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## An Artilleryman Diary

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**AN ARTILLERYMAN'S DIARY**  
[1864]

Jenkin Lloyd Jones  
Private Sixth Wisconsin Battery  
from Wisconsin History Commission:  
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Wisconsin History Commission,  
February, 1914

Larkinsville, Saturday, January 2. Continued very cold and freezing ... A dance held down town by "Alabama" gals and Yankee soldiers: Running rumor afloat that we are to leave our quarters soon for Huntsville. Don't like it.

Huntsville, Ala., Saturday, January 9. ... Flint River was crossed on mule wagons, which were very slow, obliging us to stand on the banks for nearly an hour. It was freezing very hard and all were chilled through. The natives say it was the coldest day known for years. Animals and wagons covered with ice. [163]

4 p.m. Coming around the point of the bluff we could see Huntsville in the valley below three miles distant. And weary as I was I could but enjoy the beautiful scenery before me greatly. The sun shone brightly on the snow-covered roofs of this beautiful town with their tall church spires raising their snow-capped peaks to the heavens as a witness of better and happier days gone by. On either side broad fields with beautiful mansions were spread to view, the whole enclosed by the frost-covered range of low mountains. Marched through the town with colors flying and bands playing, much to the satisfaction of the large crowds of contrabands that flocked at every corner. Came into camp a mile north of the town on Russell Hill. [163-164]

Huntsville, Saturday, January 16. ... A ball was announced to be held to-night in town and many of the boys attended, but found to their chagrin that it was a nigger dance. Some returned crestfallen, others enjoyed the joke by "tripping" with the "colored sisters". [165]

Huntsville, Sunday, January 17. A pleasant day. ... Visited the waterworks of the city, which is the largest of the kind South, with the exception of one at Columbia, S.C. A large stream gushes out of the solid rock under the courthouse, which is dammed about four feet and propels a large water wheel which works a

powerful force pump that forces water all over the city, furnishing a hydrant at every corner. ... The church was very neat and filled with soldiers, but one woman in the audience. [166]

Huntsville, Wednesday, January 20. \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ of our Battery in jail in town for robbing an old gray-haired negro after dark while on his way home from the camp, where he had been to sell corncakes. [166 - 167]

Huntsville, Thursday, January 28. Up bright and early as usual. ... when I was notified that I was on detail to go with the forage train, which was then waiting. ... Went on the turnpike to the west, traveled about eight miles through a somewhat winding road, but beautiful county. I was rolling enough to make it varied, with good timber where not cultivated. ... Obtained plenty of corn on a large plantation which all the whites had left, leaving a large flock of negro women and children unprovided for, and seemed delighted to see us until some of the boys took unallowed privileges of the chicken coop. [169 - 170]

Huntsville, Sunday, January 31. Sunday morning dawned as bright and beautiful as though it was in the spring of the year. ... Most of the boys attended church at town, but with me the hours wore heavily upon my hands. [171]

Huntsville, Tuesday, February 2. Monotony of camp was broken to-day by cheering down on our left at 12 M. and soon General Smith and staff rode through camp; who was joined by Captain Dillon, and immediately orders were given to march a gun detachment to the guns immediately and fire a salute in honor of the 59th and 48th Indiana, who were about to start for home as veterans. [172]

Huntsville, Wednesday, February 3. Colder night than we have had for two weeks. ...I climbed Russell Hill for evergreen boughs for brooms in company with a couple of others, and managed it so as not to return until nearly recall; that is soldiers' strategy. "Do no more than you can" is the motto. [172 - 173]

Huntsville, Sunday, February 7. Rough night for the guard. Rainy and cold. ... Relieved at 9 A.M. Attended church in company with Griff, E. W. and D. J. D. Service was held in the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal churches at the same hour (10 A.M.) Curiosity prompted to attend the latter, an elegant furnished church of unique construction, Gothic style, poorly arranged for sound. The civilians were apparently of the aristocratic class, mostly women, equalling the military in numbers. The white-robed minister was a young intelligent Irishman, I should judge. A good choir with the deep-toned organ opened the service with

fitting music, after which prayers were read and ceremonies performed for nearly an hour and a half, which to me was mere mockery of religion, reading their desires to God from an established formula, but careful always to omit the prayer for the President of the U.S.A. It was not worship, Ah no! the heart was cold. It was but Phariseecal affectations. A short sermon on charity was read at the close. Very good, the effect of which was tested by passing the plates which were returned well laden with "soldier greenbacks". The money of that government they will not pray for is very acceptable. I returned to camp, although not pleased with the exercise, yet I trust, benefited. [174]

