

DIARY OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY

PVT. A. J. JACKSON CSA

COMPANY G. 2ND GA. STATE LINE TROOPS FEB. 1863 - APR. 1865

## **PREFACE**

How I spent two years and two months during the war between the states, or from February 14, 1863 to April 1865, in and round about in Georgia, and as I kept no diary until we left Lovejoy Station after the Jonesboro fight, will have to write from memory. And being a thoughtless youth of eighteen years only, have forgotten a great many things that transpired during that period of time. And if any of old Co. G or any of 2nd Ga. State Line Troops should chance to paruse these pages and discover any errors, they are at liberty to correct them.

It was known by some of Co. G that I was keeping a diary of our every day camp life as above stated from Lovejoy station to the close of the war and have repeatedly been asked for a copy of same, but it was so imperfect that I always found an excuse. But as it has been over thirty years since the war closed and we separated and went to our several homes, some of Co. G I have never seen since, some probably have gone to their long homes and others ripe for the grave. I have decided to undertake to write from memory up to Lovejoy, then revise the rest to the best of my ability.

I will first give a list of the names of Co. G from memory, alphabetically. Will no doubt leave out some which can be interlined or added at the reader's pleasure.

Almand, Dock - Lieut.	Studdard, Gus
Atkerson, Newt.	Freeman (Docks brother)
Alford, Kinch	Fleming
Alcorn - not certain	Ford - not certain
Avery ( I think )	Goode, Clark
Bell A.S.- 1st Sergt.	Green, George J.
Broadnax, Samuel	Herring, Jim
Belcher, Dick - Sergt.	Herndon, Elisha
Brand, Billie	Hight, John
Boyd	Hutchins, Tom
Bradford, Billy	Harris, John
Brown, Billy	Harris, Edd
Burks	Harper
Cook, Ben F.	Hollingsworth -not certain
Cowan, Bob	Hooten, Moses
Cowan, Young Bob	Ivey, Hal
Coker	Ivey, Jim
Christian, Big Jim	Jackson, A.J.
Christian, Little Jim	Jones, Ruben
Copeland, John	Jones, Green
Cunard, Bill	Kirkland
Cameron	Livingston
Crenshaw	Leftwich, James Sr
Dinard, W.D.	Leftwich, James Jr
Dick, Lovy	Leftwich, John
Eubanks, Isaac	Maddox, Warren - Capt.
Freeman, Dock	Mitchell, Billie
Edwards	McCollum, J.R. - 2nd Lt.
Fambro	Moss, Sam
Moon	Miller, Tom
Moss, Tom	Miller, Billie
McGarity, Euell	Owens, Jobe
Plunket, Madison	Plunket, Charley
Plunket, Benson	Peek, Wash
Plunket, John	Peters
Russell	Rosebury, R.G.W.
Robinson, James	Roberts, Willis
Smith, John	Maddox, Klisha (Lish)
Sharp, John	Veal, A.K.
Sharp, Henry	Veal, Samuel
Sigman, F.M.	Watkins, Ben
Simmons	Weldon, J.O. - 1st Lt.
Speer, Scott	Wilson, John
Scott, John	Wright, J.R.
Streeter	Yancy, Tom
Sorrels	Yancy, Jake

Taylor, Lee  
Thompson, Charley  
Thompson, Samuel- Corp.  
Tucker

At the age of eighteen years, it became certain that I would have to go into service, and as there was a company being made up out of Newton, Walton, Jasper, Gwinnett, Henry and Clayton counties. I decided to cast my lot with them, and accordingly on the fourteenth of February, 1863, my father carried me to Covington, Georgia, where I boarded the cars for Conyers, and will here state that was the first time that I had ever rode on the cars.

