

# A Portion of My Life

Being a Short & Imperfect History written while a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island 1864

William M. Norman

A PORTION OF MY LIFE

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*W. M. Norman*

*A PORTION  
OF  
MY LIFE*

Introduction.

Chap I page 1

Farming and early education.

Brother, you may be some what surprised when you read this short diary or sketch of a portion of my life. You are well aware of the disadvantages attending such an enterprise. You also know that I will have to admit a great portion that might prove interesting to others, but of not much importance to you as many incidents have taken place in him we were all assembled around ~~around~~ the fire side of our dear affectionate father.

I was the third son and child of Benjamin and Anna C. Norman. The former, a liberal descendant of English the latter, whose name before marriage, was Anna Catharine Hoffa, a descendant German. I was born on the 14<sup>th</sup> day of October 1832 in Henry County, N.C. on the little farm where our aunt Elizabeth Swigg now lives. When I was in my first year my father meeting with some reverse pecuniary, he was compelled to sell his little farm and purchase one smaller or one not so costly. An exchange was made with uncle Lewis Swigg for a few acres on the South Fork of Hottel's River. Another exchange became necessary which was made and father settled on the plantation where he now lives (1863) with a large family of children and an afflicted mother, my father's energies were strung to the highest notch in order to render his family comfortable. With unremitting energy on the part of our parents we were made comfortable and cared for with the utmost kindness. Time passed and when you are able to revisit our father we were able to relieve our father of many burdens.

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WILLIAM M. NORMAN

Being  
a Short & Imperfect History  
written while a prisoner of war  
on Johnson's Island

1864



JOHN F. BLAIR, Publisher  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

1959

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*Library of Congress catalog card number: 59-13119*

*Printed in the United States of America*  
*by Heritage Printers, Inc.*

## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

In his history of the Second Regiment of North Carolina Troops, written many years after the War Between the States, Captain Matt Manly says that, after the original Company A of the Second Regiment was transferred to the artillery, its place and designation were taken by "a company of fine fellows from Surry." With respect to the Battle of Chancellorsville, he also recounts that "Lieutenants Norman and Banner took their men so far to the front that Norman fell badly wounded and Banner into the hands of the enemy." On November 7, 1863, while on picket duty near Kellysford, Virginia, William M. Norman, now a captain, found his company surrounded and was forced to surrender. He was imprisoned on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, where he wrote the sketch of his life that is reproduced in this volume.

Captain Norman says (p. 228) that he had for reference in writing this account only his diary of the Pennsylvania Campaign, which has, unfortunately, been lost. He intimates very strongly that he is minimizing the hardships of his captivity on Johnson's Island in the hope that he will be permitted to take what he has written with him when he leaves. At the close of the war Captain Norman was placed on the mainland and allowed to walk home. It took him more than three months. The family tradition is that, when he arrived in Surry County, North Carolina, he was so

emaciated that it was possible to run the encircling fingers of one's hand from shoulder to wrist along his arm. Captain Norman never fully recovered his health, nor did he resume the practice of law. He became a small farmer, a surveyor, a justice of the peace, and the father of nine children.

The manuscript, hitherto unpublished, was brought to me by Gorrell E. Bass, of Winston-Salem, a great-grandson. For the photograph of Captain Norman in uniform, for the leave of absence, and for the picture of the Norman brothers taken later in life I am indebted to his surviving daughters, Mrs. J. C. Bass of Winston-Salem and Mrs. Letitia May Norman of Mountain Park.

The cover of the large notebook in which the autobiography was written has been lost, as has much of the original Table of Contents. The subheads are the author's own but apparently were written in at a later time at the tops of the various pages. We have tried to give them their appropriate location in the text. A few pages immediately back of the letters following the autobiography have, at some time, been cut or torn from the book. Otherwise the manuscript has been reproduced in full as it survives, except for one paragraph, which was sheer repetition, and for some legal notes and forms which were used to fill up the book.

Although Captain Norman was, among other things, a schoolteacher, his orthography was inconsistent, his capitalization capricious, and his punctuation practically nonexistent. All these we have changed freely in the interest of uniformity. We have also, sometimes, simplified an extremely involved sentence

or supplied connectives for a disjointed one. Our effort has been to stick as closely to the original text in these respects as possible.

My thanks are due to Mrs. Ray A. Jones, of Winston-Salem, who performed the extremely exacting task of transcribing the old manuscript, to Mrs. Frank O. Goslen of Greensboro and Mrs. William E. Gramley of Winston-Salem, who edited the typed script, and to Stuart Bellin, also of Winston-Salem, who reproduced the old photographs and documents.

The Autographs, towards the end of the manuscript, were the most difficult part of all to decipher. We have endeavored to transcribe them as accurately as possible. We have also, in many cases, checked with other extant records. If we have occasionally misread an old handwriting, we apologize to any descendants who may read these pages.

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## CHAPTER I

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### *Introduction* *Farming & Early Education*

BROTHERS, you may be somewhat surprised when you read this short diary or sketch of a portion of my life. You are well aware of the disadvantages attending such an enterprise. You also know that I will have to omit a great portion that might prove interesting to others but of not much importance to you, as many incidents have taken place when we were all assembled around the fireside of our own affectionate father.

I was the third son and child of Clemmons [Clement] and Anna C. Norman: the former, a lineal descendant of England; the latter, whose name before marriage was Anna Catharine Wolff, a descendant of Germany. I was born on the 14th day of October, 1833, in Surry County, North Carolina, on the little farm where our aunt Elizabeth Grigg now lives (December, 1863).

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When I was in my fifth year, my father, meeting with some reverses pecuniarily, was compelled to sell his little farm and purchase one smaller or one not so costly. An exchange was made with Uncle Lewis Grigg for a few acres on the south fork of Mitchell's River. Another exchange became necessary, which was made, and Father settled on the plantation where he now lives (1863). With a large family of children and an afflicted wife, my father's energies were strung to the highest notch in order to render his family comfortable. With unceasing energy on the part of our parents, we were made comfortable and cared for with the utmost kindness.

Time passed, and when we grew up able to assist our father, we were able to relieve our father of many burdens. The plowing and sowing were our chief livelihood, our father being very good to send us to school during the winter months and at all times when he could spare us out of his farm. Father, being entirely destitute of any education, saw the necessity of giving his children a good education if possible. So every day that one of us could be spared from hard labor, we were sent off to school at once.

About my twelfth year I began to see and know the great importance of an education. Consequently I devoted all the time I could to the study of my books. Many a time during rest hours at twelve o'clock I devoted the time in reviewing my books. Often of nights I would read until the late hours by a light made of pine knots, until my eyes would water from the effects of the dim light.

When I was in my fifteenth year, I was sent to a small school taught by Hugh M. Stokes from Wilkes County, who taught at the old Rockeyford schoolhouse on Mitchell's River. During the same year Father removed to the plantation on Mitchell's River owned by Joseph Cockerham. This school of

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five months' session ended in time to pitch another crop. I was steadily engaged during the summer. I had but little time to spare in the reviewal of my studies. Early in the winter of 1848 Mr. James R. Calloway was employed to teach a school of four months at the same place. During the period I was allowed to attend school. I improved a great deal in arithmetic, English, German, and geography. Before the time was barely out I had to return to the plow, as the weather admitted of an early commencement of another crop. I regretted very much having to quit school at this time but nevertheless it had to be done. I endeavored to keep up my studies, devoting all the time I could to my books.

In my sixteenth year, 1849, I was sent to school to Mr. B. F. Thompson, who taught a five-months' school at the same old schoolhouse. Mr. Thompson was an excellent teacher. He had just completed his education at Emory and Henry College, Virginia, and while at home recuperating his health and willing to confer a favor on his old schoolmates and neighbors, he agreed to teach a short school. I attended strictly to my books but very often had to miss many days from school to attend to the crop. I endeavored to keep up with my class, which I did with tolerable success. This school ended just before Christmas holidays, 1850. In 1851 I again had to return to my same old occupation, farming, while my friend Mr. Thompson commenced school at the Hillsville Academy in Carroll County, Virginia.

My father had laid out for a large crop of corn. The consequence was that every effort was made by all of us to get a good start and to begin in time. Plows, axes, hoes, rakes, etc., etc., were all put in order. M. T. N. and myself went to plowing and the rest to cleaning up hedges, etc. Everything was moving in excellent time. How much good it did me to look

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over the land just plowed up and to hear the swelling notes of the music of the birds of the spring, when going or returning from work! But the desire I had to extend my education could not be quenched by the attractions of the pleasant occupation of a farmer's life.

The visits I often made to Mrs. Thompson's caused me to think more of going to school than I would have done. Because of the good advice she often gave me, I must say something in relation to the kind treatment and good instruction and advice I often received from Mrs. Patsy Thompson. In the first place she was one of the warmest friends of education. As a general thing the people in our neighborhood did not attend to educating their children as they ought to have done. Mrs. Thompson, unlike the most of her neighbors, urged her children to school, and through her influence all of her sons and daughters obtained a fair education and became useful members of society. Mrs. Thompson was a Christian and often conversed freely on religious subjects. She sought after the welfare of all who would care for themselves and who possessed the least particle of energy. She would often relate to me the advantages of going to school and the necessity of seeking an education; often urging me to start to school the first opportunity, often relating the intimacy existing between her and my mother, as my mother had lived a long time with her when she was first married. I do really think that I have received a great benefit from her good counsel. I would excuse myself in this way, "I have no means to educate myself. My father is not able to assist me, and to go on a credit, even if I could get credit, would involve me in debt to such an extent that I could not pay out," etc. She would tell me I lacked energy, that I could easily surmount all these difficulties, and to make the start and act my part well

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and I would have friends that would assist me. Such were a portion of her blessings towards me.

*Society & Other Obstructions  
Amusements & Associations*

The society in which I most commonly associated was, to some extent, a hindrance to me. A great many would say to me, "It is no use to try to be a statesman, a Clay or a Webster," and I, being fond of the amusements to which young people often resort, had almost given out the idea of following anything else except farming. It was often argued to me that I had an education good enough for a farmer, which I was fool enough, sometimes, almost to believe.

Must I state here the different amusements we often had on Mitchell's River and Fisher's River: the cotton pickings, quiltings, wood-choppings, and Christmas holidays' frolics? How often did those occur during our boyish days, and how much enjoyment we had! Time passed slowly from one corn-husking to another, but when the time did roll around we made good use of the society of our young companions and playmates. We can easily recall to mind the many frolics we have danced at and the rounds of hunting and scouting of the country from one settlement to another. If I have time, I may give you a short sketch of my life in relation to the kind treatment of many beautiful and loving ladies, before the final selection was made by me. I shall confine myself to other things at present. You can see from this that I was sowing a large crop of wild oats with not much prospects of having any help for reaping. I will now turn to my original subject.

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*The Death of Mother & Returning  
from School*

During the year 1851 many things occurred which, when related fully, will bring to our remembrance thoughts of deep regret that we had to sustain the great misfortune which befell us in June. It was the death of our beloved mother. Oh, that I could pass over that portion of my life and never have it to repeat! But thank God for His mercies in sparing us even as He has. In June, when my oldest brother, Lacy J., had returned from a short period at school, my beloved mother was confined with a severe attack of childbed fever, and on the 14th of the month she fell asleep in Jesus. She, being in a feeble state of health for several years, could not survive the attack. What an awful thing it is for a large family of small children to be deprived of a kind and affectionate mother! But such was our misfortune. We boys often rendered her great assistance in cooking and washing, she having no other aid, as our beloved sister Mary E. was the fourth child and always up to this time very weakly. I feel so thankful that I assisted my mother as I did.

"Now what shall I do?" thought I to myself. "I am without a kind mother, and home has not the attraction it hitherto had." To render assistance to my father in raising the smaller children, being five, I knew to be my indispensable duty. Then it was that I found the good advice and counsel of Mrs. Thompson to supply the deficiency caused by the death of Mother. How often did she cheer me up in my troubles in the loss of my mother!

## CHAPTER 2

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*Enters School at Hillsville, Virginia, under Adverse  
Circumstances, Abrupt Departure, etc.  
Arrangements with Mr. B. F. Thompson on the Occasion*

TIME passed, the crop was completed, and harvest came on; all was completed. I found some spare time to work out among my neighbors. I received twenty cents per day for binding oats and wheat. I finally concluded I could make more by undertaking to mow some. I engaged to mow one acre for fifty cents. I completed the job in one day and a half. I followed this occupation until the 1st of August, 1850 [1851].

Mr. B. F. Thompson had completed one session of his school at Hillsville, Virginia, and came home to spend vacation. When meeting up with him at his mother's, Mrs. Thompson's, she very feelingly related to him the misfortunes I had sustained and also told him I felt a great desire to go to school. He remarked to me that he could and would assist me if I would go with him to Hillsville. I told him what disadvantages I had to labor under and how I would have to pay him. I told

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him my father could not help me and I did not want to be a burden on him. Mr. Thompson told me to call on him in a few days and he would tell me what he could do for me in the way of assisting me off to school. In the meantime I must try to get my father's consent for me to go to school.

I did so. I made strong and urgent appeals to my father to go to school. His reply was invariably, "I have done all I could to educate you. I am not able to pay for your schooling. If you undertake it yourself you will get in debt so much you cannot pay the amount. Besides, I cannot do without you, your mother having just died." Such were my father's appeals to endeavor to get me out of such a notion as going to school at that time. I must confess that the way seemed dark and gloomy indeed. He almost entirely banished from my mind any idea of making the effort.

In a few days I went to see my friend Mr. Thompson and told him plainly of my discouraging success. I could see very plainly that repeating to him my father's appeals for me to stay at home had a deep impression. He induced me to try my father again, as he hated to use any inducement to me to run away. I did so but was only confronted with the same repetition of the disadvantages attending such an enterprise. I held another interview with Mr. Thompson, and a final understanding was agreed upon, as the time was drawing near for him to return to Hillsville, Virginia, to recommence his school.

The understanding between us was that I should have the benefit of going to school to him until I was prepared to teach the common or free schools, and he would pay my board and tuition and wait until I could make the money. This kind and benevolent offer caused me to form the resolution to go anyhow, whether Father was willing or no. I went home and did not meet Mr. Thompson any more until I saw him in Hills-

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ville. I went to work, got all the money owing to me collected, and did a few days' work out, receiving twenty-five cents per day.

*Earnest Appeals to Father for Permission to Enter School  
& Is Rejected. Goes Off Anyhow*

I packed my clothing in a small box, which my kind little sisters had arranged for me to attend a protracted meeting, which was to come off in a few weeks. After collecting my funds I found that I had the full and just sum of two dollars and fifty cents. I also had a good corn patch which would make, if nothing happened, two barrels. I found that my indebtedness was about five dollars. I made the calculation that my corn crop would pay off all that I owed, so I would retain what money I had on hand. Everything now was in real readiness for me to start. I, however, named my intentions to Father again. By this time I had so vexed him as to meet with an abrupt denial. As he was a man of pretty high temper, I carefully weighed the matter, as much so as my young, feeble, and uncultivated mind could, and finally concluded that the best thing I could do would be to go to school. I at the same time knew I would have to run away or give the old man the dodge.

The protracted meeting came off. It was the 18th day of August, 1851. The newly-mown meadows sent forth their sweet smell. The corn was maturing rapidly. The young folks seemed to be enjoying themselves finely. I was not so cheerful as common in consequence of the time being near at hand that I had set to make an effort to start to school.

After the preaching on Sunday morning a great many youngsters came home to dine with us. I did not dine until the last. I sat down with my little brothers and sisters and my

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much-troubled and worried father. I commenced eating, but a sad thought stole over my mind that this might be the last time I would ever enjoy the happiness of eating with my kind little sisters and brothers. Having just been deprived of my beloved mother, such a thought had a deep impression, you may well know. I was determined in my resolutions, and that evening was the time I had appointed to start. After dinner I managed to excuse myself a short time. I went to bind up what clothing I had, but to my surprise when I entered the room, I had nothing to tie them up in, only a small pocket handkerchief. This was amply large enough, as I had only one suit, besides what I had on of underclothes, that I thought fit to carry along with me.

All the preparations were now made if the opportunity would only present itself for me to get out of sight of home. The evening was fast approaching. Our guests began to talk of starting home. After all had started, I proposed to Father to pay a visit to one of my neighbors to remain overnight, which was agreed upon, and I was only waiting for the company to start. I managed to get my little bundle out at the back door and hid it in the corn nearby. After all had left, I left pretty soon. After reaching the top of the hill above the house, I sat down to rest, as the excitement and being in quite a hurry to get out of sight had worried me very much. And here, to give you a faint idea of my feelings, I must give you a small sketch of the situation of the country around me.

*Meditation after Making the Top of the Hill near Home*

Mitchell's River is the name of a small stream, heading in the Blue Ridge Mountains, that runs a southeast course from the northwest corner of Surry County to the south. It receives

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many little tributaries, which drain a large portion of the country. The water is of the purest kind, composed principally of springs, which send forth their sparkling fluid in profusion. Along this small river for about twelve or fifteen miles is a beautiful narrow valley surrounded with high hills or bluffs resembling, in many instances, mountains in themselves. The growth of the country is oak, pine, chestnut, etc. The river, thus winding its way through this beautiful valley, through the dense forests and high hills of the surrounding neighborhood, produces to the traveler of the lower regions of the state quite an interesting view. He is much delighted to quench his thirst from the pure and cold waters of the many hundreds of little springs that flow so profusedly into the river below. Again in winding his way westwardly, upon arriving upon the summit of these small mountains and casting his eyes to the rear, he is delighted at the appearance of the country through which he has just passed, while the sound of the rushing waters beneath where he stands fill his ears with their sounds. Very often, while enjoying such scenes, one is very apt to deeply appreciate the works of God, who has so wisely created the world and so many things for the comfort of man.

It was upon one of those small mountains or hills, which stood just above the old mansion I had just left, that I stopped to rest. My situation at that time was such as to enable me to take a complete farewell view of the plantation which I had done so many hard days' labor upon. I wish that I could fully depicture to your mind's eye the many thoughts that passed through my mind at that time. Consider a youth of only sixteen summers, with two dollars and a half in money, not a change of clothing complete, without any relatives able to assist him, parents unable to help him, the mortifying thought of only a few months since standing around the deathbed of an

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affectionate mother, and the idea of going into an entire strange country. This was, I can assure you, enough to make the stoutest heart falter. But you know, to some extent, my disposition (that is, when I begin a thing, to go through with it if possible). I was determined to go ahead after cooling off and getting a little composed in my mind. About the time I was ready to resume my journey just commenced I was accosted by our friend and kinsman Norman Isaacks, who had assisted me to some extent in obtaining my bundle of clothing from the room in which I slept. He was the only person up to that time knowing anything of my intentions, save my friend Mr. B. F. Thompson, who had an idea what I was going to do if I could not obtain the consent of my father.

*Remains with J. R. Calloway the First Night  
Sends Word to Father*

My cousin Norman Isaacks was on his way home, and I was intending to go to Mr. J. R. Calloway's (one of my old school teachers) to remain until Monday morning, it being late in the evening. We traveled together a few miles and then separated, he giving me some pretty good advice in regard to my studying, etc. I went to my friend Calloway, told him what I was going to do, and got him to give me some instructions on how to find the way, etc.

Early next morning, after an almost entirely sleepless night, I started off for Hillsville, Virginia, on foot. I, however, got Mr. Calloway to promise to let the family know that I had gone to Hillsville to go to school, so that my father would not be troubled about me remaining absent so long on Monday

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morning. I was afterwards informed by him that, upon relating to Father and the rest of the family my mysterious departure, not one of the family had any idea of my intentions. My kind-hearted little sister ran to the box to see if my clothing was gone. To her utter astonishment she found them all gone, and returning with her little blue eyes full of tears, confirmed the report which had just reached them. A tear fell from my broken-hearted father's eyes and, being joined in by the rest of my little brothers and sisters, made it present quite a feeling and sympathetic occurrence. My father remarked at the same time that, if he had known I was going anyhow, he would have helped me along and tried to have got me some more clothing, etc. He regretted very much my leaving in the way I did, being without clothing and having to walk.

*Reaching Hillsville*

Upon hearing the effect of my leaving upon my father, I was much troubled indeed, but I was determined to make good use of my time at school and try to repay him for his kindness and trouble. I got an early start on Monday morning and traveled all day. I was very much worried, it being a good long ways and a strange road through the mountains. I had to cross the Blue Ridge Mountains. On reaching the summit I rested a good long while and got all the information necessary concerning the road, etc. I got within about ten miles of Hillsville when I met up with a kind man who was an entire stranger to me. He was hauling lumber to the little town. He very kindly asked me to get on the heavily loaded wagon and ride a spell. I very readily accepted the kind offer.

I got to Hillsville about sundown on Monday, the 19th of

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August. This seemed to me a long way to be from home. It seemed like a large undertaking for me at that time. I immediately went to Mr. Thompson's room. He was boarding at Mr. F. S. Hale's, a very kind-hearted gentleman. I was treated very kindly that night and was asked to visit his house and family often afterwards. Mr. Hale proved to be a kind friend of mine and did me many favors. I slept in Mr. Thompson's room that night. I told him of all my journey, how I had managed to get there, and that I had walked most all the way. I gave him to understand exactly my condition in every respect. He applauded me very much in my determination and advised me to be diligent, etc.

*Arrangements for Board  
Contracts to Work for Board*

Early next morning the subject of my boarding came up. Mr. Thompson told me that he had made partial arrangements for me, and that we would walk out after breakfast and bind the contract with the old gentleman. About two miles west of Hillsville an old gentleman lived by the name of Amos Shockley. He was a very good liver and had a small family of two young girls only. The old man was a local Methodist preacher, a very pious man. It was at this Mr. Shockley's that I was to board. I was then introduced to him, and the contract was made.

I will give you the contract in full. He agreed to board me at the rate of four dollars per month, which was a pretty fair price in the country at that time. My washing was included. An idea struck me that he might have some work for me to do on Saturdays, so I proposed to work some for him. He agreed to

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pay me forty-five cents per day for every day I would work. Is not this rather a strange notion for a student at school to contract to work on Saturdays? I knew I had to use every exertion to keep out of indebtedness as much so as possible.

Mr. Thompson returned to his school, and I remained at my new boarding house during that day. I was at a strange place. I had no cultivated friendship with anyone, no confidential friend. No one about Hillsville knew anything about me running away except Mr. Thompson and his sister Bettie, who was assisting him in teaching. It was also agreed upon between us that we would say nothing about me running away, as some evil report might follow.

*Enters School. Works on Saturday &  
Goes to Church*

Early the next morning I was off for school with my dinner basket on my arm. I was furnished with all the books necessary for me at that time by my teacher. I was very cautious how I conducted myself, knowing I was in quite different society to what I had been used to. I passed the balance of the week at school. I must confess that I studied more about home than I did my books. I will confess that I have omitted to say anything about one portion of the trouble I had to bear. A thought often came in my mind: how could I hear from a pretty little black-eyed girl (sweetheart) I was leaving? But I could get along with that quite well compared with other things.

Saturday came and I went to work for my friend Mr. Shockley. I helped to put up hay the first day and continued to work at something every Saturday during the session. I found when I settled up that I paid almost half the amount

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of my boarding bill. After I formed an intimate acquaintance with the family with whom I was boarding, I found them to be very good, kind-hearted people. I soon found myself in quite a pleasant situation. I went to church on Sunday with the girls and from every appearance thought myself very fortunate to be thrown in such pleasant associations.

*The Family with Whom I Was Boarding  
Advantages, etc.*

I found Mr. Shockley to be a very pious old gentleman. He appeared to think a great deal of me, having never had a son. All of his children were girls. Many pleasant little fireside conversations took place. The old man had charge of three or four churches, which caused his absence almost every Saturday and Sunday. I soon had charge of most everything about his farm during his absence, he entrusting them to my care. His pious example and good counsel had an impressive effect upon my morals. He was very generous, free-hearted, and kind.

Mrs. Shockley was a lady of exceptional character, one of the best women who ever lived. She was very kind to me. She would often tell me that I felt more like her own child than any person she ever saw. She often wished for a son like I was. I did everything I could to please her. When I was low spirited, she would cheer me up. When I was sick, every little delicacy that could be fixed up she would have arranged in the best of style. She was a woman of fine judgment and understanding. Her kind and parental treatment of me made me love her as a mother.

Miss Mary A. Shockley, the eldest of the two girls, was not so very handsome but was a very kind-hearted girl indeed. She

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was a lady of fine sense, a very industrious, persevering girl. We soon formed an intimate and pleasant acquaintance. I soon found she would supply the place of some of my confidential friends I had left in North Carolina.

*Associations with Society*

I told her of my inexperience in society and the many disadvantages I had always had to labor under. I must confess that I felt very awkward when in the presence of young people. Here was a pleasant field for her to operate upon. The instructions I found her able and willing to give me in relation to passing time and making myself agreeable in society were of great assistance to me, while it seemed to afford her much pleasure to impart such lessons of instruction to me. We visited the citizens of Hillsville and the surrounding country. She seemed to look upon me as a brother, and I was as kind to her as if she had been my sister. After we had paid many of her young female friends visits, they began to repay our visits. Very often of Saturdays, when I had finished my day's work, I would find a good many young ladies and gents at the house of Mr. Shockley. I felt very much embarrassed at times, but the embarrassment soon wore off when I found that they seemed to treat me as kind as though I had been loafing about town or frolicking over the country, if not even more affectionately, for it seemed that they sympathized with me. Inasmuch as I had to pursue the course I did to obtain an education, I studied very hard five days in the week, worked one, and most commonly went to church on the Sabbath or visited my friends.

Miss R. J. Shockley, the youngest of the two but not the least, was a very pleasant young girl, about fourteen years old

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and very well grown for her age. She was a very kind and affectionate girl indeed. These girls had to do men's work to some extent, such as feeding the stock, taking care of the horses, and even, sometimes, working out in the crop to assist their father. I took a great deal of the hardships off these girls' shoulders by feeding and attending to the stock of mornings, and of evenings making fires, etc., in the absence of their father. It afforded me much pleasure to do this for them on account of their kindness to me.

What pleasant and innocent associations were enjoyed among us there! Many the visits to Mrs. Huffman's, Mrs. Hill's, the young Misses Bullard, etc., etc., we made during the balance of the school term. The visiting and pastime I had with the Miss Shockleys only seemed to stimulate me to my studies and gave me very pleasant recreation. I often would ask myself the question, "What more innocent or pleasant pastime can there be than that of lovely and virtuous young girls?"

Miss Bettie Thompson, my teacher's sister, was one of my best female or lady friends. She was one of the prettiest girls I ever saw and also one of the best ladies in the world. She was assisting in teaching. She very often would go home with me, we being old playmates, and she never failed, when I wanted assistance in my studies, to render me all the assistance in her power. She was an accomplished lady.

#### *Close of School. Returns Home*

I wrote a good many letters home. No ill feelings existed between myself and Father, as he was ready to forgive me for so deceiving him. I was very sorry that I had to do so. I have often thought that it was the best thing I ever did, and my

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running away, I think, was the one cause of me taking more pains to repair any evil arising therefrom, as such an act leaves a wide gap for many evil and slanderous reports to follow.

The close of the session was fast approaching. Large preparations were being made for a display on the last day. Every moment was wisely employed in reviewing and rehearsal. I had been studying Latin, algebra, and geometry, as I had completed the lower branches before I entered this school. I found that I had a large task before me to review what I had passed over. To be able to stand a good examination, which I knew would be very rigid, called for every effort I was master of.

The day for the examination was set. It was to come off on the 22nd of December, 1851. The day passed off very pleasantly, as we had many spectators and some very interesting ones. I do not wish you to think that I am boasting when I say that I think I stood equally as good an examination as any in my class. I found that Mr. Thompson was well pleased with the progress I had made. I was very much pleased with my success.

Holidays were being talked of freely indeed and many were the invitations I had to spend the vacation among the young people about Hillsville. But, as a good many of the students from my county were going to North Carolina to spend the holidays and vacation, I became very anxious to see home and take a round of "fun," as we used to say, "on the River." I named my intentions to my schoolmates and finally to Mr. Thompson. He advised me to pay my father a visit and the day was set for us all to start.

My young friends, the Misses Shockley, regretted very much that I did not consent to share with them the amusements of the approaching Christmas holidays. But bidding them adieu for a short period (promising to return in two weeks), we all

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started on the 23rd of December. A good large company of us reached Mrs. Thompson's on Christmas Eve. I was very glad to see her. She expressed herself very much delighted in my success and gave me quite a warm reception indeed. She very earnestly pressed me to remain overnight and spend Christmas at her house, but being within one mile's ride of Father's, of course I could not accept the urgent and impressing appeals. I left her, promising to return and tell her of all my adventures in a few days. In a few minutes I was in full view of the same old farm and house I had left only five months ago. "What a great change," thought I to myself. "It was summer then, now it is winter."

*Gets Home. Warm Reception*

What a source of happiness it affords even friends to meet after a long absence, but how much more happiness is enjoyed upon the return of an absent member of the family! My returning home from school to see my father gave him much satisfaction. I had longed to see him many times after I had left him. Upon meeting him I could not refrain from weeping with joy. I earnestly asked him to forgive me of any conduct on my part that had rendered him anyways unhappy, which pardon was readily granted.

My little brothers and sisters assembled around me to give me a hearty welcome home. I must confess that this was one of the happiest days I had ever experienced. My brothers and sisters had grown very much in this short period, and everything was put in trim for a jolly Christmas. Many little presents were laid away for "Billie, when he comes home from school."

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All of us were at home then, once more to enjoy the kind hospitality so lavishly mustered out to us on the holidays. What a pleasure it must afford parents to see all of their children assembled around the family fireside and hear them relate the many little amusing incidents that may have occurred! After Christmas breakfast was served up, we were all allowed the opportunity of spending the rest of the holidays as we chose. So up the river we started to the many social parties to come off in succession among our neighbors.

*Amusements & How Holidays Are Spent on the River*

The habits and customs of the people of this neighborhood at that time were as follows. During holidays all the youngsters and the neighbors, generally, were invited to meet at a neighbor's house to take dinner. On that day another house was selected, at which all were to meet. Thus it continued for one week. Then all frolicking would cease and all would return to their respective avocations of life.

Some of the youngsters would enjoy themselves by dancing, others with social conversation, etc., etc. The older ones discussed the success of their farming operations, hunting, fishing, etc. While thus engaged in conversation, the question of the juice of the apple would very frequently come up, which would end in a sharp discussion which could only be decided by trying some of Mr. A's today, some of Mr. B's tomorrow, and Mr. C's the next day, etc. By the last Christmas holiday it was a matter very easily decided as to who made the best whiskey or brandy among the farmers. Many a large fat turkey has been served up on these occasions. All the pains in the world were taken to

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make the guests of these social parties feel comfortable. Most of such visitors were dram drinkers, but it was a very rare thing indeed to see anyone intoxicated. Anyone was treated with a great deal of contempt that would indulge to too great an extent in dram drinking. Everything flowed freely and all were made welcome. Everything was peaceable and moved off in perfect harmony.

#### *Returns to School Again*

I enjoyed myself exceedingly well during the vacation. I had the time appointed to return to school. It was on the 11th day of January, 1852. I spoke of my intentions to start at that time freely to my father. To my surprise, he did not object to me returning to school, but on the contrary, he rendered me all the assistance he could in helping me off.

The day arrived and everything was in readiness for me to start. After bidding all a farewell, I was off again. The weather was cold and quite a deep snow covered the ground. But with some assistance on the way I reached Mr. Shockley's, my old boarding house, on the 13th of the month. I had disappointed the girls very much, for I had partially promised to return before the holidays were over. But giving them my excuse, which was that I desired to remain at home as long as I could, I was received by them. With a hearty embrace I was fully restored to the same old degree of friendship I hitherto had enjoyed. The same old contract of boarding was renewed in every respect and every arrangement was made for the commencement of the school. Miss R. J. Shockley was going to school with me this session. I was very glad indeed, for I was very fond of having someone to study with me. Besides, I found it no disad-

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vantage to me to assist her in her studies, which I always took great pride in doing.

#### *Reflections on Leaving School. Closes in June*

What portion of a man's life affords him more satisfaction than that of his schoolboy days? The many friends he has an opportunity to make and the pleasant associations which are formed are a source of pleasure to the retired student, even though he may not have enjoyed the opportunity of renewing the associations for many years.

I began to think of leaving school for a while at the close of this session, as I thought my indebtedness was getting too large. I also thought myself competent to teach a common country school. I knew it had become necessary for me to endeavor to make some money.

In April I was joined by my eldest brother, who came to enter school with me. I succeeded in getting him in to board with me. We roomed together the balance of the school year. We advanced very rapidly in our studies. No pains were spared on the part of my teachers for my advancement. No pains were spared by the kind people with whom we were boarding to make us comfortable.

All of the members of the school were making every effort to make a large display on the last day of the school. Speeches, dialogues, poetry, compositions, and comic speeches were being prepared and rehearsed. A spirit of ambition to excel in the examination got up to the highest pitch. I do think there was the busiest parcel of students I ever saw. Everything was put in perfect and complete readiness for the winding up

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of this session, which was to come off on the 7th and 8th of June, 1852.

*Separation of Schoolmates*

Hillsville is a beautiful little village located in the mountains of Virginia. It is quite a busy little country town. Its inhabitants are real specimens of Virginia chivalry, very good society, and strangers are usually treated with the utmost kindness. I was fortunate enough to gain the good will and the sympathies of most of the good citizens. Though my wardrobe was not equal to that of most of the young men, but quite inferior, I was as cordially received and kindly treated as though dressed in the best of style. Never in the first instance was I slighted on any occasion. The numerous visits exchanged among the young and interesting were a great pleasure and afforded me no small amount of trouble when I thought of taking my farewell adieu from this lovely place. Nevertheless, I had to turn my attention to other matters.

The great Exhibition came off. Speeches, declamations, dialogues, etc., etc., were the order of the day. What a large assemblage of people, young and old, great and small! All the performances of the day ended. All passed off very calmly indeed. I then took my farewell leave of all my schoolmates. It was a sad occasion to me. The idea of thus breaking up old associations caused a tear of sorrow to trickle from the eyes of the many parting comrades.

*Leaving Boarding House. Very Sad*

Returning to my boarding house and beginning to pack up schoolbooks, clothing, and many little presents, made me feel

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very sad indeed. It was a lovely Sunday morning in June. The flowers of the mountain fields sent forth their sweet fragrance. The sweet music of the spring birds filled the air. The rippling streams with the pure sparkling waters went dashing down the many steep mountain precipices. The cool mountain breezes passed gently by, while the rising sun's glittering rays shone gently through the tops of the tall oaks. This added much to the sadness of the hour which was drawing nigh that I was to take my leave. It was a lonesome Sunday morning indeed.

My riding animal was in readiness, which had been sent to me to assist me in returning home. Oh, how I did regret to leave my kind friends! With a fervent prayer for my success and many blessings heaped upon me by Mr. Shockley and family, I took my final leave. And off to the home I had left, I was bound. With eyes full of tears and heart full of sorrow, indeed, I took my leave.

I reached home on the 10th of June and was cordially received by friends and relatives. I have omitted many things that occurred during my stay at Hillsville, but my chief object is to give a general brief sketch of the many disadvantages I had to labor under when making my first start in life.

## CHAPTER 3

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*Enters the Occupation of Teaching  
Embarrassments. Schools Ends*

MUCH now depended on me to secure a school to teach this ensuing fall and winter. I secured a certificate of recommendation from Mr. Thompson. I tried to engage a school in Wilkes County, but failed. I made many efforts, but failed. On the 1st of July I finally succeeded in getting a situation in the neighborhood of John J. McMickle's, Esqr. I engaged to teach at \$12.00 per month and was to commence the school on the 15th day of July. The term was five months. The conditions were that I should teach one month on trial, and if my employers were satisfied, I could continue on. This proviso was made on account of my inexperience and age, I being only eighteen years old.

I used every effort to give general satisfaction. I succeeded to such an extent that I taught five months, which was as long as there was public money in the hands of the County Superintendent of the common or free schools. I boarded at Jesse

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A. Thompson's, Esqr. I was treated very kindly by him and his family. I felt very much embarrassed in commencing to teach school. Very many young men much older than I, and with a thousand times the advantages, I thought, came to school, besides many young girls, which contributed not a little to my embarrassment on the first day of the school. I arranged my classes the best I could and made quite a good start. Everything went on very well. The time expired on the 23rd of December, 1852. And again I enjoyed Christmas holidays with my old associates.

*Realizes but Little Money  
Engages Another School at Richard Gwyn's. School Closes*

After getting what money was due me, which was sixty dollars, I found that, after paying my board bill, I had but little to spare to pay towards the debt I had created while going to school. I, however, paid a small amount.

I engaged a school of three months, then, near Richard Gwyn's, Esqr., to commence on the 1st day of January, 1853. I was to receive fourteen dollars per month and the employers were to board me; that is, I was to board "among the scholars." I found this to be quite disagreeable, so I was very kindly invited by the Rev. Mr. William H. Pardue and Mr. Gwyn to make my home at their houses all the time if I chose. I very readily accepted the kind offer, and afterwards enjoyed myself very well. The school ended, and I took my leave of the little boys and girls and among them some quite grown. We had formed an attachment toward each other during this short school, and it has afforded me much pleasure to meet up with my old students, as I call them.

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I had a good opportunity to visit my relatives during this period, which I took great delight in doing. I visited Father's often. I was there when my brother M. T. N. was married, which was in July, 1853. I purchased a fine little pony and was very fond of sporting among my friends and relatives. I soon found my expenses were accumulating in consequence of buying feed for a horse, so I soon abandoned that idea and sent my pony to Father to be worked during the next summer in his crop. I sought an opportunity to get another school to teach during the summer.

#### *Some Trouble in Getting Employment Goes to Hillsville & Consults Mr. Thompson*

I was without any employment, as the busy time of the year was at hand among the farmers. I found it quite a difficult matter to get any employment as county school teacher in my county. I went across the mountain into Ashe County and found no employment. I went to the Mouth of Wilson and then to Independence, Virginia, old Grayson Court House, and found no employment yet. I finally concluded to pay my old friends a visit in Hillsville while out of employment. I passed off a few days very pleasantly indeed. But the unemployed condition of my mind, as to business, gave me some uneasiness. I made up my mind to try for a school in a good and wealthy settlement on New River. I spoke of my intentions to Mr. B. F. Thompson, who advised me to proceed to Patrick Court House.