Huntsville, Tuesday, February 9. Called on before finishing my breakfast to go foraging with Baker. ... Drove fast nine miles south where there were one hundred negroes at work for the government, husking. Protected by infantry. Entered a field of 1,000 acres. Corn already jerked. Soon loaded and started back at the head of the train. [175]

Huntsville, Thursday, February 11. Very cold night. Heavy frost. ... 4th Minnesota is on the Tennessee River at Whitesburg, ten miles south, where preparations are being made to throw a pontoon bridge across. [175 - 176]

Huntsville, Saturday, February 13. Nights very cold, day warm and cloudy. Camp unusually lively during the day. Ball playing and the boxing gloves in constant use. At night a merry dance went on in the open air with music from the fiddle and bow. Ladies dispensed with from necessity. Mail arrived but none for me. [176]

Huntsville, Sunday, February 21. Weather a little milder. Milton Hungerford and I attended the Methodist church in the forenoon. [178]

Huntsville, Monday, February 22. ...At night a grand ball was to be held by shoulder straps in town, but they failed to find but four ladies to join in their festivities. They ended in a drunken carousal, their maniac yells rending the midnight air. [178]

Huntsville, Sunday, February 28. Fine pleasant day. Attended church with Cousin Griffith. Went to the Presbyterian church. A sermon fraught with Southern principles. ...P. B. Moss, after a short illness, died very suddenly at 2 P.M. [180]

Huntsville, Monday, February 29. ... 10 A.M. the funeral ceremonies of Moss took place. ... the procession marched about two miles through town. The roads

very bad indeed. Formed hollow square at the grave. Chaplain offered a short prayer before the burial. It was a solemn but tearless scene, comrades paying the last tribute of respect to a fellow soldier, leaving his remains among the honored dead of Huntsville, over whose head no marble slab and carved obelisk was reared in memoriam, but to him a rude head-board was all that told of his resting place. [180]

Huntsville, Friday, March 4. Evie Evans and myself went to the city on pass. Visited the Christian Commission rooms. Bought stamps. Also went to the colored school under charge of Chaplain of 17th Colored. Had school-teachers, being volunteers from the ranks, teaching the little woolly-heads their "A. B. C.'s". One class of youngsters was taught by a large Negro. A class of young ladies was reading in the Second Reader. All seemed attentive and anxious to receive the instruction but poorly imparted to them. [181]

Huntsville, Sunday, March 6. A most delightful day. ... Preaching in camp at 2 P.M. Very good, by member of Christian Commission. [182]

Huntsville, Wednesday, March 9. ... Rainy evening. Privates had a grand ball tonight in Alabama Hotel to try to excel the shoulder-strap fizzle of February 22. I understand they had a grand time. No officers allowed, no one with shoulder straps on. Forty ladies in all. 183]

Huntsville, Friday, March 11. ... At 9 A.M. took a stroll up Russell Hill. Found violets in bloom, picked a bouquet of them with peach and plum blossoms and put them on my desk. ... Congratulatory resolutions read at parade from Congress to Sherman and his men, also on order from John A. Logan to protect fences and houses. All advantages given to the citizens to raise their own subsistence. [184]

Huntsville, Sunday, March 13. A delightful Sabbath morning. ... After inspection 8 A.M. attended Sabbath school and meeting at the Methodist Church with Booth and D. Evans. The society was in deep mourning for Mrs. Jordan, principal teacher and superintendent of the Sabbath school, who was killed in the railroad accident of the 5th inst. Fitting resolutions were passed by the school in memoriam. The minister preached from the 35th and 36th verses of the fourth chapter of St. John, a discourse filled with hell fire and eternal misery, with but little consolation to the many bereaved mothers and sisters present who had lost their all in the Confederate army. Although enemies, I could but feel for their distressing sobs, that were audible all over the room. In the afternoon the day was so cheering that I could not resist the temptation of another walk to town, where in a crowded house of soldiers and citizens I listened to an excellent practical sermon on the ten virgins, wise and foolish. [184 - 185]

