Goodnite
140 Huntseat Ln.
Kings Mountain, NC 28086

Assistant Editor
Randal Garrison
300 Inglewood Dr.
Morganton, NC 28655

Copy Editor
Al Leonard
941 Braewick Rd.
Tryon, NC 28782

Warning

Contents of the *Company Front*
are protected under copyright and
may not be reprinted in any form
without the written permission of
the editor

Front Cover

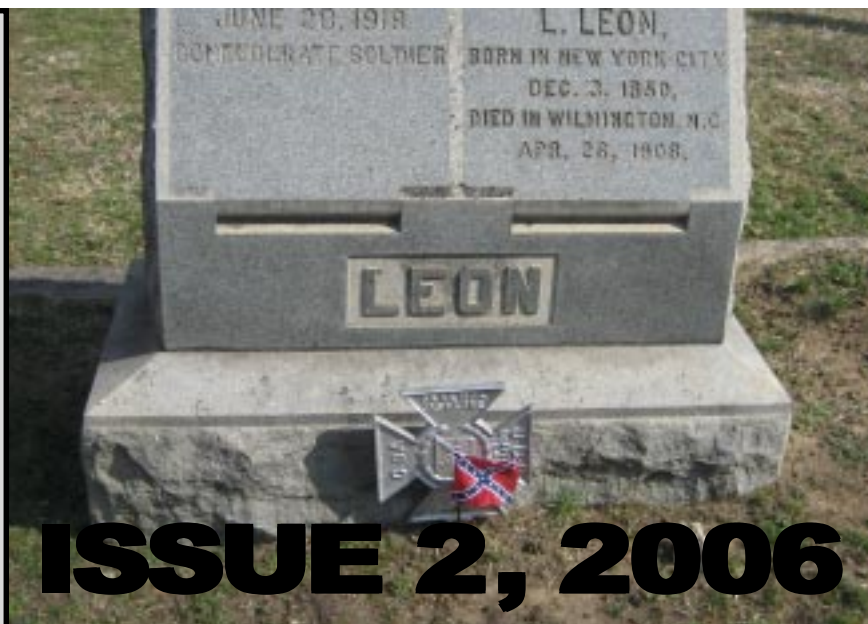
Unidentified Wilkes County Soldier

Provided By
Edith Carter

For More Information on Image
See Page 32

Above Illustration
Louise Leon Grave

WWW.26NC.ORG



ISSUE 2, 2006

2

Diary of A Tarheel Confederate

The High Water Mark: 1863

Louis Leon
From *Documenting The American South*
Archives, University of North Carolina

20

Diary of A Tarheel Confederate

A Lost Cause: 1864-1865

Louis Leon
From *Documenting The American South*
Archives, University of North Carolina

28

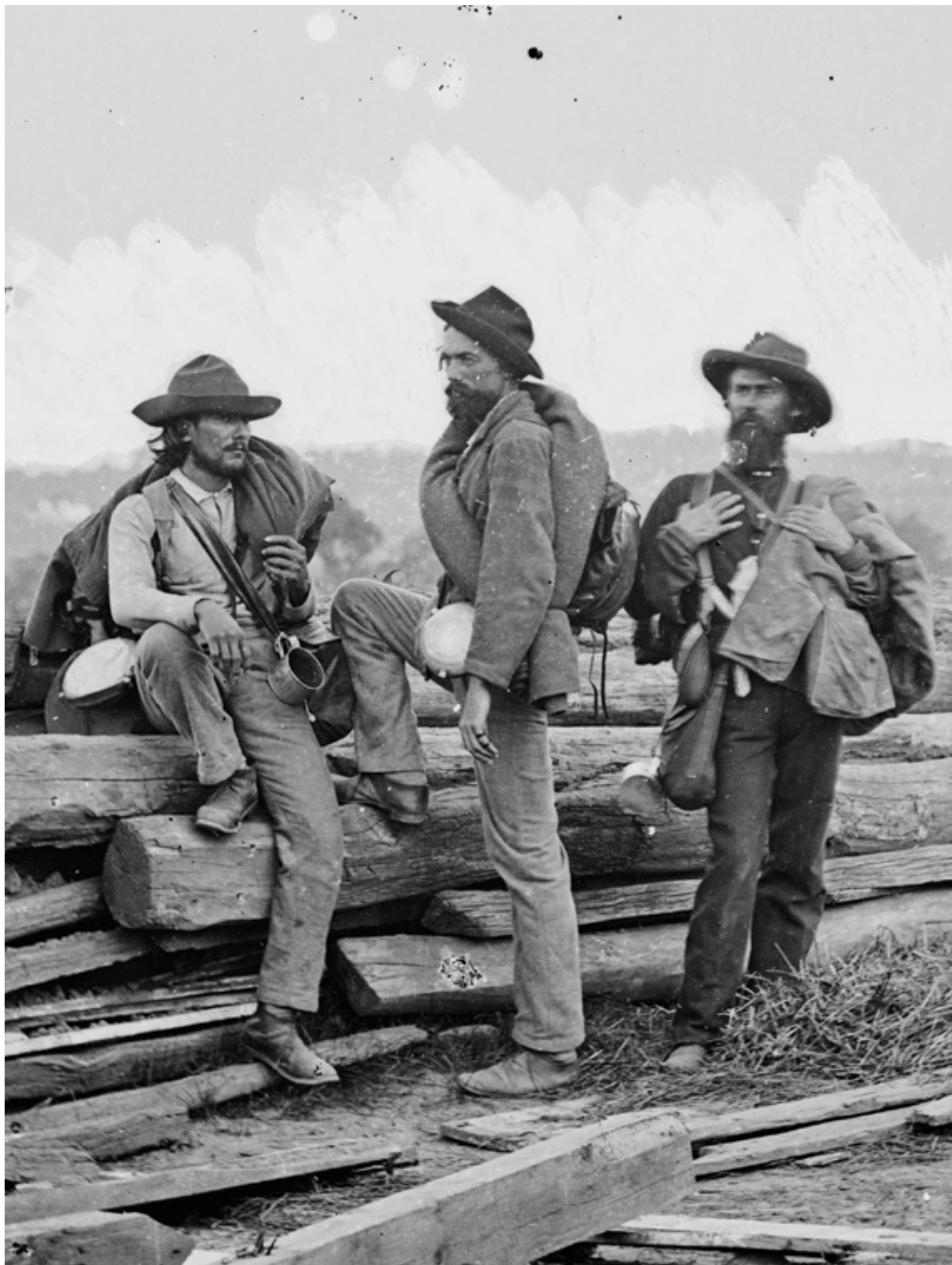
"Will You Let Your Sergeant Go Alone"

The Personal Memoirs of H. J. Walker

Dictated to Allie Walker Cochran,
November 13, 1917
Provided By: Charlie Bush

36

Tar Heel Images



DIARY OF A TARHEEL CONFEDERATE

THE HIGH WATER MARK: 1863

**By Louis Leon Co. C, 1st Regiment North Carolina Infantry (6 Months, 1861) and Co. B, 53rd NCT
From *Documenting The American South*, University of North Carolina
<http://docsouth.unc.edu/index.html>**

January 1 - This month we have done nothing but move our camp once, and drill. Had to send all our baggage away. Hereafter nothing more will be hauled for us in wagons. There are rumors flying about that we will soon leave here.

February 1 and 2 - There is nothing new, but cold, cold, cold.

February 4 - This morning, at 4 o'clock, we were waked up by the pleasant sound of long roll. We were ordered to get ready to march. It is very cold, snow nine inches deep. We laid in Goldsboro until noon, expecting to get cars to take us away, but were then told we would have to march to Kinston. We took up our line of march at 3 in the evening and halted at dark. It is truly awful. The snow is very deep and as cold as thunder. We marched eight miles without resting. We then fixed our

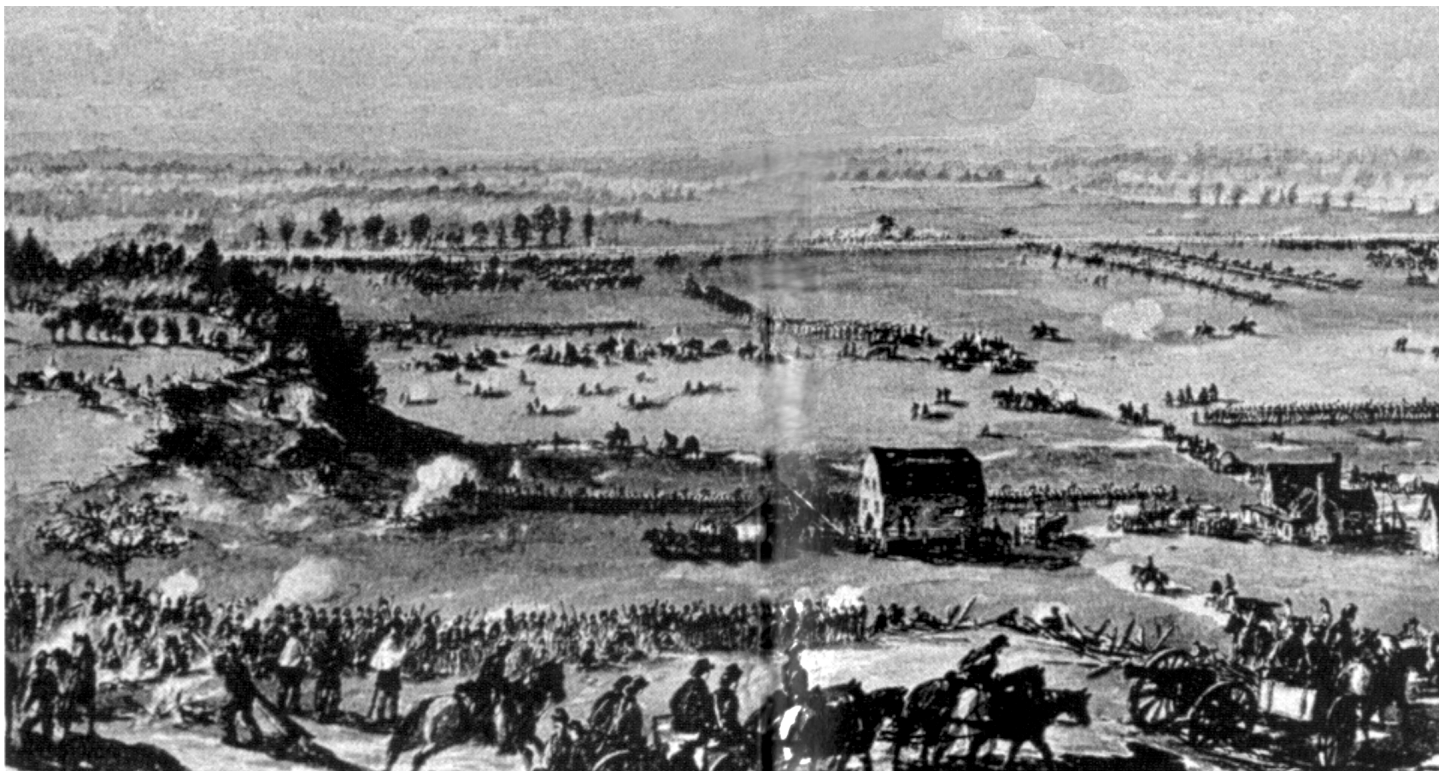
bed in the snow and stole fodder for a bed and rails to make fire. We took snow, put it in our kettles, and made coffee. When I say coffee, I mean Confederate coffee - parched corn - that is our coffee. Ate our corn bread and bacon and retired to our couches and slept as good if not better than Abe Lincoln.

February 5 - Resumed our promenade at 7 this morning, and for a change it is raining hard. Therefore the snow is melting. Consequently, the roads are nice and soft. Halted at 3 this evening - still raining. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible - made a good fire to dry ourselves by, but the worst of it is we have no rations, and the wagons are behind. We went to sleep in our wet clothing, with a cup of coffee as our supper. It rained and snowed all night.

February 6 - Nothing to eat yet.

Wortheim, W. Eagle and myself went out foraging, to buy something to eat. We got to one house and there was no one at home, but in the yard there were two chickens, which we captured, for we were afraid they would bite us. We went to the next house and ate our breakfast. One of the ladies asked us where we got those chickens. I told her that we bought them at the house before we got there. She told us she lived there and that there was nobody at home. I then told her the truth, paid her for them and left. The next house we got to we bought a ham, a peck of meal, a peck of sweet potatoes and some turnips. We took dinner in this house. We then returned to camp. We had a good reception from our mess, as they had still nothing to eat.

February 7 - We could not march yesterday, as the streams were too high from the recent rains and snow. We left to-day at 12 M., and got one



Goldsboro, NC

day's rations, hard enough to fell a bull. Marched on the railroad track all the afternoon. The main road was impassable. We got to Kinston at 4 in the afternoon, and made camp in a swamp, two and a half miles out of town. We had nothing to eat, but slept good for all that.

February 8 - Wortheim and myself went uptown to get something to eat. We got corn bread and bacon. On our road back to camp we bought four more dodgers of corn bread and gave it to our mess companions who did not go uptown. Our regiment moved on the other side of town in an old pine thicket.

February 9 - We established a regular camp here. This last march has been a very hard one, and only a distance of thirty miles. But it took us from Wednesday to Saturday, through snow, rain and mud ankle-

deep and without rations. Kinston is a perfect ruin, as the Yankees have destroyed everything they could barely touch, but it must at one time have been a very pretty town - but now nothing scarcely but chimneys are left to show how the Yankees are trying to reconstruct the Union.

February 13 - Nothing new. We have been fixing our camps. Our company has built log huts, from two to three feet high, and then put our tents over them - building a chimney to each hut or tent, and we are very comfortable. We got orders to cook two days' rations, and be ready to march in two hours, but did not have to go - in fact, nothing new until the 25th.

February 25 - Henry Wortheim was sent home on a sick furlough, as he is very bad off.

February 26 - Two men out of our

regiment were whipped for desertion. They were undressed all but pants and shoes, tied to a post, and each given thirty-nine lashes on their bare backs. The balance of this month nothing new, only very cold.

March 5 - Up to to-day there is nothing worth recording, although we are getting black as negroes on account of our burning green pine.

March 6 - Several of us out of our company went to Kinston and the battlefield. The Yankees are very poorly buried, as we saw several heads, hands and feet sticking out of the ground, where the rain had washed the dirt off of them.

March 12 - We have had orders several times for the last six days to march, and a part of our brigade has had a fight. But this morning we took up our march at 5 o'clock. I saw Gen.