Arriving in Conyers, our Company was organized. Elected Warren Maddox, Captain, who ran against Mr. John Scott; J. O. Weldon, First Lt.; J.R. McCollum, 2nd Lt.; Dock Almond, 3rd Lt.; A.S. Bell, Ord. Sgt. I don't remember the other noncommissioned officers in their order. We then proceeded on our way. Spent the first night in Atlanta in a freight car and as well as I remember it rained all night, next morning being foggy, and on our way just about one mile before reaching Griffin, Georgia, one of the boxings became hot and the train had slowed up to cool it, and while moving slowly along we heard the keen whistle of a freight train engine rounding a curve through a cut at a high rate of speed, and before our train got up any speed, the engine ran into our train, tearing the rear car into splinters and burying itself into the second. Fortunately our Company was in the middle of the train and no one was hurt except a few bruises and scratches. Nearly all of the bumpers on our train were broken. The engineer and fireman jumped off the fated engine and so escaped death. After a short delay, we were again on our way to Griswoldville via Macon, and there our Regiment was organized and known as the Second Georgia state Line Troops. Our Company being Co. G. Elected Story, colonel; Cavens, Lt. Colonel; Womble, Major; Slade, Agt. After remaining here a short while, was ordered to Savannah, Georgia, and camped on the Shell Rd. about two miles below Savannah toward Thunderbolt. Out time there was employed in squad and company drilling and picket duty on Whitmarsh Island and county. Charley Thompson and Tom Huchins, being cadets, assisted or rather instructed our new officers in drilling. Here I witnessed the first dress parade by well drilled soldiers, which was a grand sight to me then. In about two weeks after reaching Savannah, I took the measles which came very near to terminating my earthly existence. One of my mess mates did die. Mr. Benson Plunket. He was sent to the hospital and died there. I was not sent. It was a close shave for me for I had to lie in a tent on a pine straw bed or bunk while it was rainy a great deal of the time. It was too tedious to mention all the incidents along here, but will state that while I was convalescing I witnessed the death of a young man in Co. F who had relapsed from

measles. His tent was adjoining one of our company tents. That was a distressing circumstance and it greatly alarmed me too. His father was with him and had begged the officers to let him take him home where his mother could nurse him, promising that when he got well, he would bring him back. But all to no purpose. They turned a deaf ear to him. While he bent over his dying boy with tears streaming from his eyes and cooled his parched lips with cold water, he said "how can I carry my boy to his mother a corpse, if they would let me carry him home and let his mother see him die."

I suppose this was about the 15th of March, or the 1st of April, 1863. Our regiment was ordered to Charleston. I regretted very much that I could not go. They remained at Charleston but a short time and in the meantime I improved slowly and about the first of May, as well as I can remember, we were ordered to Rome, Georgia. I was still unable for duty and on arriving in Atlanta, I obtained a five day pass to visit my home in Newton County, ten miles below Covington. I there obtained a certificate from our family physician and got an extension of thirty days, at the expiration of which time I returned to my command then at Kingston, Georgia. We remained there until about July 1st drilling all the while, and here I want to relate an incident that occurred on the day we left Kingston for Catoosa Platform. An old negro servant belonging to Sgt. Dick Belcher was caught by the up train that was to carry us, at a stock gap just below our camp. He was down the road and ran in front of the train I suppose aiming to cross the gap before leaving the track. The engineer whistled and did all he could do to frighten him off, but to no purpose as above stated he was caught and carried some distance and was horribly mutilated, tearing one foot off at the ankle, stripping the flesh to the knee, the foot with the shoe hanging to the leaders, blood oozing out at his ears and nose and mouth. Sergeant Belcher remained with him until next day when he died and was sent to his home in Jasper County. We arrived at Catoosa Platform alright. This was near Ringgold, Georgia, while there, we guarded the bridges across the Chickamauga Creek, we had a nice time here for apples were just getting ripe and we had access to a very fine orchard. We also visited Catoosa Springs some three miles out, which had one free stone spring and 22 mineral springs each differing from the other. There was a large hotel there and a number of boarding houses, also a large bathhouse arranged for cold or hot baths. The Cherokee Springs was near by. I don't remember how long we stayed here, but I guess it was about the 1st of September that we were ordered back to Resacca. We there opened drilling grounds and kept up drilling. While there, drinking water became scarce. The wells in the place failed to supply us. It became necessary to clean out an old well that had been used to supply railroad engines, which was a big undertaking. While we were drawing off the water, some of the Virginia Army passing through to join Johnson's Army on the cars would fill their canteens and drink the water,

notwithstanding it was pretty muddy. While here, there was a man suicided by cutting his throat. Don't remember what Company he belonged to now.

