

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY**  
**of**  
**EDWIN HANSFORD RENNOLDS SR.**

Stencils cut by his granddaughter, Mildred Mathews Hayter, and great, granddaughter Margaret Hayter Carlton from the copy made from the original (copy made in 1935, by Mildred Hayter,) owned by his daughter Cora Annie Rennolds Markert, Crystal Beach, Florida. His Daughter Maggie B. Rennolds Mathews borrowed the original for the purpose of copying so that she and her brother John might have copies. These stencils cut during 1962 and finished in early part of 1963.

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**Introduction**

I have long entertained the idea that I ought to write something of my life for the perusal of my posterity, and having today entered on my fifty-eighth year, I am impressed with the notion that it is time it was begun, as no one knoweth when his life here on earth will be closed.

I write this, not because I flatter myself that there is much in my life to be proud of, or worthy to be held up for the emulation of others, but because I feel that perhaps I may be justified in saying that "where little is given, little is required," and because that any life faithfully written, affords examples of failures that may be beneficial in warning others of the pitfalls that beset us in this world, even though it may not contain noble deeds to stimulate others.

My life has in some respects been eventful, and may thus afford something to interest as well as instruct. No one could go through four years of war without having seen many things that would admit of reproduction with pen and ink. The latter half of the 19th century has certainly been productive of events, as stirring as any in the world's history, excepting of course the years that ushered in the Christian Era.

I desire also that my children should have something more than mere tradition to tell them of their ancestry. And it is my greatest regret that I cannot trace back farther into the past our lineage.

I commit my effort to those who read its pages, with the hope that it will be in some way or ways beneficial to those for whom it is written, or any others who may be tempted to read any or all of it, and I invoke the aid of Him whom "they labor in vain that build the house."

E. H. Rennolds Sr.  
Orange Home, Florida

## Chapter 1

### The Rennolds Family

I can trace our ancestry back no further than about the beginning of the 18th century when two brothers (John and Robert) emigrated from the vicinity of London, England, and settled in Virginia, near the town of Tappahannock, on the Rappahannock River. Our branch of the family descended from the latter.

My Grandfather, Ruben Rennolds, settled about the year 1800, 1½ miles N.W. of what is now Frederick's Hall Depot, in Louisa County Virginia. He had but recently married Miss Elizabeth Hay Taliaferro, where he resided till his death, in the autumn of 1856 (I think). He was of large frame, of rather insolent habits, strong prejudices but honorable and upright. He was a Methodist exhorter. In his old age he became totally blind, and was compelled to commit his business to his son William.

His wife, (Miss Elizabeth Hay Taliaferro) was intelligent, with some education, and it is from her that the family inherited some of their most valuable characteristics. Teaching a private school in the family residence, she was able to add some to the income of the family, and also to give her children the rudiments of an education. The ownership of a few slaves by her husband helped to obviate the necessity of drudgery, to obviate the evils of my grandfather's indolence, and to insure some of the comforts of life. I do not know the date of my grandmother's death.

Eight children were born in the family, all of whom reached manhood and womanhood; viz: Taliaferro, Battaile, John Stockdale, Robert, William, Richard and Mary (twins) and Sarah Ann.

Taliaferro studied medicine, and after graduation located in Staunton, Virginia, where he built up a fine practice, and accumulated some wealth. He never married, and died in February 1864. I visited him during his last illness, and was impressed with the evidence of the strong hold he had on the affections of the people of Staunton. He was of strong build, vigorous manhood, and indomitable energy. Was not religious, but rather skeptical in some respects. His ambition was to erect a model Flour mill and put much or most of his means into an effort to build one in Augusta County, Virginia. Much of his property went to waste because it was sold for Confederate money, and his administrator (his brother William) through bad management, pretty effectually scattered it all.

Battaile was the largest in body. He too accumulated property as a mechanic and farmer, but failed I fear to lay up treasures in Heaven. He married, lived awhile Tuscumbia, Alabama, then in Caddo Parish La., and finally settled in Grimes County Texas. He had two sons, Wm. Battaile and John. The former was a lawyer and editor in Anderson Texas. Both lost their lives in the Confederate Army. His daughters, six or more in number, married and settled in Grimes County, five of whom lost their husbands by the war. I heard Uncle B. say (perhaps 1866 or 7) that he had six women and their children dependent on him to look after their affairs. One was widow of his son (Wm. B's) wife. He died sometime in the seventies.

John Stockdale was a physician and perhaps had the best mind of any of them. He was a successful business man and successful practitioner. He made his home at his father's till his death in Sept. or October 1847. He had two farms, several Negroes and other property. His father inheriting

more from him than he owned himself at the time. He was a member of the Elk Creek Baptist Church, had impressions to preach, which he much regretted having failed to heed. Yet he did not withstand temptation. He died unmarried. Special reference to my father (Robert) will be reserved for another chapter.

William was a teacher and surveyor. He did not marry till about 1855. His wife was a Miss Barbara Duke from the lower part of Louisa County. He had charge of his father's business from 1841 till his father's death, and was his executor. He visited my father in the summer of 1847, remaining till called back by his brother John's death. I remember the visit well though only 8 years old. He was a Baptist and a pious man. He was not as successful as a business man. He died about 1875. Left 3 or 4 children. The two eldest were William and Richard. The third was a daughter, born while I was there on a visit in February 1864. Lieut. N. C. Howard, now of La Fruita, Texas, accompanied me. His wife moved to Richmond, and Uncle Wm. moved there before his death. I have been unable to keep trace of his children.

Richard went to Missouri soon after reaching his majority, became a Methodist minister, married Mrs. Chappel. He became a chaplain of a Missouri regiment during the Mexican war, and accompanied Gen. Kearney to New Mexico, and sickened and died there. He had good success as a preacher, but dying young, he did not have the opportunity to make as much mash as his brothers. He settled in Callaway County Missouri, 5 miles from Jefferson City. He was the father of two daughters. One dying early. The other Mollie A., married Mr. George W. Penn, a Methodist minister, who is now a Presiding Elder. They have several children all grown. Cousins M. visited us from August 1858 to March 1859. Bro. John accompanied her home remaining two weeks. I visited her in July and August, 1860. The family has resided most of the time since the war in Fulton, Missouri.

Mary (Richard's Twin) married a Mr. Nickols. Four children was the offspring. They then separated and Mr. N. took the two oldest (boys) with him to Kentucky. But little has been heard of them since. The youngest son (Edwin) was killed by falling from a cherry tree, while a small boy. The daughter married and when last heard from, lived in Orange County, Virginia. Aunt M. died there some years ago. She was rather peevish, beside which I know but little of her.

## Chapter 2

### Robert Rennolds (My Father)

My father was born in 1805. He spent his minority on his father's farm, attending school only 3 months. His Mother teaching him the "three R's." On reaching his majority he rented a farm in Orange County. He soon after went into the mercantile business with his brother William at Tolersville, Louisa County, the latter being the active partner. The crash of 1837 swept away the capital invested. About this time he took charge of his father's farm, mill and etc; and in August 1838, he married Miss Jane Hansford at Esq. Nat Mills, one mile from Louisa C. He taking her to his father's where he resided till October 1841. His father had a distillery connected with his mill. Becoming convinced that it was not right for him to be engaged in such a business, he declined to longer manage his father's business unless he would abandon distilling. His father refusing to do this, he prepared to move West. His father then relented and proposed to cease distilling if he would remain, but he told him it was too late, that his preparations to move were too far advanced. He started to Christian Co. Kentucky, but learning at Nashville, Tenn., that land was very high there, he changed his course to West Tenn. and reached Paris,

Henry Co., Nov. 14th 1841., with three hundred and forty dollars, and three slaves, Frank, Jordan, about 60 years old, Charles about 18, and Lavina about 16. He purchased 200 acres of land from Mr. James Griffin 8 miles North of Paris, and 2 miles South of the present site of Puryear. By energy, economy and good management he accumulated good property, owning at the close of the war, 800 acres of land, and 15 slaves. He died May 20th 1871.

He was tall, rawboned, had light complexion, blue eyes and reddish hair. A clear head, and fine judgment. He was very conscientious, and charitable, never turning the needy away empty. Was rather stern, but never harsh, loving his family, but making no display of it. When a youth he attended a party, and engaged in playing "weave the thimble." Reflecting over, it decided that it was wrong to engage in the play where he would be expected to say that someone else had the thimble when he himself had it, and resolved not to play it again. Attending another party soon, he forgot his vow, and played it again. His conscience lashed him worse than before, and shocked at the evidence of his inability to carry out resolves in his own strength, he felt the need of power from a higher source and did not rest satisfied till he secured Divine help for all future needs. His people were Methodists and he had been sprinkled in infancy, but becoming dissatisfied with his so called baptism, he had a hard struggle to settle the matter, finally convinced that immersion only was baptism, he united with \_\_\_\_\_ Church in Orange Co., and was baptized. Removing his membership to Elk Creek Church when he returned to his father's he was soon licensed to preach, and was ordained at Shady Grove Church.

Not being in full sympathy at that time with the plan of missions, he identified himself with the Anti-Missionaries till about 1849 when he united with the Missionary Baptists. His membership being at High Hill and Shady Gove. He served as pastor at Spring Hill, Salem (Ky.), Shady Grove, Point Pleasant, Mt. Zion, Bird's Creek, and perhaps other churches.

His mind was so engrossed with business affairs that he did not preach regularly. Sometimes being pastor of 4 churches, sometimes less, and sometimes more. He was agent for Jas. B. Townly for 10 or 12 years in buying leaf tobacco, buying each season 100 to 200 thousand lbs.

He was moderator of Western District Baptist Assoc. in 1862-3 and 4, and moderator of the Minister's and Deacon's meeting of the Assoc. for several years.

He was very conservative, especially in religion and politics. He was slow to sanction secession but true to the step when taken. He was merciful to his slaves, seldom chastising them, doing so only under great provocation. He was never willing to separate man and wife, several times buying one that they might not be separated. Their affection for him was very strong.

His neighbors were warmly attached to him, as he was known to be true, and he stimulated them to be so by trusting them, and I never knew of this trust being betrayed.

He was often urged to be a candidate for office, but always refused, deeming it incompatible with his calling as a minister. He once stumped the county in connection with Rev. Ben Peeples (afterwards Co. Judge) trying to induce the people not to levy a tax on themselves to build the Nashville and Northwestern R.R. in which they succeeded. Many persons regretted bitterly that they did not also decline to be taxed to build the Memphis and Ohio R.R.

## Chapter 3

### The Hansford Family

The Virginia family of this name came from some County in England north of London, (perhaps Hertfordshire) about 150 or 200 years ago, and settled in King George Co., I regret very much that I cannot now recollect what my mother has told me about them. They were members of the Church of England, and with the Wallace's and others formed the Lomb's Creek Parish, and built a brick church with material imported from England, ships from E. coming for tobacco, bringing brick, cheap as ballast.

My grandfather Theodosius Hansford settled on the dividing ridge between the Potomac and Rappahannocks Rivers, from whose years steamers could be seen in both rivers in the winter time. His name was Theodosious Hansford, and his father's name was Stephen Hansford. He had a good classical education, owned a good farm supplied with slaves. He was a magistrate, with a life-tenure, and also a surveyor. He studied law, but did not practice but little.

In 1800 he was appointed Clerk of the State Senate, at a salary of ten dollars per day. He served in this capacity till his death in 1825. He wrote a plain hand, so plain even, as almost to be read as readily as print.

He was married twice. First to Miss Woodford who bore him three children, Eliza, Addison and Jefferson, and secondly to Miss Jane Thornly, who bore him three, Jane, Edwin and Laura. Eliza was never married. After her father's death she lived with an Aunt in Woodford Co., Ky., where she died about 25 years ago. She had a fine mind, was well-educated, and inherited all the pride of F.F.V. ancestry. She was devoted to her relatives. Addison assisted his father in the office of clerk, for several years, and at his death succeeded him in the position, holding it till his own death in 1850. He was a fine businessman, and accumulated a fortune (about a hundred thousand dollars). In his later years he succumbed to the drink habit. He married Miss Julia Wallace. His posterity consisted of two sons, Stephen and Addison, and Daughters. Stephen died unmarried. Addison married and reared a large family on the farm inherited from his father, and died several years ago. Of the daughters, I do not know.

## Chapter 4

### My Mother

Miss Jane Hansford was born in 1810. Her mother died when she was not more than 6 years old. An old maid, Miss Lucy McWilliams, was installed as house-keeper, and was entrusted with caring for the younger children. She was kind to them, and could tell them a great deal about their ancestry, and most of the families in the county. Hence, was dubbed by Uncle Jefferson as "Old Chronicles".

On the death of her father in her 15th year, my mother's property fell into the hands of Tom Smith, (brother of Gov. "Extra Billy" Smith) who persuaded her to select him as guardian, and who squandered all but the land. She had been sent by her father a term or two to Mrs. Hackley's Academy, near the Wilderness battlefield. She remained in her brother Addison's family for several years, obtaining some more education. She then went to live with her Uncle Berry Thornly, and acted as housekeeper for him for sometime. She then went, in the latter part of the year 1832, to live with her mother's half-sister, Mrs. Helen Hutchison near Jordansville, who had been recently left a widow for the second time. Her last husband had been postmaster at Charlottesville. Here my mother remained, probably 4 or 5 years, teaching school part of the time. About 1836 or 7 she went

to teach school near Esq. Nat Mills', in Louisa Co., where she met my father and where they were married in August 1838.

She was very low in stature, round and plump, when young, with black hair, and hazel eyes. She had an excellent knowledge. Her father brought a fine selection of books home from Richmond, each spring on his return from the Legislature, and in his library she drank in full draughts of knowledge. She was a friend to all, and was ever ready to recognize a good quality in even the meanest person, but had a supreme contempt for a mean action from the most aspiring. She was sprinkled into the Episcopalian church in infancy, but becoming convinced that immersion only was baptism, she was baptized at Birds Creek and then joined High Hill, though she had been converted several years before. She toiled day and night to secure the comfort of her husband, children and slaves. Many a night have I waked up and found her making clothes for the negroes, when all others on the place were sound asleep. I might write whole pages about her, but I forbear. She died Nov. 19th 1881, from a fall down a stairway, surviving only about a minute.

## Chapter 5

### My Brothers and Sisters

My eldest brother, John Stockdell was born August 30th, 1843. Was very small at birth, and was carried to Tenn. on a common pillow in the wagon. Had fair complexion, blue eyes, and reddish hair. Had a good mind, was very studious, and advanced rapidly. Cared but little for young ladies society, and was bashful and reserved among strangers, conscientious, and true in all relations.

He entered the Confederate Army, in the 5th Tenn. Inf. May 20th, 1861, and was elected 4th Corporal, and made a good soldier. He had fever during the battle of Shiloh, but said nothing about it. Reaching camp at Corinth April 9th, 1862, he took his bed with Typhoid fever, and lingered till April 17th, when he died, and was buried with military honors near Corinth. Though he never made an open profession of religion, I think he was converted 3 or 4 years before his death.

The next, William Reuben was born August 1st, 1845. He was converted, and joined High Hill Church, during the war. He married Miss Emma Porter Williams, daughter of Esq. Ziba Williams, about 1871, and settled on the part of his father's farm, left him in his will, on Phillips Creek, where he remained till about 1890 when he removed to Puryear, where he now resides.

May, Robert and -----

Virginia Sarah was born November 29th, 1847. She married Mr. Adam Harmon in the autumn of 1871. He died in 1873, and their child born afterwards, lived only a few weeks. She married William S. Martin. They have four children, Edna, Nellie, Louis, and \_\_\_\_\_. They now reside at West Point, Tenn. She was converted during the war and joined High Hill Church.

Thomas Battaile was born Sept. 12th 1849. He married Miss Malissie Rowe, December ---/ They have only one child, Hansford, who is married to Miss Valentine. They have lost a daughter, only a few years old. They reside on a farm about 3 miles S.E. of Puryear, Tenn. He was converted and joined High Hill church in autumn of 1871 or 2, being baptized by myself.

Alice Hay was born January 20th, 1854. Was married to Mr. Thomas McClain. She has two daughters, who lived with their father in Calloway Co., Ky. She is engaged in the millinery business at Puryear, Tenn. She was

converted and joined High Hill Church, and was baptized by myself with her brother (Thomas).

## Chapter 6

### Edwin Hansford Rennolds Sr. My Boyhood and School Days

I was born at my grandfather's residence, Locust Grove, Va. 1½ miles N.W. of Frederick's Hall, Louisa Co., Oct. 30th 1839. Being the first grandchild in the family, I was very much petted, and was the idol of my grandfather, then almost in his dotage. I was carried to Tenn. when the family removed there in the autumn of 1841. Having no child to play with, I succeeded in getting into much mischief, by knocking off all the trunk hasps, all the hoops from the barrels, and cutting my mothers wedding ring in two with an axe.

My first recollection is of telling my mother a falsehood, by accusing my little brother John of breaking a looking glass, which I had shattered with a peach-stone. I was then only a little over 4 years old, and yet the remembrance of it is clear in my memory.

At a little over 6 years of age, I was sent to school to Mr. John Shell at Clear Creek Church about 2½ miles N.W. of my father's residence (Woodlawn). For the first three weeks, my father carried me on horseback, and went after me in the afternoon. Then he left me to walk with James H. Stephens, an orphan boy living with him. I was small, so the larger girls treated me as a baby, keeping me much in their laps at play-time. I recollect but few incidents of this school.

The next year 1847, I attended the school of Mr. Jefferson Hill, about half a mile N.W. of where Foundry Hill Baptist Church now stands. In 1848, I attended the school of Rev. Whitson a Baptist preacher, on the spot where High Hill Church stood until recently. In 1849 and 50 the school of my cousin Joseph Bell about ¾ of a mile South of where the present town of Puryear stands today. In 1851, the school of Mr. Pitchegru Quarles, about ¾ of a Mile East of my father's residence. In 1852 and 3 the school of Mr. John Terry at the same place. In 1854 and 5 to the school of Mr. W.R. Collins at the same place.

In August 1856 my father carried me to New Boston academy (10 miles S.W.) and left me to board with Mr. James H. Howard, "Uncle Jimmie" and "Aunt Jackie" were very kind to me, and this helped to soften the sad feeling at being among entire strangers, and I formed a strong friendship for their youngest son Nathaniel Calvin, which was fully reciprocated by him, and was lasted through all the subsequent years.

The teachers here were Prof. Robert B. Koen, and Prof. W. Green Randle. Prof. Koen served as Adj. of the 38th Tenn. Inf. And since the war has been engaged in the nursery business at Collierville, Tenn. and Memphis. Prof. Randle became a Methodist minister, moved to Texas for his health and died there some years ago.

At this academy I was thrown with young men of more aspirations than my former associates, which had the effect to arouse greater ambitions in my own heart. I joined the Alpha-Pi-Rho Literacy Society, and first engaged in extempore speaking in the debates. I commenced the study of Algebra and Latin. I made good use of the Society's Library, and devoured the contents of volume after volume, at the rate of two of Jacob Abbot's biographies a week.

The session closed at Christmas and I returned home. Found Mr. W.E. Fling of Northern Vermont, teaching in the neighborhood, and boarding at my father's. My father decided for me to study under him and as there were no others in the same classes, I studied at home and recited at night. Without the stimulus of classmates I tired of this in a few weeks, and asked to be allowed to go to work, which I would have had to do soon, anyhow. My request was granted.

In January 1858 I was sent again to New Boston Academy. But alas its glory had departed. The loved teachers were gone, and in their places were a brother and son of my host. Reverend John R. Howard principal was a Campbellite preacher. He knew nothing outside of books and but little of how to teach what was in them, was cranky, if not partly deranged, and was an inveterate user of snuff and asafetida. His nephew Marmican S. Howard Esq., was a good man, but without a liberal education, and having been on a farm all his life was devoid of the knowledge of pedagogies. The school had dwindled down from 80 to about 40 pupils, but few of these were boarders, and but few in advanced classes even for an academy, and I missed the "Competition that is not only "the life of trade" but of many other things. I failed to learn much of Latin or Mathematics. I secured the honors of the school, such as they were. I returned to my father's farm in June. My parents and Miss Julia Jobe having attended the closing exercises, and my mother was very proud of the position I had attained.

The first four of the schools I have mentioned as attending near home were summer sessions, commencing in March and continuing 5 months. The others were winter schools, commencing in October and closing about March first. After this date I would spend the time from March to October on the farm working at anything that was to be done. I neglected to say that while attending the last session at New Boston I improved in speaking, and served as Secretary and President of the A.P.R. Society.

I spent the latter half of the year 1858 working on the farm but my father did not require me to stick to it quite so closely as before. Our cousin Mary A. Rennolds of Calloway Co., Mo., visited us in August. Her half-brother Alexander Chappell accompanied her, and remained several days. She remained till the spring of 1859, when brother John accompanies her home, and remained a few days. During the year we attended the county fair, school examinations, religious meetings, barbecues, social gatherings and etc., and the humdrum life of the farm was somewhat broken. It was perhaps the most enjoyed of any year of my life, as it was free from the responsibility which have weighed upon me since then, and the relaxations from close confinement to manual labor was very agreeable indeed.

## **Chapter 7**

### **As a School Teacher**

At the close of a hard days work, rolling logs in the meadows in February 1859, Mr. Joseph B. Crawford, a neighbor and old schoolmate rode up and said to me that a new school-house had been erected about 1½ miles S.W. of my father's, and that the school patrons wished me to teach a summer school of five months. This was quite staggering to me as the thought of such a thing had never entered my mind. I told him that as a minor I would have to be guided by my father's wishes in the matter. Upon asking his opinion of it, he replied that perhaps I had best comply with their wishes. I wrote out a subscription paper and Mr. Crawford circulated it, and soon returned it with the names of all the patrons, who agreed to pay me at the rate of one dollar per month, per pupil, some agreeing to send one pupil some two and others more, aggregating about 21, I think.

On Monday, March 21st, 1859, I began to teach with about 20 pupils, which number increased to about 35, but did not average more than 25, three of whom were two of my brothers, and sister, and two were my cousins (Richard and Fannie). Among the number, fourteen who did not know the alphabet. The children of two or three families were very stupid, but several were very bright. So I did not have an easy time by any means. Many of them had never been inside a schoolroom. It was not a congenial occupation. It is one thing to be able to learn books, but is quite another thing to be successful in imparting this knowledge to others. However, the school was rated a success, but would now at this day of advanced methods be considered quite a failure. I spent the hours of recess reading, but not neglecting to keep a sharp lookout as to the whereabouts of the pupils, and their behavior. I with the help of the boy's cleaned the treetops from around the school-house, and added to the appearance of the surroundings, keeping the yard neatly swept.