D. H. Hill on the road and spoke to him, as well as his adjutant. They are friends from home and comrades of our first North Carolina regiment. We marched twenty miles and halted for the night - laid in line of battle all night with arms by our side.

March 13 - Resumed our march at 8 this morning, got eight miles, when we got to our extreme picket posts. They told us the Yankees were one mile and a quarter from us. Then we marched half a mile further, when our artillery commenced the fight. It kept on all day, but very light. We drove in their pickets and advanced our line until dark. We are eight miles from Newbern - marched eleven miles.

March 14 - This morning, at day-break, cannonading was heard by us from General Pettigrew's line, which is on our left flank. We immediately fell into line of battle, our artillery opened fire, then we infantry advanced our line on the Yankees. We halted in an old field and had for a breastwork a rail fence. We fought for four hours - hot at times. We had a number killed and wounded. The enemy fell back on their stronghold - Newbern. This battle is called the Battle of Deep Gully, as it was fought on that stream. We then took up our march again for Kinston. We got eleven miles and halted for the night. Our company was the rear guard of the brigade.

March 15 - Laid here all day, with two crackers for our rations, and these we got at night.

March 16 - A picket came in this morning and reported the enemy advancing. We were put in line of battle to receive them, and after marching one mile up the road to get to our brigade we were put at the extreme left of our line, and made breastworks out of rotten logs. Stayed here one hour, when another picket came and reported them ten miles away. So we resumed our march for camp and got there at 7 o'clock - twenty-one miles to-day. Tom Notter, Aaron Katz and myself pressed into service

Kinston, NC



to-day a donkey and a cart with a negro, who took us to Kinston. Each of us drove at times, and I was fortunate enough to stall in a mudhole. We had to get out and lift the cart and donkey to dry ground again. Thus ends the march and fight at Deep Gully.

March 20 - Katz went home to-day on a furlough. Nothing new up to the 23d.

March 23 - We had a man whipped to-day in our regiment for desertion.

March 24 - Commenced marching this morning, got seventeen miles and halted. Laid here in the woods until the 27th. Went to several houses and had a good time with ladies and eatables up to the 29th.

March 29 - Here still, but positively don't know where we are.

March 30 - Left this morning at 5 o'clock, marched fifteen miles. Waded clay-bottom swamps three-quarters of a mile long. This is in Pitt County, North Carolina. We then camped in the woods and made fires to dry ourselves with.

March 31 - Left at 7 this morning, marched six miles, waded several creeks, and arrived at Swift Creek at 11. This is a small village. We camp here for the night.

April 1 - Left here on the Little Washington dirt road at 7 this morning. Marched seventeen miles and halted three miles from Washington. This is a Yankee post. Heard firing all day, and we are ordered to keep our cartridge boxes on us and our guns by our sides, as we may move any mo-

ment.

April 2 - Our regiment was sent on picket this morning at daylight - one mile from camp and two miles from the enemy. Companies B and G are on the left, A and D on the right, F and I in the center. We are within hailing distance of the Yankee line of pickets. There is not much firing. Tom Tiotter and I are on the color guard. We have nothing to do if we don't want to, except stay with the colors. So this evening at 4 o'clock we went as near the Yankees as we dared, to see the town of Washington. Saw the place, their breastworks and their camps very plainly. We then returned and slept on our arms all night - that is, we tried to sleep, but could not for the infernal noise from the ovals that are in the swamps around us.

April 3 - Little Washington is on Tar River, and as one of the Yankee gunboats was trying to get in, one of our cannon gave them a ball, which caused heavy firing all day, and, in fact, the shells came very close to our flag, which made us dodge pretty smart. We have Washington besieged. At 8 o'clock to-night Colonel Owens called for volunteers to go as near the Yankees as they could, to see what they were doing. Tom Tiotter and myself went. We got to within two hundred yards of Washington, when we were compelled to halt, as we were near the bridge, where we could hear the Yankee sentinels walking their beats very plainly - so we returned to camp and reported.

April 4 - Firing at intervals all day. The reserve was sent to the river to support our artillery. The colors went

with them. It is raining hard. We laid in line two and a half hours in an old field. It is very cold. The Yankees are firing all the time. Then the 43d Regiment came and relieved us. Katz came in to-day and reported Henry Wortheim dead - he died Monday, March 30.

April 5 - Everything is quiet on our line to-day.

April 6 - A little firing to-day. Went to the river to throw up breastworks. Worked all night. We put up one piece of cannon right on the river bank, but had to work all night in the swamp to do so. We carried sandbags for breastworks to protect the artillerymen.

April 7 - To-day the firing was very heavy. We hit the Yankee gunboat again to-day, and made the dust fly out of their breastworks.

April 8 - This morning Tom Tiotter, Katz and myself went with Captain White to meet three Yankees with a flag of truce; but they would not come half way, so Colonel Owens ordered us back. We then - we three - went to our siege-gun and saw the town very plainly. They fired at us while we were there. The fire was returned, and we could see the Yankees dodge.

April 9 - We were relieved this morning by the 32d Regiment, and marched to Bellevue, where the balance of our brigade is. At 11 o'clock to-night we were ordered to march. We went fifteen miles. There was a fight there to-day. Marched all night without resting.

April 10 - Got to our line at 6 this

morning. The Yankees had fallen back. They had nineteen regiments and twenty-one pieces of artillery. They left in a hurry. One of their colonels was killed and I don't know how many men. We left Blount Creek Bridge at 4 this evening, marched nine miles on our way back to Bellevue. We met the Bethel regiment, and I met several friends of my old company.

April 13 - Up to date they are firing at Fort Hill and Washington all the time.

April 14 - Nothing.

April 15 - Raining very hard. We have a blanket spread over poles to keep us dry. We got orders to march this evening. Went five miles through mud and water, and it raining like fury. I shall long remember this march, as well as a few others of my company. We fell in the mud several times, and were certainly beautiful objects to look at with our suits of mud, for we were completely covered with it.

April 16 - At 7 this morning we resumed our march. Went two miles, halted a half hour, then turned about and went to our old camp, but again were ordered back at 2 P.M. to our picket posts, one mile from Washington. As we got there the Yankees gave us a good reception in shot, shell and musketry, but all the damage they did was to rail fences and perhaps a few oaks that are plentiful in the swamps. Our line is on the edge of the swamp. They shelled heavy all night, but no lives were lost on our side. At 8 P.M. our pickets fired on them, but they did not respond. We laid here until 2 at night,

when we went to Bellevue under fire from the enemy. We stayed here the balance of the night.

April 17 - At daylight this morning our company was ordered to go on picket at Shingle Landing, five miles from Bellevue. I asked Colonel Morehead to let me go with them, but he refused, and said I should stay with the colors, but I went without his permission. In a march of five miles we waded through three miles of swamp, knee-deep. We are in a devil of a position. The enemy can cut us off from our command easily, as we cannot return, except through the swamp, which of course would be very slow progress. At 4 this evening we were recalled, and met our regiment on the march and fell in. Colonel Morehead did not miss me from the colors. We marched seven miles and halted for the night.

April 18 - Left at 9 this morning, and got to Greenville at 5 o'clock - eleven miles. This is a fine country, but hilly and hard marching. This is the end of the siege of Washington. We were there sixteen days, but could not draw the enemy out of their works.

April 19 - Nothing to-day but rest, which we needed very much.

April 20 - Went on picket this morning to the south side of the town, across the river, but did not go on picket. Our company and Company G supported two pieces of artillery. I was again refused permission by Morehead to go with my company, but I went all the same.

April 21 - Nothing doing.

April 22 - Ordered to our brigade at

12 M.

April 23 - Raining hard all day and night. No shelter. We got as wet as drowned cats.

April 24 - This morning I was detailed by Colonel Owens to go to Wilson, N. C., to get the baggage for our officers. Left at 3 A.M., got to Tarboro at 7 P.M. This is a very pretty town. Stayed here until 3 and took the cars to Rocky Mount. Got there at 5, left at 7, and got to Wilson at 8 on the morning of the 25th. Got my baggage and left at 3 P.M. Arrived at Rocky Mount at 4. Saw some fun with a girl and an old woman. The young one had stole a petticoat from the old one, and was compelled to take it off and return it in the presence of at least fifty men. Left at 8, got to Tarboro at a quarter after nine.

April 26 - Left here this morning and took the same route that I came by. Our boat got to Greenville at 10 A.M. My regiment in my absence has gone twelve miles across the river to a place called Pacatolus. I followed them in a buggy, and got there at 4 P.M.

April 27 - Left here at 3 this morning. Got to Greenville at 6 A.M., stayed a quarter of an hour, and marched to the crossroads, nine miles from town; got there at 6 P.M.

April 28 - Turned about this morning at 7, got to Greenville at 10, and went to our former camp. Then got orders to return to Pacatolus in the morning.

April 29 - We left this morning. The regiment was two miles on the road when we got orders to return. But



Confederate Soldiers in Frericksburg, VA 1862

Tom Tiotter and myself marched ahead of the regiment, and had got four miles before we had found out that the regiment was not in our rear. When we got back we were laughed at for our smartness.

April 30 - Laid in camp and rested.

May 1 - We left here this morning at thirty minutes after 4 for Kinston. Marched eleven miles without halting.

May 2 - Resumed our march at 6 A.M., and reached Kinston at 8 P.M. - twenty-four miles to-day.

May 3 - We camped one mile from town. We left here on the 25th day of March, and returned May 2. Went through a campaign of twenty-seven days. In that time we had Washington besieged sixteen days. The balance of the time we were marching and counter-marching in all kinds of

weather, and very often without anything to eat.

May 4 and 5 - Nothing.

May 6 - Left here at 12 M. for Core Creek, marched nine miles and halted. Raining hard, and we got well soaked. The rain ran down our faces all night, so we did not have to wash our faces on the morning of the 7th.

May 7 - Resumed our march at 8 A.M., got ten miles, and halted within one mile of the creek. We waded Gum Swamp, stayed there three hours, and turned about - marched nine miles to-night. This expedition was to tear up the Newbern and Kinston Railroad, and also bring some ladies and old men out of the Yankee lines, for they had been driven out of Newbern. There were about seventy in all. They were, of course, Southern people who would not take the oath of allegiance

to the United States Government, and therefore were driven out of their homes.

May 8 - We left here at 8 A.M., to return to Kinston, and got there at 3 P.M. - ten miles - awful road. Waded through mud, water and sand the whole way. My feet are cut up pretty badly.

May 9 and 10 - Resting.

May 11 - We moved our camp to the north side of town. Then we were marched to an open field this afternoon, and drawn up in line to see two men shot for desertion. After they were shot, we marched by them and saw one was hit six times and the other four. Their coffins were by their sides, right close to their graves, so that they could see it all.

May 17 - Up to to-day nothing. But this morning at 4 we were ordered

to cook up all our rations, and be ready to march in one hour. We left Kinston by rail at 12 M. Got to Goldsboro at 3, went through to Weldon, left here at 5 P.M., and got to Petersburg, Va., on the morning of the 18th; left there at 6 P.M. Katz and myself went uptown - ate two suppers. Had a very good time while in town. We camped all night on Dunn's Hill.

May 19 - Left here at 5 this morning, got to Richmond at 8, and are stationed at Camp Lee. We will have to march to Fredericksburg. Our brigade is transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia. William Cochran, myself and several of our company ran the blockade to-night, went uptown to a theatre, and got back to camp at 2 o'clock. We had a fine time while uptown.

May 21 - Left this morning, marched twenty- one miles, halted at 5.30. It is a very hilly country, warm and

dusty.

May 22 - Marched twenty miles today, and halted at 6 P.M.

May 23 - Marched fifteen miles and halted. On our to-day's march we saw any amount of dead horses, which did not smell altogether like cologne.

May 24 - Laid here all day, it being Sunday.

May 25 - Resumed our march this morning at 6. Got six miles and halted. We pitched our camp here on a hill two miles from Fredericksburg.

May 26 and 27 - Rested. I went to see my brother Morris, who belongs to Dowles' Brigade, 44th Georgia Regiment. Did not see him, as he was on picket.

May 28 - Morris came to see me today. We are both in the same divi-

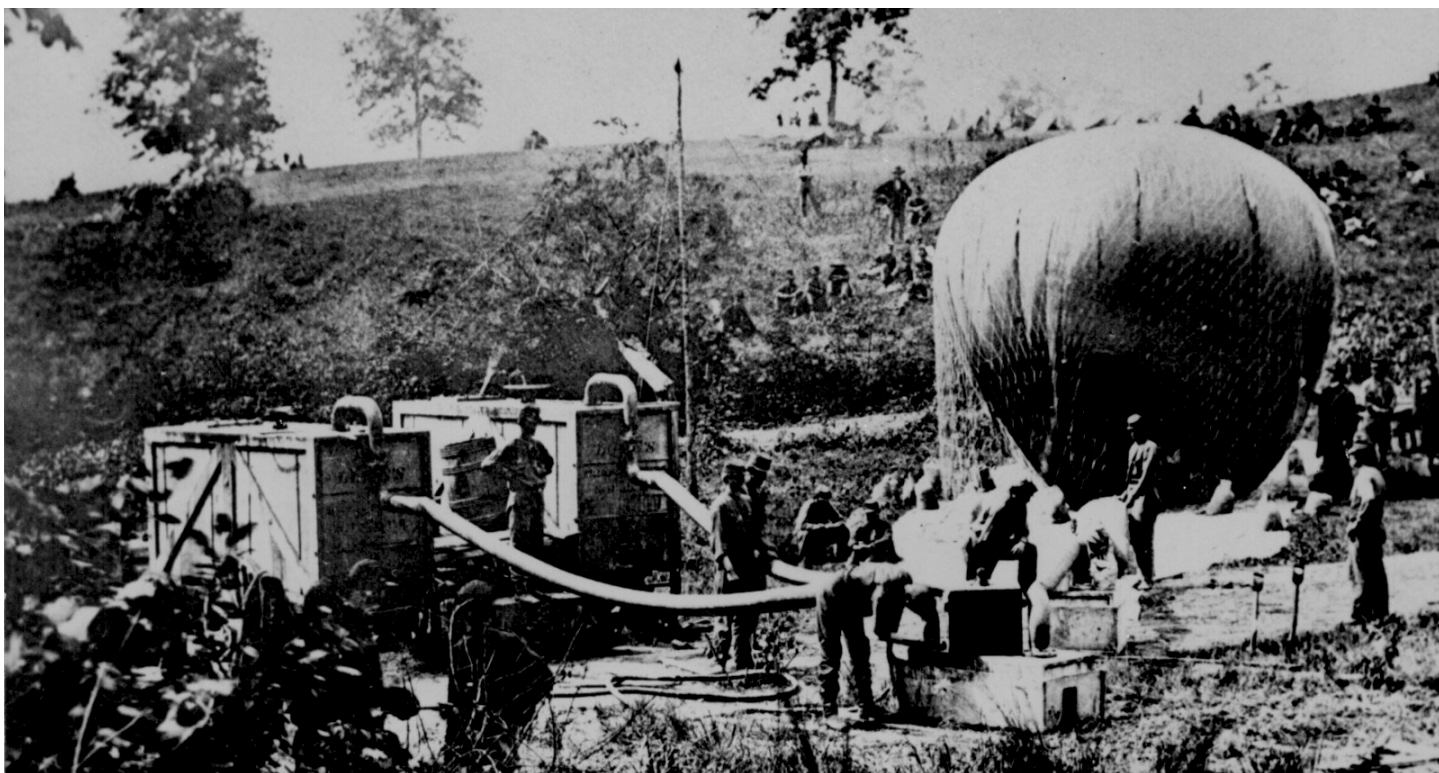
sion and corps. Our corps is commanded by General Ewell.

