

Rebel Yell
The Civil War Diary
Of
John Thomas Whatley, CSA

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Edited by
John W. Cowart

**REBEL YELL:
THE
CIVIL WAR DIARY
OF
JOHN THOMAS WHATLEY, CSA**



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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data has been applied for. Lulu Press # 398537

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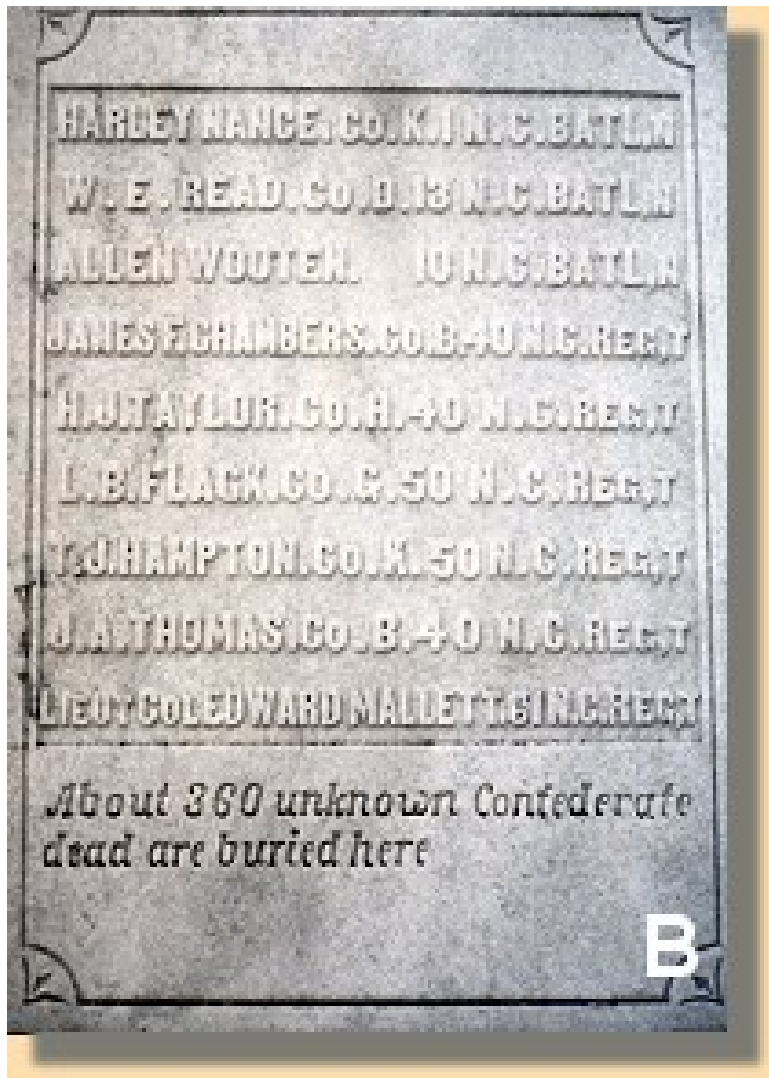
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This book is dedicated to the memory of historian
and
Congressman Charles E. Bennett,
who introduced me to
Florence Pagnini O’Flynn
and the Civil War diary she fought to preserve.

— John Cowart





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*About 360 unknown Confederate
dead are buried here*

B

Plaque on Confederate Memorial
At Bentonville, N.C.
Where John Whatley is among those buried in the mass
grave.

Tracing A Promise: An editorial note

In 1952 Mrs. Florence Pagnini O'Flynn, of Jacksonville, Florida, bought a box of books. In this box she discovered a small ledger, the kind farmers once used to keep running accounts of their expenses.

The ledger had a worn, faded brown cover. The stationer who printed the pages ruled lines, marked columns, and stamped consecutive page numbers at the top of each leaf. The pages measured five inches wide by eight inches tall.

Confederate soldier John Thomas Whatley of Coweta County, Georgia, used this farmer's ledger as his diary from March 2, 1862, till November 27, 1864.

Whatley recorded his daily experiences in the first pages of the diary; he used the back pages to jot down lines of poetry and historical facts he wished to remember.

In neat Spencerian script Whatley's diary opens with his accounts while preparing for the defense of Savannah, Georgia; most of the diary's pages record events there. The text ends with his serving near Petersburg, Virginia. Apparently, much of this time he served with General William J. Hardee's cavalry.

The Yankees killed Whatley at Bentonville, North Carolina, on April 14, 1865 — the same day President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated.

Attorney John Merrett, who transcribed the text, said, "The diary opens with an extremely poetic, quite well written, series of entries detailing the life of a garrison recruit. Later entries however, have a deeply sobered tone. With his naiveté worn away by disease and battlefield experiences, Whatley describes the feelings

of a veteran in somber hues rather than in the greens and golds of his early entries. The process implicit in the change in tone is no less fascinating than the facts and words by which it is conveyed... Whatley describes the common experience of soldiers with uncommon depth.”

This diary captivated Mrs. O’Flynn.

For years she kept it locked in a safe deposit box to protect it. She launched a campaign to recruit help in publishing the diary. She enlisted many, many volunteers to help her in this task. She contacted officials of the National Park Service, various historical societies, genealogical groups, and a whisky distiller as she sought aid in publishing the diary.

Included in the names I find in the Whatley file folder are attorney John Merrett, historian Smith Scott, genealogist Walter Stovall, novelist Eugenia Price, and historian and Congressman Charles Bennett. All these people contributed time, talent and energy to Mrs. O’Flynn’s project. They exercised great patience and deserve great thanks.

However, volunteers involved in the project labored under an odd constraint: as Mrs. O’Flynn grew older, she came to believe that the ghost of John Whatley issued her specific instructions about the publication of his diary. Mrs. O’Flynn was adamant about following the envisioned instructions, but in 1987, her health failed and she abandoned the project — almost.

By then she was in her 70s and well-known as a political activist. She appealed to Congressman Charles Bennett again for help publishing.

Congressman Bennett authored a number of books on the history of Florida. I had written a few newspaper and magazine articles on Jacksonville history which he had read. One Sunday afternoon he called me and asked if I’d talk with Mrs. O’Flynn about the diary.

I found the old lady in poor health yet full of determination to publish the diary exactly, precisely, without exception, as the ghost she saw dictated.

While John Whatley was a fine writer, his ghost seemed to know little about the constraints of publishing.

I could not put my life and work on indefinite hold to get enmeshed in Mrs. O'Flynn's project according to her rigorous specifications.

She did not take readily to editorial suggestions. Once when she was sick and bed-ridden, as my wife and daughter tended her, she got so angry that she threw a bowl of hot soup in my face when I suggested a way to treat the text.

Yet, the sheer force of Mrs. O'Flynn's personality extracted a promise from me. I promised her that if it were ever in my power to see John Whatley's diary into print, that I would do it.

She let me examine the original autograph and gave me a Xerox copy of a diary transcript along with a file folder full of bits and pieces of research various people had done over the years.

I stuck all these papers away in a file drawer for years; I encountered them again recently in an office cleanup and I remembered my promise to Florence.

This present book fulfills that promise to the best of my ability.

I have no idea what happened to the original autograph of the diary upon Mrs. O'Flynn's death several years ago.

Notes I added to this text are clearly marked. I've inserted appropriate drawings and photographs from the Library of Congress' on-line collection in places related to events Whatley mentions.

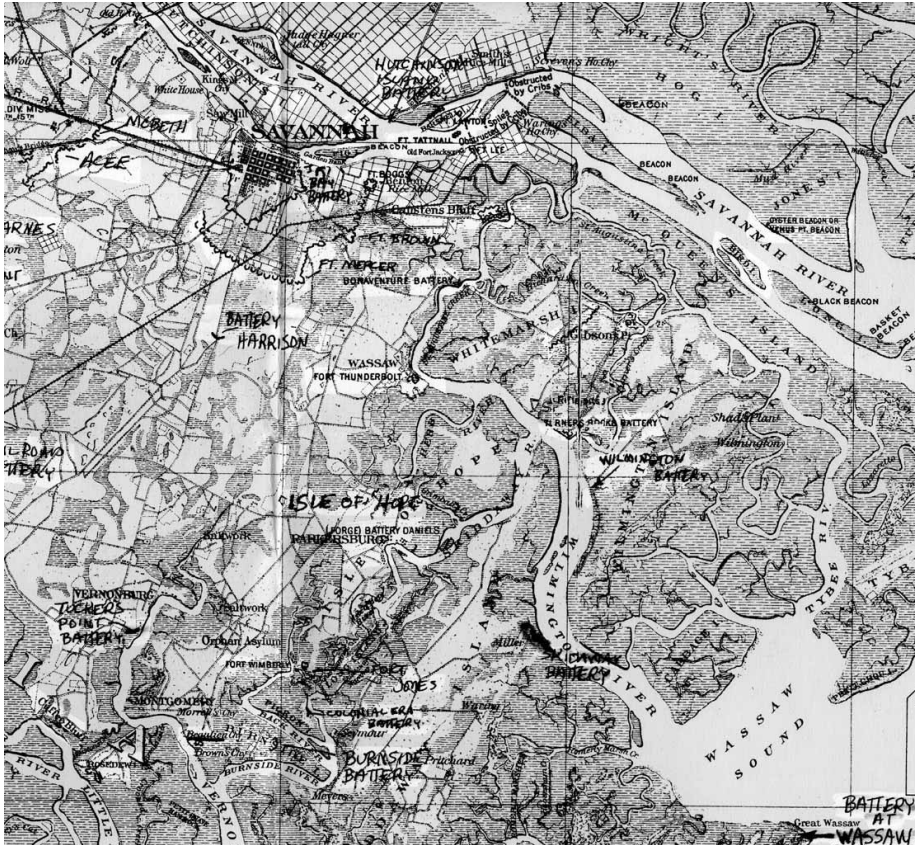
Since Whatley confined each day's entry to a single page, I have broken the text into reasonable

paragraphs; but I have retained his abbreviations, spellings, capitalization, and other punctuation.

And — except for keeping Mrs. O'Flynn's title, *Rebel Yell* — I pay no attention whatsoever to the instructions and directions she claimed John Whatley's ghost had given her.

If Florence Pagnini O'Flynn is out there somewhere reading this — here's the book I promised... and, it's ok about the soup.

— *John W. Cowart*
Jacksonville, Fla.
September, 2006



1864 Map of Savannah

**REBEL YELL:
The Civil War Diary
of
John Thomas Whatley, CSA**

MARCH 2, 1862

The daily duties of camp life have passed away, for another day; and so has the sun passed out of view behind the western horizon. All the noise and bustle of the camp are hushed in slumber, with the exception of the trembling voice of the poor Sentinel crying Corporal of the guard post No. __.

The stars that so brilliantly light up the scope of Heavens high dome, seem to sympathize with us as soldiers fighting in the cause of liberty.

In fact all the Natural beauties that surround Savannah, seem depending upon us to strike dead the foe that threatens to demolish her beautiful stone City. But we are proud that we can record the fact, that if heavy shot and shell can prevent their approach by sea; they will never have the pleasure of standing upon their war steamers and with pride behold the proud city of Savannah sunk to ashes. Firm in this belief, confident of our

ability to entertain them if they come; we pass to enjoy the beauties of dreamland.

— J.T.W.

MARCH 3, 1862
Savannah

“The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear.”

Yes fellow soldiers, darkness has again spread his veil over the surrounding beauties of Savannah. The stern voice of command, the shrill echo of the fife and the tap of the drum are no longer heard for today; and naught breaks the silence of my lighted tent but the heavy snoring of my esteemed comrade which is so enormous that it's enough to frustrate the ideas of the most distinguished writer that ever wielded his pen by the mid-night lamp. But how could I disturb him for the harm he does me. No! indeed I cannot. All that I can say is, Sleep on brave comrade; Rest thy wearied limbs, that have been exhausted by a night's tour on post No. 7.

Another day's duties have passed away and nothing has transpired worthy of record. Reveille, mounting of the guard, Battalion drill, dress parade, and tattoo have all been sounded by the drum, and their echoes have died away upon the breeze.

— J.T.W.

MARCH 4th, '62 **SAVANNAH**

The silvery rays of the innocent moon, as they fall with celestial beauty upon our tented field, announce with joy that night has come again to relief of the wearied soldier. Yes, again the clock, Time has with his iron finger marked 4th of March as a day numbered with the past.