A barbecue was given the school on Saturday, July 2nd, my father read the Declaration of Independence and myself making my first original patriotic speech, written, and then memorized. A couple of other speeches followed. The school closed at the end of five months with an examination and exhibition.

I spent a few weeks on the farm, and about October 1st commenced a public school at the same place, continuing five months and for which I received one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which made me feel very proud indeed. I loaned one hundred of it to my father, and when the war was over, it with interest (\$150) I found very helpful.

I spent the months of March, April, May and June building dining-room, porch, and closet additions to my father's residence, and working on the farm. July 10th I started on a visit to Cousin Mary A. Rennolds, in Calloway Co., Missouri, going by rail from Paris to Columbus, Ky. And steamer A.E. Chambers to Jefferson City. Was absent about six weeks, and enjoying the trip very much, getting my first glimpse of the outer world.

On first Monday in Sept. I commenced another public school at Phillips Creek (as before). At the end of six weeks the public money being exhausted I closed the school and entered school at Conyersville Male and Female Academy, where my brother John had been attending for about two years. I went from home, riding most of the time. Studied Algebra, Geometry, Arithmetic, Composition and etc., and on approach of Christmas holiday closed my school life, having reached my majority October 30th 1860, and casting my first vote six days later for Breckinridge and Lane for Pres. and Vice Pres.

## **Chapter 8**

### **Commencement of the War**

I commenced life for myself Jan. 1st 1861, by agreeing to take charge of my father's farm at the salary of \$150 per year, and continued with him till the middle of May, when it was rather abruptly ended by my entering the army.

The disputes between the North and South in reference to the extension of Slavery into the territories, had been growing hotter for several years. The election of a Republican (or abolition), President, Nov. 5th, 1860, precipitated a conflict. State after State of the South decided to secede from the Union, and the Confederate States of America was formed. Tennessee declined to secede by a popular vote in Feb, 1861, but later, a called session of the Legislature decided to organize an army to cooperate with the Confederate States and re-submit the question of Separation at the August election.

Col. Wm. E. Travis was authorized to raise a regiment, and he with Gen. J. D. C. Atkins, and other speakers went from village to village in the county, and with the Paris Cornet Band, with speeches and Martial music fired the hearts of the people. Saturday April 20th 1861, a mass meeting was held at Paris, Tenn., and after several speeches were made a parade was formed in the courtyard, and as they marched around the building, all who were willing to enter the service were invited to fall in line. I had no idea of joining when I went to town that morning, but seeing so many of my friends in line I decided that it was the best time to enlist and fell in. The column proceeded to the grounds of the Male Academy, and a temporary organization was effected, 8 companies of 26 men each counted off, with directions to each to elect a Captain and two lieutenants. I happened to fall into the company which elected B.B. Bunch Jr. as Capt. but as each recruit was allowed to change companies, if he was fit, at any time prior to being sworn in, I availed myself of this privilege to change to a company which contained more of my particular friends.

The next month was spent in working up the enthusiasm and recruiting the companies, and on Monday May 20th the permanent organization was effected in McNeil's grove (Paris) by being sworn in and by electing W.E. Travis Col., J. D. C. Atkins Lt. Col. And W.C. Swor Major. The company to which I was attached (Co. K) elected H.W. Ballard Capt., G.C. Street 1st Lieut. W.E. Harris 2nd Lieut., R.A. Brisendine 3rd Lieut. or brevet 2nd, J.W. Howard 1st Sergt., Wm. McClure 2nd Sergt., D. P. McClure 3rd Sergt., E. H. Rennolds 4th Sergt., J.W. Pillow 5th Sergt., W.B. Duff, J.M.B. Elliott, Phillip Kennerly and John S. Rennolds Corporals. My father having advised me to secure some kind of an office, if only a non-commissioned one, to save me from standing guard duty, I offered for 3rd Lieut, and was beaten by only three votes.

No transportation being procurable on account of the great demand on the R.R.'s to move troops we were ordered to rendezvous on Wednesday. On that morning my brother John and I bade the loved ones goodbye, and went to Paris. No transportation being secured, we were ordered to rendezvous again Friday. Comrades T. G. Morris Kr., J. F. Parker, C. B. Provine, brother John and myself spent W. night, Thursday and T. night at Rev. Asa Cox's, 3 miles N.W. of Paris going fishing with the girls, Misses Annie and Margaret on Thursday, and having a good time. On Friday 24th we returned to Paris, and 6 companies were sent by rail to Humbolt Camp of Instruction under Command of Lt. Col. Atkins, brother John and I spent night with Alonzo Pillow over Hick's store taking supper and breakfast at Southerlin house. Saturday about 1 P.M., we took the train amid the waving of handkerchiefs and tears of relatives and friends, and thus four years of war was commenced. Our regiment was number 5th Tenn. Inf., and the Co. "K", afterwards "D".

## **Chapter 9**

### **Drilling and Preparing**

We remained at Humbolt only about a week, when with the other troops we were transferred to Union City, and here spent the months of June, July and August drilling. Finding this hard and warm work I had written to my father, asking that he send my brother and I a cook, and he sent us Fielding, who proved a faithful servant. Our mess consisted of, A. H. Duggar, Phillip Kennerly, James F. Parker, W. D. Hendricks, Alonzo Pillow, brother John and myself. Hardly a day passed that someone or more persons from Henry Co., were not in Camp, and many delicacies from home found their way to our tables. The citizens from the country also brought in many vegetables and sold them at reasonable prices. Gradually we learned the drill, but were not proficient in it.

During the summer measles broke out in Camp and raged fiercely, twenty-three were taken in our Co., in one night, three of whom were in our mess. I was glad I had already passed through the experience. On the first Thursday in Aug. all of us who were old enough to vote, except a few officers, were allowed to go home on furlough to vote, and the minors a few days later. The State decided by a large majority to separate from the U.S. and unite with the C.S. and its troops were transferred to the C.S. Army. Lieut. Col. Atkins having been elected to the C.S. Congress, Adj. C.D. Venable was elected Lieut. Col. And Lieut. Joe T. Kendall appointed Adj. The 1st, 4th, 6th, 9th, 12th 15th, and 22nd were also encamped at Union City and some regiments from other states, also some Cavalry and some Artillery.

About Sept. 1st we moved by rail to Columbus, Ky. and fortified the place. A few days after a march was made, (several other regiments assisting) to Mayfield, and back the second day. This march was very trying to men not yet recovered strength from the measles. When the fort was completed, Jones Battalion (Afterwards the 55th Regt.) 5th Tenn. Inf., and a battalion of Heavy Art. under Maj. Jackson, formed the garrison, Brig. Gen. A. P. Stewart commanding. Most of the time till March 1st was spent in strengthening the works, and felling the timber on both sides of the river. Nov. 7th the federals came down from Cairo and attacked two regiments, and a battery on the Missouri side of the river, and the Battle of Belmont resulted. Troops were sent over and the enemy driven back. I had a pretty good view of the battle from the bluff, and thus, saw fighting before actually engaged.

The winter of 1861 and 2 was rather pleasantly spent. Housed in a comfortable "shanty," with a good stove, (of our own purchase) books to read, but little work to do, after real winter set in, no drilling, regular letters from home, and occasional visit from friends and relatives, and no immediate prospect of fighting. Many a time afterward, when enduring the real hardships of war, we longed for "luxuries" we enjoyed at Columbus.

The Capture of Ft. Henry on Tennessee River, and of Ft. Donelson on Cumberland River, rendered our position untenable, and early in March the works at Columbus were evacuated and we took steamers to New Madrid, Mo. and Island No. 10. While on picket at New Madrid, a federal Calvaryman rode up near our lines, and the whole line after a few men had fired their guns in the direction of the "scout", broke and fled, except Private W. T. Browning and myself. We followed in a walk, seeing nothing to flee from.

Another day, in a slight skirmish with some of the enemy's advanced skirmishers, Capt. W. D. Hallun, of Co. "I" was slightly wounded in the neck, the first blood shed in the regiment, unless we except Private Bob Tyler of Co. M. who contrary to orders crossed the river with other troops, and was killed at Belmont.

On dark rainy night we evacuated New Madrid, and took boats to Island 10. Here I was taken sick and was sent with others to Tiptonville where the Regt. Passed us on its way to Ft. Pillow. Next day we were put on a boat and taken to Hospital at Memphis. The boat landed for a few minutes at Ft. Pillow, and I saw several of the boys of our Regt. I spent one night in Overton (Hotel) Hospital. Tandy G. Morris and others also. Next morning some members of the Regt. came in and said the Regt. had come down on a boat and would take the train to Corinth. Though not well I left the hospital and went to the M. and C. Depot, and later in the day we took the train, arriving at Corinth late in the evening. I suffered with a terrible headache all the way, the noise of the soldiers cheering at the groups of ladies gathered at every depot and cross-road, seemed almost like a knife striking my head. Elijah McClure kindly held my head in his lap all the way, after

finding that I was suffering. I shall never forget his kindness.

Our cooking vessels not reaching us for a couple of days, we had to make up our bread-dough in any old vessel obtainable, and cook Johnny-cakes, rolled around sticks or flattened on a board before the fire. The excessive rain made it more unpleasant also. Many of the men contracted dysentery here and at Island 10 and Tiptonville.

## Chapter 10

### The Battle of Shiloh

The Federals having come up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing, Gen. A. S. Johnston in command at Corinth determined to attack them under Gen. U. S. Grant before the arrival of reinforcements under Gen. Buell marching from Nashville.

So on April 4th 1862, we were marched out from Corinth. WE had been placed in Gen. A.P. Stewart's Brigade composed of 4th Tenn. 5th, 13th Ark. and some other Regt. Although we were within a few miles of the enemy's camp on the night of the 4th, the roads were muddy and narrow and woods thick with undergrowth that we had to wait all day of the 5th for other commands to come up. Our Brigade was in Clark's Division and Polk's Corps.

On the morning of the 6th, we filed out of the road, and formed line of battle. We were in the third line, there being three lines and a reserve in addition. The artillery soon began firing, and soon after the crack of muskets, and then the roar of small arms. This soon took off the edge of our excitement and fear, and we soon were advancing, following the first line. While crossing a small field in a narrow valley, a grape shot struck Private J. Perry Murell, of our Co. killed. On a little ridge just beyond the field we were halted, and re-alignment made. Here a shell exploded near the colors, and several men wounded, creating some excitement.

In a few minutes we were again ordered forward. The fighting in front had by this time become very heavy, but compared to firing in other battles would afterward have been considered desultory. After advancing a few hundred yards further we came up with a regiment engaged in firing at the enemy in front. This regiment was formed at an angle with the line of advance in which we were, and our regiment extending further to the left than it, score's companies of our were uncovered and commenced firing in front, no enemy being visible to me however. Being a file closer and not being in position to shoot, I could observe what was done. Many of the men fired with their guns elevated at an angle of about 45 degrees. After a round or so the command came to cease firing, and in a few minutes we moved forward again. We soon came in sight of a camp of the enemy, among which we could see a line of soldiers, which was taken for the enemy, and fire was opened on them. The color-bearer ran out in full view and waves his flag which was recognized as a confederate one and the firing ceased. From the description of it by Col. A. H. Helvenston of Sumterville, this must have been the 16th Ala. of which he was Major and afterwards colonel. As we were nearing this camp, a shell exploded in our ranks and killed and wounded several. Private Alex McMullen of our Co. was wounded, and I think, Private A. H. Dugger, also.

We found plenty of cooked food in the tents, and at the request of the men in line I carried them as much of it as the limited halt would permit. Some found their way into a settler's tent, and the pillaging commended which is always demoralizing.

Not a great way beyond the encampment we took the front, and hence-

forward we were in the heat of battle. As we were going down a hill in a body of woods, Private F. M. Sinsel fell with a death wound, his cap rolling down the hill and lodging against a tree. Many others were killed and wounded along here.

My mind fails to recall what occurred until we captured Gen. Prentiss' Division, late in the day. Some other command had, while advancing at a smart angle to ours come in on one side of them while we came in on another. Some of the Federals were running out at the open space between our commands, were firing, I could not tell who hit him.

We had now driven the enemy to the cover of the bluff, and while we were sending the prisoners to the rear, and correcting our alignment, the gunboats in the river began a terrific bombardment with their guns, and never having seen such heavy artillery firing before I thought it terrible and expected to see our troops exterminated, and many others shared my feelings. We were in the timber and the shells striking the trees mostly in our rear, tumbled them in every direction. We were ordered to fall back out of their range, and this we did in short order. In the hurry our regiment was separated from the rest of the command, and night coming on we bivouacked for the night. I went down into a ravine to fill my canteen and almost stumbled over a dead man. Ugh! How it made my blood run cold.

The little log Baptist Church named Shiloh was near the center of the battle-field and gave the name to the battle. It was made a field hospital.

Our faithful cook, Fielding hunted us up next morning, after much trouble, and brought us cooked rations which were much enjoyed by us. Mr. Thos. Reynolds, a printer in the Memphis Appeal office who was a cousin of Mr. A.H. Dugger of our mess, and who had followed us from Memphis to be in the fight, and who fought like a tiger on the first day was taken violently sick with cramp colic on this morning and Fielding carrying him off the battlefield on his back, and as Mr. R. said to me afterwards in Atlanta, saved his life.

Gen. W.J.Hardee finding our regiment on the morning of the second day separated from its own command, ordered the Lieut. Col. (Venable) to form in his line, and we fought with it through the remainder of the battle. We were posted in front of a field and several times advanced partly through it. But the heavy reinforcements of Buell, who had arrived made it impossible to drive back the line, and after fighting here bravely till about 3 P.M., Gen. G. T. Beauregard who had succeeded Gen. A. S. Johnston who was killed on the first day, ordered us to fall back to Corinth. We marched a few miles and bivouacked in the rain, which poured down all night.

Next day we continued our straggling march in the mud and water reaching Corinth late in the evening. Only the Col and about half a dozen men arriving with the colors.

Brother John did not reach camp till the next evening, when I found he had Typhoid Fever. He clung to his gun and accoutrements although hardly able to walk, and spent the night of the 8th sleeping by the road-side in the rain. During the battle he must have had fever, as he would ask me every time we crossed water to fill his cup for him, and drank it ravenously. But inexperienced as I was I did not think of his being sick. I secured a placed for him in a private house near camp, and getting a mattress from a teamster made him as comfortable as I could. Mr. A.H. Langford and another man was sick in the same room. Fielding was faithful and did all he could. Others helped me sit up with him, but on the 17th he died and we buried him there with military honors. Lieut. W. E. Harris seeing that he was decently buried.

On the 27th, Pa and Cousin Robert B. Rennolds came down to see us having heard John was sick. As Fielding was sick, and wanted to go home, I agreed to it, and he accompanied them back, and thenceforward I took my part in the cooking.

## **Chapter 11**

### **Summer of 1862**

Before the term of enlistment (one Year) expired Congress enacted the "Conscript Law" requiring all of us between 18 and 35 years of age to serve two years longer. A great many deserted and returned home. One third of our Co. going (39 in all out of 117). At the reorganization which the law provided for C. D. Venable was elected Col., W. C. Swor, Lt. Col. and J.J. Lamb Maj. The 12 companies were reduced to 10 by consolidating the four smallest ones into two. Our Co. became "D".

None of the officers desiring to be Captain, Adj. J. T. Kendall was elected Capt., W. E. Harris 1st Lieut. J.W. Howard 2nd Lieut., and J.M.B. Elliot 3rd Lieut. I was elected orderly Sergt., defeating C.P. Walker by a good majority.

Soon after the battle of Shiloh the enemy began to advance on Corinth and we fortified the place. They advanced by gradual approaches, and skirmishes occurred daily. By the latter part of May we were hemmed in on three sides and our last line of R.R. (Mobile and Ohio) cut.

On the night of May 29th (I think) we evacuated the place, and retreated to Tupelo, Miss., halting awhile at Baldwin. I was sick and failed to keep up being barely able to walk.

Next morning I met with Mr. C.P. Walker, who was even sicker than I was, and we kept together till we overtook the command at Baldwin. We had to make a detour to avoid the enemy, and barely missing capture. Had Mr. Walker been alone he would have succumbed, as I could hardly arouse him from slumber when we rested.

Most of the months of June and July and part of August were spent in drilling at Tupelo, Miss. becoming far more efficient than before. Not much occurred that need to be recorded here.

Sometime in August we started to Kentucky. Went by rail to Mobile, and our regiment by boat to Montgomery, and then by rail to Chattanooga. Went into camp at a spring on Western side of Mission Ridge, between where the present sites of Ridgedale and Highland Park are. Drilling two hours each day, two miles west on the road from Chattanooga to La Fayette, Ga.

When our wagon train came up, we started marching, crossing Walden's Ridge and Cumberland Mountain. The latter at night, so that we would not suffer so much for water which was scarce. Waded the Cumberland River near Gainsboro. We found the people of Ky. very hospitable, and capturing the garrison and supplies at Mumfordsville, we fared sumptuously. We went as far as Bardstown and when Buell came out in force from Louisville we retired to Harrodsburg.

## **Chapter 12**

### **Battle of Perryville**

On the 8th of October 1862, we countermarched to Perryville and engaged the enemy. Cheathams Division was formed in two lines of two brigades each. Our Brigade (Stewart's) being in the 2nd line. The first line stormed and captured Chaplain's Hill, capturing a battery. When we were ordered up to support them, we passed the dismantled battery, and saw they were engaging the enemy at a lane two or three hundred yards beyond. Down the slope through the smooth open field we double-quickened. Corporal Bob Harris being killed on the way. Our approach frightened the enemy and they gave way. We passed the lane where the horses of the battery caissons were lying killed, and fought the enemy through a small woods pasture, and up a hill in a cornfield. By this time the line was abandoned and men were fighting singly, scattered along for some distance. I with many others slowed up and then halted for the men to close up. Dropping on my left knee I rested my right elbow on my right knee and rested the butt of my musket on the ground supported it with my right hand. While in this position, a bullet pierced my right arm just above the wrist making a flesh wound but deadening my arm so I could not use my gun. I took the gun in my left hand and laid it on the ground, unbuttoned my jacket sleeve, and slipped the sleeve up my arm, thus pulling both jacket and shirt sleeve from the wound into which the ball had driven them, when the blood flowed freely. I said to my friend Sergt. N. C. Howard who happened to be near me, (though in another Co.) "I am wounded." He said to me "you had better to to the rear." I retreated down the hill where I found Mr. Boden, who had a ball fast in his gun, and was trying to dislodge it, and asked him to take my handkerchief and fold it and bind it around my arm, pinning it on, which he did. I had no canteen and began to be thirsty from loss of blood. I continued up through the pasture and soon reached high enough ground for the balls from the cornfield to be flying thick, and I increased my speed to a run. Seeing a Yankee canteen on the ground I snatched it as I ran, and stopping behind a tree I found it full, and slaked my thirst freely. I soon passed Color-Sarg. Josie B. Jones, who had his left leg broken by a ball but had lowered himself by the staff to the ground and held up the colors till one of the color guard came. His heavy weight had torn the litter on which he had been placed, and the men of the infirmary corps were carrying him off on their backs by turns. Seeing me he said "Ed the have wounded me, but they have not whipped me yet." Reaching the top of the hill I was out of danger and I took it more leisurely. At the foot of the hill on the bank of a creek the wounded had been collected among whom were Lieuts. J. B. Milam, Cardwell Wilson and Rushing and many others. Going on further, I reached the Field Hospital established in a residence. Here I saw Capt. Jnl. T. Grion of Co 2 with a ball in his side waiting for it to be extracted. I showed my wound to a surgeon who said, "you had as well go on, there are too many here wounded worse than you are, for us to take time to dress your wound, keep it well saturated with cold water to keep down the fever." I filled my canteen at a creek close by, and started on towards Harrodsburg. Beyond the town of Perryville, nigh coming on I climbed the fence into a blue-grass pasture, and wrapping myself in my blanket, lay down under the trees and slept till morning, when I found the army retreating towards Harrodsburg, and I joined them, finding the command at our old camp there.

On the next morning we commenced our retreat to Knoxville. The sick and slightly wounded were distributed in the wagons and ambulances. Dock Newport who was sick, and myself were placed in the medical wagon of the regiment driven by LaFayette Cherry, and for two days we had a fine time, but then the wagon was needed to haul supplies and we were put afoot, and walked to Knoxville, Tenn.

The Command came up and after a day or so in camp in the snow without tents I was sent to the hospital at Chattanooga, and put in the last house on the East side of Market St. next the river, and on October 30th furloughed for 60 days.

I stopped to see the regiment at Tullahoma, where I had to take it afoot, the train running no further. A few miles out I bought a mule which was gentle, but so fidgety that I could not get on him without his being held, on account of my wounded arm. Finding no way to cross the Tennessee River without swimming the mule, I left him, crossed in a row boat and walked home with some of the officers of the 46th Tenn. who had a recruiting camp at Blue Creek Church in Humphreys Co. and for fear of the yanks who nominally held the Country, I made my way through the woods mostly home taking them all by surprise.

I enjoyed my furlough at home and visiting my sweetheart as well as could be under the circumstances. The proximity of the Federals at Fort Heiman, necessitated being very careful to avoid capture, and I traveled mostly at night. Found the country badly torn up, having been raided by detachments from both armies, and also filled with guerrillas who rode from place to place and robbed, maltreated and murdered those who were supposed to have any money for valuables.

My Mother hastily made a suit of clothes, and I took my surplus baggage over to Blue Creek, and returned to the finish out my furlough unencumbered. I spent the last night at Elder Asa Cox's and started afoot about 3 A.M. and took the road to the Mem. and Ohio R.R. near Paris and then followed the R.R. track. Near Curriers Factory I saw many fires ahead and fearing I was approaching a Federal Cavalry Camp, I advanced very cautiously, and was glad to find it only log-piles in a new clearing. About Porter's Mill daylight appeared. I stopped at Mr. John Toombs' for breakfast, and was told by him that Federal gunboats had gone up Tennessee River to try to intercept Gen. Forest's raid into West-Tennessee and that a column of Cavalry had gone up parallel with the river to scout. Knowing that there was a nest of Union men at Rocky Point near Big Sandy, I left the R.R. as soon as I crossed Big Sandy, and took the woods striking a bee line for a point on Sugar Creek where I knew I would find friends. Where I crossed the road to Point Mason a settler told me that a couple of Federals had passed that morning on their way to communicate with the gunboats at Point Mason. I hurried on to the woods, and came out at the proper point on Sugar Creek, and spent the night at a friend's whose name I have forgotten. During the night I could hear the whistles of the Federal Gunboats on the river. I crossed the Tennessee River in a rowboat at Davidson's Ferry and I learned of the gunboats having gone up. I reached Mr. Matthew Garret's on Little Blue Creek, where I boarded. I learned here that his brother Capt. Garrett, had raised a company of Artillery, and that they would start to Murfreesboro in a day or two, and I waited and went with them. They were a rough but jolly and kind set.

