

**RECOLLECTIONS OF  
WAR TIMES; HOW I GOT  
IN, AND HOW I GOT OUT**

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Recollections of war times; how I got in, and how I got out by William Augustus McClendon

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**WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MCCLENDON**

**RECOLLECTIONS OF  
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IN, AND HOW I GOT OUT**





W. A. McCLENDON, 1895

# RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR TIMES

BY

An Old Veteran

WHILE UNDER  
STONEWALL JACKSON

AND

LIEUTENANT GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET

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How I Got In, and How I Got Out

*M. C. Clendon, Jr.*



Montgomery, Ala.:  
THE PARAGON PRESS  
1909

*Copy 2*

**Dedicated to all true Southern men and women  
and their posterity**





## Preface

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In my declining years I send forth this book as a narrative of some of the events and incidents of my past life while in the Southern Army. It embraces only a partial history of my life in camp, commencing with July 1861, and ending April 9th, 1865, while serving under "Stonewall" Jackson until December 1862, and under Longstreet until April 9th 1865. It is written almost entirely from memory, and therefore I do not claim to be absolutely correct, as forty years have passed since these things occurred, and 'tis said that memory is treacherous. I have avoided all harsh criticisms only where history upholds it. I have endeavored to avoid a repetition of profanity and slang that was so common in camp. All those who are acquainted with me know that I am uneducated, and that I make no claim to correct english. I am conscious that many mistakes have been made, and I respectfully ask the reader to cover my imperfections with the broad mantle of charity and accept this narrative only as a fireside conversation with an old Veteran.

Respectfully,

W. A. McCLENDON.

WHEN WILL THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER BE  
FORGOTTEN?

“When the lion eats grass like an ox  
And the gallinipper swallows the whale,  
When the terrapin knits woolen socks  
And the hare is outrun by the snail.  
When serpents walk upright like men  
And doodle bugs travel like frogs,  
When grasshoppers feed on the hen  
And feathers are found on the hogs,  
When Thomas cats swim in the air,  
And elephants roost upon trees,  
When insects in summer are rare  
And snuff never makes people sneeze,  
When fish creep over dry land  
And mules on bicycles ride,  
When foxes lay eggs in the sand  
And women in dress take no pride.  
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer  
And girls get to preaching on time,  
When billy goats butt from the rear,  
And treason is no longer a crime,  
When the humming bird brays like a donkey  
And limburger smells like cologne,  
When plowshares are made out of monkeys  
And the hearts of Alabamians are stone.”

—By Mr. James Barson in Age Herald, June 9th, 1908.

## CHAPTER I

### THOUGHTS ON OLD TIMES BY AN OLD VETERAN.

DEAR FRIEND :

An old man like I am sitting alone around a fire on a cold day with no sweet little boys and girls to be romping around musing over the events of the present, and what may be in the future, will naturally let his mind run back to events of the past. I said an old man, that is what the boys sometimes calls their father. "The Old Man," but I am not as old as some would suppose, nor wont be the next time you hear from me. So far I have had what some people call many "ups and downs" and if I am to be the judge the "downs" have predominated, but being possessed naturally with a lively disposition and it being sorter in keeping with my faith, I am inclined to accept everything that happens as an act of providence and complain as little as possible. Well, while musing over the past my mind ran back to Christmas time of 1860. When I go to town, I see very few of the old boys that were young then, that remembers the events of that time, and it is a great pleasure to sit with them and talk of the stirring events of those days when A. B. Moore was Governor of Alabama, when John Bright drove the stage from Eufaula in Barbour county down by Abbeville carrying the passengers and mail to and from Columbia in Henry county, and when the Whigs, and Democrats, buried the "hatchet" as a token of bridging the chasm that had so long existed between them politically and as a unit espousing the cause of the South that was then threatened with an abolition administration. In those days of which I speak the post office at Abbeville would be crowded at each arrival of the mail from Eufaula, Sundays not excepted, as that was the mail that brought the news from the seat of government. I was a youth then, in my teens, but all my relatives were strong Southern people and politically were democrats, and ardent secessionists. I had a peculiar fondness for reading Southern newspapers, and whenever I saw anything that C. C. Clay, W. L. Yancey and J. L. Pugh of Alabama had to say, it would catch my eye. There were