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STATE OF NEW YORK

REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK MONUMENTS
COMMISSION

ON THE

Dedication of Monument to the Seventy-
Ninth Regiment Highlanders
New York Volunteers

Knoxville, Tenn., September 23, 1918



ALBANY
J. B. LYON COMPANY, PRINTERS
1919





MONUMENT TO THE HIGHLANDERS AT KNOXVILLE, TENN.

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STATE OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK MONUMENTS COMMISSION

To the Legislature:

I have the honor to transmit herewith report on the Monument to the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteer Regiment (Highlanders) erected at Knoxville, Tennessee, and dedication proceedings thereof, held September 23, 1918.

Respectfully yours,

LEWIS R. STEGMAN,

Chairman.

NEW YORK, N. Y., *January 2, 1919.*

**Report on Monument Erected at Knoxville, Tennessee, to
the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteer Regiment
(Highlanders) and Dedication Proceedings
Thereof, Held on September 23, 1918.**

Giving credit where credit was due was well illustrated at Knoxville on September 23, 1918, when a monument was dedicated there to one of the New York infantry regiments that took part in the East Tennessee campaign, during the fall and winter of 1863. This regiment, the Seventy-ninth New York Highlanders, established a high reputation for valor and all-round dependability in the thirty odd fields where it was in action. Whether in widespread operations, time and again, or pent up in beleaguered quarters, fighting on the defensive against heavy odds, as in the siege of Knoxville, their sum of service and proportion of sacrifice stamp the Highlanders as one of the foremost organizations that served in the Union armies. Consequently, there was no denying the fact that they were deserving of lasting memorial honors when their veteran association sought eventually to put this laudable ambition into effect.

The Highlanders took what was practically a leading part in the defense of Fort Sanders, November 29, 1863; and it was this famed arena, among all the scenes of memorable exploits in which they participated, that they had constantly in mind for erecting a monument to their regiment.

The hope that they had so long cherished to see this in its desired place in Knoxville was at last in the way of being realized when the Legislature of 1917 voted \$5,000 for their use, pursuant to a bill introduced by Senator Alfred J. Gilchrist.

On investigation, it was not found practicable to have the monument placed anywhere within the bounds of Fort Sanders itself, as primarily intended; and failing this the City Commissioners of Knoxville generously donated other appropriate ground for it, in the vicinity, which is at Clinch Avenue Park.

Bids that contractors — in this State as well as Tennessee—had submitted, on the request of the New York Monuments Commis-

sion, for the construction and erection of this monument, were considered at a meeting of its Board held on March 21, 1918, when the contract for same was awarded to the Tennessee Marble Works, of Knoxville, at the price of \$2,240.

The stone used for its construction is Knoxville pink marble, from the Ross quarries in Knox county. In design, it is a square shaft, sixteen feet, ten inches in height; the base, resting on a concrete foundation, measures seven feet by six feet, six inches. The side elevations are rounded on the top, which is surmounted by a St. Andrew's cross. The badge of the Ninth Army Corps is carved in relief on the right of the die; the Scottish emblem of thistles and shields appears on the rear, appended to which is the motto, *Nemo Me Impune Lacesset*. Left of the die is shown the coat of arms of this State. "New York" is cut in large letters on the front of the third course. The die bears the following inscription:

79TH NEW YORK INFANTRY
(HIGHLANDERS)
1ST BRIGADE 1ST DIVISION
(MORRISON'S) (FERRERO'S)
NINTH CORPS (POTTER'S)
BURNSIDE'S COMMAND ARMY OF THE OHIO
COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM S.
MONTGOMERY, THE 79TH NEW YORK VOL-
UNTEER INFANTRY TOOK A PROMINENT
PART IN THE OPERATIONS OF THE SIEGE
OF KNOXVILLE; AND WAS STRENUOUSLY
ENGAGED IN THE DEFENSE OF FORT
SANDERS, HOLDING THE NORTHWEST
BASTION, NOVEMBER 29, 1863.