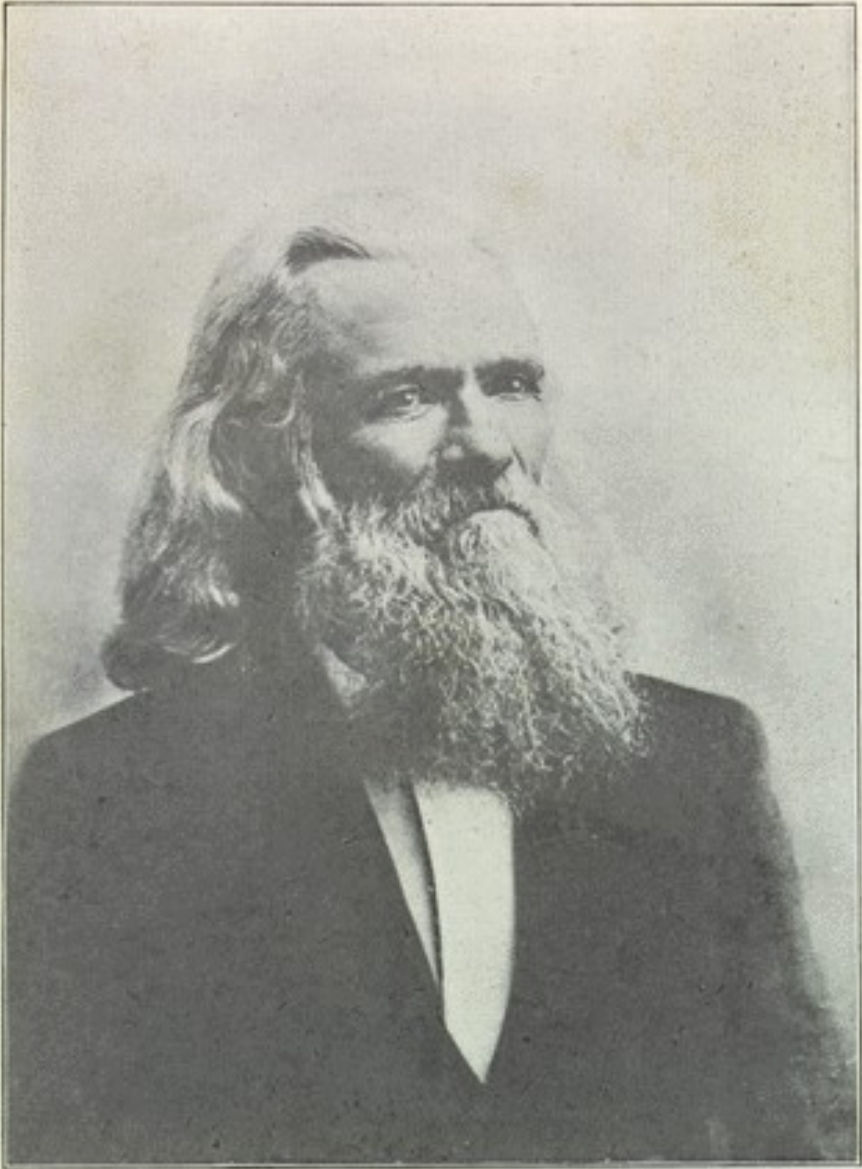
Our general parade ground was almost one mingling, moving mass of human heads, brought to-gether by the announcement that today they should either volunteer or be drafted: Sorry am I, that I have to record the fact, that only eighty-five men enrolled their names to fight beneath the standard of liberty. Oh shame, that the bright and historic name of Savannah should ever be tarnished by the deeds of such men. Let us mark them, when they fall in battle. Let not their names be embellished as heroes. Let it be stamped by the black Seal of infamy and shame. To-morrow 119 must be drafted to fill their quota. Oh shame!

Our regt. is detailed for fortifications to-morrow.

Tap goes taps.

Good-night.

— J.T.W.



GENERAL WILLIAM R. BOGGS

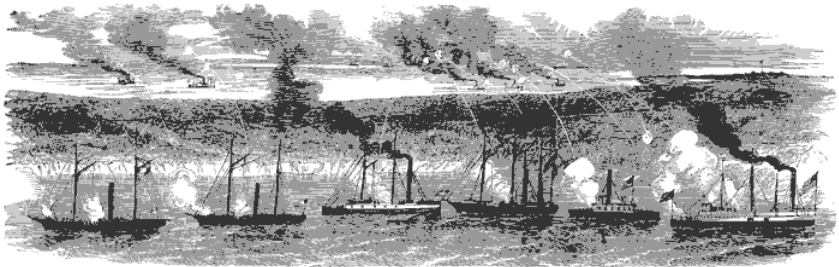
March 5th , 62 Savannah

We have returned with wearied limbs and blistered hands to enjoy the poor hospitality of our tents after our tour

to fort Boggs. The distance from here to fort Boggs is about three miles; the road for two miles is over as level and beautiful land as the eyes of man ever rested upon.

At the beginning of the third mile we ascended a bluff, Some feet above the level of the river; we then formed a right angle ... and marched straight ahead for a mile, were then ordered to halt and lay aside our haversacks, kanteens and pitch in to work.

We worked for an hour and then rested the same. While resting I ascended a tree some 30 feet in height; and gazed out upon the broad and beautiful river (Savannah) stretching its length far toward the blue waters of the broad Atlantic. My eyes were charmed by the scene that lay before them. Fort Jackson was but two miles in the distance. Commodore Tatnall's fleet lay at anchor in full view.



Tatnall's gunboats

Away off like a speck upon the cloud could be seen the mast of an impudent Yankee vessel anchored upon the beautiful bosom of the Savannah; an object that almost

marred the beauties of the scene. But however, this did not entirely destroy the beauty..

Just at this moment the *Ida* came ploughing the waves angrily away defiantly before her prow; this with the cry of machinery, the chuckling of birds and the beauties of the grove that lay beneath me, produced a sensation that thrilled my whole system, and held me spellbound to the scene.

But my hour soon expired and I unwillingly descended from my snug observatory.

Again and again we gathered our tools and played the Irishmen. When finally 5 o'clock arrived, we gladly turned our steps towards our camp-ground. We arrived in camp where we found evry-thing as dull as usual.

Our brigade is detailed for tomorrow; they must be expecting a fight as they want the work completed so bad.

The vibrations of the Pendulum c lock time. and I must retire to rest.

Yours S...

J.T.W.

MARCH 6th , 1862

I arose this morning at the crack of the drum, put on my clothes as fast as possible, and hurried to answer to my name at roll call. I then returned, ate my breakfast, shouldered my haversack and kanteen, fell into line, and marched for Fort Boggs..

An hour had not elapsed before the now picturesque walls of Fort Bogg were gained, and we began to throw dirt as fast as possible.

The day past away as usual to soldiers, at our expense; for we laboured hard to make the fort assume a respectable appearance. Fort Bogg is very strongly situated upon a high bluff that commands the river for two miles. Its shape is a five pointed star; and we believe, with the necessary work, it will one day be a strong fortress; bidding defiance and destruction to evry impudent Yankee vessel, that dares plough the waves of the gallant Savannah. But I need not comment upon the impudence of Yankees, as time will reveal what a demonstration awaits them here. Six hours elapsed we returned to our camps tired and hungry.

— J.T.W.

MARCH 7th, 1862

Eleven o'clock has arrived and still I am at my duties of the day.

Several times since I began my journal, have I described my actions for two successive days that were entirely similar; but now I take my seat to describe a scene that my pen is inadequate to justify. A scene that brightens the joys of memory's page, that calls up many a sweet recollection of what transpired around our firesides at home.

After we returned, tired from our stroll to fort Bogg, we were honored by an invitation to dine with Col. Wright; we very readily accepted the invitation and went over. o a supper that reminded us of those we were used to partake of at home.



After supper we returned to the parlor, and were introduced to several very intelligent and beautiful young ladies. Then began a friendly scene that my pen is unable to describe. At times, I would conclude that I was walking the grassy plains of dream-land. At others, I thought it was a renovation of the past and that I was among the brilliant belles of Coweta. We conversed indifferently upon all subjects; when to cap the climax, that renowned song *My Maryland* was sung. by these beautiful belles. And as peal after peal of this music poured forth, the walls seemed a structure built of Natural music. The sea breeze, an ever passer-by, took upon its brilliant strains and bore it on through the pine clad forest. Oh what eloquence in music when it comes from the soul of the gifted woman.

But while the melodious strains of Natural music fell upon the breeze, the violin, the noblest of artificial, fell upon our ears with spell-bound power. We wound up the night by a dance, and the good-bye's and you-must-comes of newly made friends. The ladies retired and we have returned to our tents.

Let us pass to enjoy the beauties of dream-land. Let us dream of days when we will realize these things at home, when the tramp of the war-horse will be hushed forever, and when the Goddesses of Liberty and Peace will spread their golden pinions to soar over the brilliant field of the south all time to come.

— Yours,
J.T.W.

March 8th, 1862

Again have we returned tired and hungry from Fort Bogg; which had become one of our unavoidable daily duties. We are progressing rapidly in our work on Fort Bogg. Several sides will be completed in a few days. As far as throwing up dirt is concerned; one or two regt have turfed some, between their profiles, and we are encouraged to work by the growing walls, which like the irishman's pig, grows larger evry minute.



Confederate Earthworks in progress

I and several of my comrades were granted leave by Col. Johnson to come through the city. We made it convenient to come by the market house, which was on our way to camps.



Savannah's Old City Market

I had the good fortune of coming on two shad which were made mine by paying \$1.25. While on my way home through the streets of Savannah, I was teased nearly to death about my fine shad. After we had arrived in camps and partaken of supper, I and my friend H_ went to Capt. Hill's tent and were engaged in writing until about 10 1/2 when I came out and found our campfire entirely vacated. I went to my tent and W_ was not there. I went back to the fire, and was trying to think where my friend W_ could be. While I was thus engaged in thinking, I heard a kind of smacking of lips in the direction of a small tent off to the left: I walked up and what a busy crowd! There were my friends who had teased me, busily engaged in completing the destruction of one of my shad. I walked in just time enough to get a nice piece and the last piece of my devoured shad. We laughed it off and each one of us retired to our respective tents.

— Good-night
J. T. Whatley

March 9th , 1862

I arose this morning at the tap of the drum, and after I had answered to my name and washed my face, I partook heartily of my remaining shad, who was now without a mate as the other had been unceremoniously devoured by the devilish mouths of my friends last night.

After breakfast we buckled on all our implements of war and passed in review before General Walker; and I am proud to record that our Company particularly occupied the attention of his excellency the general.

We were soon dismissed and returned to our camp; I then passed the time off very pleasantly in reading the history of Greece.

We have had the pleasure of hearing two sermons to-day; which reminded us of days when we were used to assemble in church at home and hear sermons from able and distinguished ministers undisturbed by the bustle and noise of camp.

— Yours,
J.T.W.

March 10th and 11th, 1862

In consequence of being on guard last night, I will take two days together.

I have again experienced the sensations of the poor sentinel, as he carefully walks his lonely post from hour to hour. We are detailed for twenty-four hours and are compelled to stand eight hours out of twenty-four.

And it affords us no little pleasure to see the corporal with his last relief coming around to take our places.

We were dismissed at 8 1/2 o'clock this morning, after being ordered to report ourselves at one o'clock P.M. It being my first opportunity, I concluded I would take a brief bird hunt. I borrowed some ammunition, and a shot gun, and started on my hunt. I did not have the pleasure of enjoying my hunt long before I was caught in a heavy shower of rain which made me retrace my steps back, wet and with but one bird.

We reported ourselves at 1 o'clock according to order, and were engaged some time in putting up some tents that had been blown down. When we were dismissed for the balance of the day, I amused myself by writing to an old friend.

It has been raining all day.

March 12th, 1862

We have again completed our duties of the day, and our tired soldiers are one by one passing to enjoy the repose of slumber. In consequence of the rain last night, the roads were very bad, and we experienced considerable difficulty in getting to fort Bogg. We went to work as usual and worked faithful until 2 o'clock, when in consequence of a rain that came to our relief, we were dismissed by Capt. Brock, who was in command of regt.

We got a little wet from the rain on our trip to camps; but being exempt from duty until 5 o'clock we were satisfied. When we went out on dress-parade. General Walker issued an order further prohibiting the use of liquors in camps, which was read at dress parade.

Our pickets engaged the enemy last night and a hot engagement ensued; our casualties trifling, the enemy's not known. The Yankees fired several shots at one of our vessels this morning. Nobody hurt. We are looking for a fight shortly.

Nothing more.

— J. T. W.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA.—UNEXPECTEDLY BY A DEPARTURE OF FEDERAL TROOPS AND SAILING FROM THE GREAT WATERS NORTH, REVERD JUST BEFORE, SAVANNAH RIVER.—EXPERIENCE TOLD IN BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY BENJAMIN ARNO.

SKIRMISH NEAR FORT JACKSON, SAVANNAH RIVER.

The spirited sketch of the engagement between our men and the rebel forces is thus described by the correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*:

"The only thing of special interest which has occurred since last sailing is a reconnaissance made by the commandant of the gunboat *Warren*, with a party of six, across and a detachment from Jones' Island, commanded by Col. Butler. It was reported as a cabinet hardware undertaking, and seemed to consist of us at least to be of doubtful expediency, inasmuch as the few row-boats filled with men would serve as a fair target for the enemy on shore. It was accomplished, however, without loss of life. Our boats proceeded beyond Fort Jackson and Savannah, and as they neared the point were fired upon. The shelling wounded three men and one never held again. The shelling continued three hours and several minutes. The gun was silent, and the boats got back. Several arrangements of the kind have been made from Jones' Island, occupied by Hamilton's battery, and some of them were attended with great success, but to get too high has been lost."

"The passage of the U. S. Mail into the Savannah river a short time since was quite an exciting event, some of our gunboats as yet being stationed on the Cape. Another was ordered by gun fire from the batteries, the life saving and recovery to remain, by being the very same of Fort Jackson."

"An unexpected approach of a rebel gunboat while some of our batteries and gunboats patrolled the banks of our river here, as they so often found the point from the dip of our own fort below it there.

They have not recently advanced beyond a respectful distance, and there is no fear that they were will. Had they a Merrimack or Ironsides, they could soon strip away all obstructions between them and Savannah. Indeed, an ordinary iron-clad gunboat could pass with impunity, and if it could carry men enough, might sweep the rebels in the vicinity of all opposites. Why they have not provided for that emergency is a mystery that their chiefs and others. Our military strength would be worth their while. This they have not as yet determined. When preparations they may be making of this description we have not seen, we may have bettered."

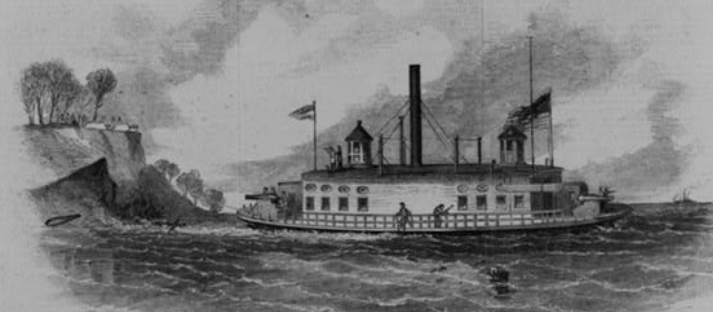
DISMOUNTING THE REEL GUNS AT COCKPIT BATTERY, VIRGINIA.