On reaching the fork of the road, the one leading to New River settlement, the other to Patrick, I halted to decide which way to proceed. The matter was finally adjusted by my taking

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from my pocket a "quarter" and throwing heads and tails, which result was in favor of me going to Patrick Court House. I had to cross the mountain, or rather, go down it. It was a long ride. I traveled on all day. The roads were very rough, and it was a good long way from house to house. Night came on before I reached the foot of the mountain. The weather was cloudy and drizzling of rain. I undertook to find a house to shelter in until morning. I rode out on the point of a high bluff or ridge, and much to my satisfaction, I saw a glimmering light a considerable distance below where I was.

With some difficulty I reached the little mountain hut. I hailed the old lady as I saw her shadow flit across a large opening in the jamb of the house. She came to the door and asked what I wanted. I expressed my desire to remain in her house until morning, as the weather was cold and rainy. She told me I could not stay, as she was not fixed to take in strangers. I urged my complaints in a very petitioning manner and was admitted.

I tied my little sorrel pony to the smokehouse. The old lady's son came out and assisted me in getting something for my beast to eat. I soon found myself sitting by a good warm log cabin fire, such as the people usually have in the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina. The old gentleman had been very much afflicted with rheumatism for many years. I was accommodated to a good supper consisting of buckwheat pancakes, biscuit, coffee, milk, butter, fried ham and eggs, though the old lady made many apologies for not being able to treat me any better. She said that I was the first traveling stranger who had ever stayed with them all night since they had been living there, and they had lived there eleven years this spring. I was raised in a mountainous country, but I must acknowledge

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I was in the most dark and dismal place I had ever been in. I was nevertheless treated very kindly by these poor people. I started out early next morning. They would not charge me anything for staying overnight.

*Arrival in Town. Agrees to Teach School  
School Ends*

With difficulty I reached Patrick Court House on the next day. I went to see a good portion of the citizens. I went well fortified with certificates of recommendations from my employers, in addition to the one I had secured from Mr. Thompson. I found them to be of much advantage to me, as I was quite young and an entire stranger. I got enough subscribers to justify me setting the day to commence the school. I gave notices that on the 25th of April I would begin to teach. I returned home to make the arrangements to be in readiness.

I had to labor under many disadvantages but was tolerably successful in giving satisfaction to my employers. Here I formed many very pleasant acquaintances. Among my lady friends was a Miss Fannie Bishop, who had begun a small female school in the same little village. She was a very intelligent lady and gave me many points of interest. I will not repeat here the many hours of pastime I had with the Miss Clarks, Miss Aistrops, and the beautiful and accomplished two Misses Martin, who boarded in the same house I did.

My expenses were quite heavy. I became quite a spendthrift to what I had been, so I did not make as much money as I ought to have done. I, however, found I had cleared about eighteen dollars per month. I returned to my home after the expiration of this school and remained a few weeks only.

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*Engages School at Ice Snow's  
Teaches until Christmas*

I was then employed by Mr. Ice Snow, Hugh Gwyn, Esqr., and R. Beamer to teach at eighteen dollars per month for three months. I commenced this school on the 24th of September. I got along very well. The school ended on the 20th of December, 1853. I spent my holidays this time among some new acquaintances in Grayson County, Virginia. I enjoyed myself very well at Mr. Thomas Higgins', who never fails to make anyone feel comfortable who may visit his house. The Christmas festivals being about over, I went to see my father. Remaining at home a few days, I went to see my late employers, who insisted upon me teaching another school for them. I agreed to teach again and was to begin on the 20th of January, 1854.

I boarded at Mr. Ice Snow's, who married a cousin of mine. I was well pleased with my situation. My school was not large enough to be burdensome to me, and I had a very pleasant place for my boarding house. He had taken in a few boarders to encourage the school. I finished this school on the 16th of June following. I spent a few months then in pleasant pastime in the mountains of Surry and was again engaged to teach another five-months' school at the same place and at the same price, beginning on the 26th of July. The school opened with a prospect of me having a good school.

*Father Marries & Mary E.  
Goes to School to Me*

My father was going to marry again this fall, and as sister

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had not had the opportunity of going to school since the death of Mother, I thought it my duty to extend a helping hand to her, as she was very anxious to go to school. I made the arrangements for her to board with me and enter my school. She improved very rapidly and was well pleased with the advantages I was extending to her. It afforded me much pleasure to be able to assist her, so much to her advantage. I often thought that I could not do as much for her, in any other way, to pay her back for her kindness to me, as I could in this way.

My school was quite flourishing. Everything passed very well. I made quite a good selection of speeches, dialogues, etc., and made arrangements to have a good exhibition, as well as to give general satisfaction in the different branches I had been teaching. The school ended on the 22nd of December, 1854. I returned home with my sister and spent the holidays with my old associates again on the river. L. J. N. had made the arrangements for sister to go to school to him, as I had concluded not to teach any more in Surry at that time.

After a short rest spell, I visited some of my friends in Grayson County, Virginia. While on this pleasure visit, I was solicited by some citizens to teach a five-months' school for them, to which I consented. The arrangements were made for me to commence on the 18th of January, 1855. This school ended on the 11th day of June the same year.

#### *Recapitulation of Financial Condition*

It is a great misfortune of young men that, very frequently, when they begin the rough journey of life, they are quite destitute of means. Upon reaching that point when they could accumulate something, they become too free-hearted, and

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having money in their pockets, they choose to spend their money for luxuries instead of investing it in a better and more profitable manner. This was too much the case with me. It is true that I devoted much of my time to my books, in reviewing, etc., but I can now see my error: that I was not as diligent as I should have been. Many hours that I might have spent at my books I wasted in frolicking and in idleness. I also had assumed the responsibility of paying a large amount of my father's indebtedness, in addition to my own expenses. I found I was a good way behind. When I made a full and complete settlement, after collecting all that was due me and selling my horse, I was yet owing about two hundred dollars. I thought this a large amount to be owing after getting the wages I had been getting and being employed as diligently as I had been.

## CHAPTER 4

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*Determines to Go West  
Assistance from Mr. E. Nuckolls*

AFTER much deliberation and studying how I could better my condition and relieve myself of my present indebtedness, I determined to make a change in the way I had been spending my money and also to change locations, which I thought would be much to my advantage. I made up my mind to go on to the western countries. About this time there was a great excitement up about the advantages a young man had in going to the Nebraska Territory. I used every effort to pay all I was owing but found I would fail by at least one hundred and fifty dollars. I could not think of going while this much behind.

I learned that a Mr. Ezra Nuckolls, a very wealthy citizen of Grayson County, Virginia, was winding up his business to go to the western country. I went to see him, and I formed an agreeable acquaintance with him. I expressed my desire to visit the "far west." He encouraged me to go out with him. I became fully in the notion to go, but I could not leave unless

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my debts were arranged. I told this kind old gentleman how I was situated, and unless I could get some assistance, I could not go. He volunteered his service to assist me to the amount of one hundred dollars. With this I thought I could be enabled to make satisfaction to my creditors and get off right. I met with a favor from Lacy J. for the balance of the money and began to make the arrangements to start west, being fully in the notion to go.

*Leaves Home & Remains  
with Mr. Higgins' Family Awhile. This Separation*

I was making efforts to save all my funds to pay toward my debts. I spoke my intentions of going west to Father and my elder brothers. I was encouraged by my brothers, but I was entreated very earnestly by my father not to go. I fixed up my affairs the best I could and was ready to start. The day was set, which was on the 18th day of August, 1855.

Did you ever think of parting with father, brothers, and sisters, when you thought it extremely doubtful of ever meeting again? I can fully assure you that it is a very unpleasant task. I thought of how I had left just four years ago. My ups and downs, as I termed my hardships and troubles, bore heavily upon me. I knew it was a long way from home and among strangers. I knew I would have many difficulties to contend with. I knew I would have to look up to my friend Mr. Nuckolls for many favors. I also knew, if I failed to give him entire satisfaction, I would be depending entirely upon my own exertions.

I left all the money I could get in the hands of my brother to pay toward my debts. The morning came when I was to

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bid adieu to my affectionate father and brothers and sisters again. With some difficulty I tore myself from their fond embrace. With a heart full of sorrow I was soon out of sight of home again.

I went to Mr. Higgins' the same day. I aimed to spend a few days there before I took my final leave of this interesting and kind family. I had been staying there for six months previous and had become very much attached to them. I regretted very much to leave them. Mr. Higgins seemed to me like a father; the children, like brothers and sisters.

*Gets to Mr. Nuckolls'. Starts to the Far West  
The Journey*

With many faithful promises to write to them often, I took my leave and went up to Mr. Nuckolls' with his two little girls, who had paid their last visits to Mr. Higgins' family. On reaching Mr. Nuckolls', I found him much pleased on seeing me come. The time was set that we should start. It was on the 8th day of September. I rendered him all the assistance I could. I was riding all the time, assisting in winding up his affairs. Many of the neighbors assembled to see us start and to take the last farewell of many who were going to go west. Several families and young men were going. Mr. Nuckolls had been very liberal in assisting many young men to get off. The train was composed of eight wagons, four carriages, and a few extra or loose horses. I took charge of one two-horse wagon and horses. I took a great deal of pains with the horses, and in fact, I paid strict attention to everything entrusted to my charge.

Slowly we wound our way over the mountains of Virginia.

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Our teams soon became accustomed to the road, and everything was going on in splendid trim. We passed Abingdon, Virginia; Rogersville, Tennessee; Kingsport; and Sparta. We crossed the Cumberland Mountains and passed the Hermitage of General Andrew Jackson near Nashville. It afforded me great pleasure to visit the grave of this distinguished warrior and patriot.

*Short Sketch of Journey West  
Passes Knoxville, etc.*

We were on our journey a long time. We passed many beautiful towns and villages: Nashville, Tennessee; Lebanon, etc. It was at Nashville that I saw the first steamboat. I also had the pleasure of seeing the first cars in motion I had seen. It is a great satisfaction to any person to travel. Many curious and interesting scenes can be witnessed.

We passed through a portion of Kentucky and reached the Mississippi River below the mouth of the Ohio, at a place called Columbus. We traveled through Missouri. We reached Lafayette on the Missouri River. We remained there two days. I formed some very pleasant acquaintances at that place. This is a very rich country. The land is very productive, with game in any quantity.

We continued our journey, crossing the river. We passed many small towns. We passed St. Joseph, Newark, etc. Mr. Nuckolls was going to Atchison County, Missouri, the northwestern county in the state. On the 14th day of November, 1855, we reached Rockport, the place where he was aiming to settle at. I was asked by him to go the next day to Sidney, Iowa, to bring his daughter, Mrs. Bourn, down. It took me two

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days to go up there and return. I was well pleased with the appearance of the country and had enjoyed myself very well on the way. Several young men and girls were along, and many a play and romp we had on the grassy mounds after traveling all day. We lived well and had plenty of pastime. Time flew pleasantly, notwithstanding we had to endure many hardships.

## CHAPTER 5

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*Journey Completed*

*Gets Position as Clerk. Kindness of the Nuckolls Family*

I OFTEN expressed my desire to Mr. Nuckolls to get employment as soon as I could so I could make enough money to pay him what I was owing. So during the time I was gone up in Iowa, his son, S. F. Nuckolls, came to visit him. The old gentleman made the arrangements with his son for me to take a situation as clerk in a country store, without any price being agreed upon. On my return he told me what arrangements he had succeeded in making for me. I remained at his house one day.

On the next day, the 18th of November, Mr. Nuckolls told me to take his carriage and he would send his servant with me to the store where I was to report. On arriving at the place, I found it to be a very pleasant situation in a small village on the bank of the Missouri River. I immediately entered upon my duties. I was very well pleased with my situation, and for-

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tunately I succeeded in giving entire satisfaction to Mr. S. F. Nuckolls. He was a very wealthy merchant and had several stores: one at Rockport, one at Nebraska City, one at Sonora, Missouri (the one I went in), and was interested in several others. I remained here about five months.

I began to desire to know what amount per month he was going to pay me. He came down one day to see how the business was going on, and I found a good opportunity to open the subject. He asked me if twenty dollars per month would satisfy me. Of course I thought this very good wages, washing and board being included. I told him I wanted one hundred dollars to pay his father, as I was owing him that amount. The reply was, "Take from the cash receipts or safe as much as you want at any and all times and charge yourself with the amount."

I had visited my friend Mr. E. Nuckolls often, but I felt much better when I went to see him this time than I had heretofore. I laid before him the amount I owed him in gold, for at that time specie was all the currency in that country. I was agreeably surprised when the old gentleman would only receive seventy-five dollars. I had agreed to take charge of a two-horse wagon and horses if he would board me on our way to the west. I had done more than the old man expected, so he made me a present of twenty-five dollars. The old man seemed much pleased at my success in my position as clerk.

In April, I went to Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory, to visit Mr. S. F. Nuckolls. He told me that he wanted me to come and stay with him there, as he was going to sell out all of his goods and close merchandising for the present, and as he had many clerks he would have to dismiss them. If I was at his house and clerking there he would have a good excuse to retain me. This arrangement suited me exactly. I took his buggy and went after my baggage immediately.

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*Winds up Clerking and Roaming  
(Then Teaches School at Glenwood, Iowa)  
I with S. F. Nuckolls Settling Up Business*

I was not confined to the sale room any more now, as the business was being wound up rapidly. I was furnished a good horse or horse and buggy and sent sometimes off into Missouri, at others into Iowa, to collect money for him. I found this to be quite a pleasant occupation, for I could have a fine opportunity of viewing the country. I spent a good deal of my time in Iowa. I went up the river on several occasions to Omaha City, Council Bluffs, etc., sometimes on an errand, at others on merely pleasure trips.

On my arrival at Nebraska City, I purchased some town property and laid my right to a claim on the public land with the intentions of pre-empting, Mr. Nuckolls' principal business being wound up and I having sold out all of my property at an advanced price. I was solicited by Mr. Columbus Nuckolls to go with him to Glenwood, Iowa, and teach school. I thought this would be to my advantage, as I was not fully acclimated to the summer months in the prairies. I taught school then until the 16th of August, 1856. I made the arrangements to start to the frontier settlement of Nebraska Territory on the 18th of August, thinking I could better my fortune there, as a great excitement had broken out concerning some salt springs in that section of the country.

*Short History of the Platte Purchase*

The full history of the Platte Purchase, or northwestern portion of Missouri, southwestern Iowa, and Nebraska Terri-

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tory, would afford you much pleasure. I wish I were fully competent to lay before you a complete sketch of this lovely and fertile country. The Platte Purchase consists of that section of the country of western Missouri lying west of the Platte River. It is the most fertile of any portion of the state. Wheat, corn, potatoes, turnips, and hemp are produced in any abundance. Vegetables are easily raised and in the greatest variety. The immense quantity of stock raised here makes the farming interest of the country very profitable.

The location of the country affords magnificent and beautiful scenery in various respects. The great Missouri River bottoms extended from three to ten miles on either side of the river—the land very level. On the verge of these extensive bottoms the bluffs or hills of the highland prairie make their appearance very abruptly, which gives them the very appropriate name, "bluffs." When the traveler is on the beautiful and straight roads leading along the river banks, these "bluffs" resemble very much the mountains of our own native state, except they are not so high and are not covered with timber like the mountains.

Arriving on the top of these "bluffs," the highland prairies make their appearance. The location here affords one the most picturesque and beautiful views in the world. Standing upon a high divide or ridge, the appearance resembles very much being in the middle of the ocean when it is very calm. Scarcely a tree is to be seen in some places, and the blue cast of the immense distance can be seen. The rolling or slight unevenness of the prairies adds much to the sublime view. The grass grows immensely tall on the river bottoms, while on the highland prairies it grows high enough to make the best of hay.

This country is well watered. The great Missouri River flows rapidly along the south side of the "Purchase," with the

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beautiful Platte on the east. Many smaller streams supply the inhabitants very well and afford many good mill-sites. The river bottoms have a very large growth of timber and are from one to four miles wide. The growth of timber is very large, consisting chiefly of cottonwood, hackberry, sycamore, walnut, willow, sweet gum, etc. The higher portion of the country is only timbered along the small water courses, a narrow strip skirting the streams on either side. Sometimes quite a grove may be seen among the "bluffs," consisting of hickory, walnut, oak, etc. A great many hazelnut thickets often skirt the edge of the groves of timber along the prairies. The farmers are very particular in saving their timber, often ditching for fences, and pick up only the dead or fallen trees for fuel. The most of the people use stoves. Consequently a small quantity of fuel suffices after building comfortable houses.

*History of Iowa, Nebraska*

*Thinks of Going to Frontier Settlement*

The southwestern portion of Iowa is about the same as that of the Platte Purchase in Missouri, except it is not quite so well timbered.

The Nebraska Territory side, which is west of the Missouri River, is not so fertile but is very productive. It is somewhat more broken and not half so well timbered after leaving the river.

The Nebraska Territory was just beginning to be settled when I got to that country. There were not more than forty families in Nebraska City when I lived there. However, the same spring and summer I was there, there was quite an immigration at that point. Few boats had come up the river the

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summer before and not a great many came this summer (1856).

The tide of immigration was very strong this summer and fall, and the country along the river was fast settling up. Huge rough log shanties and cabins were rapidly put up. Towns and villages began to be built. Merchandising, farming, and speculating were commenced and carried on at a very extravagant rate. The inhabitants were generally of a persevering character. The most shrewd men of the olden countries seemed to have immigrated to this country to add to their already large fortunes, while a good many gave their entire attention to cultivating farms. Money was plenty, wages high. Specie was most all of the currency in circulation at this time. In a short time banks were issuing notes which took in a great deal. It also took a great quantity of goods from the eastern cities to supply the demand, which ran out a good deal of the specie.

Almost every man seemed to be inspired with new zeal and courage to accumulate something of the perishable things of this world. Every method of speculation was resorted to: such as purchasing a few acres of land on the bank of the Missouri River, where there could be a good and permanent landing for steamboats, laying it out in the shape of a little town, giving it a large name, and then issuing shares and selling them out at a large price. This was resorted to very much in the interior of Nebraska as well as along the river. I indulged in this mode of speculation to some extent, realizing something thereby. But my means being quite limited, I had to deal on a small scale and use a plan that I thought to be the most sure.

It was this that caused me to come to the conclusion to ven-

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ture to the frontier settlement of the Territory. I made a collection of all due me, paid what I was owing, purchased the necessary outfit, and made the arrangements to go with a company that was being got up at Glenwood, Iowa, to go out and look at the country around these salt springs in the frontier settlement of the Nebraska Territory.

## CHAPTER 6

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*Company for Exploring the Territory  
Selects Claim, Builds Cabins & Returns*

ON the morning of the 18th day of August, 1856, we all started, ten in number. We crossed the Missouri River at Plattsmouth, a small town on the Missouri River a few miles below the mouth of the Laplatte or Nebraska River. We took up camp a few miles from the town. It had been some time since I had camped out. I was very much reminded of our journey going west. I was somewhat annoyed by the yelling and howlings of the wolves.

We traveled on about five days. We came to the vicinity of the salt springs, where we struck camp and explored the country all around. We made a selection of claims on the public lands, staked them out, and laid the foundations of small cabins in order to more effectually secure our right of pre-emption. We erected one log cabin as soon as possible then in order to afford us shelter while building others. All assisted at one cabin in order to make the work lighter.

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We remained here about ten days and went down the creek (Salt Creek) to the main salt springs. We camped here a few days, staking out a town site and a large amount of the land around the main body of the springs. We then concluded to return to the settlement, which was about seventy miles to the river. We got back about the 1st of September. Well pleased with the country and our prospects ahead, we were determined to make this our place of operations for the future.

*Returns to Glenwood, Iowa, & Tells the News  
of the Discovery*

When we returned and told our friends of our adventures, it pleased them very well. A company was then organized of twenty men for the purpose of carrying on the salt manufacturing business. Each one also had an equal interest in the town site, which we gave the name of Salt City. Two hundred shares of each were issued, a President and Treasurer of the firm appointed, and enough money subscribed to carry on the business at the present. It became necessary, then, to have one agent employed to go out to this country to superintend the construction of houses, to lay off the town site in lots, etc., and to hold possession of the property, as possession was a very important thing. If no one were there, our claims were liable to be "jumped," as we called it. I was selected as the proper one to undertake this important task of the company.

I made the contract with the President of the company to go out and stay there as long as I could and build log cabins the balance of the fall and winter, for which I was to receive one hundred and fifty dollars. I had to buy an outfit for this purpose. I met up with a young man by the name of Sanderson

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and, he being desirous of getting into business, I and he went into copartnership. We bought us two yoke of oxen, a wagon, cook stove, bedding, tools, etc., etc., and hired two young men by the name of Robertson and Taft to go out with us.

*While in the Frontier Settlement*

Provisions and everything that we needed, we purchased. We also bought us a good rifle gun each and laid in a good supply of ammunition. We got out the 1st of October. In the meantime I had sold out a good many of my shares at a low price. We were on the journey four days; our oxen traveled slow. None of us knew much about driving. We reached the place where we aimed to establish our camp, put up our tent, and went to work.

This was a lonesome life, one that I had not been accustomed to. We were visited occasionally by small squads of Indians, which was of great annoyance to us, but we endeavored to get along with them the best we could. We succeeded in getting up two cabins and had begun another by the 1st of November. We found our rations would run short, and it was agreed upon that I and Alexander Robertson should stay out here, while the other two took the team and went back to the settlement.

On the day of starting Robertson concluded to go too. So I was left entirely by myself. During the time we had been out there, one family had moved out and settled about eight miles from us. Thinking this to be a rather lonesome life, I went up and hired a boy about twelve years old to stay with me. Sanderson and Robertson got back about the 15th of November. We then sent in after another load, Robertson staying

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with me this time. We went up the creek to Mr. Whitman's, about eight miles, to get some farming tools.

*Troubles with Indians*

We returned late in the evening and, to our utter surprise and astonishment, we found the whole valley around our shanty covered with Indian wigwams. We went to work getting something to eat, when up rides an old Indian as hard as he could. He came as though he was going to ride over everything in front of him. I was somewhat confused at this strange conduct. He hailed me, and I approached him very friendly. I soon found him to be an Indian of more intellect than those I had been visited by before. I had formed a resolution not to let any of them in my cabin, as they were so bad about begging and stealing, but thinking this Indian to be a chief, I thought it best to treat him kindly. I therefore invited him to go into my cabin. He very readily consented. He took his seat as though he was some noble lord. He pulled from his blanket a smoking (coleano) bag, charged his huge old pipe, smoked a few whiffs, and asked me to smoke with him, which was done by placing the stem in my mouth and yet holding to the pipe. After smoking a short while, he withdrew the pipe, exclaiming, "Sikestocker wity goot," meaning that I was friendly with him. Supper was prepared and I asked him to eat with me—he did so without any urgent solicitations. After we had eaten we smoked the pipe of peace again.

*Friendly Ninapuckas*

I and Robertson being entirely alone with no white man living within eight miles of us, we concluded that we had to be

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entirely submissive. This old Indian in a very friendly manner invited us to go to his wigwam with him. He had told us his name. It was "Ninapuckas." He was not a chief but a subordinate officer among his tribe. He belonged to the Pawnee tribe, which infested that whole country. We went to his wigwam and were introduced to the many gazing and sly Indian looks of the smaller tribe, of a thousand and one paposes that were strewn all over the wigwam, by old Ninapuckas exclaiming, "Woo Sikestocker" (meaning a white man has come), to which everyone in the wigwam responded in a jabber more resembling geese in a millpond than human beings. I felt very much embarrassed but was very kindly treated and often asked to smoke (the only thing among their enjoyment that I could partake of with any satisfaction). About ten o'clock at night a large amount of parched corn, boiled with buffalo meat, was set out before us four: Robertson, Ninapuckas, his old friend Kitkahaugh, and myself. We ate of that and then some baked squash, which was very good, handed out by a filthy old squaw. Then some coffee, made as sweet as sugar could make it. Our supper was completed. Ninapuckas presented the pipe of peace again.

*Frontier Settlement*

We took a good round of smoking the "kenekanick." I never was treated more kindly. Everything that could be done by the savages for our comfort was done, which seemed to afford them great pleasure. They made me many presents. Among them was an excellent pair of moccasins, made by one of Ninapuckas' squaws, and "kenekanick," which was pre-

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pared by themselves. It is composed of a small quantity of tobacco mixed with the red leaves from the common sumac, which is very easily obtained. The leaves are parched a little and a small quantity of buffalo tallow is added while parching. It makes a very good article for smoking. The Indians inhale the smoke in their lungs after receiving a mouth full, which they discharge through their nose. A very irregular way of smoking indeed! The squaws prepare the smoking material, which they carry in small smoke bags which are often made from skunk or polecat skins, dressed with the hair on, the full size and shape of the varmint. Sometimes they are made of that part of the male deer or buffalo most resembling the name of the instrument itself, which is often decorated very nicely with beads, red ribbons, etc.

About twelve o'clock the same night, after the luxuries of these savages had been served up with some degree of reluctance, in many instances, on our part, we returned to our cabin accompanied by Ninapuckas, Kitkahaugh, and two of the squaws. I thought this rather strange visiting. I struck a light. We were assured by these Indians that they would not steal anything. I felt much more composed, for I had really felt uneasy about what provisions I had on hand. I was really afraid they would take what I had by main force, but they would often say, "Cockee steal," meaning they would not steal.

These four Indians had managed to get two large squashes, as large as a good-sized pumpkin, to my shanty without me knowing anything about it. They wanted to trade them for some dried fruit I had, and with some difficulty to understand them, the swap was effected.

They then all returned except Ninapuckas, who seemed to

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feel somewhat uneasy as to Robertson's and my safety. He offered his services to stay all night. We lay down and slept after he had told us the best he could that if any of the Pawnees came there that night he would make them go off and would not suffer us to be molested.

Early the next morning before daylight a knocking at the door was begun by other Indians. We hurried up breakfast, only admitting two or three. After we had eaten, Ninapuckas insisted upon us going to his wigwam again with him, which was about one quarter of a mile. We locked the door and went off with him. We did not remain very long.

When we got back to our cabin, we found at least fifty Indian warriors assembled around our prairie cottage. All were well armed with guns and bows and arrows. I felt very much confused but hid my embarrassment as best I could. When we opened the door to go in, not less than twenty expected to enter at the same time. We resisted them as much as possible. We were cautioned by our old friend Ninapuckas not to let any of them come in.

One of them told us that his name was Ninapuckas, to which I responded in Pawnee language, "Cockee Ninapuckas," meaning that he was telling me a lie, I thinking that he wanted to pass off as my old friendly Indian. This remark made him very mad. He made a rush at the door, it being fastened and I and Robertson in the house. He was about breaking the door down, when I went out, using some very rough language concerning their savage treatment towards me, which some of them understood, as some do understand the English language to some extent.

They all ran from the door and around behind the cabin, some one way and some the other. I thought that I would

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make a bold stand and by that means might get rid of them easier. I ran around the north end of the cabin and immediately whirled to the south end with a stick in my hand, when I was met by at least a dozen guns, already cocked and primed, and as many bows and spikes already from the quiver. I halted, of course, to consider what would be best for me to do. I thought my fate was sealed. I knew that any further resistance was useless and that I was entirely at the savage mercy of these brute-like creatures.

I had but a short time to decide what to do, for this old imposter of an Indian came rushing right on me, followed by the gang of least fifty Indian warriors. His arrow or spike was thrust at me, and he often shook it in my face, while the others pointed their guns and spikes toward me as if in the very act of shooting. I saw plainly that they were not jesting, for I knew that they had become very much excited. Consequently, I surrendered or, rather, backed out.

I tried to talk to him and tell him that Ninapuckas was at his wigwam and to let me go after him. When I would make a start he would dash before me and make me go back, slapping me in the face very abruptly indeed. He would shove me toward the door of my cabin, as if he wanted me to open it and let them inside. I was determined not to do this, let the consequences be as they would.

During this time Robertson remained in the cabin to keep the door closed. He often would say, "Be not alarmed, I will die by you," "Knock him down," "I would not take that," etc. I told him to remain in the house, for I knew if he came out a fight would take place that would end in the death of us both. I suffered these tortures for at least one hour, they appearing to grow more angry every minute. I felt very unhappy

indeed. I knew it entirely useless to show any resistance.

*Disturbances, Ninapuckas*

My patience was almost exhausted with their conduct. I yet preserved my coolness. By this time a great many, learning what was up, came to the cabin, as their wigwams were close by. The alarm spread through their encampment, at last reaching my old friend Ninapuckas, whose wigwam was just across the creek. I had often looked for this Indian friend and prayed in my heart that he would come to my rescue. At last I saw him standing on the opposite bank of the stream. He was standing there and seemed to be meditating whether to come up or not. I soon beckoned to him to come to me. This the old imposter and his gang tried to prevent me from doing. But he saw my condition and rushed to give me the assistance long sought for.

They saw him coming and began to leave, scattering in all directions. By the time he got up, there were not more than a half dozen remaining around the house. The ringleader, outrageous old whelp, left about the first one. I felt very much relieved indeed. When Ninapuckas came, he sat down on the doorsteps without speaking to me. A long jabbering conversation took place then between Ninapuckas and the remaining Indians. I could understand a great portion of the conversation as they gestured, so I could keep the run of the subject. They were repeating to him all that had occurred. After they had finished, old Ninapuckas turned toward me and remarked, "Pawnee no goot," which gave me to understand that he did not approve of their conduct toward me.

The old chief Chowee came up and began a chat at me, which seemed to indicate that he thought me to be intruding

on the land belonging to his tribe. I gave him to understand that, if the government did not pay him for his land, I would leave then in the spring. This was satisfactory to him, and he presented the pipe of peace, which we smoked. Then Ninapuckas took me around the house and by signs and gestures told me to treat the chief kindly, asking him into my house and giving him something to eat, etc. I did so. We then fixed up a small meal, for our provisions, I found, would run short in the way of dried stuffs. Ninapuckas stayed with us all that evening and that night.

They remained here in camp for one week. We remained friendly always after this, no other maltreatment or depredations being committed by them during their stay. I found some pastime in hunting with Ninapuckas and his old friend Kitkahaugh. He often assured me that the Pawnees would not do us any more harm if I would treat the chiefs well and not let the common Indians come into my cabin.

On the morning they left, the old chief Chowee, or Chowwee, came soon to take breakfast with me, which I did not take as a compliment, but he certainly took it for one. He was very much confused. He said his pony was sick and one of his squaws was sick. He wanted me to take care of his pony until spring, when he would come back and pay me by giving me a buffalo robe, etc. I agreed to feed it and do the best I could with it. His band came by the cabin and he left his pony, a fine saddle, and some other things that were burdensome to him. He also, to be very friendly, showed me his youngest "papoose," which his squaw had just given birth to the night before. The old squaw was sitting on a pony wrapped in buffalo robes and blankets. She took from her arms a fine looking infant, except for the red color of its skin. It was tied up to a board, fast and tight.

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They slowly crept out of sight over the vast prairies. It afforded me no small amount of pleasure to see the last one leave. Yet I would have done anything in the world I could for my two old friends. These Indians were going out on the large prairie plains to hunt buffalo, deer, and elk during the winter. Their chief place of rindisvow was about thirty miles from where my cabin stood, and they passed by here in order to get salt, which they very easily obtained from the salt springs and basins. On the day after they left, a small squad came by. I and Robertson could manage these, so we retaliated to some extent, which we never failed to do afterwards when we were not overpowered by numbers.

## CHAPTER 7

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*Pawnees, and Their Mode of Living*

IT may afford you some satisfaction for me to give you a brief history of this tribe of Indians, as I was more directly concerned with them than with any other nation of Indians.

In the first place, they are very ignorant, filthy, lazy, unkind in many respects, or rather with some exceptions, and very ungenerous. They are also very vulgar and dress very vulgarly. The government had employed an agent or instructor, some years previous, who had succeeded in getting a few so they could read, write, and speak English to a limited extent. I could talk with one of these with some pleasure.

They will not kill the wolf because they say he hunts for his living like they do. In dressing their buffalo or venison they cut the fleshy parts into large thin pieces, lay it in the hot sun or hold it around the fire until it becomes gluey, and then stick these pieces together. The squaws get on it with their feet, their moccasins on, and stomp the pieces together. Then it

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is dried thoroughly, and it is ready for use. They get their support chiefly by hunting. The men go out and kill a buffalo or deer, then return immediately to camp and send their squaws out after the prize, which they dress in the manner just described. They get the sinews from the animal, which are used as sewing material in making moccasins, etc. The squaws dress the hides of these animals very nicely indeed, which they take great pains in doing.

*Pawnees*

They make their tents or wigwams, such as they use when on their hunting expeditions, of dressed deer or elk hides, which they carry with them. They are fixed up by setting long slender poles in a circle, often covering an area of one hundred feet and large enough to accommodate from thirty to forty of these savages. They roll up the hides, which are neatly sewed together, and place them upon their ponies, tying the long poles by the side of the pony, one end dragging the ground. These wigwams or tents are very comfortable in winter, being airtight. A small fire is built in the center, the smoke ascending the hole made for the purpose at the top of the wigwam. The ground then is covered with grass mattresses, ingeniously put together. There is a small opening in the side which is shut by a fall or trap door.

Their villages are laid out in regular, city-like order. Their wigwams are made of brush and dirt, the shape resembling that of a large coal pit, which is very comfortable. The squaws make some corn and raise some vegetables. They herd their ponies in summer and cut young cottonwood for them to browse upon in winter, which they gnaw as long as they can

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get any bark or buds, with a small quantity of corn. They are very much inclined to be at war with other tribes of Indians.

*Pawnees, Their Mode of Warfare*

*Steal Ponies, etc.*

Their mode of war is this: A party of twenty or thirty, sometimes less, agree to go out together. They go well armed with bows and spikes or arrows, sometimes a gun. They get near a village or camp of the nation of Indians with whom they are at war. They dash around a herd of ponies, which are always watched very closely while feeding on the prairies, and jumping upon one of these animals, they ride off with great speed. The whole herd of ponies are most sure to follow, being trained in that way. While they are thus getting in the rear and getting their prizes, very sharp skirmishes take place, often resulting in the death of the contending parties. Very often the attacking party comes out minus, suffering very much and running a narrow risk. They take no prisoners; if they do not escape it is death. They leave a portion of the hair long on their heads from infancy (males), which is the scalp. It is taken from everyone killed in these engagements. The shape of the scalp is different according to the nation to which they belong, some round on the top of the head, others oblong, etc. They prize these scalps very highly, often hanging them to a long pole in the air. While the wind blows the long hair on the scalps, they sing and dance the war song around them, which seems to afford them much pleasure.

They are not restricted in marrying. An Indian man often marries as high as eight or twelve squaws. They obtain the consent of the chief of the band of Indians to which the

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applicant belongs, and not the parents. Upon giving the required sum, which is five ponies taken from the enemy as stated in the other chapter, the applicant receives the permission to add another wife or squaw to his already long list. He returns to the wigwam and tells the news, and upon a set day quite a jolly time ensues.

The Pawnee Tribe is divided into five different bands: the New York, the Skuely, Chowee, Kitkahough and (the other I disremember at present). Each band has a chief and the subordinate officers. They seldom dress like our people. Very often they are painted with red paint or clay mud, etc. They seldom wash their faces or hands and never wash their clothing. They are fond of amusements like the hunting, but dislike work or anything resembling labor. An Indian is perfectly happy when he has plenty to eat or has just finished a good meal. They are very fond of spirits but always one of a company keeps sober. There are some that will do to depend upon as friends and will do just what they promise. These cases are very few according to my experience. I will now return to my subject.

## CHAPTER 8

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### *Our Comrades Return*

THE return of our comrades afforded us great satisfaction. We went to work, everything moving in excellent order. The last of November the winter begin to set in very severe. The weather was cold and there was not much prospect of getting to work out at our houses. We concluded that it would be best for one to go into the settlement to get one more load of provisions and then send our cattle in, to be wintered where we could get plenty of grain.

On the 1st day of December all of my comrades concluded to go and make their arrangements to stay the balance of the winter after they returned. I was again left by myself. I went the same day to get Mr. Whitman's little son to stay with me. On the 2nd day of the month the winter set in for good. I never saw such snowstorms in my life. It stormed three days in succession. On the 5th it moderated, and Mr. Whitman's son wanted to go home, notwithstanding the snow was very

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deep and awful cold. I went home with him. I had to carry the poor little boy at least one-third of the way (a distance of eight miles) on my back.

I returned the same day by my lone self. I killed a fine turkey on my return and some other small fowls. I was looking for my comrades to return in a few days, so I thought I could stay by myself until they arrived. I had plenty of good wood and plenty to eat but no company for pastime except a large yellow dog, an M. S. musket, a rifle, plenty of ammunition, and a few good novels. The winter was severe and the snow very deep, and about every third day there was a severe snow-storm lasting about two or three days.

The winters are severe in this country. When I could get out, I found plenty of pastime in hunting. I could kill a deer or turkey whenever I wanted to. I would like to tell you how my old yellow dog, "Watch," chased the old buck that I crippled; how I shot that one through; how I had that gang hemmed in on the ice in the creek or in the bend of the creek with no chance for them to escape except running right out by me; etc., etc. I had fun very often after killing my deer trying to get them hung up in a tree to keep the wolves from getting them until I could go to the fire and warm myself to keep from freezing.

I had my dog well trained to hunt. When I started a-hunting, I would tie him with a small rope and lead him until I got a shot or got very close to a gang of deer. If I wanted to see a race before shooting, I would turn him loose. Oh, how he would make the snow fly! There he goes out of sight in a hollow. Here he comes over the ridge getting closer. The deer has changed and is coming back to the creek. I will stand here; they may come back. Yes, here they come. He has got the gang scattered. I see the deer. It is a fine buck. Here he

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comes with his mouth wide open right towards me. I will see "Watch" grab him. No, I will shoot the deer. Bang! goes my rifle and down goes a noble deer, perhaps within two hundred yards of where I first started him. I run up to him and cut his throat. What a fine piece of venison! After dragging him on the snow, I gut him and hang him up to a tree, or if not too cold or too tired of hunting, drag him to my cabin. I most commonly dressed the deer in such a manner as to have the hams ready to dry, and would keep the "fore parts" for Watch.