Huntsville, Thursday, March 17. Day very fine. Cold night. ... Reported capture of the train near Tullahoma with all on board, burning the cars and tearing up the track. Much anxiety is felt, as Generals Grant and McPherson were expected on it. If they should be captured it certainly would be a calamity. [186 - 187]

Huntsville, Friday, March 18. ... Received mail in the afternoon. Reports of the guerrilla raid not as hideous as yesterday. [187]

Huntsville, Sunday, March 20. Awoke with bad cough and sore throat. Attended church at 10 A.M. The Presbyterian Church was crowded to overflowing by citizens, but few soldiers could gain admittance. I was up in the gallery. The funeral sermon of Mrs. Jordan was preached, very effective and eloquent. [187]

Huntsville, Tuesday, March 22. All were surprised this morning upon looking out to find the ground covered with pure, soft and downy snow, and the air yet thick with the falling feathers. It continued till 9 A.M., leaving eight inches on the ground. To the natives it was looked upon as a strange occurrence in this territory, a phenomenon, but to us from the stern and living North it was as good as a furlough, a sudden transition to old Wisconsin. What a calm serenity it spreads on earth in its pure, spotless white, covering over the disagreeable, the footprints of suffering and wrongs that are so indelibly imprinted everywhere upon the fair but wicked South. What a longing for home it created, as home scenes and accompaniments were brought vividly to the mind's eye. Many were the thoughts of sleigh rides, hills, girls, etc. by those that are to enjoy such. One party I saw as I went to water. They had rigged up a sled with young mules hitched, and a sonorous cowbell for music. They paraded the streets of Huntsville and were looked upon by the native fair as crazy, but they knew nothing of the fun. But this uncommon visitor was not to last long, and the Southern sun soon made it withdraw slowly but surely. [188 - 189]

Huntsville, Wednesday, March 23. Warm day. Snow all gone by night making it very slushy and muddy. ... Captain \_\_\_\_\_ got into a barroom row with a citizen in town this afternoon, for which he was put under arrest, but returned to-night. Hurt his hand. [189]

Huntsville, Thursday, March 24. Weather warm and ground drying. We have a very pleasant ride every morning to the big spring in town to water our horses, and back, about two miles. [190]

Huntsville, Saturday, March 26. ... The train from Nashville to-day came in by way of Decatur. Major Generals Sherman and McPherson were on board, and are

now in town where the headquarters are to be established.

Huntsville, Wednesday, March 30. A fine day, warm, the vegetable kingdom springing fast. ... Obtained a pass of Lieutenant Jenawein to go to the city. Called at shoemaker's shop, fixed my boots, and took a ramble through the town to the cemetery, and spent half an hour in meditation among the sacred dead. There lay, side by side, the rich and the poor. Here are coward, patriot and traitor. Truly all earthly passes away and leaves but faint traces behind. Visited an artist's gallery where I saw the most beautiful works of art I ever saw, representing the human form so lifelike that it needed but the speech to appear with life. The room was filled with different scenes, and the cold white marble statuary by them looked cold and expressionless. [192]

Huntsville, Saturday, April 2. ... The 48th and 59th Indiana Volunteers marched into their old camping ground which they had left two months ago for home. They had marched all the way from Nashville in five days, one hundred and thirty miles, footsore and tired with three years of service before them. In company with Griff and D.J.D. visited the theater, first one I ever saw. Well pleased. [193]

Huntsville, Sunday, April 3. ... Attended the Methodist Sabbath School, took part in the soldiers' class taught by a captain. Listened to a sermon in the elegant Presbyterian church on atonement; poor and inconsistent. [193]

Huntsville, Friday, April 8. ... 48th and 59th Indiana went out at 4 P.M. to reinforce Whitesburg, it is supposed. Deserters say that the enemy is reinforcing heavily and making preparations to throw a pontoon bridge across the river some dark night. Rumor says John Morgan was in town lately with a load of wood. If so, I don't think our sixteen pieces on Russell Hill looked very encouraging to him. Come on, John, we are ready. [195]

Huntsville, Monday, April 11. ... A little after noon we were startled by a terrible explosion near the depot. A caisson of the Illinois Battery had exploded while returning from drill, killing six cannoneers instantly and wounding two. A very sad affair. Bodies torn to shreds. [196]

