

umn commenced crossing on this bridge, but seeing that it was going to take too long for the army to cross single file, some of the officers ordered it torn down, which was soon accomplished, and then the men were compelled to wade the stream. Here was a go. To be called up out of a warm nest, at two o'clock in the morning, and made to wade an ice cold stream that reached to the arm pits of the tallest men.

XXVII

A YANKEE "COOKED"—I RACK OET.
—SWEET POTATOES.—FRIENDLY TREU
A DANGEROUS PLACE.—HALF-BURIED
SOLDIERS.—SOME REMARKS.—PEANUTS.
A CHICKEN.—A MEAN TRICK.

Many hesitated when they came to the water's edge. The officers would urge them on. Sometimes appealing and sometimes cursing. Col. Morrison sat on his horse appealing to our regiment: "O, 63d., our beloved Gen. Cox is in danger, for God's sake push across the stream." I think it was our brigade commander, Gen. Henderson, who sat on his horse in the middle of the stream doing his best to get the men to cross. A long, lean fellow stood at the water's edge and hesitated to make the plunge. Listening awhile to the General's entreaties and commands, he broke out in a loud voice with this remark, "d-n it, get into the water yourself!" No sooner was it said than the General jumped from his horse in the deepest part of the stream and waded to the opposite shore. This action of our General cooked our lean friend, and he meekly waded in.

I went down to the edge of the water and seeing it would strike me

about the chin, and probably the eyes, I backed out. I was afraid I couldn't make it, and I did not want to be drowned, especially that early in the morning, and in such cold water. I was not the only one that backed out, either. Several short fellows did the same and some that were not so short.

We waited till day break, then jumped over the fence and started up stream to see if we could find a place to cross. Just as we got over the fence we discovered two or three hills or holes, and on digging into them, found they contained sweet potatoes. Of course we had to stop long enough to fill our haversacks with these. About a quarter of a mile up the river, we saw a tree that had been felled across the stream. On this we crossed, and then found ourselves at the edge of a large swamp, which contained water that at some places was about waist deep. We managed to cross this by stepping on roots and old logs, brush, etc., and then struck out as fast as we could to overtake the command, which we did sometime in the afternoon. They were halted in a field beside the road, and I think not very far from Klings-ton. They did not arrive in time to take part in the battle, and if I ever heard the particulars of the fight, I have forgotten them now. However, there was a very severe battle fought at this place, for when we started on again, we passed over the battle field. One part of the field was covered with a dense thicket, and this thicket had been mowed down by minnie balls, leaving scarcely a bush standing. Many of the bushes, or small trees, had been ten or twelve feet high, and were about the size of a man's wrist, and they were all cut off about breast high. It seemed like it would have been impossible for men to live in such a place. As we passed along we saw a number of graves where the dead had been buried. The bodies