May 29 - Had a general review today. General Rodes is our division commander. He and General Lee reviewed us. I see a great change in the appearance of General Lee. He looks so much older than when I saw him at Yorktown. Then his hair was black. Now he is a gray-headed old man. We have five brigades in our division. The commander of my brigade is General Daniels, of North Carolina. One brigade of Georgians is commanded by General Dowles. Iverson, of North Carolina, has another brigade; also General Ramseur, of North Carolina, has a brigade; and General Battle, of Alabama, has a brigade. Our corps is composed of three divisions, ours by General Rodes, one by General Early, and the other by Gen. A. Johnson.

May 30 - We see the Yankees in bal-

Leon and the 53rd NCT were part of Ewell's Corp (LEFT) Rodes Division (CENTER) and Daniel's Brigade (RIGHT)





Federal Observation Balloon

loons every day, reconnoitering our lines.

June 1 and 2 - Nothing new.

June 3 - Saw my brother Morris several times.

June 4 - Got orders to cook three days' rations immediately. We left our camp at 3 this morning, marched fourteen miles and halted. We march one hour and rest ten minutes.

June 5 - Marched until 4 o'clock this evening - twenty miles to-day.

June 6 - Marched five miles and halted for the day.

June 7 - Left at 5 A.M., got to Culpepper Court House 3 P.M., and marched four miles on the east side of town. Twenty miles to-day. We waded Rapidan River, which is forty

yards wide, two feet deep and very swift.

June 8 - Stayed here all day.

June 9 - We were ordered to Beverly Ford, to support Gen. Jeb Stewart, who is engaging the Yankees, and they are having a very hard cavalry fight. Got here in a roundabout way, and formed in line of battle, with two lines of skirmishers in front. When we got to the Army of Northern Virginia we were told that each company must furnish one skirmisher out of every six men, and there was a call for volunteers for that service. So I left the colors and went as a skirmisher, whose duty it is in time of battle to go in front of the line and reconnoitre and engage the enemy until a general engagement, then we fall in line with balance of the army. As soon as the enemy saw that the cavalry were reinforced by infantry,

they fell back. This was altogether a cavalry fight. We took quite a number of prisoners, and camped two miles from the battlefield. We marched twelve miles to-day.

June 10 - Left here at 2 P.M., marched until 8 o'clock to-night - twelve miles.

June 11 - Resumed our march at 5 A.M., passed over three creeks that formed the Rappahannock River, passed through a town called Flint Hill, and camped one mile on the north side of the town. Marched sixteen miles to-day.

June 12 - Left at 5 A.M., marched over part of the Blue Ridge, and crossed the head of the Rappahannock River - eighteen miles to-day. We marched through Front Royal, where the ladies treated us very good. Camped one mile north

side of town, and waded the Shaninoar, both prongs.

June 13 - Marched to Berryville, a Yankee post. Heard firing before we got there. We took the left flank a half mile this side of town, and marched to the Winchester Turnpike. We then formed in line of battle with sharpshooters in front. We gave the Rebel yell and charged. But when we got to their breastworks the birds had flown. They did not take their nests with them. Their camp, with all their cooking utensils, quartermaster and commissary stores, were all left in our hands. They were evidently cooking a meal, for plenty of pots full of eatables were still on the fire when we got into their camp. We ate up all we could, and filled our haversacks and pushed on four miles further, and halted for the night. It is raining very hard, and there is, of course, no shelter for us.

June 14 - Left at 7 A.M., passed through Smithfield and Bunker Hill. The Yankees are still retreating in our front, on their way to Martinsburg, our own destination. We got there about 9 o'clock at night and drove them through the town, and, in fact, we felt like driving the devil out of his stronghold, as this was a very warm day. We had to march in quick time all day, a distance of twenty-five miles. Therefore we were not in the best of humor. This is a good sized town.

June 15 - Left here at 11 A.M., and got to the Potomac river at dusk, a distance of twelve miles. We have as yet been very fortunate. Have driven the enemy from the Rapidan to the Potomac, captured prisoners, arms, camps, quartermaster and commis-

sary stores, and the Yankees were any moment as strong in numbers as we, with the advantage of having breastworks to fight behind. Still they always ran at our appearance.

June 16 - Resting to-day.

June 17 - We crossed the Potomac River to-day at 1 P.M., and camped in Williamsport, Maryland, on the banks of the Potomac. Two miles to-day. The river is knee-deep.

June 18 - The people are mixed in their sympathies, some Confederates and some Yankees.

June 19 - Left at 8 A.M., and seven miles took us to Hagerstown, Md. Here the men greeted us very shabby, but the ladies quite the reverse. This town has 5,000 inhabitants, and is a very pretty town. We camped on the Antietam.

June 20 and 21 - Raining hard.

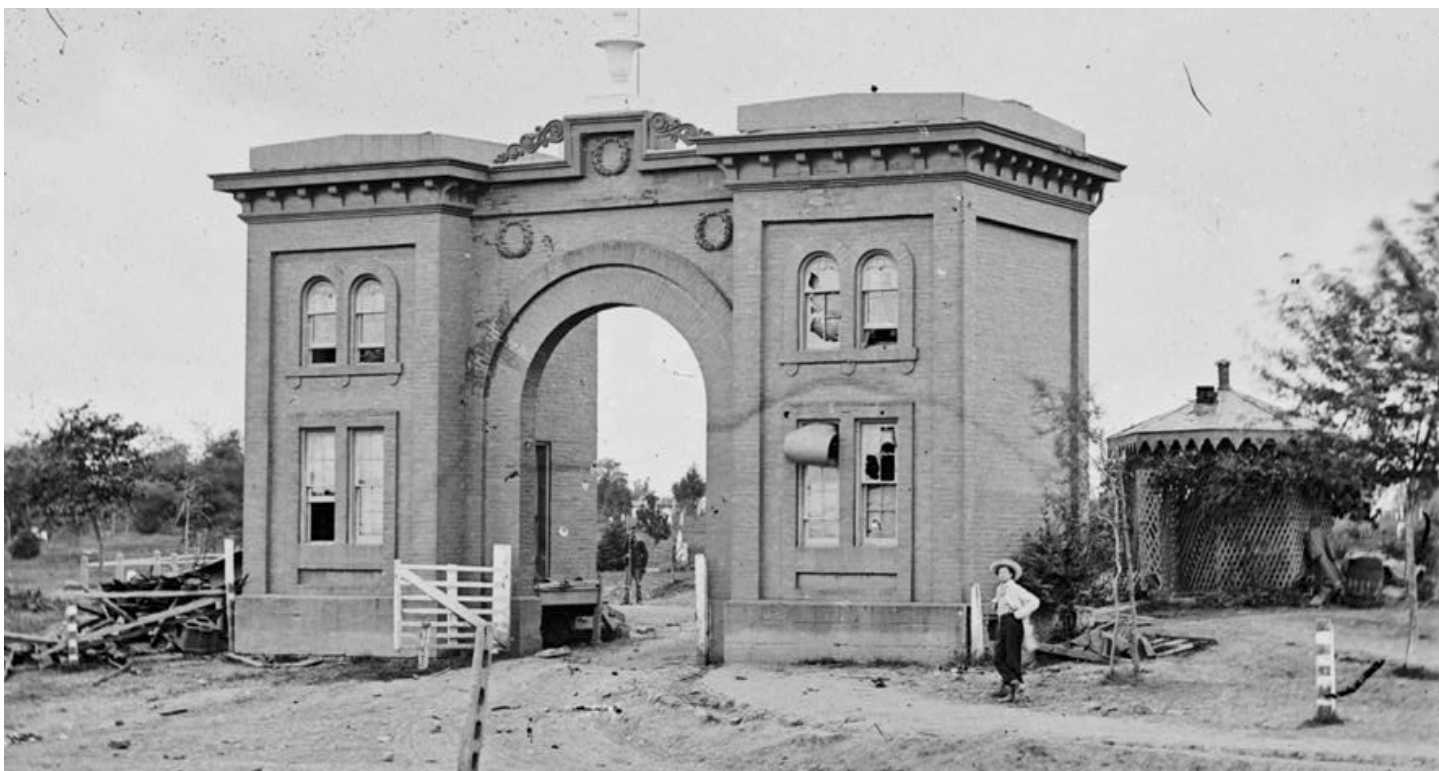
June 22 - Left this morning at 8 o'clock, got to Middleburg, Pa., at 11, passed through it, and got to Green Castle at half past one. Eleven miles to-day. The people seemed downhearted, and showed their hatred to us by their glum looks and silence, and I am willing to swear that no prayers will be offered in this town for us poor, ragged rebels.

June 23 - Here all day. Tom Tiotter and myself went out to buy something to eat, but when we came to a house, they would close their doors in our faces, or let us knock and not open. We got the ear of one or two ladies, and after proving to them that we were not wild animals nor thieves, they gave us what we

wanted, but would not take pay for anything.

June 24 - Left here this morning, got to Chambersburg at 12 M. Went three miles on the north side of town on picket - 14 miles to-day. We passed through Marion, a small village. Chambersburg is a very fine place, 10,000 inhabitants, but nary a smile greeted us as we marched through town. There are a plenty of men here - a pity they are not rebels, and in our ranks. This city is in Franklin County, Cumberland Valley. We were woke up in the middle of the night and marched off; waded a river which was so cold that it woke us up. Passed through Greenville to-day at dawn. This town has, I should judge, about 5,000 inhabitants. Nine miles to-day.

June 25 - Marched on, passed through Leesburg, Canada, Hockinsville, and Centerville, all small villages. We got to Carlisle, Pa., at sundown. Marched 21 miles to-day. This city is certainly a beautiful place. It has 8,000 inhabitants, and we were treated very good by the ladies. They thought we would do as their soldiers do, burn every place we passed through, but when we told them the strict orders of General Lee they were rejoiced. Our regiment was provost guard in the city, but were relieved by the 21st Georgia Regiment, and we went to camp at the U. S. barracks. So far we have lived very good in the enemy's country. We stayed here until the 30th, when we took the Baltimore pike road, crossed South Mountain at Holly Gap, passed through Papertown and Petersburg. We then left the Pike and took the Gettysburg road - 17 miles to-day. This has been a hard day for us, as



Cemetery Gatehouse, Gettysburg PA near the Federal right where Leon and the 53rd NCT were engaged

we were the rear guard of the division, and it was very hot, close and very dusty, and a terrible job to keep the stragglers up.

July 1 - We left camp at 6 A.M., passed through Heidelsburg and Middleton. At the latter place we heard firing in the direction of Gettysburg. We were pushed forward after letting the wagon trains get in our rear. We got to Gettysburg at 1 P.M., 15 miles. We were drawn up in line of battle about one mile south of town, and a little to the left of the Lutheran Seminary. We then advanced to the enemy's line of battle in double quick time. We had not gotten more than 50 paces when Norman of our company fell dead by my side. Katz was going to pick him up. I stopped him, as it is strictly forbidden for anyone to help take the dead or wounded off the field except

the ambulance corps. We then crossed over a rail fence, where our Lieutenant McMatthews and Lieutenant Alexander were both wounded. That left us with a captain and one lieutenant. After this we got into battle in earnest, and lost in our company very heavily, both killed and wounded. This fight lasted four hours and a half, when at last we drove them clear out of town, and took at least 3,000 prisoners. They also lost very heavily in killed and wounded, which all fell into our hands. After the fight our company was ordered to pick up all straggling Yankees in town, and bring them together to be brought to the rear as prisoners. One fellow I took up could not speak one word of English, and the first thing he asked me in German was "Will I get my pay in prison?" After we had them all put up in a pen we went to our regiment

and rested. Major Iredell, of our regiment, came to me and shook my hand, and also complimented me for action in the fight. At dusk I was about going to hunt up my brother Morris, when he came to me. Thank God, we are both safe as yet. We laid all night among the dead Yankees, but they did not disturb our peaceful slumbers.

July 2 - Our division was in reserve until dark, but our regiment was supporting a battery all day. We lost several killed and wounded, although we had no chance to fire - only lay by a battery of artillery and be shot at. The caisson of the battery we were supporting was blown up and we got a big good sprinkling of the wood from it. Just at dark we were sent to the front under terrible cannonading. Still, it was certainly a beautiful sight. It being dark, we could see the can-

non vomit forth fire. Our company had to cross a rail fence. It gave way and several of our boys were hurt by others walking over them. We laid down here a short time, in fact no longer than 10 minutes, when I positively fell asleep. The cannonading did not disturb me. One of the boys shook me and told me Katz was wounded by a piece of a shell striking him on the side, and he was sent to the rear. We went on to the Baltimore Turnpike until 3 in the morning of the 3d.

July 3 - When under a very heavy fire, we were ordered on Culp's Hill, to the support of Gen. A. Johnson. Here we stayed all day - no, here, I may say, we melted away. We were on the brow of one hill, the enemy on the brow of another. We charged on them several times, but of course, running down our hill, and then to get to them was impossible, and every time we attempted it we came back leaving some of our comrades behind. Here our Lieutenant Belt lost his arm. We have now in our company a captain. All of our lieutenants are wounded. We fought here until 7 P.M., when what was left of us was withdrawn and taken to the first day's battlefield. At the commencement of this fight our Brigade was the strongest in our division, but she is not now. We lost the most men, for we were in the fight all the time, and I have it from Colonel Owens that our regiment lost the most in the Brigade. I know that our company went in the fight with 60 men. When we left Culp's Hill there were 16 of us that answered to the roll call. The balance were all killed and wounded. There were 12 sharpshooters in our company and now John Cochran and myself are the only ones that are left.