I found some good pastime in hunting turkeys. I hardly ever failed to have two or three good turkeys hanging around my fireplace drying, preparing for a broil or fry. I always shared a liberal portion of my venison with Watch for his kindness to me. He never failed to tell me when an Indian was coming. He hated an Indian as I did. He hardly ever failed to catch a deer when the snow was on the ground. He would lie on my coat or near my axe and allow no one to take it, unless one of my comrades or myself. He slept in my cabin, while my pork and venison hams lay piled up in one corner of my cabin, and would never take one mouthful unless it was given to him. I could tell when he got hungry by his friendly actions and barking at me.

Watch most commonly slept by himself unless the weather was extremely cold. Then, when I lay down, he would come and whine around my bed. I would fix him a place near my feet, and after turning around about three times, he would drop himself down. I found this to be to my advantage, as my feet were apt to get cold unless Watch lay on them. Watch would sleep until breakfast. When I sat down to eat, he would be very apt to be nearby to see me finish, when he knew his turn came next. Then we were both ready for a hunt again.

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I spent my time in this way of living from the 5th of December to the 22nd day. I was afraid to leave my shanty for fear the Indians would come and sack my cabin. I was also looking most every day for my partners to return, and I did not wish to be absent when they did return. Besides, I thought I had as good a pastime as if I was among my distant neighbors, crowding their fireside, etc. I had plenty to eat and good comfortable winter clothing.

I had some fears of being attacked by the immensely large gangs of wolves that often assembled around my house of nights. I would often try to get a shot at them but they were too sly. They do sometimes attack a man when they are very hungry. They were of great annoyance to Watch, but I would not let him go out when they came in gangs for fear they would overpower and kill him. Watch could catch a prairie wolf and kill him, but a large black wolf he could do nothing with, as they could outrun him when they would try. If they turned on him for a fight, Watch would have to give over, as their mode of fighting did not suit him. They do their fighting by "snapping" all the time. They often kill deer and elk in the winter.

*Return of Comrades. Sanderson Goes Back  
I & Robertson Remain*

My comrades' return relieved me very much. They brought out a good load of provisions and some vegetables. A good box of eatables was sent out by my friends and a small quantity of brandy, which flavored the rest. I was all right for my Christmas holidays. All that was lacking was a larger crowd. I fixed up a good breakfast Christmas morning and took it

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for my task to kill one deer per day for one week. There were only three of us at this time together. The other one failed to come back.

The weather was very cold. We could do no work, and we did not have enough grain to feed our stock as we desired to. We concluded to send them to the settlement and hire the feed for them the balance of the winter.

My partner, J. S. Sanderson, seemed to be very anxious to go on this trip, as he was expecting to marry in the spring. The arrangements were made for him to start on the 1st day of January, 1857. Robertson and I were to stay and take care of the cabin and do what work we could, but we did not aim to do much work, for we aimed to hunt, as he had got him a new gun and a good gray hound dog. Sanderson had to go back by himself and do his hauling in a large oxen sled, the snow being too deep to use a wagon.

So ends this year's adventures. I will commence the next (1857) in a few days.

*Hunting & Working  
The Life of a Frontier*

I and Robertson being left now alone, we spent two months in hunting, reading, and doing a small amount of work, such as finishing up the jobs already commenced. Many a round of hunting we took after the deer, elk, turkeys, and trapping some for the beavers and otters. The deer and turkeys began to get thin in order, and it was not much of a treat to kill one. Since we had killed so many, we stopped this sport for this season. With plenty of venison hams hanging in our log cabin, plenty of tobacco to smoke and novels to read, we

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passed our time very pleasantly in reading and cooking when the weather was too severe to work out.

On the last of February I heard from my partner Sanderson. He had gone to the settlement, hired our cattle wintered, and put up at a hotel to board. He was fast spending what money we had so hard labored for, instead of going to work hauling when the weather would admit, as he had promised to do. He had bought more cattle and was fast running us into debt. I heard of his extravagance and concluded to go to the settlement and make different arrangements. I got a young man to stay with Robertson until I returned. I started to the settlement on the 26th of February, 1857. It was a long way to walk. I had to walk thirty-five miles the first day or lie out on the prairies. The snow was very deep and the weather cold.

*Weather Cold. Close Copartnership with Sanderson*

No road broke through the snow, the snow filling up all signs of the trail that our wagons had made the fall before. I took my course starting soon. When I reached the house on the way where I intended to remain overnight, I was most exhausted. I got a gentleman to assist me to the little town on the river the next day and took the stage then for Glenwood, Iowa, where my partner had put up his boarding.

I inquired into our affairs. I found he was very extravagant in spending what money we had made and had made some very bad trades. I disliked this very much, and it was with some difficulty that I could get him to a settlement. I proposed to buy him out or sell to him. It was finally agreed upon that I should buy him out, take the responsibility of paying certain

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debts he had contracted, and take the stock and outfit on hand. I then sold what stock I thought I could get along without, keeping four yoke of cattle to break prairie the coming summer. I settled all I had agreed to and made my arrangements to return to my friend Robertson in the frontier settlement.

*Early Settlers Run Off by the Indians*

I got out a few miles when, to my astonishment, I met all the settlers on Salt Creek coming in, very much alarmed indeed. The Indians had returned from their hunting expedition, and an old chief's son giving a Mr. Davis an insult, Davis deliberately took down his gun and shot the Indian dead. This made them mad, and they began to vent their spleen on the rest of the early settlers, which of course they were not able to resist. Consequently, the settlers had to get to the settlement as soon as they could. This occurred about the 20th of March.

Everything I had, I had left in charge of Mr. Robertson, but he, getting tired of housekeeping while I was gone, the young man having left him, had removed some of my outfit, stove, bedding, etc., to Mr. Whitman's. After the settlers had left, the Indians searched every house, breaking up stoves, cutting up bedclothing, killing stock, etc., and destroying almost everything they saw. I returned and made arrangements to go out with a company of citizens who were going out to quell the disturbance. Before we got out there, the agent had heard of the disturbances and had gone out to see the amount of damages, etc. He told us that we might all go back, as we would not be molested any more.

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*My Return from the Post of Trade  
My Stock Run Off & Chased by the Indians*

On the 30th day of March I and Robertson and D. Shepherd returned to our cabins. I found that everything had been destroyed by the Indians except my stove and a few tools. I had purchased another outfit, expecting they had totally destroyed everything. There were a good many encamped around my cabin. All arrangements were made for us to go to work. The weather was quite favorable at that time.

We cut logs one day and on the next were aiming to get them together. We had an early breakfast, and when we went to the ox shed we found that our cattle were gone. I found that the Indians had got after them during the night before by their tracks in the snow. The cattle, being very much afraid of the Indians, had broken out of the pen and left. I trailed them for about five miles. They had been very rapidly chased by the Indians.

I returned to my cabin by way of Mr. Whitman's and got him to send after my outfit and take care of them, while I went after my cattle that had been chased off or to get others at the settlement. I again had to walk to the river through the snow, as the winter had not entirely broken up yet. I could not hear anything of my stray stock. I then bought two more yoke and was ready to return, when I was taken sick, too feeble to return. I was confined about ten days.

When I was able to get out, I got to Plattsmouth and found that the Indians had again threatened the settlers and run them all off. Another company was formed to go out to quell the disturbances. We got about halfway to the house I had

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been stopping at as I passed to and from the frontier settlement. The company stopped for reinforcements. They concluded, however, before the reinforcements got there, that the Indians had left and there was no use of going any further. While we were here, I heard of some stray cattle, about twenty-five miles from here. The descriptions answered that of mine that the Indians had run off, but I had long since given out the idea of ever getting them again. I had come to the conclusion that they were either killed or had perished.

When the company broke up, I was in the direction of where my stock was said to be. I traveled all day with a few biscuits in my pockets. Night came, and I was not in sight of any house nor had any prospects of getting to one that night. The weather was not freezing now. The snow had melted some. I was very much fatigued indeed. For about one hour in the night I lay down, after wrapping up in my blanket, and took a good nap of sleep. I woke up, and being somewhat chilly, I concluded that I would resume my lonesome journey. I traveled a few miles when, much to my delight, I saw a light in the distance. I walked a good while before reaching the place. When I did make the desired place, I found that it was only a campfire and there was no chance of getting any accommodation. I went down the stream about one mile and succeeded in getting into a house for the remaining portion of the night.

The next day I found my cattle about ten miles from where I had stayed the night before. They were in the fork of a creek, without anything to eat. I got over to them. One of them had died and the other three could hardly walk they were so weak. I divided my biscuits with them, which they ate as a hungry boy would. With some difficulty I got them across the swollen stream. I returned to the neighborhood of

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Plattsmouth and there went to work getting my stock together again.

*Meet My Unfaithful Partner, Who Steals "Watch"  
Sickness Prevents My Return*

I reached Glenwood on the 25th of April. While there I met up with my old partner, Sanderson, who had done me no good, but I found I was bound to pay about two hundred dollars of his debts contracted while we were in copartnership. I was very much vexed at him. He had married a worthless woman, an almost abandoned prostitute. To add to my vexation yet more, he had managed to steal my dog while I was absent attending to my business. I never succeeded in getting him any more.

While I was very busily making my arrangements to return to the frontier settlement, I took the measles. I was confined about two weeks. When I was completely recovered, being very much disheartened, I concluded to sell all of my stock and pay all that I was owing or bound for by my unkind partner.

I paid all my debts and had two yoke of cattle and a wagon left and about two hundred dollars coming to me from the company I was employed by. I concluded not to stay at Salt City any more at this time but to go to work on a claim I had taken, about ten miles nearer than the salt springs. I hired Taft to go with me, or we were to work for each other, and he would pay me extra for the use of my team. We went out together. The Indians had done but little damage to us this time, as they had not visited my shanty on my claim where some of my things had been left.

## CHAPTER 9

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*A New Partner. Exploring & Cultivating Farms*

THIS young man, A. B. Taft, was from Ohio and one of the best young men I ever saw. We got out to my claim on a small tributary of Salt Creek, called Norman's Creek in honor of myself, about the first days of June. We went to work plowing up prairie land on my pre-emption right. After getting about twenty acres planted, we went to his "claim," put up a good cabin, and explored the country for stone coal [?] awhile. We returned to the settlement to spend the 4th of July, which was to be celebrated to a great extent at Glenwood. We had an invitation to attend a large party to be given on the occasion.

We were not troubled with the Indians this trip; in fact, they hardly ever visited the country where my land lay, for they passed most frequently by the salt springs. We passed off a few days very pleasantly with our friends during the 4th of July and a few days afterwards.

The company had hired five men to go out and take our

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places at the salt springs. They got frightened at a few Indians during the time we were in at the July festivals and came running in and would not go back any more. We, I and Taft, held a council and agreed to go back in their places if the company would give us our price and let us select three others to go with us, which the company agreed to do.

*Contracts Again with Salt Company  
Returns to the Salt Creek Country Again*

I was again on a trip to the salt springs. The necessary arrangements were made to stay about two months. I and Taft were to board ourselves and furnish a team to do the hauling. I was to receive fifty-five dollars per month, and Taft, forty-five. I furnished the team. I and Taft went into copartnership in boarding. We had to board the other three work hands, for which the company was to pay us sixteen dollars per month for each work hand and allow us time to haul our provisions from the settlement.

We started on the 15th day of July: Taft, J. E. Hoon, Wise, my old friend Robertson, and myself—a select crowd. The weather was very warm and sweltry. I had two yoke of splendid cattle which had cost me two hundred and twenty-five dollars the winter before. We were to go to manufacturing salt. We put up several salt kettles or boilers. We got along very well. We had taken up lodgings in my same old cabin, in which I had spent the winter before. We, of course, had to hunt some and look after our small crops.

The Indians did not molest us to any extent. Several small war parties came by but were very friendly. During this trip I had the pleasure of meeting my old Indian friend Ninapuckas

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for the first time since we had parted the spring before. I was glad to see him. The Indians called me "chief," because I had control of my party. I, however, got them in the habit of calling me Billie. They would say, "Habillie, sikistocker wiety goot," meaning, "White man Billie, mighty good." I made many good friends among the tribe. After this no other deprivations were committed by them.

*Return to the Settlement  
Arrangements on Food for the Winter*

We had been out two months when I returned to the settlement again for a load of provisions, taking in a fine load of salt. I made a settlement with our employers and found that we had made about seventy dollars per month, clear of expenses. They raised my wages to sixty dollars per month. I got a full load of provisions and returned to my comrades.

We remained two months again, and I made another trip to the settlement to make the arrangements for the winter. Wise went in to stay, so there were only four of us left. We killed a fine elk. This fall, game was very plentiful. Ducks, wild geese, pelicans, etc., were swarming in the little salt lakes.

I made several trips, not in succession, making the arrangements for the approaching winter. The last trip I made was about the middle of December. I made a settlement again with the company. I found that I and Taft had cleared about ninety-five dollars per month. It was with some difficulty that I reached my cabin this trip, as the winter had set in before I reached my cabin on my claim, which was on the road to and from the salt springs. One of my oxen got foundered, and a snowstorm came up the same night. I had to make the trip

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by myself. The snow fell about six inches deep, the ground froze, and it was very cold. I got to my cabin on my claim and had to lay over there three days for my ox to get so he could travel. During this time the weather moderated and the snow melted off during a rain. The streams became very much swollen. I finally succeeded in getting to the springs once more.

I and Taft made a full settlement. He was well pleased with our success. We had put up plenty of good hay for my stock, and the land we had planted the summer before afforded plenty of grain for them, all well stored away and ready for the hard-approaching winter.

Late in the fall one family had moved out to the springs. Mr. Dunevan was my near neighbor. I was well pleased at his coming. I made arrangements for him to live in a house very near by the one I was in and allowed him to winter his stock with mine, I having plenty. His family consisted of his wife and four children and one young man came with him. They were very kind to me, as I was to them.

I and Taft had agreed to stay until the 1st day of March for the company and keep possession. We spent a great deal of time in hunting this winter. We had quite a jolly Christmas. We were invited to Mr. Dunevan's to dinner on Christmas Day. I had made arrangements secretly for a good Christmas dinner for me. The morning after we took dinner at Mr. Dunevan's I wrote him and his family a note requesting them to take dinner with me. They all came. I cooked the dinner myself. Mrs. Dunevan offered her service, but I was desirous to cook and prepare it myself. This is the way I passed my holidays this time.

I was attacked with the fever and ague to some extent during the fall and winter but not severely enough to hinder

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me from my business to any extent. I would have a chill one day, take quinine that night, and go to work the next day. Sometimes it would be two weeks before they would return. I did all the cooking when I was present; when absent, Robertson would cook and was very good to do anything about the house. I also did my own washing during the whole time.

I and Taft sold several pre-emption claims during the term of our copartnership and realized something thereby. Our time of service was about expiring. We sold all of our claims except mine. I, then, divided the timbered land belonging to me with Taft, and we soon had a shanty on his near neighbor's.

There never were two brothers that succeeded in getting along together any better than I and Mr. Taft. When one proposed a plan the other would give up to it without any argument. We had been quite successful in our business transactions. Each of us was willing to share the hardships of the other. In fact, we all got along perfectly peaceably. We were very much attached to each other.

We had explored the whole country around and would often say that we would have this or that to tell to our grandchildren when we were old, etc., etc.

*Thinks of Going Home. Sells Out*

On the 1st day of March, 1858, I and Taft packed up our goods and moved to my cabin on my land about ten miles from the salt springs. I began to think of home now in earnest. I felt it my duty to visit my father once more, but I

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thought it would be a hard matter for me to leave my solitary way of living a bachelor's life. I and all my comrades concluded to go to the settlement and have a final settlement with our employers.

We started about the 10th of March. The winter was about broken up. The company was running short of funds and, not being very well pleased because we would not agree to stay longer, did not pay us all they owed us. I fell short of getting about two hundred and fifty dollars from the company, for which I took their due bill, which I traded off at a large percent discount. I did not care very much for this, for they had been paying me large wages. I had sold out all of my shares and was not interested in anything in the Salt Creek country except my claim. I and Taft stayed about two weeks and returned to our cabins.

During this time the Indians had come in swarms to the salt springs. Mr. Dunevan, thinking his family not safe, bundled up and moved his family into Taft's cabin near mine. I moved out a family, as I went back, who stayed in my cabin. I began to think of home very strongly and thought a chance was open for me to get rid of my property and go home. I and Taft agreed to sell both our claims the first chance we got.

*Arranging Affairs to Go Home  
Leaves the Frontier for Good*

I and Taft agreed to sell our land to these two families at a low price. We completed the trade. I knew I could sell my wagon and cattle every easily. So you can see I had some inducement to think of home stronger. They paid us a portion of the money down and agreed to pay the balance in six

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months. I sold them all of my outfit that they needed and left the balance with them to take charge of until I got back. I and Taft and Mr. Dunevan went to the settlement again to wind up our trade.

I had a good deal of money coming to me and was not very particular in getting it all, as I expected to return in the fall. I found I had about five hundred dollars due me from different individuals. I had enough to do me on my way home, and then there was my wagon and cattle on hand yet. I saw a man from Nebraska City who wanted my stock and wagon. He agreed to pay me two hundred and fifty dollars for them. I thought this the best I could do. I then returned again to my cabin with Mr. Dunevan and Taft after my trunk and such other things as I desired to take home with me. I was to deliver the property on the 20th day of April at Nebraska City. I and Taft then bid a final adieu to the Salt Creek Valley and went to Nebraska City to part with each other at that point.

*At Nebraska City Again. Starts Home  
A Sketch of Journey Home*

It was with great reluctance that I took my leave of my young friend Taft. I delivered the stock I had contracted and received the money. I was at Nebraska City about five days getting ready to start and waiting for a steamboat to come down the river.

After paying all I owed and buying me a good suit of clothing, I found I had on hand the day I started only about four hundred dollars.

I was again attacked here with another severe chill, and it

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was with some difficulty that I got it checked. I made ready. I heard the boat whistle, and off I went to the wharf, after bidding my old friends adieu. The boat raised steam, and off she went at eleven o'clock on Monday, the 26th day of April. I registered my name and had a beautiful room assigned me.

The weather was beautiful. This spring was much earlier than it had been for several years. Down the river the beautiful and magnificent steamer Alozo-Child plowed her way over the rough and muddy waters of the great Missouri River. I began to sum up what a pleasant and happy time I would again have among my old friends in North Carolina. I felt a little stupid from the immense quantity of quinine I had taken a few days previous, which had affected my head very much. After this wore off, I enjoyed myself very well with the passengers. I had a few friends on board, and the time passed pleasantly as we passed the green banks of the river and the many little towns very recently built along the bank.

*On My Journey Home*

We reached St. Louis on the 1st day of May, a distance of eight hundred miles, by way of the river, from Nebraska City. The weather had been beautiful except one day that was very stormy. The winds threatened our boat once very strongly, driving her to the shore and doing her a slight injury. We started out again, got a good headway on, and slam she went against a snag, which caused not a little commotion among the passengers. I remained in St. Louis from Friday until Sunday, the 3rd of May, late in the evening.

I got on board another boat going up the Ohio River to Wheeling, Virginia. Down the beautiful Mississippi River

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to the mouth of the Ohio at Cairo, up the Ohio to Louisville, Kentucky. The boat remained there one day only. Off she went again to Cincinnati, Ohio. This is a very large city. This boat changed loading here, and we had to get on board another boat, which gave me the advantage of visiting the city for two days.

I took a room in the steamer Neptune, bound for Wheeling. I concluded that I had seen as many cities and towns on the river as I desired and took a notion to get off at Moundsville, about fifteen miles below Wheeling. I got off one night about two o'clock and started for Washington City at eight the next morning.

I got on the cars here for my first time. Over the Alleghany Mountains and down the valleys we went, over the roughest country I ever saw in my life. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was a very good road. I enjoyed the trip finely. I had to lay over at the relay house, nine miles from Baltimore, for about six hours. Down the road to the city went I and got to Washington City on the 11th of May, early in the morning, and left the next day, reaching Richmond, Virginia. Here I visited the most interesting portions of the city and was again on my journey homeward. I went by Lynchburg, and then to Wytheville, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. I remained here nearly two days waiting for the stage.

On Saturday, the 15th of May, I got aboard the stage and passed my old schoolroom at Hillsville. I was very cordially received by my old acquaintances, but the thoughts of home were pressing too heavily on my mind to remain any length of time. I got to Mount Airy, North Carolina, on the same night, very much worried with my long and interesting journey.

I remained at Mt. Airy until next morning. I got convey-

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ance to Father's. Of course, I had to pass by and see my good friend Mrs. Thompson. I got home about three o'clock in the evening on the 16th day of May, 1858, very tired and overcome with joy, for I had often thought I would never enjoy the pleasure of seeing my affectionate father any more.

*Reaches North Carolina at Sister's*

I went by my sister's house, who had married while I was gone and was living where Father had lived when I left the country. Father had removed to the old plantation on Little Reedy Fork. What a great change, I thought, had taken place in almost everything during the three years I had been gone.

My sister did not know me at first, for I diligently inquired the way to Mount Airy as though I were an entire stranger. She told me the best she could. At last I became so full of joy I could not hold in any longer. What a happy man I thought I was! Once more I had the pleasure of meeting her on earth. My feelings are more easily imagined than described on this occasion. I remained only a short time here. When inquiring after the health of my father's family, I learned that my stepmother was very ill and had been dangerously sick for some time.

I and sister Mary E., and her husband, J. R. Mays, started to Father's. I met Matthew H. going after the physician for my stepmother, who was much worse than common. I would not have known him if I had not been told who he was. He had grown very much and was almost a man. We hurried on to see our sick mother, for we were fearful she would not live.

We traveled over the same road where I had so often sported and gone to school. The many saplings, marked by

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the whizzing stones I had thrown many years ago, were viewed in silence as I passed nearby. There were too the large oak or pine with the initials of my name cut in them, which my sister would occasionally point to and say, "Billie, I never pass here unless I look at that tree and see your name. Here is the place where you and Meredith T. wrestled, and he threw you in the snow," etc.

At last we were in sight of Father's. What a lonesome time! Everything looked so calm and strange to what it had three years ago. Father was not looking for me, for I had not written anything concerning my coming home. I sent word to Father, after halting by the path leading to the house, for I knew my arriving so unexpectedly would disturb my sick mother. I told Joel, who went to tell him, not to let him know I had come but to tell him that a man was up here who wanted to see him.

When I saw him coming, I could hardly refrain from weeping aloud. He had grown much grayer and looked very much broken. He was weeping in much grief, for Mother was not expected to live. About the time he got within twenty paces of me, I stepped from behind a bunch of bushes, standing in full view of him in the road. I had thought he would not know me, but to my surprise, he very quickly recognized me and, bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed, "Billie, I am so glad to see you again. Why didn't you come sooner?" Oh, how fondly he embraced his long absent son!

*Meeting Father, Brothers & Sisters*

He had given out the idea of ever seeing me any more. I can assure you it did afford him great happiness indeed. I went

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to the house, and after the excitement had somewhat subsided, I asked if my mother was too low to admit me to her room. She had got a little better. Upon inquiring, she was told that I had come. She expressed her desire to see me. When she was cautioned to be very calm, I was soon standing by her bedside. She was very low indeed.

What a happy Sunday evening this was to me! Oh that I had the command of language sufficient to fully describe my feelings when I saw my father, brothers, and sisters all alive once more.

We were all together except L. J., who was teaching school at Rockford. I was wonderfully struck at the great change that had taken place among my brothers and sisters. My younger brother had grown to a man almost. My father was very much broken from the many hardships endured by him. The furrows had marked his cheeks; the grey hairs were numerous on his head. And being much grieved by the feebleness of my stepmother, he was enough to excite the sympathies of the hardest of hearts. I had a long and tedious narrative to tell them of my adventures in the "far west." I had to repeat all I had endured during the whole time I had been gone west.

## CHAPTER 10

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*At Home Again*

**D**URING the time of my absence, I had kept up a large correspondence. I had two regular correspondents at Hillsville, Virginia, one at Patrick Court House, one in Grayson County, Virginia, and several in Surry, North Carolina. I never failed to write to Lacy J. once every two weeks, when I had the opportunity of mailing my letters. I had also written very often to Father. I kept him well posted in everything I was employed in. It is true that I had omitted many things in my correspondence, for I knew it would add much to the trouble of my father to hear of all I had to encounter while in the frontier settlement of Nebraska. It produced much astonishment when I had reached this portion of my life, for they had never dreamed of the dangers I had undergone until I related to them the whole affair. I told them why it was that I had failed to write such to them.

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I brought a great many presents from the western country and a great variety of trophies, such as Indian moccasins, arrows, beads, etc., some pebbles from the Hermitage of General Jackson, and others from the far distant west. I soon found myself in the midst of my old associates. A great many had married, some had died, and a few had followed my example and had gone west to seek after a fortune. I found great pleasure in renewing the old friendship of my friends, after my mother had revived from her illness.

*Remains at Home. Teaches School during the Fall*

After I had remained at home awhile and visited my friends in Grayson, Hillsville, and Patrick Court House, I began to think of making my arrangements to start west again the same fall. I had paid every cent of money I was owing. My expenses on my journey home were large, for I had taken a long trip to get home and had spent a great portion of my money while "flying" around after I got home. I had hardly enough to bear my expenses back to the west.

I finally concluded, through the earnest solicitations of my family and friends, not to return to the west until the spring of 1859. I found I would have to do something to earn some more money; besides, I was not content without some employment. I therefore engaged a school in the neighborhood of my uncle William Norman's for a time of three months. I commenced on the 26th of July to teach again at my old trade.

I became very much attached to the people among the mountains of my native state. I spent my time, while unemployed, very pleasantly indeed. I added to my list of friends quite a large number, and having the pleasure of visiting my

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relatives, I almost forgot the wild and adventurous scenes of the far distant west.

*Forms Acquaintance with Miss Letitia Holyfield*

In September, 1858, Lacy J. was to be married to a Miss Margaret Holyfield, who lived near Rockford, North Carolina. I was selected by him as his "waiter." Being entirely unacquainted with the family and with Miss Letitia Holyfield, whom Margaret had selected as her "waiter," I was invited to visit the family in order to make the necessary acquaintance before the wedding day was to come off. The acquaintance I formed with Mr. Harden Holyfield's family was very agreeable on my part and became quite lasting, as you will see hereafter.

The wedding day at last came off and passed off very agreeably. I returned to my school, which ended on the 16th of October.

I then had almost abandoned the idea of going west any more. I had come to the conclusion to study physic. I went to see Dr. M. Y. Folger at Rockford. I was advised by him and some other friends to read law. I concluded I would not commence either at this time but would teach another school and try to get my mind more composed, for I was in so many notions that I was scarcely fit for anything.

I engaged a school of four months then in the neighborhood of Mr. William Gates, for which I was to receive twenty dollars per month. I spent my holidays this time at Father's, or at least I was there during the holidays, when I met with all my brothers and sisters again around the fireside of my father. This school ended on the 12th day of February, 1859. I had

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a splendid school with quite a number of young girls and men attending school. I had a splendid exhibition. I was very much attached to the children of this settlement, especially to the kind family with whom I was boarding. I made my home at Mr. William Gates'.

During this time the beautiful visions of the wild western countries were looming up before me to such an extent as to most entirely quench the notion of reading law, physic, or doing anything else but taking another trip. During the time I had been teaching, I had often visited Mr. Holyfield's. My brother Lacy J. was going to open a school at Dobson, North Carolina, on the 7th of March. I was making the arrangements to go west again but was not fully persuaded in my mind to go. I was aiming to start the 1st of May. I went to assist Lacy J. in getting his affairs arranged for housekeeping and beginning his school. He very earnestly appealed to me not to go west any more but to stay and assist him in teaching his school and to read law.

I carefully weighed the matter in my mind and finally sat down and wrote to my friends in the west that I was not coming out again and to send me what was coming to me, which they very carefully did not do.

*Declaration of Love to Miss Letitia  
Commences Studying Law*

I studied the matter of reading law over well, and I knew it to be a large undertaking. I knew it required a great deal of talent, which I feared I did not possess. I also knew that it would cost me a good deal of money, which I did not have. I had but a small amount of funds on hand, for after paying

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all I had been owing and assisting my father some, I had none of my earnings up to this time left me.

Here is another important thing that I carefully considered too. I was well aware that even after I should have completed the study of law, it would be a good long time before I could realize any money by the profession. With so many of such discouraging objects looming up before my vision, I almost entirely abandoned the idea of doing anything except buying me a small tract of land and going to farming. I made an effort to purchase a tract of land, in which I failed.

During my visit to Mr. Holyfield's, I became very much attached to Miss Letitia. So much so that I declared my love to her, as she had succeeded in gaining my affections more completely than any lady I had ever seen.

My declarations of love being not very obnoxious to her, I made very free in talking to her on the condition of my mind. I was so wavering, so unsettled in my mind, that she fully saw my condition. Here one of the most unhappy events of my life was about to occur.

*Fickleness of Mind. What Was about to Occur from It*

The fickleness of my mind caused her to waive the subject of us marrying at the present, for a while at least. "What!" thought I, "can I ever be happy if I should lose this great prize that I thought I had come so near obtaining?" I was rendered very unhappy indeed. I thought I was one of the most miserable beings in the world.

I inquired of Miss Letitia on my last visit to see her, as I thought, what was the real cause of waiving the subject of marrying. Here I received one of the greatest lessons I had

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yet had in all my schooling and traveling. She responded very kindly and was very frank and sincere to tell me the real cause. She reminded me of my fickleness in business and the unsettled condition of my mind. "If you wish to make me happy and add anything to your own happiness, you must confine yourself to some useful and honorable business and stick to the choice you make until you are able to realize something thereby. Get your mind well settled and call upon me and then you will hear better news. In the meantime, do not think me unkind to you," etc. This certainly brought me to a sense of reasoning. I knew I was not fit to go west after marrying. I knew I must come to some definite conclusion.

*Commences Reading Law  
& Abandons the Idea of Going West*

With the advantages I thought in my favor, I determined not to go west, and I began to read law and assist Lacy J. in teaching his school. I purchased the necessary law books and on the 1st day of April, 1859, I commenced the study. In a few days I became very much interested in reading. I had rented a good comfortable office of Mr. N. Dobbins at Dobson. I assisted in teaching and studied very closely.

I regretted to some extent that I had spent so much time in waste. I thought I ought to have been more diligent. I was determined to study hard and make up to some extent the lost time. I sought also every opportunity to replace any bad feeling between myself and Miss Letitia. I knew that our love was lasting. I knew what I had to do to replace the confidence she had once reposed in me. I knew I loved her, and I had all reasons to think my affections were returned.

I enjoyed myself quite well with young people. Lacy J. had

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a very good school and everything was prospering very well concerning his school. We gave the necessary assistance to Matthew H. to enable him to go to school this summer. I had given myself over entirely to my studies, becoming fully persuaded that I might make some sort of a lawyer. J. H. Maxwell came and read with me. We were getting along very well. We read under J. E. Reeves, Esqr.

*Reading Law at Dobson*

I had seen Miss Letitia very often and had spent many happy hours in her company. We never alluded to our past engagement, but we had agreed to be friends as long as we lived. I was more than a friend. I was her lover. I had given myself over entirely to her, but on account of past promises, I only acted as a confidential friend. I continued my reading law at Dobson during April and a part of May.

I came to the conclusion to enter Judge R. M. Pearson's Law School at Logtown, near Rockford, North Carolina. My room- and classmate, Mr. Maxwell, did not want to enter the law school, and being very much attached to him, I hesitated for a while to make the start. I was of much assistance to Lacy J. in teaching, as he had a very large school. I also knew it would cost me a great deal more money to enter the law school. I knew that I would have to get credit of Judge Pearson and get someone to board me and give me time to pay them. I felt a great delicacy in asking this great favor of men with whom I was entirely unacquainted. I concluded to make a trial at any rate. I knew I had to do something to get through the course of law quickly and also knew I must make myself worthy of the one I loved so well.

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*Enters Judge Pearson's Law School*

About the 15th of May, I went to Judge Pearson to see if he would let me enter the school and give me time on the office or tuition fee. I visited Mr. Holyfield's family while I was gone, for I had not seen Miss Letitia in several weeks. I went the next day to see the Judge.

I met up with Mr. J. W. Davis, who lived in Rockford, about three miles from the lecture room. He volunteered his services to go with me to see Judge P. to introduce me. I soon was standing with hat in hand before the Judge. I gave him to understand that, if I entered his school, he would have to give me some indulgence, as I was not prepared to pay him the money down. He responded to me in these words: "Mr. Norman, you can come on any time you choose. I will wait with you for the money as long as you desire me to. But I will say this," he added. "You must be diligent; you must improve your time and get all the advantages of the lectures you can." I assured him that I would carefully improve every moment.

The session of the school of lectures was half out. I, with only one month and a half advantage of reading, was much behind the class. I knew I had to study very hard to get through the county court course by the next term of the Supreme Court, which came off in December following. I returned from Judge Pearson's with Mr. Davis and engaged a room and my boarding at Dr. M. Y. Folger's, a very good friend of mine.

I returned the same day to Dobson. I found my friend Maxwell in the notion to enter the law school if I had succeeded in getting in. Lacy J. had his school so arranged that he

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could get along without my assistance until the lectures ended, which would be in six weeks.

I and Maxwell packed up books and clothing, and off we went to Rockford. I read most all the time. I was very much interested in the study. I only took a portion of pastime for recreation. We had to walk about three miles and a half to the lecture room. There were a great many students attending the lectures. I formed acquaintance with them all. I can tell you we were a jolly set of boys, wild as rabbits. I copied a large amount of notes from the Judge's lectures and studied very closely, using every effort to catch up with my class.

The lectures closed the 8th of June. I had received much advantage in this short space of time, had collected a great amount of notes, and had got several very important ideas. I borrowed money of Lacy J. to pay Dr. Folger for my loan and again returned to assist Lacy J. in teaching during the vacation of the lectures.

*A Visit to Mr. Holyfield's. Renewal of Vows*

*A Walk in the Garden*

I will relate to you a short sketch of the final and lasting renewal of the vows between myself and Miss Letitia. I had not paid my respects to Mr. Holyfield's family in visiting them from the time I had first entered the law school until the lectures had closed. Though I had seen Miss Letitia very seldom, I yet entertained the same amount of affection.

I was invited by Mrs. Folger to accompany her on a visit to Mr. Holyfield's on the Sunday after the lectures closed. Said she, "I know you would like to see Miss Letitia." To which I

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responded "yes" with a blush and a countenance that betrayed my heart very plainly.

Early on Sunday morning Mrs. Folger, Mrs. Gray, little Fannie and Mollie Folger, and myself were making all the necessary arrangements for a pleasant visit. I felt somewhat inclined to avoid any conversation concerning Miss Letitia on our way. But Mrs. Folger, being a very lively and interesting lady and a good hand to handle a good joke, saw from my countenance that she had the upper hand of me and would often raise the subject of Miss Letitia's and my friendship. I endeavored to hide my embarrassment as best I could. At last we reached Mr. Holyfield's. We were very cordially received indeed. No pains were spared to render us happy on the part of the family. Everything was arranged in the best order.

*The Visit*

It was one of the most lovely days I ever saw. The cool mountain breezes were impregnated with the perfume of a thousand different flowers of spring. The sun shone gently upon the herbitage and vegetation. The keen whistle of the spring birds filled the ears of every inhabitant as they passed through the beautiful green groves, while the rattling of the waters of the beautiful Yadkin River added much to this lovely and delightful day.

Imagine to yourself that you see a group of young persons sitting on a grassy mound by the roadside, wearied from a long walk taken in the country, that you see them winding their way through the beautiful groves on a lovely spring day, and you have a very good idea of the appearance of the little company on a visit to Mr. Holyfield's, or any other lover when near his much-esteemed sweetheart.

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The usual topics of the day having been fully discussed and a magnificent dinner served up, I was very kindly invited by Miss Matilda and Martha Holyfield to accompany them in a walk through the garden to see the many flowers cultivated by their own tender and delicate hands. Miss Matilda and Martha got their bonnets, handed me my hat, and we started.

Miss Letitia was in the adjoining room when she heard the proposition made to walk through the garden of flowers. I felt myself very fortunate to be honored with the presence of these two young girls. But I hesitated as much as I could in getting ready for the walk, not to give any suspicion or offense to the two young girls who had invited me, but to give Miss Letitia an opportunity to know where we were going. I was much delighted when we descended the doorsteps, and turning my eyes to the room in which Miss Letitia had been sitting, I saw her with her bonnet in her hand ready to accompany us. She immediately joined us. I felt much relieved when I knew she was one of the happy number.

We took a long stroll through the orchard and garden. The little busy bee was busy in sucking the honey from every flower, while the birds were whistling in most every tree in the orchard and grove around.

We had walked a good long time. At last we reached a beautiful little grassy mound in the lower portion of the garden, surrounded by a cool and pleasant shade. We halted to rest awhile. We conversed very freely, as happy as young persons ever need to wish to be. Miss Matilda and Martha wishing to resume the chasing of the butterfly among the flowers of the garden, I and Miss Letitia continued the pleasant conversation, which finally turned on the new occupation I had chosen for my future profession.

The conversation ran in this way. She said she knew I could

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compose my mind, and it would be much to my advantage. I felt very grateful to her for the important lesson she had given me in April. I thanked her for her kindness and wound up remarking, "I shall always do everything I can to make myself worthy of you, for I shall never be happy on earth unless I shall be permitted to share with you my fate of the future." To which she responded, "I always thought you worthy. I have always conferred on you the amount of affection that a lady ought on a gentleman." I saw that she spoke the sentiment of her heart. I also found out that I had done what she very much desired me to: that was, to compose my mind and take up some useful and honorable occupation, and all would be well.