COCKPIT POINT, on which the rebels had erected a battery, is on the Virginia side of the lower Potomac, close to Quantico, or Quantico Creek. This, with other of their advanced positions, was abandoned about the 14th of March, when the rebel army made its retrograde movement to the Rappahannock. On the morning of the 16th of March, the *New Jersey* left Quantico, and arrived at Lower-Cock Pit, crossed the Potomac, and landed at Cockpit Point. It was not then known that our men had arrived, although it was expected from the unusual size of the gun. The battery was captured from the rebels by a detachment of our own troops. It was supposed that the rebels had withdrawn to a short dis-

tance in the rear, where they had made a stand and would be ready to attack us. Taking this view of the case, we went fully prepared, immediately on our landing a reconnoitering party was sent out to ascertain the strength of the rebels, and also the position of their batteries. It appeared that the great preparation made on our part had not been successful, and that they would be taken prisoner, dismounted, or captured, which they did the day before, having everything laid there. They were then informed that every of our men were in the rebel army, who prepared their men to fight. Two of the latter were taken from Cockpit battery, sent to Elizabeth, and being. As the reconnoitering party could not be sent to the enemy, it returned and reported what I have given in substance above.

TRAGIC SCENE ON BOARD THE U. S. Sloop CUMBERLAND.

We engrave in our present paper an incident which cannot fail to impress the mind of every American. It was furnished by an officer on board the sloop and will speak for itself. We have to fight to give any needless description of the terrible scene. It tells its own tale of suffering and death. It manifested the cruellest and the greatest cruelty on board the Cumberland and such with their old flag over them, as some other through and their fall, will stand the brightest in the annals of American glory.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—THE U. S. Sloop CUMBERLAND, DISMOUNTING AND REVERTING GUNS FROM THE REBEL BATTERY AT COCKPIT POINT, ON THE POTOMAC RIVER, MARCH 17.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. W. H. SMITH, CORRESPONDENT OF THE WEEK-END.

March 13th, 1862

Fort Bogg has began more and more to assume a picturesque appearance.

The earth work will be complete by next Tuesday; they began the brick work yesterday and, with the superintendence of Col Bogg's, we are in hopes it will be a complete fort in a few weeks.



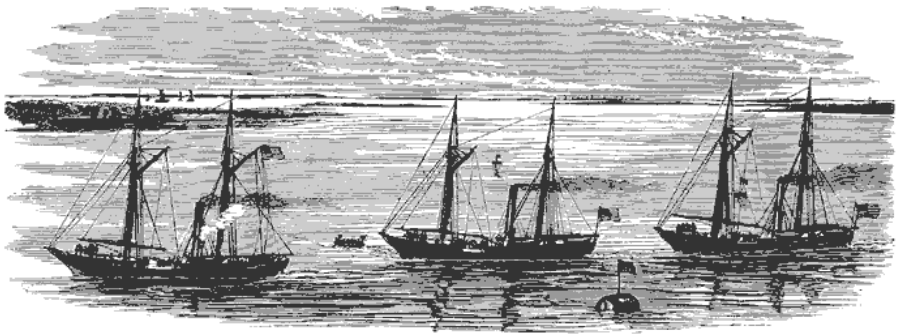
A finished earthwork fort

I enjoyed our trip to-day better than usual, as I had the pleasure of seeing several shells burst and send their missiles of death in evry direction.

Seated upon the top of a tree, I witnessed one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes that ever transpired on

the Savannah's sunny waves. After being seated, my attention was first attracted by the fearless little *Ida* that came rushing down the river hurling the waves defiantly from her prow, and leaving a long curl of smoke far in her rear: This it-self produced a picture that the brush of the artist is inadequate to paint. A picture that will inevitably captivate the refined thoughts of any man.

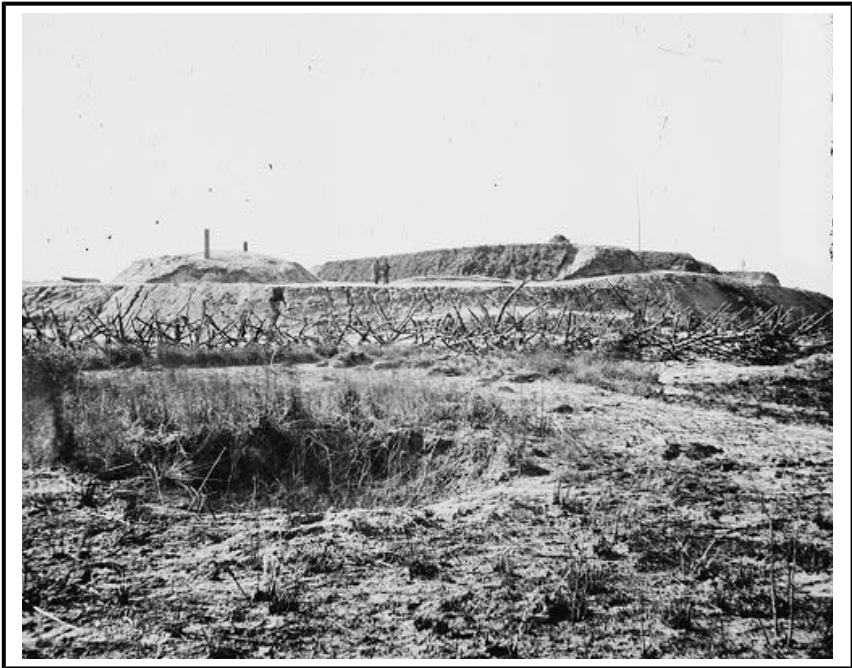
But I was not permitted to enjoy this captivation of my thoughts long for my head was unwillingly tossed around to see the report of a cannon that came booming over the table lands with awakening grandeur..



I looked again, away to the South-east, and a white curl of smoke rose quickly in view. Five moments elapsed, and its thundering report reverberated on the air. I watched, again and again. The white curl of smoke, rose up in view, again and again, its thundering echo burst with deafening grandeur upon our ears. But all this was as "Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" to our brave and faithful sailors.

They continued to annoy our vessels the whole day out but there was no-body hurt..

We worked our time out and returned to our camps. I hear some favorable news from Charleston to-night; the news from Missouri is pretty good and pretty bad. There is heavy firing below here to night, Some say we will have it in a few days. To the fortifications again tomorrow.. —
J.T.W.

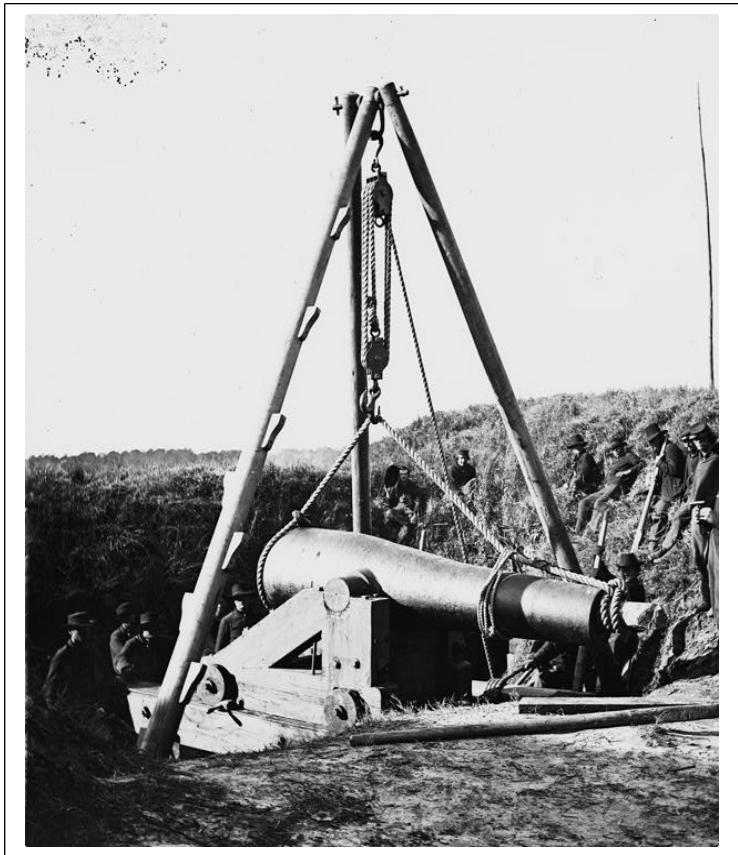


Confederate earthworks and entanglements at Ft. McAllister.

March 14th, 1862

Nothing has transpired to-day either at Fort Bogg or in camps worthy of record.

We will finish the fort in a few days; and when it is done, we can safely say we are prepared for any emergency. Col. Bogg will mount cannon on it next Monday.



I was much revived to-day on receiving a letter from home. No one can imagine the emotions of a poor soldier, when he hears, good news from his loving friends at home.

But home is a word that the soldiers heart must never rest upon to such a degree as to make him home-sick. But it is, (with its associations) a word that should re-nerve his arm and heart to strike against the destroyers of the last vestige of constitutional liberty!

No reliable news from Missouri as yet. It is indeed encouraging to us to have our standard planted as a victor, but however complete the victory we have nothing to boast of, when such noble spirits as McCulloch and McIntosh are sacrificed. But like Brutus of Rome, we place our hands upon our hearts, and swear by the gods, that the death of these great men shall be avenged.—

Good Night
J. T. W.

March 15th and 16th, 1862

Two more days have passed away to my own expense again: eight hours have I walked up and down my lonely post careless and tired. To-day was Sunday, and we have again buckled on all our implements of war, and passed in review of General Walker and staff. General Jackson was also out with his excellency, and saw up pass through the different evolutions; he passed some fine complements on our brigade, viz, that we were fine looking fellows, and seemed to understand our business finely. General Jackson is as man of considerable military bearing; he has an intelligent looking eye, and seems to penetrate a man's most remote thoughts at a glance. But like other of our generals, he likes an intoxicating beverage most too well for the position he holds. After we were dismissed our troop was also minutely inspected by one of Walker's staff.

When after being ordered the third or fourth time to put on all our tacks and arrange ourselves in front of our tents for camp inspection, we were dismissed until dress parade.

I have heard good news from home to-day, I feel a little sick to-night, no news from other point.

— J.T.W.

**March 17, 1862,
Camp Jackson,
Sav. Georgia**

Our camp has been in a very confused state all day. Capt Mann, a man of very little mind, but of high aspirations, having the oldest commission, and by far the smallest company, taken a notion he would be company A of the regt.

Fully determined in this foolish desire, he had us all to strike our tents, and move according to the commission of Captains. Our company, (Capt. Hill's) which was company F, is now Company I, the Ninth..

And / do think if Capt. Mann could have heard the scores of oaths and censures that been heaped upon his honored head, he would be satisfied to occupy the most umble position as Capt. in a regiment with as small a company as he has got.

We had to work pretty hard, and some of us never finished fixing up this evening. But / am in hopes, after we get fixed up tomorrow, we will remain where we are and not move no more to please these little petty aspirants..

We hear bad news from Missouriia to-night. Good news from Price, no fight here yet!

—— Good Night.
J.T.W.

Camp Jackson, March 18, 62 Sav, Georgia .

We arose this morning and proceeded to finish the moving to our new home; we were busily engaged until about ten o'clock when the roll of the drum announced that our regiment was called upon for something.

And something it was indeed! We were called upon to pay our last respects to the mourning of Col. Spaulding, aide-de-camp to general Walker. What a solemn and sublime scene did 3,000 soldiers produce, moving at a slow time in rear of the now lifeless form of the once brave and chivalrous Spaulding.

Col Spaulding is gone, but he has received the reward of a hero (his country's honors). His noble spirit has taken its flight to experience the realities of the world where the clanking of the musketry and the roar of cannons is never heard. We followed him to his grave and transmitted him to his mother dust. Three times did the rattle of musketry ring over his now clodded grave as the last of last.

We returned to our camps tired-er than we ever were at a drill yet! I'm on guard tonight and must close for it's time I was going to my post.

Camp Jackson
March 19th 1862
Sav, Georgia

Night has come again and brought me, tired and hungry, back to my hospitable tent. The time past off very fast to me on guard to-day and last night.

We had a fine day until late this evening when the darkened clouds which began to gather in every direction foretold that Aeolus would come out on a bust certain. Indeed somebody was out on a bust certain. The wind howled around and the rain poured down in such torrents that our camp was nearly overflowed; in fact, some of the boys actually called for a canoe.

The wind is now hushed but the rain continues to fall; and from the looks of it the cloud, which has spread its dark coat over the whole firmament, it appears, that its tap tap tap upon our tents will continue for a long time to come.

Roll call is over. I feel pretty sleepy in consequence of being on guard last night.

Hence I must retire..

— J.T.W.

Camp Jackson March 20th 1862 Savannah, Geo.-

The sun has again pursued its diurnal course across the glittering scope of heaven's high dome, and again hidden his golden head for another day. He has again left us to the mercy of Erebus, who has spread his dark vail over our tented field and left us with-out a light save the glimmering rays of the twinkling stars that fall with celestial beauty and seem to encourage us to strike for the land on which they bend there most loving gaze.

Indeed we should fight.

Evrything says fight.

The beauties of our magnolia and Cedar forest say fight.

The distant wail of the evening breeze says fight.

Our majestic rivers as they lash their waters against the shore say fight.

And more than all, our mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends when they gave us the parting goodbye, said fight — fight.

With such inducements, evry sword should remain unsheathed while a Yankee lives to deny the right of liberty.

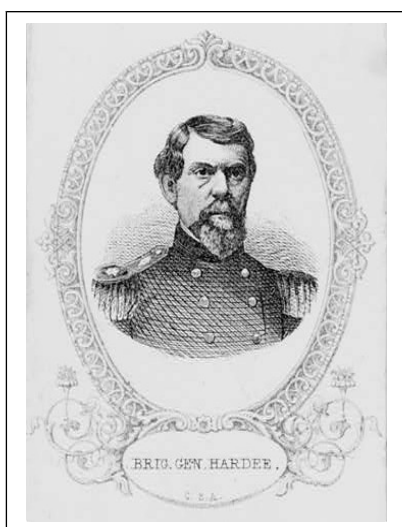
Nothing has transpired to-day except our daily duties and this I have described so often that I'm tired out. I'm on the working squad to-morrow.

March 21st 1862 Camp Jackson Savann, Georgia

We arose this morning, collected our squad, and marched for our new fortifications.

We proceeded in southerly direction about a mile and quarter, when turning to the south-west, we passed about two miles over the rail tracks, we came to a field on our right, in which was laid off some more work for the poor soldier.