This day none will forget, that participated in the fight. It was truly awful how fast, how very fast, did our poor boys fall by our sides - almost as fast as the leaves that fell as cannon and musket balls hit them, as they flew on their deadly errand. You could see one with his head shot off, others cut in two, then one with his brain oozing out, one with his leg off, others shot through the heart. Then you would hear some poor friend or foe crying for water, or for "God's sake" to kill him. You would see some of your comrades, shot through the leg, lying between the lines, asking his friends to take him out, but no one could get to his relief, and you would have to leave him there, perhaps to die, or, at best, to become a prisoner. Our brigade was the only one that was sent to Culp's Hill to support General Johnson. In our rapid firing today my gun became so hot that the ramrod would not come out, so I shot it at the Yankees, and picked up a gun from the ground, a gun that some poor comrade dropped after being shot. I wonder if it hit a Yankee; if so, I pity him. Our regiment was in a very exposed position at one time to-day, and our General Daniels ordered a courier of his to bring us from the hill. He was killed before he got to us. The General sent another. He was also killed before he reached us. Then General Daniels would not order any one, but called for volunteers. Capt. Ed. Stitt, of Charlotte, one of his aides, responded, and he took us out of the exposed position.

July 4 - We laid on the battlefield of the first day, this the fourth day of July. No fighting to-day, but we are burying the dead. They have been lying on the field in the sun since the

first day's fight; it being dusty and hot, the dead smell terribly. The funny part of it is, the Yankees have all turned black. Several of our company, wounded, have died. Katz is getting along all right. The battle is over, and although we did not succeed in pushing the enemy out of their strong position, I am sure they have not anything to boast about. They have lost at least as many in killed and wounded as we have. We have taken more prisoners from them than they have from us. If that is not the case, why did they lay still all today and see our army going to the rear? An army that has gained a great victory follows it up while its enemy is badly crippled; but Meade, their commander, knows he has had as much as he gave, at least, if not more. As yet I have not heard a word from my brother Morris since the first day's fight.

July 5 - Left this morning at 5 o'clock. Only marched ten miles to-day. The enemy being in our rear, and skirmishing very strong.

July 6 - Our company was ordered out as skirmishers to-day, as our regular skirmish corps was broken up during the fight. We were the rear of the army, and therefore had a very hard job before us. Fighting all day in falling back we certainly had fun. We were close enough to the enemy to hear their commands. We would hold them in check and give them a few rounds, then fall back again. They would then advance until we would make a stand, fight again, and so it was until we reached Fairfield, six miles from Gettysburg. I don't think there were many lost on either side in this skirmish. We crossed South Mountain at Monteray Gap.

When we came to the above town I pressed into service a citizen's coat, in this way: We were ordered to rest, and, as usual, we would sit on fences and lay about the road. Some of the boys jumped on an old hog pen. It broke through. They fell in, and, lo and behold, there were boxes of clothing, dresses, shawls, blankets, and, in fact, everything in the line of wearing apparel. I, being a little fellow, crawled through some of the boys' legs and captured the coat. If the fool citizen would have left his things in his house they would have been safe, but to put it in our way was too much for us to leave behind. We also passed through Waterboro, and Waynesboro, Pa., where the Maryland line commences. We then passed through Latisburg, and halted in Hagerstown, Md., on the evening of the 7th. We marched yesterday and all night up to 11 o'clock - twenty-four miles.

July 8 - We are resting, and, goodness knows, we need it very much. I sold my coat for twenty dollars and a gray jacket. We lost in the last fight in our company eleven killed and twenty-six wounded; three of the latter will not live, and nine of our number became prisoners, besides the wounded. Our three lieutenants are all wounded and prisoners. Katz is also a prisoner. Nothing further up to the 10th.

July 10 - Moved four and a half miles on the other side of town. We have fortified ourselves here.

July 11 - Orders read out to-day from our father, R. E. Lee, that we would fight the enemy once more on their own soil, as they were now in our front. That order got to them, and

fulfilled its mission, as we were then on our way to the Potomac. They still thinking we could not cross the river, because the river was very high from the recent rains, and we had but one pontoon bridge. At 10 in the night we formed in line of battle, got to our position, when our regiment was ordered to support a battery. Laid on our arms all night.

July 12 - Went back to our brigade this morning. Skirmishing very heavy on the left and center.

July 13 - News came to us to-day that Vicksburg had fallen on the 4th. Heavy skirmishing, fighting all day. Our brigade again acted as the rear of our corps, our regiment being its rear. We started our retreat at dark and marched to Williamsport, six miles, through mud and slush ankle-deep, and raining very hard. We marched one mile to the right of and crossed the Potomac at midnight, after wading through the canal, which we destroyed. The river was up to my chin, and very swift. We crossed in fours, for protection, as otherwise we could not have crossed. Our cartridge boxes we carried around our necks to keep the powder dry. On the south bank tar was poured so that we would not slip back in the river, as the mud was very slick. J. Engle, of our company, was stuck in until some of the boys pulled him out. We went six miles further, and I honestly believe more of us were asleep on our night's march than awake. But, still, all kept up, for the rear was prison. We then halted, made fire to dry ourselves, just as day was breaking on the morning of the 14th.

July 14 - The roads are so bad that it is hard work to trudge along. I stuck

in the mud several times, and lost one shoe in a mud hole, but of course took it out again. One consolation we have got, it is raining so hard that the mud is washed off our clothing, therefore they were not soiled too bad. But the devil of it is there is no blacking to shine our shoes with. Marched sixteen miles and halted. We are now, thank God, on Confederate soil, but oh, how many of our dear comrades have we left behind. We can never forget this campaign. We had hard marching, hard fighting, suffered hunger and privation, but our general officers were always with us, to help the weary soldier carry his gun, or let him ride. In a fight they were with us to encourage. Many a general have I seen walk and a poor sick private riding his horse, and our father, Lee, was scarcely ever out of sight when there was danger. We could not feel gloomy when we saw his old gray head uncovered as he would pass us on the march, or be with us in a fight. I care not how weary or hungry we were, when we saw him we gave that Rebel yell, and hunger and wounds would be forgotten.

July 15 - We marched five miles to-day, and were compelled to halt, as our wagon trains had to get in our front. I and two of our mess killed three turkeys, took them with us to one mile from Martinsburg, Va., where we camped, and the bones of those turkeys were left behind.

July 16 - Left this morning at 7; marched to Darkesville, eight miles.

July 17 - Raining very hard to-day, and we are resting.

July 20 - Went on picket to-day,

stayed there one hour, and was ordered back. Got to camp, and found our brigade gone. We marched to Martinsburg, halted at 10 at night, two miles from town - ten miles to-day.

July 21 - Went through town at 5 this morning, to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with Johnson's division and part of Hampton's Legion, to tear up the railroad. We destroyed six miles of it and returned to our camp at Darkesville - fifteen miles to-day.

July 22 - Left this morning at 5, marched through Winchester three miles, and halted.

July 23 - Left at 5 this morning, went through Front Royal - seventeen miles to-day. Waded the south and north prongs of the Shenandoah River. We then took the road to Mananas Gap, marched three miles, when we met the enemy and had brisk firing until dark. Their line is very strong. They advanced in two lines in very fine order. When they got within range of our guns we opened on them, and they scattered like bluebirds. We had a beautiful view of this fight, as we are on the mountain. Neither of the armies can move without being seen by the other. Our corps of sharpshooters has been formed again since a few days ago. We were sent to the support of the other corps. We were within twenty yards of the enemy's line until midnight, when we fell back in good order.

July 24 - Marched two miles up Chester Gap, when we were about faced and marched through Front Royal again. We here took the Strasburg road at daylight. We re-

sumed our march, and halted at 3 in the evening. We have been on a forced march three days and nights, waded rivers, fought skirmishes, and marched in that time forty-five miles. We are camped in an apple orchard in a village called Milford.

July 25 - Left this morning at 7 o'clock, halted at 3 in the afternoon - sixteen miles.

July 26 - Rested to-day. William Eagle and myself went up the Blue Ridge to gather berries, and were lost in the woods for one hour.

July 27 - Left this morning at 5, crossed the Blue Ridge at Thornton Gap. We camped one mile from Sparrowsville. Marched thirteen miles to-day.

July 28 - Left at 6 this morning, marched ten miles and halted on the mountain.

July 29 - Left at 7, marched until 3, camped one mile from Madison Court House. Marched ten miles to-day.

July 30 - Still in camp. Hugh Sample and myself were out on a forage and milked a cow in his hat, the only thing we had.

July 31 - We left here to-night, marched seven miles, and halted.

August 1 - Resumed our march at 4 this morning, and got to Orange Court House, fourteen miles. It is a very hot day, and there were several men fell dead on the road from sunstroke. We rested here until the 4th.

August 4 - Left our camp, marched

three miles, one mile on the south side of town.

August 11 - Nothing up to to-day. This, I suppose, is to be our regular camp, as we have commenced to drill again.

August 12 - We had a very severe storm to-day, which killed two men and hurt several of our brigade. It tore up trees and played smash in general.

August 23 - They have commenced to give furloughs, one to every two companies.

August 24 - Was on guard this morning, but Sergeant Hugh Reid sent for me, and detailed me, with some men out of every regiment in our brigade, to hunt deserters. Si Wolf and myself, out of our company. We left camp at 3 this evening, marched two miles up the railroad, and took the cars to Gordonsville. Got there at 4. It is a small place, but one of importance, as all our supplies for the army from Richmond come from this station.

August 25 - Took the cars at 5 A.M. and got to Keswick, a depot on the Stanton road. We left here after staying one hour, and took our posts in the woods. As we are about twenty men, with one lieutenant in command, we made no camp, but stayed about here and reported every time there was any news about deserters. Wolf and myself went out in the country to houses that we were told harbored deserters. We passed ourselves off as such, and were well received, and got some valuable information. They told us that the deserters were in the woods. We then returned to our companions, and got

well soaked, as it was raining very hard. Stayed in a barn all night.

August 26 - We stayed in the woods all day, but at night went out scouting for deserters, but did not find any.

August 27 - Returned at 7 this morning, went out again at dark, went through four houses of bad repute, but found not one deserter. Went twelve miles this night.

August 28 - We moved this evening, and I stayed in a gentleman's house all night with Wolf.

August 29 - Returned to our companions this morning at 10 o'clock.

August 30 - Left at 5 in the morning. We hunted through the cliffs for several hours and caught one deserter. Several of our men and myself dined in a widow lady's house. There were quite a number of ladies there, and we had a very pleasant time. Then we went to Mr. Bell's and had supper there. From there we went to Mr. Wheeler's and stayed all night.

August 31 - Went to Mr. Watkin's, took dinner there, and stayed all day. Had a very pleasant time with his daughter, Miss Annie.

September 1 - To-day we went on a general hunt in full force. We went into a house where we suspected there was a deserter. We hunted through all the out-houses, then went to the house, and the lady strongly denied there being any one there, but would not give us permission to look. We then searched the house, but found no one. I then proposed that we go in the loft. She objected again. But of course we were determined.

It was pitch-dark in the loft. We called in, but no answer came. I then proposed, in a loud voice, so that if any one was there they could hear me, that we fix bayonets and stick around and satisfy ourselves that no one was there. Still no answer. I then got in the loft, took my gun and commenced sticking around. At last an answer came from the far corner that he would surrender. The way I got into the loft was, I being a little fellow, and Si Wolf a tall man, they put me on his shoulder, and in that way I crawled in. We then left for camp, passed a church, and was in time to see a wedding. We drilled for the ladies, and had a good time.

September 2 - On a hunt to-day several of my comrades with myself came to a house, and the first thing we heard was, "Is there a Jew in your detachment that caught a deserter yesterday?" They would like to see him, etc. At last one of the boys told them that I was the Jew. After that I had a very good time there, and in fact wherever I went I was received very kindly, and was very sorry to see on the 4th that orders came for us to return to our brigade.

September 4 - Marched to Keswick, and found that we would have to march to Gordonsville. Got there that night. Fifteen miles to-day.

September 5 - Left here at 7, got to brigade at 10 in the morning, and from the 24th of last month up to date I certainly have seen the best time since

September 6 - Our captain, Harvey White, returned to camp yesterday from a furlough.

September 8 - We are getting ready for a corps review for to-morrow.

September 9 - To-day we had a review. Present: General Lee, General Ewell, General Early, General Johnson and General Rodes, of our corps, and General Hill, Gen. J. E. B. Stewart, and smaller fry of our army. It was certainly a grand scene. Nothing more up to the 14th.