From this day on we never ceased to be kind to each other, no difficulty ever arising. We felt happy in laying our plans for the future. Never were two persons more faithfully attached to each other than we. We were only waiting for me to complete my study of law, when we were to be joined together to be separated only by death alone. I loved her more because I knew she was a Christian and that her pious and religious example would produce a good effect upon my morals.

*After Meeting*

What a source of happiness this happy meeting afforded me! I was completely happy in contemplating the future. The pleasure of renewing the friendship of the one I thought so affectionate and the one I loved so well afforded me a great stimulant in the hard and laborious task which lay before me. Returning the same evening with Mrs. Folger and Mrs. Gray, I retired to my office to reflect upon the manner in which I

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had spent this lovely day. Late in the night I fell asleep with very pleasant imaginations looming up before me. My sleep was also attended with the sweetest of dreams.

I awoke early the next morning, and after dressing myself, I went to take breakfast. Mrs. Folger had taken particular pains the day before to see if she could discover that I was loving Miss Letitia. Being a close observer and good judge of human nature, she was able to discover that quite a token of real friendship was existing and very often turned the conversation on this subject as we were on our way home. When I was seated at breakfast, she began to tease me about Miss Letitia again. She saw very plainly from my blushing, which I could not refrain from, that I was loving Miss Letitia very much. She also congratulated me to a great extent, urging me on, etc.

*Returns to Dobson and Assists L. J. in Teaching*

The day after this pleasant and interesting visit I returned to Dobson, knowing that Lacy stood in great need of my services. Mr. Maxwell had got sick and went home before the lectures fairly closed. On my arrival at Dobson I engaged board at Mr. Richard Martin's and had a very pleasant room assigned me. I diligently employed my time in reading law and assisting Lacy in teaching. I was glad in contemplating upon the future. I was content in loving Miss Letitia and devoted all my time in preparing myself for the profession I had undertaken.

This school ended on the 24th day of July, 1859. We had a very good exhibition, in which I took an active part in representing the character and nature of the wild and savage

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Indians with whom I had so many difficulties only a few years since. I had the pleasure of meeting my intended again here for the first time since the resumption of the intimacy just spoken of.

*Teaches a School at Mr. Gates'*

I had previously engaged to teach a short school in the settlement of Mr. Gates' again during the vacation of the lectures and after Lacy's school ended. On the 26th of July I began my school, boarding again at Mr. Gates'. I taught until the 8th of September. I had to close the school then until New Year's day on account of attending the law school.

I went to Rockford to begin studying on the 9th of September. I put up at Mr. M. York's until I could engage a boarding house. It was with some difficulty that I succeeded. Dr. Folger was willing to do anything for me that he could, but his family was large and, not being very well fixed to take in boarders, as he thought, declined to board us any longer. Through the kindness of Mr. York I finally succeeded in getting in to board at his house. I also engaged board for my friend Maxwell, who was to come down in two weeks. I had to pay eight dollars per month. I was very kindly treated by Mr. York and family. He had a very interesting family, and the pastime I took for rest from my studies was most commonly spent in playing and romping with the girls, but my affections were not there. I had long since given my heart and affections away. I occasionally paid my respects in visiting Mr. Holyfield's.

The advantages I had for studying were great. I improved every moment. I was going to make application to get my license in December. I attended the lectures faithfully. I only

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missed one lecture on account of sickness. Miss Letitia managed, very ingeniously, to hear from me every day during the time I was convalescent by sending to the post office or sending some clothing to me that sister Margaret had been making for me. This cheered me up to a great extent. I duly appreciated her kindness.

## CHAPTER 11

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### *Gets County Court License Trip to Raleigh*

THE close of the session of lectures was near at hand. I began to feel very uneasy about my getting through the course for the county court. I aimed to begin teaching school if I was not successful. I knew that my advantages had not been as good as some others, but the idea of failing bore more heavily upon my mind than anything else.

I concluded one day to ask the Judge what he thought of me going to Raleigh after my county court license. To my surprise he told me he thought me fully competent to go before the Supreme Court. I was satisfied then, for it depended altogether upon his decision whether I got my license or not.

I managed to get money enough to bear my expenses on the trip and to purchase a lot of books necessary for me to read for the superior court course. I had to borrow about fifty dollars for the occasion. I made all the arrangements to go to Raleigh to stand the examination before the Supreme Court by the

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11th of December. I went by Salem, was at a large party, and got to Raleigh on the 13th. There were a good many applicants, fifty at least. We all got licenses but two. I stood my examination on the 14th of December. I was very well pleased with my trip, had enjoyed myself very well, and had purchased a large lot of law books.

### *Pastime, etc. Vacation*

I returned to Rockford by myself, with Mr. J. W. Davis, who assisted me in getting to Salem and was kind enough to meet me there on my return. I had only a few weeks rest then until my school was to commence. I flew around then to some extent. I, of course, visited Miss Letitia, as soon as I returned from Raleigh, to tell her of my success. It appeared to give her much satisfaction to learn that I had achieved the object I had labored for so hard, and she encouraged me to use all my efforts to complete the study.

I went to Father's and remained in the settlement until I had to begin my school. I got to Mr. Gates' on the last day of December, 1859, ready to commence teaching on the 1st day of January, 1860. I had not read any law book, or even looked at one, since I returned from Raleigh. I needed some rest and recreation.

I got what money was due me for teaching the summer before and laid it out only to supply my immediate demands. I was very cautious how I spent my money now, for I began to see and know the importance of saving every cent. Lacy had given me many favors in the way of loaning me money and in any other way he could. He had given Matthew a start towards directing him until he was competent to teach, and he was teaching on the head of Fisher's River. I had paid him a

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visit on the last day of his school, which ended the 23rd of December.

*Reading Law & Teaching School*

On the 1st day of January, 1860, I began my school and at the same time began to read for my superior court license. I studied very hard every hour that I was not engaged during school hours. I read until a late hour of nights and got up very early of mornings to resume my study. I was very much delighted in reading for the superior court license. It is more interesting than the county court course. Blackstone's *Commentaries* were the principal books I was reading.

I taught school until the 12th of February. I closed on account of the scarcity of funds in the hands of the county superintendent. I was receiving twenty dollars per month for teaching, which had been my price since I had returned from the west. I went to Dobson on the 13th to attend the first court since I had obtained my license. I was sworn in as attorney at law on the 14th of February, 1860.

I can tell you, I felt very much embarrassed the first time I appeared before the court and jury to take charge of my first case. I got several uninteresting criminal cases, for which I received a small sum of money in each case. In fact, I thought my prospects rather flattering, for I had succeeded in getting more cases during this court week than I had expected to get during the first year's practice.

*Commences Practice of Law*

My success upon my first appearance at the bar gave me great encouragement indeed. The court broke up, and I went

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to see about my getting in to board again at Mr. York's. The lectures were to commence the last Wednesday in March. I went to see Miss Letitia. I informed her that I had come down to see about getting board, but I thought we could do better if we were to marry and go to housekeeping, as the amount of money I was paying out for my board would more than support us both. We carefully talked the matter over but did not come to any definite conclusion as to whether we should marry soon or not, but I was to return in a few days to inform her of my success in getting in to board.

I visited Mr. York's and found he had declined to take in any more boarders. I did not care a great deal, for I thought that I had better arrangements on hand. However, I felt very grateful to Mr. York, for he had been very kind to me and was giving me indulgence on what I owed him for my past board.

I visited the different boarding houses around and had a very jolly time with the law students who had remained in the settlement during the vacation. I found out that Mr. Maxwell was going to marry and that we very likely would have to separate our board anyhow, so I came to the conclusion to return and tell Miss Letitia my mind.

## CHAPTER 12

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### *Marries & Continues Reading*

I WENT to see Miss Letitia to tell her of the final conclusion of my mind. I returned with a view to make the arrangements to marry at an early day and go to housekeeping before the lectures began. Upon revealing to her my mind in full, she fully agreed it would be for the best and much to our own personal interest. She had during this time talked of us marrying freely to her mother, who regretted very much to part with her, but she gave way to good sound reasoning and consented to our marriage. The day to celebrate our marriage festival was set. It was on the 22nd day of March. I returned then to Dobson and went to see my father to tell him of the wedding, when the day was set, etc.

I had never ceased to love my intended. What an immense amount of happiness it afforded me to meet her and to talk of our affairs ahead! She was not one of those wild sort of girls but very considerate and determined when her mind was fully made up to accomplish an object.

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I am all right now, thought I. I shall soon realize my expectations. I procured a horse and buggy for the occasion and put everything in readiness. I was again on a visit to see Miss Letitia, which I knew would be one of the happiest meetings we had ever enjoyed. The hour approached for me to start.

### *The Wedding Day*

Shall I give you a short history of this happy meeting? Yes! I cannot pass over in silence this important part of the history of my life. Am I tedious in my narrative? I hope not.

I have connected the name of Miss Letitia, introducing a new character, repeating a great many things that occurred that may not prove interesting to you, but I can assure you it affords me a great pleasure to write these things and to meditate upon them while confined in prison, so far from you all. I find great pastime in this daily relating of my past life, for the prospects of the future are dark and gloomy indeed.

I was very busily engaged on the morning of the 22nd day of March. We had chosen D. M. Cooper, Esq., to officiate in performing the marriage ceremony. A few only of the nearest neighbors and the near relatives were invited. How light my heart felt as I drove in sight of the house, down the road through the lane!

I was invited into the house, accompanied by D. M. Cooper, Esq., and many others who had been invited on the occasion. My embarrassment was much greater than it was when I made my first speech before the court and jury, when I went to the bar. All my energies were called forth to hide my embarrassment. I succeeded to some extent. I remained a short time in the room where first invited. The hour was announced

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by Byrd Holyfield, who had been selected as conductor of the arrangements for the ceremony.

#### *The Reception*

I was conducted up the stairway to meet for the last time my devoted Miss Letitia, for in a short time I was to be much honored in clasping the hand of a young and affectionate wife. Imagine to yourself that you see me stepping tremblingly up the stairway; my looks when I saw before me, standing, a lady dressed in white, whose cheeks were as red as the rose and whose eyes sparkled with love and beauty—the hand of eternal friendship extended to receive mine; and you may be enabled to see and know how I felt on such a meeting, better than I am able to describe it to you.

In a few moments Cooper sent us word that he was waiting for me to return down to the room where he was. I did not return by myself, for I had engaged a lasting partner. The ceremony was repeated, and we then received the many blessings of our friends and relatives. All were ready to shake our hands, wishing us much "joy," a "happy life," etc. Supper was soon announced. I was asked by my new father-in-law to take a little refreshment, which he never failed to have on such occasions. I found myself seated at the head of the table by Mrs. Norman to take our first meal, the table having been very handsomely furnished by the kind parents of my young wife. My embarrassment was not so great now.

#### *Day after Marrying*

A small company of our relatives were invited to accompany us to my father's on the next day. We all started early

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in the morning, passed by Dobson, and were there joined by Lacy and Margaret. We reached Father's late in the evening. I had the pleasure of meeting again all of my brothers and sisters, the second time we had all been together since long before I had gone west. I thought myself a "child of fortune" to be thus so fortunate as to meet them all again and to be honored by introducing to them Mrs. Letitia Norman.

We were a family among the happiest. I passed my time on this occasion very pleasantly indeed. I cannot express my joy on the occasion. My language would fail me if I were to make the attempt of an explanation. We ate, we drank, and made ourselves quite merry on the occasion, knowing that such happiness of thus meeting was very seldom enjoyed and, perhaps, would never be enjoyed again by us. How my heart swells with sorrow when writing these words, when I think of this meeting, which indeed has been the last time we have ever all enjoyed this happiness! What an immense space of distance is now between us (January the 10th, 1864, Sunday, 2 o'clock P.M.)!

With a heart full of sorrow and trouble I will return to my subject and leave this unhappy condition of my career for the future, hoping and praying that a change of my situation may soon be effected and that I may be permitted at least to hear from you all soon.

#### *The Return to Mr. Holyfield's*

On the 25th of March I and Mrs. Norman, now my constant companion, returned to her father's. We were expecting to begin housekeeping immediately. I had made partial arrangements to that effect. I had laid my studies by for a short time, until I could get settled again.

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We reached her father's late Sunday evening of the 25th. I was received by the girls and boys like a brother, and by Mr. and Mrs. Holyfield as a son. I and Letitia began to talk of housekeeping to her parents when, to my surprise, I had the following kind offer. Mr. and Mrs. Holyfield had already talked of a plan for me to pursue as to getting through my studies. They asked me not to begin housekeeping and to stay in their house and board there until I should have completed the study of law. They said that I was perfectly welcome to stay, that they wished to assist us, and that they could assist us more in this way than in any other. I was offered a good retired room and all the advantages one could ask. I thought this a great favor and that I would be doing myself an injustice not to accept. I and Letitia talked the matter over and came to the conclusion that we had better remain until I got my superior court license. The distance was not much farther for me to walk to the lecture room than from Rockford. On the next morning I began to resume my studies. I had a pleasant time indeed.

*Boarding at Father-in-Law's*

In a few days I was fully restored to the full extent of son, brother, and husband in this kind and interesting family. I had long since passed the day of my boyish love; consequently my marrying did not disarrange my mind, as it does some persons, perhaps.

I got an excellent start in my studies. I had read during vacation, and attending the few county and superior courts, I had obtained a small idea of the practical part of my profession.

In a few days I was notified that the lectures would commence. I attended the lectures regularly and read my books

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very closely. I took a great amount of notes and copied lectures, using every effort to complete the study by the next December.

I soon became more composed in my mind. The wild rambling notions, heretofore possessed by me, had long since vanished. I was happy in loving and being loved by my young and affectionate wife and in perusing my large law books, which were my constant companions unless very kindly asked by Letitia to take some rest and talk with her awhile. Then you may know that I would lay Blackstone on my table and comply with the kind and modest invitation. Thus I continued this mode of living until the lectures closed, which was on the 8th of June. A vacation then took place until the 16th of September, when the school was to begin again.

*Devotion to Letitia & Law  
Affection of the Family*

I spent some time in visiting after I had studied so hard, but I was not content long at a time unless Letitia was with me.

After the lectures closed, I engaged another short school near Rockford and began to teach on the 18th of July, for which I was to receive twenty dollars per month. I taught until the 30th of July. I then had to stop on account of sickness in Mr. Holyfield's family and Letitia. I had yet continued my reading law since the lectures closed.

Letitia had a severe attack of the fever. She was taken on the 28th of July. I was very much alarmed, for I thought it almost impossible for her to recover. Most all the family were confined with the fever at the same time. Mrs. Holyfield and myself were about the only two who were able to attend on the sick.

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This was a sad affair for me. Trouble had taken the place of happiness, but everything that I could do for her, I did with the utmost kindness. Oh, how my feelings were wounded when I saw that she was so helpless, the many lonesome and desolate hours in the midnight I spent in sitting by her bedside, often never closing my eyes for sleep during the whole night! How often did I lay my head beside hers, at the midnight hour, to see if her sleep was sound! I prayed fervently, in my weak manner, for her recovery. I was fearful that the most unhappy hour of my life was near at hand. But thank God for his kindness for sparing me my affectionate companion and restoring her to health again!

Every one of the children, except one, and Mr. Holyfield were confined at the same time. The house resembled a hospital more than a dwelling. We thought that several of them would die. I did everything in my power to wait on them all. I and Mrs. Holyfield had a hard task before us. On the 13th of September, James Holyfield died. Oh, how sorry I was! I loved him like a brother. He was one of the best young men I ever saw.

When I saw he was bound to die, I very much dreaded the consequence. Letitia and her father were very low, and I was fearful that his death would cause her to swoon away and die, for it was impossible for us to keep them from knowing of his death. You cannot even imagine the amount of trouble I was in. The physician, Dr. M. Y. Folger, did everything in his power to restore these unhappy sufferers. I never saw a better physician. I talked to Letitia and Mr. Holyfield and insisted that they be calm and not let the death of James have any effect upon them. In consequence of their suffering and the earnest solicitations, we prevailed on them to some extent to

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bear up under the awful hour of parting with an affectionate son and brother. In a few weeks the weather changed to be some cooler, and I saw quite a change for the better. I saw that there was a chance for Letitia to recover. How glad I was! Tongue cannot express my joy. I was completely overcome with joy. She recovered very fast when the change took place.

*Attending the Lectures Again*

In a few weeks the lectures were to begin, and it had been a long time since I had read any, for I had had something else to do. After Letitia was fully recovered, or at least out of any danger, and all the family were getting about, I resumed my studies.

This sad event made much against me, for I did not get the benefit of a few of the first lectures. But I felt very happy indeed to think that I had been able to repay, in some degree, the kindness bestowed upon me by this kind family. I would have been willing to have done a thousand times the amount of favors in any other way, if it would have prevented their sickness. But such is life. I again had the pleasure of seeing the emblem of health returning to the cheeks of Letitia, and I drowned the sad occurrences of the past only in hard studying and reading my law books.

I thought by all means I must get through the course this fall. I read now most every hour, day and night. I had a great deal to memorize, and I had so arranged my notes as to put them in the shape of questions and answers. I would read a long time, and then Letitia would either read for me while I was resting or take up my lecture book and ask me a great

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many questions, prompting me on my recitals. By these means she rendered me a great assistance in my studies. I lost no time. I improved every moment. I knew I had no time to spare.

By due diligence and hard study, I flattered myself that I made an ordinary stand in the lecture room in answering the questions asked by Judge Pearson. I had not taken time to attend any courts except one, in which I had several cases, and was almost bound to attend in order to keep up confidence among my clients. I had engaged to teach school when the lectures were not in session, and in November I thought my chance rather dull to get my superior court license. I thought of beginning my school again. I, however, thought I would ask the Judge whether he thought I was competent to go before the Supreme Court for examination, before I set the day to begin the school. The Judge told me, if I would read very closely, I could go down and take my chances. I knew then that I was all right; in other words, I knew my chances were very good. You never saw any person read and study harder than I did from that time on. I was glad to return home to tell Letitia what the Judge had told me, which gave her much pleasure indeed.

The arrangements were then made for me to go to Raleigh on my second trip. The lectures closed on the 5th day of December, and I had to be in Raleigh by the 11th, as the Supreme Court was to meet on that day to examine applicants for superior court license. I returned from Raleigh on the 15th of December. What a sweet smile covered the face of Letitia on my return! I had been a little uneasy while I was gone, for she was not very well when I left home. It afforded her great happiness for me to relate to her my success during my "long" absence, as she thought.

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*After Getting Superior Court License, School Teaching*

You cannot imagine how happy I was after I had completed the study of my profession. I felt very much relieved and found great pastime for a while, for I felt perfectly free mentally.

I had been preparing for housekeeping, as much so as I was able, for my means were very limited. I felt very much mortified when I knew I could not make Letitia as comfortable as she had been. But she was well aware of my circumstances in life, and often I was assured by her that in sickness and health, in sorrow and trouble, and poverty and wealth, she was the same constant companion and would share with me all of my trouble and hardships. I felt as though she was a blessing from heaven. How grateful I felt to her and her kind parents, who seemed so affectionate!

I used every effort to procure some money to buy the necessary outfit for housekeeping. I was very often cautioned by my wife not to go in debt. "We will do without as much as we can until we get able to procure such things as we can make out without at present." I spent some time in visiting our people during the balance of the month, including the Christmas holidays. I had made arrangements to continue my school near Rockford two months after Christmas. I returned from Father's with Letitia and was ready to commence on the 1st of January, 1861.

I began my school and taught until the 3rd of February, 1861. I closed my school and made the arrangements to move to Dobson, the county seat of Surry County, North Carolina, to go to housekeeping. We moved on the 4th day of February,

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1861. I had bought about a year's provisions and a tolerably good outfit of bedding and furniture, etc., in addition to a very good amount given Letitia by her kind parents. I had leased a house and lot of land of Mr. McGuffin near Dobson. It was not a very comfortable house, but it was the best I could do and it answered our purposes very well. I had leased enough land around the house to plant a very good garden.

Everything we had was put in as good order as young housekeepers usually have them. But to my notion, everything that Letitia superintended was in perfect order. How partial a man is to his wife (how partial and affectionate ought a man to be to his wife)! The county court was to be in session on the 11th of July. I was very busily engaged in getting ready to attend court. By this time, I had arranged our things the best I knew how. Miss Martha Holyfield had come up with us to assist her sister in getting her house in order. We had a very good start of hogs, a cow and calf which Letitia's mother had given her, besides a fine lot of provisions, etc. Everything was arranged the best we could. Court came off. I was quite successful. I got several new cases, some that paid me quite well.

## CHAPTER 13

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*Housekeeping (Real Enjoyment)*

COME to my log cabin, now, in the mountain country of North Carolina, and leave the wild and romantic bachelor's life when "in the far distant west," and you will see a great contrast indeed. My cabin in the mountains has some charms, something inviting, something more cheerful.

Instead of a bunk or bed made of rough hay on the ground or the "dirt" floor in the west, you can see something resembling civilized beings in the shape of neat bed and stead at one end of the room in my cabin among the mountains of North Carolina. Instead of huge tin cups, tin plates, and pans laid upon a dirty shelf made of huge, rough clapboards, pots and skillets laid on a shelf a little lower down, with grease and dish water dripping from them, a dish cloth, black and greasy as black pots could make it, knives and forks all rusty, and a table covered with crumbs, in my cabin "in the far distant west," you can see teacups and saucers, stove, plates, and nice dishes well arranged in a neatly scoured cupboard in one end

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of the kitchen, pots and skillets washed clean and wiped dry, set in a place fixed for that purpose, a dish cloth, white as washing could make it, hanging on a nail by the mantelpiece, knives and forks, bright as steel could be polished, a table (though a plain one) as white as soap and sand could make it, the crumbs neatly brushed off and a clean cover laid over it, and you begin to see a change in my cabin in the mountains of North Carolina.

Instead of rough blocks of wood for seats, litter strewed over the floor, no broom but small brush, novels of various kinds stuck in the cracks, meal sacks and venison hams in the corner of the same room, piled up together, in my cabin "in the far distant west," you can see chairs sitting over a clean floor, a good broom made of straw, law and religious books, the Holy Bible occupying a prominent position, very tastefully arranged in the bookcase, meal sacks in the pantry, and pork and bacon hanging in the smoke house, in my cabin in the mountains of North Carolina.

But the greatest contrast is this: Instead of Watch, that good and faithful old yellow dog, always ready to look after me and take care of my clothing or work tools with that instinct peculiar to this race of domestic animals, coming to my bunk or bed of straw or hay and whining at me for admittance, crawling up and lying down on the top of the blankets and overcoats without undressing [?] and lying only on my feet in my cabin "in the far distant west," you can see—What! Must I say it?—Yes, a lovely young wife, not only willing to watch over me, but to pray for me and make me cheerful, with that instinct peculiar to a lovely, a beautiful and Christian-hearted lady. With a hearty evening prayer and a sweet religious hymn, in the place of a "whine" when returning for the night, from Letitia, who never asked for ad-

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mittance to share my caresses, we would retire for the night (like civilized beings, and man and wife, instead of man and Watch), in my cabin in the mountains of North Carolina.

Besides, Watch was induced or compelled to forsake me by a thief, a rascal and scoundrel, too unworthy for even Watch, a yellow dog, to do an act of kindness. I felt no uneasiness as to any such act taking place in my now constant companion. Is there a man who does not love his home, or is there a man in the shape of a human being who would even attempt to commit an act of unkindness to his companion?

Oh, I fear that there is! I hope not, at least. I often thought no man could be more happy than I was in beginning to housekeep. I could not be otherwise when it seemed to afford Letitia so much pleasure. What a pleasant smile illumined her face upon my return from a visit on official business! Thus it was that home had its attractions. My cabin in the mountains of North Carolina had more attractions than my cabin on the plains of the frontier settlement of the far distant west. I often remarked what a great difference there was and was responded to with a smile, "I was not there when you were keeping 'bachelor's hall,' " by you can guess whom.

I enjoyed the blessings of living a peaceable and happy life for only a short while. Our once peaceable and glorious country was threatened with the sword. I was anxious for this day to be considered and, if possible, the difficulties be settled without any bloodshed. But alas! the troubles grew worse and worse. For my own part, I looked at the condition of the country with seriousness. But when I saw that war was waged upon us, no one was more ready or willing to shoulder a musket than I was.

In April, 1861, I attended court in Alleghany County for the first time. I had but few acquaintances in that county, but the

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prospects I had on that trip were quite flattering. I appeared in several cases and had others engaged for the next term of the court. While I was on this trip, the news came of the many companies being raised in Grayson and the adjoining counties of Virginia. We also heard of the falling of Fort Sumter at Charleston, South Carolina. Everyone knew then that the ball was in motion and that it would require more men to stop it than it took to start it. I often thought of the old adage of "two men can begin a war, but it takes multitudes to stop it."

Court adjourned before the business was completed. I returned home to my wife, fully in the notion to enter the service. But arriving in Dobson I found no unusual excitement. Consequently, I thought I might have been a little excited in the matter and began to seriously meditate upon leaving my wife and going into the service.

*The Breaking Out of the War  
Enters the Service*

On my return I was again met with a pleasant and welcome smile. I turned my attention to my garden and truck patches, reading a portion of my time. I was content with the happiness I enjoyed with my wife. Lacy had opened another school in Dobson. Matthew H. and Watson B. Holyfield were boarding with me and going to school. Everything seemed to be progressing very well to my advantage and comfort.

North Carolina had made an effort to secede from the United States in March but had failed. An extra session of the legislature was now called by Governor Ellis, and steps were taken for North Carolina to cast her destiny with her sister

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states. A convention was called, delegates elected, and volunteer companies were being raised very rapidly.

On Saturday, the 4th of May, 1861, all the militia companies of Surry County were called upon to meet at the courthouse in Dobson for the purpose of seeing who would volunteer. I had talked on the subject of volunteering to my wife, frequently. This was a very disagreeable subject for her consideration. It afforded me much unhappiness in thinking I would have to leave home and break up housekeeping, but the most solemn thing was the leaving of Letitia. This idea overcame all the thoughts I had entertained of enlisting, and by her persuasions, I told her I was not going to enlist on that day and would stay with her as long as I could, though at the same time I felt it my duty to enlist.

I have often thought that no one was situated as I was, though there may have been many. I loved my wife; I loved my country. I often asked myself the question, "Shall I stay at home with my wife and lurk around home, or shall I go and fight for the liberties of my country and show that I am a soldier and willing to resent an injury?"

On May the 3rd, 1861, a good many assembled at the courthouse. A great many enlisted, among them Matthew H. and Watson B.

I was very much attached to them and felt that, if I entered the service, I ought to go with them. On May the 4th volunteering began very rapidly, and among the many names I handed in mine. I felt that I could not be contented unless I entered the service.

This was a sad thing for my wife to hear. If I had fallen a corpse, her grief could not have been much worse. It was with some difficulty that I got her from the situation of suffocating.

"What an awful thing this is for me to think of, an awful thing for me to think of parting with my kind husband, perhaps never to meet again," was a thousand times repeated by her, while burning tears gushed from her weeping eyes, down her red cheeks, and dampened mine, as she fondly pressed them to mine.

An evening of grief and trouble this was to us and an almost sleepless night. Her grief raged to such an extent that I became alarmed, and with solemn promises to get a "substitute," I got her to rest somewhat more easy. A few days passed in this way, and another change took place.

*Thoughts of Breaking Up Housekeeping*

A great many young men who had nothing to hinder them from volunteering failed to act the part of a soldier. Their cowardice began to be discussed freely. Some who had already volunteered began to back out, and their cowardice and toryish principles, talked of in every crowd, caused Letitia to reconsider and begin to think that, if I was to get a substitute or back out, it would affect my standing as well as hers, for she knew that a great many would accuse her of proving recreant to my duty.

At last she asked me if I thought I could get out honorably. I told her I could not, but if she said so, I would not go into service. She very feelingly remarked, "I do not want you to do anything that would disgrace you or myself. I had much rather you would go as a brave soldier and fight for your country than act cowardly or bring any disgrace upon us." I only reminded her of what she had heard in reference to certain ones' conduct in this matter and that I would have to act

in a manner similar. "Besides," I added, "I know I will have to enter the service before the difficulties are ended, and I think it best for me to go now, as I have a chance of going with your two brothers and mine also." This she wisely considered and advised me not to back out or act cowardly. I was glad of this change of her mind, for I knew it my duty to enter the service.

*Makes Arrangements to Leave Home*

From the time Letitia became somewhat reconciled to my entering the service, I began to settle up my affairs and make the arrangements to leave home. I settled up, giving my notes. I found my indebtedness to amount to near six hundred dollars. I was owing J. Hamlin, D. M. Cooper, and Judge Pearson one hundred each. The balance was in smaller debts and scattered among a good many who had given me credit. All of them told me not to mind about what I was owing but to go ahead, that they would wait with me.

I made the arrangements to get my garden and truck patches cultivated and cared for. I had the necessary outfit of clothing, etc., all ready. I was making the arrangements for Letitia when her mother paid us a visit. She had come to get us to break up housekeeping while I was gone and to get Letitia to go back to her house. Mrs. Holyfield offered her all the kindness a mother could. Of course, it was for the best, and Letitia agreed to go back. I was glad that I had such a good and kind mother-in-law. I knew that Letitia would be well cared for.

We broke up housekeeping on the 25th day of May, 1861, removing everything we had back to Mr. Holyfield's. You see what a short time we had the pleasure of housekeeping.

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I enjoyed more happiness during the three months and a half housekeeping than I have since. Would to God that those happy days could be enjoyed again, but such are the misfortunes of war. I feel thankful to God that I am alive yet.

*I Take My Leave of Letitia*

I remained at Mr. Holyfield's on the 26th and 27th. On the 28th of May, I took my leave, as the company was coming by Rockford on the way to Raleigh. I shall never forget this unhappy day. Can I describe my feelings? No. Can I tell half the grief experienced by Letitia? No. I will pass over this heart-rending and awful scene of our parting for the present and leave it for the future, for my heart and mind are not in a mood to undertake an explanation. I will ask of you, dear Letitia, to let this unhappy day pass by in silence for this time, for I know it is an unpleasant thing for you to think of.

On the same day of my leaving home we reached Hauserstown; on the 29th we reached High Point; on the 30th, Raleigh; and on the 31st we reached the camp of instruction at Garysburg, near Weldon, North Carolina.

I will now return to that portion of my life and history which was more closely connected with my position with the company to which I belonged.

*The Company to Which I Belonged*

The day that was set to call for volunteers passed off with considerable excitement. About two hundred entered the service, who were organized into two companies. I was satisfied with the honorable position of shouldering a musket. Conse-



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quently, I refused to have any position in the company. We elected R. E. Reeves, Captain; A. Dunnegan, 1st Lieutenant; N. D. Laffoon, 2nd Lieutenant; and L. H. Dobson, 3rd Lieutenant. We were allowed then the privilege of electing our noncommissioned officers. I had been earnestly solicited to run for some higher commission in the company, but I positively refused. I was so earnestly requested to run for orderly or first sergeant that I finally consented for my name to be run. I learned that I would have the privilege of a gun, and besides, I thought it would be a pleasant position. I was elected without any opposition. I knew nothing of the duties belonging to that office. We left for the camp of instruction before we had any time to drill, as Captain Reeves went to Raleigh to make the arrangements to go into camp immediately. We reached Garysburg, where the camp of instruction was located, on the 31st day of May, 1861. We passed Salem, got on the cars at High Point, and remained in Raleigh one night. Our company numbered one hundred and ten men all told, and all were able-bodied, stout men. We were a jolly company of boys—the first that left the county, and all well pleased with our officers.

*In Camp at Garysburg, North Carolina*

There were two companies raised shortly after ours left and about the time of our leaving. One other organized the same day that Captain Reeves' company organized. Shortly after we reached camp, we heard of these three companies being ordered to Danville, Virginia, to that camp of instruction. It was being agitated very extensively that we would have to remain at our camp for some time, and I was earnestly solicited by the company to go to Raleigh and see Governor

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Ellis to see if I could effect a change of camp so we could be thrown in the same regiment as the other three companies now at Danville. I responded to their request. I got to Raleigh about the 20th of June. I did not succeed, as Governor Ellis told me the arrangements were made for us to be attached to the 22nd Regiment and that we would be sent to the field as soon as he could supply us with arms, etc. I returned to camp. I found on my return that a great portion of the company were confined with the measles, which had broken out to an alarming extent. There were also many cases of fever. I rendered all the assistance I could to the suffering condition of the members of the company. I had a great deal to do, the business being new and I very awkward. I was attentive to my business. I made many good friends, out of the company as well as in it. I received great attention from Major W. L. DeRossett, commanding the post.

I was complimented at different times for the energy I seemed to possess and my attentiveness to my business, and some wondered why I did not have a higher position in my company. I was treated very kindly by Major DeRossett. Lieutenant Dunnegan's health was fast failing. He finally concluded to resign his position and get home if he could. He sent up his resignation about the 1st of July. An election was then ordered to be held in our company for first lieutenant, on the 8th day of July.

I did not desire the promotion except for one thing. It was this: I thought if I could get this position, I might be the means of adding something to the comfort of the company that others might neglect to attend to.

I began to learn something of the responsibilities of a commissioned officer. I was earnestly solicited to run for the position, although I had several opponents. You know enough of

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this world to know there are but very few men who can please a company of one hundred men. You also know that, out of this number, there are several who would scorn the idea of returning a favor and would do everything in the world they could to retard the promotion of a man who has been laboring under many disadvantages in the world. Such was the case of several, I am sorry to say, in the company, but my friends stuck to me like brothers. I shall never forget to return their kindness.

*Promoted to 1st Lieutenant*

On the morning of the election day I learned through my friends that my opponents had dwindled down to only three in number, all the rest withdrawing in favor of someone against me. I did not take an active part in the electioneering. The polls were closed, and when the votes were counted, I was informed that I had three votes more than all three of my opponents together. I knew by this vote that they appreciated my kindness. I felt under many lasting obligations to them for the position they gave me. I shall always feel grateful to Jas. S. Snow, on this occasion, for the favors, as well as on many subsequent occasions.

On the same day of the election I was ordered on duty as officer of the day for the next. We also received orders to meet at Raleigh to elect field officers for our (22nd) regiment on the 12th of July. We (the commissioned officers of the company) got to Raleigh on the 11th. On the next day we met. We succeeded in electing J. J. Pettigrew Colonel. We returned on the 13th to our camp. On our return we found two of the company had died since we left and several others very ill. Hardly any of the company were able for duty. I was very

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much alarmed and troubled at the situation of the company. I did all in my power to relieve their suffering.

*My First Furlough & Return to Camp*

I had been promised a furlough by Captain Reeves from the day I had volunteered, to be at home about the first of August, by special request of my wife. Owing to some political purposes in which Lacy and other friends felt interested in, I was requested to get home the last of July. I made my application for a leave of absence to Major DeRossett. He very willingly approved it, and I started home on the 18th day of July. I and J. S. Snow started. I managed to get a furlough for him at the same time. I reached home on the 21st of July. I can tell you it afforded me great pleasure to see Letitia again. What a glorious thing for a man to meet his companion after being absent a long time! I cannot express my joy. The pleasure counterbalanced the grief of our parting.

I remained at home until the 3rd of August. During the time I was at home Captain Reeves came home also and notified me that I had to be in camp by the 8th of August, for the regiment was coming by from Raleigh, where the other companies had been encamped, and we would have to go on also. I started on the 4th and reached camp on the 8th. I found that our company had been detached from the 22nd Regiment, in consequence of there being twelve companies. I also saw that if something was not done for the company, a great portion of them would die. I thought a change of camp would be of great advantage to the health of the members of the company. Captain Reeves had not returned yet. I did not know whether to make an effort for the removal or not. I

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consulted the Surgeon, Dr. Copeland. He advised me to go to Raleigh and get an order from the Governor to have the company moved to High Point, North Carolina. A camp of instruction was established there about this time. I obtained from Dr. Copeland a recommendation to have the company sent there. I had an interview with Major DeRossett on this removal. I got a leave of absence and started on the next day, August 9th. When I got to Raleigh, I called upon the Surgeon General of North Carolina and informed him of my object. I was then instructed by him to remain in the city until the next morning, and he would have the order made out from Governor Clark. Governor Ellis had died in July previous. I got the documents on the next day. I met Captain Reeves on my way to Raleigh but did not have time to tell him my business. I thought once he might not approve of my plans, but it mattered very little to me. I was bound to do my duty, as far as I could. I got to camp on the night of the 11th of August, 1861.

*Removal to High Point*

My arrival in camp and informing the boys of my success in getting the order gave them much pleasure. On the 12th we got the necessary transportation and started for our new camp. A great many were too feeble to go, to do themselves justice, but the idea of getting near their homes gave them such encouragement that they would try the trip at all events.

We reached our new camp on the evening of the 13th of August. We took up camp about one-half mile from the town. The company was now in command of Captain Reeves. I rendered the boys all the assistance in my power. The climate

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and location of the country around Garysburg did not agree with the majority of the company, as they had been used to the cool mountain breeze and cold sparkling water. Most all had an attack of measles or fever and had become very much reduced in health. Eight had died from the time we had left home until we reached High Point.

We were very kindly received by the people around High Point. Vegetables, poultry, fruit, and a great variety of delicacies were lavishly spread before us by the kind ladies and gentlemen around the whole neighborhood. Parents and relatives paid us their visits. Some few only were allowed to go home on furlough, while the others recovered their health very rapidly. We had all received our arms. As soon as we got to drilling, our company attracted no little attention and, by the good conduct of the members, soon became the favorite company in camp.

*Another Furlough from High Point, North Carolina*

I saw the condition of the company was fast improving. I had promised my wife to come home again the very first chance. I thought a chance now presented itself. I also thought my excuse was good, for I had long since desired to be present at the birth of my first child. I knew that it would be a great pleasure to Letitia for me to be present on the occasion. I had expected it to be about the middle of August and desired very much to remain at home when I was there the first time until I could have had the honor of seeing my child, which I long had prayed I might be able to see. I made application for a leave of absence to Captain Reeves and Major S. N. Stow, who was in command of the post, which application was

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approved. I started home again on the 18th day of August and reached home on the 19th. It afforded me great pleasure indeed to meet Letitia again. My coming home the second time gave her great encouragement and caused her to think that I might yet live to see the war ended and come home to her again, and that we would yet be happy in living together, even in a log cabin among the mountains of North Carolina, after an affectionate child should be added to the little family that was once so happy and free.

