

**CHAPTERS FROM THE UNWRITTEN
HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE
STATES; OR, THE INCIDENTS IN
THE LIFE OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN
CAMP, ON THE MARCH, IN THE GREAT
BATTLES, AND IN PRISON**

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R. M. COLLINS

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BY

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TO THE MEMORY OF THE HEROES OF GRANBURY'S TEXAS
BRIGADE, WHO WENT DOWN TO DEATH IN DEFENSE
OF THEIR HOMES, AND TO THOSE WHO YET
REMAIN ON THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER,
THIS BOOK IS REVERENTLY AND
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE.

To send forth this book to the reading public without some sort of preface would be doing violence to a very ancient custom, "a custom more honored in the observance than in the breach." We did not write this book for pleasure nor pastime, but to contribute our mite in the direction of getting into cold type that part of the history of the great war between the States, from 1861 to 1865, that is recorded only in the memories of the men and officers of the line, and if we succeed in entertaining the reader for an hour or two in our descriptions of great battles or pathetic scenes incident to the life of a soldier, or cause a smile to dance on the face of the old or young, like sunlit shadows chasing each other on the wavelets of a mountain lake, we will have done well.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

MAKING UP A COMPANY AND GETTING READY TO "FIGHT FOR OUR RIGHTS."

In the month of February, 1862, the clash of arms and the tramp of mailed warriors came ringing down through the valleys of the Indian Territory, and struck the young American of North Texas full in the face. The Confederates under Gen. Ben McCulloch, and the Federals under Gen. S. R. Curtis, were having a regular set-to, and the idea of the Yankees heading for Texas soil to despoil our fair homes, insult our women and eat up the substance of the people was just a little more than we proposed to submit to.

Decatur, our home, was quite a small town then, and Wise County had only about 200 voters, and all those who were not school teachers or clerks in stores were cowboys. G. B. Pickett was commissioned to raise a company, and then commenced the rushing to and fro getting things in shape to enlist, go to

the wars and get honor, glory and some immortality. The day was set Saturday for the enrolling of names and organization of the company, and in they came on their little fingertail, frosty-necked, calico Spanish ponies, all clamorous to get into the cavalry service. A company of a hundred men was made up. G. B. Pickett was elected Captain, Tom Roberson 1st, W. A. King 2nd and F. J. Barrett 3rd Lieutenants. Of the non-commissioned officers we only remember a big red-headed fellow by the name of G. W. Rodgers, a school teacher, who was made Orderly Sergeant. After the organization, and lots of Dexter's best had been put under their jackets, the remainder of the day was put in in cavalry movements round and round the Public Square.

While the company was made up of a very nice lot of young men, boys and middle-aged men, it did not strike us as having very much the appearance of N. Bonaparte's Old Guard. The writer was a clerk in the dry goods store of Howell & Allen, and had not put his name down yet. In fact, he felt much disposed to await developments before putting himself in a position to be