On the night of Dec. 31st, we had reached a point near enough to hear next day, Jan 1st, 1863, the roar of artillery at the battle of Murfreesboro. Reached Murfreesboro about noon, of the 2nd and stopped at the camp of the cooking detail and waited till night intending to go with them to the regiment on night of the 3rd, but they received orders before night to move to the rear, just before daylight of the 4th, the regiment came along, and stopped long enough to get their rations. The next evening we bivouacked 5 miles N of Shelbyville. They boys say that it was a hard fought battle. Only one of the Co. was killed, (Link Ballard).

The regiment has been temporarily consolidated with the 4th Tenn. and Co.'s D and I consolidated. Capt. J. T. Kendall and Lieut. B. F. Peeples of Co. I being the officers.

We went into winter quarters at Shelbyville. On Feb. 2nd the Brigade consisting of 4th and 5th, 19th, 24th, 31st and 33rd Tenn. and

45th Alabama were ordered on Outpost duty at Guy's Gap 10 miles from S. on Murfreesboro Pike where we remained on Outpost duty till June 27th. Here we had the most pleasant time of the war plenty of room for camps, without crowding, good water, and a good foraging country, where we could buy, mil, eggs, chickens, butter, vegetables and etc. After the spring opened we drilled regularly, and learned for the first time Brigade Drill. A large bush arbor was erected and revival services held. A great many professed religion, and many were baptized, some by immersion, some by sprinkling, and some by pouring, and I witnessed all three modes at one time. We had Bible classes, singing classes and many other exercises.

## Chapter 13

### The Chickamauga Campaign

On June 27th Gen. Rosencrans having recruited from the effects of the Battle of Murfreesboro, advanced and we retreated first to Tullahoma, then across the Tennessee River, and we then went to Chattanooga, followed closely by the Federal Army. We Tennesseans especially regretted the abandonment of Middle Tenn. which is truly a garden spot. The roads were very muddy caused by almost continual rains, and the weather was very warm.

We reached Chattanooga July 7th and from then till Sept. 7th we worked almost daily on the fortifications, and on the 8th moved South to meet Rosencrans who had crossed Lookout Mt. into McLemore's Cove. From then till Sept. 17th we maneuvered about LaFayette, Crawfish Springs, and Lee and Gordojn's Mills, and on Sept. 18th and 19th fought the bloody battle of Chickamauga. We crossed Chickamauga Creek early on the morning of the 19th about a mile below Lee and Gordon's Mill, and double-quickened to the front soon passing Hood's Division of Longstreet's Corps from Va. and then learned for certain that we had reinforcements, being told that the other two divisions, Pickett's and McLaws were at Ringgold or Tunnell Hill, this buoyed up our courage, and we gave a prolonged cheer. We soon deployed into line of battle and advanced, stray shell and minnie balls flying over, one minnie ball wounding Private Dick Coly of Co. E. After halting in the woods, we were soon advanced across the old field in front, under fire. On the other side we saw stragglers, and Gen. Preston Smith cautioned us not to fire on his men, who were in front of us. Without firing, we were ordered back to the woods, still under fire. Alexander of Co. A, Allen and Hagler of Co. F. and Wilson of our Co. D. were wounded, and Lieut. Webber of the 4th Regt. killed. We were again ordered forward in the field, under fire, and again moved back to the woods without an opportunity to fire which we regretted very much. While lying down here a shell struck the ground in front of us and ricocheted, and it seemed to be coming straight to me, but it struck to one side, it struck Private Gid Comer of Co. I and crushed his hip, and lower part of his body, and rolling off on the arm of Private J. W. Piklow of Co. D. deadened it and bloodied him very badly. Comer soon died from his wound but Pillow after running back to a tree, and taking a good look at his arm, found it was alright and soon returned to his place.

(The above incident occurred next day and was recorded here incorrectly)

We lay here till sundown, when heavy firing commenced and we were moved up to the edge of the field and Maney's and Churchill's Brigades moved to the right, the firing continued till about dark, when the enemy was repulsed, but the brave Gen. Preston Smith was killed. I had not been under fire since the Battle of Perryville, nearly a year and having dreamed the night before that I was killed, I expected that I would be much frightened, but after a few minutes the old battle feeling came back, and I had but little fear. The regiment and the troops generally, most of whom had not been in Battle since the Battle of Murfreesboro, behaved splendidly. For awhile

on the morning of the 20th, everything was quiet but the firing soon began right and left, and soon became general, and shells began to fly over thick and fast, some falling short, some going over. (Here it was that Cid Comer was mortally wounded, instead of as already written.) We lay there an hour or so under heavy shelling, the regiment standing it nobly, remaining in line all the time. The enemy was driven back and we moved to the front and right, and were shelled again. Late in the evening we were moved forward, and Gen. Cheatham taking command of Wright's Brigade, and giving the commands himself, I expected we would experience heavy fighting, but instead Wright's Brigade moved on, and we were halted. The fighting lasted but a short while. Longstreet pressed them closely on the left, and when under the combined attack they gave way, and broke toward Chattanooga, leaving their breastworks with their artillery, and many prisoners behind. A glorious shout went up along the whole line, announcing the victory. Several Generals, Polk, Cheatham, and two or three brigadiers collected in front of us, and listened intently, Gen. Polk especially seemed to enjoy it extremely. While the fighting was going on, we moved up a little, and I have never seen troops maneuver better in the woods. When silence at last reigned over the battlefield, we laid ourselves down to sleep, and slept soundly among the dead cold as it was. We suffered much for want of water, as it had to be brought from Chickamauga Creek, 2 or 3 miles away. Lieut. Col. Luke W. Finley arrived late in the evening and was assigned to duty as Lt. Col. of 4th and 5th Regiments. All who were armed still with the old muskets picked up Enfield Rifles from the battlefield. When we awaked the next morning everything was white with frost, and dead and all. When we formed line and moved off the row of stacked muskets left showed where the regiment had formed, and henceforth only rifles were used. Moved up to the foot of Missionary Ridge, and halted there most of the day, for Maney's Brigade to drive them from the top of the Ridge, and for the Calvary to cross and clear the way at the foot. Halting awhile near the top I took a look, but could see only a great dust around Chattanooga, and over the river, and what looked like a pontoon, with wagons. Those with field glasses said there were three pontoons, with wagons crossing, and Cavalry fording. We moved to Chattanooga Valley, and formed line of battle. There was some skirmishing by the Cavalry but no serious fighting. The result of the Battle of Chickamauga was 7,000 prisoners, 30,000 stand of small arms, and 37 pieces of artillery were captured. Gen Pole was relieved of the command of the Corps, because Gen. Bragg did not like his management during the campaign.

## Chapter 14

### The Missionary Ridge Campaign

We encompassed Chattanooga with a line of entrenchments reaching from the Tennessee River near the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge across the valley to Lookout Mountain, thus cutting off all communication of the enemy with his base by rail, and forcing him to haul all his supplies by wagon across the Cumberland Mountains, and Walden's Ridge, and putting them on short rations.

On the morning of October 10th we were called into line, along the breastworks to receive President Jefferson Davis who rode along the lines with Gen. Bragg and staff, and I had a good look at him. Found him better looking than I had expected he was, from his pictures. Cheers went up all along the line as he passed.

In the evening of the same day, an election was held in Co. "D" by order of Col J.J. Lamb to fill the vacancy of 2nd Lieut. made by the cashiering of Lieut. J.M. Elliot for inefficiency. On first ballot

J.D. Wilson received 3 votes, J.W. Pillow 6 and myself 8. No choice. On second ballot J.W. Pillow received 8 and myself 10. So I was elected, and on the 12th examined by the Examining Board consisting of Col. Walker of the 19th Regt. Press, and Col. Wilson of the 24th, and Col. J.J. Lamb of the 5th. I answered all of Col. Walker's questions (but one), and he passed me with the compliment "I find him bright in everything I examined him on." Col. Wilson only asked me two questions, which I answered. Col Lamb declined to ask any. Lts. L. J. Lemonds and G.H. Wynns, of Co. I and G.W.Crawford of Co. E. were also examined. On the 13th many of us accompanied the 1st Tenn. Band to Gen. Bragg's headquarters to serenade the President. He made a short speech in which he eulogized Tennessee soldiers. Gen's. Bragg and Pemberton also said a few words.

On Oct. 14th Capt. Joe T. Kendall returned from Henry Co. and was ordered to take command of Co's "D" and "I". He was much chagrined that his Co. D did not elect me unanimously for Lieut. saying that I was the only man in the Co. fit to make an officer of, and that had anyone else been elected he would have ordered me before the board anyhow.

On October 19th an order was read confirming, Maj B. B. Bunch, and Lieuts. J. L. Lemonds, G. W. Crawford, G. H. Wynns, and myself. (Lieuts. N. C. Howard and Joe Jordan were also confirmed about that time.) The officers of Co.'s "D" and "I", now are J. T. Kendall, Capt. J. L. Lemonds 1st. Lieut. and G. H. Wynns, and myself 2nd Lieuts. Capt B. F. Peeples and J. W. Howard were relieved and ordered to report to Gen. Strahl, our brigadier general. Kept our position in the trenches in front of Chattanooga till Oct. 24th. Suffering much on picket, in the cold rains that prevailed. Felt very awkward without a gun, and with only a sword.

On the 25th we took train to Charleston, Tenn. and crossed the Hiwassee on a pontoon bridge made of two planks laid side by side on rafts of old logs fastened to a rope stretched across the River. Crossing by moonlight, we marched to Sweetwater, and remained several days drilling. It was a great relief to get away from the line of battle, and we had chance to do some foraging, and secure some change of diet. The rations being short, and unwholesome. Only Cheatham's and Stevenson's Divisions were there. On the 6th of Nov. we were relieved by Longstreet's Corps. and took train back to Etowah. The crossties of the R.R. were so rotten that the train ran off, and smashed some of the cars, and slightly injured some of teh men. WE walked back to our old lines in front of Chattanooga.

It being impossible to obtain clothing by purchase, as no town was near, and as I could not draw clothing from the Quartermaster's department, as an officer, I obtained a 5 day leave of absence, to go to Atlanta; to purchase some, and on Nov. 22nd took the train to that city. Found everything extremely high. Paid \$3.00 for a meal at the Trout House, and \$8.00 per day board at Mrs. Hoyle's on Peach Tree Street. Was enabled to secure but an indifferent outfit, for the winter with the small means at my command.

The Battle of Missionary Ridge was fought on Nov. 25th and on my return I met the demoralized army at Dalton on the morning of the 27th I had never seen a defeated army before, and it was a sad scene. Eight companies of the regiment (G and K) being detached, were engaged, 119 strong (or weak) 60 of these were either killed, wounded or captured. Capt. J. T. Kendall was wounded, and died of a surgical operation. Lt. G. H. Wynns was captured and only Lt. J. G. Lemonds was with the Co.

Cheatham's Division which was composed entirely of Tennesseans has been broken up by exchanges of brigades with other divisions and ours

(Strahl's) was put into Stewart's Division before the battle of Missionary Ridge and fought with it during the battle. This created much discontent as C. Div. prided itself on being the crack division of the army. The exchange of commands by bringing troops and subordinate officers into contact with strange officers created confusion and no doubt added to the disaster at Missionary Ridge.

On going into camp at Dalton, Lt. Lemonds asked me if I had not better have Capt. B. F. Peeples, and Lt. J. W. Howard ordered back to the command and I answered yes. And it was soon afterwards done.

## Chapter 15

### Winter of 1863 & 4

At the close of the Mission Ridge campaign we went into winter quarters around Dalton. Our Division (Stewart's) camping on side of Rocky Face Ridge, a mile or so N.W. of the town.

In December, Adjut. Kendall was detailed to go to Mobile for blank books for the regiment and other commands, and at his request I was detailed by Col. Lamb to act as Adjut. till his return, about ten days. I felt it a compliment as I was about the youngest Lieut. in the regiment. Being young and timid I dreaded the ordeal of Dress Parade, but summoned courage to go through it very well. Col Lamb said as if I had been at it all my life.

Cabins were built and we made ourselves pretty comfortable.

On January 1st, 1864, the 4th and 5th regiments were detailed to do provost guard duty in the town of Dalton, and as it was the coldest weather that we experienced during the war, we suffered very much. Were quartered in an unfinished hotel without door shutters, or window glass or shutters.

An order having been issued that one man in every ten, of the non-commissioned officers and privates and one officer in each company should be furloughed I succeeded in getting a furlough for 25 days, and as West Tenn. was just then in the hands of the Federals, I went to Virginia to visit my birth-place and relatives. Was accompanied by my particular friend Lt. N. C. Howard. We started on afternoon of Jan. 14 and found the trains crowded with soldiers mostly Longstreet's men who had been left in hospitals when his command returned to Virginia. We stopped a day in Wilmington, N.C. to let the crowd get ahead of us, and spent a night in the City of Richmond, the "Capital of the Confederate States." Monticello Hall where we put up was filthy and crowded.

Reached Frederick's Hall Depot, Louisa Co. at 11 A.M. and walked out 1½ miles N.W. to Locust Green and was warmly welcomed by Uncle William Rennolds and Aunt Barbara, and enjoyed the time from Jan. 19th to Feb. 2nd as well as we could under the circumstances.

I went to Staunton on the train to visit Uncle Taliaferro, my Father's oldest brother. Found him dangerously sick. Remained with him two days, telegraphing his condition to Uncle Williams, and he came on the second day, and the next, Jan. 25th I returned to Uncle Williams, as I did not want to leave Lt. Howard, without anyone to keep him company.

A telegram from Uncle William on the 29th said that Uncle Taliaferro was dead. I had the wagon hitched up, and went with the driver to the Depot, and met Uncle William with the corpse, and next day the burial

took place in the family burial ground. Only two persons outside of the family and slaves were present, viz. Messrs. Tally and Bibb. Such is war. Aunt Barbara was confined to the house with a young baby. Uncle T. was a successful physician, and a man of great firmness, and good judgment. He had never married, and made no pretensions to religion. Had accumulated good property but it was sold for Confederate money and in one way and another squandered.

I enjoyed seeing my birthplace, and the scenes of my fathers early life, and of his early married life, and could readily recognize many places that I had heard described.

On Feb. 2nd we bade farewell to them all and started back to the Army. Spent the night in Richmond and also next day. Saw the Confederate Congress in session, and heard a few speeches, but both houses soon went into secret session and we were hustled out. Walked about the City, and visited places of interest. The City was full of officers on leave of absence and etc. They were well dressed and presented gay figures. Much better dressed than officers of the Western Army. We had to obtain passes from Military governor, or Commander of the Post, and show it on almost every corner where we met the Provost Guard, which made it very unpleasant.

Took train about sundown, and at 4 A.M. on the 7th reached Dalton, and was glad to get back, to the command again. Had a very tiresome trip. Railroads very rough, and train ran off once.

On Feb. 9th was appointed as Judge Advocate of a Court Martial to try Private B.A. Haguewood for Desertion. Lts. J. P. Tyler, J. L. Lemonds and Frank Clark, composed the Court. He pleaded guilty of "Absence without Leave." Never having been in a Civil Courtroom in my life, and only once in a Court martial as witness, I felt very awkward as a prosecuting officer, but there was but little to do.

On the 11th Cheatham's Tennessee division was reformed and all concerned were overjoyed. I was on duty that day, and was left in the old camp with a guard in charge of baggage till 3 P.M. when it was all removed.

Found that Lt. Howard, Serjt. J. M. Coffman and Private T. G. Morris had formed a new "Mess" giving myself a place in it. Our quarters were not as good as the ones we left.

On Feb. 20th Cheatham's Division was ordered to go to Demopolis, Ala. to reinforce Gen. Leonidas Polk who was being driven back by Grant.

We left the ground hard frozen at Dalton, and found the field in Ala. full of negro plowmen turning over the soil, and preparing to plant. At every depot and cross-roads people were gathered to see us pass, and the "boys" had a gay time sending their cards (or rather slips of paper with their names and command written on them) to the girls, and receiving theirs in return.

We reached Demopolis only to find that Grant had fallen back, and we retraced our steps, or rather took the train back to our old camp at Dalton.

I was on duty as lieutenant for the guard on the day we left Dalton, and I had the pleasure of releasing from the stocks a private who had been court-martialed, and sentenced to the stocks for two hours each day, I think for thirty days, probably for desertion. I rebelled in heart when it became my duty to put him in the cruel frame and when ordered to release him and send him back to his command I took out the pins and threw them

as far as I could send them. The man belonged to some regiment from Ga. or Ala. which camp was enclosed in the same guard line as ours.

Gen. Joe E. Johnston who was succeeded Gen. Braxton Bragg in the command of the Army of Tennessee, soon after the Battle of Missionary Ridge, spent the winter in thoroughly preparing for the coming campaign, and when it opened the army had better discipline, equipment, and morale than it had at any time during the existence and followed its leader through the campaign of 1864, relying fully on his ability to lead them, and asked no questions.

## Chapter 16

### Campaign of 1864. Resaca and New Hope Church

The summer of 1864 witnessed the most eventful scenes through which the Army of Tennessee passed during the Civil War.

During the latter part of April we commenced to throw up a line of fortifications N. and W of Dalton, mainly along the crest of Rocky Face Ridge and on May 7th, Gen. Sherman advanced from Chattanooga, and began the campaign and we broke camp and moved to the front.

On the evening of the 8th we moved by a roundabout way, ten miles to the left to support an attack on Dug. Gap. The forced march exhausted most of us as it was at the end of a winter of camp lie and we were disqualified for such a hard march. We found that the Ky. Cavalry had repulsed the enemy. We spent most of the night fortifying the position. After skirmishing till May 12th, we moved down to Resaca, the enemy having crossed Rocky Race Ridge at Snake Creek Gap, and menaced our Railroad to Atlanta.

On the evening of the 13th we moved out in line of battle with 4th Tenn. as skirmishers. We met the enemy who were posted on the west side of a creek bottom, the narrow valley being cleared. As we came over the ridge we were met by a galling fire, and two men were killed and twenty wounded in a few minutes. Lts. Andrews and Sidebottom among the latter.

Private A. D. Beckwith of our Co. (D) who had been a very wicked youth, but had been converted during a revival in camp about a month before, was sitting against a small hickory tree and was struck in the body by a minnie ball. He dropped his rifle, and commenced clapping his hands, dying in less than a minute. It gave me a higher conception of the power of religion to stay a dying man than anything I have ever seen.

The line of battle at the point where we were posted was on the side of a pretty steep ridge, and in full view of the enemy, and as we remained stationary it required a good deal of nerve to endure the galling fire to which we were exposed. After a few rounds the heavy firing ceased and all settled down behind such trees or logs as were to be found, and endured the fire as best they could till night. Being the first engagement I had been in without a gun in my hands, I found it harder than usual to keep my courage up. Being only a subordinate, and only required to repeat commands, I had nothing to do but think of the danger, without the loading and firing to occupy my mind.

We spent the following night preparing entrenchments, half of the command working till midnight, and the other half, from midnight till morning by which time we were very well fortified.

Just before daylight on the morning of the 14th I was put in

command of the detail for the day's picket duty, from the regiment, and we relieved the pickets at the foot of the hill, and near the edge of the bottom field. The preceding picket detail had fortified their position as best they could, by piling up rails, logs and etc. between the trees and stumps.

Four men were posted in a group together, the groups being about 20 paces apart. I took up my station with the center group, and prepared for a hot day of it. The fortified line of battle of the enemy could be seen on the low ridge across the narrow valley, though bushes obscured some parts of it. The pickets or line of skirmishers were posted behind trees near the edge of the valley. Desultory firing was kept up on both sides all day. About 9 A. M. I heard the bugle of the enemy sound "the Advance," and I called to the men to "look out they are coming, give it to them heavy." The skirmisher started at a double-quick, across the field, and were met by a heavy fire both from our picket line, and also our line of battle, which fired over our heads, with what effect I did not discover. I soon saw that the object was to get possession of a ditch which ran diagonally across or obliquely across the valley. This was hid by a heavy growth of bushes and saplings and completely hid the enemy's skirmishers and enabled them to enfilade our slender protection, and they compelled us to crouch behind our works for protection, and our cramped position caused us to long for relief.

About noon the men asked me to go up to the line of battle, and ask Co. J. J. Lamb to send a new detail to relieve us. Knowing that it was unusual to change the pickets except at dawn and dark, and that Col. Lamb did not like to risk acting in such matters without orders from his superior officers, I hesitated but the men urged it so earnestly that I determined to make the effort, even though I might render myself liable to charges for over-stepping my authority and also for being absent from my post of duty. I put the sergeant in charge of the pickets. I slipped quietly along through the thickest bushes to the line of works, and finding Col. Lamb, I asked that we be relieved. He said that he was afraid that he would be blamed, if any of the men should be killed or wounded. I urged the fact that the men were suffering very much in their cramped and exposed position, and then hurried back to my post. A little later I heard a noise in the bushes behind us, and saw that a detail had been deployed, and were coming down the hill to our relief. They drew the fire of the enemy whenever any of them came in view in open places, but no casualties occurred. I called to my men in as low a tone as could be heard, to quietly and one at a time make their way back to the works, and when all were gone, I followed and left the lieutenant of the new detail in charge. All of us reached the works safely, and I enjoyed stretching my limbs in the trenches where there was more room.

We spent the night by details strengthening our fortifications. Skirmishing continued all day of the 15th, very heavy firing to our right ruling part of the day. The enemy threw a pontoon bridge across the Estanaula River to our left, and moved over part of their army, and threatened our R.R. communications, and at 10 o'clock at night we were withdrawn to the town and while waiting for other commands to cross the bridges, we heard heavy firing by our pickets and some confusion ensued, but it soon quieted down and the crossing was made safely. We marched most of the night and of the next day, and bivouacked near Calhoun.