*Birth of a Fine Daughter & Return to Camp*

On the 26th day of August, 1861, we were honored by the birth of the sweetest little girl you ever saw. I felt grateful to God for his kindness in giving me such a present. I also felt grateful for the opportunity of being present on the occasion. I gave her the name of Mary Emma. I remained at home until the last day of August, when I had to return to camp, for I thought it my duty not to remain too long over my time given, as it would be establishing a bad precedent for the boys.

There is no one, except those who have had the trial, who can tell how hard it is for a man to part with his family when he thinks that there is a great possibility of never meeting again. But alas! I had these scenes to bear in parting with Letitia and my sweet little Mary Emma. I returned to camp on the 1st day of September. The boys were all glad to see me and hear the news from home. I did pray that I could have full control of the company for a while. I was so anxious to give them all an opportunity of going home, as it was intended they should by Governor Clark when sent to this camp. Contrarieness, I am sorry to say, sprang up, and but few were allowed to

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visit their homes. I very urgently appealed to the officer in command of the company to let more go home while they had an opportunity, but to no effect. Only some few favorites were allowed this privilege. I will not say more, for ill feelings were about ready to spring up on this account. Some few of the company died after we got to High Point, but very few only.

*Labors for the Company*

I labored hard for the interest of my company. I was very much attached to them. I had many good friends among them. We had been in service now nearly five months and had not received any pay. A great many of us were without any money and began to need some for the comfort of our families. The government was paying her troops, but as we had not been turned over to the Confederate authorities, no provisions were made for State troops or those not mustered into the Confederate service.

North Carolina had a great many companies in the State service, and the legislature being in session, the arrangements were made to pay such troops up to the first day of August. Upon learning this I earnestly appealed to Captain Reeves to get our money for us. He appeared very negligent in the matter, so I asked him to let me make the effort. He consented. I went to Raleigh and got the muster and pay rolls. I then made them out myself, went to Raleigh again, and succeeded in getting their pay. Captain Reeves got to Raleigh about the time the money was ready to be counted out. We returned to camp together on Tuesday, the 13th day of September, and paid off the company on the next day.

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*Organizing the 28th North Carolina Regiment  
Promoted to Captaincy*

I went to Raleigh on another trip to get some money for Dr. John Marion, whom we had employed as Assistant Surgeon for the relief of our company in July before. A great many companies came into camp, and a regiment was to be organized soon. The different companies received orders to elect the field officers for the 28th Regiment, N.C.T., on the 21st day of September. Our company ranked as Company A, before it was known by the name of "The Surry Regulators."

We elected Jas. H. Lane, Colonel; T. S. Lowe, Lieutenant Colonel; and Captain R. E. Reeves, Major. This last choice left our company without a captain, as Captain Reeves accepted the promotion offered him.

I was requested by many, outside of my company as well as in, to run for the office of captain. I finally consented for my name to be used. I regretted very much that some took a very active part against me, since I had always been ready and willing to do any favor in the world they stood in need of. Some few even went so far as to betray confidence I had reposed in them, using it to my disadvantage. (I must not use names here.) I got orders to hold an election for captain in my company on Monday, the 23rd of September. The day passed off with some little excitement. Polls opened and all pitched in to voting. I thank J. S. Snow, C. T. Thompson, C. C. and W. B. Holyfield, and many others for the good they did me in this election. I did not desire the promotion, but I did not care about anyone being promoted over me. I beat my opponent by seven votes. A very close election, I thought, but I was very well pleased with the majority. I was then assigned

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to duty in the 28th Regiment as Captain. I felt under many obligations to the company and felt even more attached to them. All moved on very calmly, and all got on very well.

I had heard from home very often. Letitia and Miss Mary Emma were doing well. Emma had grown and had begun to laugh at her fond mother while she caressed her. What glad tidings the many letters I received brought me! How I did love to hear from home! How I longed to be restored to my affectionate little family! But my country was calling for my services and I had to respond to her call. I composed my mind by attending to the business of the company and drilling, etc.

We were enjoying the fresh mountain breezes, cool spring water, and every luxury to eat that a soldier need to wish for, but we were allowed these blessings only for a short time. Special orders made us move.

*Leaves High Point. Goes to Wilmington, North Carolina*

We left High Point on the last day of September and reached Wilmington on the first day of October. We pitched our camp in the suburbs of the city and cleared off a camp and drill ground. Quite an accident occurred on the night of our arrival at Goldsboro. Our regiment was conveyed in two trains. I was with the company officers on the first train in the rear car, which, being heavily loaded and going upgrade, got stalled. While the engineer was making the effort to get the cars in motion, the rear train ran into the one I was on, crushing the car that I was in, doing much damage, and inflicting quite a severe wound on Major Reeves and several others, but not serious.

The authorities were anticipating an attack from the enemy

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on Wilmington, which was the cause of our regiment being ordered to that point. Their threats were checked, and no demonstrations were made for some time. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could in tents.

Wilmington is situated about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Cape Fear River. The location of the country is undulating, the soil very sandy, and the water very indifferent indeed, which renders the climate very unhealthy for those who are raised or used to the mountain water and pure atmosphere. Consequently a great amount of sickness prevailed in the regiment. On the 25th of October I was attacked with the chills and fever, or intermittent fever. I had previously enjoyed exceedingly good health and had never had a day's sickness during the time I had been in service.

#### *Sick in Camp & Goes Home*

I had just got through with the making out of pay and muster rolls for my company and paid them off. I had exposed myself a great deal and thought I would soon recover. Instead of this, I continued to get worse until a short time before Christmas, when I got a little relief from the intermittent fever. I then had a severe attack of the jaundice. It was with some difficulty that the Surgeons, Drs. Gibbons and Lackey, could get them checked. I had been advised at different times to take a sick leave of absence by the Surgeons, but I, thinking that others in the company were more entitled to a furlough than I was, kept putting it off so others could go. On the 22nd of December I took a severe backset and came very near dying. I, however, got some better, and being very earnestly appealed to by Dr. Gibbons to get a leave of absence, I gave my consent. I received a thirty days' leave of

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absence. I reached home on the night of the 25th of December (Christmas). I got a furlough for my orderly, Sergeant B. Holyfield, and also made the necessary arrangements for Corporal J. S. Snow to go home on the next day after I left. I suffered very much on my way home, but with the assistance from Sergeant Holyfield and Corporal J. S. Snow I reached home safely. The idea of seeing my wife and child cheered me up a great deal.

#### *Kind Treatment at Home*

I now had someone to wait on me and attend to me. That did me some good, or at least it afforded me much more pleasure for Letitia to wait on me, while I was so feeble, than most any person I could name. I was much delighted to see Emma. She had grown and was large enough to sit up and laugh at me and pull my beard. Oh, how I love my affectionate little child! I cannot refrain from alluding to my wife and child very often, as all my happiness and pleasure is centered in them, while in this world. Do you blame me? For the kindness and tender care and love so lavishly bestowed on me by Letitia was more kind than anyone on this earth could bestow. Do you blame me for loving my child, the very image of its mother in loveliness and beauty? I was thus blessed to enjoy the presence of my affectionate little family for a short while. I had recovered very slowly. Sergeant Holyfield had returned to camp before I was able to return, and on his arrival he was attacked with a congestive chill and died. W. B. Holyfield brought his corpse home for interment. He remained at home only a few days, when he received orders to return to camp immediately and also all absent members of the regiment. I was not able to go, to do myself justice, but

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nevertheless, I was bound to do my duty and obey orders if in my power.

#### *Returns to Wilmington Again*

I again parted from my little family on the 23rd day of January, 1862. We reached our camp on the 26th. I had a severe chill the night before I left home, but I made out to Letitia that I was able for duty in order to give her less trouble about my health. I was very gladly received by my company and friends. Payday had passed without their being paid. I was not able for duty but made out the pay and muster rolls and got the money for them. In a few days I had the pleasure of seeing Lacy at Wilmington with his company. My health continued bad for some time.

Sometime during the session of Congress a law had been passed providing for the re-enlistment of twelve months' volunteers. Under this act our regiment, under command of Colonel Lane, was making many re-enlistments, as we had only volunteered for twelve months. I did not re-enlist, for I knew my health would not justify me. Besides, I knew my presence at home with my family was absolutely necessary. I informed the company that I could not continue in the service any longer so they might not be deceived in relation to my re-enlisting. But at the same time, I would not hinder any of them from doing as they chose.

#### *Company Re-enlists*

Some requested me to re-enlist, but I told them I would stay as long as I had command of the company or until my twelve months' term was out, if I was not too feeble. About

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half of my company re-enlisted and was expecting to start home on a furlough. There were about two months' wages due them, besides the bounty received. They being very anxious to get their wages before they left, I used all my efforts to procure the money from the Quartermaster but failed on account of his having no money on hand. I had about three hundred on hand of my own earnings. I advanced that to the most needy of those who had families. But all being so anxious to get what was due them, I managed to borrow about four hundred dollars more and paid them all. I got their transportation and saw them all start on the 7th day of March. They were a jolly set of boys—money plenty and a long furlough, off for home to see wives and children and sweethearts.

I was then left but a few members of my company present. My health was very bad yet. On the 13th of March we received marching orders. Our regiment was ordered to New Bern, North Carolina, to reinforce General S. O. B. Branch. The army were landing there. We left in a few hours after receiving the orders. I regretted this move very much. I was fearful that I would take a backset, for we were leaving splendid winter quarters that we had erected at Wilmington. Besides, we had made many good friends in Wilmington whom we had to leave.

#### *Leaves Wilmington & Goes to New Bern*

We reached New Bern on the morning of the 14th of March. The train stopped a few moments at the depot and then rolled on. The artillery was thundering along the Neuse River and from the gunboats of the enemy along the coast. This was the first time we had heard the muttering of artillery during the time we had been in service. I had but few of my

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company with me. Myself and Lieutenant L. H. Dobson were the only officers with the company. The regiment numbered only about three hundred and was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Thos. L. Lowe, as brave and noble-hearted a soldier and officer as the world affords. We rushed forward to aid our comrades, but alas! it was too late. The rifle pits and entrenchments had been evacuated, as well as the forts along the shore and river. Colonel Lowe received orders to form a line of battle along the railroad with his regiment to cover the retreat of our disordered army at that point. We expected a rapid advance of the enemy, but after our straggling troops passed out by us, Colonel Lowe sent out a reconnoitering party and found that he could withdraw his regiment in perfect safety and cover the retreat of the much jaded and worn-out troops, who had been fighting for several days.

*Retreat from New Bern*

Colonel Lowe then received orders to fall back with his regiment. I was ordered by Colonel Lowe to take my company, it being small and on the extreme right, and act as a scouting party or vedettes. The enemy was shelling the woods all around us. We had a very exposed position while along the railroad track, as the enemy ranged their pieces along the road. Our infantry crossed the Trent River County Bridge. I and the entire company came near being captured, as our cavalry, that ought to have remained in the rear of our infantry, dashed by us and left me without any protection from a charge from the enemy cavalry. The roads were very muddy, as the rain had fallen very rapidly for two or three days. With some difficulty we made our way out and joined our regiment

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at the Trent Bridge. Our retreating forces then retired, leaving New Bern on our right. An immense smoke and fog was visible, arising from the burning of the railroad bridge across the river and the many buildings set on fire by the advancing enemy. What a horrible sight it was! Our force was entirely too inefficient to resist the assault. The road was strewn with women and children, wounded and broken-down soldiers. Much confusion prevailed. The suffering was great among the inhabitants of New Bern and surrounding country. I was near exhaustion from a few hours' march along the muddy roads.

We continued our march until eleven o'clock that night, often wading through the mud and water above our knees for a quarter or half a mile at a time. We took up camp for a short time, only for the troops to rest a short spell. We were without any rations, as we did not have time to prepare any before leaving Wilmington. We got some sweet potatoes and bacon about two o'clock that night and broiled and ate until the roll beat for us to fall in to continue the march. We started about one hour before day.

We marched all day during the 15th. The rain descended in torrents. We camped within about seven miles of Kinston. We were without any blankets, having left blankets, cooking utensils, etc., on the cars in charge of the Quartermaster, who returned on the same train that conveyed us to New Bern. We were drenched with a heavy rain during the night. Early on the morning of the 16th we were met by the kind citizens of Kinston with provisions for us and conveyance for the sick and those who had given out during the march.

We reached Kinston on the 16th. A great many of my company had given completely out. I was blessed to make the

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trip safely. I was very much fatigued. I had stood the trip much better than I expected I could. I was fearful that the exposure I had to endure would cause my death.

*Reaches Kinston, North Carolina  
Reorganization of Company*

We remained at Kinston a short time and then moved camp about eight miles west of the town, where we remained until the 3rd of April. We were again ordered to Kinston and struck up camp in the same place where we had moved from. During this time Lieutenant E. F. Lovill had made the arrangements to bring in his recruits for my company, as he had been gone on a recruiting expedition. On the 8th the re-enlisted officers and men returned with a great number of recruits. I was urged by many to remain with the company as their captain. I could not consent, for my great anxiety to spend a few months with my family and the feebleness of my health, I thought, would not justify me remaining in the service any longer. I would have resigned before this, but I thought I would try to remain until the reorganization of my company took place, which I knew would be soon. Orders came for the company to reorganize on the 10th day of April. I felt very bad when I thought of leaving the company I had been so much attached to. Some of them seemed to think I ought to stay at all hazards, but I endeavored to give them my excuses, which were partially received. I could not take an active part in the election of the officers, but I must say I had the pleasure of seeing my most substantial good friends in the company get the positions they desired—officers, too, who I knew would care for the men.

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*Relieved from Duty & Returns Home*

The officers elected were as follows: E. F. Lovill, Captain; E. T. Thompson, First Lieutenant; M. H. Norman and Jas. S. Snow, Second Lieutenants; C. Cain, first sergeant; C. T. Thompson, C. C. Holyfield, J. W. Cockerham, etc., the other sergeants. Everyone was elected whom I had recommended or who was my choice, down even to the last corporal. I felt very well satisfied that the men would be cared for well. I knew the Captain to be a kind-hearted and good young man, a brave soldier, who would lead his company as near the mouth of the roaring cannon as any man in the company.

I was then relieved from duty as Captain and had the choice of returning home or staying. I chose to see my family, of course, for my wife was then confined with the measles. I made a settlement with the Quartermaster and Captain Lovill, wound up my affairs, and started home on the 12th day of April. I was detained at Goldsboro to see some sick members of the company. I reached home on the 15th of April, having served very nearly twelve months, only lacking three weeks. I regretted very much leaving the company. Those who did not re-enlist were very anxious for me to return when their term of service was out and assist them in getting their discharge. I promised to do so, before I left them.

*At Home Two Weeks & Returns to Company*

I remained at home two weeks, and hearing that some of them thought hard of me for leaving them, I started immediately to get them mustered out of service. I stopped at Goldsboro and called to see General Holmes, who informed me

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that the Conscript Law had been put in force since I had left, and he was sorry to inform me that the members of my old company who had not re-enlisted could not be permitted to go home at that time. I felt sorry myself, for they were sadly disappointed in their expectations. I visited the camp again to see the boys. I found them very well reconciled to the law and all getting along very well, well pleased with their officers and all enjoying very good health. I returned home again. I got home on the 12th of May. I found Emma had been very low with the measles while I was gone. She was very sick when I got home. I then thought I could enjoy myself a short time with my family and went to making the arrangements to go to housekeeping again. We then moved on the plantation of Mr. Holyfield on the 1st day of June. My health continued very bad. We got everything in order and began to enjoy the blessings and happiness of a retired life once more. How happy I was in being permitted to enjoy these blessings! Letitia cooked while I messed or worked in the garden. I was enjoying myself as well as the condition of my health would admit.

*Visits Company in June*

On the third day of June I heard that the 28th North Carolina Regiment, including Brigadier General Branch's entire brigade, had gone to Virginia, had had a fight near Hanover Court House, and had suffered severely. I was anxious to hear and know the fate of my old company. I therefore started on the next day, the 3rd of June, to see them. I went by Raleigh and Petersburg. I remained in Richmond one night. Early the next morning I went out to the 28th Regiment. I found that they had sustained quite a loss, but not so great as was re-

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ported. I was glad to find that my expectations were fully realized by the bravery and boldness of the officers and men of my old company.

After remaining only a few days and hearing a full detail of the affair, I started home again, for I found my health was very much worse.

I started home on the 10th of June and reached home by way of Lynchburg, Wytheville, and Mt. Airy, North Carolina, on the 14th. My expenses were heavy and my health much worse. I was scarcely able to get about for some time, but yet I thought myself very fortunate to be allowed the pleasure of remaining at home during the time I was in such bad health. I did not attend any courts, as there was but little business of any kind before the courts. I was engaged in several suits in the Surry courts on the civil docket. I went to Dobson to see that they were attended to (August court). I was very sick during court week.

*Expecting to Return to Camp*

I returned home on Friday. I thought that a change would take place soon in my health. I took all the care of myself I could and found some exercise gave me relief.

I will now soon have to tell you of another heart-feeling separation that had to take place. I had offered my services to North Carolina previous to this, but so much business was on hand and so many of such a nature that I was overlooked. At least I had not been ordered to duty yet by Governor Clark. I did not care, for I was much better cared for at home by my tender companion than I could have been elsewhere. Oh, how kindly she attended to me! Would to God that I was with her now, enjoying her kind treatment! I often ask my-

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self the disagreeable question, "Shall I ever be permitted to see my distressed family any more?" The prospects are gloomy, with an immense space between us. I fervently pray that, if on earth no more we meet, we may meet in Heaven, where wars and parting with loved ones at home have not to be endured. I know I have the prayers of my lonesome and troubled wife.

## CHAPTER 14

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*Reports for Duty Again*

I RECEIVED an order from Major Mallett, published in the papers, for the defeated or retired officers who had been in service to report to him for duty. I knew the order had reference to me, as it did to many others. I made the arrangements to start immediately, notwithstanding my health was very bad. I started on the 19th of August to report for duty for the war, provided my health would admit. Again I was on the tramp to the camp. I regretted very much to have to leave my wife and affectionate child. Blankets, canteen, haversack, and the gray suit were wrapped up and put on, and the sword grasped by my feeble hand in defense of my country. Again Letitia was left alone to pine away the many lonesome hours ahead and find consolation only in the gloomy expectations of seeing me return at some future day.

The only alternative for her was to return to her mother and for us to move our things back the second time. With the

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promise from her kind father and mother that Letitia and Emma, the pride of my heart, should be well cared for, which I knew would be the case, I left in better heart than one could imagine under other circumstances connected with my situation. Mr. Holyfield went with me as far as Salem to assist me and see how I got along.

*Reporting for Duty*

I took the stage for High Point and then the cars to Raleigh. I got to Raleigh and went out to the camp on the 21st of August. I held an interview with Major Mallett. I expressed my desire to join my old company as a private, rather than be assigned to duty as an officer in any command that did not suit me. Major Mallett reminded me of my ill health and advised me to remain in camp there, or, if I chose, I could return home until my health was better. He said that he did not contemplate putting any officer in the ranks unless he desired to go, and if I remained there awhile and my health would admit of my going to the field, he would give me a position. I concluded to remain a short time in camp at any rate. Major Mallett assigned me comfortable quarters and rations. I had nothing to do for pastime. I thought my health was improving, and there being a great many recruits coming in, I asked Major Mallett to let me take charge of a few and act in the capacity of sergeant. He gave me charge of a detachment and told me I could drill and feed them as I could until I got able, and he would send me to the field with them if I wanted to go. I took exercise and was careful with my diet, and I soon found that my health was fast improving. I felt much better.

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*Assigned to Duty As 1st Lieutenant*

Captain J. R. Waugh, who formerly was a Captain in the 21st Regiment, had reported for duty and was sent back to Surry County to bring in some recruits by Major Mallett. Captain Waugh returned with about sixty recruits from Surry County. Lieutenant Alex. Miller had come to the camp of instruction for recruits for the 2nd North Carolina Regiment and was here when Captain Waugh and his recruits got to camp. Major Mallett had previously informed me that he was going to organize a company for the 2nd Regiment, as one company of the regiment had been detached for heavy artillery duty, and that he contemplated giving me a position that would be entirely satisfactory to me.

Captain Waugh and I had a long interview on the subject of his getting a position in a company equal to that which he had held in his old regiment. I told him of this new company and also what Major Mallett had told me. I then made this proposition to Captain Waugh: "I am not desirous of the captaincy, but I know Mallett will give me the appointment if I ask it. I know you made up a company and left the county as captain, while I left only as a sergeant; therefore, I am willing to do all I can for you to be made captain of this new company if I can get the appointment as first lieutenant." This proposition embraced principles of honor and liberality and met the approbation of Captain Waugh. Major Mallett was very well pleased to give us the appointments as we had arranged them, though he remarked at the same time that he was contemplating giving me the appointment as captain.

B. F. Bray and W. O. T. Banner were then recommended

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by us and appointed by Mallett as the second lieutenants of the company.

The company was composed of those men who came down to camp from Surry with Captain Waugh and a portion of those I had command of. My health had improved vastly. I was able for active service. Our company was ordered to the regiment on the same day we organized, which was on the 9th day of September, 1862.

Captain Waugh and some other members of the company desired for someone to go back to Surry County to attend to some business for them. I was selected to go. They all left camp on the evening of the 9th for Winchester, Virginia, and I left the same time for home, on a leave of absence of twelve days. I got home on the 12th, attended to the business I went for, and started back on the 18th of September. I was instructed by Major Mallett to call and see him as I returned. I did so, and he sent on a detachment of recruits to my regiment (2nd North Carolina Regiment). I got to Raleigh on the 21st, left Major Mallett on the 23rd, and got to Richmond, Virginia, on the 25th of September. I was detained here for the transportation for the recruits. I was ordered to report to Camp Lee (the old fairgrounds) and wait there for orders. I remained there several days waiting for orders. I went to the city often, and went to see Lacy, who was at Drewry's Bluffs, while I was detained here.

*Returning to Company*

I left Richmond on the 15th of October, 1862, with my detachment, for the regiment, which was then in camp about ten miles from Winchester near Bunker Hill, in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. We got a late start, the accommoda-

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tion train being much behind time. We passed Gordonsville and Charlottesville. We got about ten miles from the latter place when the train ran into a herd of cattle on the track on a deep fill in the road and knocked part of the train down the hill. Five of the coaches went smashing up everything and every soldier, killing eleven and wounding upwards of one hundred, some mortally. This was about eleven o'clock at night. I never saw the amount of suffering. I came near being killed myself. The coach I was in did not tumble down the bank far enough to smash up. My recruits were in the coach with me. We remained here the balance of the night and all day the next day, taking care of the wounded and awaiting for transportation to Staunton.

We returned to Charlottesville on the night of the 17th. On the morning of the 18th we got off for Staunton, Virginia, reaching that place the same day. I was ordered into camp with my recruits, to remain here for further orders. I began to think I had a hard time to get to my regiment, and I earnestly appealed to the Provost Marshal to let me go on, as I desired to join my command at Winchester.

*Returning to Company in the Army of Northern Virginia*

I succeeded in getting permission to start on the next morning, the 19th of October. Winchester is one hundred and ten miles from Staunton. We had this distance to march, there being no public conveyance. We marched very rapidly, at the rate of twenty-five miles per day, until we reached camp. We got within six miles of our regiment on the night of the 23rd and got to the camp on the morning of the 24th of October. I reported to Colonel W. P. Bynum for duty,

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and turning over my recruits to him, I joined my company. I was very much worried and fatigued by the long and rapid march from Staunton. I rested the balance of the day.

On the morning of the 25th we got marching orders to go down to Charlestown, Virginia. I got permission to remain with the baggage wagon so I could ride some that day. We took up camp that night for a few hours only. I then joined my company, being rested a great deal.

We went down to Charlestown that night, about eight miles from where we established our camp. We tore up railroad the balance of the night and the next day until twelve o'clock, during a severe rain. We then returned to camp. On the 27th we went back and tore up roads again all day, returning to camp at night. It was raining most all the time. I had stood the hardships this far exceedingly well. My health was very good. We went to drilling on the morning of the 28th, the weather being favorable then. We got on the field. I was on duty as officer of the guard and here came orders to move right off for Berryville. The long roll sounded or fall-in roll.

*In the Valley of Virginia*

We were off then in a few minutes for the march. It did not take us long to get ready to move. We had no tents and but very few cooking utensils to take to the wagon. We always kept our blankets rolled up and knapsacks packed, ready for a march. We got to Berryville on the 28th and remained there one day in camp. I thought this a mysterious movement. But as Major General D. H. Hill was in command of the division to which I belonged, I was ready to think that every move he made was for the best and that General Lee

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or Stonewall Jackson, whose generalship and patriotism I was entirely willing to trust in every way, had an eye to our movements.

On the morning of the last day of October we received marching orders. We went in the direction of Paris, in the Blue Ridge Mountains. We got to the Shenandoah River and camped. We started early the next morning and waded the river, which was awfully cold, as the weather in this region had turned very cold. We camped within a few miles of Paris on the night of the 1st of November. On the 2nd day, Saturday, we had muster and inspection. Our camp was in quite a thicket. We could easily get any amount of grapes and some fruit. We were expecting a small fight here. The cavalry was skirmishing almost every day. We could occasionally hear the roar of cannon in the distance, but no unusual excitement seemed to prevail in our camp.

On the next day we received orders to march, when we soon found out that arrangements were made to prepare for a battle. We formed a line of battle along the side of the mountain in a very commanding position. Batteries were put in position while the cavalry were skirmishing in our front. We lay in line of battle during the balance of the day and all night. I went to the top of the spur of the mountain nearby and could very easily see the flash of the roaring artillery during a right smart engagement, which took place after dark. It was rumored in our camp afterward that the fight took place over a large corn heap. I do not vouch for this as being true.

Before daylight on the morning of the 4th we were ordered to move off very quietly. General Hill's division was the only force of infantry present on this occasion. We marched back the way we had crossed the mountain until we reached the

summit of the mountain. We then took a road that led along the top of the mountain, traveling about three miles of the roughest road I ever saw. The order was countermanded, and we turned back, went down to the river, stacked arms, and rested a few hours. I was here ordered on duty and to take command of Company I in our regiment. We resumed our march for the balance of that day and until ten o'clock that night in the direction of Front Royal, Virginia. We had not drawn any rations since Saturday morning, and only one day's rations of beef and flour at that.

I was almost ready to give up from pure hunger. Captain Waugh and I managed to get a few raw turnips and a half dozen small biscuits that night after we had gone into camp. I felt very much relieved after eating only one, for I divided the other two of my biscuits with some of my company. We drew rations that night, had them cooked, and were ready to start by daylight. We moved out on the 5th and reached Front Royal.

On the morning of the 6th we marched out and formed a line of battle on the same ground where General Jackson had fought on a previous occasion. We were sure of having a fight here, for the pickets reported the enemy advancing. We lay in line of battle all day. At dark we went back to camp and prepared two days' rations. I was ordered on picket with my company, that is, Company I, for I was yet in command of that company. I went down where the pike road crossed the railroad and posted my pickets under direction of Major Sellers of the 30th North Carolina Regiment. About ten o'clock the enemy advanced and drove in our cavalry, pickets, and scouts. They passed by my post, and we slowly retired in the direction of Front Royal. We joined our regiment there, which was in line of battle, and anxiously waited

for the approach of the enemy, for we were conscious we could whip them.

We lay in line of battle until eleven o'clock of the 7th of November. General Hill, seeing no chance to induce the enemy to attack him in this position, decided to withdraw his division on the north side of the Shenandoah River. The weather was very cold, with very good prospects of there being a snowstorm in a few days.

We had no way of crossing the river, except to ford it. We withdrew our line at eleven o'clock and crossed the river. I remained to the rear with my company for picket duty. After the troops had all passed by me, I saw General Hill riding up towards me. He rode up and inquired what I was doing there with my detachment of men. I remarked that I was waiting for orders, as I was detached with my company for picket duty. "Very well," replied the General, "this is what I wanted." He said to me, "After you see that all the infantry have crossed the river, you will cross with your command and post your pickets along the river bank so as to command the ford and such other places below as you think the enemy may attempt to cross. I am sorry," he added, "you all will have to wade the river, but it is the best I can do."

"General Hill," says I, "they tell me there is a small boat at the river that will carry about six men at a time. Authorize me, and I will take my pickets across in that."

"Very well," replied the General. "You are fully authorized to take the boat, and you had better begin at once to get your command across."

After crossing the river, I posted the men along the bank of the river, and being allowed no fire, I suffered very much from the severity of the weather for the balance of the night. I felt sorry, for many of my men did not have a blanket or

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pair of shoes to their name. As they penetrated the water the night before, I could hear their shrieks, as though fragments of ice were penetrating their hearts. The suffering was intense.

On the morning of the 8th of November General Hill came down on the picket line and ordered sheds of grass and brush and corn stalks to be arranged so as to protect the men from the weather. "For," says he, "it is going to snow and you must have some protection. You can have fire during the daytime, but it must be put out at night."

In less than a half hour the snow was falling rapidly, and it continued to snow all day and night. I was relieved from picket duty that night and returned to the regiment, which was about two miles distant.

The boys had gathered pine and cedar brush and made shelters, which protected them from the snow to some extent. We remained here on the 9th and 10th, suffering very much from the cold. On the 11th we resumed our march in the direction of Strasburg. We passed that place, taking up camp about two miles from town. The barefooted men suffered very much in marching over the frozen ground. We received orders to march at daylight on the next morning.

*In the Valley & on the March to Fredericksburg*

We did not know where we were going but supposed we would go to Fredericksburg. We started early on the morning of the 12th and went back towards Winchester to reinforce Jackson. The order was countermanded when we got near Middletown and we went into camp until night. At dark we went towards Front Royal, to a point on the railroad, to tear up a portion of that road. We had to wade the river

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again that night and work the balance with our cold and wet clothing. I suffered very much.

On the 13th we returned to Strasburg, went into camp one mile from town, and remained there until the 16th. We then marched down to Middletown again and went into camp, preparing temporary winter quarters. On the 20th we broke up camp and started for Fredericksburg. We camped at Woodstock that night and on the 21st at New Market. On the 22nd we crossed the Massanutten Mountain and camped within two miles of the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. I got a splendid turkey that night and cooked it myself. We were ready to resume our march on the 23rd, which we did, and crossed the mountains, marching twenty-four miles crossing the mountain, at that. On the 24th we passed Madison Court House and reached within three miles of Gordonsville. We went into camp and remained here two days, resting and making rawhide "moccasins," which General Hill had ordered to be done, or the company commanding officer would be held responsible for the noncompliance with the order.

*The March to Fredericksburg*

Early on the morning of the 26th we took up line of march to Fredericksburg. I was now relieved from the command of Company I and went on duty with my own company. I became very much attached to Company I. It was composed of gentlemanly soldiers in every way disposed to do their duty. They became very much attached to me. But, on the arrival of their captain, who had been wounded at the Battle of Sharpsburg, I had to give up the command of this excellent company. We passed Orange Court House and camped within

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twelve miles of Fredericksburg. Our company was ordered on picket duty that night. On the 27th we took a circuitous route and camped not a great ways from Fredericksburg. On the 28th we went near Guinea Station, a point on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad, and camped until the 30th of November. We were ordered to Port Royal and went, then, on the 30th. The weather had been cold, and roads rough, and many small streams to wade. We were very much jaded indeed.

Our division remained here in camp without any tents and but little to eat for several days. On the 5th and the night of the 5th of December we suffered very much again from another rain and snowstorm. I had never suffered so much from cold before in my life. But we bore our suffering with patience and fortitude and moved camp one mile on the 7th, on account of wood.

## CHAPTER 15

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*Commencement of Battle of Fredericksburg*

ON the evening of the 10th of December cannonading opened in the direction of Fredericksburg and continued all night, and also on the 11th and night of the 11th, with but little cessation. The enemy were shelling the town furiously. We were guarding the point at Port Royal, where it was supposed the enemy might try to effect a crossing.

We received marching orders on the morning of the 12th at three o'clock. We went out and formed line of battle but soon learned it to be a false alarm and returned to our camp in the pine thicket. We cooked rations, and about sunset we received marching orders and started immediately. We went in the direction of Fredericksburg. The cannonading had ceased only at short intervals during the whole time. We marched that night until three o'clock and lay on our arms until day. We were now within three miles of Hamilton Crossing, where we were to take our position for a heavy battle.

As the sun rose the cannonading opened more furiously on

the part of the enemy, they having effected a crossing the night of the 12th. Our batteries replied slowly at first. We were on the march at the rising of the sun to this deadly conflict. We took our position near the Hamilton House and lay in line of battle to support a battery in front. By the time we got in position our artillery opened all along the line and musketry was cracking like green reeds thrown in a hot fire or hail falling upon the roof of a house. It was an awful sight.

*Battle of Fredericksburg*

General Hill was often seen in front of his division cheering his troops and selecting good positions for the occasion, often asking to take his command to the front line. The contest was severe on our left and front.

About twelve o'clock we were ordered forward near the battery. We had been very exposed to the shells from the enemy's battery all day. We advanced and took position, where we remained until about four o'clock, when we were ordered forward again. We had lost several in killed and wounded during the day. I was near being truck several times during the day by shells and shot from the artillery. About the time we were ordered forward from our second position, the enemy concentrated a great number of their batteries on our battery in front of us. Our advancing during this shower of cannon balls and bursting shells exposed us very much to danger. We rushed forward, through a dense thicket, amidst this hot cannonading, and took our position within twenty paces of our battery, which had been completely silenced by the concentrated fire from the enemy. A great many of our regiment were killed and wounded during our

advance. None of my company were hurt. I received a considerable hole in the skirt of my overcoat from a fragment of a shell. I stuck close to my post of duty and cared for the company the best I could.

We lay in line here until after dark, when we withdrew and took our position in the front and south of the railroad for the balance of the night. We lay on our arms that night again without sleep.

At daylight on the morning of the 14th we were ordered back to the rear of the battery we had supported the day before.

A detachment of sharpshooters was sent from our regiment to the front to act as skirmishers. I volunteered my services to take command of them. I deployed them and advanced halfway the distance where the enemy had their skirmish line and sheltered them behind an old fence, which gave us but very little protection. I had picked up a fine Springfield rifle for the occasion. The enemy had been defeated in almost every forward movement on the day before, and consequently they did not possess a great disposition to advance any more. So the only amusement we had that day was the shooting at them, as they would show themselves in front, and lying close to the ground while the artillery on both sides were playing over our heads. I, however, happened to have the misfortune of losing one of my company by a stray bombshell from the enemy's battery in our front.

We held our position as skirmishers all that night and all day of the 15th, shooting at every Yankee we thought we could possibly hit. Someone along the line was firing most all the time.

On the night of the 15th of December we were relieved from picket duty and joined our regiment. We lay in line

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during the night and took a cold and heavy rain. During this time the enemy had withdrawn his force across the river. Our men advanced the moment they were aware of the fact, capturing a great many prisoners, munitions of war, and commissary stores.

Everything now became very calm, except the shouts of the Rebels over the victory they had gained, which echoed from hill to hill as General Lee, Jackson, or Longstreet would pass them, and the click of the spade or shovel in the hands of the pioneer burying the dead. After this bloody work was finished, we were ordered to march, which we did, in the direction of Port Royal. After marching about six miles, we went in camp on 16th of December.

I had the pleasure this evening of meeting Matthew H. Norman and C. C. and W. B. Holyfield and seeing the balance of the few left of my old company. I had desired very much to see them long before this. They had been through all the battles around Richmond, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, and through the first Maryland Campaign, since I had seen them. I was much delighted to see my brother again and my good old friends of the old company, to whom I was so much attached.

*The Battlefield of Fredericksburg*

The battlefield does not present a very agreeable sight immediately after a hard-fought battle. In the first place, the wounded are commonly carried to some safe place in the rear by men who are detailed for that purpose alone during a fight.

The wounded are placed upon a litter, which is made by fastening a piece of tent cloth or a blanket to two poles, about eight feet in length, which are parallel with each other. The

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litter bearers, two or four in number, take the ends of the poles in their hands or on their shoulders and make their way to the rear with a wounded soldier or officer, amid the bursting shells and roaring missiles of death from a thousand pieces, the blood often gushing from the wounded man in perfect torrents. Very often, when the litter bearers arrive at the field hospital (the name of the place where all the wounded are taken), they find they have only the body of the man they started with, he having died on the way before they reached the field hospital. These litter bearers are selected from the best men in the ranks, men of stoutest hearts and in every way disposed to do their duty; not cowards, for they very often have to work in great danger.

These wounded are cared for here by the Surgeons of the different regiments until the battle is ended. The Surgeons are very busy dressing the wounds and amputating arms, legs, fingers, etc.

The wounded are commonly carried near a spring or creek of clear running water and often cover acres of land. This is one of the bloodiest sights that a man ever looked at! The groans and dying shrieks of these suffering human beings fill the ear of the unhappy spectator with a din that is not easily forgotten. Heaps of amputated limbs, bloody clothing, etc., are visible in many places. The amputating tables, upon which the Surgeons lay the wounded to amputate the member which has to come off in order to save the life of the patient, are erected nearby, and on them lie the bone-saws, knives, and such other instruments necessary for the occasion.

Go now, over the ground where these noble veterans have just fought, after the wounded have been carried to the rear, and you will see as disagreeable a sight as at the hospital. Follow up the army as they began the fight, and you will see a

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dead comrade here and there, with a ball hole through his body, torn most all in pieces, by a cannon ball or fragment of a shell.

Get to the place where the artillery was planted, and here you find the mortality much greater. Dead horses, blown-up caissons, dismounted guns, and the dead soldiers almost cover the whole face of the earth. The best of horses, the bravest of soldiers and officers, lie in piles. The poor horse has fallen from under his gallant rider. The brave soldier or officer has fallen, with his musket clenched as if in the act of a brave charge, when he was struck with the messenger of death. The gallant officer, with sword unsheathed and clenched, has fallen here, as if in the act of leading his brave command to victory or death, and lies, a lifeless corpse.