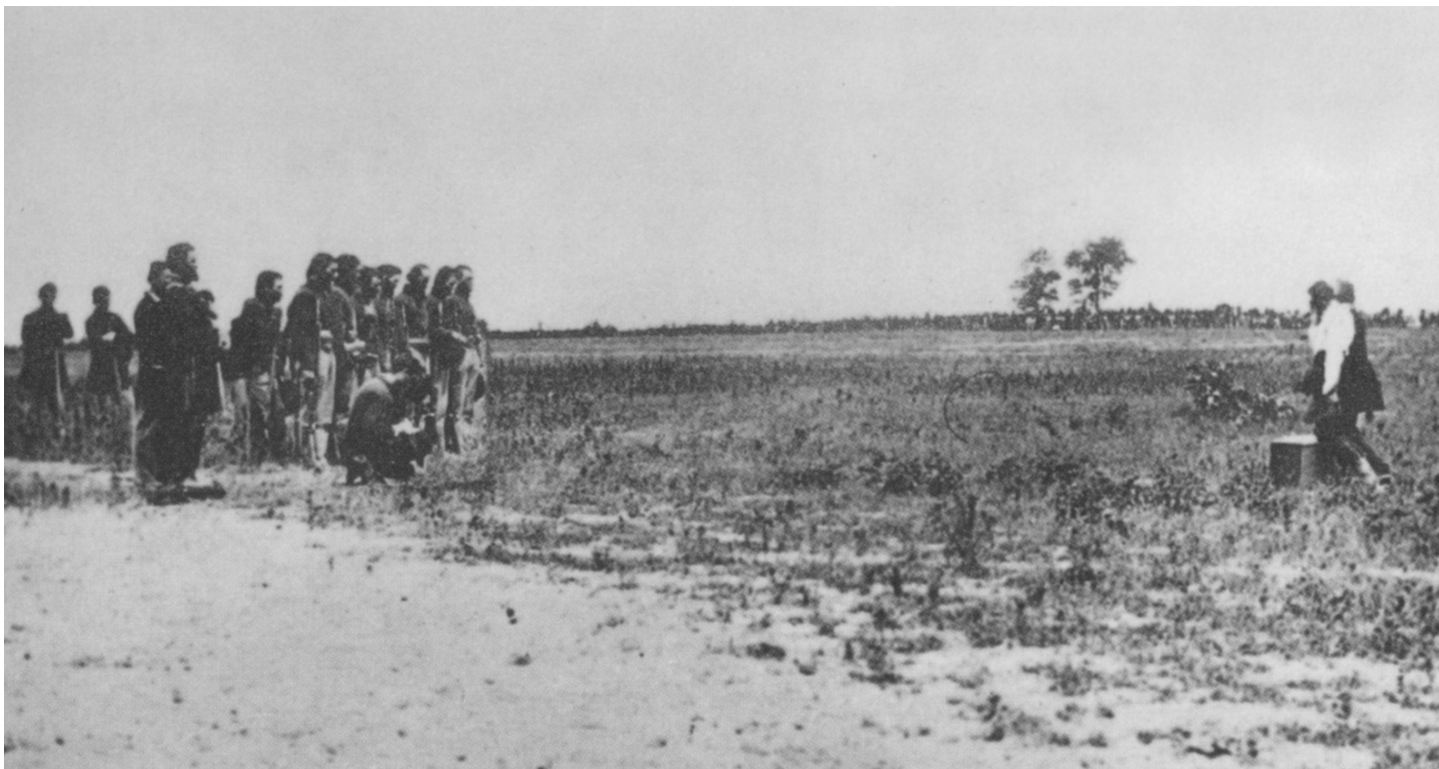
September 14 - Left camp this morning at 7, marched twelve miles and halted. Hear firing in front on the Rapidan, at Summerville Ford. Here all night.

September 15 - Still some firing in front. We are in reserve. I went to see the fight. I saw the enemy very plainly, and thus I spent my New Year's Day.

September 16 - To-day there was a man shot for desertion. Eight balls passed through him. The way this is conducted is: the brigade that he belongs to, or sometimes even the division, is drawn up in full sight of the doomed man. He is tied to a stake in front of his grave, which is already dug, and his coffin at his side. There is a squad of twelve men and one officer detailed to do the shooting. Eleven of the guns are loaded. The guns are given to them by the officer, so that no man knows which gun is loaded. The order is then given to fire. Thus ends the deserter's life. The brigade, or division, then marches around him, so that every man can see his, the deserter's, end.

September 17 - Very little firing to-day.

September 18 - Raining hard all day,



Execution of A Deserter

and no tents. Left camp at 2 in the afternoon, marched six miles, halted at the river, and our regiment went on picket. It is still raining very hard, and we are as wet as drowned cats, and cold, too, for we cannot make a fire in front of the enemy. If we did they would have a good mark to shoot at.

September 19 - We are at Moulton's Ford.

September 20 - In speaking distance of the Yankees.

September 21 - Our regiment was relieved to-day by the 3d Alabama, of Battle's Brigade.

September 22 - I spoke and exchanged papers with a Yankee of the 7th Ohio Regiment.

September 23 - Day of Atonement

to-day. Nothing more up to the 26th.

September 26 - We have built ourselves cabins in our camps. This evening we went on picket.

September 27 - The Yankees are very active today. Something is up.

September 28 - Our regiment is on picket; will be relieved to-morrow.

September 29 - All quiet to-day. Brother Morris returned from Richmond yesterday, where he has been for ten days on a furlough. Before our Jewish New Year there was an order read out from General Lee granting a furlough to each Israelite to go to Richmond for the holidays if he so desired. I did not care to go.

September 30 - We are shooting at the Yankees to-day for fun, as they are trying to steal sheep from the

houses that are between our lines.

October 1 - Went on picket at 4 this afternoon, and was roused up in the night to intercept a spy who is in our lines, and is expecting to cross, but we did not see him, for it was so dark we could see nothing.

October 2 - Relieved to-day. Very wet and disagreeable weather. Nothing new up to the 9th.

October 9 - Left camp at 4 this evening and halted on the morning of the 10th at 1 o'clock, when we caught up with our brigade. Marched twelve miles on very muddy road, and fell into several holes. We left again very early this morning and marched twenty miles. We waded the Rapidan to-day at Liberty Mills.

October 11 - We forded Roberson River, and marched up and down

hollows without singing or making any noise, so that the enemy could not see or hear us. We heard firing on our left. We are eight miles from Culpepper Court House.

October 12 - Started at daylight, marched twenty-five miles, waded the Hazel River at 10 this morning. Had to take off our shoes and pants, according to orders. It was very cold. We got within a quarter of a mile of Jefferson town, when the fight commenced. We drove the Yankees through town double quick. We halted one mile on the other side of the town, then formed in line of battle once more and went forward. We drove the enemy over the Rappahannock and through Warrington Springs; took 300 prisoners and halted at 9 in the night.

October 13 - Left here at daylight, marched through Warrington, a very handsome place, went two miles further and camped for the night - seven miles.

October 14 - My corps of sharpshooters marched in front of the line. Left camp at 4 this morning, and at daylight, as General Ewell and staff rode up to us, there was a volley shot at us. We immediately deployed and after the enemy. We fought on a run for six hours, all the time the enemy falling back. They at one time raised a white flag and surrendered. We then stopped firing, and as we got within one hundred feet they opened on us again, for they saw we were only a line of sharpshooters. We then resumed firing at them. I captured a mail-bag in the fight, and in several letters I found some money. We halted, and the enemy kept on running like wild ducks. This is the battle

of Bristow Station. We took many prisoners. As we got through fighting we heard firing on our right. We marched to their support, but when we got there the firing had ceased. Twenty-five miles to-day. We camped on Manassas Plain. Raining hard all night.

October 15 - Here all day, and talking with our prisoners.

October 16 - Left this morning at 4, marched five miles, and halted on the Orange and Alexander Railroad, tore it up one and a quarter miles, and camped.

October 17 - Marched four miles to-day and tore and burned up the same amount of railroad.

October 18 - Started at 4 this morning and marched ten miles toward Culpepper Court House. We tore up the railroad from Manassas to the Rappahannock River. The way we tear up railroads is this: we take the cross-ties and make a square of them as high as your head. We place the rails on the cross-ties, then set it afire and the rails bend double.

October 19 - Left at 4 this morning, crossed the river on pontoon bridges. It commenced to hail and rain very hard, and kept it up for two hours. We got very wet. Halted at Cedar Run, marched ten miles, and stayed here until the 21st.

October 21 - We were sent to Kelly's Ford on picket.

October 22 - Relieved to-day. It was bitter cold.

October 23 - We commenced putting

up winter quarters, and were hard at work up till the last of this month.

November 1 - Moved into our shanties to-day. There are five of us in mine. They are ten feet square.

November 3 - Went on picket on the Rappahannock at Norman's Ford, six miles from camp.

November 6 - Were relieved to-day.

November 7 - To-day, as several of us went to get some straw near Kelly's Ford, we heard firing, and the long roll beat. Looking up we saw the Yankees crossing the river. We double-quickened to camp and got there just in time to fall in with our regiment, to intercept the enemy, but they had already crossed the river before we got there. We maneuvered about until dark, when my corps of sharpshooters was ordered out. We were within one hundred yards of the Yankees, and saw them around their fires very plainly. On the morning of the 8th we retreated in very good order. I certainly was glad of it, as we were in a very bad fix. We marched until sun-up and halted on Stone Mountain, passed through Stevensburg. Stayed here all night, and resumed our march and halted on the morning of the 9th. We then crossed the Rapidan at the Raccoon Ford, and are now camped at our old camp at Moulton Ford. We marched, since leaving Kelly's Ford, forty miles. The distance is only seventeen miles. We were certainly surprised for the first time since the war. We did not dream the enemy was on us before the firing commenced. Our brigade was cut off from the army twice, but our General Daniels got us through safe. Nothing new up to

the 26th.

November 26 - When we had marched seven miles we heard cannonading. The enemy is trying to cross the river at Jacob's Ford, but our boys kept them back. We laid in breastworks of our own make until the 27th.

November 27 - This morning we marched seven miles, halted a short time, and resumed our march. Got three miles further, and firing commenced in our front. We then counter-marched and formed in line of battle, in the edge of the woods. One corps of sharpshooters was sent out to find the enemy. Fought the enemy one-half hour and were forced back. My corps then went out as reinforcement. We fought then for four hours, and were called back to our command. I, at one time in this fight, was in a close place. Being in front, I did not hear the order to fall back, and being by myself was left a target for a dozen Yankees, but my Captain White saw what a fix I was in and sent a squad of our company to my relief, so I fell back with them. We then, that night, went to Mine Run and formed our line of battle there.

November 28 - To-day the whole army is throwing up breastworks. The sharpshooters are out in front, my corps out to-day. We made ourselves small pits to lay in as a protection from the Yankee bullets. These pits are just about large enough to hold two or three men. Pinkney King, Sam Wilson and myself are in one. We are shooting at the enemy all day. They are returning the compliment. Late this evening we saw some of them opposite our pits, trying to get into a house. We jumped

out of our pits and fired at them several times, when poor King was shot and died in a few minutes. Another man was sent to relieve in his place, and we held our position. The other corps of sharpshooters fought all day.

November 29 - Ours again to-day, but not as hard as before, but heavy enough. The cannonading is getting heavier.

December 1 - The other corps is out to-day. The Yankees, as well as ourselves, are well fortified, and we are confronting one another.

December 2 - This morning at 3 we moved to the right until daylight, when our corps was again sent to the front. We advanced toward the enemy's works. We moved, of course, very carefully, as we saw their breastworks, and in front of us two cannon. When we got in shooting range, the order was given to "Charge!" We did so with a rebel yell, and as we got upon their breastworks, lo and behold, there were no Yankees, and the cannons we saw were nothing but logs. We followed them to the river, but their whole army had crossed. We, of course, captured a great many of their sick and stragglers.

December 3 - Marched back to our camp at Moulton's Ford, and our regiment was sent on picket at Mitchell's Ford, seven miles from camp. This has been a very severe seven-days' campaign, as we fought mostly all the time. Cold, sleety, disagreeable weather, and we dare not make large fires, as that would be a sure target for the Yankees. Mine Run is a small stream on the Orange and Fredericksburg turnpike. Nothing

more worth recording up to the 8th, my birthday, and spent it as dull as could be. Have been on picket, and relieved on Dole's Georgia Brigade. Up to the 27th nothing doing.

December 27 - We moved our camps from our picket posts seven miles from Orange Court House. On the turnpike from there to Fredericksburg, and commenced putting up winter quarters. On the 31st moved into them, and for the first time in a year or two we have with our rations some coffee, sugar and dried apples.

DIARY OF A TARHEEL CONFEDERATE

A LOST CAUSE: 1864-1865

By Louis Leon Co. C, 1st Regiment North Carolina Infantry (6 Months, 1861) and Co. B, 53rd NCT
From *Documenting The American South*, University of North Carolina
<http://docsouth.unc.edu/index.html>

THE YEAR 1864

January 8 - It has been snowing, and is very cold. Some of the boys have formed a dramatic company, and I went to see them play "Toodles." There were two men shot in our brigade for desertion to-day. Nothing of interest until 11th.

January 11 - Left our camp at sun-up, got five miles and halted in the woods. We have been detailed to run two sawmills, and we are now putting up winter quarters there.

January 16 - Nothing more until to-day. W. R. Berryhill has got the smallpox. Quite a number of us were in the same quarters with him, but none of us caught the disease. I was detailed to work at the mills, and therefore I am learning a new trade. Live and learn.

January 20 - Hard work until to-day, when we were sent out to lay a plank

road. While at work General Lee and his daughter rode by us, and soon after a courier came from his headquarters and gave us some woolen socks and gloves - sent to us from his daughter. Nothing more worth recording this month.

February 2 - While hard at work in the woods, hauling stocks for the mill, my furlough came, for eighteen days. So I was relieved. On the 3d I left camp and got home on the morning of the 6th. It took me several days to get accustomed to living as a civilian, as I have been in camp for two years at a stretch. I had a very good time, and will always be grateful for the kindness shown me by every one while at home.