On the 17th we continued our retreat slowly through Adairsville and Kingston, marching or being kept up most of the night as well as day, and by this time we were very much worn down. On the 19th we formed line of battle 3 miles South of Kingston, and very preparation made for an engagement, but at 3 P.M. we moved back (in full view of the enemy) in

column by Company, 2 miles to low ridge near Cassville. Gen. Johnston in his report of the campaign says, that it was his intention to give the enemy battle near Kingston, and try to crush one wing of Sherman's Army, before the other which was moving on a different road, could camp up. But some scouts reported that a force of the enemy was advancing by a road which would have brought them in his rear. After the retiring movement was too far advanced to be reversed, this report was found to be an error, as the troops seen were some of our own cavalry coming in from our right flank. The 5th regiment was thrown out as skirmishers, and though the enemy followed our movement, it was too late for them to attack, the regiment remained on the outpost as pickets till morning of the 20th.

During the night of the 19th, a line of rifle-pits were constructed on the low ridge, and we fully expected to wait the enemy's attack next day. But early in the night Gen. Johnston called his Corps commanders, Polk, Hardee and Hood in Consultation. One was in favor of holding the position, but the other two declared that they could not maintain it for two hours, and Gen. J. reluctantly decided to withdraw, and about daylight the movement began, the army moving in 4 or 5 parallel columns. At daylight we were called in from the picket line and followed, overtaking the Brigade at Cartersville.

We waited at Etowah River several hours for the wagons to cross. We then crossed and after marching two miles further we bivouacked, and having slept none the night before, I was soon asleep, and continuing almost continuously till next morning.

The enemy having ceased pursuit, we spent the 21st, 22nd and 23rd quietly in bivouac, and the rest was timely and fully enjoyed. There was preaching on the 23rd by our Capt. (B.F. Peeples). How strange it seemed to be beyond the sound of musketry, and enjoy the quiet of the Sabbath, and to those who were Christians, to hear the soothing sound of the Gospel. Lt. J. W. Howard arrived from Tenn. on the 23rd, bringing me letters from home and from my sweetheart, and what was no less welcome, some much needed clothing.

On the morning of the 24th, the enemy's movements necessitated our resuming an active campaign. They had crossed the Etowah River and advanced to New Hope Church where their advance was checked by Stewart's Division after a sharp engagement.

From the 24th to the 28th we marched and countermarched around New Hope Church. On the latter day we took position not far from Dallas, and fortified. As Co's A and C had only one officer able or present for duty (Lt. Linderman) I was ordered to report temporarily to him for duty with that company, and remained with it for several days.

The 5th regiment having been thrown out as skirmishers, we remained as pickets, and at night the line was fortified by digging picket-holes, large enough to contain the four men forming a group, which were about 20 paces part, and this made was kept up ever afterwards by the picket line. Instead of being relieved at night as usual, the whole line of the battle was moved towards New Hope Church to the right, as the enemy was moving in that direction in order to get possession of the W. and A.R.R. So for the next days, we held the position with only a skirmish line, supported by Lewis' brigade of Kentuckians held in reserve. Col. J. J. Lamb was left in command of the line occupied by the picket of the skirmish line left to hold the ground occupied by the Corps (Hardee's) Lt. J. L. Lemonds acted as Adj. for Col. Lamb.

During the skirmishing on the 28th Sergt. Frazier was killed and

Privates Geo. Poyner, B.A. Haguewood and Thornton wounded, and Lt. Col. Luke Finley of the 4th was wounded.

About 5 P.M. of the 29th Gen Bate ordered an advance in order to determine the strength of the enemy. The signal was to be cannon fired in front of Gen. Lewis' line on our left. Col. Lamb on receiving the order sent Lt. Lemonds to communicate it to the officers on his line, and Lt. Linderman who was at Col. Lamb's headquarters, started to his company, but did not reach it till the firing was over. Lt. Lemonds had proceeded but a little way on his rounds when by some mistake the signal was given too soon, and on Lewis' Brigade advancing, they were met by a withering fire, and the enemy thinking it an attack along the whole line opened a heavy fire. I was lying behind a small ridge a few steps in rear of the picket line, and near it center where it could be easiest controlled. A few of the men who had been allowed to leave the picket-holes in order to stretch their limbs and rest, were ordered by me to return quickly to their posts, and I called to the men to give the enemy a heavy fire, and warm reception if they advanced. A masked battery nearly in front of us filled the air with grape and canister, while minnie balls flew thick as hail. It only lasted a few minutes. Lewis' Brigade being recalled and the enemy finding it was not a general attack.

About the time the firing ceased, I noticed that the men on the left of the company had left their posts and were slowly falling back, and I asked what it meant, and received in reply, "the company to our left has fallen back to the works." I said to them, "only swing back on the left, but keep your communication with the right," which still held its position.

In a few minutes Col. Lamb ordered the pickets from the work to return to the picket line, and when those of the left of Company's A and C who had left their posts saw the line being reestablished they promptly returned to their positions. Col. Lamb came along to personally inspect the line. When he reached the picket post nearly in front of me, one of the men called his attention to a United States flag in view on the enemy's works. He stopped a moment to look, when a Federal picket who was standing by a tall stump or broken tree caught sight of him and fired at him, the ball striking him in the abdomen, and he fell mortally wounded. The man who fired was in plain view of me, I saw the smoke rise, heard the crack of his rifle, and heard him say, "I hit him." Someone called for the Infirmary Corps, and as they came in sight through an opening in the bushes they were fired on, and James Rainey killed and Joe Daniel wounded in the foot. It seemed for a few moments as if it would be the next to impossible to get him placed on the litter, and by taking a route which avoided the open placed they carried him away safely. He died next day.

The skirmishing was kept up most of the time next day (30th) sometimes quite heavy. Private Herron of Co. C was killed, no others hurt. We were relieved at night by the 16th S. C. and at 9 P.M. we started to the Brigade 4 miles away and near New Hope Church. Getting away from the sound of the guns, we marched along in the moonlight, scarcely saying a word till the silence became almost painful. But I was constrained to say that "I was not like Juan Fernandez -----

O, solitude where are the charms,  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I was glad to be out of the alarms, for my part. Any others unhesitatingly endorsed it.

Found Maj. Hampton in command of the 4th and 5th Tenn.

From May 31st to June 18th was occupied in continue marching, skirmishing, fortifying and etc. We gradually extended our line to the right, across the W. and A. R. R. and near Pine Mountain and Lost Mountains, and then swung back our left, and finally retired to the Kennesaw Mountain line, which reached the full length of the Mountains, and far to the right and left.

## Chapter 17

### Battle of Kennesaw Mountain

From the 19th to the 27th of June we built fortifications and were sometimes in reserve, where we fortified also. Skirmishing was heavy, and the enemy pressed forward towards our fortified line. On the 22nd I was on picket in the charge of the regimental detail, with Capt. A.W. Caldwell in command of the brigade detail. He was wounded slightly. The enemy made a heavy attack on the picket line on our right, and drove them back, which compelled us to retired about 200 yards. We were relieved at dark.

Next day 23rd about 5 p.m. a heavy cannonade was opened on the works of Maney's Division, which continued about an hour, when the enemy charged the picket line, and drove it into the breast-works. The 1st and 27th Tenn. was ordered to dislodge them, they made gallant charge from the works, and drove back the enemy, capturing 20 to 30 prisoners, and many guns, spades and picks. The 4th and 5th moved up to the salient, afterwards known as the "Dead Angle," to strengthen the line. On the 24th we moved back to our reserve position, a hundred yards or so in rear of the "Dead Angle,": in the evening of the 26th, still further to the rear and across a muddy creek bottom where we were held to repel any attempt to break through our lines which terminated at the foot of the hills on each side of the Creek. There was but little fighting on the 24th, 25th and 26th of June, but it was only the calm that precedes the storm.

About 9 o'clock, A.M. June 27th, Gen. Sherman ordered a general advance and several lines were hurled against our position on Kennesaw Mountain, the strongest position which we held during the campaign. The firing was the heaviest I ever heard, except the Sham Battle at Dalton. Though we were not engaged we were in exact range of a battery which kept up an incessant cannonade at a battery of ours, just across the creek from our, and the shells flew over and around and among us thick and fast, with few casualties. We were moved up to fill a gap in the works between Cheathan's and Hindman's Divisions.

From June 28th to July 2nd we moved from place to place, sometimes in the works, sometimes in reserve, and sometimes building fortifications. At the "Dead Angle" and for some distance to the right the rifle-pits were 8 feet wide, and were occupied by two lines of battle. Although the attack on the 27th was everywhere repulsed, the enemy held every position that could not be reached by our guns from our works. At the Dead Angle this was within 50 yards of our lines, and other places not much further off. Firing was kept up almost incessantly day and night, and there was not much chance for restful sleep.

The enemy having threatened our communications toward Atlanta, we abandoned our communications on Kennesaw Mountain, on the night of July 2nd and retired to a new position on the North side of the Chattahoochee River, where strong fortifications had been erected by slaves and others.

About 10 A.M. July 5th I was detailed to take charge of pickets of the regiment and posted 3 our 4 hundred yards in front of breastworks, just at the edge of a field. We set to work to construct defenses with rails and etc.; but soon heard the popping of rifles, and heard the whistle of minnie balls. Our fortifying ended, and we took refuge behind what unfinished works we had. We returned the fire of the enemy whom we could plainly see behind fence and trees beyond the field, and we held them at bay. We could tell by the popping of rifles that they were advancing on each side of the field. After awhile they deployed their skirmishers behind a fence which ran across the field about half way from the side which we occupied to the one the enemy held. The fence row was grown up in bushes, and furnished them some protection from our view, but we kept up the firing.

We could discover by the firing that they were driving our pickets on each side of the field. When they had blasted us on the West of left, where we were near the corner of the field, I ordered the men to fall back slowly to the works, and fire at every enemy seen. The woods had a heavy undergrowth, and we could see but a short distance in any direction, and each soldier had to act on his own judgment. Serjt. Newt Fields only remained with me. After going a hundred or so yards, we crossed the road and also a small clearing, without enclosure, and an old log stable standing in the opening. I could hear persons calling or hollering a little to our right when looking to the front, and I said to Serjt. Fields that I must see whether they were friends or foes, as I did not feel like leaving any of our own men, in the rear. So I ran back across the road, when Serjt. F. Called out "they are Yankees, I see one," and both he and the Federal fired at each other, and I distinctly heard the Federals mine whistle past. We then made our way into the works, to find that we were the last of our pickets to come in.

We held the line around the Chattahoochee River Bridge till July 9th, when we crossed the River and Picketed the South bank.

## Chapter 18

### Battle of Peach tree Creek

We had a period of comparative rest from July 10th to 18th though we picketed the River (Chattahoochee) and watched the enemy on the opposite bank, sometimes firing at whoever was seen, and sometimes talking to them.

At dress parade on the evening of the 18th an order was read from Gen. Joe E. Johnston informing the Army that he had been ordered to turn over the command to Gen Jno. B. Hood. We were astounded and all turned away from the Parade Ground looking as if we were just from a funeral.

On the 19th we moved toward Peach Tree Creek, the enemy having crossed the River to our right, and pressed back our cavalry. We fortified in two places working till midnight. ON the 20th in the evening we moved to the right and formed in two lines. The three left companies of the 5th under command of Capt. B.F. Peebles were deployed as Skirmishers, and advanced about 3 P.M. Lt. J.W. Howard advanced in front of the company cap in hand. We drove back the enemy's skirmishers, to their line of battle which was fortified on a low ridge. We halted in a ravine in less than a hundred yds. of the works and in full view, and protected ourselves behind trees and etc. as required by the "Army Regulations." Carter's brigade soon came up and we fought till night. About sundown, Lt. J. L. Lemonds came to me and said that he was wounded, in the shoulder, and I would have to take command of the Company. "Where is Lt. Howard?" said I. "He is wounded worse than I am," he replied. (The wound was in the leg.)

Private A. M. Pinson of Co. "I" was killed. I took command of the Company, and after dark, we received orders to fall back, which we did silently and in good order. When we reached the regiment, Capt. B. F. Peeples resumed command of the Co.

On the 21st we retired into the fortifications of Atlanta, passing through the suburbs, and rested the balance of the day.

## Chapter 19

### Battle of Atlanta

Around before dawn and moved far around to the right, and attacked the enemy unexpectedly. Halting in an old field the order to load was given and we knew then that the enemy was not far away. When Capt. B.F. Peeples had repeated the order, he walked back and forth and behind the ranks with his head bowed, and I suspected that he was praying. When he raised his head his face wore an expression I had never seen before. Oh, how much I would have given then could I have felt as confident of the Lord's protection, as I was satisfied that he felt. He never showed any signs of fear during the day, but was calm and unexcited.

Advancing into the woods we soon engaged the enemy, and drove them for their ready-cooked dinners, and partly built breast-works, killing Gen. McPherson, and many others and taking many prisoners. We followed up our advantage driving them through the woods, and into a field beyond. Just in the edge of the field was a ravine, and here the advance halted, but without orders to do so. The lines were reformed, and orders given to charge the enemy which had taken refuge behind an old line of works which some of our commands had built on the previous day. Though only a subordinate, I concluded I had as well lead as follow, and I waved my hat over my head and called on the men to follow. On rising over the steep part of the hill I came in full view of the long line of blue-coats who though only protected to their waists, (being on the wrong side of the works) they looked dangerous enough. I looked around to see how much support I had to count on. I saw only about half a dozen following closely. The balance were further back and looked as if they were not fully decided to go. The minnie balls were flying thick around me, and I looked for some protection. Spying a small half-rotten stump, and dropping down behind it, I put my head near it, and stretched myself on the ground as flat as I could get. Those who were nearest me dropped down around me and the others stopped under cover of the hill. Several minies struck the stump, others plowed up the ground on either side, Gen Robertson was killed almost in an arms length of me. It was not long before we were ordered to retire to the ravine and reform on the colors. I had no desire to draw the enemy's fire and I lay still till the command was reformed and moved off to the rear, under a heavy fire from the enemy. When the fire slackened because many of the guns were being re-loaded, I made my retreat. Just ahead of me Lt. J.R. Crosswell was following a path through the woods, and I saw him fall, struck by a ball in his leg, but was able to rise and limp away. When I had about reached the place where he fell, I struck my foot against something like a stump of a bush, and fell forward to the ground. I caught on my hands and knees, and just then a minnie ball struck the ground and filled my eyes and mouth with dirt. I rose as quick as I could and continued my retreat, soon stopping behind a tree to catch my breath a little, and then hurrying on till out of each of the enemy's rifles. The command was soon rallied, but without support it was useless to undertake another charge and we awaited developments, night soon coming on. Newt fields, J. K. P. Lawson and Geo. Robertson were killed and buried on the field. Private John House was dangerously wounded, and left on the field, never being

heard from afterwards. Color-bearer Ab. Dinwiddie died of wounds received and his brother Matt Dinwiddie of the color guard seriously wounded. Capt. A. W. Caldwell one of the bravest and best officers of the regiment was wounded in the hand, and died afterwards of fever.

I was put on picket at noon of the 23rd and spent the evening and night fortifying the picket posts, meanwhile the line of battle fortified in our rear. During the day the dead of both sides were buried under flag of truce. When I came off duty at daylight I enjoyed the quiet and slept soundly and was much refreshed after a week of arduous work tiresome marching, and severe fighting. The enemy gradually extended their lines to our left, and on 27th retired from our immediate front, and all our troops were moved to the left except one brigade of each division. Our (Strahl's) being left to occupy the line of Cheatham's Division.

On the 28th, Stewart's Corps. attacked the enemy's right, and though fighting gallantly, and driving the enemy into their works, their loss was very heavy, and no permanent good effected. Lt. Col. J. D. Wilson was severely wounded while trying to rescue his brother, who has been wounded.

From this time till Aug. 26th the enemy continued to extend his lines to our left, and to close in towards the city, and meanwhile almost continual skirmishing was kept up, and for a great part of the time, the shelling of the City went on night and day. During this time we held our old position near the battlefield of the 22nd of July. Much of the time one-third of the men were on picket duty, one-third on fatigue duty erecting forts, and only one-third resting. I was on picket duty six times during our stay there. We put brush shelters over our rifle pits to protect us from the sun, and spent most of our resting time lounging about the works.

August 9th I went into the city, and visited Miss Jane Tathburn, a schoolmate, and spent an hour with her, most of the time in the bombproof in the yard. It was dug out about 6 ft. deep, and 8 ft. or ten ft. square, with steps cut in the earth on opposite side from the direction which the shells came. It was covered with rails and timbers and all the earth removed was thrown back on top. Several shells fell in different parts of the city while I was there. The citizens had gotten pretty much used to the shelling and only took refuge in their bomb proofs when shells began to fall in that part of the city.

About August 27th or 28th the enemy completed their withdrawal from N.E. and N. of the City, and leaving one army corps to guard his base at the bridge over the Chattahoochee River, 8 miles N. of the city, he moved around towards the S.W. to strike our communications at Jonesboro on the GA. Central R.R. Gen. Hood not knowing the magnitude of Gen. Sherman's movement, sent Gen. Hardee with two Corps of the army to meet Sherman, while with the remaining Corps (Stewart's and Georgia Militia, (consisting of old men and boys mainly,) he remained at Atlanta to defend it.

## Chapter 20

### Battle of Jonesboro

Gen. Hardee with his own Corps, and that of Gen. S.D. Lee, formerly Polk's, followed up Gen. Sherman's movement, and at 10 o'clock, Aug. 31st we reached Jonesboro, and found Gen. Bates, Division slightly fortified on the West of the town. Cheatham's and Cleburn's Divisions formed on the right of Bates, and Lee's Corps to the right of them. About 3 P.M. we moved out and attacked Sherman's Army, and were met by a murderous

fire of grape, shrapnel and musketry, and finding the attempt to dislodge the enemy futile, we were withdrawn. Wisehart, Barnhill, Seaton and Upchurch were wounded, and had we not been protected by rising ground the loss would have been heavy.

We spent the night throwing up fortifications, working by turns. The enemy shelled us all night, at intervals of five minutes. One in each Co. would watch for the flash of the cannon, and cry out, "lie down." As soon as the shell passed over or burst we would resume our work. We completed our works by noon of Sept. 1st and was compelled to extend our line to the left, till it was in one rank only.

Later our brigades were moved in succession to the right to support our forces there, where the enemy were making a desperate effort to reach the R.R. and cut our communication with Atlanta, and heavy fighting was going on. Our Brigade did not reach the ground till sundown, and did not become engaged. I visited the scene of this part of the engagement several days later, and found the trees literally cut to pieces by the minnie balls. Having failed to protect the R.R. Gen. Hardee withdrew at night to Lovejoy Station six miles South of Jonesboro, and threw up fortifications. About 10 o'clock I was sent out in charge of the pickets of the regiments Tyler's Brigade picket who we relieved had dug picket holes through an old field, and greatly exposed to the enemy's fire. The position was immediately between a Federal battery and one of our own, posted on a hill above us, and all the shots that fell short tore up the ground around our picket posts. The enemy had taken position in front of us about 11 A.M. Near sundown their skirmishers were advanced, but we repulsed the attack.

We were kept on picket till dark of the 3rd. The continual firing exhausted our ammunition, and it was imperative that it be replaced. Not liking to detail any one for so perilous a task, only as a last resort, I called for a volunteer, and Private A. H. Lankford a gallant soldier, offered to make the attempt to bring the ammunition from the line of battle about two hundred yards in our rear. He ran across the open intervening space and though drawing a heavy fire from the enemy's pickets, he succeeded in getting back safely with a supply of cartridges. About 4 P.M. the Federal Battery opened a heavy cannoning on our fortifications, and as our batter was short of ammunition, (our supply having been destroyed in the evacuation of Atlanta,) could not afford to reply, and the Federals had things their own way. A shell struck the bank of earth in front of the picket-hole next to the right of the one I was in, and partly covered the men with earth. Seeing the danger they were in, I ordered them to abandon the post temporarily, and disperse among the posts farther to the right, but to be ready to return as soon as the battery ceased firing, to be prepared for a charge, should it be made, and as the shells were striking dangerously near the post I occupied, I moved the men to the posts to our left. When the firing ceased I ordered all back to their stations. We were relieved at dark, and the opportunity to sleep and rest was enjoyed indeed.

Gen. Hood having evacuated Atlanta upon receiving notice from Gen. Hardee that the enemy held the R.R. near Jonesboro, the Federals retired from our front going to Atlanta, and we were permitted to rest after our hard campaign. We followed them beyond Jonesboro, and took position near the hard fought ground of the 1st of Sept. On the night of the 10th I was taken sick w Biliious Fever. Remained in camp till 13th and then rode a horse to Division Hospital, where I had a cot in a tent, and Dr. Cuchanan was very faithful in his attendance.

On the 18th, the army was moved to Palmetto on Atlanta and West Point

R. R. and all the sick that could be moved were sent South. We stopped awhile at Griffin, and then were carried on to Macon, arriving about sunup Sept. 19th and put in Floyd House Hospital. Lt. J. P. Tyler, and Tom Cuchanan, Duddle Daniel and Lamonte were with me. Continued to improve in health, and on 24th was sent back to command. At Columbus had to wait for a train till the 26th and our rations becoming exhausted suffered for want of food but luckily found a five dollar bill, and soon bought enough to satisfy my hunger, paying a dollar each for a small pick and ordinary ginger-cake. Failing to get a train Lt. Tyler, LaMotte and myself boarded a freight train, and went on to Opelika, Ala., and took a train to West Point, where we spent the night. On the 27th we went on another freight train to Palmetto. Found that the 4th, 5th, 31st, 33rd and 38th regiments had been consolidated into one regiment with Col. A.J. Kellar of the 4th in command. Capt. B. F. Peeples, and Lieuts. J.P. Tyler, F.M. Clark and myself assigned to duty with one company, the regiment being thus reduced to two companies. What depletion from 1,300 men with which we entered the Army.

## Chapter 21

### Back to Tennessee

Early on the morning of Sept. 29th we started to Sherman's rear to break his communications and try to force his retreat. Crossed the Chattahoochee river that day on a pontoon, and hurried on to strike the R.R. which we did near Big Shanty and fortified while the other commands tore up several miles of the W. and A. R. R. and threatened Altoona Heights, where Gen. Sherman had a month's reserve rations stored and strongly fortified. It was here that he sent over our heads from Kennesaw Mountain to Altoona, his now famous signal message, "Hold the Fort for I am Coming," which long afterwards inspired Ira D. Sankey to write his famous song with that title.