Go farther to the front, where the last bold stand was made, and you can scarcely see anything except the dead soldiers and officers, which lie in heaps—some shot through the head, some through the heart, and in most every other portion of the body you can name; some with their brains dashed out against their comrades nearby, as they were struck by the Minié or musket ball. Sometimes you may see some pierced through with the bayonet.

Go still further to the front, as if on the battleground at Fredericksburg, and you will see heaps and piles of the enemy lying in lifeless forms, some half-buried and shot to death in a thousand different forms. The ground, as well, is strewn with dead horses, blown-up caissons, dismounted guns, commissary and quartermaster stores, and munitions of war of all kinds seem to cover the whole plains.

Return now over the same ground, and look here at that great hole knocked in the earth by a cannon ball from the enemy's artillery. Look, then, how that large oak is shattered

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by a solid rifle or cannon shot, and look there at that large pine torn up by the roots—that oak with all the limbs trimmed from its trunk, and signs of balls, shells, or fragments of some sort, from the ground to the top, with the underbrush completely trimmed out, and you cannot help but exclaim, "I wonder that anyone could have passed through this place without being killed." Indeed, it is a wonder to see that as many as do escape from the narrow and dangerous places.

After the roaring cannon and cracking muskets have all ceased, and the brave soldiers, who have fought so gallantly and run such a narrow risk of being killed, are filling the air with their shouts of victory, the faithful and hardworking "pioneers" are busy in burying the dead, which is indeed a very disagreeable job. The mode of burying is commonly this. When there are a great many to be buried, a long trench is dug out, about six feet long and one and a half feet deep. The dead soldier is wrapped in his blanket (if the poor fellow had one) and is laid in the trench. Another trench then is dug by the side of him, and the dirt thus thrown out covers the first, and so on, in succession, until all near are buried. Very frequently a large number are laid close to each other, and dirt, only, is thrown over them, without any trench being dug. This is not very common. When the dead are not very numerous, more pains are taken to bury them more decently, but it is always impossible to get coffins for these poor men who fall in battle.

Returning to the field hospital, you are very apt to see all of the wounded taken care of. Their wounds are dressed and banded up with long strips of white cloth, saturated with cold water, and such directions as are necessary given for their future treatment. You will see also a great number of ambulances driven up in order to convey the wounded and sick

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to some point nearest the railroad, who are then sent to the hospitals for future treatment. These ambulances are small top carriages drawn by two horses or a span of mules. They will accommodate two or more wounded at a time. If the wounded can sit up, as many as four or five can be accommodated at each trip. The bed of this carriage is fixed on springs, and when the roads are not too rough, they are very easy-riding vehicles. They are going constantly until all the wounded are removed. The nurses have to be very careful in handling the wounded, or they give great pain to the suffering wounded, as their wounds become very tender and sore in a few hours after they are inflicted.

*Camp after Battle*

After all the sick and wounded are taken care of and sent off, the Surgeons and nurses rejoin their regiments in camp, or wherever it is, and are ready to attend to the sick and administer to their wants. The bloody litters and ambulances are cleaned and everything moves on in camp as though there had been only a great excitement prevailing, except for the discussion of the bravery of such a company or regiment or such other topics as may be brought up for discussion relative to the past battle.

We miss too, oh yes, how we do miss, our many comrades who fell in the last hard contest. Their names are dropped from the roll of the company and a "final statement" is forwarded of what wages were due them. Thus the horrors of war are cast off from those who reach through safely by wrapping themselves up in their blankets and laying themselves down on the cold, damp ground to seek rest in sleep and dreams of the loved ones at home and trying to convey the

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glad tidings of their escape to their friends far, far, away from them. On tomorrow the "fall-in" roll is beaten, and all the army is put in motion to look out for comfortable campgrounds and such other conveniences as will enable the soldiers to get all the natural blessings God has given, and to recruit in numbers for the next battle, which we do not know how soon we may be called upon to fight. This is only a limited explanation of the sight of a battlefield. I may have some reason for referring to this subject again.

*Winters of 1862 & 1863*

We were expecting that the enemy would try another "on to Richmond" soon, and on account of this we were kept under marching orders for several days. We moved our camp (our brigade only) on the 18th and made some preparations for winter quarters, for there was not a tent in the regiment except the Colonel's. The weather was very cold, and we consumed so much wood to keep from freezing that we had to move camp in order to get timber to build shanties.

On the 23rd of December our company got one tent. We moved our camp on the 24th and got another tent. Our company also got a fine lot of clothing, blankets, and shoes from our kind relatives in Surry County. We divided with many in the regiment who were without shoes. We had also drawn some government clothing, so by Christmas Day I think all had shoes and blankets, and about half had good bell tents.

Some of us got some boxes from home during the holiday, so we had quite a jolly Christmas in camp. Jackson Norman came out and brought a box that Letitia had sent me, containing apples, peaches, brandy, butter, eggs, pepper, suet cakes, boots, clothing, sausage, fresh pork, potatoes, etc., etc.,

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which made me feel very grateful to her for her kindness. I ate, drank, and was quite merry indeed.

I went down to see the old company on Christmas Day. They had got many good things from home. I returned the same day and was ordered on fatigue duty on the next. Our army was very busy in building fortifications and breastworks along the Rappahannock River. We also did picket duty five days in every month. Our picket line was established along the river bank. I was on fatigue duty very often. I had charge of a working party very frequently of nights and had to work this party—that is, to superintend the work all night and often when it would rain or snow on us all the time.

We had many large snows and heavy rains. Roads were very muddy. We built a corduroy road from our camp to Guinea Station, a distance of nine miles, in order to get provisions. We drilled when the weather would admit, and when we were not on other duty. Our army was tolerably well clothed and fed. We received many good boxes full of good eatables, fruit, clothing, etc., during the winter. We built a chimney to our tents, and some of the boys who had no tents would dig holes or caves in the earth, cover them over with split logs, leaves, and dirt, and make themselves quite comfortable. We lived in this way until the middle of February. It was a very cold and disagreeable winter. Our boys seemed to enjoy themselves very well and all was quiet.

*Change of Camp. Picket Duty*

On the 14th day of February, 1863, we received marching orders. The sergeant major came around and ordered us to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice. I thought this a very

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strange thing, indeed, to have to move with the snow at least nine inches deep and very cold. I thought it might be a false alarm, as we had been annoyed by such alarms before. About sunset, cur thump thump, cur thump thump, went the drum, and the "fall in" roll was sounded through the camp. We tore down our tents and rolled them up as well and as quickly as we could. Just before dark we started out through the snow, almost to our knees. We went in the direction of Hamilton's Crossing. We had to ford the small streams. One creek was quite flush and came near our hips when we waded. You may know the water was cold. I carried one of my company across on my back. It was about nine o'clock when we crossed this stream. The rain began to fall about this time, slowly, and the snow was fast melting, as there had been quite a change in the weather since we started. I never saw roads in such a condition.

We passed the crossing and went to where General Hood's (Texas) division had been encamped and took up quarters in their old winter quarters for the balance of the night. We arrived here at half past twelve o'clock that night, after marching about ten miles through the snow and mud up to our knees. We took up quarters the next day and made ourselves very comfortable the next night.

*Picket Duty & Another Furlough & Return*

Early on the morning of the 16th we were ordered on picket immediately below Fredericksburg on the river bank. We had to march about four miles. The roads were full of water and mud. We remained on picket until the 19th and were then relieved and returned to our new camp.

On the 22nd we were again on the march to the picket

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lines. A deep snow that had fallen during the night before made it very disagreeable in getting about. Our brigade did picket duty in this way until the third of March. We had been ordered to this place for the purpose of picket duty in the place of General Hood's division, that had been sent off with General Longstreet's corps. General Ramseur had taken command of our brigade, which had been commanded for some time by Colonel Grimes.

On the 5th of March we were ordered back to join our division, commanded by Brigadier General Rodes, who was commanding in place of Major General D. H. Hill, who had been previously ordered to the command of the Department of North Carolina. We took up camp three miles from Hamilton's Crossing and two miles from Grace Church. We remained here for a long time and built comfortable quarters. Captain Waugh had got a leave of absence and started home on the 2nd of March. I was then left in command of my company. I became very anxious to see my family, my child being sick, and I thought my chances very good for a leave of absence a few days.

I sent up an application, which came back "approved" by Generals Ramseur, Rodes, Jackson, and Lee. I started home on the 18th of March and reached home on the 21st. I got to Salem, and not being able to get any conveyance, I determined to walk home, a distance of thirty-five miles. I got to Brookstown and met Mr. Holyfield's wagons. I got a mule and rode home the same night, reaching home a few hours before day. I remained at home until the 1st day of April and started back to the army.

No one can tell the amount of pleasure this short stay at home afforded me. I enjoyed myself exceedingly well. I settled some of my debts, from what I had been able to save

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of my wages, leaving only a small amount unpaid. Letitia had paid the most of what I was owing before I got home. I was fortunate enough to have money to answer her purposes and a small amount besides, which she afterwards paid out and settled every cent I was owing. I had the pleasure of saying one time more that I was clear of indebtedness and had a small amount of funds on hand.

I returned to camp by way of Mount Airy, Hillsville, and Lynchburg. I stopped two days at Salem, Virginia, to see M. T., who had been promoted to the Captaincy of a cavalry company and was stationed there. I reached my company on the 6th day of April. Some of my company had died, and some were very sick. In a few days after I got back our regiment went on picket.

## CHAPTER 16

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### *Battle of Chancellorsville*

CAPTAIN WAUGH returned to camp on the 18th day of April. He had been detained because his wife was very ill. Our brigade was ordered on picket at our usual old post about three miles below Fredericksburg on the morning of the 23rd of April. The weather was very pleasant on the 23rd. We remained on picket and everything appeared to be perfectly quiet. The enemy elevated their balloons as usual.

On the morning of the 29th, the day we were to be relieved, cannonading commenced up the river at daylight. The enemy in front of us withdrew their pickets and ran up a battery, bearing on us. At last they opened their artillery on us. We occupied the rifle pits along the river during that day and were very much exposed to their artillery, which opened upon us at intervals. I was in command of my company. During the night our line was withdrawn to the entrenchments, and Captain Waugh came down and took command of the company. He had been sick. I was taken very

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sick that night but remained on duty. I would not go to the rear for fear they would say I was cowardly. I got better awhile before day, having got some sleep, though the rain fell the whole night and everyone was as wet as he could be made by the falling rains.

At daybreak on the morning of the 30th the enemy opened a heavy artillery fire at our brigade again. The enemy were crossing at several points above us and seemed to be pressing us in front and down the river. About three o'clock in the evening of the 30th we received orders to withdraw our lines.

General Ramseur's brigade passed out to the rear through a severe and hot shelling but, fortunately, lost no one in killed or wounded, except one captain in the 14th Regiment. We joined the other brigades of our division near the crossing about dark. The rain had ceased, and the weather was quite pleasant for the time of year. We lay down and slept a short time, after preparing two days' rations of bread and bacon and laying in a full supply of ammunition.

We were aroused at two o'clock that night and started out immediately. We continued our march until about nine o'clock on the 1st day of May. We stopped for the first time to rest on the bank of a creek. General Jackson came dashing by us on his foaming steed. He seemed to be anxious to cast his eyes at every soldier as he rapidly rode by, as if to say, "There is heavy work ahead." His presence was acknowledged by a long and hearty yell from every soldier who saw him. The cheering began at the rear and followed General Jackson as he passed along, until he reached the head of the column. Then the command was started back down the line to "fall in." Everyone, as he resumed his march, was exclaiming, "I know there is a big fight on hand, for I could see it in Stonewall's eyes as he passed by me." Everyone seemed to

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be impressed with the idea of a large battle by this appearance of Stonewall Jackson.

We continued our march towards Culpeper Court House. The road led by Chancellorsville. We got within about four miles of Chancellorsville, when a heavy musketry opened to our right. Our pickets or sharpshooters were thrown out on the flank of the column. This engagement ceased, and Rodes' division moved on to the front along the road. We moved a short distance and formed a line of battle, and the cannonading began on both sides. Our battery soon silenced the enemy and we advanced. We drove everything before us like chaff. We advanced our lines within one mile of Chancellorsville and lay in line of battle on the front lines the whole night. We were very much exposed during the whole night to the firing from the enemy.

At daylight on the morning of the 2nd of May we were relieved and went to the rear about one mile to where the roads forked. Here were Generals Lee, Jackson, A. P. Hill, Stuart, and many major generals holding a council of war and planning our attack. Generals Lee and Jackson seemed to be very busily engaged in laying and arranging some broom straws on one end of the box, where some bacon and crackers were placed for their breakfast. At last General Lee gave the straws a stroke and knocked them all off. Rising to his feet and shaking hands with Generals Jackson, A. P. Hill, and some others, he sat down to eat his breakfast, after asking a blessing. General Jackson, I suppose, had already eaten, for he immediately mounted his horse and, uttering a few words to some of his aides, rode off up the road. In a few moments Jackson's corps was in motion. No one in the ranks knew anything about where we were going but supposed it to be one of Stonewall's flank movements.

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We continued our march until about three o'clock in the evening, halted, and were given a good long rest time, being in line of battle only for the occasion. Here every man was let into the scene of the moving straws on General Lee's provision box that morning. We learned here, for the first time, that we had succeeded in getting to the rear of the enemy and that they were not apprised of such a move.

The signal was given, and every man rushed to the front as he was commanded. We advanced on the enemy and drove them nearly three miles that evening and during the night. We took a great many prisoners, one battery of four guns, and a great quantity of small arms.

We had run through the swamp, creeks, and mud until we were all wet to our waists. We lay in line of battle again the night of the 2nd of May, suffering a great deal from the cool breezes, our clothes being wet and muddy. It was awful to see the flashing of the artillery and bursting shells in the air over our heads during the whole night. You may know that one cannot sleep much under such circumstances as these. I slept but very little indeed. The musketry and artillery were fluttering all night.

Early on Sunday morning, the 3rd of May, we received orders to move forward, which seemed to suit General Ramseur. We advanced in line of battle through the dense forest and thicket. The artillery and musketry were roaring to such a degree as almost to deafen anyone. We charged through the wilderness about half a mile and halted behind the breastworks built by the enemy on the night before. We lay here only a few moments. While we were lying here a brigade was ordered to charge the next line of the enemy's breastworks, but they seemed to refuse, or at least were somewhat backward. General Ramseur sprang upon a log and gave

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the command to "forward and charge them boys, charge them!"

We gave a cheer, rushed across the line of breastworks, and charged on until we drove the enemy from the next line to our front. The enemy was not driven on the right or left of our brigade. Consequently we were very much exposed to an isolating fire from the right and left flanks. Our ranks were so badly thinned by this time that we could not hold our position very long, but re-enforcements came up, and again the enemy was driven from his strong position in confusion. Our brigade fell back to the rear, only to re-form and let fresh troops take our place.

In returning to the rear I got separated from the regiment, and having some difficulty in finding what few were left, I reported to Major Hurt, who had command of the corps of sharpshooters from our brigade. I assisted him in the discharge of his duties. We moved forward to the front lines. As we started off, I saw the 28th Regiment and the old company. They gave me a cheer, and forward we all rushed. I got to where the enemy's artillery had been planted on the same morning, but our artillery had drawn up here now, and the fighting yet continued most furiously. At last, about one o'clock, a grand forward movement was made by our troops and the Yankees fled in wild confusion.

On the night before, General Jackson was wounded and taken to the rear. He was wounded by the 18th North Carolina Regiment firing at him and his staff, supposing it to be a detachment of Yankee cavalry advancing on them. This was a sad affair for us, but it was kept as still as possible until the fight was over. This was certainly the hottest battle that had been fought yet. It seemed almost impossible for a time to escape from between the two contending armies.

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Captain Waugh and myself went into the fight with twenty-three men, and all were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, except myself and one private, of those that went into the fight on Sunday, the 3rd of May.

After the hard fighting was over we drew some rations and lay in line of battle again that night.

*Chancellorsville Battlefield*

I will ask you to turn your mind to the battlefield over which I passed during the 3rd day of May, and what I witnessed in the hard contest. As soon as we passed the first line of breastworks, which the enemy had built and had been driven from, the men on my right and left and front were falling rapidly. As I was advancing, one of my company was shot right in front of me. I passed over him but saw that he was dead by the time he struck the ground. Some of the company would holler out to me that they were wounded, what must they do, etc. I would tell them to get to the rear. I could not stop to take care of these poor fellows.

When we arrived behind the breastworks where we had routed the enemy just in front of their batteries, forty-odd pieces of artillery were pouring out the grape and canister by the bushel on us. We halted and began to pour volleys of musket and Minié balls into their ranks. I seized hold of one of my company's guns and was shooting while he handed me cartridges. I could see men shot through—some in the head and some torn all in pieces by the belching cannon in our front. Colonel Cox's (my colonel was wounded and Lieutenant Stallings also) orders came down the line for us to fall back, which I learned afterwards was a false alarm. However, this was a fortunate thing for me, for if I had remained

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there only a few minutes longer, I would have been captured by the enemy on my right, who were falling back towards us in our rear and captured most all that remained at the breastworks. I came very near being captured, but by a flank movement I avoided it.

I have never in my life heard the missiles of death whistle so fast and thick around me. I was very nearly covered in the earth many times by bombshells. The bark from the trees often made my face sting, and splinters knocked from the neighboring trees or saplings were stuck in my clothes. Even when I went to the rear I was very much exposed, for I did not go but a short distance before I joined Major Hurt's command of sharpshooters and was again soon among the front line.

After we joined the regiment, which was about one o'clock, I went down the short line to go to my company, but alas, not one could I find. I felt very much mortified indeed. I knew that most of them were killed or wounded. I asked permission of General Ramseur to go over a portion of the ground where we had fought to look for Captain Waugh and the balance of my company. He gave me the authority. General Ramseur had cried like a child when he saw that his brigade was cut up so bad.

I then returned to see whom I could find. I found Captain Waugh prostrated and mortally wounded. I gave him water and all the assistance I could in the short length of time I had, for I had promised General Ramseur to return in twenty minutes. I ran over the strip of woods as rapidly as I could. I found five of my company dead. They were shot all to pieces. I found several wounded, but a great many were taken to the rear wounded. I found the litter bearer that belonged to my company and sent him after Captain Waugh. By this time

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I had to return to the regiment, according to the promise I had made to General Ramseur.

Late in the evening a private of my company who escaped, came up. I learned that he had given out from exhaustion during the rapid charge we made and had gone to the rear. I had, then, only one man.

Lieutenant Banner and one private were detailed for rear guard the day before, and one private was detailed for provost guard duty. They were all relieved from duty on that evening and reported to the regiment for duty. Then there were myself, Lieutenant Banner, and three privates in the company. The ten companies in the regiment were consolidated into four for the present, and I was assigned to one of the four companies for duty. I ascertained that six of my company were killed, five mortally wounded, including Captain Waugh, six slightly wounded, and seven taken prisoners. Three or four have died since of their wounds in hospitals.

I could not sleep much that night, for the moment my eyes were closed I imagined I could see soldiers falling all around me, and their dying groans rang in my ears all the time. Besides, it was not a mere imagination, for very often during the night we were aroused by the roaring of artillery, but little damage was done.

Early in the morning of the 4th of May I was detailed to take command of a detachment of sharpshooters and go to the front to support the line of skirmishers. I deployed my command, and as soon as we arrived on the line the enemy began their cannonading. We were in a very much exposed position and were scarcely able to hold our line at times. We remained on the front until eight o'clock that night and were relieved.

I returned to the regiment, which had been fortifying all

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the time. We were surrounded by dead men and horses on all sides. The air was full of the disagreeable stench arising from the decaying dead bodies of the men and horses. They were all buried as fast as could be, but it was impossible to bury them all before they were very much decayed.

The country all around, except a very small portion around the Chancellor House, is a perfect wilderness of blackjack, low pine, etc., etc., a dense thicket. When the enemy fell back they set the woods on fire. The leaves were dry and a great quantity of them on the ground burnt furiously. The woods were covered, almost, in dead and wounded, which were burnt over. Several wounded Rebels and Yankees were burnt to death before they could be taken off by the members of the litter bearers. Some poor fellows were able to use a stick to scratch the leaves from around them and survive, the smoke almost stifling them to death. They were taken care of as soon as it was prudent, but it was impossible to get them all off before the fire spread all over the woods.

The enemy had used the Chancellor House, which was a very large brick hotel, for a field hospital and had taken a great many of their wounded, as well as ours that they had captured, and placed them in and around the building. When they had to fall back and our forces advanced, this house was between the two armies. The enemy masked their artillery behind the building and were annoying us very much. The only alternative for us to get them from behind the house was for our artillery to shell the house. Our batteries opened on the house and soon knocked it into a "cocked hat." The fine hotel was soon in flames, and the enemy got away as quickly then as possible, but it was too late to save the poor wounded. They had to perish in the flames.

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On the night of the 4th the rain began to fall and continued until the 5th. Late in the evening a heavy storm came up, and soon everything was in a float of water. Since Sunday, the 3rd of May, we had been acting on the defensive. During the heavy rains the enemy withdrew their forces across the river. On the morning of the 6th they opened a few pieces of artillery at us but soon withdrew to seek shelter on the north side of the Rappahannock River.

## CHAPTER 17

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### *Returns to Camp after the Battle of Chancellorsville*

ABOUT ten o'clock on the 6th, General Lee rode up from Fredericksburg and, in a congratulatory order, announced the victory gained at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. He also announced publicly the misfortune befallen us in the loss of General Stonewall Jackson's arm.

After a reconnoissance was made by a portion of the infantry and cavalry, we received orders to return to camp. I was then joined by the members of my company who belonged to the corps of litter bearers, which made four privates and two officers, all told. Lieutenant Bray had belonged to the pioneer corps for some time previous.

We started for our old campground about two o'clock, for the roads were blocked for some time with retiring troops. We had fifteen miles to march. The roads were very muddy and the rains continued to fall. We reached camp about twelve o'clock that night. After drying our clothing, we laid our weary forms on some dry boards in my tent (the only tent

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left standing in the camp of our regiment, the others all having been sent to the rear). We slept soundly indeed for a while.

On the 7th I had to make out different kinds of reports and get other matters in order. I felt very much fatigued and was very much mortified at the loss of so many of my company. Our hardships were often repeated but were, to some extent, forgotten when drill hours were announced, which was within a few days after the fight.

### *In Camp*

About the 12th, I went with Mr. S. Hauser to show him where his son was killed on the battlefield of Chancellorsville. We found him by some letters that had dropped from his pockets while the pioneers were carrying him to the pit to bury him, and by digging down into the pit where we supposed he was buried.

This was a very disagreeable undertaking. This kind old gentleman finally succeeded in getting him removed home. The battlefield presented a horrible sight. Dead horses covered a great portion of the battlefield, and the dead were so shallowly buried that many of their faces were bare yet. The scent was very disagreeable indeed.

On the 26th of May our regiment and brigade was again ordered on picket duty on the Rappahannock River, on the same line we were on when the fight began. I was fearful that I might be exposed to another eight days as I had been before, but everything was very calm, and the Yankee pickets were as willing to swap coffee for tobacco as ever. We talked and traded with each other as much as we were allowed to do. Balloons were in the air, and wagon trains were visible

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on the opposite side of the river, as though some demonstrations were being made. We were relieved from picket duty by the Alabama brigade and returned to camp on the 1st day of June. During this time some of my company who were captured at Chancellorsville were exchanged and came back, and some few of the slightly wounded came from the hospital. My company numbered by the 1st day of June fifteen enlisted men. We moved our camp out in the woods when we returned from picket duty and cleared off a beautiful campground in a very pleasant grove.

I should have said something in relation to the death of General T. J. Jackson. His death produced a profound sadness throughout the whole Army of Northern Virginia. Many a soldier who had followed this great general and warrior through the Valley Campaign and the battles around Richmond was filled with sorrow when his death was announced. I hope every man, woman, and child will carefully read the history of General Jackson. When you read the full history of this war after it has ended, you will see that Stonewall Jackson's presence was needed in many a place on the battlefield and on the march after his death. Would to God that we had another Jackson! If Jackson had lived I would not have seen Johnson's Island. But thank God, we yet have good and able leaders in whom our troops have undivided confidence and are willing to spend the last drop of blood upon the altar of their country!

I will return to my career, as I have only contemplated giving you a short history of my own life and a few observations that came under my own observation.

## CHAPTER 18

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*Commencement of Pennsylvania Campaign*

I WILL now tell you something in relation to the Pennsylvania Campaign and what occurred during the month of June, 1863.

On the 3rd of June three days' rations were ordered, and the extra baggage was sent to the rear for safekeeping. I will state that I had the pleasure of meeting Lacy, as Daniel's brigade had been ordered to Virginia to supply the place of a brigade that had been detached from our division. He had been promoted to the captaincy. I also met up with Matthew H. We all three had the pleasure of meeting again. We were very much scattered: Lacy in General Daniel's brigade, Rodes' division; Math. H. in Lane's brigade, A. P. Hill's division; M. T. in the cavalry in western Virginia. It seemed rather strange that we three could enjoy the happiness of meeting, as we had gone through such narrow places.

We prepared our rations and were ready to move. We supposed we were going on another Maryland trip. Our army

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was put in motion at one o'clock in the morning of the 4th of June. We moved at this hour in order not to let the enemy see us from their balloons in the air. We passed near Guinea Station, a circuitous route, passed Spottsylvania Court House, continued our march for several days in the direction of Culpeper Court House, which place we passed on the 7th, and camped about nine miles north that night.

*Pennsylvania Campaign*

We remained in camp until early on the morning of the 9th of June. The cavalry had been skirmishing some on the evening and night before. We were ordered down to reinforce them. We got to the battlefield about the time the fight wound up. Our cavalry succeeded in driving the enemy back. We returned a short distance and camped.

On the 10th we resumed our march towards Front Royal in the Shenandoah Valley. I was on duty as officer of the guard and acting as rear guard for our brigade.

We passed Front Royal on the 12th and camped near Millwood. We moved off early the next morning (13th) in the direction of Berryville, where we learned that the enemy had some force. We surrounded the place and closed in upon them, capturing a great number of prisoners and any amount of commissary and quartermaster stores. We rested a few moments, filled our haversacks with crackers, and resumed our march towards Martinsburg. We suffered much from a storm which raged furiously during the evening and that night.

On the 14th we continued our march. We passed Bunker Hill down the pike towards Martinsburg, where Jenkins' cavalry had engaged the enemy at that place. Our march was rapid. The weather was very warm. Many of the men fell on

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the roadside from mere fatigue and heat. Our brigade was in front. We formed a line of battle two miles from town and advanced on the town, carrying everything before us. We did just as General Ramseur wanted us to do, that is, to run right over the enemy.

General Ramseur's brigade charged through the town capturing prisoners and completely routing the enemy. We captured all their artillery and what commissary and quartermaster stores they did not burn. The fighting over, the prisoners paraded, and giving a few long and hearty cheers, we went into camp about nine o'clock at night. The nights were pleasant and we slept very soundly wrapped in our blankets.

Our brigadier general, S. D. Ramseur, was universally beloved by every man in his brigade. No braver or better man lives than he is. He takes good care of his soldiers and gives them all the rest he can. He fights hard and is very successful. His men like to fight under him.

On the morning of the 15th we started out for Maryland (General Rodes' entire division). General Ewell had taken his other two divisions and had engaged the enemy under the command of General Millroy at Winchester, completely routing and capturing their breastworks and fortifications. We moved across the Potomac River at Williamsport and went into camp until General Ewell could overtake us.

We remained in camp until the 17th and then went out to Hagerstown. We went into camp again here and remained until the 22nd of June. We then renewed our march to Pennsylvania and went into camp at Greencastle, Pennsylvania. On June 24th we marched through Chambersburg. I was ordered on picket duty with my company. Our post was near some very strong Union families. I treated them very kindly. I would not suffer anyone to molest their property. They would

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sell us most anything and take our money in return. Daniel's brigade passed us before day this morning, going up to Shippensburg.

On June 26th our brigade moved off early in the morning, passed Shippensburg two miles, and took up camp. It rained most all day. After we went into camp, I was ordered before the examining board for promotion to the captaincy of my company. Colonel W. T. Bennett of the 14th Regiment, Colonel Parker of the 30th, and Colonel Cox of the 2nd Regiment (who was absent) composed the board. I passed the examination, giving entire satisfaction. I felt very much relieved now, for I had some fears, for I had but little time to prepare myself since I had heard of the death of Captain Waugh, who died on the 28th of May from the wound he received at Chancellorsville.

June 27th. We marched this morning early, got to Carlisle City, and took up quarters in the old U. S. barracks. We remained in camp here until the morning of the last day of June, when we marched in the direction of Gettysburg and camped within about ten miles from that place. We were not very cordially received by the citizens of Pennsylvania. At the same time we endeavored to treat them kindly, strictly complying with orders from General Lee in that particular. General Lee desired that we should treat every person kindly and respect the private property of every citizen. We met up with some very warm Southern sympathizers, who treated us very kindly.

*Battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania*

July the first. We camped last night near a small town by the name of Tellestown. We started out soon towards Gettys-

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burg. We got within two or three miles of town, and we saw the wagon trains going to the rear. About this time the artillery opened in our front. We knew then that a fight would come off sure.

We got within a mile and a half of town, halted, and General Ramseur rode off to the front, for our brigade was in the rear of the division. He came back soon and we moved down where the musketry had begun their fire. Daniel's brigade was on our right and Iverson's on our left, but when it became necessary to reinforce General Daniel with our brigade, we, on our return, got to the left of Iverson's brigade.

The contest was hot and lasting. Our division occupied the front lines for a considerable distance. We fought manfully. Daniel's and Iverson's brigades were very much cut up. About one hour by sun we succeeded in driving the enemy from their first strong position, capturing any amount of provisions and several pieces of artillery. We chased them through town, completely routing the whole of them.

Our brigade was halted on the edge of town and rested, for we were very tired and thirsty, as we had not got any water since morning. We got water here and sent detachments all through town to gather up the stragglers of the enemy who had sought refuge in cellars, kitchens, bake ovens, etc. One of these cowardly wretches shot at General Ramseur as he rode through town at the head of his brigade and killed his horse dead under him.

We lay in line of battle during the night of the 1st of July. I had started on this trip with fourteen men. Two of them got sick before we crossed the Potomac River, which left me only twelve privates. Lieutenant Banner was permanently detailed for the corps of sharpshooters, and Lieutenant Bray got with the pioneer corps, leaving me entirely alone with my small but

brave little company. I found that three of my men had fallen out or were wounded when we stopped in the town. By dark they had all come up and were ready to go into another fight. One of them was slightly wounded by a spent ball but would not go to the rear. He came limping. I felt very sorry for him, for his wound was quite painful for a while. He was most well by morning. The artillery opened very heavily over our heads awhile before sunset and continued until about dark, when everything became quiet, and one half of us slept while the others were to be awake and keep watch.

Thus ended a hot and heavy day's fighting and mauling. I was glad to see the going down of the sun, as I was on many subsequent occasions.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of July the artillery opened on both sides and, at intervals, was very severe. About one o'clock, every gun on both sides opened at once. The shelling was over our heads, from both the enemy's batteries and ours. We were in the suburbs of town, and the batteries flared on either side of the town. The cannonading continued without any intermission from one o'clock until dark. The pickets and sharpshooters were firing all the time. I saw Matthew H. and heard that Lacy was wounded, but not very badly. I had been very much uneasy about them.

At dark we were ordered to charge the heights in front of us and dislodge the enemy from his strong position. We moved off by the right flank a short distance and then to the front. We passed our skirmish line and slowly advanced towards the enemy. This was a trying time. The idea of charging strong fortifications in the night time was an awful thing. But everyone was willing to follow our Brigadier General wherever he would lead us. We had undivided confidence in his military skill and patriotism. We drove in the enemy's skirmishers and

advanced within two hundred yards of the main line of the enemy's breastworks. We got the order then, while we had halted to get ready for a dash upon the enemy, to fall back a short distance. We supposed this was done for the purpose of letting other troops get up even with us, but I learned afterwards that a charge upon the breastworks of the enemy from this point was not contemplated by General Ewell. We retired about one hundred yards, built some protection from the shells of the enemy, and lay in position the balance of the night.

July 3rd, Friday. We were aroused this morning very early by heavy cannonading. Sharp skirmishing began all along the lines and continued all day. Heavy cannonading began at twelve o'clock and continued about five hours. Such cannonading has never before been witnessed. The enemy were in our front with upwards of one hundred and seventy-five cannon, firing as fast as the guns could be loaded. They fired at our battery, which was in position to our rear. We had about one hundred and twenty-five cannon firing as fast as they could be loaded. The atmosphere seemed to be as full of cannon balls, bomb shells, and flying missiles of death as a South Carolina millpond ever was of tadpoles. The whole country around seemed to be in a blaze of gunpowder, while the huge columns of smoke from burning houses and the roaring of cannon rose toward heaven, as if to hide such a collection of horrors.

The position we had enabled us to see the whole affair. We could see troops advancing on our right and see them fight. Oh, what an awful sight it is to see an army marching upon another! Look there, four men fell from one shell! See there, six fell right where that shell burst! Did you see that? That shell was well aimed, for it liked to have covered up a whole group of skirmishers in dirt. Look there at that officer! It must be General Lane. Looks like him. That is A. P. Hill's corps

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going into the charge. Yes, I know that is Lane's North Carolina brigade. They move slowly to the front with bayonets fixed.

I could see all this going on on our right while we held the position at our post of duty. These things are disagreeable to witness and may not afford you much satisfaction to read, as you will see the history of the whole of this affair in print.

July 4th, Saturday. Last night, awhile before day, our line was withdrawn from the lowland in front and placed in position on the heights commanding Gettysburg, where we had routed the enemy on the 1st of July and the first day of the battle. We threw up temporary fortification and got something to eat again. The rains began to fall, and fall fast, too. We lay in line all day, and that night at nine o'clock we expected marching orders. We thought that the enemy would not advance on us, and we could not drive them from their strong position.

We commenced our march at two o'clock on the morning of the 5th and marched about twenty miles that day. The rain fell all the time most furiously and the roads were in a very bad condition. We had to leave a great portion of our wounded in the hands of the enemy, not being able to get transportation for them all. We camped at the foot of South Mountain, two miles from Fairfield, and started out early on the morning of the 6th. We were in the rear of the army and had heavy skirmishing in the rear all day. We got across the mountain and went into camp near Waynesburg. I was again sent on picket that night with my company. We were on the march early next morning, marching at four o'clock. We got near Hagerstown on the 7th and went into camp for several days. The rain fell on us in perfect torrents most all the time.

On the 10th the rains ceased and a column of the enemy's

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cavalry advanced upon us. We formed a line of battle and marched out to meet them. Our battery threw a few shells among them and they disappeared. We lay in line of battle until dark and then marched off to Hagerstown. We lay down at eleven o'clock at night about two miles from town and slept until morning.

On the 11th we returned within one mile of Hagerstown and built breastworks. We were ready to receive the enemy, but they would not advance. Some cannonading and skirmishing took place during the day. We lay in line of battle until late on the evening of the 13th, when we got orders to be ready to move off at any moment. Everything was in a great stir. I had to take the left wing of our regiment and strengthen our picket lines. About dark the enemy advanced. We poured a volley into them and drove them back. We remained here until nine o'clock, then withdrew our picket lines and marched in the direction of Williamsport. We were on our feet all night. The roads were muddy and the river was very flush. We got across the Potomac River just at daylight. The river was up. We waded where the water struck me to my armpits.

*Returning to Virginia*

I had the pleasure of seeing all of my company cross the river that had gone over with me. My company was the most fortunate of any company that crossed the Potomac. I was very much attached to them. I never saw boys do their duty any more promptly than they did. Again in Virginia we felt much more free than when in Maryland or Pennsylvania.

On the evening of the 14th I saw Matthew H. and heard that Lacy had gone to the hospital and also heard that his

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wound was not very severe. We moved down to Martinsburg and camped a few days; then to Durkville and remained there until the 22nd, when we got marching orders and passed Winchester, camping one mile from town.

On the 23rd we marched early and got to Front Royal, where we learned that the enemy was making a raid towards Front Royal by way of Mannassas Gap. We marched out on the face of the mountain, skirmished a good long while, and drove the enemy back. We continued our march at Gollock, marching back through Front Royal and in the direction of Luray. We marched about thirty-five miles during the day and night. The weather was very warm and sweltry. We continued our march for several days, then, in succession. The roads were awful dusty, and the weather was very warm.

I received a letter on the 24th informing me of Emma being very sick. It was thought she could not live. This gave me great trouble. I had lost three of my company on the march the day we left Winchester, and I was fearful they had fallen into the hands of the enemy. All of this combined gave me much trouble.

We crossed the Blue Ridge mountain at Thornton's Gap on the 27th of July and passed Sperryville, camping two miles from town. The men I thought had fallen into the hands of the enemy came up. They effected their escape across the mountain and joined us at Sperryville.

We continued our march to Madison Court House and camped a few days. On the 31st at five o'clock in the evening we got marching orders and marched until one o'clock that night towards Gordonsville. This night marching suited us, for the weather was very warm during the daytime.

This winds up July, one of the most disagreeable months of

I have the honor to apply for a leave of absence for (30) thirty days to visit my home in Surry County N.C.  
My only child is very sick, has been since last spring and from reliable information cannot recover. Gangrene has taken place in its head which cannot be stopped as the best medical aid has failed. My wife is in delicate health and is on the verge of being a maniac at the thoughts of losing her child. Nothing but the sad condition of my family induces me to ask for a leave of absence at this time.  
My company is small 18 enlisted men present for duty and in the event of my receiving a leave of absence <sup>some</sup> officers of my company will remain on duty.  
I am with much respect  
W. M. Tomman Capt  
Co. A. 2<sup>nd</sup> Regt. N. Troops

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the year to me. I had seen lots of trouble, had marched, and had fought a great deal. I was very much fatigued indeed.

*Reaches Orange Court House. Hears of Emma's Illness  
Gets Furlough*

We continued our march on the 1st of August. Colonel Cox and Colonel Stallings joined us near Orange Court House. We suffered a great deal from the heat, which was very oppressive. We went into camp and remained here some time. Everything became very quiet. There were no prospects of a fight. Drilling and the usual camp duty were resumed. The sick from the hospitals and some recruits joined my company, and everything seemed to move off in calmness.