When the army began to fall back, we were this time ordered back to the Chattahoochee River, we here guarded the railroad bridge. There was also a wagon bridge built across the river for the benefit of the army. We also kept up drilling until about June 1st, 1864, when we were ordered to the front, while at the Chattahoochee, some of the boys grew very patriotic and said, "Send us to the front where we can be of service to our country," and Colonel Smith told them to keep cool - that they would get there soon enough. So they did for after the Jonesborough fight, our Company was without a commissioned officer until the war closed, I believe, but Lieutenant McCollum was wounded at Jonesborough and never recovered sufficient to return until the close of the war. Capt. Maddox was at home sick and was notable any more for duty. As for Wei don, I don't remember whether he ever came back or not. I can now remember a great many incidents that loom up before my mind while at the Chattahoochee, but for fear that it would not be interesting to the reader, will leave it for their meditation as they peruse these pages. (More notes were added by J.E. Maddox as follows: Lieut. Wei don did return for he was at Macon where I fought. Lieut. Weldon came to us at Macon after we returned from the rear of Hood's Army, (not clear) Capt. Maddox and Lieut. Dick Almond fought New Hope Church fight. Went home and there remained until war ended.

Our regiment was accordingly joined to the Westren Army near Kennesaw Mountain. Joined to Cummings Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Jonson's Army, Hood's Camp (Not clear) - to Lee) When our command left the Chattahoochee, I was on the sick list and was ordered to the hospital, but instead of doing so, I went home for few days, and while I was at home our company was in her first fight and lost one man killed. His name was Brown. I joined my company at Marietta, Georgia. The Army continued to fall back, fighting as they did. These were now exciting times. Finally Atlanta was reached. Then the seige opened in earnest. I have watched the burning fuse of the shells as they passed over our heads for many nights and while we were doing picket duty between our lines and the enemies the shot was shell were continually passing over our heads, crashing into houses and mowing down trees and playing havoc with everything they came in contact with. The citizens hid in their basements and in pits and in railroad cuts or wherever they could conceal themselves. These were indeed distressing times. Of course everybody that could get away refugeed and got out of the way. Finally Atlanta succumbed, the Jonesborough fight ended the seige.

In the Jonesborough fight our company lost one man killed. His name was Livingston. Lieutenant J.R. McCollum was wounded in the wrist, Samuel Veal taking him off the field. J. M. Leftwich

receive a scalp wound; myself hit on the knee with spent ball. Besides this I don't remember of any other of our Company. Co. H lost six killed, Capt. Harris was wounded and while being carried out on a litter was shot again and killed. His brother, a private, was killed. Don't remember the names of the others killed. Lieut. Boyd, commanding company to our right, was wounded in leg in the charge. Capt. Bailey, who was in command of our regiment, was killed the next day by a piece of shell from the enemies guns while passing through a gap in the railroad. I here want to relate an incident that occurred just before going into the charge. The man Livingston above mentioned and supposed to be killed was very much excited and said to Charley Thompson, who was excused from duty on account of sickness, "If I get killed, or if I don't come out of the fight, I want you to send my blanket and knapsack home to my people," which Charley promised to do. we never saw him any more after the charge. After being absent a few days, I joined the command again at Lovejoy station.

The foregoing has been written from memory after a lapse of over thirty years. Fom Lovejoy, I kept a diary of our campaign until the close of the war, or nearly so.