Huntsville, Wednesday, April 13. ... Sixteen of Cogswell's Battery veterans left for home this morning. The Nashville and Stevenson R. R. is abandoned, and all the transportation runs through here via Decatur, upwards of ten trains each way. [197]

Huntsville, Sunday, April 17. A beautiful and holy Sabbath morning. ... Afterwards D.J.D., Griff and myself attended Sabbath school taught by a chaplain. The presiding elder of the Methodist church was sick, and to my

astonishment the Yankee chaplain was invited to preach, which he did very fittingly, delivering an excellent sermon from Romans 8th chapter, XV verse. Went down in the afternoon to witness the baptizing at the Methodist church, but we were too late. Visited the new font that is going up, and caught in heavy rain storm before we got back. [198 - 199]

Huntsville, Thursday, April 21. ... Artillery firing heard this afternoon, at times very rapidly. Gunboat on Tennessee River it is said. Skirmish in vicinity of Decatur continues. [200]

Huntsville, Sunday, April 24. ... Cleared off into a most delightful day by 9 A.M., and I listened to a thorough scientific sermon from Dr. Ross upon technical points, existence of evil. His arguments were very concise and binding. Although differing in opinion I received many new ideas. He is one of the leading Southern clergy and formerly a rabid secessionist, and to-day he touched upon the war, but so nicely that it could not displease any of his audience which was composed of the two extremes, viz: Yankee soldiers and secesh women. He sat way up, he said, upon his faith in God, "looking down upon the struggle with as much composure as though they were but the convulsions of so many pygmies — God would do it right". Just found it out I suppose. [201]

Huntsville, Monday, April 25. ... Heavy details of infantry are continually kept at work at the fortification of Huntsville. It will soon be that it can be held by a few men. [202]

Fort Hall, Whitesburg, Ala., Tuesday, April 26. Busied myself this morning to prepare, and after breakfast we started on horseback. The day was delightful, and our road lay through one of the most enchanting valleys I ever traveled through, skirted on each side by a low ridge of the Cumberland Mountains which, dressed in the richest verdure of spring, with the evergreens here and there raising their dark heads among the new green leaves in beautiful contrast. The valley was about five miles wide, all of which had been under long cultivation. Stumps all out, large fields were plowed in the rude Southern style, and large droves of negroes and mules at work planting cotton, a pleasing insight to the domestic life of the South; but the driver's lash and hound were not there. The same large landed estates were apparent here as elsewhere, houses infrequent. I could but picture in my mind's eye the industrious farmer of the North in his neat white house and 160 acres of land scattered over it with school-houses on every corner. Liberal institutions and improved cultivation would make this an earthly paradise.

Reached Whitesburg by 12 M. after one of the pleasantest rides I ever enjoyed. Found the boys all well and in good spirits, very neatly quartered in Fort Hall with one company of infantry with them.



After supper Evie and I went fishing in Tennessee River, dropped our lines and watched the rebels on the opposite side of the river on picket. Breastworks are to be seen but apparently vacant. [202]

Huntsville, Thursday, April 28. ... A warm and quick march of twelve miles, brought us to Huntsville by 11 A.M. Found the old camp on Russell Hill much agitated from the numerous and conflicting orders to march received yesterday, one of which was to march at daylight this morning. All the baggage reduced as much as possible, only two wagons allowed to a battery. [204]

Huntsville, Friday, April 29. Hot and sultry day. ... Drilled Battery two hours in the afternoon on grass plat near depot, pleasant if it was not so warm. Everybody is ready for the speediest word, no more ever inquiring where we are to go, accepting the result as immaterial. [204]

Huntsville, Tuesday, May 3. Infantry broke up camp early this morning and went into camp nearer to town. After dinner we hitched up and packed up leaving our old camp under guard, where we have spent nearly four months. Came into battery near the depot on the race course, a large open green, very pretty for summer quarters, but rather low for wet weather. [205 - 206]

Huntsville, Thursday, May 5. ... our camp is very nicely located. A pretty brook runs in front of the Battery which the boys have dammed up to make deep enough for a pleasant bath. Water to cook and drink is hauled from the "big spring". The almost ceaseless rattle of trains keeps up wide awake as yet. Upwards of forty trains passed to-day, the whistle disturbing our slumbers at every hour of the night. [206]