I was very anxious to see my sick child. I had heard from home very often, and Emma continued very ill. I thought now, since everything was quiet, I might be able to get a short leave of absence. I went to see Colonel Cox and laid my excuse before him. He told me that he would forward my application approved, and it might be possible that I could get home to see my child.

I visited my old company and Lacy's company in General Daniel's brigade. I had made out the muster rolls for my company and got their money.

On the 21st of August my application for twelve days' leave of absence came back approved by General Lee. I fixed to start home on the 22nd. I felt very thankful to my superior officers for their kindness in giving me permission to visit my little family. I took my leave of the company on the 22nd and got to Richmond the same night. I reached home on the 25th of August.

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Emma had got some better and was about out of danger. Oh, how sorry I was to see her so badly disfigured! She had been sick a long time with flux and chronic diarrhea and finally took the gangrene or inflammation in her mouth, which resulted in the loss of most all her teeth and most all of her little lips. Notwithstanding this misfortune, I was very thankful to God for His kindness in yet sparing her life..

What a pleasure it afforded me to meet my distressed wife and afflicted child! I cannot express my feelings on this occasion. I thought I was one of the most fortunate beings in the world. I had some reason for thinking I was fortunate. After going through the hardships of the late campaign in Maryland and Pennsylvania and the sad affliction of my family, I was blessed with the great pleasure of meeting my wife and child again on this side of eternity. I had never failed in getting a furlough whenever I made the application. I felt very thankful for the kindness bestowed on me by my officers.

Emma continued to mend slowly, and the time soon came for me to return to my company. Columbus and Watson Holyfield had got furloughs and we all had the pleasure of being at home with each other again. Lacy had got a leave of absence from the hospital and had been at home, starting back only two days before I got there.

*At Home. Detained by General Hoke  
Reaches Camp Again*

I went to see Father and enjoyed myself very well. I made the arrangements to start back to my company on the 7th of September, 1863. I got up a great many things to take to my company: fruits, liquors, etc. I hated to leave home very bad,

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but I had to part with my affectionate family again. I would have given almost anything to have remained at home.

Mr. Holyfield brought us down to Salem, North Carolina. I met the 21st Regiment and General Hoke. I was there detained by General Hoke and ordered on duty with him until the 8th day of October. I will omit for the present some of the difficulties I had to encounter while in North Carolina this time. I will tell you all when I see you, if I live to enjoy that pleasure. I may have space in my book to write it out in full; if so, I will take pleasure in doing it at the proper time and when I get to the proper place.

While on duty in North Carolina I had the pleasure of going home again for a few days at a time. After I was relieved from duty by General Hoke, I received authority from him to remain at home two days.

I again took my leave of my family on the 8th day of October and returned this time to my company. I, however, was detained in Raleigh one day to get some conscripts Colonel Mallett was going to send to my company and regiment. I was detained one day in Richmond. I got to Gordonsville and learned that the army was moving. I was detained here by orders from General Lee to stop all officers and men returning to the army until further orders.

I did not get to my company until the 25th day of October. The enemy had fallen back from the Rapidan towards Manassas, and General Lee was following up. By this movement being on foot, I was knocked out of this short campaign. I was glad to get back to my company and was cordially received by them. I was again in camp on the Rappahannock River, about two miles from Kellysford. I went on duty and felt very proud to see my company in good heart and recruited to a very good, average-size company.

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

I went to see Lacy and enjoyed myself finely. We were together most every day. Mat. had been taken a prisoner in September, which we regretted very much. M. T. had gone home to see his family a few days after I had been home. I and Lacy, well and hearty, thought ourselves very fortunate to have had the pleasure lately of visiting our family.

I will tell you something not very pleasant to me on the next few pages. You must read it, if you can.

## CHAPTER 19

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### *Taken Prisoner*

ON the morning of the 5th of November our regiment was ordered on picket. We went towards Kellysford, met General Daniel, who was in command of the division, and were ordered back to camp until night, when we should go down on the river and relieve those on picket duty. We returned to camp and at sundown started again under command of Lieutenant Colonel Stallings. Upon reaching the bank of the river I was posted with my company on the brink of the river so as to protect the ford. The weather was very cold. We remained on outpost duty until the 6th and that night. Early on the morning of the 7th I was relieved from the front and went back a few hundred yards from the river to the reserve to get some sleep.

The enemy had made their appearance in force on the opposite bank of the river on the day before, and we were expecting them to advance. About ten o'clock I was ordered down to

### *A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

the ford of the river to reinforce companies F and K of our regiment. Colonel Stallings gave me the following orders and instructions:

"Captain Norman, take your company and occupy the rifle pit by that walnut tree and support Lieutenant Dickerson's company. You must hold that position at all hazards and not leave there until you get further orders. Adjutant Dillingham will show you where to post your company." Then Colonel Stallings rode off to Captain Miller, gave him the same orders as he had given me, and then rode off down the river. I did not see him any more and got no further orders from him.

About twelve o'clock the enemy advanced with infantry, artillery, and cavalry. Our vedettes were driven in and the enemy, in force, rushed to the ford and got shelter from our firing muskets in an old millrace. At this movement the artillery opened on us. We clung to our position and poured volleys into the ranks of the enemy just across the river. The firing was desperate. We, having protection in rifle pits, could do good execution until we had to give way on account of being overpowered by numbers. While we were keeping those in our front from crossing, a portion of our regiment on our right and down the river gave way and the enemy crossed at that ford. They came up to our rear, unobserved by us, for our attention was directed to those in our front. Those in our front, seeing we were entirely surrounded, dashed across the river and received a volley from our muskets, when we were ordered to surrender to men in our rear, whom we had not seen until this moment. We were then ordered by those in our rear to surrender which, of course, we had to do. There were two batteries in our front and too many of the enemy in our rear for us to undertake to cut our way through. Oh, how I do regret

this fatal occurrence, but such are the fortunes of war!

There were twenty-three enlisted men of my company here on duty and six left in camp. Lieutenant W. O. T. Banner and myself, with the company, Captain Miller and his company, and Lieutenant Dickerson and his company were among the captured at the Kellysford engagement.

We were guarded across the river by the same men who captured us. When we arrived on the top of the hill or heights, we could see reinforcements coming from camp to our relief, but it was too late then. I gave up my sword and belt for the first time. I hope it may be the last time. We were then conducted to the rear of the army of the enemy under many guards. We suffered some by the chilling winds, our clothing being wet to the waists by having to ford the river.

About dark, a detachment of cavalry took charge of us to conduct us to the headquarters of General Meade. They started off very fast, as if they were going to put us through, when Colonel Russell of the 1st Maryland Cavalry rode up to the front of the column of his command and gave the following orders and instructions: "You must not go so fast in front," said he. "These men (meaning us Rebels) have to walk and you must give them their usual gait." This remark from Colonel Russell made me think he was a man of feeling and knew how to appreciate bravery, even in an enemy.

We were conducted to headquarters, and a large number of sentinels having been placed around us, were allowed to build up fires and dry our wet clothing. We were cared for by our enemies as well as they could under the circumstances. We got some crackers, or hardtack, but no meat, for the provision wagons had not come up yet.

Colonel Russell sent his orderly to where we were and told

him to tell me to come to his tent, which was about fifty yards off. I could not imagine what he wanted with me, unless it was to quiz me in relation to the position and number of our troops, etc. I entered his tent and was very kindly asked to have a seat near his mess chest, for he was eating his supper. I was very kindly asked to sit up and eat supper with him. I, for manners, declined, but being earnestly appealed to to eat, I sat up and took a very good supper which, he informed me, was the only business he had with me. I was treated very kindly by the officers in command of the guard. After supper I returned to my comrades under guard with an excellent cigar in my mouth, handed me by some officer at Colonel Russell's headquarters.

I joined the others of my unfortunate brothers. Then an acquaintance was struck up among Rebels and Yankees. It would have surprised you very much to have seen us all at the ford, trying to shoot each other to death, and then to have come up to us about twelve o'clock that night and heard us talking so friendly to each other. We would talk over the many battles we had been in, how we had run them at that place, how they had got the better of us at another, and so on during the whole night. I could not sleep and was up for anything to kill time and trouble. When the argument would get crossways and there was every likelihood of sharp words, we all, on both sides, would agree not to say anything more on that subject, as it might prove offensive to both sides. No other class of human beings can be so hostile and in a few moments be so friendly as the bravest of the brave. The reason of our intimacy was because the enemy knew how to appreciate bravery even in an enemy and knew how to treat prisoners of war.

They gave us more rations on the morning of the 8th and started with us to Warrenton Junction. Colonel Russell did

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not go with us any further. I regretted this very much but was very kindly treated, that is, to be a prisoner of war, by the officers in command of the guard.

*A Prisoner*

The enemy had engaged our pickets at the Rappahannock Station at the same time they had engaged us at Kellysford and had taken most of General Hoke's and General Hays' Louisiana Brigade captains.

We met up with them at Beal's Station about fifteen miles from Warrenton Junction, but the guard that started out with us continued to have us under their charge until we got to the junction. We were then stored away in the freight coaches and were rapidly rushed into Washington City at about twelve o'clock that night.

We were conducted to the Old Capitol Prison, locked up, and guarded for safekeeping. The prison was very much crowded with Rebels. A very large and comfortable room was assigned us and we lay down to sleep, after making many remarks about this being the first time we had ever looked through the iron grates before going to bed.

On the 9th of November the privates were all sent to Point Lookout Prison, and the officers were retained here for the present. I regretted very much to have to part with my company. I could not help but shed a tear as I saw them exit through the iron gate. I returned to my room and had to remain there all the time except one-half hour after each meal's victuals. We ate three times per day and had plenty. We were not allowed but could eat as much as we desired.

On the night of the 11th we were started off for Johnson's Island, near Sandusky City, Ohio. I had expected to meet up

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with Mat., as I had heard of him being in the Old Capitol Prison; in fact, I saw his name written in pencil mark on the wall in the prison. I had made many inquiries after him and found out that he had been sent to the Carroll Prison in Washington City. About the time we got ready to leave the Old Capitol, the prisoners from the Carroll were sent up to where we were in order for us all to be sent off together. It was on this occasion that I met up with Matthew H. I was glad to see him, but I would have given most anything to have met him in any other place. Since we both had to be in prison, I was glad we were fortunate enough to get together. I had a great deal to tell him as well as he had to tell me.

We were soon conducted to the depot and put on the train. We got to Baltimore in a few hours. Here we were lodged in Campbell's Slave Pen Prison, the most disagreeable place I ever was in, in all my life. The remainder of this cold night we remained here, until nine o'clock on the next day. We were started again and passed Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Mansfield, and finally reached Sandusky on the night of the 13th of November.

*Prisoners on Johnson's Island*

On Saturday, the 14th day of November, we were conducted to a boat, and off shore she steamed across the bay for Johnson's Island to our prison quarters. After registering our names, we were conducted inside of the prison bounds.

I will give you a short sketch of the barracks on Johnson's Island and then give some items about the manner we have of passing off time. I will, then, give you an imperfect list of the names of my brother prisoners in their own handwriting and wind my short and imperfect history to an end. I hope you

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

may enjoy the pleasure of reading it, though I may never see you again. I hope I have said nothing in my narrative that would be contraband or would give aid and comfort to either of the contending armies.

*Barracks or Prison & Johnson's Island*

Johnson's Island is situated in Lake Erie about three miles from the mainland and contains about three hundred acres of land. It is very nearly as round as a dollar. In the bay are visible the obstructions that were built by General Andrew Jackson, of Revolutionary fame, to prevent the British from entering the port. A portion of the land on the island is cultivated. The rest has a very heavy growth of timber on it.

The barracks or prison depot embraces about six acres, is fenced in by a plank fence about fifteen feet in height, and is well guarded by sentinels, who walk on a narrow platform fixed at the top of the fence overlooking the whole enclosure. Inside of this tall fence are situated thirteen blocks of large buildings, about one hundred and fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. They are two stories high and are capable of containing about three hundred men each. These blocks of buildings are divided off into rooms of various sizes. Some rooms contain only six or eight men; others, fifty or seventy-five. A privy is built for the benefit of each block. The kitchens, or cookhouses, are built at each end of every block, with a large cookstove and beef boiler, etc. Plates, knives and forks, tin cups, etc., were furnished us.

Then tiers of bunks are fixed up around the inside of the rooms. Bed sacks and blankets are furnished us, and we have nothing to do but to eat what is given us and look around after something to pass off the dull time of a prison life. The rules

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of the prison are posted in every room. Anyone can soon make himself familiar with what his duties are.

We do our own cooking and, for the most of the time, do our own washing. Water is tolerably handy, but when the lake is closed by the ice, it is difficult to get plenty. Pastime consists in playing cards and all sorts of games. Poker, whist, cribbage, monte banks, faro banks, chessboard, dice, solitaire (my favorite game), guitars, violins, song books, religious books, Bibles, Testaments, novels, ring making, shoe making and mending, theatrical performances, divine service, reading, writing, French school, and many Bible classes are among some of the amusements for pastime. The discussion of the merits of the states very often comes up. The bravery of soldiers and the narration of what each one has endured since the war is repeated so often the subject has become very stale. I and Mat. often talk of the fun and pleasure we used to see when we were boys around the knees of our once happy parents, the many ups and downs among the young people who were growing up as we did, the many spins and frolics we used to be at, etc.

I read my Testament through at least twice and cooked awhile for my mess until Christmas for my pastime and amusement. Since that time I have been devoting my leisure moments to writing this book.

## CHAPTER 20

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### *The Life of a Prisoner*

THE life of a prisoner of war is a very unpleasant and unhappy life indeed.

The despondency of the mind, which covers the soul, cannot be resisted by the unfortunate victim. The thoughts of home, the pleasures and happiness once enjoyed with the loved ones he has been so disagreeably separated from, bring many a tear of sorrow and bring fresh reminiscences of the past to press very heavily upon him, making him feel very unhappy indeed.

I think I have been very fortunate in meeting of friends to assist me. I met with many favors from General W. R. Trimble, Captain Chichester, and Colonel W. J. Greene. They gave me clothing, loaned me money to relieve my wants, and kept me from suffering. I shall always feel under many obligations to them for their kindness. I was very fortunate in writing to my dear uncle Thomas A. Demill of New York City. He sent me all the clothing I needed and even more, for I had enough to divide with Mat. and some others who were suffering. I

### *A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

shall have occasion to refer to this good friend of mine hereafter and will tell you all about him at the proper time.

Immorality prevails to some extent among the prisoners. I have endeavored, however, to keep my mind turned towards God. Often while walking the floor of the prison, I repeat the Lord's Prayer, and I find my whole mind absorbed upon the subject of my future state of existence or my appearing before God.

I often find my mind absorbed in studying of my wife and child. What a pleasure it is to me to think of them! How well do I know that I have the prayers of an affectionate wife. What a source of happiness it is to me to think, if on earth no more we meet, that I have a bright hope of meeting her in heaven, where parting is no more, where sentinels do not walk on the platform of a tall fence with bayonets glittering in the moonlit night, where prisoners of war are not confined in prisons, but where all is happiness and joy forever and ever.

The mind of a prisoner is wandering. He studies over his past life and talks over most everything he has ever done. The many dangers through which he has passed are related in full, which dangers seem to afford the many brave soldiers and gallant officers a great pleasure to narrate fully.

Political questions are fully discussed and everyone seems to adhere closely to the merits of his own native state, however recreant that state may have proven to her trust. Religious principles come up often for discussion, in which almost everyone expresses his way or his mode of living, or what he considers the true principle of fundamental or practical religion. Farming, too, comes up often for discussion and embraces a large scope of argument and pleasant imaginations, as the winding up of such a discussion results in repeating the whole catalogue of the comforts of life and the imagined

luxuries he expects to enjoy. This subject is pleasant to talk of, as you may know that being totally deprived of the comforts or luxuries of life which the farmer raises causes us to imagine what fine living we all aim to enjoy when the troubles are over and we can enjoy the pleasure and happiness of returning to our much beloved ones at home.

The subject of exchange of prisoners is talked of much. It would take volumes to contain all that is said on this point. We are ready to catch at the least glimmering hope or least insinuation on the subject. Everyone has his time set when he thinks an exchange will be effected. But oh, how anxious we all are that an exchange may be agreed upon soon! This is the prayer of every Christian and sinner in the prison.

Rations being rather short cause much despondency among our unfortunate brothers, though I must confess that our fare and treatment is better than what I had anticipated. The weather has been very unfavorable: cold, cloudy, raining, or snowing most all the time so far. The streets between the blocks of buildings have been very muddy most all the time when the weather was moderate enough for us to walk for exercise and pastime.

I have written many letters to my wife and many to my friends in the west. I have got a few in answer to those I have written. This affords me much pleasure. The letters I get from Letitia are read over many times, as I love to read her letters. I even look at every letter and syllable and esteem it very highly indeed.

I have endeavored to be kind to my roommates and all others, as far as I could. I have often loaned things and deprived myself of the use of them in order to accommodate and be kind to my brother officers. If I thought one of my mess needed more to eat than I did, I was always ready to divide

even what I drew, which was the same as he drew. I would divide the last chew of tobacco or pipeful in order to relieve my comrades from suffering, when, at the same time, I knew I should soon be without, myself, and the great probability was that I would have to remain without.

As a general thing, I was treated very kindly by my roommates. I do not know that I ever asked a favor of one but what it was granted, when it was in their power to grant it. I have often thought that the associations formed here while in prison would be long remembered. I think this may be true, but the associations could be very easily broken up and dissolved, and many of us would be glad to blot out of our lives this portion which relates to our imprisonment on Johnson's Island.

I said these associations would be easily broken up. This is true, for the great and earnest desire that we all possess, to see and hear from our comrades, friends, and near ones at home, would so engage our whole mind that parting would be looked upon as a small thing. But after we shall have heard from or seen our loved ones and those in whom we feel much interested, we will be very apt to cast our minds to the gloomy scenes while a prisoner of war on the "Island." If we are favored to reach our homes, we shall be much pleased to meet up with each other or even to hear from each other.

I will now give you the portion I promised you, namely, the "Autograph"; that is, the list of names of those in my block, which has the number eight inscribed on the weatherboarding. Those names you will see on the 238th, 240th, and 241st pages\* are those who roomed in the same room with me. The others stayed in the same block but in different rooms. It may afford you some pleasure to look over these names. I

\*The names on these manuscript pages appear in italics in the following list.

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esteem them very highly. I and Mat. sleep in one bunk. P. A. Tatum, E. T. Thompson, W. O. T. Banner, Mat., and myself eat together. I will close what I have to say after this Autograph.

*Autographs*

H. C. Jones, Jr.  
Lt. Col., 57th N. C. Regt.  
Salisbury, N. C.

J. Calder Turner  
Capt., Co. "A," 6th N. C. Infy.  
Salisbury, N. C.

Benj. F. Pearce  
1st Lt., Co. "K," 54th N. C. Regt.  
Fayetteville, N. C.  
Captured at Rappahannock Station, Nov. 7th, 1863

B. R. Smith  
Capt., Co. "G," 6th N. C. Infy.  
Charlotte, N. Carolina

K. M. Murchison  
Col., 54th N. C. Reg.  
Fayetteville, N. C.

A. M. Riddle  
Lieut., Louisa. Gd. Artly.  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Charles H. Pierce  
Lt., Co. "E," 7th La. Regt.  
Hay's Brigade  
New Orleans, La.  
Captured Nov. 7th, 1863,  
at Rappahannock Station

Robt. L. Moore  
Lt., Louisiana Guard Artillery,  
Ewells Corps  
Canton, Miss.  
Captured Nov. 7th, 1863,  
at Rappahannock Station, Va.

C. E. Bellenger  
Capt., Co. II, 7th La. Regt.  
Jackson, Miss.  
Captured Nov. 7th at  
Rappahannock River

M. McNamara  
Lieut., Co. "F," 7th La. Regt.  
Hays Brigade, A. N. Va.  
New Orleans, La.

E. Ryan  
Lt., Co. "G," 7th La.  
New Orleans, La.

Charles P. Crandell  
Brethereds Battery  
Stewart Horse Artillery  
Washington City, D. C.

Wm. A. Mebane  
Lt., Co. "F," 27th Regt. N.C.T.  
Woodville, Perquimans Cty,  
N. C.

R. H. Lee  
Col. on Mily. Court, 2nd Corps.  
A.N.V.  
Charlestown, Jeffn. Co., Va.

W. C. McDaniel  
Adjt., 54th N. C. Regt.  
Fayetteville, North Carolina

A. C. Godwin  
Col., 57th Regt. N. C.  
Captured at Rappahannock  
Bridge, Va., Nov. 7th, 1863

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Anderson Ellis  
Lt. Col., 54th N. C. Regt.  
Salisbury, N. C.

A. H. Miller  
Lt., Co. "G," 6th N. C. Regt.  
Rowan County, Salisbury, N. C.

D. W. Parker  
Lieut., Co. "C," 52nd N. C. Regt.  
Lanes Burry, Gates County, N. C.

P. A. Tatum  
Capt., Co. "F," 2nd N. C. Cavl.  
Greensboro, N. C.

M. P. Long  
2nd Lieut., Co. "I," 7th La. Regt.  
New Orleans, Louisiana

Harry T. Lovill  
1st Lieut., Co. "A," 54th N.C.R.  
Siloam, Surry County, N. C.

G. F. Smith  
Capt., Co. "A," 54th N. C. Regt.  
Holtzburg, Davidson County,  
N. C.

George Gilliam  
Capt., Co. "C," 52nd Rgt.  
N. C. Infantry  
Edenton, N. C.

J. W. Reese  
Lt., Co. "A," 3rd Tenn. Infantry  
Mossy Creek, E. Tenn.

Jos. G. Granbery  
Col. 4th N. C. M.  
Hertford, N. Carolina

E. T. Thompson  
1st Lieut., Co. "A,"  
28th N. C. Regt.  
Judesville, Surry County, N. C.

Tbos. M. Allen  
1st Lieut., Co. "E,"  
4th Regt., N. C. Troops  
Fairfield, Hyde County, N. C.

C. W. Wood  
Lt. Col., 4th N. C. M.  
Hertford, N. Carolina

E. G. Gray  
2nd Lieut., Co. "G," 54th N. C. T.  
New Castle, N. C.

J. B. Withers  
Capt., Partizan Rangers,  
Army of N. Va.  
Warrenton, Va.

I. W. Bryan  
Lieut., Co. "G," 43 Regt.  
Tenn. Vols.  
Henry's X, East Tenn.

I. D. Milligan  
Lieut., Co. "A," 3 Regt.,  
Tenn. Vols.  
Mossy Creek, Tenn.

Will E. Spencer  
Lt., Indpt. Scouts  
Lexington, Ky.

Calvin Jones  
Lt., Co. "E," 43rd Reg.  
Tenn. Vols.  
Hawkins Co., East Tenn.

W. S. Greer  
Capt., Co. "D," 1st Regt.  
Te. Cavl.  
Pikeville, Tenn.

S. T. Duncan  
Capt., Co. "E," 4 Regt., Ky. Cav.  
Bedford, Ky.

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F. M. Murray  
Capt., Co. "D," 16th Batt.,  
1st Legion, Tenn. Cav'y.  
Barnardsville, Tenn.

A. J. Crisp  
2nd Lt., Co. "B," 4th Tenn.  
Vol. Inf.  
Bolivar, Tennessee

P. J. Branch  
2nd Lt., Co. "A," 13th Regt. T. V.  
Sommerville, Tennessee

Michael Staley  
Capt., Com. Co. "F,"  
16 Batt. Tenn. Cav.  
Hawkins Co., Rogersvill

William Mason  
Capt., Co. "B," 3rd Reg't.,  
Tenn. Vols. C.S.A.  
Strawberry Plains, Tenn.

R. D. Gorrell  
Lt., Co. "D," 57 N. C. Regt.  
Winston, N. Carolina

A. H. Hickman  
Lt., Co. "F," 3rd Confederate  
Regiment—Cavalry  
Jasper, Tennessee

G. A. J. Sechler  
Capt., Co. "K," 57th N. C. Regt.  
Colemans To., Rowan County,  
N.C.

A. H. Gray  
Lt., Co. "B," 57th Regt. N. C. T.  
Salisbury, N. C.

H. D. Verbal  
Lt., Co. "C," 57th N. C. Regt.  
Infy.  
Salisbury, N. C.

P. Y. Standefors  
Lieut., Co. "D," 57th N. C. T.  
Winston, N. C.

T. J. Paxton  
Capt., Co. "G," 8th Ga. Batt. Inf't.  
Jasper, Geo.

Jas. A. Crawford  
Lieut., Co. "B," 57th N. C. Regt.  
Bethany Church, Iredell Co.,  
N. Carolina

J. W. Miller  
Capt., Co. "E," 57th Rgt. N. C. T.  
Salisbury, N. C.

S. J. Murrell  
Lt., Co. "A," Mclins Bat. Cav.  
Fall Branch, Washington Co.,  
E. Tenn.

A. E. Peel  
2nd Lieut., Co. "D," 54th N. C.  
Regt.  
Jackson, N. C.

D. A. Culbreth  
Capt., Co. "C," 54th N. C. Regt.  
Blockersville, N. C.

J. B. DeBerry  
Capt., Co. "D," 54th N. C. Regt.  
Margarettsville, N. C.

S. E. W. Pharr  
1st Lt., Co. "H," 57 Regt. N.C.T.  
Harris Depot, N. C.

W. W. Cole  
Lt., Co. "C," 54th N. C. Regt.  
Carthage, N. C.

Wm. B. Klutts  
Lt., Co. "F," 57th N. C. Regt.  
Gold Hill, N. C.

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D. V. Rhodes  
Lt., Co. "I," 54 N. C. Regt.  
Merrittsville, S. C.

R. L. Hooper  
Capt., Co. "F," 54th N. C. Regt.  
Gibsonville, N. C.

W. P. Earnheart  
Lt., Co. "A," 57 N. C.  
Salisbury, N. C.

J. A. Vanzant  
1st Lieut., Co. "H," 52d Ga.  
Regt.  
Vanzant's Store,  
Fannin County, Georgia

J. T. Forrester  
Lt., Co. "F," 37 Regt. N. C.  
Wilkesboro, N. C.

James F. Haley, M. D.  
Lieut., Co. "A," 37th Ga. Regt.  
Spring Place, Georgia

J. F. Litaker  
Lt., Co. "F," 57 N. C. Regt.  
Concord, N. C.

Richard C. Ball  
Lt., Co. "A," Kentucky Vol'ters.  
Flat Lick, Knox County,  
Kentucky

E. O. Lumkin  
Lt., Co. "G," Georges Regt.,  
Confederate Partizan Rangers  
Areabutter, Miss.

T. J. Rawls  
Capt., Co. "G," 4th Regt.,  
Fla. Vols.  
Archer, Fla.

I. B. Watson  
Lieut., Co. "I," 2nd N. C. Infy.,  
Army No. Virginia  
Middleton, N. C.

Wm. A. Marler  
Lieut., Co. "F," 28th N. C. Vol.  
East Bend, N. C.

Rev. S. W. Allen  
Capt., Independent Calvary, Va.  
Applewood, Caroline Co., Va.  
Johnson's Island, Jany. 26, 1864

M. L. Eure  
Capt., Co. "G," 2nd Regt.  
N. C. Cavalry  
Gatesville, N. Carolina

Geo. C. Hunter  
Capt., Co. "K," 30th Va. Infy.  
King George C. H., Va.

W. P. Moncure  
Lieut., 47th Va. Regt. Inf.  
Fredericksburg, Virginia

Wayland F. Dunaway  
Capt., Co. "I," 40th Va. Vols.,  
Lee's Army  
Lancaster Ct. Ho., Virginia

R. O. Bingham  
Capt., "G," 44th N. C. Reg.  
Oaks, N. C.

Wm. L. Dilto  
Capt., 1st Regt., La. Cavalry  
Sicily Island, Catahoula Parish,  
La.

B. E. Caudill  
Col., 10th Regt., Ky. Infantry  
Whitesburg, Ky., Lecher Co.  
Capt. Gladesville, Va.

Lee Russell  
Capt., 22nd N. C. Regt.  
Wind Hill, N. C.

John Tayloe, Jr.  
Quarter Master Department,  
C. S. A.  
King George County, Virginia

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Thomas Perry  
Lieut., Co. "A," 17th Regt.  
Va. Infy.  
Corse's Brigade, Pickett's  
Division, Lee's Army N. Va.  
Alexandria, Va.

A. Maurras  
Lt., 30th La.  
New Orleans

P. H. Thorp  
Lieut., Co. "H," 13th Va. Cav.  
Hicksford, Va.

John Tayloe  
Capt., P. A. C. S.  
King George County, Va.

H. C. Thompson  
1st Lieut., Co. "I," 7th La.,  
Hays Brigade, Ewell's Corps,  
A. N. Va.  
Alexandria, Red River, La.

R. J. Eley  
Lieut., 13th Va. Cav.  
Suffolk, Va.

W. J. Alexander  
Capt., 37th N. C. Regt.  
Woodlawn, Gaston County,  
North Carolina

Jno. C. Timberlake  
Maj., 53rd Va. Vol.  
Newkent C. H., Va.  
Captured 3rd July 1863 at  
Gettysburg, Pa.

L. H. Tillman  
Capt. 39th Regt. Miss. Vols.  
Hazlehurst, Missi.

D. W. Parker  
Lieut., Co. "C," 52 N. C. Regt.  
Sunisbury, Gates County, N. C.

T. Edwin Betts  
Capt., Co. "C," 40th Va. Regt.  
Heathsville, Virginia

Aleck J. Pollock  
Co. "A," 12th Reg., Tenn.  
Cav., Forrest's Command  
Home—Haven't Got Any

N. W. Weard  
Capt., Maryland Line  
Frederick, Md.

A. F. Haynes  
Capt., Co. "G," 22 Va. Batt.  
King Wm. C. H., Va.

J. F. Cross  
1st Lieut., "B" Co., 5th N. C.  
Gatesville, N. C.

Evan Rice  
Lieut. Col., 55th Va. Regt.  
Dunnsville, Essex Co., Va.

W. H. Wilkins  
Lt., Co. "F," 15 Va. Cavl.  
Norfolk City, Virginia

Julius B. Hale  
Lt., Co. "A," 15th Regt. Va. Cavl.  
Nomini Grove, Westmoreland  
County, Va.

Nathan Horton  
Lt., Co. "B," 37th N. C. Regt.  
Boone, Watauga County, N. C.

W. J. Gillman  
Lieut., 39th Regt. Miss. Vols.  
Van Dorn, Mississippi

Thos. C. Jeter  
Lieut., 22nd Va. Batt. Inf.  
Jetersville, Amelia, Va.

Thos. Clements  
2nd Lieut., Co. "D," 1st La. Cav.  
Alexandria, La.

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T. B. Sloan  
1st Lieut., Co. "K," 21st Regt.  
Miss. Vol.  
New Albany, Miss.

E. B. Scott  
1st Lieut., La. Cav.  
Dallas, Dallas Co., Texas.

Wm. E. Clopton  
1st Lt., Co. "F," 3rd Va. Cavalry  
Tunstalls, New Kent Co., Va.

F. J. Tower  
1st Lt., Co. "G," 17th Va. Infy.  
Alexandria, Va.

Eugene D. Robinson  
1st Lieut., Co. "D," 53rd Va.  
Reg., A. N. Va.  
Ayletts, King Wm. Co., Va.

S. B. Harbour  
1st Lieut., Co. "B," 9th Battn.,  
La. Infy.  
Ascension, La.

Edward Cantwell  
Lt. Col., 4th N. C. Cavalry  
Raleigh, N. C.

James M. Mayo  
Maj., 4th N. C. Cav.  
Ashland, Edgecombe Co., N. C.

M. F. Joines  
Lt., Co. "D," 33rd N. Carolina  
Trap Hill, Wilkes Co., N. C.

W. W. Smith  
Capt., Co. "A," 17th Va. Inf.  
Alexandria, Virg.

W. O. T. Banner  
Lt., Co. "A," 2nd N. C. Infantry  
Mt. Airy, Surry County, N. C.

J. William Foster  
Capt., Mosby's Cav.  
The Plains, Fauquier Co.,  
Virginia

Hy. C. Dixon  
1st Lieut., Co. "F," 6th N. C.  
Haw River, N. C.

Wm. Sims  
Capt., Co. "K," 8th La. Regt.  
Assumption Parish, La.

G. W. Melvin, Jr.  
2nd Lt., Co. "C," 9th La.  
Mt. Lebanon, Bienville Parish,  
La.

Saml. Y. Webb  
Capt., Co. "G," 8th La. Vols.  
Minden, Claiborne Pa.,  
Louisiana

Winston Rucker  
1st Lt., Co. "C," 3rd Ky. Regt.  
Princeton, Kentucky  
Captured Mechanicsburg, Miss.,  
June 4th, '63  
Jany. the 26th, 1864

R. D. Swain  
1st Lieut., Co. "E," 5th La. Regt.  
New Orleans, La.  
Jan. 26th, 1864.

Frederick Duffel  
1st Lt., Co. "K," 8th La. Hays  
Brig., A. N. Va.  
Ascension Ph., La.

H. Rivas  
2nd Lt., Co. "B," 8th La. Vols.  
New Orleans, La.

F. P. Langston  
2nd Lt., Co. "K," 5th Ky. Cav.  
Eddyville, Ky.

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Alexander Miller  
Capt., Co. "K," 2nd N. C. Infy.  
New Berne, No. Carolina

R. D. Anderson  
Capt., Co. "D," Hawkins Regt.,  
Wheeler's Mounted Scouts  
Beardstown, Tenn.

D. P. Thomas  
2d Lt., Co. "C," Muncey Batt.  
Waverley, Ten.

Burton Warfield  
Lt., Co. "A," 1st Tenn. Cav.  
Columbia, Tenn.

John Orr  
Adjt., "G," La. Reg., Hays  
Brigade, A. N. Va.  
New Orleans, La.

Wm. Stanton  
Lieut., Co. "B," 52 Regt.  
Tenn. Vols.  
Clifton, Tenn.

C. C. Nash  
Lieut., Co. "A," 6th La. Regt.  
Nashboro, La.

P. D. Olivier  
Lt., Co. "C," 8th Reg. La. Vols.  
St. Martinsville, La.

William Cooper  
Lt., Co. "D," 8th Reg. La. Vols.  
New Orleans, La.

A. N. Coleman  
Lt., Co. "N," 9 La. Regt.  
Brush Valley, La.

W. J. Dickerson  
Lt., Co. "G," 2nd N. C.  
Troops Inf.  
Talcott, Va.

Thomas Redmond  
Capt., Co. "B," 6th La. Regt.,  
Hays Brigade, A. N. Va.  
New Orleans, La.

Geo. H. Henckey  
Capt., Co. "K," 5th La. Regt.  
New Orleans, La.

Joseph Cox  
Lt., Co. "C," 1st Tenn. Cavalry  
Charlotte, Tenn.

Very Respectfully  
James Gubbins  
Capt., 5th La. Infantry  
New Orleans, La.

John W. Mosely  
Lieut., Co. "A," 2nd Regt.  
Tenn. Inf.  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

J. Niehl O'Connor  
Capt., Co. II, 6th La. Regt.  
New Orleans, La.  
Johnsons Island, January 26,  
1864

W. B. Allen  
1st Lieut., Co. "I," 6th N. C.  
Regt.  
Carey, N. C.

Peter Hare  
Lieut., Co. "K," 6th La. Regt.  
New Orleans, La.

E. Walshe  
Lieut., 6th Louisiana Regt.  
New Orleans, La.

E. N. Osborne  
Lt., Co. "H," 54th N. C. Infantry  
Jonesville, N. C.

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J. A. Lea  
Capt., 6th N. C. Regt.  
Yanceyville, N. C.

A. Cline  
1st Lt., 11th Ark. Regt.  
Rockport, Ark.

B. F. Chisholm  
Lieut., Co. "A," 4th Ala. Cav.  
Florence, Alabama

Charles A. McGehee  
Lt., 53rd Regt., N. C. Troops  
Madison, N. C.

Jas. B. P. Haskins  
2nd Lt., Co. "K," 4th Fla. Regt.  
Tampa, Fla.

D. F. Armfield  
Lt., Co. "A," 1st N. C. Cav.  
Monroe, N. C.

S. M. Rierson  
Lt., Co. "D," 52 Regt. N. C.  
Danbury, Stokes Co., N. C.

James B. Pool  
Lt., Co. "G," 37 N. C. T.  
Taylorsville, N. C.

J. M. Harris  
Lt., Co. "C," 26th Regt., N. C. T.  
Zimmerman, Pa., N. C.

Jas. E. Ferrell  
Lt., Co. "D," 30th Regt.,  
N. C. Troops  
Rogers Store, N. C.

S. A. Jarvis  
Lt., Co. "H," 54th Regt., N. C. T.  
Farmington, Davie Co., N. C.

E. D. Everett  
Lt., Co. "I," 4th Fla. Regt.  
Greenwood, West, Fla.

W. G. Turner  
Lt., Co. "E," 6th N. C. Troops  
Morganton, N. Carolina

Jacob Warden  
Capt., Co. "J," 18th Va. Cav.,  
John D. Imbodens Brigade,  
N. W. Va.  
Bakers Run, Hardy Co., Va.

T. M. Jenkins  
Lieut., Co. "I," 6th N. C. Regt.  
Williams Mills, N. C.

D. S. Cockerham  
Capt., Co. "H," 54th N. C. Regt.  
Jonesville, Yadkin County, N. C.

J. F. Vandever, C. S. N.  
1st Asst. Engr.  
Savannah, Ga.

G. A. Albright  
2nd Lieut., Co. "F," 6th N. C.  
Regt. Infy.  
Graham, North Carolina

Wm. K. Parrish  
Capt., Co. "B," 6th Regt.  
N. C. Troops  
Orange County, N. C.