On the 19th of September, 1864, Hood's Army began their march from Lovejoy on the Macon and Western road about twenty-five miles from Atlanta. The object of this movement was to get in the rear of Sherman and cut off his supplies. The march began on Sunday. On Tuesday, 21st, we camped between Palmetto and Fairburn on the ? Point Road, Campbell County, and threw up some fortifications. Remained there some six or seven days and on the 30th of September moved on. On the 30th of October, halted and our Regiment was out on Picket until the artillery came up. It had gotten behind on account of high waters, when we were again gotten into lines about dark, we then had to march about two miles in the dark before camping. It had been raining very hard all the evening, in fact, it had been raining over a week more or less. The Army wagons had been passing all day. The road was terribly cut up, the mud from ankle to knee deep, and it was so dark that we couldn't see how to shun the mud. Some lost their shoes, others fell down in the mud. A muddier set you never saw. I heard some as hard swearing that night I think as I ever did in my life. It was the most difficult two miles to march I ever experienced, we had been in service nineteen months, drilling, guarding State property, etc., but now actual soldier life had set in with all its hardships. After an hour and a half's march, we halted. We then had to draw our rations as wet and muddy as we were. Now times began to look critical. We drew our beef raw, without salt or anything to cook it in, being worn out as we were, with a little coarse musty corn bread, a little raw beef, at eleven o'clock at night, and still raining shower after shower. No where to sleep-only on the wet ground. But fortunately some soldiers had just left the place and left some good fires,

so we sliced our beef in small strips and dried them before the fire. But during the succeeding thirty days of continual marching, we got used to musty corn bread and jerked beef as we called it, with a little salt. We could eat a day's rations at one meal. We were about seven miles west of Big Shanty. Rested until next evening, threw up some breast works. On October 4, we had to march back over the same two miles above mentioned, in the dark. Of course we had a tough time of it again. Oct. the 5th, we came back to Lost Mountain; remained at its summit through the day, at night came down off the mountain and camped for the night. Next morning we were called into lines before day. It rained in torrents. After standing in lines about two hours, we left the foot of the mountain. A wetter set you never saw. This was the 6th of October, we marched through the rain and mud all day. At about four o'clock, P. M., we passed through Dallas and camped for the night. As soon as I got my accountarments off, I struck out to hunt a branch to wash off the mud from my shoes, socks and pantlegs, for they were shealded with mud to the knees. On the 7th of October, we marched among the mountains. This was in Polk County, I think. Camped at night near Van west in an open field near a stream. We here made a raid on a fence and captured all the rails we came in contact with to make fires with, it being the only chance for us to get wood for fires. On the 8th we marched through Cedartown and camped three miles beyond until eleven o'clock next day, resting and drying our beef. Our bread was cooked of a night at the wagon camps and issued out to us. They didn't have time to cook our beef for they had to rest some as well as we. After marching all day, sometimes until eleven o'clock at night, we had to draw our raw beef, make fires and dry it by stripping it in small strips and sticking a stick through them and hang them up over the fire and dry them, eating them with salt and corn bread. We drew no bacon during our 30 days march.

Sunday, 9th, we passed by Cave Springs and camped at night in a mile of Coosa River, eight miles below Rome, Georgia. At half past four o'clock next morning, we started, expecting a hard day's march, but was delayed about four hours on account of the pontoon bridge breaking. The Yankees had sent a raft down the River that morning from Rome and broke the rope that held the bridge. We marched some ten or twelve miles and passed over Taylor's Ridge or Mountain at Roberson's Gap. This was in Floyd County, I think. The 11th, we marched 14 or 15 miles in the direction of Resaca and as before stated, we didn't draw enough rations to satisfy our hunder, and notwithstanding positive orders to not interfere with private property, we were constantly rushing into fields to get corn and peas and sugar cane, for which a great many were arrested and sent to the rear and punished in some way. We would gather the corn which was just getting too hard for roasting ears and grate them and make mush, which was very agreeable to our taste and stomachs. I have often pretended to be sick or unable to march in lines in order to

forage and would overtake my Company at night.