Huntsville, Saturday, May 7. A warm day but not oppressive. Sent on detail... While out on the hills, in the thicket, a party of guerrillas fired into our cavalry, wounding a captain about half a mile from here. Two were taken in citizen's clothes. The prevailing idea is that they will be shot. I cannot hope so.... [206 - 207]

Huntsville, Sunday, May 8. ... Grazed horses in the afternoon near a negro meeting, which I attended. After an earnest discourse from an old gray-haired Negro, and a prayer which would compare favorably with many a white man's, several of the sisters "got happy", which was truly amusing, and I could but laugh, although I should not have. Their exercise was composed mostly of chanting scraps of every hymn they ever heard, in a gay, dancing tune style, with all jerks and hops for variations. Poor ignorant souls. They greedily grasp at the

most mysterious dogmas, as their judgment and reasoning faculties have never been developed or cultivated. [207]

Huntsville, Monday, May 9. ... Forrest reported moving on this place, hence the haste to complete the works. [207]

Huntsville, Tuesday, May 10. ... whiskey rations were freely issued to all that wanted ... After this issue the Captain mounted a table and read a dispatch from Sherman by telegraph, of glorious news from Grant. Whips Lee and in full pursuit. Butler in Petersburg within ten miles of Richmond. The news and whiskey brought forth thundering acclamations from the soldiers. ... Deplorable sight. The intemperate indulgence by those but little used to the poison, caused a large portion of them to be beastly drunk, and our march through town was filled with demoniac yells, tumbling in the mud and mire. I felt ashamed to be seen in the crowd. Such mistaken kindness tends to demoralize the army as well as to increase the hatred of our enemy. [208]

Huntsville, Wednesday, May 11. ... Much anxiety prevails in regard to Grant. In the East it is confidently hoped by some that he will capture Richmond, but I dare not hope, it is too big a job to be accomplished so soon. Sherman is at work, but no news. Forrest does not seem to come. [209]

Huntsville, Thursday, May 12. All army followers, sutlers, correspondents, etc. were ordered out this morning to work on fortifications by Colonel Alexander, a tough pull for them, but justifiable and highly acceptable to the soldiers. ... An exciting report arrived that Butler was in Richmond, received 11 A.M. But little credence placed on it, though. [209]

Huntsville, Saturday, May 14. Worked hard on fort all day, it fast approaching completion. Rifle pits are being dug completely around it, enfilading all the principal streets of the town. All the contrabands out. One volunteer citizen has been at work three days, honorable exception. Another sprig of chivalry working with the negroes under guard for saying that no "d--n Yankee could make him work". Yankee bayonet did it though. Reports of struggle fierce and wild still reach us from Grant. Highly successful but the slaughter is terrible. [209 - 210]

Huntsville, Sunday, May 15. Quiet, tranquil Sabbath day. For once I was not on guard Sunday, so I attended Sabbath school at 9 A.M. A very interesting class, with the soldiers taught by an intelligent Northern man connected with the quartermaster's department. Waited till sermon, 10:30 A.M. Listened to a miserable, inconsistent discourse from an itinerant Methodist preacher, a violent rebel apparently at that. In the evening took a stroll through the town to admire

the beautiful blooming grounds and yards. Visited the Calhoun yard, where the pest house is now kept. Saw specimens of that vegetable curiosity called the "century plant", about four feet high, with large fluffy leaves like petals, with little sign of life. [210]

Madison Station, Alabama, Tuesday, May 17. 9 A.M. the long train of empty cars on their way to Nashville. Packed up in great haste with the report that Madison Station was in the hands of the rebels, ten miles distant from here. ... Impression prevailed that it was the onset of Forrest for Huntsville. ...