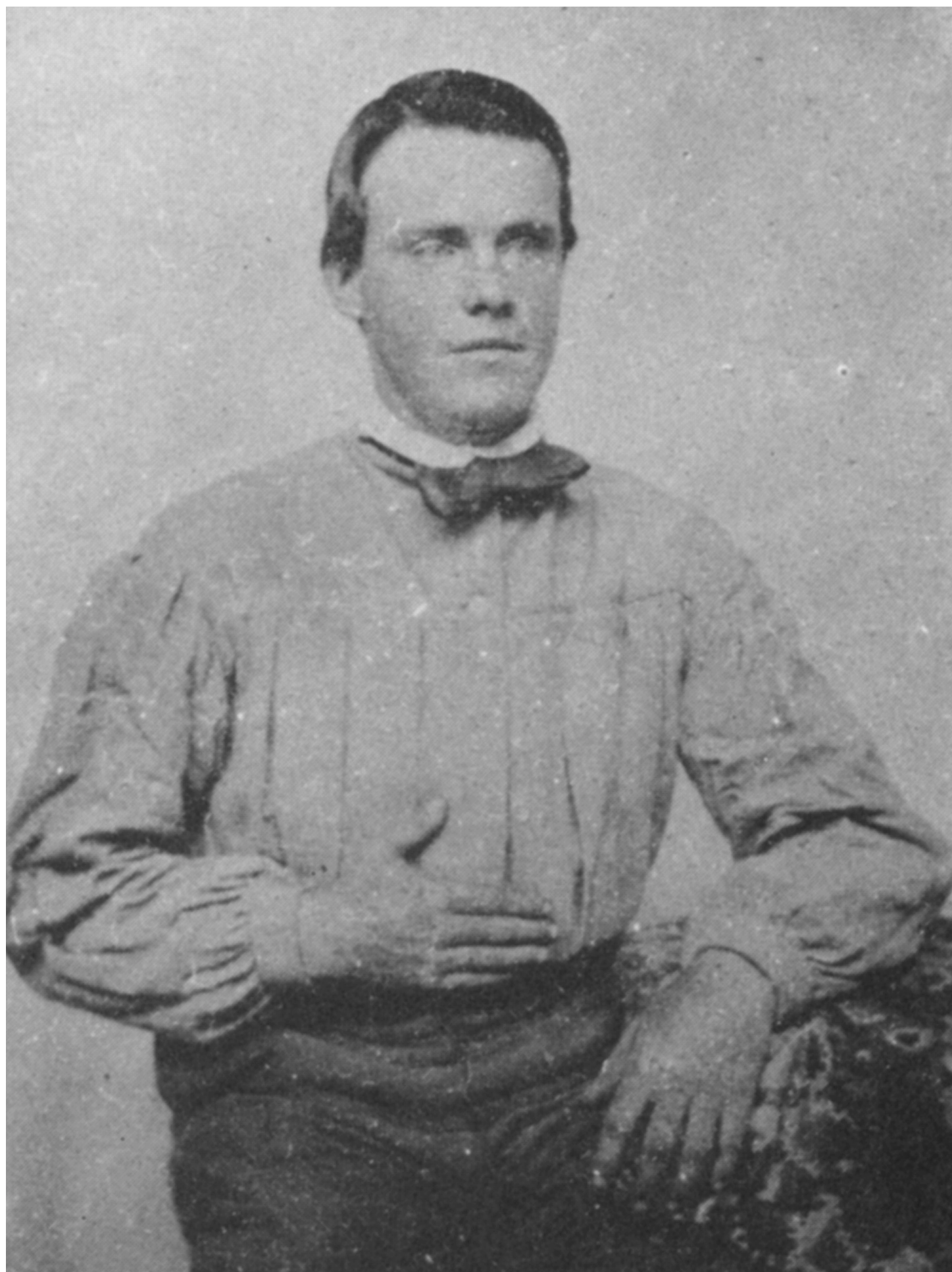
February 23 - Reached camp to-day, and found that my regiment had marched once since I left. This was the first I missed since my regiment was formed. Nothing more this month.

March 1 - Raining hard. Left camp at 9 this morning, halted at dark nine miles from Madison Court House. Snowing to-night. We had a hard road to travel, and when we got to our destination the enemy had gone.

March 2 - Started back to camp. The weather was clear and cold. Got there at 7 in the evening, and I stiff from walking. We marched eighteen miles to-day.

March 3 - Left camp at 8 this morning to intercept General Kilpatrick, who is scouting in our lines. We formed in line of battle, had all the roads guarded, when we found out that he was already on his way to the peninsula, so we returned to camp. Twenty miles to-day.

March 4 - I am as stiff as an old man this morning from yesterday's march on the plank road.



March 5 - We left the mills this morning and returned to our brigade, a distance of five miles. Nothing more up to the 17th.

March 17 - An order was read out at dress parade that all troops in the army would be held until the end of the war. This was nothing of importance to us, as we enlisted for that time. It is raining and snowing very hard, and almost every day. Our regiment is not in winter quarters, for we expect to move when the bad weather stops. We had a snowball fight - our regiment with the 43d North Carolina. Then our brigade with Battle's Brigade. It was lots of fun. Nothing more until the 26th.

March 26 - We were visited to-day by our Governor, Zeb Vance, who made us a speech of two and a half hour's duration. With him on the plat-

form was General Lee, General Ewell and several others.

March 28 - We were reviewed to-day by our Governor. When I say reviewed, I mean all the North Carolina troops in our corps. After the review we went to Ramseur's Brigade, where he spoke again. So did Generals Early, Rodes and Stewart. That is all that is worth recording this month.

April 1 - Left camp at 8 this morning to go on picket twelve miles from our camp. Our brigade went on picket at Raccoon Ford, and picketed up to Moulton's Ford. Raining hard to-day, also on the 2d. The river is ten feet above common watermark.

April 3 - As I have not heard from my parents since the war, they living in New York, I thought I would send

a personal advertisement to a New York paper to let them know that my brother and myself are well, and for them to send an answer through the Richmond paper. I gave this to a Yankee picket, who promised me he would send it to New York. Nothing more up to the 7th.

April 7 - This is a day of fasting and prayer, set apart by President Davis.

April 9 - Were relieved to-day by Doles' Georgia Brigade. Got to camp at 1 in the evening, raining very hard all day. Nothing more up to the 14th.

April 14 - I went to A. P. Hill's corps to visit my friend, Lieutenant Rusler, and returned to camp on the 15th.

April 15 - Nothing more up to the 18th.

Snowball fight in Confederate camp





Remains of Federal soldiers killed in the Battle of the Wilderness May 5-6, 1864

April 18 - Our corps of sharpshooters went out today target practising. We shoot a distance of 500 yards off-hand. Some very good shooting was done.

April 20 - I hit the bull's-eye to-day. We are practising every day up to the 23d.

April 23 - Went to Moulton's Ford, met Stonewall Brigade on our way, and had some lively talk with them, all in fun, of course. Stayed on picket until 30th, then we were relieved at 11 in the morning, and reached camp at 2.

May 1 - Rumors are flying that we will soon get hard fighting. Nothing more up to the 4th.

May 4 - This morning we got orders to be ready at a moment's notice. Broke camp at noon, marched to our old breastworks at Mine Run, seven miles from camp. Rested two hours, and moved forward toward the river three miles further and halted.

May 5 - Moved this morning, feeling for the enemy, and came up to them at noon, five miles from the Run, in the Wilderness. It certainly is a wilderness; it is almost impossible for a man to walk, as the woods are thick with an underbrush growth and all kinds of shrubbery, old logs, grapevines, and goodness knows what. My corps of sharpshooters was ordered to the front. We formed in line and advanced to the enemy. We fought them very hard for three hours, they falling back all the time.

Our sharpshooters' line got mixed up with Gordon's Brigade, and fought with them. In one charge we got to the most elevated place in the Wilderness. We looked back for our brigade, but saw it not. Just then a Yankee officer came up and we took him prisoner. Some of Gordon's men took him to the rear. Six of our regiment, sharpshooters, myself included, went to the right to join our regiment, but were picked up by the Yankees and made prisoners. We were run back in their line on the double quick. When we got to their rear we found about 300 of our men were already prisoners. The Yankees lost very heavily in this fight, more than we did. Although we lost heavy enough, but, my Heavens! what an army they have got. It seems to me that there is ten of them to one of us. It looks



Confederate Prisoners at Belle Plain, VA, 1864

strange that we could deliver such fearful blows when, in fact, if numbers counted, they should have killed us two years ago. In going to their rear we passed through four lines of battle and reinforcements still coming up, while we are satisfied with, or at least have no more than one line of battle.

May 6 - Fighting commenced at daylight, and lasted all day. So did it last with their everlasting reinforcements. If General Lee only had half their men, and those men were rebels, we would go to Washington in two weeks. When he has fought such an army for four years it certainly shows we have the generals and the fighting-stock on our side, and they have the hirelings. Look at our army, and you will see them in rags and barefooted. But among the Yankees I see nothing but an abundance of everything. Still, they haven't whipped the rebels. Several of our boys came in

as prisoners to-day, with them Engle of our company. They think I was killed, so does my brother, but as yet the bullet has not done its last work for your humble servant.

May 7 - We are still penned up as prisoners in the rear of the army, close by General Grant's headquarters. A great many prisoners came in to-day. From some of them I heard that my brother was well.

May 8 - We left this place at dark last night, but only got a distance of two miles, and it took us until 9 in the morning of the 9th.

May 9 - Started again this morning, and passed over the Chancellorsville battlefield. Marched twelve miles to-day. We passed a brigade of negro troops. They gave us a terrible cursing, and hollered "Fort Pillow" at us. I am only sorry that this brigade of negroes was not there, then they cer-

tainly would not curse us now. We halted at dark on the plank road seven miles from Fredericksburg.

May 10 - Fighting to-day at Spottsylvania Court House. Prisoners still coming in, two more from my company.

May 11 - This morning about 800 more prisoners came in. Most of them were from my brigade, as well as from Dole's Georgians. I was surprised to see my brother with them. He was taken yesterday, but before he surrendered he sent two of the enemy to their long home with his bayonet.

May 12 - Raining hard all day, and fighting all last night. About 2 o'clock this afternoon about 2,000 prisoners came in, with them Major-General Johnson and Brigadier-General Stewart. We have moved four miles nearer to Fredericksburg. I suppose

they think we are too close to our own lines, and they are afraid we will be recaptured, as it was a few days ago. We heard our boys', or, as the Yankees call it, the Rebel yell. We prisoners also gave the Rebel yell. A few minutes after that they brought cannon to bear on us, and we were told to stop, or they would open on us. We stopped.

May 13 - Left here this morning and passed through Fredericksburg. Crossed the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges, and got to Belle Plain on the Potomac at 3 o'clock - nineteen miles to-day. It rained all day, and it is very muddy.

May 14 - We are still camped here. Have been prisoners since the 5th of this month, and have drawn three and a half days' rations. On that kind of a diet I am not getting very fat. We certainly would have suffered a great deal, but our Yankee guard gave us quite a lot of their own rations.

May 15 - Still here. They are fighting very hard on the front.

May 16 - Left this morning at 11 in a tugboat, and from here packed into the Steamer S. R. Spaulding. We are now on our way to a regular prison. We got there at 8 o'clock to-night, and found it to be Point Lookout, Md., fifty miles from Belle Plain. It is in St. Mary's County. We were drawn up in line, searched for valuables, and they taken from us, and marched to prison, one mile from the landing. There are sixteen men in each tent.

May 17 - Saw Mack Sample, Will Stone and several of our company to-day that have been prisoners since the

battle of Gettysburg. We get two meals a day.

May 18 - We are divided in divisions and companies. There is a thousand in each division and one hundred in each company. A sergeant commands each company. We get light bread one day and crackers the other.

May 19 - Saw Darnell, of my company, to-day. He was just from the front. He brings us very bad news. Our General Daniels was killed, which is certainly a great loss to us, for he was a good and brave man, also our major of the 53rd, Iredell, and my captain, White, all killed. Colonel Owens, my colonel, was mortally wounded, and quite a number of my company were killed and wounded. He says there is only seven of our company left, and that our Lieutenant-Colonel Morehead is commanding Daniels' Brigade.

May 20 - Three years ago to-day the Old North State left the Union, and we went to the front full of hopes to speedily show the Yankee Government that the South had a right to leave the Union; but to-day, how dark it looks!

May 21 - I heard to-day that my brother Morris was a prisoner at Fort Delaware, Pa. I asked for a parole to-day to go and see my parents in New York, but they could not see it.

May 22 - Nothing new from the front.

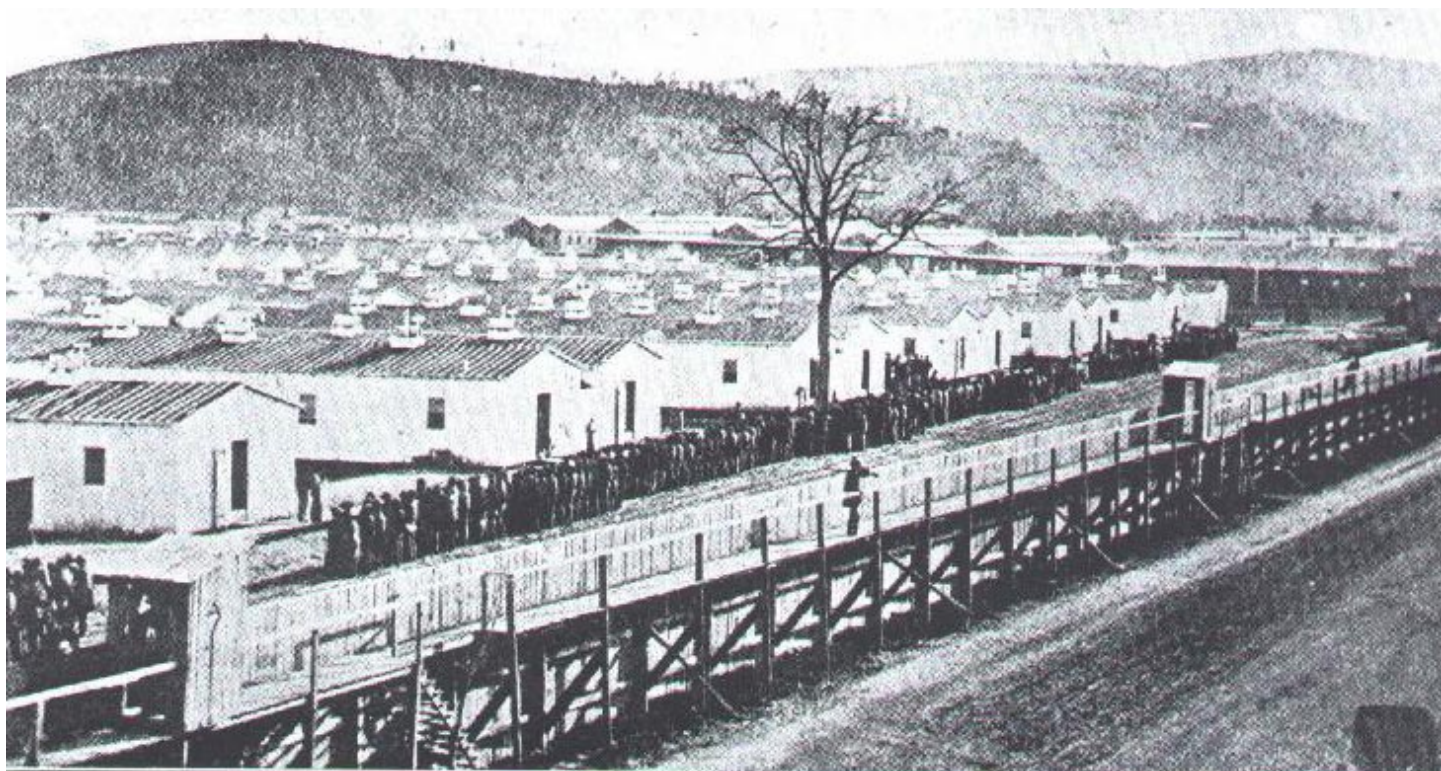
May 23 - We are guarded by negro troops, who are as mean as hell. At each meal there is a guard placed over 500 prisoners, who go to their meals in ranks of four. We are not allowed to cross a certain line, called

the "Dead Line," but as 500 men go at one time to meals, of course near the door there is always a rush. To-day one of our men accidentally crossed the line. He was pushed over by the crowd, when a black devil shot and killed him, and wounded two others.