On the approach of Sherman's army we retired towards Rome, and making nearly the entire circuit of that fortified place, we struck the W. and A. R.R. again, Lees Corps struck the R.R. at Calhoun and Resaca, and the others at Dalton where we found a fort occupied by about 800 men mostly negroes. The officers refused at first to surrender, but after our lines were formed, and ready for assault, they changed their minds, and consented to lay down their arms, and the negroes were put to work tearing up the R.R. and made to work very hard, meanwhile our own command was scattered along other parts of the track similarly engaged. We would tear up the rails with crowbars and etc., pile up the cross-ties and put the rails across them set them on fire, and when red hot, bend down each end of to the ground or taking them to a telegraph pole, carry the ends around till they met or crossed, thus making them unfit to use. Some of the soldier found their father's negroes in the Federal command.

We worked until 10 P.M. that night (October 13th) and resumed it early next morning, but by noon, the near approach of Sherman's Army, (who had found by this time where we were) forced us to desist, and we turned our faces toward Northern, Ala. The enemy's cavalry dashed into Dalton and picked up a few of our stragglers. We had ruined the R.R. track from Calhoun to Rocky Face Gap. Gen. Sherman's Army followed us but a short distance from the R.R.

From October 14th to 26th we marched to Decatur, Ala. passing through the towns of Walker, LaFayette, Alpine and Gadsen. At the latter place we were again in communication with our base, supplies being shipped to Montevallo, Ala. by rail, and hauled to Gadsen. Our short rations ceased for a few days, and were now plentiful, and much needed clothing was issued.

At night of the 20th we heard Gen's Beauregard, Hood, Lee, Cheatham, Cleburne, Bate, Clayton and etc. speak, and we were assured that we were going to Tenn. and that we would be able to stay there if we did our duty. The soldiers were hopeful and in fine spirits.

While crossing the Sand Mountain between Gadsden and Decatur we suffered for rations, and there were none to be had by foraging as the country was very rough and thinly settled.

On the 17th our company formed the rear guard and it was a great relief to be out of the moving mass of men, wagons, artillery, and etc. and there was more freedom in our movements. We captured some stragglers and pilferers. On the 23rd our regiment formed the advance guard, and here again, we enjoyed the situation. It gave us the first chance at buying or begging little extras in the way of fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, eggs, poultry and etc. And I am sorry to say it afforded some who were void of a sense of right, to take by force what they were unable to buy or beg. On the 24th the Brigade marched in advance again, as no other one was ready, when the order came to move.

At Decatur, Ala. our rations were shorter than ever. On the 26th we received only a small allowance of beef and half an ear of corn each, and on the 27th only an ear of corn each. The officers had to stand guard over their horses, when fed, to keep the corn from being stolen. Some of us roasted acorns to splice out the short supply.

On the 27th, 28th, and 29th, we threatened the Federal fort at Decatur, and our fears were greatly aroused that we would be called upon to charge it, but to our indescribable joy we moved off about 3 P.M. on the latter day, towards Tuscumbia. There were some rash threats from the men that they would not obey orders of the commanding general Jno. B. Hood to undertake what they regarded the rash attempt, as it was fully believed the enemy could be flanked out of his position without loss of life. We passed through the beautiful Tennessee River Valley around Courtland, de-escalated by Treight's raid in the Spring of 1863, and reached Tuscumbia at 4 P.M. October 31st.

At Tuscumbia we were again in touch with our base at Cherokee, to which the trains were running. And we were again permitted to get full rations. Soap was issued, and we rubbed our wrists raw trying to get our soiled clothes to look like they were partly clean. It rained heavily for several days and it was almost impossible to keep the Pontoon Bridge at Florence in condition to cross, but finally on Nov. 13th about 9 A.M. we crossed from South Florence to Florence, and waited the crossing of the other commands of the Army.

On Nov. 21st we were again put in motion, on the 22nd after marching 18 miles, passed a large sign reading "Tennessee Line." Loud cheers went up as each regiment passed it, and Tennesseans especially were glad to once more tread the soil of the "Volunteer State." As Cheatham's Division were all Tennesseans, it was natural that we should enjoy re-entering the State more than soldiers from other States. Some snow fell on the 21st but melted as it fell. But the weather turned bitter cold, and as we were thinly clad, and were without tents, we suffered no little.

We reached the vicinity of Columbia on the morning of the 27th and found the enemy entrenched there. They evacuated the town however that night, but held the opposite bank. On the 29th, we crossed the Duck River 6 miles above town, and took a country road to Spring Hill, where we tried to cut off their retreat by the pike. At one point our road approached

so near the turn-pike on which the Federals were moving, that the 4th and 5th regiment were thrown out to the left as skirmishers to protect the marching column. Relieved soon after, and moved on overtaking the Division near Spring Hill at dark. The attack on the moving Federals was postponed, and we lay within a quarter of a mile of the pike, and heard the passing of the enemy all night, the rumbling of the wagons and artillery being very distinct.

At daylight next morning after all the enemy had passed, Forrest's Calvary started in pursuit and we soon followed and marching hard we reached the vicinity of Franklin about noon.

## Chapter 22

### Battle of Franklin

A line of battle was formed at the foot of a range of hills, and at 4 P.M., when all the commands were up, we were ordered to advance. As it was mostly through open fields the sight was a grand one. Cleburne's Division moved on the right of the pine, and Cheatham's on the left. A band played "Dixie" on one side of the pike, and one of the other "The Bonnie Blue Flag." Battery galloped up the pike and reaching a small elevation to the left, wheeled out unhindered, opened fire, and as we came up, limbered up and advanced again.

We were in the second line and perhaps 200 yards, in rear of the first, having a good opportunity to witness the attack. The long lines moved forward almost with the precision of the drill-field, except when broken in crossing fences, some of which were stone, and in avoiding the farm houses and outhouses.

Our first line drove the enemy from their first line of works speedily, capturing some of them, and followed the others closely to their second line of works. When we had passed the first works, Capt. B. F. Peebles said to me, "Look how thick the Yankees are coming." I replied "They are without arms Captain." He looked again, and said "That is so." They had been overtaken by our men, and ordered to throw down their arms and go to the rear, and they were fleeing from the pullets of their own men, and making fine speed.

As the next line of works, at the edge of the town formed a semi-circle reaching from the Big Harpeth River above town to the river below, the troops converged towards the town and also losing all semblance of lines, moved in bodies separated sometimes from each other. I did not regret that one of these bodies was between me and the enemy. When our first line reached the second line of works they were too much thinned in numbers, scattered, mixed up and fatigued to carry the works, and they dropped down in front of the great-works, and as near as they could get. When our second line came up, they followed the example and when I reached the works there were many both in front and rear of me, as well as on either side. In vain the officers tried to urge them forward. They remained flat on their faces, except those nearest the works who fired at the enemy, and passed their guns back to others to reload, taking their loaded ones in return.

A few men at one time pushed over the works, but finding themselves unsupported they crawled back. Just in front of us a part of the line was abandoned by the enemy, but they were posted behind adjacent houses, and kept up an incessant fire. Just across the pike stood an old cotton-gin house, which was filled by Federals soldier, which added to those who

manned the works, made a strong force, from which the fire was so heavy that Cleburne was unable to dislodge them, he being killed while trying to urge his men forward. Night came on and our troops across the pike fell back from the murderous fire, and the Federals then turned their aim at us on the left, by the light of the moon, and many were killed, and many more fled to the rear. Gen. O. F. Strahl, our brigadier, and one of our best and bravest brigade commanders was killed just in front of me, and some of his staff were killed near by.

Orders were given to retire, but I retained my position, doing what I could in passing the loaded guns to the front, and empty ones to the rear. When all the men to my right, front, and rear, and most of those to my left, had retired, I thought it time to go also. So waiting till one of the heavy volleys, which followed each other at irregular intervals, had ceased, I arose and sped to the rear as fast as I could run, hoping to get some distance while most of the enemy were reloading their guns. I had gone less than a hundred yards when a very heavy volley was fired and the air seemed full of bullets, more so than at any time in life. Thoroughly scared I increased my speed to the utmost of my strength, and agility. Other volleys followed, but I reached the outer line of works without being struck, and I tumbled over the breastwork, and lay there gasping for breath, until I had regained my strength when I proceeded to retreat to the place where we had first formed.

Other men of the regiment soon came up and the remnant was collected by the morning. Desultory firing was kept up till about 3 A.M. when the enemy evacuated the town of Franklin, and retreated towards Nashville. Meanwhile some of us obtained some sleep.

Privates Edgar and Ridgeway of the regiment were killed. Every one of the original Company "D" but myself and two others were wounded. (I am sorry that my "Diary" does not give their names.) W.D. Hendricks, Ellis, and perhaps J. M. Coffman among them. I walked over the battlefield on the next morning, Dec. 1st and saw for the only time during the war, dead men thick enough to walk upon without stepping on the ground. The day was spent burying our dead and caring for the wounded. On the morning of the next day (Dec. 2nd) I was sent with a detail of men to assist in burying the enemy's dead, but finding no one to report to, returned to camp.

T. G. Morris, Jr. and S. A. Miller left for Franklin's barefooted.

## **Chapter 23**

### **Battle of Nashville**

The useless loss of life at the Battle of Franklin, weakened the confidence of the Army in Gen. J. B. Hood, and shattered its morale, and led no doubt to the disaster at Nashville which virtually closed its war record. At 9 o'clock A.M. Dec. 2nd we were put in motion, and marched 17 miles, camping within 3 miles of Nashville.

On the 3rd we moved up to within a mile of the enemy's entrenchments, near the residence of Mrs. A.V. Brown, widow of Ex. Gov. A. V. Brown, and at night fortified Ranger's Hill.

Only corn issued again in lieu of bread, and our rations were short and rough for some days. We burned many cedar rails which cost originally ten cents each. Such is war.

On the 9th I obtained a pass for 24 hours and went out beyond Nolensville, and spent the night at Mr. H. Toombs', whose brother I knew in Henry Co. Secured some forage as we call country victuals, and carried it to camp. It was very welcome to both myself and messmates. I had been compelled to look out messmates from other companies, and I selected Lt. F. M. Clark, and Private A. H. Lankford. The time till Dec. 15th was spent in fortifying and changing positions several times. We were very scarce of wood and it turned cold on the 7th and sleeted and snowed all forenoon of the 9th, turning colder afterwards, and we suffered much.

On the 15th the enemy moved out of the city and attacked our left. We were moved to the extreme left, about 4 P.M. and our company deployed as skirmishers. Enemy did not advance near us. At dark we were relieved.

During the following night we moved back to a new position across the "Granny White Pike," and fortified. I was put in charge of the picket at daylight. We fortified the picket line. After the middle of the day skirmishing commenced on our left, and from the sound our left, seemed to be pressed back till the enemy was towards our rear. We were in thick woods, and there being high ground to our right and left so that but little could be seen. About 4 P.M. the enemy made a general advance, and soon I saw the pickets to our right falling back. After waiting to see if they would return to their posts, and finding that they did not, and seeing the enemy advancing in our front, I ordered those under my command to retire to our breastworks, which they did in good order. When I reached the trenches, our regiment had already been ordered retire. They had gone only a few steps when some officer called out, "Go back to the works." and Capt. B.F. Peeples repeated the order to his company, and I met them just immediately that I crossed the trenches. A few hundred yards to the right, the line of works made an abrupt turn to the rear, and extended through open fields, plainly visible to me from the little ridge on which we stood. Looking across the fields I saw that the greater part of the line had lifted from the works and was streaming across the fields to the rear. As I met Capt. Peeples, I pointed across the fields and said, "Look yonder, if you ever expect to get out of here, you had better be going." He gave the command pretty soon to retreat, as he took in the situation at a glance. Some of the men either failed to hear the order or were negligent about obeying, and were captured.

I started across the field, and felt glad that I was not encumbered with a gun and cartridges. Having only my sword, blanket, short rations, and a change of underclothing, I could make pretty good headway. But as the ground was just thawing out of a hard freeze, and there was enough grass in the cornfield to make it stick, I was soon carrying a heavy load of mud on each foot. One shoe became untied and as I could not afford to lose it, I was compelled to stop and tie it, even though the balls were flying thick around me. All order was lost, and every man looked after himself. A few soldiers would stop and fire back at their pursuers, and reload as they still retreated. A few hundred yards further I noticed we were approaching a bold wooded ridge pretty steep, on the side nearest us and I shuddered to think how the enemy would gain on us, while we climbed it, and how we would be at their mercy as we toiled up the slope. Getting nearer I noticed that the men as they neared its foot were turning along its base to the left. We soon entered a body of woods, and a short distance beyond came to a gap, through which ran a road and through which our soldiers were passing in a continual stream.

Lt. Cl. Luke W. Finly of the 4th regiment which formed a part of the consolidated regiment of which the 5th was part, was running back and forth with a drawn pistol in his hand ordering the men to stop and form, and swearing that he would hoot anyone who tried to pass him. But while he would

be on one side of the road, they would pass on the other side, and vice versa.

Knowing that he knew me, and thinking that in his raving he might hastily decide to make an example of me, I stopped till the passing crowds were so thick that I could mingle with them unrecognized, and I passed on.

A citizen who knew the route was induced by some officer to pilot us to the "Franklin Pike." The road for two miles passed down a long ravine, and suddenly came in sight of the "Pike," along which the rear of the main body of our Army was retreating helter-skelter, and a federal battery was throwing shells among them. We oblique to the right and jointed the mass of demoralize men a mile perhaps further on, no longer deserving the name of Army, and entirely without organization.

Night soon came on, and the different commands began to rendezvous around the colors of their respective regiments, each man or group of men, as they came up inquiring where such and such a Div. was. We lay down on the wet ground, and slept off the fatigue of the day.

We marched to within 2 miles of Franklin next day, and then next day to Spring Hill. I stopped long enough at Franklin to visit our sick and wounded at the hospital. Most of whom were able to go on with us, or be carried.

We drew rations at Franklin, and our commands that day resumed our orderly manner of marching, thus bringing order out of chaos. The rain that day made the "pike" very sloppy, and we waded through pulverized lime almost "shoe mouth deep."

On the evening of the 18th we camped on a creek, 4 miles from Columbia. On the 19th, my shoes being nearly worn out I was sent forward with the barefooted squad, preceding the Army all the way out of Tennessee.

We could draw rations but our barefooted squad could cook them only as we could borrow cooking utensils. It snowed on the evening of the 21st and turned very cold, so we suffered much. Had walnuts for "Christmas Dinner", so Tommy Dillion of Co. "K" said write.

Reached the Tennessee River at Bainbridge on the 27th, and crossed on the Pontoon Bridge. Broken wagons, dead animals, and other debris strewed the road, and after leaving the "Pike," the mud seemed bottomless.

We found the Memphis and Charleston R.R. had been repaired to within 3 miles of Tuscombua and here we were enabled to secure full rations once more.

As my diary closes with the end of the year I will have only my memory to aid me in writing the events of 1865, which closed the War. My account will therefore be liable to include some errors, and I cannot be so specific.

## Chapter 24

### A Furlough and Visit Home

When we reached Corinth we met Lt. J. L. Lemonds, who had secured a large lot of clothing, for our regiment from our relatives and friend, and brought it in a wagon to Corinth. Some who had no near relatives or

negligent ones, or whose relatives lived to near the enemies posts, or in the vicinity of Union sympathizers. WE were a happy set. I received a full suit from top to toe.

All of the West Tennessee troops were furloughed for 30 days with orders to report at West Point, Miss. at the end of that time. So we started home in squads of various sizes. There were seven I thin, in the one in which I was. I can call to mind only three of them now, T.G. Morris, Sr., Uriah Hancock, and his younger brother. As we were unencumbered with arms, ammunition, we felt very light, and being also very light hearted we made good time traveling in the first day, 33 miles. My new boots made sad havoc with my feet, skinning one of them so that I could not wear my boot, and begging for an old shoe, I secured an old over-shoe, and wore it several days till my foot was well enough to allow me to wear my boot again. We obtained permission the first night to sleep in a kitchen; using our own blankets for bedding on the hard floor, but sleeping well. Before retiring the younger Hancock went to the cupboard, and pouring a glass of butter-milk drank it. The others of us were not willing that the hospitality shown us should thus be abused, and we told him that we should next morning disown any blame for it, and tell our host who was the guilty one. This very much mortified his older brother and he also chided his brother for his act. Not much effect however was apparently made on him, but he was careful afterwards not to do anything he thought we would disapprove.

We proceeded the following days more moderately. We were traveling through a country where the sentiments of the people were decidedly for the Union, and which had furnished two regiments to the Federal Army, Hawkins, and we felt we were in danger of being bushwhacked as irregular bodies of playouts roamed the country, when they knew Gen. Forest or any of his cavalry was not about. One day we saw a small body of horsemen coming up the road behind us in a gallop, and we hardly knew whether to take to the bushes or not, as we were unarmed, there being only one old pistol for defense. Some one remarked that the bushwhackers always traveled on foot, so that they could pass through the woods and thus avoid the traveled highways. So we kept on our way, not however without some trepidation. When they came up and saw who we were, they announced themselves as Confederate guerillas, and after talking with us a little, and finding out who we were, and where we were going, they rode off.

We spent a night a few miles south of Lexington, and there heard that there were some irregular Federals in tow. Next morning we planned to make a circuit, and avoid the town, but anxious to avoid loss of time, we secured the services of our host, whom we had found to be a true Southern to precede us and while making some purchases, to investigate the rumor, and meet us at a mill, between his place and town and give us the facts. He did so and told us the way was clear, and we proceeded passing boldly through the town, but keeping our eyes open for enemies.

At Albany, 6 miles south of Paris we came in sight of the Memphis and Ohio R.R. and comrade T. G. Morris, Jr. and myself decided to leave the muddy public road and walk the R.R. We had not gone far before we regretted the change, for as the road had not been used for several years, and in the cuts the clay had washed down and completely covered the cross ties, and the walking was much worse than the public road. Had we kept the latter, we would have soon been met by Mr. T. G. Morris, Sr. and Rev. Asa Cox, who had heard from other soldiers of our coming, and had secured extra horses and started out to meet us. We reached Rev. Asa Cox's about nightfall, and spent the night.

Here T. G. Morris, Jr., heard of the recent death of his favorite sister, (Miss Lucy M.) and the pleasure of this visit was henceforth robbed

of one of its pleasures.

Here I had the pleasure of meeting my affianced, but only in the presence of others, which detracted much from its enjoyment. Next morning we obtained conveyances, and reached home in the forenoon, and rejoiced once more to see the loved ones, and to spend a few days with them.

Some parties were given in honor of the few soldiers who were so fortunate as to get home. Many were dead who started out with us, in such high spirits, others were in prison, others in hospitals, and others still on detached service. But we had become used to such things and made much of what opportunities for pleasure we had still left us.

The month rolled away very quickly, or so much of it as we could remain at home and yet leave enough time to reach our rendezvous by the time our furloughs expired.

A good many thought the cause already lost, and that it was useless to return to the army, and remained at home. I could not get my consent to do anything else but to return to my post of duty, and share the fate of those who were not furloughed, and were still with the Army. Those who returned generally secured some kind of horses and rode back. My father furnished me a little sorrel pony, and in the latter part of January in company with Comrade R. D. Curd of the 12th Tenn. and Comrade T. G. Morris Jr. of my old Co. started back to Miss. going by way of McLemonsville, Jackson, Bolivar and etc. The people who were southern in sympathy treated us very kindly, and we had a good time spending the nights at comfortable farmhouses and having good food to eat, and nice beds to sleep in.

## Chapter 25

### The Closing Months of the War

On reaching North Mississippi we learned that the Army of Tenn. had gone to North Carolina to try and check Gen. Sherman's advance from Wilmington, and the rendezvous had been changed to some point further down the Mobile and Ohio R.R. (perhaps Verona).

Before arriving there we stopped one night at the camp of the 7th Tenn. Cav. G. of which had been recruited in Henry Co. and in which we had many friends. Comrades Morris and Curd decided that as they were already mounted and needed, to meet cavalry raids, that they would remain with that command, but I felt that my duty required that I return to my own command, and I bade them goodbye and proceeded along.

On reaching the rendezvous, I was glad to find Lieut. J. L. Lemond was Adjt. of the Post. I reported for duty, and obtained permission to ride on further till I could sell my horse. The next day I stopped at a cavalry camp and sold my horse to an officer for \$700.00 in Confederate funds, \$600.00 of which was in bonds, drawing seven dollars and thirty cents per hundred dollars, per annum or 2 cents per day, and called seven-thirty bonds.

I took the train at the nearest station, securing transportation from the Post Quartermaster to Augusta, Ga. going by rail to Selma, via Meridian, and by steamboat to Montgomery.

I was taken with fever, and secured a state room, and spent a restless night. An old Jew who occupied the other berth in the same state room,

took pity on me and brought me a drink of water, which was greatly enjoyed. On reaching Montgomery next morning, my fever having cooled down, I went to the Post Surgeon, and told him I was unable to go further, and asked that I be sent to the hospital, and was sent to the St. Mary's Hospital, just across the street from the First Baptist Church.

The Sisters of Mercy had charge of preparing and distributing the food for the sick, and I was for the first time in life brought into contact with the Catholics. The Sisters moved about so silently and quietly that we would not know they were about till we saw them. They had negro servants to help them but scarcely ever spoke to them, having them so well-trained that it was not necessary. They were very kind to us, and would help us in anyway they could.

Their kind treatment added to the good service of the male nurses, and skillful treatment of the surgeons, soon enabled me to break the "bilious fever", and I improved quite rapidly. While convalescent I bought some oil cloth, and borrowing a needle and scissors from the Sisters I made me two good haversacks, one to carry my rations in and, one my change of clothing.

On Sunday night I attended services at the First Baptist Church, taking a seat just inside the door, and directly under the "Organ Loft". I had never heard a pipe organ, and when the choir and instrument struck up the "Voluntary" without previous notice, I almost jumped from my seat. The hymn or anthem was "Sing Praises, Sing Praises", and I thought it grand. The sermon was also fine, but I do not know who the preacher was.

I found Lt. Elisha Paschall of the 46th Tenn. at the Hospital being treated for an ingrown toe-nail. He became able to travel about the same time that I did, and he was my traveling companion to Augusta, Ga. We traveled most of the way by rail, going via West Point, Atlanta, Macon, Milledgeville to Sparta, to Augusta. We found Atlanta in ruins, burned by Sherman's men when he evacuated it to make his "march to the sea."

We had to walk from Milledgeville to Sparta. Stopping to rest by the roadside, I sang "Carry Me back to Old Virginny Once More," and it moved Lt. Paschal, that he begged me to quit, saying that he would have to desert and go home if I did not. And, whenever he met me after the war, he always wanted to hear me sing it again.

