

# Diary of a Tar Heel Soldier: Lesson 13 (A)

**July 14, 1863**

- The roads are so bad that it is hard work to trudge along. I stuck in the mud several times, and lost one shoe in a mud hole, but of course took it out again. One consolation we have got, it is raining so hard that the mud is washed off our clothing, therefore they were not soiled too bad. But the devil of it is there is no blacking to shine our shoes with. Marched sixteen miles and halted. We are now, thank God, on Confederate soil, but oh, how many of our dear comrades have we left behind. We can never forget this campaign. We had hard marching, hard fighting, suffered hunger and privation, but our general officers were always with us, to help the weary soldier carry his gun, or let him ride. In a fight they were with us to encourage. Many a general have I seen walk and a poor sick private riding his horse, and our father, Lee, was scarcely ever out of sight when there was danger. We could not feel gloomy when we saw his old gray head uncovered as he would pass us on the march, or be with us in a fight. I care not how weary or hungry we were, when we saw him we gave that Rebel yell, and hunger and wounds would be forgotten.

*Diary of a Tar Heel Confederate Soldier / Leon, Louis.* Library of Congress. Web. 18 July 2011. <[http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/uncall:@filreq\(@field\(DOCID+@lit\(AWQ-6414\)\)+@field\(COLLID+fpnas\)\)>](http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/uncall:@filreq(@field(DOCID+@lit(AWQ-6414))+@field(COLLID+fpnas))>)>.