... As the train left the depot, loud cheers arose from the soldier boys. Returned by the waving of handkerchiefs from windows. At dusk we halted at the smoldering ruins of Madison Depot, burned down and occupied by stragglers of the 13th Illinois. ... [210 - 211]

Huntsville, Saturday, May 21. Mail distributed, ... Good news from Sherman. Boys busy in the afternoon damming up the creek in front of camp to make swimming pond. [213]

Huntsville, Sunday, May 22. ... Attended Sabbath school. Soldiers' class large and interesting. Before returned to camp, listened to an eloquent and scientific discourse by Dr. Ross, Presbyterian Church. Wrote letters in the afternoon. Very warm. Traded sugar for milk. Made a fine bread pudding for dinner, great rarity for soldiers. A train of thirty cars loaded with "gray backs" captured by Sherman passed North; very dirty and filthy-looking clothes. [213]

Huntsville, Tuesday, May 24. Our quiet camp is very busy to-day by the bustle occasioned by the presence of the 17th Corps. ... The boys as of old are doing steep jay-hawking, breaking into gardens, cheating sutlers, etc. A long march has invariably a demoralizing effect upon troops. Guards stationed on every corner. Blair has ordered our Division to the front. Smith telegraphed to Sherman for orders. [214]

Huntsville, Wednesday, May 25. The 17th Corps took up the line of march early this morning ... They go back towards Decatur, supposed to cross the river for Rome. As they marched out with bands playing and colors flying, it was a grand sight, and to any man an incentive to patriotism to watch the firm, measured step of thousands of brave men, marching cheerfully to the hardest of deaths, many miles away from home and its endearments. As they march through this traitor land, do not their hearts beat quick as they think of those behind. Would that they could but behold the cheerful and willing countenances of those they love this morning as they left Huntsville to seek the foes of this country.

... At 10 A.M. went up town. Sat for half a dozen photographs. [214]

Huntsville, Sunday, June 5. ... E.W.E and myself took a most pleasant walk to the graveyard. Walked among the dead of the time that knew peace and tranquility, and others whose lives had been wrecked by the cruel hand of war. The towering marble erected by loving hands marked the resting place of one, while the rude pine slab denoted where the other lay far away from his native home and kindred. Did not attend service during the day, but attended the army church with Cousin Griffith. Listened to an excellent and liberal sermon from post chaplain, urging the importance of cultivating religious principles, none other is genuine. [217]

Huntsville, Monday, June 6. Very warm day. Went out drilling in the morning. Lieutenant Clark maneuvered us in the streets, coming into battery on the square, crowding citizens, and making ourselves generally ridiculous. 80th Ohio returned to Scottsboro. [217]

Huntsville, Tuesday, June 7. ... A squad of eight men under Sergeant Dixon went as an escort to a picnic party composed of "shoulder straps" and Southern ladies, to Bird Spring, six miles distant. Returned 6 P.M. Had a good dinner, champagne in plenty and dancing. Enjoyed themselves well although they went as menials. [217]

Huntsville, Friday, June 10. Abraham Lincoln nominated for the presidency by the Baltimore convention, and Andy Johnson for vice-president which gives satisfaction to the large majority in the army. HURRAH FOR OLD ABE.

Drilled under Lieutenant Hood. Condemned horses turned over. Drew rations, "hard-tack" instead of flour. What does it mean? "Grant negro Minstrels" set up in town, many boys visited. [218]

Huntsville, Sunday, June 12. ... therefore attended church. Listened to Dr. Ross, a peculiar discourse of "What is Man". A train containing three hundred prisoners passed North this afternoon under guard of 15th Indiana. [218]

Huntsville, Wednesday, June 15. ... Division concentrating at this place. 63rd Illinois arrived at 4 P.M. Two soldiers, 2nd Brigade, married to girls they found at Scottsboro. [219]

Huntsville, Sunday, June 19. ... Four hundred rebel prisoners passed through on their way North. One train staid at the depot most of the afternoon. They were the same men that we dug out of Vicksburg last summer. Plucky as ever. They will not repent until utter ruin overtakes them. Citizens and soldiers flocked around to see the sights. Some ladies tremblingly inquired for friends and

relations, others pressing forward anxious to bestow a smile upon those whom they sympathized with. [220]

### On to Atlanta

Brownsboro, Wednesday, June 22. Reveille sounded at 2:30 A.M. and quietly we broke camp and marched at 5 A.M. with but one regiment ahead of us in the column. Marched through town in fine style, and soon beautiful and dreamy Huntsville was placed among the past. Roads heavy, weather warm. Marched slow, and reached Brownsboro by 12 M. Went into camp and rested the remainder of the day. Boys full of life and hilarity. The dread of starting (and of parting with some) is over and sutlers tremble. Bathed in the clear waters of the Flint in the evening. [221]