At Barnet we met several of our comrades who had been captured at Missionary Ridge and Nashville, and kept in prison, who were now paroled, and were on their way home, but were saddened to hear of those who had sickened and died in prison.

Arriving at Augusta, we were ordered to the rendezvous at Hamburg, C. just across the river, where all were returning from furlough, from hospitals, and from detached service were collected, organized into companies and regiments temporarily, officered, furnished with commissaries, clothing and wagons, and prepared to march to rejoin our Army in North Carolina.

Sherman had recently burned Columbia, and hundreds of homeless refugees had flocked to Augusta for shelter and food, which the people and government were striving to give them. A number of amateur musicians gave a concert, the proceeds of which were given them to aid in supplying their necessities. Many of us soldiers attended and cheerfully paid ten dollars admission fee, to help in this commendable enterprise. A green lieutenant from Arkansas, became so thoroughly tickled at a comic song, that he laughed continuously, his broad guffaw rising above all other sounds, till they cried out all over the house, "put him on the stage, put him on the stage."

I went to the Branch Depository of the Treasury, and collected the interest on my bonds but could not use the bonds themselves, as they were not currency, therefore not legal tender.

In a few days we were ready for marching and started for N. C. Capt. B. F. Peebles had been put in command of a temporary company, but owing to a super abundance of officers, the balance of the officers of the regiment were supernumeraries.

At Edgefield Courthouse, 4 of us, Adj. W.D. Kendall, Lt. N C. Howard, Ensign J. W. Crutchfield and myself, obtained permission from the commanding officers of the marching column, to diverge from the main command, and choose our own route, and turning to the right we set out through the country and had a splendid time. We would take it by turns to seek entertainment. It was made the duty of one of us to find a place where we could get dinner, and in the evening, supper, lodging and breakfast. We kept up a friendly rivalry as to who could secure the best places to dine and lodge at. We were royally treated at most places, the citizens never having had enough soldiers to entertain, for them to tire of it. We usually found places where there was a piano, and enjoyed the music. We had lively times talking with and joking each other, and being "hail fellows well-met," we had a regular picnic. The weather was fine, everything putting on the spring garb, and all nature in harmony with out light heartedness.

At Blackstock near Chester, S.C. we reached the point where Sherman left off destroying the R.R. and we took the cars, but soon came to where Stoneman's Raid from East Tenn. had cut the road and burned bridges, and we would have to walk to where we could get another train.

On reaching Raleigh, N.C., Lt. Howard and I spent the night at Rev. W. W. Crowder's who had lived in Henry Co., Tenn. and had relative there. He treated us kindly.

A few miles East of Raleigh we met the remnant of the once powerful Army of Tenn. again under its favorite commander, Gen. Joe E. Johnston and just falling back from the battle of Bentonville, where it had just had its last fight with Sherman's Army. It had been joined by all the forces from Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, and other points on the coast, but was still too weak to meet the hosts of Sherman's Army swelled by other forces also.

The Confederate Congress had recently passed a new law, by which different commands could be consolidated permanently instead of temporarily as heretofore, and near Raleigh the consolidation in the Army of Tennessee was effected.

The 5th Tenn. having only 26 men all told it was too small to make a company even, so it and the 4th Tenn. (with which it had for 2½ yrs. been operating) was formed into one company. One of the Captains of the 4th was put in command, and the first lieutenantcy having been offered to several lieutenants in succession, and declined by each, was finally given to Lt. A. W. Sidebottom of Co. "A", who was either in a Northern prison or on his way home on parole. A second Lieutenant from the 4th was appointed and the third Lieutenantcy (or bsevet 2nd lieutenantcy) was abolished.

The law provided that all supernumerary officers should be allowed to select the arm of service in which they preferred, and all of the 5th officers decided to go to Forrest's Cavalry, which operated nearer their homes than any other command.

But Gen. Lee's "Army of Northern Virginia" having surrendered, thus

relieving Grant's Army they were on their way to join Sherman, and there was no alternative but for Gen. Johnston to surrender also.

When it was announced that Gen. Johnston had decided to surrender, there was such a scene as I have never witnessed, and such as has seldom been witnessed in the world's history. Different persons were affected in accordance with their temperaments. Some sat down and remained silent, some sat down and buried their faces in their hands, to hide their falling tears, others raved and swore they would never surrender, while still others looked on bewildered, and hardly knowing what to do or say. To this latter class I belonged.

## Chapter 26

### Return Home To Civil Life

On April 24th, 1865 when ready to surrender there were present for duty of the 5th Tenn. Vol. Inf. only thirty men, out of thirteen hundred who had served in its rank and file. The following list of them is copied from one made by me at the time, to wit:

Capt.	B. F. Peeples	Co "I"	
Adjutant	W. D. Kendall		
Ensign	J. W. Crutchfield		
1st Lieut.	S. W. Alexander	Co. "E"	
1st "	James P. Tyler	" "K"	
2nd "	N. C. Howard	" "A"	
" "	Thos. C. Neill	" "D"	
" "	E. H. Rennolds	" "D"	
" "	G. W. Crawford	" "H"	
" "	R. P. Andrews	" "K"	
" "	Sam Kirkpatrick	" "K"	
Ord. Sergt.	J. P. Kendall		
Sergt.	J. T. Olive	Co. "E"	
"	W. G. Trent	" "E"	
"	A. L. Brevard	" "K"	
"	B. B. Barns	" "K"	
Corporal	R. B. Olive	" "E"	
"	J. K. Breast	" "K"	
Private	W. D. Street	" "A"	
"	G. W. Upchurch	" "A"	
"	G. M. Herring	" "C"	
"	T. M. Jones	" "B"	
"	D. W. Jackson	" "G"	
"	J. T. Sawyer	" "K"	
"	Dan Sawyer	" "K"	
"	W. W. Smith	" "G"	
"	Charlie Trout	" "K"	
"	J. M. Thompson	" "B"	
"	W. P. Alexander	" "C"	
"	R. C. Rogers	" "D"	

When it was decided fully that the Army would be surrendered several of us who were supernumerary officers decided that nothing could be gained by remaining longer, and being desirous of getting ahead of the rush, and of getting home as soon as possible, obtained permission to leave the command and bidding good-bye to the comrades of four years turned our faces homeward with sad hearts. We had the same trouble with the broken railroads returning that we had in going.

Among those who returned together I can call to mind only Capt. B. F. Peeples, ensign J. W. Crutchfield, and Lts. N. C. Howard, T. C. Neill, and Private Van Thompson.

At one place while waiting for the train, two deaf and dumb men, from the N. C. Asylum came up on their way home, and wanting to know when the train would leave one of them wrote the question on his slate he looked around for some one to hand it to, that looked like he would give a civil answer, and selected Capt. Peeples. He could not have made a better selection had he personally known all of us.

After much walking over several gaps in R. R. between Greensboro and Chester we walked from Chester to Newberry then by rail to Abbeville, and walked to Washington, Ga. and by rail to Augusta where we found U. S. Officers sent by Gen. Sherman, to parole all soldiers there, and were paroled May 3rd. Went by rail to Atlanta where we found Federal Officers sent by Gen Wilson at Macon. These officers claimed that those at Augusta were acting without proper authority, and they paroled us again. They had a company of dismounted Cavalry sent by rail from Macon, and it looked strange to see them on guard duty while thousands of Confederate soldiers were coming in on the trains, and taking other trains or walking away.

We walked thence to Dalton (100 miles) over the R. R. that we had destroyed in October 1864. How we wished that it had not been done! At Dalton we took the train to Chattanooga, and then to Nashville.

At Nashville we with many others were required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, before we were allowed to go home. My place in the line was right under the Stars and Stripes the folds of which almost touched my head as it waved back and forth in the wind. How I loathed it! And what a bitter pill that oath was. We were then asked if we wanted lodging for the night, and we answered yes, and were told to fall into line, and were marched to the Penitentiary, and put under a shed in an outer enclosure, and slept soundly, having been first given a slice of light-bread and a small piece of boiled meat.

Next morning as we marched out we were given a slice of light bread, at the gate, then marched to the Depot, and put aboard the train under guard, to Johnsonville on the Tennessee River, reaching there near Sundown, and wishing to get out of the military lines before another day, I hurried to the Provost Marshals office, and secured a pass for us to cross the River. There were seven of us. Lt. N. C. Howard, Van Thompson, J. W. Crutchfield -- myself and a Negro. When we were ferried over the river in a skiff.

After walking two miles, we lay down under some trees in a citizens yard. As soon as it was daylight, next morning we started again. We reached Manlyville at noon. N. C. Howard went to his cousin's Mr. Will Weasy's and J. W. Crutchfield took Van Thompson and myself to his uncle's, Col. W. E. Travis' for dinner, and Col. T. furnished Thompson and I a horse each, and Mr. V. one to N. C. Howard to ride home. At Paris we were the first to bring the knowledge of the actual collapse of the Confederate States. Here Lt. Howard separated from us and Van Thompson and I rode on together.

At my father's "Double Barnes", by his lane, we saw my father and "Cousin Robert" (B. Rennolds) standing talking. As we rode up my father said, "What now?" and I replied that "The Confederacy is gone up", and I have come home to stay." It was astounding news to both of them, but only too true.

This was Sunday evening May 14th, 1865. I had been in the Army

four years, lacking six days. The best four years of my life. But it was useless to "grieve over spilled milk". I had come back with unimpaired health, and without any broken bones, and this was worth being thankful for. I spent a week visiting, and resting, and then began to plan for the future.

## Chapter 27

### Beginning Real Life

Monday morning May 21st, 1865, I said to my father "I am ready to go to work at something, what would you advise me to do?" "You can go to farming, that is the surest way. Here is plenty of land, if you will take chart of the farm, you can have all you can make above a support for the family." Everything was paralyzed by the war, and there was no opening for any other business, just then. So I went to work that day. Before the year was out, I told my father that I preferred wages to the uncertainty of his proposal, and we settled at ten dollars per month, board and clothing, mostly for everyday wear, which my mother made me.

Thus, I entered into a farming life virtually under protest, and have kept at it most of my life under protest, and yet it is a pleasant life. Still I have often thought if I had gone West soon after the War and adopted surveying as a profession, where there was plenty to do, I might have done better financially.

Before leaving home for the war, I had on May 23rd, 1862, secured the consent of Miss Margaret C. Cox, second daughter of Elder Asa Cox, to become my wife, living three miles N. W. of Parris, Tenn. and on January 11, 1866, we married. Elder J. W. Bell, Baptist minister, who had been sent for failing to be heard from the ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Johnson a Methodist Minister residing nearby. The country not having recovered from the devastation of War, the marriage was a quiet one, only a few persons being present. Mr. T. G. Morris and Mr. W. D. Street acted as groomsmen, and Misses Annie E. Cox and Mary E. Alexander as bridesmaids.

After a lunch we drover eight miles to my father's residence. While passing in sight of the steam mill of Mr. Geo. C. Street, (an Uncle of my Bride) who was always partial to both of us, he blew his steam whistle as long as one of the vehicles was in view. At my father's a goodly company of young people had gathered and a merry time was had till a late hour.

My wife has proved a faithful companion, and help meet indeed, and has borne me seven children, Eugene Meshech, born April 2nd, 1867; Edwin Hansford Jr., born March 28th, 1869; John Taliaferro and Joseph Lee, (the latter dying at birth) born July 29th, 1870; Leon Asa, born July 28th, 1872; Cora Annie, born Sept. 17th, 1874; and Maggie Berah born Dec. 3rd, 1876.

During the year 1866, we lived with my father, and I superintended his farm. He furnished his younger sons, William and Thomas, and three negro men to perform the labor, and I receiving one tenth of the crop, and board of my wife and myself. The year was not a good one, and the newly freed slaves not profitable labor, and it was not remunerative to me.

In the fall of the year, my father told me that I could build on the East side of his farm near High Hill Church. I moved one of the negro cabins, and built some outhouses, and January 2, 1867 we set up housekeeping. Our parents giving us some furniture, the traditional bed, bedstead, and covering, and we bough ten dollars worth including cooking vessels, paying my only five dollars cash, and going in debt for the other five.

I succeeded only moderately well that year farming. Not having enough fresh land for a full tobacco crop, I secured the agency of the Collierville Nurseries, from my old teacher Mr. R. B. Keen. Did not succeed so well as I hoped, but secured enough trees to plant me an orchard.

In 1868 I hired a colored woman Caroline Break, and as she knew how to work in the field as well as in the house, she proved a valuable help, and I succeeded better than any year of my life in farming, selling 105 dollars worth of pork, and 130 of tobacco, and enough of oats, potatoes and etc. to make 300 dollars. I purchased me a set of surveying instruments, having always had a taste for surveying, and secured an appointment as Deputy County Surveyor from my old commander Lt. Col. Em. C. Swor.

It is well enough to mention here that on his death in the summer of 1869, I became a candidate for County Surveyor, the office being elective by the magistrates constituting the County Court. I was defeated by Dr. J. W. Lunch, who however said that the good race that I made demanded that he should appoint me a deputy, which he did. I was so much known as a surveyor under Col. Swor, but under Dr Lynch my acquaintance extended and my work increased, so that when Dr. L. declined re-election I was again a candidate, and was easily elected over my opponents, Capt. J. T. Postlewaite, a civil engineer, and Mr. Jas. Aycock. As I was a sober man and my competitors were not, the magistrates preferred me. After serving more than a year, the financial panic of 1873, had so much reduced the demand for surveying, and my attention being required at home, to overlook my boys, who were not yet enough to be trusted with managing the farm alone, I resigned and Rev. Johnson (J.W.) was elected). Seven years later, Mr. J. being supposed to be to sick too recover, I again became a candidate, but the magistrates thought it best to elect the man who was willing to accept it when it paid less, and Mr. J. defeated me and it was not in my heart to blame them.

## Chapter 28

### My Father's Death And Results

In May 1871, my father died at the age of 65, thus depriving me of a wise counselor. His disease was liver complaint, and he was sick about 10 days. I was appointed executor by his will, and while his affairs were honestly administered, my want of business tact and experience brought me into no little trouble. Our attorney, Hon. A. H. Stuart of Staunton, Va. failing to compel the Administrator of the Estate of my Uncle Dr. Taliaferro Rennolds, to pay over to me 700 dollars of the estate's assets due my father, compelled me to declare the estate insolvent, after most of the debts had been paid in full. This was very humiliating to me, but it could not be helped. At the earnest solicitations of the children of Mr. W. L. Crawford, and their relatives all of whom were my fast friends, I had consented to qualify as guardian for them, which through the malignity and etc. of their stepfather Mr. S. B. Hartsfield, and disagreement of attorneys, and incapacity of a drunken County Judge, Jno. W. Harris, I was given a great deal of trouble, but finally after several lawsuits and etc. won my case.

Having a desire to work land less hilly than that which my father gave me, I sold my land in January 1873, for \$1,900.00 and purchased land near my father-in-law, 3½ miles from Paris, Tenn., on the Iron Banks Road, buying it of Miss Maggie Alexander for \$2,000.00. It was more valuable than the land I sold, but had no dwelling on it. The summer of 1873 was a very dry one, and the crop a still shorter one.

I improved my place some by erecting a good house, but short crops, low prices and other misfortunes prevented me from being able to pay the last payment on my land, (some of the sale money of my other place having been used to build with, and to purchase stock, for hired hands to work) and borrowing money to pay it, was forced to mortgage my place, and finally had to give it up. In the meantime, my father-in-law gave my wife 80 acres of land on which we resided, there being a small three-room house on it.

My father-in-law having lost his two youngest daughters in the fall of 1874, we lived in the house with him, during the year 1875. His family consisted of himself, wife and youngest son, (Asa B.). I continued to work my own land, and returned to it at the beginning of 1876. In 1882 my father-in-law having moved to Murray, Ky., where he was pastor, we again occupied his house, and cultivated part of his land, making the best crop I have ever made.

During those years my children attended school nearby, and part of the time Eugene and Edwin attended the Male academy at Paris, Tenn.

Not having sufficient land for my growing family and being unable to earn the money to buy more, I began to look around to see what else I could do, and hearing of the wonderful profits to be made by orange culture in Florida, and the demand for surveyors there, and the balminess of the climate there, I decided that it would be best for me to emigrate there.

My father-in-law agreed to buy my land, and as soon as my corn was gathered and sold, I started the wagon, with two mules, driven by Mr. Henry Norton, and accompanied by Eugene and Edwin Jr. overland to that state. Then as soon as I could sell and deliver my tobacco, sell my goods and chattels, the others of us started by rail. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Vinson, and our children, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clore, and five children, Mr. Levi Jones and son Charlie, Mr. Luther Moore and Hamp Clarck (colored) traveled on the same train with us. We left Paris, Tenn. on the morning of Nov. 17th, 1882, and after a very pleasant trip reached Wildwood on the 19th, spending the night there we took hacks next morning (Sunday) to Leesburg, and put up at the Milam House, our old neighbor Capt. J. B. Milam, proprietor.

Here we found so many old acquaintances who had proceeded us to the "Land of Flowers" that we felt very much at home. Next day we moved out to a house Capt. Milam had rented for us nearby in the country.

Coming as we did just as the oranges were ripe, and seeing the trees laden with them, and the wagons coming into town loaded with the golden fruit, and everybody seeming prosperous and happy we were delighted with the prospect.

## **Chapter 29**

### **Life in Florida**

While waiting for my team and wagon to arrive, I made short trips into the surrounding country to familiarize myself with the new and strange conditions, and to hunt up a suitable place to buy and locate, and the boys and I secured some work packing oranges and etc. Mr. Norton and the boys, with the team and wagon arrived on Dec. 13th, all safe and sound.

On Dec. 19th, Mr. Norton and I started out to look at the country.

Carried a Mr. Bradley of Woodville, Ohio to Tampa which we reached on the evening of the 21st. Spent the time till the 27th, looking at the country around Mango, Cork and Shiloh, and started back to Leesburg, reaching there on the morning of the 30th. After having seen parts of six counties, I decided to buy Mr. T. E. Hunter's 80 acres in sec. 11, T, 18 S. R. 23 E. about 8 miles North of West of --csburg, and 4 miles S. E. of Wildwood for \$750.00 paying \$200.00 in money, \$200.00 in one mule and wagon, and notes for the other \$350; in six, twelve and eighteen months. And on January 5th and 6th, 1883 moved to it, camping in an old house a mile away till we could build.

My wife received appointment as teacher of the school (public) one mile north, and commenced teaching Jan. 22nd, John, Leon, Cora, and Maggie attending the school. Eugene working for Mr. W. D. Hunter at \$10.00 per month, and Ed helping me in the crop and working on the house. On Feb. 3rd we had one room ready to occupy and moved in.

Not knowing how to cultivate Florida soil, did not make much corn or cotton. Put out two acres or more of orange trees, by the side of two, which were three years old, (or had been se out that long) when I bought the place, also planted a nursery with both sweet and sour orange-seed, from which I not only enlarged my grove, but furnished trees for the boys to plant groves, and also many trees to sell.

Worked on the house of three rooms as time could be spared from the crop, and by latter part of March could use it all, and later built outhouses. The boys having slept in Tom Hunter's log homestead house till mine was finished, and again later on. I took contract to build house for Mr. Will Venable, living nearby, and worked on it with boy's help, in the summer.

In September Mrs. R. and I had attacks of fever, but not serious, and yet more serious than any sickness we had afterwards. Late in the fall, (the Fla. Southern R. R. having been built) I secured the job of surveying the town of Lady Lake for Messrs. L. B. Lee and J. F. McLendon, 8 miles North of Leesburg. This introduced me to the people of that vicinity and during the next two years I surveyed most of the land for four or five miles around that village. I usually had two or three of my sons to assist me, and soon had them so well trained that I could do much more work, than with raw hands. We received seven to eight dollars per day, and camping out in unoccupied homestead houses generally we did our own cooking. The weather usually being fine, with but little rain, and the land open pine woods interspersed with clear lakes we enjoyed the work very much.

Monday morning we would have a lot of bread cooked up, and putting our equipments and camping outfit in a one-horse wagon, we would hitch our one-eyed mule (Tobe) to it, and start out for the week. Usually not returning till Saturday night, and resting till Monday morning.

During the summer we would work up the grove and make a small crop on what land was cleared. In 1884-5 and 6 we raised and shipped vegetables, squashes, tomatoes, cucumbers, cantaloupes and melons. The grove was enlarged till had about eight acres, and the boys one or two each.

In winter 1883 and 4 Miss Lily Cloud taught the Lake Deaton School and boarded with us awhile. In winter of 1884 and 5, Mrs. R. taught again, and later Miss Tallullah Atkins taught several sessions. The school meanwhile being consolidated with the one at Orange Home Depot 1½ miles S.W. on F. C. and P. R. R. (now S. A. L. R. W.)

By 1886 the orange boom began to quiet down and the emigration very much decreased. Previous to this I did much surveying around Chetwynd, Bamboo,

Whitney, Wildwood, Orange Home, Coleman and some at various other places. When the demand for surveying had been much reduced, it was necessary for the boys to seek other employment, and as they could not all profitably employed at home, they secured jobs elsewhere, opening up land, planting and cultivating groves, budding nursery trees, cultivating vegetables, farming, and etc. which was the beginning of a separation which has resulted in scattering them very widely.

In October 1887, Hunter L. Wilson, my wife's nephew, came to Florida, and decided to engage in orange culture, and John sold him five acres of the land I had given him, and arranged for me to board Hunter and for Hunter's father, (Col. J. D. Wilson) to board John, at Winchester, Tenn. (his home) where John could attend the Normal School there, and he has ever since remained in Tenn. studying and teaching till his graduation, and teaching since his graduation and he is at this writing (August 1900) Principal of the Winchester Public School. In December 1898, he married Miss Leila Erwin of Winchester.

In the fall of 1885, I purchased an interest in a saw mill at Bamboo, with Messrs. Dan. Wilson, and Ben Wynns and sons as Partners, and moved it to Dundee, 6 miles north of Leesburg on the Fla. Southern R. W. where we operated it for a year. My sister Jennie with her husband, W. S. Martin and children having come to Fla. in Oct. 1885, lived at Dundee. Eugene and Ed boarding with them, and they and Mr. Martin helping to operate the mill. They returned to Tenn. in the Spring of 1886. When I sold my interest in the mill perhaps in the fall of 1886, my sons returned home.

