

Recollections and Reminiscences

1861 — 1865

through

World War I

South Carolina Division

United Daughters of the Confederacy

1990

**Recollections of A Confederate Veteran
Article No. 2**

by H. M. Singleton

We crossed Holston River on the ice. After we had all crossed safely, we sat down and gave thanks to our Heavenly Father. We marched on that day and camped out that night and sent out two of our men to buy or beg something to eat, for we had eaten frozen biscuit until we were tired of them. When they returned and informed us that they had the promise of some warm biscuit and fresh mutton for breakfast it made us all feel better. The weather was still very cold and we would not allow anyone to sleep for fear

of freezing. Next morning we got our mutton and biscuit and divided it out soldier fashion for we did not know when we would get any more and started on our march in a big hurry for our time was out. But before we had gone five miles we all began to get very sick and had nothing to give relief and nowhere to lie down except on the cold ice. We soon found out that we had been poisoned for the cold biscuit had a peculiar smell that would gag us. Now death was preferable to life. By vomiting up all we had eaten and not drinking any water we all lived through the day and struck up at camp that night. Next morning two of our men fell at the camp, James Barrott and Carroll Jamison, neither of them could walk a step. Jamison died, Barrott survived.

We carried them to a house and left them with a good lady and she took care of them. When Jamison died she had a nice walnut coffin made and buried him at a Baptist church. His name was put on a board at the head of his grave and marked as follows: "Carroll Jamison of Co. B. 37th Batallion Va. Cav., of Capt. A.C. Earle's Co., S.C." Barrott reported for duty in about 15 days. We had been gone so long and marched so long in the cold that we were unable for duty sometimes.

We spent the winter and spring scouting the country around Bristol, Tennessee, to Cumberland Gap, taking many prisoners and a number of army stores and forage. The suffering of the soldiers that winter will never be told.

Early in the spring we moved to Saltville, Virginia, still guarding the railroad and other public works along that road. We moved from Cumberland Gap to Wytheville, Virginia, on the railroad where we met the "Blue Boys" trying to capture the road. We routed them at that place but they kept cutting through and going on until we captured everything they had and routed them completely. Capt. Earle was ordered to Saltville again to guard the salt works, for that was an important place for it supplied the southern army with salt. I shall never forget Capt. Earle for he was kind. He did not allow any of his company to suffer if he could avoid it. May the Lord reward him for his kindness to us all. May the Lord bless all the officers of our company. I will always remember Lieut. J.A. Griffin and Orderly T.P. Looper for that noble spirit they exhibited with many others. Some of them have crossed the river.

Source: The Robert A. Thompson Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Westminster, South Carolina.