The object of this fortification is to prevent a flank movement by the enemy on Harrison's batteries which are on the left of said place. Major Hardee superintends this work and, if they convert it into a fort, I understand it will take the title of Fort Hardee.



We progressed very slowly in our work to-day in consequence of the water that rose in the ditch and

prevented us from throwing dirt from below; but they seemed determine to make it count as they have detailed five or six boys from our company on the same mission tomorrow.



Freshly dug earthworks at Ft. McAllister

Some excitement prevailed in camps in consequence of a report that five thousand yankees had landed below here in South Caroline. Evryone was anxious and ready to strike dead these intrusive characters.

But we were all disagreeable .disappointed this morning when we were reliably informed that it was only one regt., a feint besides, and they had all cowardly returned. Our boys want to let the Yankees know that Georgians are not afraid to fight, and our motto is “Victory & Liberty — Or The Soldier’s Grave!”

The news from different quarters to-night is very bad. Our forces seem to be falling back evry-where and any-where. But, however bad, we expect the sun of success to again bend upon us its cheerful rays, the polar star of liberty we will certainly see and certainly dwell beneath its radiant face.

I must close as I feel pretty tired. Nearly all are asleep except me and my esteemed friend Mr. J. H. Hammond whose studied ways seem to grow deeper as years gather upon his intellectual brows.

I am supernumerary tomorrow.

— J.T. Whatley.

**March 22nd Camp Jackson
Savannah, Georgia**

I arose this morning flattering myself with the idea of fixing up my tent —which I had not entirely completed since our move — to please two petty Capts, but I was disappointed when orderly Graham informed me I had to go on guard.

I brushed up my gun went out to guard mounting, I got on the first relief, and have walked four hours up and down Post No 13.

Nothing has taken place to-day worth mentioning. The weather has been very unpleasant to soldiers; it is very cold here for this season of the year.

The Yankees have not attempted another landing in this vicinity yet.

I must go to the guard tents.

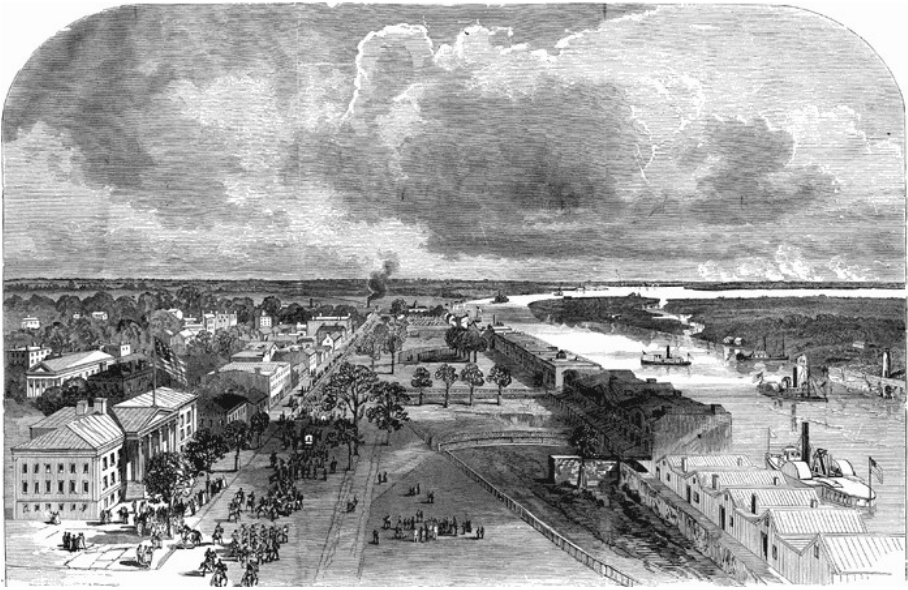
— J.T.W.

March 23rd 1862 Camp Jackson Sav, Georgia

We were dismissed this morning to our delight at 8 1/2 o'clock. My feelings this morning were better than usual after being on guard; when I came off of post at 4 1/2, I obtained leave of the Leau. (Lieutenant.) and went to my tent. But a few moments elapsed before I was wrapped in the Folds of Somnus, and never waked any more until the Eastern Sun was far in the heavens; I awoke just time enough for guard mounting.

As usual, we were not called out on general review to-day. The reason I suppose is general Walker is very sick with the pneumonia, we are a little uneasy lest the Yankees will attack while our general is sick: reports say they are landing at Bluffton Bluff to-day.

We had a company inspection, after which I passed off the time by writing to some friends and walking over the city. In our stroll we went down the wharf where we found much to interest us in the way of steamboats and rivers. Several of our prettiest little steamers were lying at anchor and those, with the rolling of the majestic river that swept on undisturbed in its course, were such a contrast of the beautiful and sublime that it entirely captivated our thoughts for the length of time we had to stay.



We returned to camps and had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. J. M. Hill and Miss Netey Godfrey their sweet and lovely faces were like a cool and boiling spring fountain upon the hot and wasted sands of the great Sahara.

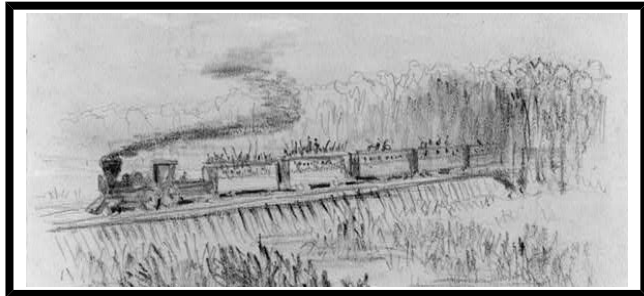
The ladies have retired —something I ought to have done some time ago. Mr. B. P. Hill has just returned; I do not expect to see B. P. Hill any more to-night.

The lateness of the hour says retire. I'm the only one in our company that is not on duty to-morrow. I intend to fix up to-morrow certain.

— J.T.W..

March 24th 1862
Camp Jackson
Sav., Georgia

I have I think carried out my determination very well to-day. I had quite a time this morning hunting for a wagon to haul (haul) our plank: I went first to the depot, where I witnessed quite an exciting scene; the steam engines were roaring and rattling over their iron paths in every direction. From the rail bridge I had splendid scenery: the Savannah canal might be seen winding its glittering course on through the beautiful forest until it was hidden from view by a hedge-work of the Cyprus branches that locked themselves with human affection above its sandy bed.



I looked until I became satisfied with the beauty of every object, for standing as I were, the beautiful, the grand, and the picturesque all could be beheld in one complicated mash. I found a wagon, proceeded to the wharf, got my plank, and returned to camp. The balance of the day was spent in fixing up my tent according to Guntum.

We had the pleasure of again dining with our esteemed friends Mrs. Capt. Hill and Mrs. Clark again to-night — May their faces ever look as lovely as they did to-night. May they remain untarnished as they are to receive us when the noise of war is hushed, when peace, sweet peace, will be sounded from one end of our Confederacy to the other..

Capt. Hill has gone home with the women and Webb and Burl Hill are walking their post. So I and Mr. Hammond are alone again in our tent. Mr. Hammond and I belong to the engineer corps and hence he is on duty evry day.

No news from the war to-night. I am on the working squad to-morrow.

— J. T. Whatley

I feel ashamed.

I have done injustice to what I have seen today..

— J.T.W.



"May their faces ever look s lovely as they did to-night. May they remain untarnished as they are to receive us when the noise of war is hushed, when peace, sweet peace, will be sounded from one end of our Confederacy to the other."

March 25th, 1862
Camp Jackson
Savannah, Geor

We enjoyed our trip to Fort Hardee very well to-day for, having three reliefs, we did not work to such an extent as to hurt ourselves badly. Fort Hardee is not truly speaking a fort, but a temporary fortification; it is not very well situated for reasons very simple — we are scarcely four feet from the surface of the ground, and yet we have found water sufficient to prevent us from throwing dirt from the ditch. Some think it will do so much as to effect the death of one engineer as far as reputation is concerned.

I staid with our crowd until we worked our three hours out. When Capt. Jack Brown was just starting for camps, I gave them the slip and came with the captain. As the Capt. had his gun, we had a chance of sporting some. We got a dove and yellow-hammer, and had a fine time shooting at bull-frogs, but killed none. Capt. regretted it exceedingly that he did not get one or two for his breakfast.

We had another detail made for men from our company this evening. The duties growing worse, on grand guard, Co. maneuvers, etc..

— J.T.W.

March 26th and 27th 1862
Camp Jackson
Sav, Georg

As nothing (has) taken place more than usual on guard. I believe I will take two days together. I found grand-guard very easy, much more so than camp-guard.

The scenes were different and our time passed off quickly. Our camps were syrinaded by the band last night and, instead of being lonesome, we had quite a pleasant time.

What a feeling steals upon our lonely hearts when the captivating strains of noble music is playing upon the breeze. It is of such a captivating nature that it will make us forget the trebles of war, it transports us upon the sea of thought, it so completely holds us spell-bound by its eloquent strains that, like a in dream, we imagine we are wafted upon an airy curtain to lands where the branches of peace wave supreme.

They played until I came off of post at 3, o'clock.

I went to the guard tent, laid down upon a plank, and closed my eyes and the last thing I heard was its sweet strains that came rolling on the breeze.

We were dismissed this morning at the usual time. I spent the forenoon in writing to an esteemed aunt. After I had

eat dinner, a parcel of us gathered in a tent and told some camp busters.

When I got tired of this I and several boys took a stroll over the city, we went to the wharf where several of our little steamers were lying at anchor. We looked until we were satisfied with seeing and then returned to camp.



Savannah Wharf in 1865

We went on dress parade, heard the orders, ate supper, answered to our names at roll call and, the last on the program, we must go to bed.

On the cooking squad.

— J. T. Whatley

March 28th, 1862
Camp Jackson
Sav., Georg

I have just returned from preaching. We had quite an appropriate sermon, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Fullwood. To get his point across to them, he warned the soldiers in the most argumentative way to prepare to meet their God. It was surprising to see what a profound silence prevailed while he spoke. He painted the punishment of hell with a most horrid picture while he also held up the joys and happiness of Heaven pictured in such glowing phrases that it completely captivated the thoughts of the ignorant as well as the wise.

We are getting along very well at fort Hardee; I got leave of Liet McDonald and returned to camp some time before the rest of the boys. My attention was attracted by a large crowd that had gathered before Capt. Brown's tent, I went to ascertain the cause: Capt. Brown had arrested a man for crossing a sentinel's line after being halted several times; the fellow could not give sufficient account of himself and the Capt. ordered him to be put in the guard tent, which order was immediately executed.

The Capt. kept him there long enough to let him know that he had better mind how he walked and talked and then dismissed him. The Capt. was dressed funny, looked funny, and makes a funny and first-rate officer-of-the-day.

We had a beautiful day to-day; there was a calm serenity resting upon evry-thing,. The sun passed through his diurnal courses and not a cloud disturbed his dazzling gaze; and to-night when a Muta has assumed full sway of the universe, this same serenity and beauty still prevails. The broad canopy of Heaven is lighted up by sparkling diamonds that shine and sparkle with unparalleled brilliance. In the midst of these diamonds is set old Luna's innocent face sending her pale rays upon our camp making it appear like a celestial field where the gods of the universe had spread their tents to repose in slumber.

I hear that General Walker will be dead by morning. May to-morrow's, sun find him alive, and may he be spared to the people of Georgia. For in him they own a jewel priceless in value.

On the working squad to-morrow.

— Whatley

March 29th, '62
Camp Jackson
Sav., Georg

Fort Hardee did not grow much to-day in consequence of its being Saturday and our Capt. very generously dismissed us soon so that we might wash up and look like white men to-morrow.

We had a dreadful hot day and suffered considerably from heat on our return from the fort which is a long lane unprotected from the heat of the Sun.

We found our camp wearing a duller aspect than usual. I passed off the time in reading and sweeping our street which must be done evry Satur-evening. The orders about dress-parade are more stringent than ever upon the Privates.

General Walker is better. May I be able in a few days to record that he is well and again mounted upon his iron-gray impatiently waiting to meet the detestable Yankees.

I am free to-morrow unless they send their detail for work. Mr. Hammond starts home on a short furlough tomorrow.

— J. T. Whatley

March 30th '62
Camp Jackson
Sav, Geor

Another beautiful Sabbath day is gone behind the curtains of the past, no more to burst upon our Confederacy in all its bright glory. What a striking type of life is exhibited in the history of this day.

This morning, when the warbling of birds, the crying sound of the cool sea breeze that shook the green foliage of the forest, and the proud & defiant gaze of the greatest of orbs that came streaming from his burning face, was a complication of scenery and sounds that elegantly represent the morning of life: when the brilliant youth with determination and will, goes forth to battle with the troubled billows of this tempestuous sea.

And so it is when the sun is slowly sinking behind the western sky growing weaker every moment in his gaze.

March 31st, '62, Camp Jackson, Sav., Geor.

Instead of going on guard this morning as I expected, I made an exchange with a friend and went to Cedar Hill Redan in his place. And if I am tired, I feel much benefited by my trip: I and friend A. J. Smith went to Fort Bogg, which has now assumed the appearance of a fort shure-enough. Five large cannons have poked their huge mouths over its walls patiently awaiting to belch forth fire and death when-ever an impudent Yankee shows his head above the plain.



The Beauregard Gun, Fort Pulaski

Our forces have cut a redan all along the whole bluff, from Colonel . Taylor's quarters to fort Bogg which is about three quarters of a mile. This is a splendid move as it will be

a splendid flank battery in case the enemy should take fort Bogg and attempt a charge on fort Brown; it is also splendidly masked by thick oak and cedar that entirely cover this bluff..

On our trip to fort, just after we had left the shell road, I witnessed quite an exciting scene, we met some of the boys who belong to the fourth regt. who said that there were two Yankees prisoners coming up the road in a wagon. I went up and to my astonishment they looked natural and just like other folks.

One of the fellows looked young and delicate and as though he did not enjoy the ride very well; the other was about 30 years old and it made Southern blood run cold to look at his impudent face sticking through a set of ugly whiskers. The crowd gave them a hissing cheer as the(y) passed. I could not, as impolite as it was to give them a sneering grunt as they passed to sleep under the disgraceful walls of the barracks.