On Wednesday, the 12th, we appeared before Resaca. Just twelve months before this time we quietly camped here, drilling, guarding bridges and fortifying the place, little thinking that we would attack the enemy 12 months from that time in our own works. We struck the railroad about a half mile above Resaca about an hour by sun and began to tear up the road. The road was torn up from Resaca to Dalton that night. Gen. Lee surrounded Resaca and demanded their surrender. The Yankee commander said that he was put there to hold it and if they wanted it they would have to take it. Gen. Lee said that he could have taken it, but it would have cost him a good many of his men and that they were scarce enough already, and that the place would have been of no service to him anyhow. He decided not to sacrifice his men for the place. At about 12 o'clock, the 13th, we left for Snake Crook Gap, camped there at night. We had to sleep on the upper side of a tree, or up and down the hill, to keep from rolling down the hill into the creek below. The 14th, we marched through the Gap, it being four or five miles through, blockading it behind us by piling large trees across the road both ways and in every direction. Passed through Vilenor in Waller County and camped three miles beyond the town. Next day, the 15th, we passed through Sublignor, camped at night in Mountain Gap called Maddox Gap. Sunday, 16th, we marched four or five miles and halted and rested the balance of the day so that the barefooted might make moccasins from green cow hides that came off of the beeves that were slain to furnish beef for the Army, for many of them from continual marching had sore feet. The 17th, we started at 3 o'clock. Went through Summerville, Chatooga County, Georgia, at sun rise. At eleven o'clock we halted and rested the balance of the day and night. On Oct. 18, which was my birth day, I was just twenty years old, we left for Alabama. It was the first time that I had ever set my foot on Alabama soil. I had now been in service nearly two years. Now, as was stated at the outset, we were state Troops, ordered out by Governor Joseph E. Brown to guard State property. We were not compelled to go out of the State, but as the enemy was in our state, we were joined to Hood's Army, as before stated, as we could do as good service there as elsewhere while in the state. However, we continued with them until we reached the blue ponds in Cherokee County, Alabama. About the 19th of October, our Brigade determined to return back to their own state. However, through the persuasion of our officers and the promise of drawing money and clothing, continued with them to Gadsden, Alabama. There the Confederates drew clothing. We did not. Their officers asked us to remain with them. They spoke of our gallantry at Mount Zion and the siege of Atlanta and Jonesborough. Of course, we were loath to leave them, but as Troops were needed in the State and we being called out for that purpose, determined to come back, so our Brigade left Gadsden, on Oct. 22nd, for the Blue Mountain. Came some 5 or 6 miles and camped for the night. 23rd, after

marching 20 miles landed at Blue Mountain. Took the cars on the morning of the 24th for Selma, Ala., which was 136 miles. Arrived at Selma at 4 o'clock, P.M. We then took a steamer for Montgomery, Ala. This was quite a change indeed. Transferred from the regular Army to such luxuries as we were now enjoying on the cars and steamers for we had been marching daily for about two months with rations as before stated, we arrived at Montgomery, 25th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and drew rations. We now drew bacon and crackers or hard tack as we then called them. This began to look like old times as before we were joined to the regular Army.

On the 26th of October, we left Montgomery, Ala., for Columbus, Ga. We were furnished with passenger cars until we got into Georgia, when we were given open flat cars, we arrived at Columbus at 5 o'clock, P.M. (27th) from Columbus to Macon. Arrived at Macon at 4 P.M. after getting a good wetting on the open cars, for it rained on us nearly all day. Now we had traveled over four hundred miles since leaving the regular Army.

Here we rested some 2 or 3 weeks when we started out again to defend our State. We left Macon on the 13th of November for Griffin, Ga., on the Western and Atlantic railroad. Went to Bear Creek station of the cars and camped for the night. On the morning of the 14th, we marched to Lovejoy Station to where we began our memorable march on September 19th under Hood. Remained there until evening when news come that Yankees were advancing on us in Columns to numerous for our little hand full of men, so we were obliged to fall back to Griffin. The 16th, we lay over and rested until night when we again began our march for Macon. Marched all night and next day (17th) we passed through Barnesville at one o'clock, P.M. and camped at night in about 3 miles of Forsyth. We there took the cars and arrived in Macon at one o'clock P.M. (18th) and camped about two miles west of the City and remained there until the morning of the 20th, when we moved up the railroad about two miles to a Fort called Singer's Mill. Remained there as pickets until the morning of the 21st when we started back to Macon. Came through Macon just about dark, camped that night about 2 miles east of Macon. Early next morning, the 22nd, we were off for Griswoldville, a distance of about nine miles from Macon on the central road. We arrived in sight of this place at about 12 o'clock, A.M. (This was where our Regiment was first organized on February 18, 1863.) We thought the Yankees were in the place as we would see the ruins from our old camping grounds where we first began our soldier life. I could see the smoke ascending above the tall pines as though some large building was being consumed. Our regiment was accordingly deployed out as skirmishers and advanced drawing on towards the place. We had to go through a swamp of about two hundred yards that was almost impenetrable. After passing through, we rested a few minutes, then proceeded forward again, and when we came in plain view of the place, we saw that the