M. N. Dickson  
Capt., Co. "I," 4th Fla. Regt.  
Marianna, West Florida

G. S. Abernathy  
1st Lt., Co. "D," 30th N. C.  
Troops  
Forestville, N. C.

A. H. Brown  
Lt., Co. "H," 30th N. C. Troops  
Haywood, N. C.

Charles V. Dudley  
Lieut., Co. "K," 15th Regt.,  
Va. Cavalry  
Princess Anne Co., Va.

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Lewis Warlick  
Lieut., Co. "D," 6th N. C. Troops  
Pettigrew, Burke County, N. C.

J. J. Forney  
Lt., Co. "B," 54th N. C. Regt.  
Morganton, N. C.

Thos. L. Cooley  
Lt., Co. "B," 6th N. C. Troops  
Hillsboro, N. C.

S. M. Roberson  
Lt., Co. "H," 15th N. C. Troops  
Saxapahaw, N. Carolina

Benj. F. White  
Capt., Co. "F," 6th N. C. Infy.  
Mebanesville, Alamance Co.,  
N. C.

W. J. Christian  
1st Lt., Co. "C," 6th N. C. Infy.  
Durham's, Orange Co., N. C.

J. W. Wright  
Capt., Co. "F," 20th N. C. T.  
Clinton, Sampson Co., N. C.

M. H. Cox  
Lieut., Co. "A," 6th N. C. Troops  
Franklinsville, Randolph Co.,  
N. C.

C. L. Turner  
Lieut., Co. "A," 33rd N. C. Regt.  
Turnersburg, N. C.

Thos. A. Price  
1st Lieut., Co. "A," 6 Regt. N. C.  
Salisbury, N. C.

Jas. H. Bludworth  
Co. "C," 4th N. C. C.  
Burgaw P. O.,  
New Hanover Cty, N. C.

E. B. Moore  
Lieut., P. A. C. S.  
Richmond, Va.

H. G. Brinkley  
Lieut., Co. "J," 41st Va. Regt.  
Norfolk, Va.

C. W. Hendry  
1st Lieut., Co. "K," 4th Fla. Regt.  
Tampa Bay

Saml. J. Parham  
Capt., Co. "K," 54th N. C. Infy.  
Henderson, N. C.

Clinton Depriest  
2nd Lieut., P. A. C. S.  
Richmond, Virginia

L. H. Rothrock  
Lieut., Co. "G," 6th N. C.  
Rockville, N. C.

G. B. Kibler  
Capt., Co. "B," 54th N. C.  
Morganton, N. C.

John Blue  
Lt., Co. "D," 11th Reg. Va. Calv.  
Romney, Hampshire Co., Va.

William R. Chisholm  
Capt., Co. "A," 4th Batt.  
Ala. Cav.  
Florence Lauderdale Cty, Ala.

A. W. Turner  
1st Lieut., Co. "B," 14th Va.  
Infantry  
Richmond Hill, Yadkin Co.,  
N. C.

Demosthenes Bell  
Capt., Co. "G," 4th Regt.  
N. C. Cavalry  
Currituck C. H., N. C.

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Matt Manly  
2nd N. C. Infy.  
New Berne, No. Ca.

Will S. Rankin  
Lt. Col., 21st N. C. T.  
Greensboro, N. C.

M. H. Norman  
Lt., Co. "A," 28th N. C. Infantry  
Judesville, N. C.  
Captured Sept. 22nd, 1863

Wm. G. Mebane  
Capt., 13th Tenn. Regt.  
Fayette Co., Tenn.

W. S. Canter  
Lieut., Co. "I," 2st N. C. Regt.  
Dobson To., N. Carolina

W. R. Murray  
Lt. & Adj., 53rd N. C. Regt.  
Greensboro, N. C.

Geo. G. Leuba  
Lt., Co. "D," 9th Regt., Ky. Cav.,  
Army of Tenn.  
Covington, Kentucky

S. H. Forbes  
Lt., Co. "D," 13 N. C. Batt. Artly.  
Washington, N. C.

R. C. West  
2nd Lt., Co. "E," 5th N. C. Infy.  
Kinston, N. C.

W. E. Yelverton  
1st Lt., Co. "D," 2nd N. C. Infy.  
Black Creek, N. C.

S. B. Newton  
2nd Lieut., Co. "E," 30th  
N. C. Infy.  
Harrells Store, N. C.

Ben D. Terry  
Capt., Co. "K," 5th Ky. Cavlry  
Princeton, Ky.

E. G. Brasher  
Lt. Col., 2nd Arks. Infy. Co.  
Monroe Co., Arkansas

Hiram Rees  
Captain, 2nd Ky. Cavalry,  
Morgan's Comd.  
Lexington, Ky.

L. T. Whitlock  
Capt., 21st N. C. Regt.  
Mt. Airy, N. C.

J. B. Bryan  
Lt. Arty.  
Washington, N. C.

B. F. Bray  
Lieut., 2nd N. C. Infy.  
Mt. Airy, N. C.

Baylor Palmer  
Capt., Light Art.  
Memphis, Tennessee

Wm. G. Graves  
Capt., Co. "H," 56th N. C. Infy.  
Yanceyville, Caswell Co., N. C.

Jno. S. Young  
Lt., 31st La. Infy.  
Trinity, Louisiana

## CHAPTER 21

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### *Conclusion*

IN conclusion, I wish to make some explanations and correct some errors as they occur to my mind. I also feel it my duty to make many apologies to you for the many grammatical errors, as well as errors in orthography, in my preceding narrative.

I could not go into a full narrative of a great portion of my life, from the fact that it would have been foreign to my object in laying before you my life. My sole object has been to lay before you the many disadvantages I had to labor under when I entered the theater of my youth and what slow success and advancement I made in education, character, etc. I could not tell you all the pleasures and happiness I used to enjoy when I was blessed with an affectionate mother's advice and tender care, before the rambling notions entered my mind.

It is wonderfully strange that children do not realize the happiness they enjoy when they have nothing to care for in this world; that is, while they are yet in their infancy and

### *A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

before the attraction of the objects of the world allure them and entice them to leave their kind parents, causing them even to think their parents unkind to undertake to keep them at home under their control any longer. But this is even the case with a great many and, to some extent, was the case with me, as you will see by referring to my departure from home, which was against Father's consent. But in my case I saw plainly my situation and knew exactly, I thought, what I would have to endure. I knew I was cutting myself asunder from my kind father and would have to depend entirely upon my own exertions and not upon the resources of my people, for it was about as much as Father could do to provide a living for the large family of small children already under his care, with my assistance. I knew, if I withdrew my labor, I ought not, nor could not, ask relief from him, no matter how much I might have been in need.

It was a very serious matter for me to think of leaving home. I dearly loved my father and I knew it would add much trouble to him, who was already full of sorrow. I loved my brothers and sisters as well as a brother could. I and my two older brothers, Lacy and M. T., have had many rounds of fun, and it always afforded us a great pleasure for us all to meet at any place of amusement. We never failed to counsel with each other on our visiting such a place and often profited by criticizing each other in order to correct any error that might be recommitted. We were also each other's most confidential friend. We slept together, worked together, ate together, frolicked together, and were always happy in sharing the hardships with each other. And even to this day, the same spirit of good feeling exists. We always feel free in relating any plan or project we have in view and never fail, when we have the pleasure of meeting, to relate fully everything of

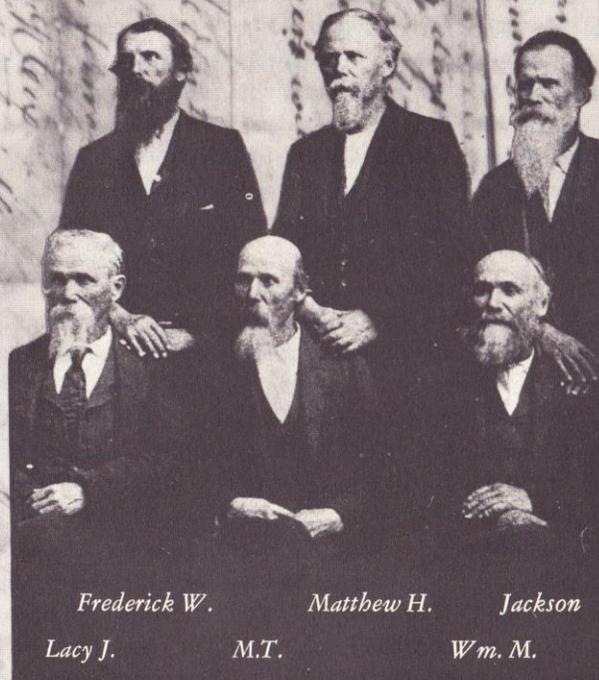
A PORTION OF MY LIFE

interest that has taken place since we saw each other last. Our often consulting and working to each other's assistance has attracted some attention and is the subject of those interested in our welfare.

I have often thought that we fully discharged our duty towards our mother. She was always feeble and required much assistance from us, which we were always willing to give.

Our sister Mary E. was the fourth child and very weakly. Being the only sister we had when we were first growing up, we thought a great deal of her. She was always an affectionate and kind sister, with as pure a heart as was ever possessed by a girl. We often would make every arrangement for her to accompany us to the many social parties, as well as in paying the many interesting visits among our relatives and associates. We felt proud of her company on any occasion and felt glad, indeed, that we had such a good little sister. After the death of Mother we appreciated her kindness more than ever. She very much resembled, in her nature and disposition, that of Mother, which is even characteristic in her until this day. What an immense amount of pleasure it affords her to meet us! I shall never forget our last meeting and parting. I hope I shall enjoy the pleasure of meeting her again soon, when I will not have to tear myself from her fond embraces. Long may she live and be happy!

As to my three younger brothers, Jackson, Matthew H., and Frederick W., and my youngest sister, Anna Catharine, I evermore loved and esteemed them as highly as any brother could. But on account of their age, they did not partake of the pleasures we four eldest did. I had left home before they had grown up and did not have the pleasure of their associations until after I came home from the western countries. When I returned from the west, M. T. having married before I had



left home, Lacy J. marrying soon after I returned, I had a full opportunity to admit of my three younger brothers sharing my company while enjoying myself among the young and gay portion of my acquaintances. Sister Mary had married and had someone to care for her, and I, now being alone, as I thought, so far as the amusements and associations of young people were concerned, felt happy in being accompanied by Jackson, Mat., and Frederick in a round of fun, as this time was extensively used by us to express ourselves when we spoke of a frolic.

But even these associations and amusements were soon to be broken up. As you will see, I soon became in the notion to return west or marry, but a little more inclined to do the latter.

The strongest ties of love and affection bind the three younger, as the three older brothers, and the whole six would make most any sacrifice in order to accommodate either who stood in need and would feel no remorse in sitting down and narrating the past events of our lives in full, as not one of us can point to a single instance and say, "Brother, you wronged me at such a time or place," or "You refused to loan or assist me at such a time when I was needing or refused to give me advice when it was necessary." It is with great pleasure that I repeat these brother-like devotions and respects.

My youngest sister was very small and young when Mother died and is only thirteen years old now. She is a great pet and is very much beloved by us all, as she is the youngest child and has the same name as that of our mother. I hope and think she will prove as affectionate as my oldest sister when she arrives at the age of maturity.

Fortunately for Father and his children, he married a woman who is as kind to him and us children as a mother

could be. Everything that a woman can do for the comfort and satisfaction of a family of children she is happy in doing. Richard C. P., her only child, is a promising boy indeed. I think a great deal of him, not only because he is a half-brother, but because many say, and even his mother says, he favors me very much. I hope he may add much to Father's happiness in his old age and also be to his kind mother a source of joy. As he is the youngest, with great probability of being the last, he is very much loved and esteemed by us all. I shall now turn to other points on which I wish to say more, with which I am more directly concerned and feel more closely connected.

In referring to the domestic ties which bind me to my little family I could say much but deem it unnecessary, for as the old maxim is, "Actions speak louder than words." My devotions, affections, and happiness are combined in the happy unison and presence of my wife and child. You will see I have had but little enjoyment with them, or rather, I have enjoyed the pleasure of their presence for only a short time. Sickness and war have cut our pleasures short, but no one can love the presence of his family more than I do, and no one enjoys the meeting of his wife and child more than I. I have had reference to my wife and child quite often in the preceding narrative. I hope and think I will be pardoned by the reader, whoever he be, for referring so often to them.

In reference to my pecuniary affairs, it is not with pleasure that I must make this candid confession, but it is nevertheless true. I, after retiring from school and beginning to teach and make some money, was too extravagant and spent a great deal of my earnings very unnecessarily. Clothing and the luxuries of life had too many inducements for me, and I indulged in them too freely and to excess. I missed it very much in this respect. As Dr. Franklin says, "I paid too dear for the whistle."

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I contracted to pay a good deal for my father, which took off a great portion of my earnings. But through the whole of my life I was always determined to pay the last dollar I was owing and be independent of debt. This was one great inducement for me to go to the west. I thought a change of country would work a change of habits and by the change I might better myself, as far as my pecuniary situation was concerned. In this respect I think I was benefited to some extent.

You will also see that I was contracting too great a notion to ramble over the world. It was with some difficulty that I got my mind composed. You will also see that, by my unsteadiness and fickleness of mind and habits, I came near being a castoff, or came very near losing one of the greatest prizes man ever possessed. But for her, I no doubt would have been roaming over the plains of the far west, unnoticed, uncared for, and in a state no ways to be happy. Such is the influence of female society, and such is the influence of female beauty and virtue. This influence is due them and should command the admiration of mankind the world over.

I made some money while in the west, but through not collecting what was due me, I lost a good portion of my earnings by not going back. I thought, "Now that I am clear of debts, I will endeavor to keep so, if possible." However, when I determined to read law, I knew I would soon be in debt again, but I had determined to try the enterprise anyhow. I have paid all my expenses, paid every dollar, and have a small amount of about twelve hundred dollars now on hand. God has blessed me, and I feel thankful to Him for His kindness. Father is clear of any encumbrance and has a good little farm and plenty of everything around him. So far, his children are settled around him in the same county. He has enjoyed the pleasure of seeing us all with a tolerably good education, clear of debt, and mak-

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

ing a tolerably fair start in the world. Excuse me for saying this much myself, but it is even true.

Four of us have been in the service almost all of the time; three of us captains, and one a lieutenant. We never ask for promotions without getting them. Cowardice has not been laid at our feet, but Yankees have. I have never applied to my officers for a furlough but that I got it. I, indeed, have been fortunate. I feel thankful to God for His mercy in having spared me through so many dangers and toils. I have endeavored to discharge my duty to my country as private or officer. I hope I may never prove recreant to her trust. I hope and pray I may survive this bloody conflict and be restored to my much distressed and bereaved family, who are anxiously awaiting my return.

I have omitted a great many things in my narrative, such as young people are more or less apt to engage in. I could not tell of all those lovely mountain girls with whom I have frolicked and romped so often. It might make you laugh if I were to tell you too much about stealing kisses from the lips of those rosy-cheeked and cherry-lipped mountain girls of North Carolina and Virginia. I must confess I sowed a large crop of wild oats and was hardly able to reap them. Many things occurred of interest while I was in the 'far west' that would, no doubt, interest you to read, but as the repeating of them would be very irregular, I beg leave to pass over them, at least at present, for they would consist principally in adventures of hunting and exploring the country.

When I speak of being in the west, I always feel a great pleasure in thinking of the kindness of the Nuckolls family towards me. There was a large family of them, and they were very wealthy. When they took a liking to a man, they could not do too much for him. I gained the confidences of the family and

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

was treated very kindly indeed by them all. I saw a great deal of pleasure when I was on my way home from the west. I had rather a hard time going out, but I fared much better by going in the way I did; that is, going by land and with the kind family. I may have occasion to tell you more about my life in the frontier settlement hereafter.

After reaching home I saw a great deal of pleasure among my old sweet friends and relatives. Old coals were easily kindled, but new coals outburned them and possessed more affinity, by great odds. The new broom sweeps clean and will last a long time, if a man can use the proper judgement and discretion in selecting the same. I was, and am yet, satisfied with my new broom and new coals (Letitia), which fire (Love) is always glowing and whose house (Heart) is always swept clear of trash (Infidelity) and always ready for the reception of the happy person (W. M. N.) who occasionally has the pleasure of living in the house and always in the heart of the object of his devotions.

I took great pleasure in making preparations for the future, after I had determined to settle myself and marry. I took a great deal of interest in reading law and preparing myself for the profession. I was happy in loving and being loved. I have ever been treated with the greatest kindness by my father-in-law and all the family. I feel thankful to them for their kindness and fear I cannot pay them back for their kindness. I cannot repeat the many acts of kindness by the whole family, but not in a single instance has one of them shown himself recreant to any act of generosity and humanity. What more could I say, what more need I say, to describe their kindness to me and my family?

There are many things that have occurred of much interest since I have entered the service of the Confederate States,

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

which I have omitted on account of prudence, for there has been a doubt in my mind whether I will be allowed to carry this book through the lines. If I were to repeat all, I might give information to the enemy that would be objectionable on the part of our government. But I hope no order of unfeeling man will ever stoop to such a low trick as to keep you from the pleasures of reading these pages. I have been very careful not to repeat anything that would be contrary to the wishes of either government. I shall be very much mortified if I fail to get this to you, my dear wife, because it is for you, and you alone, that I have compiled this short and imperfect history of your unfortunate companion.

If I am spared to return to my native country, I aim to complete a full history of my life since the beginning of this war. I have also omitted a great many things since I have been a prisoner of war on Johnson's Island. I will also leave this for the future. I began writing this book on the 23rd of December, 1863. Since that time I have devoted my time and attention to this. I have found it a great pleasure and pastime. I have had many disadvantages to contend with. I will give you a short history of the manner in which I have had to write, and then, conclude.

In the first place, you will imagine how you would feel if you were in imprisonment. You may well suppose that a person's mind is very much depressed and that it is a hard matter for one to compose his mind on any subject. This alone is enough to distract the mind of any man. Also, being absent from an afflicted family, without being permitted to have any correspondence except after a rigid examination of the same, adds much to the horrors and trouble of an unfortunate prisoner. I think this will show fully that I had a hard task in composing my mind so as to write. Add to this the noise and

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

row, which is almost constantly going on in the same room which I occupy, and you will wonder that I have been able even to collect as many ideas as I have. My writing desk has been often disturbed by having to get up for a game of cards or a meal's victuals, for my writing desk has been nothing more than the rough and greasy dining table or a plank placed up by the wall, scarcely large enough for my book to lie upon. The weather has been cold and disagreeable. I often had to quit in the middle of a sentence or chapter to warm, it being impossible for me to occupy a place near enough to the stove to keep warm and write at the same time. I have also had to go entirely from my own memory, having no books or papers to refer to except my diary of the Pennsylvania Campaign.

In conclusion, I take great pleasure in presenting you this brief narrative. I hope I have said nothing that will offend you. I hope it may prove a source of happiness to you and to those for whom it is intended.

If I should not be permitted to finish what I desire to in the future, I hope you will not think me recreant. When I see you, I will tell you more. I have seen a great deal of trouble since my imprisonment. I think my situation worse than that of my brother prisoners. In this I may be mistaken.

I know that my affectionate little Emma has suffered much. I know of her suffering last summer and know that the disease is yet not entirely abated. I pray to God she may be restored to good health and perfect soundness. I hope to look upon her yet as ever my loving and beautiful little offspring. I hope and pray to God that I may be soon restored to freedom and have the great pleasure of tapping at your door for admittance. Don't you often imagine you hear my footsteps at the door? I often imagine myself before you and, with a heart full of joy, press you closely to my heart. I imagine I see you in dreams and

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

in visions, when my eyes are wilting in tears of grief. I look upon this as being to you the next thing to my death. I know you regard it as such. I must confess it is an awful thing. I know I have your prayers. When you retire with your darling little Emma in your arms, I know there is a fond and fervent prayer offered in my behalf.

May God continue his mercies on us and restore us to each other's presence. May we evermore take His Word for our guide. May we prove humble followers of our blessed Redeemer. I hope we may meet again on earth; if no more on earth we meet, I hope we may meet in heaven, where parting is no more, where this mortal life shall put on a life of immortality, and shine as bright angels and be permitted to sit on the right hand of Jesus, ever to praise and adore.

I know I have your love and your sympathies. I can ask no more of you than to love me as you have.

Teach my little girl to love me. Teach her to love the memory of her father. Tell her I loved her and often shed tears of sorrow when far, far away from her. I may yet be spared to see you both and enjoy the pleasure of clasping you in my arms.

I cannot express my feelings as I write these words. I have often thought of you during my absence and imprisonment. I love the memory of our past enjoyments. I hope a repetition of the same may yet be realized and enjoyed by us. This is the prayer of

Your devoted husband,  
WM. M. NORMAN

Mrs. Letitia Norman  
Miss Mary Emma Norman  
Johnson's Island, Ohio  
February 5th, 1864, Friday 3 o'clock P. M.

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

*A Copy of a Letter to Emma*

Johnson's Island Prison, Ohio  
August 26th, 1864

My Dear Little Daughter,

Three years ago (your birthday) I was the happiest among the happy. It was on that day that God gave me and your kind mother you, who have ever been a source of joy to us. Great have been my sufferings and hardships since that time. Long and weary marches, many severe and hard-fought battles I have engaged in, and been a prisoner of war near one-third of the time. God, through His kind mercy, has shielded me and has been my protector. Those have evermore been my happiest moments during my absence in which I think of the few happy moments I have spent with you in my arms and in the presence of your much distressed and fond mother.

I wrote you two years ago, as I also did one year ago, and it affords me great pleasure to write to you now, though my condition is anything but pleasant. I hope to be relieved soon. Though an all-wise Providence has seen fit to render your health at times very precarious, it has given your mother her happiest hours to care for your wants, and many are the tears and fervent prayers that have been offered up in your behalf and for your recovery. Thank God you are yet with your mother and the greatest trophy and emblem of our early devotion and affections.

Your sickness has left its mark visible upon your features, but what signifies that, for that was unavoidable? A blot upon

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your reputation would be more indelible and fatal a thousand times, which would consume everything valuable to you. You can avoid this with the assistance of your mother, if you will follow strictly the advice and counsel with which you will be so bountifully and cheerfully supplied.

It is my heart's desire that you should be a smart little girl. Love your mother. Learn to love your absent father. Be kind to your playmates. Be cheerful and agreeable in society. Do not shun good moral company, but shun bad company. Always take advice from your parents and treasure it up. Love your home, though an humble cot. Have but few confidential friends, and in this selection use a great deal of caution. Many young girls have been betrayed by having too many confidential friends; some will prove recreant to your trust and cause you much grief.

I may not live to see you again. I shall expect to meet you in that better and happier world where parting comes no more. Live the life of a Christian that you may die the Christian's death; that your soul may be wafted as a breeze to dwell with the Most High in that eternal world of happiness, to sing praises to our great Redeemer's name for evermore. Let's try for the great prize and be happy yet.

Be cheerful and happy; never trouble yourself too much about unavoidable calamities. Do not always look at the dark side of the question. Look at the dark side of a bright picture as well as the bright side of a dark picture. Do not borrow trouble, for it will come soon enough. I hope and pray to God I may see you again soon. Learn to love me, Emma; if you cannot see me, learn to love my name and lisp it often with your sweet lisping tongue. It would be joy to my soul to hear you repeat my name.

A PORTION OF MY LIFE

May God protect you and your kind mother and restore me to your fond embraces is the fervent prayer of your absent and affectionate

Father,  
WM. M. NORMAN

Miss Mary Emma Norman  
Rockford, N. C.

*A Prisoner of War on Johnson's Island, Ohio*

November 20th, 1864

My Dear Wife,

Since I concluded the foregoing sketches of my past life and history, there have been but few changes in the evolutions of my life. None of those wild rambling scenes and changes have been incident to my career. However, it may not be amiss to give you a short recapitulation of my prison-life to assist in the filling up of the few remaining pages of my book.

Having been exceedingly blessed as to good health, I feel very thankful to God for His kind protection. During the spring months of 1864 I devoted much of my prison life to reading and studying law. I also gave a great deal of attention to reading the Bible and religious books. When the spring campaign commenced in Virginia, I had too much care and anxiety resting on my mind to do much reading, especially in my law books. The thoughts of home, of you and your hardships, brothers exposed in battle, the condition of our armies, etc., etc., gave me so much thought that I almost entirely abandoned studying law during the summer months and

A PORTION OF MY LIFE

the vigorous summer campaign. The summer was very short but very oppressively hot. The hours glided slowly by as I each morning arose and beheld the piercing rays of the sun come gliding over the lake. The nights glide slowly by as each sentinel walks his elevated beat with glittering bayonet, which is so visible to my sight. How very insulting too are those armed demons to me. How insulting, too, is that old flag hoisted in the foreground of the prison ground, which was once the emblem of liberty but is now the ensign of despotism, tyranny, and oppression. How I broil at the indignities so often offered me by those insulting scoundrels!

The rations issued by the authorities are very small and of quite an inferior quality. Oh, how I have suffered from pure hunger! All the bad treatment and insults offered, all the thoughts of home and being deprived of corresponding with friends and relatives, are nothing to compare with suffering from pure hunger. During a portion of the summer we were allowed to purchase some few articles in the way of vegetables, but this did me little good, except in this way. Those who had money would buy. This would give them a surplus of government rations, and through the kindness of the few friends I had they would furnish me with a portion of this surplus, so many times I have been enabled to keep off hunger to some extent. But alas! this great advantage could not continue, for about the 1st of August the prison sutler was prohibited from selling anything in the way of edibles, and at the same time all express matter was stopped from our friends on the outside. This was the most fatal blow we have yet had to contend with, and at the same time and in the same order our rations from the government were cut down about one-eighth. Starvation was now staring many a poor Rebel in the

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face. Of course we had to submit to our fate. We petitioned, time and again. We plead and entreated with the authorities, but to no effect. The same thing prevails, and with it the sufferings of a life of starvation. By degrees and compulsion I have got somewhat hardened to this horrible way of living and by close economy make such a division of my rations as to keep from being hungry all the time.

For a long time I had no inclination to study or read for my improvement. But after the exciting part of the campaign was over, the days began to get short, the weather was pleasant, the rooms were remodeled and made more comfortable, and there was less noise. I resumed my study with double energy and diligence.

In the meantime I got several letters from you, which gave me great encouragement. I also could hear of none of my brothers being killed, but was sorry to hear of Watson being wounded so often.

One year has just past since my arrival on this Island. I have walked up and down the street, have talked over every manner of subject I could think of, have read all the books of any practical or moral use. Yet the same is yet to be repeated, I fear, for another year. At least the prospects are now very good of our continuation of this horrible prison life. I think I will close this way of writing, for it is too painful for me to think so minutely of now so as to write you all the particulars I desire to. At least I will close this short chapter. This is a lonely Sunday evening, 4 o'clock P. M. I have spent this whole day studying about home and have resorted to the writing of this chapter in order to pass off a few hours' time in some other way. It may be some time before I write any more; at least I shall not unless I feel more like it than I do now.

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

I fear you never will be able to get this sketch anyhow, but I shall try very hard for it.

Your devoted husband,  
WM. M. NORMAN

Mrs. Letitia Norman  
Miss Mary Emma Norman  
November 20th, 1864

Johnson's Island, Ohio  
January 1st, 1865

I have spent many days in prison, but yesterday and today have been the most gloomy and depressing of any I have spent yet. I awoke early on the morning of December 31st, 1864, and loafed about all day. The weather was very cold and there was but very little communication between here and Sandusky. The news has been very bad for us for some time—retaliation, defeats of Hood, Hardee, and Breckenridge all came crowding in upon us to an alarming extent. But the worst of all I have to contend with is not hearing anything from my affectionate family.

I was so encumbered with the thoughts of home when I retired last night that I dreamed some of the most unpleasant dreams I ever had. I will write my dreams down, hoping they may never come to pass. I dreamed I was near home when I received the news of the death of my dear wife. I saw several of the family, and they all told me it was certainly true. My heart was bursting with grief, and a flood of tears was flowing from my eyes. I cannot explain the full extent of my sorrow. I was awakened by Mat. I then took a spell of crying. When I was dozing again, the same dream was gone over

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with the same effect. I dreamed the same dream over three times, Mat. waking me each time. During my dreaming I saw Emma so plain. I dreamed of finding her and she would tell me all about her mother being dead. I saw Martha and her mother and Matilda very plain. I saw the grave of my dear wife so plain I am very much afraid to hear bad news from home.

Jan. 1st, 1865. Today has been a long and tedious day with me. I felt so low spirited and troubled about home. I have not heard from any of my relatives in three months. I am so depressed in mind I fear a spell of sickness. The weather is cold, the lake is closed, and there is but little to eat, nothing to animate or enliven us, nothing to cheer this drooping heart of mine. I am about to give up all hopes of ever being released from this lonely and solitary prison. My heart is full of sorrow and my eyes overflowing with tears. Oh, how my soul longs to be in the presence of my dear little family again! I fear I cannot see them any more. Oh, what an awful thought for me to think of when the chances are so many against me! Disease and death, sickness of various castes, besides a long road and a bloody one, too, separate me from home. I do hope and pray that before another New Year's Day approaches I can be in the presence of my affectionate family again, not to be separated any more by this cruel war. I will close and try to get my mind in a better fix, for tonight I must not think so sadly about home. I will close this gloomy epistle, hoping I may not be in prison a great while longer.

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

Block "8," Co. 16  
Johnson's Island, Ohio  
March 22nd, 1865

My Dear Letitia,

Ah, well do I know how strongly you are thinking of your absent husband today! Think of the great contrast of this day and five years ago. Then I was near your side, pressing your lovely hand of friendship and eternal fidelity. Now I am far far away from you, confined in a prison on a lonely island among the lakes of the north, surrounded by glittering bayonets in the hands of a hostile enemy, you so far from me I cannot see you or even hear one word from your lips. How plainly my mind rehearses the past and how gloomy are the forebodings of the future! "Shall I be so fortunate as to meet you again on earth?" is a question that often awakes the slumbering sensations of my desponding heart. But when I think of passing from this world to that to come, I find a great consolation by thinking there is a bright prospect of us meeting in heaven, where parting and grief come not, and there will be nothing to mar our celestial joys around the throne of God.

Amid the evolutions of time, amid wars, amid the many temptations incident to a soldier's life, I have evermore had an eye to my duty towards you and your happiness on earth, always knowing I have ever had your earnest and fervent prayers for my safety and speedy return to your presence.

My situation today is anything but a happy one, I can assure you. I well know you feel very unhappy for me. I imagine I see you on your wedding day, lively and gay as though trouble would never leave its continued working on your features, your cheeks red with health, in the prime of life, untarnished

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then with the many cares and troubles you have since had to bear. I then imagine again I see you pressing our dearly beloved little Emma to your throbbing and heaving breasts, full of grief, as a tear trickles down your cheeks, with a sigh accompanied with an exclamation, "Oh that I could see my dear absent husband, and you, my sweet little Emma, could once more see your papa!" Is my imagination true? Yes, certainly I am right, for I know you have pressed our little girl many times in your arms and wished that I were present to witness the joys entertained on such occasion.

Two years ago I was present with you. How fresh are the pleasures I enjoyed with you then! What a joy it would afford me to meet you under the same circumstances! I cannot record one portion of the pleasure I have seen with you on any one occasion without thinking that it is simpleness in me, for I cannot say but that every moment of my life while in your presence was all happiness to me. If anything, the greatest joy I ever had was to embrace you and our little girl after a long absence. Would I not be happy to meet you now after near eighteen months' absence and confinement? I hope the time will soon come when I can return, not to be torn away again from your fond embraces. I think the time is not far distant. I fervently pray the happy hour of our meeting once more to hasten, for I am heartsick of this miserable life. I hope you may enjoy yourself better than I think you do. I hope you will continue to pray for me and my return. May God bless and protect you, is the prayer of your devoted and absent husband,

WM. M. NORMAN

Mrs. Letitia Norman

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

*Pass Me Not By*

Pass me not, oh gentle Savior  
Hear my humble cry  
While on others thou art smiling  
Do not pass me by

Chorus—

Savior, Savior hear my humble cry  
While on others thou art calling  
Do not pass me by  
Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief  
Kneeling there in deep contrition  
Help my unbelief

Chorus—

Trusting only in the merits  
Would I see thy face  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit  
Save me by thy grace

Chorus—

Though the spring of all my comforts  
More than life to me  
Whom have I on earth beside thee  
Whom in heaven but thee

Chorus—

Savior, Savior hear my humble cry  
While on others Thou art calling  
Do not pass me by

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

*Kitty Wells*

You ask what makes this Darkie weep  
    Why he like others am not gay  
What makes the tear flow down his cheek  
    From early morn till close of day  
My story darkies you shall hear  
    For in memory still it dwells  
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear  
    On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells

Chorus—

While the birds were singing in the morning  
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom  
And the sun on the hills was a-dawning  
It was then we laid her in the tomb

I never shall forget the day  
    That we together roamed the dells  
I kissed her cheek and named the day  
    That I should marry Kitty Wells  
But death came in my cabin door  
    And took from me my joy and pride  
And when I found she was no more  
Then I laid my banjo down and cried

Chorus—

I often wish that I was dead  
    And lay beside her in the tomb  
The sorrow that bows down my head  
    Is silent in the midnight gloom

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

The springtime has no charms for me  
    Though the flowers are blooming in the dells  
For that bright form I do not see  
    'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells

Chorus—

While the birds were singing, etc.

Copied May 3rd, 1865, a lovely May day  
Johnson's Island, Ohio

*Her Bright Smile*

1st

'Tis years since last we met, & we may not meet again  
I have struggled to forget but the struggle has been vain  
    Her voice lives on the breeze  
    And her spirit comes at will  
    In the midnight on the seas  
    Her bright smile haunts me still

2nd

At the first sweet dawn of lights as I gaze upon the deep  
Her form still greets my sight while the stars their vigils keep  
    When I close mine aching eyes  
    Sweet dreams my senses fill  
    And from sleep when I arise  
    Her bright smile haunts me still

*A PORTION OF MY LIFE*

3rd

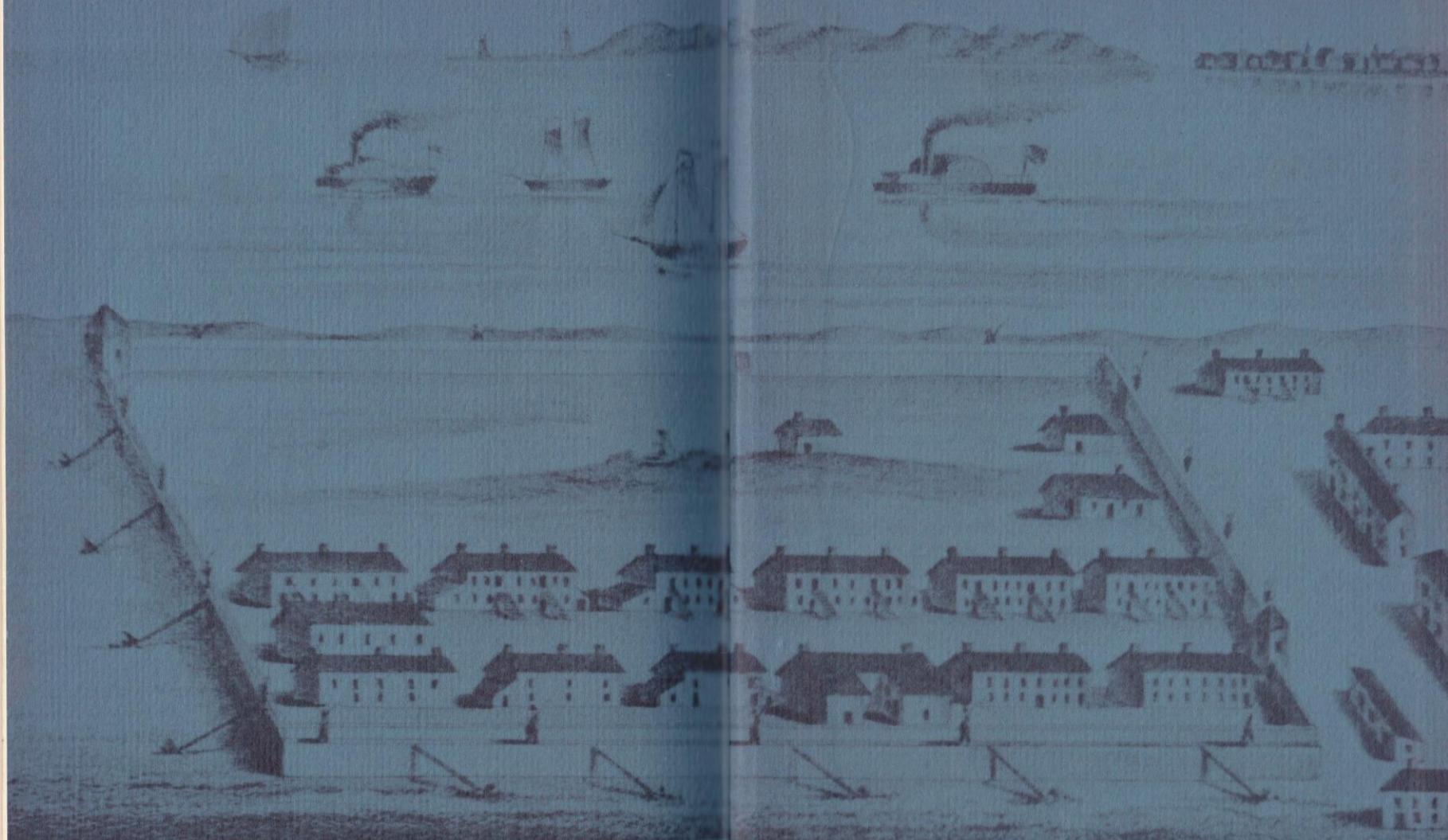
I have sailed neath alien skies & I have trod the desert-path  
I have seen the storm arise like a giant in his wrath  
    Every danger I have known  
    That a reckless life can fill  
    Yet her presence has not flown  
    For her bright smile haunts me still

Note—Repeat the four last lines of each verse.

Votre ami et serviteur,

JOHN B. WITHERS

Johnson's Island  
March 15th, 1864



PRISONERS' BARRACKS JOHNSON'S ISLAND, LAKE ERIE

*from a water color sketch executed on the island in 1864 by a prisoner*