May 24 - One of yesterday's wounded died to-day. This negro company was taken away to-day, as there is no telling what even men without arms will do to such devils, although they have got guns.

May 25 - Engle received a letter from his father today, who told him they had seen my parents, and I would hear from them soon. This is the first time that I have heard about my parents since the commencement of the war. Thank God, my parents, as well as my sisters and brothers, are well.

May 26 - Received two letters to-day, one from home and one from my brother Pincus, who went to Washington on his way to visit Morris and myself, as he has to get a pass from headquarters before he can see us. He was refused and returned home. Our daily labor as prisoners is that at 5 in the morning we have roll call; 6, breakfast, 500 at a time, as one lot gets through another takes its place, until four lots have eaten; we then stroll about the prison until 1 o'clock, when we eat dinner in the same style as breakfast, then loaf about again until sundown. Roll is called again, thus ending the day. We get for breakfast five crackers with worms in them; as a substitute for butter, a small piece of pork, and a tin cup full of coffee; dinner, four of the above crackers, a quarter of a pound mule meat and a cup of bean soup, and



Federal Prison Camp for Confederate Prisoners of War at Elmira NY

every fourth day an eight-ounce loaf of white bread. Nothing more this month.

June 8 - There is nothing new up to to-day, when I received a box of eatables, one or two shirts, and one pair of pants from home. The only way we can pass our time off is playing cards and chess. Six hundred prisoners came in to-day, with them a lady, who is an artillery sergeant. Being questioned by the provost marshal, she said she could straddle a horse, jump a fence and kill a Yankee as well as any rebel. As time in prison is very dull and always the same thing as the day preceding, I shall not mention each day, but only those days upon which something happened.

June 11 - Five hundred more prisoners came in to-day.

June 12 - To-day, as the negro guard was relieved, two of them commenced playing with their guns and bayonets, sticking at one another. Fortunately one of their guns, by accident, went off and made a hole in the other one's body, which killed him instantly. The other one kicked at him several times, telling him to get up as the rebels were laughing at him, but in a very short time he found out that he had killed his comrade and that we were laughing sure enough.

June 27 - Received money to-day from home, but they gave me sutler's checks for it, as we were not allowed any money, for fear we would bribe the sentinels and make our escape.

July 4 - Four hundred prisoners left here for some other prison, as there were too many here.

July 8 - Engle, Riter and myself re-

ceived boxes from New York to-day, but as Riter has gone to the other prison with the 400 we have made away with his box.

July 23 - Three hundred more were sent from here to the new prison, which is in Elmira, N. Y., myself with them.

July 25 - Left Point Lookout at 8 o'clock this evening in the frigate Victor for New York. There are 700 prisoners on board.

July 26 - To-day on the ocean a great many of our boys were seasick, but not I. I was promised a guard to take me to see my parents in New York for thirty minutes.

July 27 - We see the Jersey shore this morning. Our vessel was racing with another. We had too much steam up; the consequence was a fire on board,

but we soon had it out. We landed at Jersey City at 12 M., and were immediately put in cars, and the officer that promised to send me to my parents refused to do so. We left here at 1, got to Elmira at 8 in the evening.

July 28 - We were treated very good on the road, and especially at Goshen, N. Y. The ladies gave us eatables and the men gave us tobacco.

July 29 - There are at present some 3,000 prisoners here. I like this place better than Point Lookout. We are fenced in by a high fence, in, I judge, a 200-acre lot. There is an observatory outside, and some Yankee is making money, as he charges ten cents for every one that wishes to see the rebels.

August - Nothing worth recording this month, except that the fare is the same as at Point Lookout.

September - It is very cold, worse than I have seen it in the South in the dead of winter.

October - We have got the smallpox in prison, and from six to twelve are taken out dead daily. We can buy from prisoners rats, 25 cents each, killed and dressed. Quite a number of our boys have gone into the rat business. On the 11th of this month there were 800 sick prisoners sent South on parole.

November and December - Nothing, only bitter cold. We dance every night at some of our quarters. Some of the men put a white handkerchief around one of their arms, and these act as the ladies. We have a jolly good time.

THE YEAR 1865

January - Nothing, only that I fear that our cause is lost, as we are losing heavily, and have no more men at home to come to the army. Our resources in everything are at an end, while the enemy are seemingly stronger than ever. All the prisoners in Northern prisons, it seems, will have to stay until the end of the war, as Grant would rather feed than fight us.

February - The smallpox is frightful. There is not a day that at least twenty men are taken out dead. Cold is no name for the weather now. They have given most of us Yankee overcoats, but have cut the skirts off. The reason of this is that the skirts are long and if they left them on we might pass out as Yankee soldiers.

March - Nothing new. It is the same gloomy and discouraging news from the South, and gloomy and discouraging in prison.

April - I suppose the end is near, for there is no more hope for the South to gain her independence. On the 10th of this month we were told by an officer that all those who wished to get out of prison by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States could do so in a very few days. There was quite a consultation among the prisoners. On the morning of the 12th we heard that Lee had surrendered on the 9th, and about 400, myself with them, took the cursed oath and were given transportation to wherever we wanted to go. I took mine to New York City to my parents, whom I have not seen since 1858. Our cause is lost; our comrades who have given their lives for the independence of the South have died in vain; that is, the

cause for which they gave their lives is lost, but they positively did not give their lives in vain. They gave it for a most righteous cause, even if the Cause was lost. Those that remain to see the end for which they fought - what have we left? Our sufferings and privations would be nothing had the end been otherwise, for we have suffered hunger, been without sufficient clothing, barefooted, lousy, and have suffered more than any one can believe, except soldiers of the Southern Confederacy. And the end of all is a desolated home to go to. When I commenced this diary of my life as a Confederate soldier I was full of hope for the speedy termination of the war, and our independence. I was not quite nineteen years old. I am now twenty-three. The four years that I have given to my country I do not regret, nor am I sorry for one day that I have given - my only regret is that we have lost that for which we fought. Nor do I for one moment think that we lost it by any other way than by being outnumbered at least five if not ten to one. The world was open to the enemy, but shut out to us. I shall now close this diary in sorrow, but to the last I will say that, although but a private, I still say our Cause was just, nor do I regret one thing that I have done to cripple the North.

“WILL YOU LET YOUR SERGEANT GO ALONE ?”

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF HENRY JACKSON WALKER

Dictated to Allie Walker Cochran, November 13, 1917

Provided By: Charlie Bush

Editor's Note Provided By Al Leonard

Brothers 3rd Lieutenant Henry Jackson “Jack” Walker and Private Levi Jasper Walker were among the first Mecklenburg County men to volunteer for Confederate service when they enlisted on May 20, 1861 in the Ranaleburg Riflemen which became Company B, 3rd Regiment N.C. Volunteers (later designated as the 13th Regiment N.C. Troops). The regiment fought in all of the major engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia while brigaded with other tarheels under the command of Brigadier Generals Samuel Garland, William Dorsey Pender, and Alfred M. Scales. Lieutenant Jack Walker, the elder, was wounded at Chancellorsville in May, 1863.

On the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg the 13th North Carolina suffered heavy casualties when Scale's Brigade followed the initial attack by 26th North Carolina and

other regiments of Pettigrew's Brigade at McPherson's Ridge. In the fighting that broke the federal line near the Lutheran Seminary Private Jasper Walker suffered a wound that resulted in the amputation of his left leg. He was thereafter captured, hospitalized, exchanged, and retired to the invalid corps.

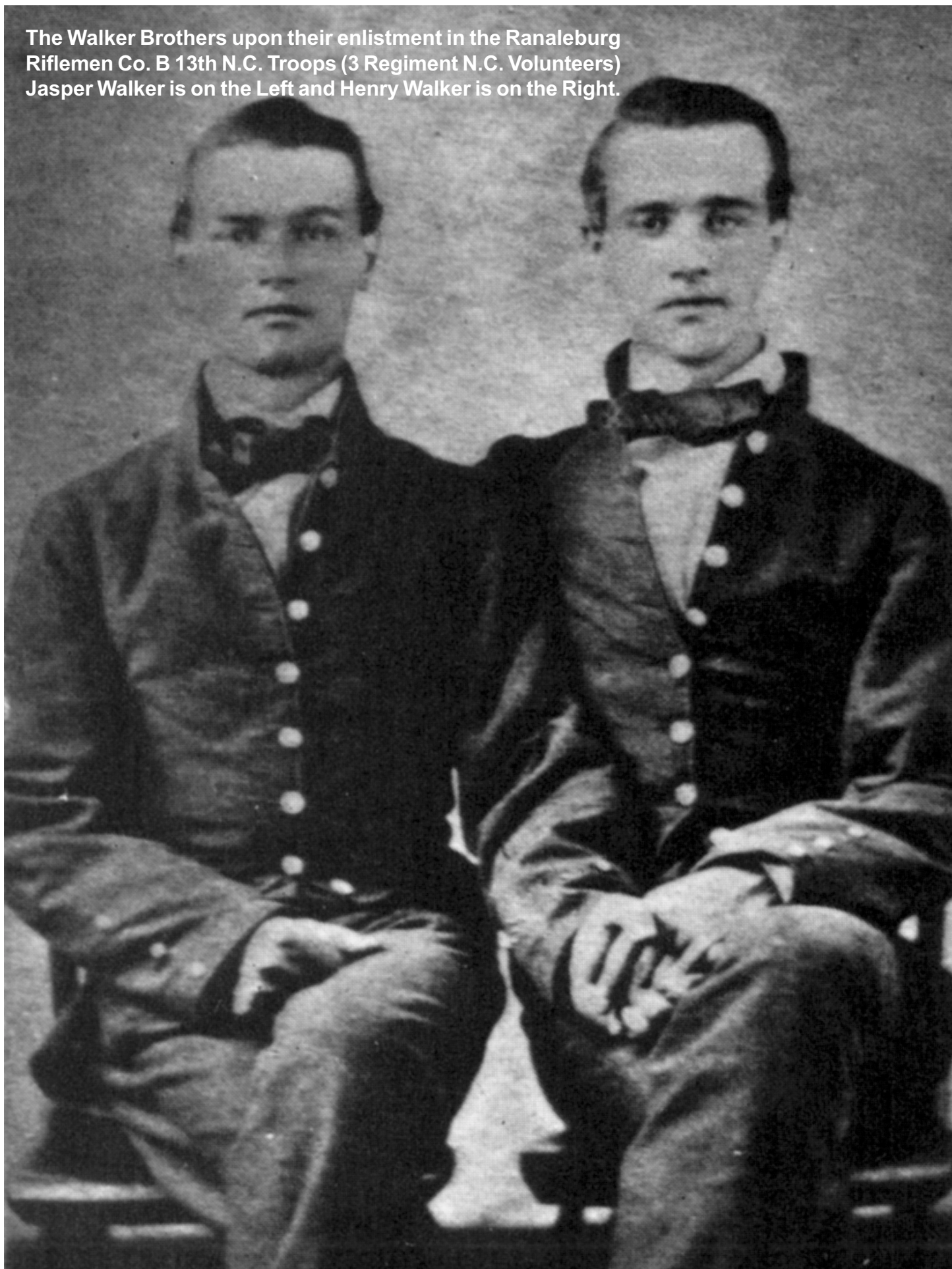
Lieutenant “Jack” Walker also lost his left leg after being wounded at Falling Waters on the retreat from Gettysburg. He was captured and imprisoned at Johnson's Island and Point Lookout, and was paroled and exchanged in May, 1864.

Both brothers returned to Mecklenburg County and became honored and prosperous citizens. Dr. “Jack” Walker practiced medicine there for many years and owned drug stores in Huntersville and Dilworth, while Jasper worked as a merchant. According to a brief sketch authored

in 1901 by Captain David G. Maxwell (Company H, 35th N.C.T.) of Charlotte for Clark's North Carolina Regiments (Vol. IV, page 406), “no two better citizens...can be found in North Carolina or in any other state.”

Captain Maxwell also relates that after the war, on his wedding day, Jasper Walker had the misfortune of breaking his cork leg. “Deprived of this very useful member, the young man found that he could not possibly ‘stand up’ for the ceremony, and was therefore in quite a dilemma. At this important juncture, his brother, Dr. H. J. Walker, went forward and saved the day by offering to loan his leg to his brother. The proffered leg was gladly accepted and found to fit perfectly. This is perhaps the only case on record in which one man has been married while standing on the leg of another.”

The Walker Brothers upon their enlistment in the Ranaleburg Riflemen Co. B 13th N.C. Troops (3 Regiment N.C. Volunteers)
Jasper Walker is on the Left and Henry Walker is on the Right.



In about 1880 the Walker brothers were photographed minus their left legs, in the same pose as the 1861 military image that accompanies this article. In recent years the "before and after" photographs have become well known and are included by Greg Mast in his book, State Troops and Volunteers, at page 166.

I was born June 24, 1836, the son of Thomas J. Walker and Jane Beaty Walker of Steel Creek Community, Mecklenburg County, NC. I was raised on a farm and attended the old "Field School" of that community until ready for high school. I then went to the private school in the Back Creek Community where Mr. Conner Reid, one of the leaders and teachers of that day, was in charge. I boarded in the home of Col. Robert M. Cochran, whose younger son later married my oldest daughter.

From there I went to Erskine College in Due West, SC. While there, the Civil War broke out and one night without consulting any of the faculty, thirty-two of us students left school and enlisted in the Confederate Army. We gave as our excuse that we couldn't study and were afraid that the war would be over before we could get there. I was later joined by my younger brother, L. Jasper Walker. Official enlistment was in Charlotte, NC April 17, 1861.

My sweetheart, Catherine Berryhill, came to Charlotte and helped to make my and others uniforms and to see us off. My brother and I were members of Co. B, 13th Regiment, and our commanding officer was Capt. Burt Irvine. Our company was composed of 110 Mecklenburg boys mostly from the Steel Creek Community. We were

entrained in Charlotte for Raleigh where the regiment was being organized. The regiment was commanded by Col. Pender, who later was to be commissioned Brigadier General, and Col. Guy and Major Hamilton. We were moved from Raleigh to Carrysburg, NC, and from there to Beris Church, VA.