## Chapter 30

### Freeze of 1894 And 5 And Results

On the nights of December 28th and 29th, 1894 a heavy freeze injured the orange trees. By Feb. 7th following the trees had put out a vigorous growth, and were full of sap, and on the nights of February 7th and 8th another severe freeze killed to the ground all the orange trees, except the extreme southern part of the State, and few others here and there. These freezes were followed by others somewhat less severe a few years later, which pretty well exterminated all the trees north of Manatee, DeSoto and Lee Counties. This heavy loss caused an almost complete change in the economic conditions of a large part of the state, and a great many people deserted their dead groves, and sought other localities to secure the means of livelihood.

In the spring of 1895, John and Leon made arrangements for their mother to visit her parents, John and others in Tenn. and about May 1st she left for that state remaining several weeks. A few days later the State Board of Missions of the Florida Baptist Convention secured for me a pass over the F.C. and P. R. R. and Southern R. R. to Washington City to attend the Southern Baptist Convention and paid my fare thence to Philadelphia, New York City and Hamilton, New York to copy records from minutes of Florida Baptist associations held by American Baptist Historical Society and Samuel Colgate Historical Collections.

Had congenial companions to Washington, where I stopped with my cousin's Maria, Belvedere and Virginia Hansford, who kept a boarding house at 241 N. Capitol St. only half a block from the Capitol grounds, enjoying my visit there. Enjoyed also the Convention as it was the only one I ever attended of the whole South. Also enjoyed seeing the sights of Washington, the most beautiful city in our country. I went on to Philadelphia, and copies the minutes there, visiting Independence Hall, and other interesting places, and then to New York, and up the Hudson Valley on the N.Y. Central and H. R. R. R. viewing the

Palisades, Highlands, Catskill Mts., and Mohawk Valley to Hamilton N.Y. Returning to New York City, I went to Orange N. J. to the home of Bro. Samuel Colgate, where I copied such minutes as we had no duplicates of and enjoying the hospitality, remaining two days. Then returning to the City spent a day and a half visiting Central Park, Brooklyn Bridge, Green Wood Cemetery and etc. Having Exchanged passes with Bro. L. D. Geiger. I took the Clyde Steamship, Iroquois and had a pleasant voyage to Jacksonville. Never having seen the ocean, It was a great treat, to spend two and half days upon it, especially as I had no sea sickness. My trip was robbed of much of its enjoyment by want of a congenial traveling companion, want of more means for expenses, and of more time, as I could not help thinking of my two daughters left at home, although I had left them in good hands, with Miss Sophia Sheppard to keep them company, and Bro. B. M. Bean and Mr. Sam Tyner to protect them at night.

Till September 1898, I managed to make a living for my small family by farming, doing small jobs of surveying, looking after lands of noon-residents and etc. My youngest son Leon Asa became of age July 29th, 1892, after which there was none to help me, and "every row was mine", as it was at first. Our eldest daughter, Cora A. married Mr. Fred C. Marker of Wildwood, June 21st, 1896 and two years later the youngest Maggie B. married Mr. Ruben D. Mathews, June 29th, 1898.

Thus there was no one to keep Mrs. R. company in my absence, except the two year old grand-daughter Ella Hansford, whose mother died when she was two weeks old, and who had been committed by her dying mother to her grandmother's care with the approval of her father, our second son Edwin H. Jr.

When I bought the orange grove, I knew that half of it was on land belonging to the F. C. and P. R. R. Co. The extension of the grove had been mainly on this also, but when it came on the market, I purchased it for \$200, paying half cash and giving my note for the other half, which had been increased to \$175, which I was unable to pay without encumbering the place, and as it became necessary to pay I borrowed \$500.00 and mortgaged the place, being in need of funds to pay other debts, and properly fertilize the grove. Six months later the freeze ruined the grove, and destroyed the hope of being able to redeem the place, and thus leaving us homeless. I now began to look around for some other place to live and where I could have a better opportunity to provide the necessaries of life.

## **Chapter 31**

### **Removal To Jacksonville**

When my second son Edwin H. Jr. learned that I was panning a move, he wrote me suggesting that I come to Jacksonville where he was employed at the bakery of Lorein Stein, so that he could have his little girl near him, and after visiting Jacksonville and looking over the surroundings, we rented a house on the S. E. Corner of Adams, No. 1202 East Adams and Van Buren Streets at \$10.00 per month, he agreeing to pay half the expenses, including rent, water, provision and etc.

I then closed out my business at "Myrtle Vale" (as we called the place), selling what we could and giving away what we could not sell, and on Sept. 1, 1898, moved to Jacksonville.

After having lived nearly 59 years in the country it was not an easy thing to adjust myself to the new conditions. The rush and hurry the want of quiet, unobserved surroundings, the unconcern of most of the people, whether you lived or died, whether you had the necessaries of life or starved, for want of them, the jealousy of those in business towards anyone entering the same

kind of business, being strangers to our nearest neighbors, the proximity of a saloon, and all the evils that accompany it, and the seeming difference even in the religious life of the city from that of the country, these and many other things had to become familiarized, before one could feel at home.

But I finally became used to these things, and settled down to real life. But how to make a living, was the question of the hour. I tried collecting physicians bills for Doctors R.H. Dean, Miller and Cloud and others, but I soon found that those who were willing to pay, responded to notices sent through the mail, and those to whom a collector had to be sent, were either unable or unwilling to pay or both. So I quit that.

I tried patent medicines for the Economic Medicine Co. of Paris, Tenn. but found it slow business to introduce new medicines, where dozens of others had already occupied the field. So I had to abandon that.

The lot on which the house we rented stood, had about one fifth of an acre of land enclosed. This was rich river-bottom land, and after ditching and bedding it, I planted it in vegetables, principally for our own use, selling the surplus. By studying the soil, the demands of the market, and learning how to peddle them, in an ordinary market basket from house to house, I succeeded in finding a sale for all I could raise at a fair remuneration and thus kept the wolf from the door. I had never liked "peddling" and was unused and unqualified for it but "practice makes perfect" and offering only good vegetables I soon had no trouble in securing customers, and made many warm friends, who helped me to extend my trade. I sometimes acted as night-watchman at Bro. Loren Stein's Bakery, did odd jobs of carpentering, a little surveying, and thus pieced out my slender income.

In the Fall of 1899, having a pass over the lines of the F.C. and P. R. R. as Historical Secretary of Florida Baptist Convention, I visited several of the Associations, and small collections at these meetings helped my exchequer some also. During summer and Fall of 1899 I preached once a month at Sanderson Fla. and a few dollars more was received.

As I walked the streets of Jacksonville, with a basket of vegetables on each arm, I often thought, "I am capable of doing better than this, when later I became Chaplain of the State Senate, and stood before that representative body, I felt I could say, "At last I have found something better."

## Chapter 32

### Burning of Jacksonville

On May 3rd, 1901, I helped to clear away the dinner table, and went upstairs to take my usual siesta. About 1:30 P.M. my wife called to me, and said that a dense smoke was rising from the western part of the city, and that passers-by said that the whole of that part of the city was burning. A look out of the window convinced me that the fire was no small affair. I told my wife that I would go and see what the danger to us was. She asked me not to stay too long, as I promised I would not. Reaching the car line on Florida avenue, ( a block away) I found the cars standing still, the current having failed from trouble with the machinery.

Not knowing now how long the delay might last I asked to walk ahead, and took the shortest way along Adams St. The day was very warm for the season, and I soon realized that I must take it leisurely to keep from getting overheated, and I feared that I might need all my strength to save my household goods.

At Laura Street I turned North to the Park and diagonally N.W. through it. At the Hemming Monument I saw the first fire refugees, some ladies with a few things in their arms and their faces so warm that the blood seemed almost ready to gush out. At Hogan I turned West on Duval. At Julia the people were wetting the roofs and porches of their houses, on the south side of Duval, a little further on the firemen were fighting the fire on the north side, and as the wind blowing them from southwest I thought the fire would be kept north of Duval. I walked a block further to Cedar, and looking south I saw that a house on northwest corner of Cedar and Monroe was on fire. I went down there and men were fighting the fire on north side of roof, with prospect of success, but I noticed that the south side of roof was on fire, and soon decided that it was beyond control; and that another swath a block or more wide was doomed. I walked east on Monroe to Hogan and North on Hogan near the corner of the Park I saw Bro. G. E. Chase cross in front of me rolling a child's carriage, piled up with children's cloaks, gloves and etc., which I learned later contained Bro. Hobson's silverware. In front of the Baptist Church, I met Bro. D. T. Daughtry, and we discussed the chances of the churches escape, both thinking it safe. Bro. E. Cleveland was standing in his porch directing the removal of his furniture. At south east corner of Hogan and Ashley some men were bringing Bro. D. C. Andress' piano down the stairway. The Ebenezer M. E. C (Col) across Ashley St. was a mass of flames, and the wind now blowing fiercely tore the burning shingles off, and sent the flying through the air towards the east. I turned west on south side of Ashley and looked across Ashley to Dr Williams house near the middle of the block, and in which Bro. W.A. Hobson our pastor lived. The rear of the building was in flames, some household goods were piled on the sidewalk in front, and some persons standing about but no one I knew. (Bro Hobson and family had gone on an excursion up the St. John's River.)

Seeing I could be of no use, the fire being very hot on south side of St. I turned back, and went down Church St. to Main, and down Main to Ed's Lunch room, which I found closed. I afterwards found out he was in cook-room packing things to move. I then turned up Adams for home. I noticed a building at corner of Church and Ocean on fire, and further on the roof of the Catholic Church was in flames at Church and Newnan, and I knew that everything to Hogan's Creek was doomed unless the wind should change. I stopped at Cora's, found Fred just come from the store and we talked over the situation. Then I went on home, and told Mrs. R. the prospect. Later resting awhile I walked down to Duval Street Viaduct. I saw Mrs. McClintock near St. Luke's Hospital and calling a passing hack, sent her to my house. On reaching the Viaduct, I found that the fire had spread and advanced, and the whole hillside on the west side of Hogan's Creek was one sheet of roaring, surging flames. But I was convinced that the lateness of the hour, the want of fuel to feed on, and the absence of anything loose about the Viaduct, would likely prevent further advance there. At Adams St. the shingle-mill had to be closely watched, and I helped others put out the fire when the bark etc. caught, and a bucket brigade kept a small house from catching and thus stopped its advance. At Bay St. the tin-roofed houses, the wide R.R. right of way, the work of the colored foremen, and the lulling of the wind, and change of direction stopped it there. I came home about sun down. Just as supper was over I heard a great roaring, saw showers of flying sparks and found on hurrying down Bay St., that it was the resin stored in the A.V. and W. warehouse on the River near Catherine St. which had caught fire. Though looking very dangerous only a few small placed on roofs in East Jacksonville caught and these were easily extinguished, and so the fire ended.

Ed saved most of his stock and fixtures by moving them several times, on hand trucks, and finally putting them on a lighter, which the owner had towed over the River.

Next day, Saturday I went to see the ruins, and wrote cards to our relatives to assure them of our safety. Found that Gov. Jennings had ordered several

companies of State Troops here, and put the city under "Martial Law". A wise conclusion. Col. C.P. Lovell was put in command. He closed all the saloons, and had the city thoroughly patrolled.

On Sunday Ed secured a hack, and he, Mrs. McClintock, Mrs. R. Ella and I drove over to Riverside Park, where Bro. Hobson had through the daily papers invited the Baptists to meet. Finding the Campbellites had selected the same place we held a joint service.

Ed commenced on May 11th to reconstruct a Lunch Car for his business. Various hindrances prevented its completion for nearly a month. When finished, he put it on Laura St. near Bay, and did a pretty good business, till about Sept. 16th when a careless negro cook spilled gasoline on a hot stove and burned it so as to ruin it. I helped him and others to construct it.

He found employment at Sprill's cold-drink stand at Opera House and when the Sims building was ready for occupancy, secured store-room at 210 Main St. two doors from his old stand, fitted it up handsomely and on Feb. 1st, 1902 opened for business.

I find I have neglected to mention marriage of my sons;

Edwin H. Jr., Married Miss Ella Mobley of Adamsville, Fla. Feb. 21, '92  
Eugene married Miss Ellen Cook of Centerhill, Fla., July 12, 1896. John  
T. married Miss Leila Erwin of Winchester, Tenn., December 30, 1898. Leon A.  
married Miss Ervina Johns of Starke, Fla. February 8, 1899.

## Chapter 33

### My Religious Life

When a little over 4 years old I mischievously threw a peach stone at my mother's mirror, and when she came into the room, and saw what was done, I told her that my brother John (2½ years old) did it. The thought of this my first (and almost my only false-hood) produced conviction of sin; I was never able fully to shake it off. When 14 years old my conviction took strong hold of me at High Hill Church one mile from my father's residence. It was the last night of a protracted meeting, and on going forward to be prayed for, I found myself sitting by the side of my brother John. The pastor Elder Issac C. Coker, mentioned that two sons of Brother Rennolds had come forward when "mourners were called", I made little progress heavenward, Satan usually snatching away the good seed sown in my heart. I entered the Army at 21½ unsaved. When a battle came on the fear of death produced fear of death, and I called on God for protection, but when the battle was over, the subject was dismissed.

When the war was closed, and I saw its disastrous results, I began to consider how uncertain were all things earthly, and there came a longing for something sure and certain. A revival swept over the country, but it did not take deep enough hold on me.

God gave me a Christian wife, and though I was living what was recognized by others as a moral life, my wife's quiet, trustful-----devotion was a living rebuke to me, and the Spirit used it to bring pungent conviction of sin.

During the last week in September 1868, a Revival meeting was in progress at Bird's Creek Church (5 miles from my home). One morning during the meeting Bro. James H. Chiles Sr. came over to my house before breakfast, meeting me at

the stable lot, he said to me after the usual salutations that a brother and sister of my wife' had been converted at the Birds Creek Meeting and would be baptized that day, and that himself and wife would come by for Mrs. R. if she wished to go. He then added "Ed it is time you were thinking of these things." The words went like an arrow to my heart, and were indeed, "seed sown in good ground".

Two weeks later a protracted meeting commenced at High Hill Church, less than half a mile from my home. I attended on Sunday, (October 13th) and again at night, my wife could not well go at night our first child (Eugene) being only a few months old. I went to work Monday morning, but attended church at night. While fixing my collar for me, my wife made some remark to me about my duty spiritually, and it was as a dagger to my already stricken heart. My father-in-law, Elder Asa Cox, pastor of the church was conducting the meeting, and during his prayer, preceding the sermon, I became deeply convicted of sin, I determined that as soon as it was over I would go forward, and ask to be prayed for, without waiting for the sermon. But this determination quieted me somewhat, and I kept my seat till the invitation was extended after the sermon, when I promptly went forward with several others. Excitement very high at first but it quieted down soon. As was the custom in those days the pastor and others talked to me, but though I had repented I did not exercise faith.

I attended church Tuesday, and Tuesday night, and going to the "mourner's bench" each time but making no progress seemingly towards saving faith.

On Wednesday morning as I sat at the breakfast table in the log cabin, used as a cook and dining-room in the backyard at home while I thought and talked to my wife about my condition I was enabled to lay hold of Christ by Faith, and my heart was filled with joy, and I exclaimed "this must be the Lord's work." Satan has been working with me for a long time, but he never made me feel this way." From that hour to this I have never had a moment's doubt of my regeneration. That day there was a baptizing near Bro. R.M. Jobo's, which I attended, and on the way to the Church, as I looked over the old red hills, a landscape I had looked at a thousand times before, it seemed to be the most beautiful scene I had ever beheld.

After the sermon that day, I did not respond to the invitation to go forward and be prayed for, I felt too happy to need it. After dismissal Bro. James R. Chiles, Sr. came to me, and pointing to Bro. Joe Crawford who was standing nearby, said, "don't you love Bro. Crawford and me better than you ever did" I replied, "I certainly do." Then you are saved, he said, "for by this shall you know that you have passed from death unto life, if ye love the brethren." My Aunt Sallie Rennolds, seeing me weeping and yet looking happy, came up and said, "Edwin, have you found the pearl of great price?" and I answered, "I hope so."

On Saturday Night I with several others joined the church, my wife being one, and on Sunday morning I was baptized with others, by my father-in-law Elder Asa Cox, and today the view in memory is bright of that scene that lovely October (20th) day, with the quiet stream flowing along, with its surface dotted with the yellow maple leaves, and on the bank, the little crowd standing, among them wife, father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends and neighbors.

That day a "young men's prayer meeting" was organized, including about a dozen young men and boys, myself among the number. And the meeting closed. When we met the next Wednesday night, all looked from one to another and wished someone else would make a start. I had some experience in public debating and etc. and I took the Bible, read a chapter and tried to pray, several hymns were sung and interspersed with prayers by others. I had already commenced family worship, perhaps Monday night. The P.M. met regularly, sometimes in the winter when the weather was bad not more than six would be present.

All grew in grace and after awhile the doors were opened to all would come.

I became impressed with the thought that there was something for me to do in the Master's Kingdom. Finally in February 1869 (I think) I told the church my feelings, and they decided to license me to preach and did so. I commenced my feeble efforts at the prayer meetings and gradually extended them to other churches, but it seemed to me to make little progress. I was sent to the association. In 1868 as messenger and selected to assist in reading the church letters. At the Union meeting in 1869, I was elected Secretary, and at the Association. In the Fall was elected Asst. Clerk. I continued to fill these positions for most of the time I remained in Tennessee.

In the summer of 1870, my cousin Richard B. Rennolds (who had been licensed after I was) and myself were called to ordination. On the 2nd Sunday in Sept. the presbytery met at High Hill Church and ordained us. My father and father-in-law and Bro. J. W. Bell, and one or two more constituted it. Bro. Bell preached the sermon. I continued to preach as opportunity offered, but with some misgivings as to whether I had not missed my calling. While I had faith in God's accomplishing his plan of evangelizing the world I did not have a clear view of the part I was to perform. I received no call as pastor, though there were pastor less churches. I could see no visible results of my efforts. So after about 6 years I told the Church how I felt about it and asked them to release me from the obligation to preach, which they reluctantly did.

I served as clerk of the Associations (western District) in 1874. Having moved 8 miles away from the church in 1873, I found it too inconvenient so I removed my membership to Parish Church, where I was elected clerk and deacon. But as I preferred a country church, I changed my membership to Birds Creek. While my wife and I were members at Paris, our oldest son Eugene M. was converted at a revival held by the pastor Bro. W. C. Grace, and assisted by Dr. W. A. Nelson and he was baptized by Bro. Grace.

When I removed to Sumter Co. Florida in November, 1882, and settled 1½ miles N.E. of Orange Home, I found myself six miles from the nearest Baptist Church. Some of the neighbors, in the spring of 1883 asked me to superintend a union Sunday School, at Lake Deaton School House, one mile north of my residence. This I did for a few weeks, but the interest soon slackened till but few besides my own family attended, when I decided that it would be best to have Bible study in my own family on Sunday morning, which I did, till an opportunity opened to attend a Baptist S.S.

In November 1893, Mrs. R. Eugene and myself united with Equity (now Lady Lake) Church. In December 1883, a Church was organized at what is now Whitney Station on the S.A. L. R. R. and in July 1884 we moved our membership there. I was at once recognized as Deacon, elected Clerk, and also Superintendent of the S. S. and teacher of the Bible Class, serving also as Trustee, and Treasurer.

Here I seemed to have found the work intended for me to do, and my efforts seemed to be highly appreciated by the church and its pastors, W. J. Hughes, A. E. Cloud, L. D. Geiger, B. M. Bean, T. W. Spicer, and R. Lovell.

In October 1884, I was elected Clerk of the Alachua Assoc. and re-elected annually till 1898, when I removed from its bounds.

I became interested in the history of the Association and at the request of several brethren, I began the collection of materials to write it up. I found that as the Association originally occupied all the territory East of the Suwannee River, now covered by fifteen other Associations, that its history would involve a record of much of their past, and that it would be better that a history of all the Associations in the State be written in one

volume. I suggested it to the Associations that the matter be laid before the State Convention, which was done. The convention agreed to take up the work, and I was elected historical Secretary, with instructions to report to the State Board of Missions. Since then I have given much time to the work as I could, and have received some Compensation. I have found it a labor of love. I have visited nearly all the Associations in the State, some of them several times, and have collected much material, and my labors have been warmly commended by many of the brethren and sisters. IN the years 1898 and 1899, passes were given me and I visited Union Meetings and Associations without cost.

At the session of the Convention held in Lake City, in January 1893, I was elected Asst. Rec. Sec. which position I have held till the present date, 1902.

In while Bro. Bean, my pastor was preaching from the word "Mary" John 20th Chapter and 16th verse, and dwelling on the idea that whoever has a message ought to be faithful to deliver it, I became impressed with the thought that I was not delivering my message, and at the next meeting a month later, I told the church of my feelings and they secured a record of my ordination, from High Hill Church Tenn. and restored to me authority to preach. I at once commenced preaching once a month at Whitney, continuing to act as superintendent and preached at such places as I could reach. Since my removal to Jacksonville, I have preached at Union Meetings and Associations and occasionally at other places, and have supplied in Jacksonville for Bros. Parsons and Hobson when they were absent.

In December 1901, I was elected Pastor at Bethany, Nassau Co., and have preached for them till this date, Sept. 1902.

My preaching is so different from the kind which they have been accustomed to hearing, that I felt that I was not reaching them, and as I was unused to regular preaching that it was a great task for awhile but gradually I was enabled to secure self-confidence, and so enjoy the work. At the September meeting, Bro. D. Sikes came and preached till Thursday, and much interest was aroused. Three young men, Hilliard Jones, Wade and David Sauls, and four young ladies, Mabel, Myrtle and Minnie Sauls were baptized.

## **Chapter 34**

### **Renewal of Autobiography April 18th 1911**

After a long interval of rest I, today, take up the thread of my life to bring it up to date.

At the close of the protracted meeting, mentioned above, I was notified that Bro. Sikes had been called as pastor and thus ended my first attempt at a pastorate. It was a great shock to me, but I accepted it as the Lord's doing.

In October 1903, I was elected Pastor at Macedonia (now Dinsmore). My experience here was about the same as at Bethany and a year later, the church called another pastor and so for only two years of my ministerial life, have I been pastor. Since that time I have only preached as occasion offered.

Though I do not doubt my call to preach, I at the same time think it was not intended that I should be engaged in regular pastoral work.

**Chaplain of the Florida Senate**

I have always preferred praying to preaching. I had rather talk to God than to people. So at the Assembling of the Florida Legislature in April 1903, I sought the position of Chaplain of the Florida Senate.