Yankees were all gone, we then halted until our little forces came up. The town was all consumed except Mrs. Griswold's dwellings and one or two out houses. It was her barn burning when we first got in sight. Among the buildings consumed, there was a large Government Shop where they manufactured guns and pistols, etc. They also threatened to burn Mrs. Griswold's house, but our rapid approach probably prevented it. we followed on about one mile when we were fired into by their pickets, we again deployed out as skirmishers and advanced close along behind the enemy. Our little command formed a line of battle that followed close behind us, sometimes in double quick. We came in contact with Hood's Army Corps about one and a half miles below Griswoldville. This was three or four o'clock, P.M. 22nd Nov. We charged them but were ignorant of their numbers and advantage, for they were behind breastworks and they were too numerous for us. We charged through an open field four or five hundred yards.

The charge was badly conducted and of course we had to fall back with considerable loss in killed and wounded. Our little forces consisted of the Ga. State Line Troops, the Athens and Augusta Battalions and Georgia Militia. The State Line Troops and Athens and Augusta Battalions constituted the first line of battle and the Ga. Militia followed. We charged through the field as before stated at a double quick, firing as we went, but for the life of me I could not get my gun to go off. The Yankees waited until we got in 2 or 3 hundred yards of them when they opened fire on us.

We then were ordered to lie down, which order was obeyed instantly. But in less than a minute, we were ordered to advance. We arose and started again and advanced 30 or 40 yards.

The boys began to fall one after another. Fortunately for me, I lay down behind a small stump and while lying there, I was struck by a bullet on my left arm just below the shoulder. The lead came for a while like hail cutting on either side of me, one bullet hitting the stump just opposite my head, the stump saving my life no doubt. While lying there, some poor fellow fell on me, badly wounded, trying to shelter behind the stump that I was behind. He was wounded through both legs, we soon had orders to fall back. The poor fellow cried and begged me for God's sake not to leave him, but I could not help him then, for we had to fall back through the open field for several hundred yards subjected to heavy fire from the enemy. But will here state that he was brought in that night to Griswoldville nearly frozen to death. He afterwards got well and came back to camp. I can't remember his name or company. We fell back to Macon that night, except the wounded who stopped at Mrs. Griswold's house, who did us great service in opening her doors to us, and giving all the assistance that she could. The killed and wounded was estimated seven hundred and fifty-probably over estimated. There were only two wounded and one missing in our Company - J. R. Wright shot through the wrist; myself flesh wound on the arm as above stated - (note by Capt. Maddox - J. W. Green was wounded also). Corporal S. A. Thompson was missing. Like Livingston at the Jonesborough fight, we never saw or heard of him any more. I

went to the hospital at Macon with Mr. J. R. Wright and stayed there two days when I was discharged. I went back to the Company and on Friday morning, 25th Nov., we left Macon for Savannah by rail to Albany, then to Thomasville on foot - 55 miles. From Thomasville to Savannah by rail on the Gulf road. Arrived at Savannah on the night of the 29th. We didn't get off the cars but went about thirty miles into South Carolina to a place called Greyhamville. On the 30th of November, we learned that there were several thousand negroes on their way to this point. We landed at Greyhamville and went out about 4 miles to an old Fort or breastworks by the road. The enemy was now close by and there was only two small forts. Just enough for 3 or 4 small cannons and 2 or 3 companies, but by permission we went to work building temporary works with old pine poles from some old shanties that had been there and dirt or sand. And as we had no tools to work with, used our case knives and tin plates to loosen the sand and throw it up and in an hour we had first rate breast works. At about twelve o'clock, A.M. the enemy approached and began the attack. The engagement continued until dark closed the fight. My gun grew so hot several times that I was obliged to stop a while to let it cool. I suppose that I fired it some 75 to 100 times that evening. That night the enemy fell back, leaving their dead and some of their wounded on the grounds, we lay on our arms that night. Next morning, being Dec. 1st, a lot of us went over the battle field gathering up the spoils, which were strewn in every direction. Each side of the road was lined with knapsacks, some of them well filled with sugar, coffee, pickled meats, crackers and clothing of every description and hundred of other things too tedious to mention. They were negro troops right fresh from home, with white men for officers. Some of their officers rode horses and had great whips I suppose to drive the negroes. Some of the officers were killed with their horses. The Yankee officers did their best to drive their negro troops across the creek in the road about a hundred yards or so in front of our artillery, but our boys got in their work like men as well as all the rest of our little Army of state Troops, Athens and Augusta Battalions and Ga. Militia. Next morning the dead negroes had to be pulled out of the road on either side to open the road. A good many were shot down in the creek. Some of the officers were killed in the creek. The dead were scattered promiscuously over the woods.