We were dismissed at 7 o'clock and I spent the balance of the evening in looking about over the city seeing what I could. We went to the foundry and saw evrything in full operations; they are turning off cannon two per week and shot and shell in a hurry. I bought two little histories (Alfred the Great and King Pyrrhus) and returned to camp. I am on the working squad to-morrow.

— J. T. Whatley

Camp Jackson
Savannah, Georgia
April 1, 62

Our squad had quite a working time to-day; we were engaged in leveling the southern bank of the canal so that we might fall back behind the large wall as a feint to draw the yankee troops out on the guns of Cedar hill redan.

We worked our three hours out and returned to camp, I came by the barracks and got a slight peep at the yankee prisoners; but had no opportunity of talking with them. Some of the boys who talked with them say they are tired of the war with the whipped rebels.

They have made more details for men to-morrow. I am going to work somewhere certain. We had a fine day for working, rather cloudy.

It is cloudy to night and the winds are blowing cool.

— J. T. Whatley

Camp Jackson
Savannah, Geor
April 2, 62

Instead of working, we had quite a hot time of it to-day. The sun poured down his streaming rays with such melting heat that it was almost impossible for Soldiers to work at all.

Our detail was engaged to-day in building bridges across the dreans (drains ?) that cross the redan . We worked until 1 o'clock and our Capt. dismissed us.

I and friend A. J. Smith came by a store and brought a few shot. We borrowed two shot-guns and enjoyed ourselves fine for the balance of the evening in shooting birds of nearly all sorts and sizes.

Chatman has cooked our game and we expect to have a fine time eating —devouring — the carcasses of the poor little defunct birds.

(Lacunae in page)

The details are not so bad to-morrow, but they have got me safe. No news from the war to-night of much interest; reports say that the Yankees have captured twenty of our pickets below here..

— J. T. Whatley.

Camp Jackson
Savannah, Geor
April 3, 62

We have again completed our duties of the day, and nothing remains for me to do but to pay a tribute to the memory of 3rd of April.

We were engaged to-day in levelling (leveling) the artillery road from Cedar Hill redan to fort Bogg. They are going to make it more efficient by cutting the road to such a depth, that a cavalryman can ride it and be concealed from the foe on the right.

This road, with the rifle pits that have been cut above, is one of the most impregnable fortifications that surround Sav. We might jump at the chance of getting any number of Yankees to charge upon our forces situated in such an advantageous position; they could not possibly present a broader front than we, and with the well-trained rifleman at his post, they would fall like leaves before the winter's wind.

We were dismissed at 12 o'clock and came to camps, tired hot and hungry. The day was exceedingly hot, and not being climatized, we suffered a great deal from heat. No news from the valley or the Potomac.

Supernumerary to-morrow.

— J. T. Whatley

Camp Jackson
Sav. Geor
April 4, 62

Just as I had finished my diary of yesterday and my pen had dripped from my hand, my tent door was quietly opened, and a voice commanded, "lights out".

I informed the officer of guard that I had been busy writing and failed to hear taps; the Leaut. talked very friendly, and went off in a few minutes.

After he had gone, I began to think of the penalty I was a subject of in not blowing out lights at the sound of taps. But I soon blowed out my lights and went to bed with the hopes that the Leaut. would not report me (which he did not).

But just as I was falling into the folds of somnus, another voice disturbed me and Webb by asking if a man by the name of Whatley was in there. Webb replied that there was. Then he replied he was under arrest!

In the first place I informed the gentleman that *I* was not going to the guard-tent. They commanded me to get up. I did so. And again told them emphatically that *I* was not going to the guard tent.

I discovered immediately after getting up, that they were two of our boys. But knowing I had transgressed on

military law and was subject of arrest, they being our boys did not mind the matter in the least. I suspisioned it was a sham piece of business, but this did no good, for the boys proceeded to execute the order by force. And it was the time for action and not for thinking. I started for Capt. Hill to see him about it, but I found it would be throwing some responsibility on the boys, and stopped. I then told Wm Keller to tell Capt. Hill to come up I wanted to see him.

Then the boys could not refrain from laughing any longer, it then passed off by a hearty joke, which I tried hard to participate in — but the boys failed to get me to the guard tent. This trick was all fixed up by Webb. I have been teased no little! Wm Keller please tell Capt. Hill to come here, as they term it.

We were commanded to-day by the good Capt. Jack Brown who always favors his men as far as possible. We will have general review to morrow. I am supernumerary to-morrow.

— J. T. Whatley

Camp Jackson
Sav, Geor
April 5, 62

The fifth of April has been quite an interesting day to us; we passed through a scene that has somewhat dispelled the dull monotony of camp-life. It has been a day that will form a green spot upon the wasted field of memory . When age has spread his white feathers around our heads and we are creeping slowly on to the grave, we will delight to wander back and dwell with spell-bound pleasure upon what transpired to-day.

The steady and heavy tread of thousands of soldiery, mixed with the shrill echo of fifes and the roll of drums, was a complicated noise that filled our souls' ecstasy and ravished our ears with delight. The glistening bayonettes with their points sun-ward and the hundreds of spectators that crowded the side-walk was a scene that also completely captivated our visionary organs. We passed up and down south-Broad and other streets and were at last halted in Pulaski square, where we were harangued by his excellency Gov. Brown.

The object of the Governor's speech was to get us to reenlist in the state service for six or twelve months. He went on in his common way and closed up as usual beseeching the soldiers to stand by their homes and firesides.

The governor made but little impression only on those he had favored by giving them appointments in the state army.

He was followed by General Jackson who made some few remarks.

From the feeling exhibited by the soldiers to-day, it appears that the Gov. will fail in his determination to keep up this state organization. He will give us a week to determine and then make the application for volunteers. We were dismissed at 2 o'clock-and returned to camps tired dusty and hungry. Our details are lighter than usual — only two guards for to-morrow when there is generally four. I am on guard to-morrow.

— J. T. Whatley

Camp Jackson
Sav, Geor.
April 6, 62

The first thing I did this morning was to get on the first relief. By so doing, I can always be present at meal times, — a part of the proceedings I always have an eye single to.



in

Our time past off very fast today. We have had exceedingly fine weather, and more than that, I was so situated that I could occasionally get a pleasant peep at a certain young lady who, as it seemed to gratify my desires, made her appearance the door way evry once and awhile.

But to my mortification, I soon found out I was not the only admirer she had, for several of our boys, whom I am very intimate with, made it convenient to stop (as they were passing) and listen to the sweet motion of her gentle tongue; that ran in such a manner as to completely captivate the reckless minds of soldiers.

They had company inspection today. Preaching this evening, but being deeply interested in the history of King Pyhrrus I did not attend. I must go to the guard tent, to be ready when the Leau.. calls on our relief.

— J. T. W.

Camp Jackson
Sav, Georgia
April 7, 62

We were dismissed this morning as usual at 8 1/2 o'clock. I was engaged several hours after this in trying to scour off some of the dirt and smoke which has nearly changed my appearance as a member of the white sex.

Our company was out on drill this morning for the first time in one long month; after drill hours had passed, we were engaged for some time in sweeping our streets and cleaning our tents, which was in compliance with an order issued yesterday evening. The object of this sweeping and cleaning was to present as respectable appearance to the Gov. as possible, whose excellency came around late this evening.

No doubt the old sage felt highly elated at the honorable reception he met with in ours and other camps: fifteen times did the roar of artillery ring on the air, in honor of the old chief who has for six long years stood at the helm of our noble old ship and with a sailor's skill directed her over the stormy billows she has safely passed..

The Gov. says he is going to take the responsibility of paying \$50 reward to evry soldier who will reenlist in the state service. No brave and patriotic volunteer wants any bounty of \$50 as an inducement for him to reenlist in the service of his country; and some of the knowing ones say the Governor is

acting very fast in offering this bounty, before consulting the wise heads that compose the legislative body. But it is not for me to criticise the course of the Gov. It is well to know that nearly all will reenlist in the state or confederate service.

Glorious news from Tennessee to-day, our forces have completely cut to pieces and taken prisoners the whole federal army; but alas, General Sidney Johnson is a sacrifice for the diamond. He fell dead from his horse just as he had by his indomitable courage insured success to our arms.

"Truly death loves a shining mark."

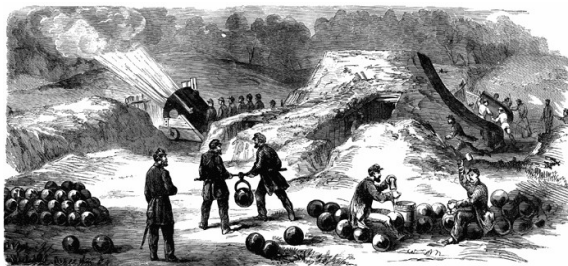
We expect (to) hear cheering news to-morrow. I am not yet detailed for duty to-morrow.

— J. T. Whatly

Camp Jackson
Sav, Georg
April 8, 1862

Contrary to my hopes and expectations, I was called upon to go to fort Bogg.

We were engaged to-day in mounting a large cannon (weight 15,795) which, as the Governor expressed, would make the Yankees tremble in the water. The Governor scrutinized evry-thing very closely and pronounced all done in fine order. The old sage was pleased and seemed to think Sav is safe if the state troops will just reenlist. Five cannon are now on their wheels ready for action when emergency requires it. We also laid the bed for a large Mortar which will be mounted to-morrow. I understand Mjr. Hardee says he is going to mount fifty and more if he can get them.



We were not dismissed to day until 5 o'clock. I returned and an old friend had been to our camp whom I would not have missed seeing for nothing.

— J. T. W.

Camp Jackson, Sav, Geor
April 9, (62)

I have again traversed the long and sandy road to Fort Bogg to day. The weather was exceedingly hot, we had a terrible time rolling wheel-barrows and shoveling sand.

We worked in the large pit in the center of the fort, in which is to be placed the large magazine: dismissed at 5 o'clock.

I had the pleasure of meeting several of my old Coweta friends from the Coweta rangers.

They look fine and seem to have plenty to eat where they come from.

Mr. J. Henry Hammond has to my gratification returned to camps again.

He brings good news from home. All is well, and the returned companies are again organizing. I am supernumerary to-morrow.

— J. T. Whatley

Camp-Jackson, Sav — Georgia
April 10th, 1862

Again have I taken my seat on a trunk by a large chest on which sits a burning candle, gradually growing nearer its end, as my pen passes line after line growing nearer the bottom of the page. I have passed quite a pleasant day. I have been engaged in writing to an old friend and reading the history (of) Pyrrhus.

While writing I heard a considerable noise out in the streets; I went to the door of my tent and what a sickening and disgusting scene I witnessed. Before me in the dirt and dust lay a fine looking youth rolling in all the disgrace of intoxication. A youth that probably came from home an upright and moral boy, but now like a broken wreck he floats about borne on to the whirling pool of destruction by evry wicked tide that comes along.

He was carried to the guard tent and now lies tied to the ground drunk and asleep, from which he will awake with his youthful name tarnished by a shade of shame.. Oh! what a terrible warning to our youthful soldiers who have flocked around the standard of our country.

The Yankees have been bombarding fort Pulaski all day. Peal after peal of angry cannons have come floating up the waters of the Savannah announcing that the long looked for fight at Sav'h has probably come at last. Evry Soldier sympathizes deeply with the brave garrison at fort Pulaski and longs to see the day when state troops shall have an

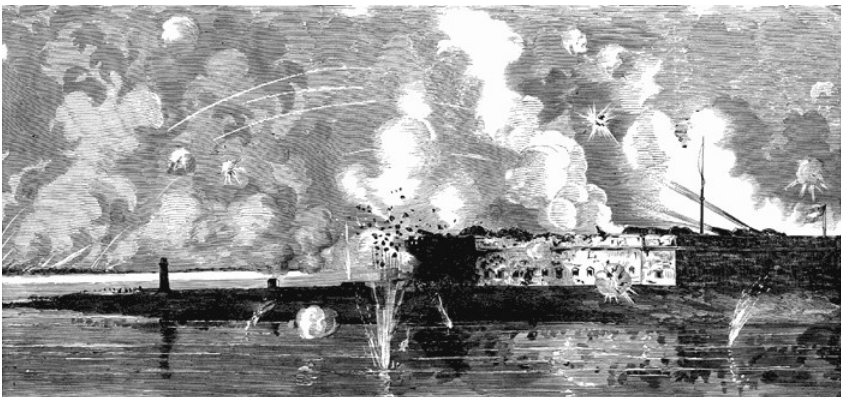
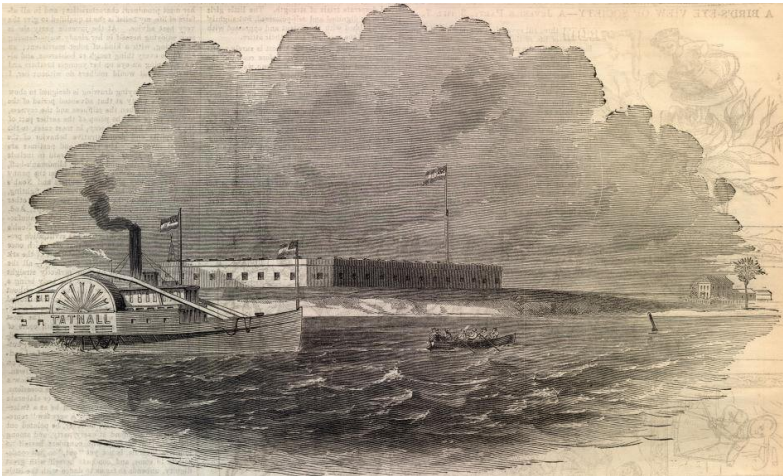
opportunity of proving themselves as effective in battle as with the spade and shovel.

The news from Corinth is very good report; it says that Beauregard has a plan on foot that will enable him to capture the whole of Buels force.

God send it may be the result of the glorious victory gained by General Johnson, the noble hero who fell in the arms of victory.

On guard to-morrow.

— J. T. W.



Fort Pulaski bombarded by yankees

Camp-Jackson, Sav., Geor
April 11th '62

The bombardment continued all last night and to-day until two-o'clock; the cannonading this morning was rapid & terrific. One or the other side must be whipped or they would not have stopped so sudden.