I had two opponents, but was elected on the first ballot, receiving, 18 votes out of 31, my gray hairs and my "Confederate Cross of Honor," no doubt helped much in securing this honor. The new wings of the Capitol addition, had just been completed and so I had the honor of offering the first prayer in the new Senate Chamber, in the South wing of the state house.

The remembrance of the service of my maternal grandfather, (Theodosious Hansford) as clerk of the Senate of Virginia, 1800 to 1825 and of my uncle, (Addison Hansford;) 1825 to 1850 and of the desire of my mother that I, her first born and best loved child, should at some time be honored by serving in prominent public station, has added zest to the pleasure it has afforded me to represent my Master, before the people's representatives. And it has given me more joy to be a "Ambassador of Christ," than a representative of the people.

My salary was only \$100.00 but I managed to save about \$40.00 of it and decided to visit my old home in Tenn. and secure more data for a history of Henry County's soldiery in the Civil Ware.

So I left home in June and returned home \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ I enjoyed the trip very much.

Sept. 1st, 1902 we rented and moved to No. 44 E. 5th St. where we lived till March 1904, when we rented and moved to 101 E. 7th St. In May 1908, Ed bought a half interest in the house at 2219 Hubbard St. and in March 1920 he sold it and bought a house at 515 E. 5th St. where we now reside.

During my stay in Tallahassee I had drafted a rough outline of my History and on returning from Tennessee. In 1903, I had worked assiduously at revising and rewriting it. To get the rolls of the various companies, even approximately correct, entailed much labor and more thought.

At the session of the State Baptist Convention at Lake City in January 1903, I was elected secretary, which place I have since filled by continuous re-election. I have felt fitted especially for this position and have done some of the hardest work of my life to fill it satisfactorily.

## Chapter 35

### **Preparation, Publication and Sale of My History of Henry County Commands in the Confederate States Army**

I had from the close of the Civil War, desired to see a History of Henry County's gallant soldiery written. When it became evident that if it was written, I must do it, I applied myself to the task. In many respects I was prepared for it. By nature I was given a fine memory. I enlisted early and saw (with small exceptions) all the service in which my command participated. I had training for collecting and arranging data. And I knew where to hunt for material to fill the gaps in my own knowledge. Then my heart was in it. As Secretary of the Florida Baptist Convention I was enabled to get R. R. tickets for adds in the minutes and this enabled me to visit Tenn. in 1904-5 and 6.

So I attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Nashville, Tenn. in May

1904 and spent a month in West Tenn. gathering the final material for my book. About the middle of June I returned to Nashville and attended the Southern Baptist Convention and then home. I at once made arrangements with the Sun Publishing Co. to print my book and with the H. and W. B. Drew to bind it. Prepared the M. S. and watched its printing, reading every page of the proof and in August had the pleasure of seeing it come from the bindery. My wife in the meantime had gone on a visit to our relatives in Tenn. and wrote me not to wait for her return.

Upon which I started out to sell the book, going via Chattanooga, Memphis, Union City, Hickman, and Fulton, Ky. and Martin, Tenn. to Paris, Tenn. My schoolmate, Pleas. J. Diggs, loaned me a horse for a week and I canvassed the N. W. part of the county and then along the R. R. walking from Springville to the Methodist Camp-Meeting at Manly's Chapel, remaining from Saturday to Monday, then continuing my walk to Mr. McCullough's and spent the night, was taken with a chill during the night, so slight as not to recognize it. Next morning felt too weak to go to Mansfield. so turned my steps towards my father-in-laws, about six miles, towards Paris, riding a little in a buggy. The second night I had a chill, which was unmistakable. I had suffered from an attack of indigestion, a year before (Oct. 1903) but this second attack of indigestion, was much more severe than the first and for the first two days the result was in doubt.

An old friend Dr. I. A. McSwain was called in and his skill had much to do with my recovery. The nausea was so great that I dared not turn over, or move much to brush pestilent flies away. The second day, all unexpectedly, my eldest daughter, Cora stepped into the door with her baby, (my first namesake) in her arms and presently her husband and two older children. They were on their way back to Florida from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. I felt then that I was sure of the careful nursing, I so much needed and which my aged father-in-law and his wife could not give. I suffered much in body and much in mind.

The publication of my book seemed in response to the leading of Providence. Five friends, (A.B. White, Dr. S. H. Caldwell, A. A. Miller, Dr. J.T. Irion, P. J. Diggs, R. P. Diggs, Maj. S. C. Cooper, Jno. T. Upchurch, and C. W. Kennerly) had endorsed my note in bank for \$600.00 to enable me to publish it. I felt like I could not die content and leave them to pay a dept of that amount. So I besought God to spare me till I had sold enough to pay cost of publication and he mercifully answered my plea for restoration to health.

When I had convalesced sufficiently to stand the trip home, I accompanied my children to Florida.

The balmy climate of Florida and God's mercy, enabled me to regain strength and when spring, or early summer returned, I went back to Tenn. going by way of Louisville, Ky. where I attended the U.C.V. Reunion coming back as far as Chattanooga, going thence to West Point, Tenn., via Tusculumbia, Ala. where I visited my eldest sister (Jennie) missing the marriage of her youngest daughter, caused by a delayed train.

I stopped in Memphis, Union City, Hickman (Ky.) Martin, Fulton, (Ky.) Dresden, and McKenzie to Paris. At the invitation of Comrade J. W. Howard, there, I made his home my stopping place and was kindly treated by his sons and daughters and self.

I had the free use of my father-in-law's horse and buggy, Comrade S. A. Miller's horse and Mr. Joe Howard's buggy, at different times and rode or drove rather over the country, selling my book. I also went by rail to Murray, Paducah, and Mayfield, Ky. At the latter place i visited my sister Alice and my wife's brother M. M. Cox.

My book sold pretty readily at \$2.00 in 1903, but I found on returning in 1904, that many had borrowed it its sale was so slow that I reduced the price to \$1.00.

The malarial occasion returning in the fall I was again attacked with a chill and fearing to risk the malaria, and cool weather being due I decided it was best to come home.

During the winter and early spring, I built up my health and early in May 1906, I returned to Tenn. I stopped to view the battlefields at Lovejoy and Jonesboro and Kennesaw Mt. Though I had no one to help me enjoy it, still it was a melancholy pleasure to visit again the stirring scenes of the Civil War or the places that recalled them to mind. I stopped in Chattanooga during the session of the Southern Baptist Convention and then continued my trip to Paris, making my headquarters at Comrade J. W. Howard's, but also visiting my father-in-law, four miles S. E.

Dr. S. H. Caldwell kindly loaded me a mare and buggy and I rode over not only Henry county, but also parts of Benton, Henderson, Carroll, Gibson, Weakley and Obion in Tenn. and Calloway, Graves and others in Ky. I had to hunt relatives or near relatives, where people had moved or passed away and this was a tiresome and tedious business and sometimes very discouraging. But there was compensation in the fact that I met many old friends, some of whom I had not seen since my boyhood.

Early in Sept. I found I had sold nearly all the books I had bound and I called together the endorsers of my note. Mr. A. B. White and Comrades S. H. Caldwell, S. A. Miller and R. P. Diggs responded and messages were sent by comrades, S. C. Cooper and I. T. Irion. I told them that before any more money could be gotten out of the book, more would have to be put into it, by having more of them bound and asked if I should use some I had in the bank for that purpose. They asked how much of the note was unpaid, and when I told them \$93.00, they said that each would pay his prorated part \$0.30 each, and that they expected to have more than that to pay. I thanked them heartily and felt that I was the happiest man in Paris.

I soon wound up my business and returned home, bidding adieu to old friends and scenes of my boyhood and early manhood, perhaps never to see them again.

I stopped at Winchester to see my son John and family and also my brother-in-law, Col. J. D. Wilson and family, and at the battlefield of Rosaca.

Since returning home in the fall of 1906, I have done but little in the way of earning a living. While residing at 2219 Hubbard Street I had a large garden and made something at raising vegetables, but not near so much as in East Jacksonville.

In February, March and April 1904 I had been Office Editor of the Florida Baptist Witness, then published in Jacksonville. W. A. Hobson and W. L. C. Mahon Editors. I resigned when I started to Tenn. When the paper was again moved to Jacksonville in March 1909, I helped Bro. C. M. Brittain in the Witness Office, and for a month was acting Editor. I enjoyed it immensely, especially editing the Notes and Comments department for which I have both taste and talent. The pay however was only nominal and as the confinement indoors was not good for my health I resigned.

I was re-elected Chaplain of the State Senate in 1905 and 7. My friends among the held over senators in the Legislature of 1909 allotted the Chaplaincy to Senator H. H. Buckman of Duval. But he was an anti-prohibitionist and did not want me, and selected an Episcopalian of Tallahassee. It was very trying, especially when I knew I would receive the vote of two thirds of the Senators

had it come to a vote. My friends were indignant as those among the holdovers had given him the selection because I was a candidate and one of his constituents.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed" and so when I learned that Bro. D. H. Sloan, Senator from Polk County, had been allotted the right to name the Chaplain, I went to work. At the request of Leon I let him make the overtures and the friendship of Bro. Sloan and the volunteered intercession of Senator Hudson secured my selection and so I am here again in Tallahassee, and am enjoying the chance to work thus in the Master's Vineyard. To Him be all the praise. I am glad also that I have the opportunity to earn something to secure the necessaries of life. My pension of \$120.00 a year, my salary as Chaplain, probably \$200.00 for two years being all I have to depend on.

### September 20th, 1912

After the Legislature adjourned June 2nd 1911, I spent the summer mainly at home, reading, making scrapbooks and etc. Surveying boundaries of Callahan in July was rather too much for me. Did two or three other small jobs. Had an attack of cholera morbus. August 5th Mrs. R. City with relatives, and I was much alone, Ed being away some as detective. Had an attack of bowel trouble September 5th. This with previous cholera morbus left me in a bad shape and so September 24th went to Hampton Springs for two weeks, paying \$10.00 per week board. This helped to start me on the upgrade, and I continued to improve.

January 15th, 1912 I went to Lady Lake to visit Maggie and family till the 22nd and then to Ocala to the State Baptist Convention. Was re-elected Secretary and got through my duties very well.

As the Confederate Reunion met at Macon, Ga. nearer to me than ever before, I decided to go to it, leaving home May 6th. The crowds were so great and I so nervous that I had to keep pretty quiet. However enjoyed some anyway. On the 10th I had my ticket extended and went to Tenn. visiting Sister Alice and daughter Ethel, at Chattanooga, then son John and family at Fayetteville, Tenn. Then Bro. Tom and wife and son Hansford and family at Summertown, Sister Jennie and her daughter Nellie and family at Iron City. and meeting her son Winfield on the train, stopped a day or so with Sister Alice at Chattanooga and reached home June 4th having enjoyed the trip very much.

The summer was very warm, but in some respects enjoyable, especially the almost entire absence of flies and mosquitoes, which seems wonderful. It is likely, mainly the result of the efficient work of the City or County Board of Health.

September 3rd, Ella went to Lady Lake to visit Maggie and family. I was taken that day with bilious fever, lasting only parts of two days. But it was followed by inflammation of the bronchial tubes. This Dr Dean says is an accompaniment of the cases in the city and which is epidemic here. By the second day Mrs. R. was attacked and was barely able to prepare light food for both of us and for several days it was a struggle with both of us to keep going. Some of the neighbors helped and when it became known to the church members, they began to call and send in food. The attacks lasted about two weeks. Ella had her attack (though of shorter duration) before she left home -----

The following was added by Mrs. Cora Annie Marker, oldest daughter of E. H. Rennolds.

Here our Father laid down is pen, never to take it up again. "What I have written I have written." To quote his own words from the Introduction: "No one knoweth when his life on this earth will be closed."

On Sunday morning-November 17th, 1912 his ended. As the first hymns of the morning worship were being sung at the Main Street Baptist Church in Jacksonville, Florida, word was brought that Brother Rennolds had just died. As the announcement of the sad news was made to the assembled congregation, it was evident how much he was loved and esteemed by those in whose fellowship he had lived. Grief at his departure will be felt all over the state for he was intimately known from one end of Florida to the other. It could have been said of him that he was a man "in whom there was no guile: a simple, sincere soul: a gentle, lovable spirit; meek, but firm and unswerving in principle."

Written by his Pastor  
Rev. W. L. C. Mahon

His body sleeps in the family lot in Evergreen Cemetery, Jacksonville, Florida.

SINCE FATHER WENT AWAY

The raindrops fall more sadly down,  
The drifting leaves are sere and brown,  
    Since Father went away.

The sky more closely bends above  
A mound where lies the form we love,  
    Since Father went away.

More sacred seems each hoary head,  
More fraught with weight the word we said, -  
    Since Father went away.

A far more solemn thing is life  
A far more usless thing is strife,  
    Since Father went away.

The Word of God is far more clear,  
And Heaven itself is ever near,  
    Since Father went away.

Cora Rennolds Markert

A little more than twelve years later he was joined in that Better Land by our precious Mother.

Her sweet spirit heard the summons  
To the mansions of the blest:  
"Art thou weary, heavy-laden"  
Come, O Come to Me and rest."

At daybreak, April 16th, 1925. Her body sleeps in the family lot, Lone Oak Cemetery, Leesburg, Florida

**Obituary**

Rennolds - - The Rev. Edwin Rennolds was born October 30, 1830, in Louisa County, Va., and died November 17, 1912, at his home in Jacksonville, Florida.

In his childhood his parents removed with him to Henry County, Tenn.,

where he was raised and where he became a prominent citizen, and in 1868 he was clearly converted and joined the Baptist Church; and soon began religious work by leading a young men's prayer meeting.

In 1869 he was licensed to preach and in 1870 was ordained. He came to Florida in November, 1882, and lived thirty years in this State - - - sixteen in South Florida and fourteen in Jacksonville. In 1904 he was office editor of the Baptist Witness for three months. He assisted the editor a short time in 1909, and acted editor a month. He enjoyed the work - - because he had both talent and taste for it. He was an able man and a ready writer. The well written manuscript of his own life, which he left, is a good evidence of his literary ability and ought to be published.

He was a Lieutenant in the Southern Army and four terms he was an efficient chaplain of the Florida State Senate. For ten years he was an acceptable Secretary of the Baptist State Convention. He was a Missionary Baptist preacher and served only a few years as pastor. He served several terms as County Surveyor, two terms in Tennessee and one in Florida. He was an honored Master Mason. We appreciate him as a faithful Christian, true and tried in all relations of life.

#### Family Record

Edwin Hansford Rennolds	Born Oct. 30, 1839 Locust Grove, Va. Died Nov. 17, 1912 Jacosonville, Florida
Margaret Catherine Cox	Born May 2, 1844 Paris, Tenn. Died April 16, 1925 Leesburg, Florida
Married - - - -	January 11, 1866 - - - - Paris, Tennessee Children born to them
Eugene Meshich Rennolds	Born April 2, 1867 Near Puryear, Tenn. Died Oct. 2, 1932 Gulf Hammock, Florida
Edwin Hansford Rennolds	Born March 28, 1869 Near Puryear, Tenn. Died June 13, 1857 In California
John Taliaferro Rennolds	Born July 29, 1870 Near Puryear, Tenn. Died Jan. 8, 1956 In Tennessee
Twins	
Joseph Lee Rennolds	Born July 29, 1870 Near Puryear, Tenn. Died July 29, 1870 Near Puryear, Tenn.
Leon Asa Rennolds	Born July 28, 1872 Near Puryear, Tenn. Died May 7, 1948 In Starke, Florida
Cora Annie Rennolds	Born Sept. 17, 1874 Near Paris, Tenn. Died Oct. 11, 1939 Crysal Beach, Florida
Maggie Berah Rennolds	Born Dec. 3, 1876 Near Paris, Tenn. Died

#### Marriages of Children

Eugene Mischich Rennolds first time July 12, 1896 to:

Ellen Cook of Center Hill, Florida (was born June 3, 1869 in Butler County, Alabama). They had one sone, Wiley Worth who died at an early age. After Ellen's death, Eugene married Dolly Hans and the following children were born:

Annie Berah Rennolds  
Edwin  
Earl  
Cora  
Paul  
Leon  
Wilson

Edwin Hansford Rennolds to Ella Lang Mobley on Feb. 21, 1892 in Adamsville, Florida. They had one daughter, Ella Hansford, born August 20, 1896 and her mother died at her birth. Ella Hansford married Hugo Singer, had one son, Hugo Hansford Singer, she later married a Mr. Smith and died Aug. 1944 and buried in California.

John Taliaferro Rennolds to Leila Erwin on Dec. 30, 1898 in Winchester, Tennessee (Died Early). Children born were:

Katherine Rennolds  
Edwin Erwin Rennolds -- Died Nov. 29, 1934  
John Taliaferro Rennolds  
Clara Rennolds

Leon Asa Rennolds to Ervina Johns on Feb. 8, 1896 in Starke, Florida. Ervina Johns was born Dec. 5, 1882 and died Oct. 10, 1950. Children none.

Cora Annie Rennolds to Frederick Carl Markert on June 21, 1896 in Wildwood, Florida. Children born:

Irene Markert - Wildwood, Florida  
Frederick Earle Markert - Wildwood, Florida  
Edwin Lee Markert - Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
Margaret Maude Markert - Wildwood, Florida

Maggie Berah Rennolds to Reuben David Mathews on June 29, 1898 in Leesburg, Florida. Children born:

Mildred Mathews  
David Mathews  
Bartlette Marion Mathews  
Cora Annie Mathews  
James Edwin Mathews  
Reuben Rennolds Mathews  
Laura Jane Mathews

Below is a list of diaries of E. H. Rennolds, Sr. as his daughter, Maggie B. Mathews placed in the Young Library of Dlorida History at Gainsville, Florida, on November 29, 1962 for preservation and she has the Xerox Copy which sh wishes placed in the Public Library at Leesburg, Florida at her death. (If any missing dates are found will be added to the list).

Number One (1)  
1877 (1878 missing)  
(Mom was year old)

Number 12  
Year 1899

Number Two (2)  
Jan. 1, 1879 to May 1, 1880

Number 13  
Year 1900

Number Three (3)  
May 2, 1880 to Aug. 31, 1882

Number 14  
January 1, 1901 to

Number Four (4)  
Sept. 1, 1882 to Dec. 31, 1883  
Tells of move to Florida

Number Five (5)  
Years 1884, 1885, and 1886

Number Six (6)  
Year 1887

Number Seven (7)  
A skip in dates  
Sept. 1890 to July 7, 1891

Number Eight (8)  
July 8, 1891 to Aug. 28, 1893

Number Nine (9)  
Aug. 29, 1893 to March 3 1896

Number Ten (10)  
March 5, 1896 to Sept. 4, 1897

Number Eleven (11)  
Sept. 6, 1897 to Dec. 31, 1898

March 16, 1902

Number 15  
March 18, 1902 to  
Sept. 1, 1903

Number 16  
Sept. 1, 1903 to  
May 6, 1905

Number 17  
May 7, 1905 to June 6, 1907

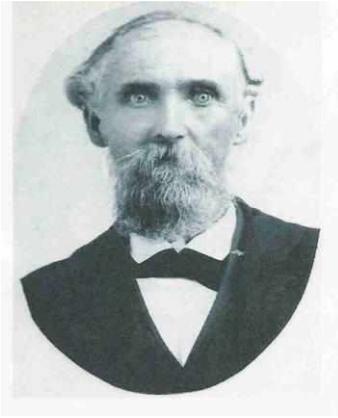
Number 18  
June 7, 1907 to Jan. 29, 1909

Number 19  
Jan. 29, 1909 to Jan. 31, 1910

Number 20  
Feb. 1, 1910 to Oct. 3, 1910

Number 21  
Oct. 4, 1910 to Oct 31 1911

Number 22  
November 1, 1911 to  
November 8, 1912  
Just a few days before he passed  
away.



### **Edwin Hansford Rennolds**

Edwin Hansford Rennolds b. 1839 and his brother John Stockdale Rennolds, both of Henry Co, TN, sons of Jane Hansford b. 1810 and Robert Rennolds b. 1805 of Louisa Co., Va., both served with the Confederate army. Both fought in the Battle of Shiloh near Corinth, MS., on April 6-8, 1862. John died on April 17, 1862 of typhoid fever shortly after the Battle of Shiloh. Edwin H. Rennolds participated in several battles and campaigns and was "paroled" in May 1865 after collapse of the Confederacy.

A little known fact about the Civil War was revealed in the autobiography of Rev. Edwin Hansford Rennolds. His company was recruited in his home county of Henry Co., TN. Several slaves were allowed to accompany their masters, or masters sons, to help care for them while in the Confederate military. Rev. Rennolds devotes an emotional passage in his autobiography to thanking and praising the several negro slaves that went to war with them. Among the several, he mentions the gallantry of his family slave, Mr. Fielding Rennolds, and of his future father-in-law's (Rev. Asa Cox) slave, Allen Cox, who died while with them in the service of the Confederacy.<sup>1</sup>

Rev. Edwin Hansford Rennolds Sr. b. 1839 King George Co., Va. d. 1912 Jacksonville, FL. (See also Civil War section). In 1868 he was converted and joined the Baptist Church and began his religious training by leading a young mens prayer meeting group. He was licensed to preach in 1869 and ordained in 1870. He moved from Henry Co., TN. to Jacksonville, FL, in 1882. In 1904 he was office editor of the Baptist Witness. For ten years he was Secretary of the Baptist State Convention. He served four terms as Chaplain of the Florida State Senate. He was a Master Mason. According to his obituary, his wife of 46 years, the former Margaret C. Cox of Henry Co., TN. "was largely influential in his conversion and his success on earth." Typical of most marriage partnerships of that era, her own obituary says it very well in regard to her role in helping Rev. Rennolds: "Educational & spiritual advantages were few at this time, but in the quiet country home, high ideals of culture and Christianity were upheld, that not only left lasting impressions on the plastic hearts of sons and daughters but were felt by all the community round-about. No purer hands ever moulded character than hers. No more loving heart ever brooded over the home nest, and watched the nestlings take their flight to broader fields of activity and carefullness."<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Excerpt from A Hansford Family History (and 100's of intermarriage families), compiled by James D. Hansford, copyright 1999, Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number 98-71054, page 15.

<sup>2</sup> Excerpt from A Hansford Family History (and 100's of intermarriage families), compiled by James D. Hansford, copyright 1999, Library of Congress Catalogue Card Number 98-71054, page 20.