After this fight, we came back to Savannah and were received very kindly by the citizens who came out with warm coffee and refreshments for the wounded. After this fight, I had Yankee sugar and coffee for some time. I mean sugar and coffee that I got out of Yankee knapsacks. The coffee was ground with sugar ready mixed in it.

We remained in and around Savannah about two weeks fortifying and strengthening the works when Sherman come upon us, and after some hard fighting to our left, I think about Fort McAllister, our

lines began to give way. It became apparent that we could not hold the place so after a consultation between Gen. Bardee, who was in command of our forces at Savannah, and the Federal officers, under a flag of truce, our forces evacuated Savannah that night by crossing the Savannah River on a pontoon bridge made of flat bottom boats anchored with car wheels, we crossed three prongs of the River and landed in South Carolina.

Now after this I failed to keep a diary and will have to write from memory again. The object now was to get back to Augusta, so making our way through the sand on foot, which was no easy task, some twenty miles probably, maybe more or less, we halted to rest, while there some 3 or 4 of us decided to go a foraging for some fresh meat of some sort. Accordingly, armed with an old revolutionary single barreled horseman's pistol, with 3 others as above stated, started out. Directly one of the boys came up with an old rooster and turned him over to me while they proceeded on.

I went to a branch and picked off the feathers and gutted him and carried him to camp and struck out to join them when I came upon John Smith, if I recollect correctly, in a man's lot cleaning a pig. I asked him if he had bought it. He said that was all right. However I was never called upon to antie up my part. It was on a plantation where there was a negro in charge and he was selling the hogs to the soldiers, for I suppose he thought that if he didn't sell them, the soldiers would take them anyway. I suppose some of them paid. I got a ham for my part and barbecued it the best I could, but had nothing to season it with. Of course it was a poor excuse, but it lasted me a day or too to chew on after dividing with the boys, as we marched along through the sand. I will now return to the rooster. I put him on to dry. Didn't have any grease except a little bacon. I fried the grease out of it and fried and fried the rooster until the grease all gave out. I continued to fry him until I lost all my patience and had to throw him away for he was as tough as when I began.

We marched on until we came to the railroad at Barnesville. There we took the cars for Augusta. Arrived in Augusta in Christmas week. Don't remember how long we stayed at Augusta. I remember that while we were there, there came a freshet and that the River rose out of the banks and a large portion of the City was under water for 2 or 3 days. They ran boats and batteaux on Broad Street and various other streets in the City. I remember we had to do with rations three days on account of the water in the City. All the basements were filled with water and the water rose 3 or 4 feet in first floors of stores. It took several days to pump the water out of the cellars. The City was greatly damaged also private property badly damaged.

While here, our pay roll was made out, but that was all. I suppose about the first of February, we went out on Briar Creek. We remained there a while shooting fox and grey squirrels in the

piney woods, while here, one night our command divided themselves into 2 armies, and armed themselves with a turn of large pine burs, and arrayed themselves in line of battle, and lighting their burs one at a time charged each other, throwing the burs that were lit toward their antagonist, which presented a beautiful sight, as it went curving through the darkness. Don't think of two armies charging each other, throwing torches backwards and forth through the darkness, it was a grand sight indeed.