Great excitement has prevailed in Sav to-day. Besides the roar of heavy cannon that came booming up from below, there was something-else that added fuel to the fire: the militia of Chatam which had recently been ordered, had formed them-selves in two ranks and were marching about over the city, pressing evry man subject to military duty. The 2nd Company of Cadets was also engaged in ransacking the houses and streets compelling evry subject to fall with the ranks of the Militia.

The Militia are encamped in the south-eastern part of the city. Understand they will be moved nearer the place where the next scene of action is expected to take place. Reports just heard say we have disabled some of the enemies vessels. Some say the fort will be taken. If so, we may expect fighting times our-selves here in a day or two. We anxiously await to meet anything that comes, let it be what it will. We will hear something shortly. I must go the guard tent.

— J. T. W.

Camp Jackson, Sav., Georgia
April 12th, 1862

Shortly after I had gone on post last night, I received from Capt. Nisbet (the field officer of the day) the sad news of the fall of Pulaski. There was a man by the name of Law, went down to the Fort yesterday morning and returned after our flag been hauled down and the union run up in its stead. The gentleman states that the wall was breached in seven places and the magazine had been pierced through and through by large shot. Besides this, the rear wall rear of the fort had been battered down to the very ground leaving a space large enough for several wagons to pass through side by side. He states our loss: three men wounded; loss to the enemy not known.

Not withstanding the seeming authenticity of this report, some heads still doubt the fall of fort Pulaski. The grounds upon which the doubt, or rather hope, is predicted are several satisfactory reasons: how it was if these men escaped after the surrender, why it was these men were permitted by the Yankee commander to come off baldly? That colonel Olmsted did not send some official intelligence of the surrender having such a good opportunity. The fort is not surrendered or Coln. Olmstead is not the quick foreseeing and brave commander as the people and papers represent him to be.

And it is not reasonable (to) suppose that if seven breaches are made in the front wall, the rear wall beaten entirely down, and our guns knocked and dismantled on every side, that more than three men would have been hurt?

But we will impatiently wait for the true report and trust that to-morrow's sun will brighten our hopes and bring us the glad news that our flag still floats over the walls of fort Pulaski as absurd as the idea appears to some.

If the fort is taken we may expect noisy times here in a day or two. Various sensation(al) reports have been floating about our camp to-day; these I will not mention. The *Virginia* * has again sallied forth in search of game and has already sent in three fat fowls. All are eager for the fray when it comes. It will fall to my lot to go to work to-morrow. — I expect.

— J. T. Whatley

* Confederate sources refer to this ship as the *Virginia*; yankee sources name her the ironclad *Merrimack*.

Damage To Fort Pulaski









Camp Jackson, Sav., Georgia

April 13th

Nothing of much interest has transpired to-day. I was on the working squad as usual. Quite a number of men were at fort Boggs.

They were engaged to day in putting up and bringing in cannon in a hurry; five have been brought within the walls to-day.

We were not dismissed until 6 o'clock, I understand the work will be continued all night, several of our boys have been detailed on work at Miller's Wharf to-night (Webb among that number).

Various rumors have been floating about Sav. today, but none reliable. Some still hold to the belief that the fort (Pulaski) has not surrendered; but the most authentic reports say that it is the hands of the Yankees and our noble garrison are now prisoners destined for some dungeon where they will repine in misery until exchanged.

Pulaski is gone but our flag still floats over Sav. and our batteries for miles below, and it is our duty as Georgians to maintain it in that eminence of glory. We will stand beneath its proud folds and fight as long as we have Georgia soil to plant our feet upon. We must fight! They must not have Sav! And I believe it is the impulse of evry soldier to die

rather than let them have it. Action is the watch-word of every soldier and citizen in and around Sav.

We are expecting it in a few days; the enemies gun boats were active in their operations yesterday.

Good news for Corinth; the enemy have taken possession of Huntsville, Alabama.

The whole Militia of Mississippi and Louisiana are moving to the standard. On guard tomorrow.

— J. T. Whatley

Camp Jackson
April 14th 62
Sav, Georgia

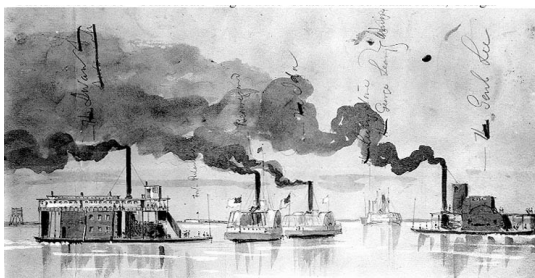
To-day has been exceedingly unpleasant to poor sentinels; the wind has blown terrible while the rain came down in such torrents that our camp was soon over flowed making it appear, with our tents stretched, like a large pond with its surface covered with sail vessels, their canvass all spread ready to glide away with the first gust of wind that passes by.

But this dark morning did not last all day; towards noon this dark thick cloud, which had this morning overspread the whole firmament, began to break in pieces. The sun popped out and we began to pride ourselves upon the idea of having a fine day on post. But this hope was soon dispelled, the broken clouds soon concentrated their force together and began again pouring their wetting shot upon us. It rained just enough to keep us at secure arms, which is a very uncomfortable way of carrying a musket. No fight yet, but expected soon. Our brave Col., though in ill health, arrived in camps last night. He started at the reception of news of the bombardment of Pulaski. No news from other points.

— J.T.W.

Camp Jackson
April 15th, 18 62
Sav, Georg

Another day has passed away, and still the expected attack has not come. From all reports the yankees seem satisfied to revel and dance over the little victory gained at fort Pulaski. The gun-boats lying at Wall's Cut fired several shots at the *Ida* as she was passing to and from Coston's Bluff.



The CSS *Ida* steams in the center of the fleet on the Savannah River

I was detailed on a working squad for Miller's Wharf this evening. We were engaged in tearing up the stones on the road, which are to aid in sinking vessels in the channel. They have sunken five to-day. The Yankees may take Sav, but it will be a victory they will pay dearly for: They must pass sixty large guns, submarine batteries, and take up sunken vessels before they get near enough to shell the city.

No news from Tennessee tonight. The conscription law has passed both houses and, as it was suggested by the

president, it will forth-with take effect.

— J. T. Whatley

Camp Jackson
April 16th 62
Sav — -Georgia

We have had quite pleasant day one time. Instead of being detailed this morning, we were not until this evening when our regiment was ordered to report at Miller's Wharf. And to our joy we were immediately dismissed and returned to camps.

While in town we heard some glorious news from Corinth; the Yankee account of the battle of Shiloh. They state their loss at 20,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, Tom Crittenden, Sherman and two Wallaces among the killed. Buel mortally wounded. They also say (the best of all) that four regt., two Kentucky and two Wisconsin, have laid down their arms and refused to fight for Lincoln. Success has again perched upon our banner, as we have met and repulsed the flower of the federal army and the conscious-stricken yankees tuck their proud heads, discouraged by another disgraceful defeat.

We heard quite an interesting order read at dress-parade this evening, stating that we have been turned over to the Confederacy. Generals Jackson and Walker have resigned and we are left without a commander or anyone to look for the necessities of a soldier.

Governor Brown, instead of disbanding us on the passage of the Conscript Laws, he turned us over to Lawton, something which legally he had no right to do.

But failing to get us to reenlist in his odious State service, he cared not for our honour, happiness, or welfare. Lawton I understand has refused to have anything to do with us. Then, if Governor Brown has released us from all obligations to him by transfer and Lawton won't accept us, we are and must be virtually disbanded.

Neither order nor system prevails in any-thing.

Camp Jackson
April 25th 1862
Sav, Georgia

Nine long days have passed since I recorded anything of my experience in camps, I was taken sick on the night of the 16th, and confined to my tent for several days. I feel much better to-day but I have been mending very slowly since I began to get better. It is useless for me to undertake to record evry-thing that transpired during the flight of these nine days. Our camp has been nothing but excitement and noise since our transfer (by G. Brown and the resignation of General Jackson).

Poor orphan soldiers we have been without a leader, law or any-thing to go by, there has been no system or order in nothing that has been done in the last ten days.

Whatley's next entry is July 3rd. 1862

**At Home. July 3rd 1862.
Coweta Count Geo.**

Weeks and months have passed away; and left thus a hecatomb of events, since I transmitted my last line of experience to record.

Many times has darkness come and departed before the glories of morning; many the changes that have been wrought in our country's history; many a soldier spirit has taken its flight from the field of carnage to bask in the sunshine of immortal glory.

The thundering guns of Shiloh have reverberated and reverberated and before their echo had scarcely died away, it has been taken up by the guns at Richmond. And while I pen these lines it is believed that their booming thunder is still telling the tale of death. Oh! many are the numbers that have fallen in the defense of liberty; every neighborhood has a jewel to mourn; and in this respect Coweta is behind none.

The bones of her fallen braves will bleach upon the soil of Virginia. Harris noble Harris, the idol of his mother and the pride of his neighborhood, is gone; his great spirit, as noble as ever throbbed in the bosom of man, no longer glorifies his county. That manly form no longer serves as a fulcrum for the tree of liberty; but death, cold death, sealed the hero's fate. A little vault in the earth (perhaps) six feet by three now holds the remains of this beloved youth.

Truly "death loves a shining mark."

Time will pass on, more souls will be heralded to appear before the eternal tribune; peace may be the result of these great sacrifices, but there is one who will not be forgotten; whose memory will be cherished and wept over, whose name will be held forever in a hearts of a few.

Earth has lost a flower, but Heaven has received its waters, and fast down by the eternal throne of God is a perennial fountain, that will issue forth living water through the un-numbered years of Eternity.



What cold heavy tears fall, when I think that the best friend I ever had is no more. J. G. Harris, companion of my early days, the boy who has drank of my secret thought that lived in my bosom, is gone. How heart-rendering. As I turn away to the cold world, my heart saddens; its most cherished jewel lives but in memory.

G. B. Carnicael, an excellent youth, is also another victim; surely our liberty will be appreciated when such spirits are ransomed.

J. G. Harriss, b. 9 Aug., 1843, fell in battle on the 26th and died next morning (27th of June, 1862) at the Walnut Grove Church near Richmond, Va.

G.B. Carmicael, b. 30 Aug. 1835, d. 21 July 1861. Killed 1st battle of Manassas (Black Bobbett) .

The results of these losses is a splendid victory, McClellan has been completely routed, his stores captured with a great many prisoners.

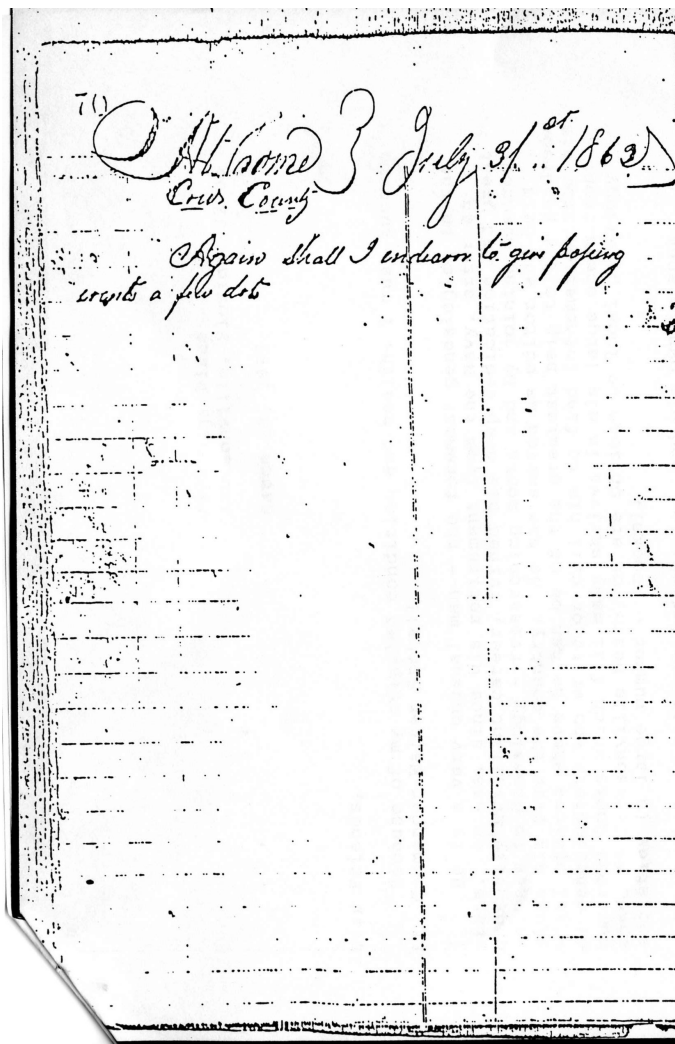
This victory it is believed will result in the settling of the war; foreign interference is very evident at present.

My health has improved very well since my return from Sav: I do not know what course I will pursue yet; several ideas suggest them-selves. My health is not sufficient for my return to the army.

— J. T. WHATLEY

At Home July 31st 1862
Cow. County

Again shall I endeavor to give passing events a few dots.



At home } August 28th 1862
 Cov. Co

My days of pleasure and happiness are gone,
 Like atoms of the breeze they ~~they~~ have passed away;
 Like bubbles on the sea they have lived but a while,
 To burst in the sorrows of parting with friends.
 To-morrow I must start to the tilled field
 Where the death sound of battle I born on the breeze
 Where brave spirits fall crying "never yield"
 And hark how loud the sound doth me hasten away.

At Home August 28th, 1862
Cow. Co

My days of pleasure and happiness are gone;
Like atoms of the breeze, they have passed
away.
Like bubbles on the sea, they have lived but
awhile,
To burst in the sorrows of parting with friends.
To-morrow I must start to the tented field
Where the death-sound of battle is born on the
breeze,
Where brave spirits fall, crying "never yield"
Hark, hark hear the sound, let me hasten away.