Our first battle was at Williamsburg, VA. There seventeen of our company was killed. We had not yet learned to fight. At that time, the female college was in session and we marched into battle as the girls cheered us on. The next battle was Seven Pines, which we won. The next battle was the Seven Days fight around Richmond which we won, the Yankees having to take to their gun boats to escape. The next battle was at South Mountain, where General D.H. Hill was in command. We had four brigades which held the enemy in check while Jackson captured Harpers Ferry, September 14, 1862. Two days before we were issued three days rations which was the last we were to receive until September 22.

After the above battle, we fell back to Sharpsburg where on September 17 we were again in battle. After which we recrossed the Potomac River in water over our waists and went into camp until December 12 at the Battle of Fredericksburg. That night my brother and I made a bed of pine boughs on the battlefield. The next morning we were covered with six inches of snow. It is said that 500 men contracted rheumatism and some pneumonia from exposure.

During the battle and while the Yankees were shelling the town, a little girl, without realizing the danger, was amusing herself running af-

ter the round cannon balls. A soldier ran out from his cover and carried her back to safety. Not knowing what else to do, she stayed with the troops that night. The next day, marching through town, the child was perched on the soldier's shoulders until she recognized the mother in the crowd who expressed her appreciation for the safe-keeping of her child.

We went into camp outside of Fredericksburg. On Christmas day the NC boys had a snowball fight with the adjoining company from South Carolina, the officers led in the battle. Our next camp was near Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton, VA. From there we marched to Chancellorsville where in the battle we were under the command of Stonewall Jackson. We got in behind the Yankee troops and surprised them; some were cooking while others were pitching horseshoes.

The enemy was so surprised that they ran. Passing through the camp, I saw an iron pot hanging over the fire. I stuck my bayonet into the big hunk of meat and Bill Clayton held back his great coat and I dropped it into his oven haversack, but held it not for long, it was too hot. So we had to carry it on the run as we followed after the Yankees out in the open where others saw it and demanded their share. As we followed the enemy, we came upon a house where we heard screaming. We found two women locked in their cellar by the Yankees. We continued to follow the enemy until dark. General Jackson came to the front in order to reform the lines, and was shot by his own men thinking that he with his staff were the enemy. This catastrophe was not made known to the troops lest they be greatly disturbed. He died a week



View of the the Lutheran Seminary and McPherson's Ridge, Gettysburg PA. It was Here that Henry's brother Jasper was wounded. Henry would be wounded later on the retreat from Gettysburg. The Seminary cuppola can be seen in the left background

later with pneumonia brought on by his wound. Until then, this was the greatest loss to the Southern cause. Some even say that this was the turning point of the Civil War.

The day following the accidental shooting of General Jackson, General Stewart was in charge of the troops. The Yankees were still in full retreat and in defense set the woods on fire behind them. The Southerners were able to rescue their own wounded and dead but no time to carry out those of the Northern forces and many perished in the fire.

Before dawn on the following day, General Pender sent the sharp shooters to reconnoiter and obtain any information that might give advantage in planning for the battle. Upon reporting, and I was a Sergeant among them, the battle line formed and we preceded forward. The firing became intense and the sharp shooters were in the front of

the line. During this I saw a large tree a good bit in front of us. I made for it because it offered good protection. The General, seeing me, called out to the soldiers, "Boys, will you let your Sergeant go alone?" At that they all followed in quick order. For this I was promoted to Second Lieutenant. At first opportunity, I told the others what had happened and why. They all laughed and thought it was a huge joke and never held it against me.

Our next battle was the three days of Gettysburg. In the first charge at Seminary Hill, my brother, L. Jasper Walker, was wounded. He was the fifth man to seize the colors when the bearer was shot down, but we captured the battery. This charge is generally known as the turning point of the war, the Rebs reached the stone wall and would have held it if only reinforcements had been quickly sent up to assist us. It is

among the records that the Yankees were having their supply wagons moved back as fast as possible, that they had lost the battle.

On the Southern retreat from Gettysburg at Hagerstown, the Yankees were at our rear and the swollen Potomac in front of us. The sharpshooters held back the enemy while the Southern Army crossed over the river. It was during this assignment that I, with many others, was wounded. One P.M. a sixteen year old boy crawled out and gave me his canteen of water. Making a tourniquet with the canteen strap stopped the flow of blood and saved my life. About five that evening I was carried off the battle field and laid on the grass in a private yard until my turn to be operated upon. My leg was amputated just below the knee after which I was loaded on an ambulance with another man wounded in the hip. We were taken



Federal field hospital. After his wounding Lt. Walkr was brought to a field hospital such as this where his left leg was amputated.

across the river on a pontoon bridge. After dark a heavy thunder storm set in and the driver became frightened and pulled out into a pine field. He unhitched the team and left us there. The next morning someone heard our calls and we were taken into Martinsburg and placed in the Methodist Church on planks laid across the top of benches. We had one blanket and some hay for a pillow. On the second night after being brought to the church, the man wounded in the hip died after placing his small treasures in my care with a message

for his mother and sweetheart. He lay there until almost dark the next day before being taken out.

We were in the center of contested territory and all the attention this church full of wounded soldiers received was while, during a lull in the fighting, someone would run in and bring us water and food. A little boy sent by his mother would crawl up to me and say, "Lieutenant Walker, my mother says how are you?" He brought me food and water. In thankfulness, I gave this child my sword.

During this time a shabbily dressed, but clean, old man came in asking if anyone had seen Tommie. A Sergeant who was present asked for a description after which he led him over to a corner and pulled back a cover spread over the dead. Upon seeing his son, he fell upon his knees and offered the most beautiful prayer I had ever heard. He then gave the bundle of clean clothes that he had brought for his son to the Sergeant and he gave them to me in place of the bloody and filthy clothing I had been wounded in.

At the end of ten days, the fighting passed from the town and the people of the town coming out of their homes came to the church and carried the wounded into their own homes. I was taken into the home of Billie Riddle. Mr. Riddle had four nieces living with him; he had a son in the Army. These girls nursed me through eight weeks of Camp Fever from which it was a miracle that I recovered. They nursed me and cared for me as tenderly as if I had been their own brother. Later I was told that in my delirium I would call for Katie, my sweetheart.

After I was able to be on crutches and move about a little, the family gave a reception in my honor. Their friends with their soldiers all came. One day out walking for exercise, a drunken Yankee soldier came up cursing and threatening. I was hardly able to stand alone. One

of the girls stood holding me up and another girl stood between me and soldier and held him at bay until an officer came along and drove him away.

Not long after this, the Yankee authorities came to take all the wounded now able to be moved to prison. Uncle Billie had a large store but had no one to care for it so it had been closed down. He told me if I would but take the Oath of Allegiance I would not have to go to prison and that I could take over the store and run it and could have all that was made beyond taking care of his family. He said not to make answer but to think it over until morning. The next day the elderly man came up to me and said "Son, how about it?" And my answer was, "I can't do it." He stretched out his hand to me saying, "Son, forgive me for tempting you." That day I was taken away and sent to Johnson's Island in

Lake Erie, forty miles from the Canadian border. I remained there from September till May when I was exchanged and allowed to come home April 1, 1864

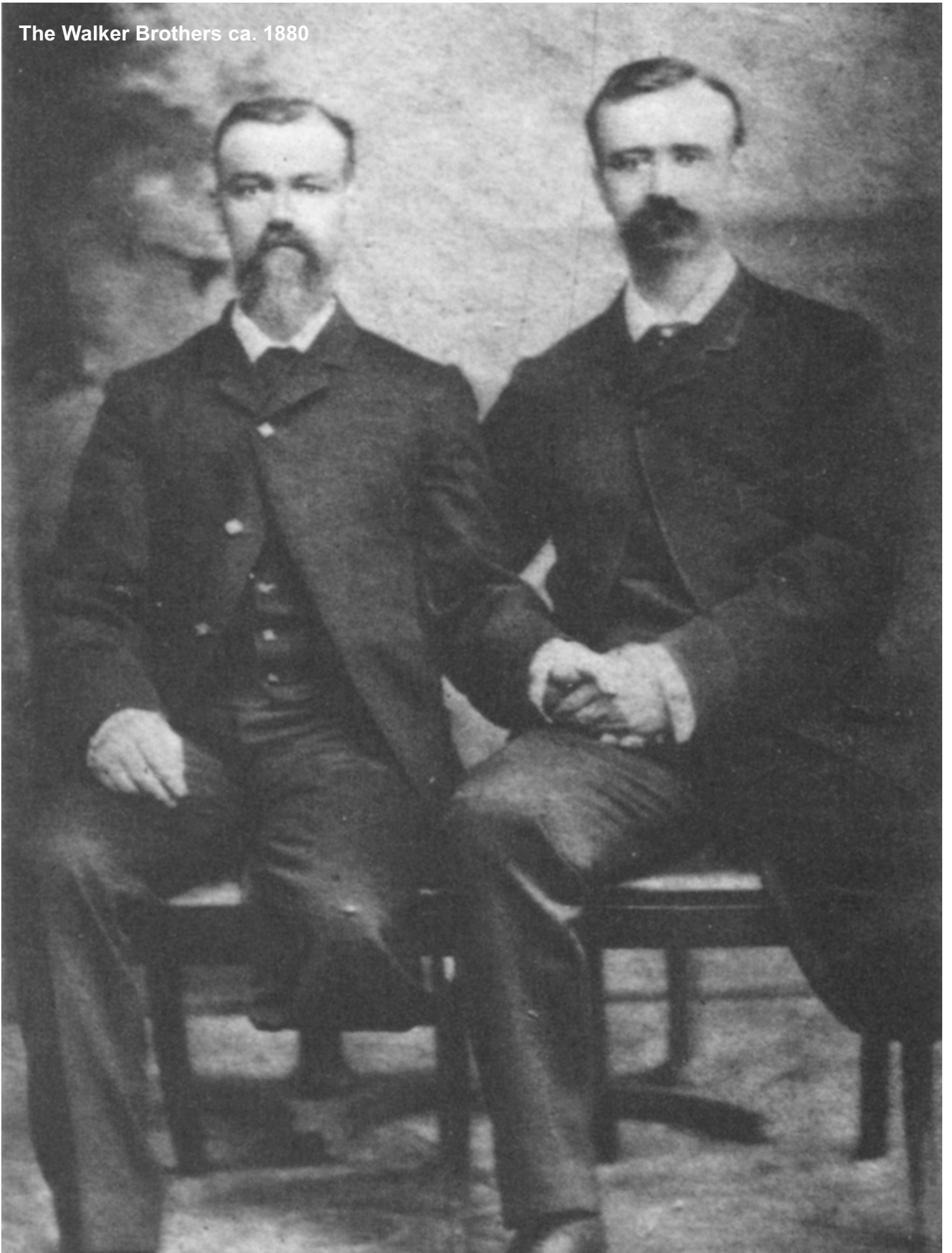
I came home tired, crippled and defeated. The once beautiful prosperous countryside that I had left was now also tired, crippled and defeated. Only patches here and there had been tended. There were but few farm animals and but little will to work those few. The South was broken and its spirit was gone. I stayed at my Father's home two days not daring to go where I wanted most of all the world to go. At the close of those two days an elderly man walked into the yard. He was a man of few words but direct in the use of those few. "My daughter says that unless you come to see her she will have to come see you. Let's get started.

Suddenly the skies lit up, ev-

After his amputation Walker was held in a Union hospital until he was fit to be transfered to prison. Conditions were actually much worse for Walker than is illustrated here. His bed consisted of planks laid across pews in church.



The Walker Brothers ca. 1880



everything was beautiful again and we were on our way. The following month we were married after a seven-year engagement. The wedding was simple. There was nothing new to buy and nothing to buy with. I borrowed a suit from my younger brother. Kate had spun and woven three dresses, but, because I had nothing new, she would not use them and was married in an old black silk of former days. She platted me a hat out of straw and herself one out of corn shucks. Our wedding cake was with sugar she had saved all during the war for this special occasion. We were married June 30, 1864. Addenda by Dr. Walker's grandson, Rev. Robert M. Cochran

Sometime after the war was over, Grandpa left his Kate and baby daughter, Allie, and went to New York to study medicine. He never said where the money came from, but at the time mentioned that he kept house for, was janitor, housemaid, and cook for five Yankee boys who were also medical students. Thus he was able to finish medical college.

Returning home, he built a two-room house and moved his family into it in the little town of Huntersville, 13 miles north of Charlotte. There were five houses at that time including his own. For twenty-eight years he served the peoples of that little town in sickness and in health. A great deal of the time he rode horseback to see his patients. There were but few good roads in those days, especially in winter. Here he raised his family.

When the ruggedness of the outdoors began to tell on him, he moved into Charlotte and left his son, Charles, now a doctor in his own right, to carry on. In Charlotte, he

started Tryon Drug Co. and later a drug store in North Charlotte. Later he ran for County Treasurer and served for eight years with the help of his youngest daughter, Kittie. About this time his wife died and a little later he fell and broke the hip of his amputated leg. This ended his working days. He must now walk on crutches.

Most of his later days were spent in Huntersville in the old home place that he had given to his daughter, Allie Walker Cochran. She moved there with her family in 1912 after her husband died. The old home rattled again with many voices and the patter of many feet. Finally all the boys of this second generation were grown and gone away. Unable to move around much, he was lonely. More and more Uncle Tom came to pay long visits. Then Uncle Tom was gone. I ventured to ask Dr. Tom Craven what it was that finally took Grand-daddy away November 15, 1928. Dr. Craven smiled and said, "He just got tired of Petticoats."

Few people live to be 94 and few people live to be a blessing to so many. This Grand-daddy was. Always with a cheerful word, even when we knew he was in pain. He loved people and people loved him. Not much more could have been crowded into one life than was in his.

Grand-daddy's life was filled with joys and sorrows, hardships and achievements. Each he faced with a depth of faith in God that ensured a blessed heritage for his children and their descendants.



UNIDENTIFIED WILKES COUNTY SOLDIER

Provided By: Edith Carter



This never before seen picture is of an unidentified Confederate Private from either the Dula or Horton families of Caldwell or Wilkes County, NC. This glass plate ambrotype was saved by Mrs. Edith Carter when it was presented by an acquaintance who found it, along with several other photos, in an attic in Wilkes County.

This soldier is wearing an early war overshirt or ÒBattleshirt.Ó He appears to be holding either a .36 caliber 1851 Colt Navy revolver or a .44 caliber 1847 Dragoon revolver.

The Company Front and the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Troops wish to thank Edith Carter of Wilkes County for sharing this never before seen picture. Thank you for helping to preserve North Carolina's Confederate heritage.