We then came back to Augusta and if I mistake not, here we were intreated to go over into South Carolina again, and as we were not compelled to go, some of the boys refused to go—I for one. I here took French leave and went home, and while at home I decided to go to Athens and join the Home Guards, but after going was not pleased and on returning home met an enrolling officer who said he had orders to arrest me and send me back to my command, then at Milledgeville, Georgia. And I, being acquainted with him, told him that I would meet him in Covington the next day. He said that he had several others to send on and would forward me with them, but instead of meeting in Covington, struck out for Milledgeville and arrived at my command the second evening, it being about 50 miles, and was gladly received by them. We remained here a short time, I guess until about the first of April, when we were ordered to Columbus, Georgia, and here we were in our last fight. It was on a Sunday evening when the fight began. Don't remember the date now, but it was in the Month of April, 65. It was on the Alabama side of the river, called Girard. We could see the Yankee officers reconnoitering in the evening and were expecting an attack. So just about sunset, as well as I remember, the pickets opened fire. Our pickets came in and the firing became general at about dark. We being in breastworks held our ground, finally firing ceased for a while, and some one suggested that we cross fire and see if we could locate the enemy. And sure enough, we did, for they had broken the lines on our left, and were just coming along up the lines undisturbed, but when we began to cross fire, they returned the fire right up to the trenches. We then realized our situation, we, of course, leaped out of our ditches and made for the bridges and while running down a steep slant, I remember running against Lieut. Col. Eavens and knocking off his hat. I recognized him by his voice. I never stopped though to pick it up for him, for every fellow was for self now, and while running through a field in the darkness, I ran into a gully over my head and had to go down it until I found a gully leading out from it before I could get out. We finally came to a fence. I remember that I climbed to the top of it and being almost out of breath, just fell off. Then up the railroad bankment and crossed the river on the railroad bridge. Once across, I felt safe. Some soldiers had piled up bales of cotton there for a breastworks and begged us to rally, but we were so demoralized and scattered that we didn't rally.

This was our last fight. I and Sammy Veal and Billy Mitchell and Jim Herring were the only ones that I got with that night after crossing the River into Columbus. Somehow, Jim Herring got lost from us, but I and Sammy Veal and Billy Mitchell kept together that night and made our way some 3 or 4 miles toward Macon and slept the balance of the night in the woods. Next day about 3 o'clock, we had gotten about 20 miles from Columbus. We came upon some citizens and a telegraph operator at a stream where the railroad bridge had just been burned. They had cut the wire and attached their instrument and had telegraphed the train, which came very soon. We of course were allowed to ride to Macon. While at Macon, the City authorities ordered all the whiskey that could be found to be destroyed. Accordingly the police visited every barn and places where whiskey was kept and rolled it out in the streets and knocked out the stoppers and let the whiskey run out in the streets. This was to keep the Yankees from getting it and getting drunk, which would have caused them to have been more boisterous and insulting and disorderly. Here I got drunk for the first and last time in my life. Knowing that the war was over for we had heard of Lee's surrender and all was confusion and liquor I couldn't resist it, notwithstanding there was a guard with musket and bayonet fixed to keep anyone from getting any. But nevertheless I managed to get enough to make me drunk as Billie Mitchell and Green Jones will tell you if you can see them, but was all right next day by 12 o'clock.

Sammy and I decided that we wanted to go home now and as the City was guarded to prevent anyone from going out, Sammy Veal suggested that we go to the car shed and when the passenger train came in from Savannah, after the passengers got off, that we board the train and pass back over the River as the train ran back to the shed for the night. We did so and once over the River we were outside of the guard line, thus we made our way towards Monticello, Jasper County, Georgia, which was about 35 or 40 miles. We reached Monticello next evening and slept in the woods a mile or so out of the town. Next morning, I and Sammy Veal bid each other good bye. I arrived at home late that afternoon, which was in April, 1865.

This now ends my story. I probably have omitted a great many things that wouldn't have been interesting to the reader and no doubt have forgotten a great many that might have been. I leave it to the consideration of any of Co. G, or to whom it may concern.

(Signed) A. J. Jackson  
Co. G, 2nd Ga. State Line Troops