***Several leaves missing — Diary skips to March
13, 1863, where he begins to catch up..***

March 13, 1863. Written for little sister Susan

The Southern flag is flying
O'er our glorious land;
The Northern folks are lying,
To the very last man.
We scarcely fight a battle,
But they've won the day;
Their heels with terror rattle,
A getting out the way,
Old Abraham is their Chieftain
A pretty fot was he,
Thought he'd whip us back again
Make us bow the knee
Jeff Davis is our General
Chief of land and sea,
He's braver than evry federal,
The gallant Lee and Jackson
Have whip(p)ed him ev'ry time
Tallyrand's

The great Star of Glory
Brightens our Southern sky.
Old time will tell a story
For freedom we will die.
Georgia's sons have bravely responded
Around our lordly battle flag.
It nobly have they defended
And nobly have they died.
Their memoirs shall be cherished
The truest of the brave,
For freedom they have perished,
Our Country to save.
The survivors, we will love them
And honour them to
We'll miss 'em, we'll buss 'em
And marry the fine.... (End of this page is missing)

March 23rd, 1863

Old Time with his scythe has hewn away seven more long months: my duties have been such as to deny me the privilege of recording one day's experience in Va.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two has gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were, and left its myriad of events to be transmitted to us by the pen of the voracious historian.

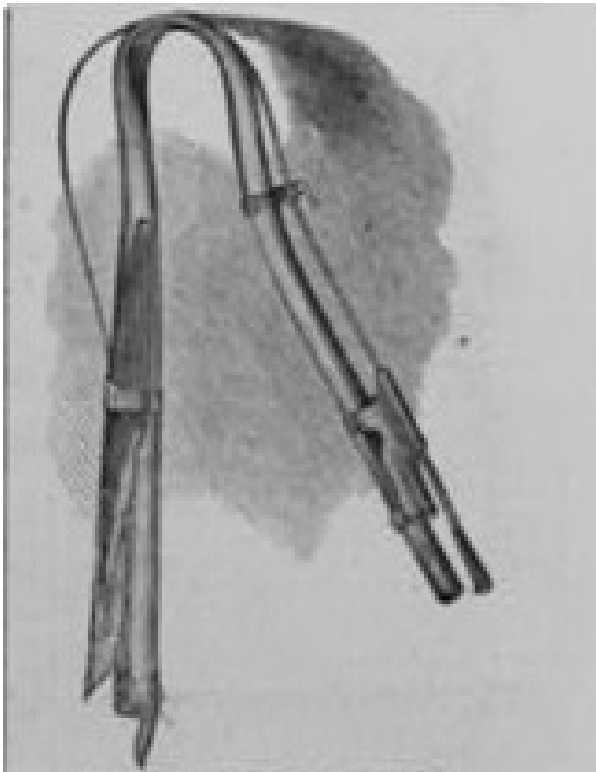
A new year has burst upon the world in all its light and glory. It is already growing old by the absence of two months that have so soon been "numbered with the things that were". These seven months, though apparently a dream to me, have associated with them history-scenes and incidents so firmly daguerreotyped on my memory that circumstances, fate, nor anything can ever erase them.

Old Va. has been the field of my action during these seven months. Many a night have I slept upon her honored bosom and rose to see a once rich and happy country now devastated by war. Such a one has no parallel in the history of Modern Warfare.

The novelty of this war, has long since departed. The echo of the drum and fife that were two years ago rushed to with eagerness, now serves as a mournful dirge sighing the

sad requiem of departed spirits. The work of carnage and death has still kept on. Hearts that were hoped up that their loved ones might return have since been chilled.

Coweta must mourn the loss of another brave and noble son. J. F. Russell is gone to the land of Spirits. Truly the works of the Deity are mysterious; fifteen times had he bourn the heat of battle, walked manly unflinching up thru the leaden rain of the enemy. His clothes riddled by the bullets of the Yanks, musket broken in to between his hands, struck by spent balls but death never came.



A musket bent double by a cannon ball

We began to hope that God was sparing him for some noble purpose. But alas, how sad our disappointment; on the memorable field of Fredericksburg, his last battle, where his daring was unusually conspicuous, his captain fell wounded in three places. He was born from the field, not retiring until the enemy were routed. His Captain (Hunter) was sent to the Charlottesville hospital, had him detailed as a nurse; here he contracted small pox and died.

We will forget not the place he perished;
The truest and the last of the brave
Are gone and the bright hopes we cherished
All gone with him in the grave."

Last September I left my home for Old Virginia, the scene of so much carnage and death, about the 20th. After much hunting and trouble I found our command near Martinburg, their duty being to stand picket on the banks of the Potomac. Next morning being their time, we started for the banks of the Potomac. We arrived here on its banks about 10 o'clock. Soon found from the army of cannons behind us, that we were cut-off and we proceeded to get away from that place the fastest kind.

My little ball face sorrel, though like myself young in the Cause, seemed to scent danger in the air and he made rocks fly. For two months I stayed with Capt. Thomas's Company, sometimes on picquet, sometimes cut off and running to get away, sometimes sick and sometimes well, sometimes

advancing, and sometimes retreating, and sometimes doing one thing and sometimes another.

About the last of Oct. I sought and obtained a transfer to Capt. Long's Company stationed at Staunton. Journeyed from Martinburg to Staunton on the back turnpike, between two chains of the Shenandoah mountains; we traveled slow; had mountains coming out of our eyes. Grew sleepy with the sight..

The distance from Martinsburg to Staunton is 15 miles; we were four days in making the trip. We amused ourselves with the people who stared at us saying "So many soldiers!" while our squad only numbered three. The people are generally dutch, a good many adhere to the strange doctrine of the Dunkers.

To my surprise I found Staunton to be a little place between six or seven hills I could almost throw over.



The people in and around Staunton are, I am sorry to say, devoid of those generous traits said to be so characteristic of Virginians. They are what we soldiers call "Broken Down Aristocracy." Their whole theme of conversation on first acquaintance is a boast of their great ancestors; What great fathers and grandfathers and great grandfathers. How they fought in the Revolution and whole long strings of braggadocio — disgusting to any sensible Georgian.

We now and then come up on some little red cheek Gal, who has brass enough to hug a grizzly bear, who declares she is in love. And the only way we keep from marrying, we get our hats and say "Good morning, Marm" and depart.

Like Ga. in different localities, the customs of the people diversify; we occasionally come on a neighborhood, who believe in the system of having parties, and candy pullings (or as they called them, *taffy pullings*). The parties generally close by a kissing play, the gentlemen's duty being to kiss evry gal in the hall or be hugged to death.

I found our company about two miles from Staunton on the side of an old cold hill, their business being to take up deserters and Conscriptis; very easy service compared with what I had been seeing on the Potomac.

Some two weeks after I came to Staunton, the whole country was alarmed to death in consequence of a report that the Yankees were coming in to Staunton by way of Buffalo's Gap; and the next thing we heard, we were ordered to check their progress. We left camp one evening about 4 O'clock P. M. Stopped about 8 o'clock, fed (the horses), and took a little hard crackers and old fat bacon ourselves, mounted our horses, and struck for the mountains about three miles distance.

I noticed a blaze which appeared to me to be in the Heavens; on inquiry I found the mountains were on fire.

The night was very dark and when we had advanced about 15 miles over and around the mountains, I came suddenly to the top of a mountain and my eyes looked upon a scene that brought to my mind Pollock's description of the fires of Hell. The whole Aerial Earth appeared illuminated, above, below, around, as far as the eye could reach was one blazing fire. Away, miles in the distance, could be seen a streak of fire winding its course up the rugged side of some huge mountain, apparently a vein of gold that Nature had placed in this great mound of earth.

Below, the valley's were sending up rays of red light that reflected with amazing grandeur against the bare side of these Monster hills. Above were burning fires so far (as they appeared) in the field of illuminable space that the dancing of the blaze was not visible. Although going, as we

thought, perhaps upon an errand to the grave I never felt better in my life I am sure, as more pleasant sensations never pervaded my bosom.

We rode all night and next day, but found no Yanks; we went as far as McDowell, one of those battle fields that sheds glory on the names of Jackson and the Gallant 12th Ga. who has been a companion of his since the birth of the war. . We returned to Staunton next day, tired and sleepy from our long rides during the night.

As well as I remembered, it was about two weeks then I lay about camp doing nothing but writing to some beloved friends. One day about 10 o'clock I saw a little Courier come riding up to the Capt's quarters and hand him some orders; As is always the case the Capt. soon had a crowd around him which he dispersed by telling them that we were ordered to report to Emboten for a week or more. The cavalry horn was blown, orders read, and evry man was soon ready for the march. Left Staunton about 4 o'clock p.m., encamped that night just this side of Bullafo Gap. We started next morning at the dawn of day. After riding about forty miles we came to Emboten's Camp.

April 25th 1863, At Home —Written for Mill Callie Harrp

Winter's howling blasts are gone.
Spring time comes once more;
Wars death kneels are not by-gone,
Awake ye sons of yore.
Twice has winter come and gone
And left his track behind,
But signs of blood are not for-gone,
Arise ye sons of time..
Twice has springtime passed away
To gladden earth and more;
But smokey battle clouds our day,
Oh! Fight ye sons of yore.
Twice has autumn cleaned the wood
Of her vestal virgin robes;
Mar's death tramp rings out aloud,
(Way?) down from hi~ abodes.
And summer thrice will soon be here
To brighten all our southern farms
Oh! Sisters dear, what sounds we hear
The dreadful tramp, war's dead alarms.

Oh! Father God when will this cease
This ebon, death-like, dreadful pall;
Immortal vesper sweet, and sun of peace,
When shall we hear that Clarion Call.
Brothers, friends; go forth, your country calls,
Arise from hill top, spring from the dell,
Breakaway, dispel those dreadful palls,"
Battle, Oh! Change this mighty spell.
Sweethearts, a million angels bid you go.
Behold they crowd the battle field,
Rest assured we love you more,

Teach them that you'll never yield.-
And when your bloody sword you sheath
And immortal vesper mounts our sky,
We'll love you with our latest breath,
And marry you 'till we die.

April 27th, 1863

**Dedicated to the memory of my beloved
cousin James F. Russell who died at
Charlottesville Va. Jan 25th 1863 with the
small pox.**

When war's death shouts first broke the spell of
happiness,
joy and peace;
Booming thunder behold their funeral knell ,
And days of joy had ceased.

Both sides were then prepared for war,
In "battles fierce array" they stood:
Decked with gold the North stood on its car;
The South like giants of the wood.

Coweta's sons stood ready in our
ranks,
The scene of slaughter to begin;
Eager to sound the muskets deadly
clanks
To mix in fight that soon began.

Among the gallant spirits who stood
there,
Among the gallant — brave and true
Was One youthful noble James F. R.,
The bravest of the chosen few.

He Left us in the month of June
For old Virginia's classic land,
When rose bushes were one universal
bloom,
And all was beautiful and grand.

On Richmond's bloody fields he first
engaged
In conflict hand to hand,
Where cannon round and balls raged,
His spirit chose to stand..

Comrades great, beloved and gallant spirits, too,
All around and about him fell;
Onward, onward, with companions but a few,
He charged, shouting the death yell.

Next on Manasses blood-stained field

He met the cringing coward foe
Where twice they have been made
to yield
And twice has floated human gore.

Here, upon this illustrious and historic
ground,
Conspicuously his spirit showed its pride;
(Lacunae follow in the text)..... all
around,
..... his daring bravery spied..

..... , , and Antietam plain
There will
Where bullet fell hot and
..... found him.

..... ,historic battle town,
..... the slaughtered host
Consummating their disgrace —and our renown.
..... federals share we boast

He stood amid this tide of blood
That swept ov'r the battle field
Re-gardless of the flowing crimson's
flood
Spirit unbending, ne'er prone to yield..

But alas! How sad, death came at last
Prayers were vain to save .
Like heaven's the winters blast
Will pass around this grave.

Small pox, death's real destructive weapon,
Seized him, closed his bright Amen";
Angels from the princely courts of heaven
Buried that spirit, to us so dear. ..

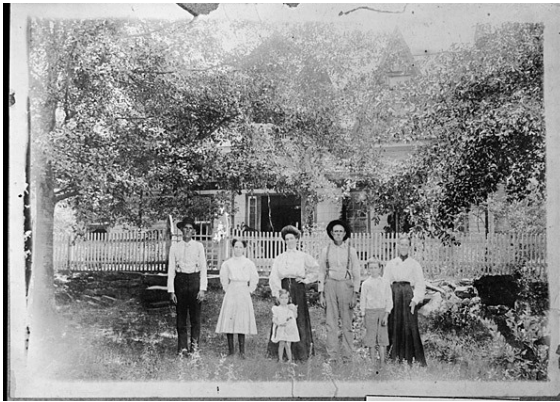
Tis a beautiful.....bright land
.....ofdid the battled world race
.....us still abide drooping flowers,
To the fond weeping mourners leant over his grave.

..... , may flash the loud thunder's rattle:
He heeds not the heart, nor heeds the pain.
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle
No sound "can awake to him to glory again"..

May 25th 1863
At home.

To-day's sun will soon sink behind his horizon, darkness will spread its misty vale over the great field of Nature and man, wrapped in the folds of sommus, will forget his cares and dwindle into dreamy forgetfulness.

(several pages missing)



Whatley farm in 1908

A tribute to the gallant Lieut. E. M. Storey, who fell at Boonsborough, MD. Written near Staunton on the 6th of August, A.D.. 1863.

Our Storey is gone to the grave of his rest, No more
we will move at his proud behest; No more our
troopers to charge he will lead .He lays by the side of
the Maryland weed.

He sleeps where we left him upon the bloody field, He fought
like a veteran and died upon his shield; He rallied us around
him when victory had flown, And fought like a hero and
perished unknown.

Our right had retreated far from its original line, A squadron we
were left a full mile behind; To fight the myriad host that
crowded our flanks And charged our front with their calvary
ranks.

Upon the brow of a hill where thickest flew balls, Storey took his
stand, Oh! Hear Him, how he calls: We rallied around him
where the wild battle raged And in deadly conflict ten to one
we engaged.

But Hark, a voice rang up our shortened line.
That chilled each heart and nerved each patriot arm.
"Storey's Dead" was wildly uttered as the battle cry
And clouds of smoke rose up above on high.

Our gallant Buck, then bravely seized the word command
And reckless rushed in front of battles wildest van;
The chivalrous Hill went wounded bleeding to the rear,
and P.J. Brown a bullets mark must always wear.

Inch by inch we fought for evry foot of ground
and nobly strewed their dead and wounded all around;
Their countless hords were in all their glory checked,
and their proud calvary bravely, fairly backed.

But Storey's dead! How sad to evry Rangers heart,
It nerves our arms and makes our bossoms smart;
From this time on, our war shout shall be
"Brave Storey's dead, our Country must be free."

***Whatley made no further entries till
September 14, 1863.***

Sept. 14th, 1863

To-day has been warm and sultry. Occasional clouds would fleet across the countenance of the great Orb of all the rest and Heaven artillery has several times burst forth in all its magnificent grandeur. But golden Sunset has again passed without shedding the golden rays of its light upon our Eden, cooled and rendered more pleasant by a delightful shower.

Disease and pestilence seem to have begun their march and evrywhere some have yielded to their tread.

Our County must mourn the loss of one of the most beloved daughters; on the 11th of Sept. died Aunt Eliza Russell. She was kind, noble, generous, and patriotic, and though she is dead, she still liveth; her memory will ever be green in the bossoms of her relations and acquaintances. Where the garnisher of the tomb has visited her grave, and the voice of the merry make music in the chamber, where she (died), her memory will still prove fresh in our hearts; and she will be spoken of as a bright model for example. We'll forget not the place where she died. The truest and last of her kind. The petals of the rose will fall by her side as tribute at memory's shrine.

Acrostic of Mary F. Whatley

Written the 26th of September 1863 at home.:

Mountains make the grand
sublime
A theme that moves the
poets rhyme.
Rivers roll their golden sand
Yonder to the oceans
strands.
Fierce and loudly how she
raves,
When the vessels rides her
waves;
Horus shines so calm,
serene,
Adds a luster to the scene.
Thetus spellbound slopes
her train
Looks amazed her gallant
men.
Earth its glories point a
hand,
Yonder to the promised
land.

— Written by Tom

***Note: Previous page of
diary is missing***

....Yelping .forth her wild
alarms,
Fierce and wild the woods
would shake
Whimpers to squall herself
she'd take.
Hills would tremble to their
vault

And valley yield her assault.
Terrible the fate of poor man
Ladies choose to try their
hand.
Earth its wonders make a pall

Yelping women beats them
all.

— Written by Tom
September 26, 1863

Note: The first page of this poem is missing.

Though sorrow long has worn my
heart;
Though evry day I've counted o'er
Has brought a new and quickening
smart
To wounds that rangle fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of many a link by nature tied;
Though hope deceived and pleasure left
Though friends betrayed and foes belied;

I still had hopes for will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the Star which
ushers day I scarce can
think it heralds night

I hoped that after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest

And fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbor in a brother's breast.

My brother's breast was warm with
truth
Was bright with honor's purest ray;
He was the dearest gentlest youth
—

Oh! Why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have
lingered here,
To calm his brother's evry woe;
He should have chased each
bitter tear,
And not have caused those
tears to flow.

I saw his youthful soul
expand
In blooms of genius nursed
by taste;
While science with a
fostering hand.
Upon his brow her chaplet
placed.

I saw his gradual opening
mind
Enriched by all the graces
dear;
Enlighten'd social and
refined.
In friendship firm, in love
sincere.

Such was the brother I loved
so well;
Such ware the hopes that
fate denied;
I -loved but ah; I could not tell

How deep how dearly till he
died;

Close as the fondest link could
strain;
Twined with my very heart he
grew.
And by that fate which breaks
the chain
My heart is almost broken too.

—Simeon L. Whatley

***Note: Several of the following pages are
missing .Whatley 's next entry is dated Nov. 17th, 1864***

Nov . 27, 1864

Left camp in Virginia near Petersburg on the 21st of September and arrived home on the 25th. Had a fine time with the women and started back to Virginia on the 25th day of Nov., 1864. Leave in very good spirits about the war its duration and consider our prospects for independence brightening evry day.

— John T. Whatley



Battle of Bentonville, North Carolina

Editor's Note:

By February , 1865, only General Lee's Army at Petersburg, Virginia, and General Joseph E. Johnston's forces in North Carolina remained to fight for the South against northern forces now numbering 280,000 men. Mrs. O'Flynn's research indicates that Whatley was attached to General William Joseph Hardee's cavalry under Johnson.

On April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered to the yankees at Appomattox Courthouse. "After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources," Lee told his troops.

Five days later, on April 14, 1865, John Thomas Whatley died shortly after the Battle of Bentonville, N.C., location of a Confederate field hospital.

April 14, 1865, was the same day President Lincoln was shot at Ford's Theater.

Along with 350 other Confederate soldiers, John Thomas Whatley was buried in a mass grave at Bentonville.



**Monument over the Confederate mass grave at
Bentonville**

A memorial inscription on a stone in the Whatley family plot in
Georgia reads:

J.T. Whatley
Born Sept. 4, 1844
Died near Greensborough,
N.C..
April 14, 1865
He served through the
war and
at the end found a
soldier's grave.



CATALOGUE OF POETICAL QUOTATIONS

Editor's Note:: Whatley used the back pages of his diary to record lines of poetry and historical items which he wished to remember.:

BURNS:

Friendship is but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame
And leaves the wretch to weep.

BURNS:

"Tis hard where dullness overrules
To keep good sense in crowds of fools."

DEAN SWIFT:

In this broad field of strife,
In this bivoiac of life;
Let's not be like dumb-driven cattle,
Let's be heroes in the strife.

DEAN SWIFT:

"Our brightest most beguiling hours
How oft embellished by earth's flowers?"
Of all the hideous notes of woe
Sadder than owl songs on the midnight blast
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so"
Uttered by friends those prophets of the past,
Who instead of saying what you now should do
Own they forsake you, should you fall at last."
"Tis like a world without a sun, a night without a
star
Poor solitary men without the women are."

BYRON:

"Now when the Rhone cleaves his way between
heights
Which appear as lovers who have parted in hate,
Whose missing duty so intervenes
That they can meet no more, through open-
hearted."

BYRON:

"Posterity will ne'r survey

,

A nobler grave than this;
Here lies the bones of Casthereagh
Stop traveller."

BYRON:

"Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to
fame."

BYRON:

"Why did she love him, curious fool be still.
If human love the good of human will,
To her he might be gentleness."

BYRON:

"For the true laurel wreath that glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves."

BYRON:

"And thou the thunder striker,
nurse of Rome."

YOUNG:

"In every varied place, posture and hour
How widowed every thought of every joy."

BARD:

"With the forever in woods could rest
Where human foot the ground had never

trod

The form the shades the darkness could
exclude

And from the desert banish solitude."

BARD:

"To arms, to arms, ye brave

The avenging sword unsheath.

March on, march on, all hearts resolve

Our victory or death."

From some BARD:

"The winter is over and gone

The thrush whistles sweet in the spring."

TOM MOORE:

"And from the lips of truth, one mighty breath

Shall like a whirlwind scatter in it's breeze

That whole dark pile of human machines;

Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth.

Man in the sunshine of the world's new spring

Shall walk transparent like some holy thing."

TOM MOORE:

"For the young warrior welcome: thou hast
yet

Some task to learn, some frailties to forget,

Ere the white war plume on they brow can
wave

But once my own, I'll be in my grave."

TOM MOORE:

"But faity, fanatic faith, once wedded fast

To some dear falsehood hug it to the last."

TOM MOORE:

"Through those rough paths to gain a glorious
name

We climb the step as action and fame.

They miss the road who quest the rugged way

And in the smothered tracks of pleasure stay."

MILTON:

"Call up him that left half told
the story of combustion bold."

SHAKESPEARE:

"He wears the rose of youth upon his cheek."

BYRON:

"There's not a joy the world can give
like that it takes away."

"I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes the monstrous apparition
It comes upon me."

JULIUS CEASAR — SHAKESPEARE:

"Give thy thoughts no tongue."

SAYRD:

"And shall no lay of death
With pleasing murmur soothe
Her parted soul?
Shall no tear wet her grave?"

SOME BARD:

"I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the night
Like some old poet's rhymes."

SOME BARD:

"There's not so vile on earth doth bite
But in its-self some good doth give."

SOME BARD:

"Yon huge cliff whose ample verge
Tradition calls the heroes dirge."

WALTER SCOTT:

"The hero when his sword has
Won the battles for the free
Death comes like a prophet's word
And in his hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be free."

POLLOCK on the Course of Time:

"So lost, so ruined, so depraved was man
Created first in God's own image fair
Oh cursed, cursed die, traitor to God,
And user of man and wretched mother of woe
And death and hell, yet seeking worse."

Second Book of POLLOCK:

"In Time's pursuits man ran till out of breath
The astronomer stared up and counted stars,
And gazed upon Heaven's bright face, ;
Till he dropped down dim eyed in the grave.
The numbered in calculations deep grew grey!
The merchant at his desk expired:
The Statesman hunted for another place,
Till death o'ertook him, and made him his prey.
The Miser spent his eldest energy in grasping
for another mite: the scribe rubbed pensively
His old and withered brow,
Daring new impertinent to hold in doubt
The suit that threatened to end so soon.
The Priest collected tithes and pleaded rights
of decimations to the very last."

Second Book by POLLOCK:

"Pride, self-adoring pride, was
primal cause of all sin past
All pain, all woe to come."

"He laboured still, and tried to stand alone un-
propped,
To be obliged to none;
And in the madness of his pride
He bade his God farewell,
And turned away to be a God himself,
Resolving to rely, whatever come, upon his own
right hand."

GRAYE's "Elegy"

Full many a glimpse of purest ray shine
The dark unfathomable caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
and waste it's sweetness on the desert air.

GOLDSMITH

Sorrow and knowledge, they who know the most
Must moan the deepest o're the fated truth,
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.
Ye muses form the pitying tear.

For O, had he lived another year
He had not died today.
"O, were he born to bless mankind
In outer times of yore.
Heroes themselves had fallen behind
Whenever he went before.
How sad the groves and plains appear
Hard sympathizing sheep
Even pitying hills would drop a tear
If hills could learn to weep.
His bounty in a-parted strain
Each bard may well display
Since none implored relief in vain
That went relieved away.
And hark; I hear the trumpet throng
His objections forbid
He still shall live, shall live as long
As ever dead man did.

M. L. WEEMS:

"Blest is the youth who ne'er consents
In gamblers haunts to stray;
But hates their games and shuns the place
Where men profanely play.
In health and wealth, in peace and love
Full safe that youth shall grow.
And then with. Saints shall sing above
Whilst gamblers weep below"
Let none e're say the fates ordain
That man should hear the sway:
When reason bids, let woman reign
When reason bids, obey."

HOMER'S ILIAD:

Why grieves my son? Thine anguish let me
share
Reveal the cause and trust a parent's care.

HOMER'S ILIAD:

He spoke ... awful beside her sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod,
The hand of fate and sanction of God.
High with trembling the dread signal took
And all Olympia to her centre shook.

LOISA WHATLEY:

Oh, that dire disgrace should blast my name
O'rewhelm me earth and hide a soldier's shame.

HOMER'S ILIAD:

To warn'd seas the cranes fly •' '
With noise and order through the midway sky.

*Seven leaves follow made illegible by insect damage
as well as war, wear and weather.*

*The diary picks up again with Whatley's historical
notes.*

Historical References

The first permanent settlement was made in Virginia in 1607, this being the first in the United States.

The first in New England in 1620 by the Puritans. The first in Mts in 1622 by Gov. Endicott, but first by John Endicott. New Hampshire in 1623 on the Piscataqua river near the spot where Portsmouth now stands. Maryland in 1634 by Leonard Calvert, this colony progressed more rapidly than the others. Connecticut in 1634 by Gov. Winthrop or immigrants under his jurisdiction. Rhode Island by Roger Mlleains in 1640. New Jersey in 1624 at Delaware in 1627 by the Dutch and Swiss. North Carolina in 1640 ... 1600 by planters from ... Settlements were made at Port Royal in 1670, 1671 about this time, a few persons located themselves at old Charleston; in 1680 they moved lower down the river and laid the foundation of Charleston.

Pennsylvania in 1682 by Wm Penn. Georgia in 1723 by General Oglethorpe and twenty other persons under grants of George 2nd. The first permanent settlement was made in the Mississippi Valley in 1688, 1690 at _____ in Illinois.

First in Louisiana in 1699 by D'Iverville. Pensacola in 1699. Detroit 1701. New Orleans in 1717. On the Mobile River in 1702. In 1754 a plan or system of government was signed by _____ July 4, Connicut alone refusing to sign it.

The confederation between the New England Colonies was formed May 29, 1643. The Boston Newsletter was the first paper printed in the United States by Bartholomew Green.

_____ war lasted from 1702 until 1713. King Williams war taking place about 1690. In May 1756 war was declared by Great Britain against France and peace was concluded in 1763.

The Stamp Act passed Parliament during the reign of George 3rd and in 1765. The League and Covenant not to trade any more with England was formed in June 1774.

On June 7, 1776 a bill passed Congress asserting that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and that political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved. Introduced by Richard H. Lee;. The Declaration of Independence was signed by the 2nd of August 1776, and also by most of the states on 4th of July. The British taking possession of New York , September 15, 1776. The Laws of Succession were not fully established in 1776, nor not till some time after.

Wycliffe was the morning star of English reformation. William the Conqueror landed in England in 1066. The Building of Babel taking place 2348 years before Christ.

Alexander taking Babylon 333 years before Christ. The British Empire was established by Alfred the Great in 870. The great battles of _____ were fought between 479 and 490; these great conflicts were but the starting point of the greatness of Greece. Shakespeare, Spenser, Chilton, Loche, Newton, Scott, Byron, Dickens and Macaulay were the greatest of English writers.

(The rest of this page is illegible)

Athens was founded by _____ a native of Sais in Egypt ...

Wars before the Christian Era....

The Dorians were the first inventors of the Grecian ...

Homer flourished before ...

Return of the _____ and about 97 before Christ.

The Dominion of the Persians in Greece expired about 475 BC. Minos was the great author of Grecians legislation, which forms the basis of civil law in ...



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