Over this, on a panel five feet high, are shown the figures of a Federal and Confederate soldier, clasping hands under the folds of "Old Glory." Underneath the panel appear the following lines, specially composed by a Manhattan bard, Joseph I. C. Clarke:

The hands that once were raised in strife
Now clasp a brother's hand,
And long as flows the tide of life —
In peace, in toil, when war is rife —
We shall as brothers stand,
One heart, one soul for our free land.

The plans for the monument were prepared by James F. R. Vosper, a New York memorial architect. These plans were skil-

fully reproduced, in every detail, showing that Knoxville, as well as abounding in a high grade of home marble, has native artists and artisans capable of working it into classic finish. The figures on the panel were designed by R. H. Perry, of New York.

It was erected under the auspices of the New York Monuments Commission, co-operating in the business incident thereto with the Highlanders Veteran Association, of which Colonel Andrew D. Baird is president, and Joseph Stewart secretary — both residents of Brooklyn. The City Commissioners and Board of Commerce of Knoxville, in addition to donating the site, took a praiseworthy interest in its construction throughout.

Furthermore, local co-operation for having the memorial dedicated worthily was all that could be wished for. Knoxville was little short of being in gala for the occasion. Every courtesy was extended to the Highlanders and their friends during their stay in that city. They were entertained at receptions and carriages were placed at their disposal for sightseeing. A deputation of representative citizens escorted them from the hotel at Whittle Springs — “a soft retreat of sylvan splendor” — to the dedication stand. Here they were treated to a welcome address by Commissioner Samuel E. Hill.

The ceremonies took place in the afternoon, attended by quite a concourse. The monument, artistically and profusely decorated, was unveiled by a granddaughter of one of the heroes of the siege, Mrs. Emily Gilchrist Boillotat. A local band, Couch's, enlivened the exercises at intervals with appropriate airs, some of them Scottish, of course. “Old Glory” was raised on high; all joined in singing “America,” and “Auld Lang Syne” was rendered as a closing chorus. The exercises alternated between addresses by veterans — Confederate and Federal — and those contributed by civilians, representing a later generation.

For both natives and visitors, let alone the Highlanders themselves, this was an interstate function that makes for lasting and fond recollection.

Colonel Baird directed the ceremonies. Being a veteran of the siege, and one of the braves who distinguished themselves at Fort Sanders, his remarks and reminiscences were heard with reverent interest. As a relevant relic, he exhibited the tattered flag that stood guard at the fort. Six of his Highland comrades were with

him at the dedication, as they were at the siege; they evinced pardonable pride and unbounded glee gazing on their marble memorial as it was being brilliantly dedicated; and that they were fully worthy of the honors implied therein was not left unsaid or unsung.

Besides Colonel Baird, two other Highlanders, Captain Robert Gair and Captain Robert Armour, also spoke. Colonel Lewis R. Stegman, in his official capacity as chairman of the New York Monuments Commission, delivered an address. The speakers representing the New York Legislature were Senator Alfred J. Gilchrist and Assemblyman Charles D. Donohue.

I. L. Graves was chairman of the reception committee appointed by the Board of Commerce. Prayer was offered by the Reverend Robert I. Gamon. The Reverend Robert W. R. Barnett voiced the sentiments of the local United Confederate Veteran camps, and Captain Wm. Rule spoke for the Grand Army of the Republic posts of Knoxville. A wreath was laid at the monument at the instance of Mrs. R. H. Sansom, in behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Sansom is a daughter of General Zollcoffer, who fell at the battle fought in Mill Springs, January 19, 1862. The donor of another of the wreaths which decked the memorial is a namesake of Sir Walter Scott.

The Knoxville press accentuated the dedication very worthily, *The Sentinel*, an evening publication, in particular, whose managing editor, Wiley L. Morgan, was as unsparing in his efforts as with his space in presenting everything of interest pertaining to the Highlanders and their monument; while Captain Wm. Rule, of *The Journal and Tribune*, a morning paper, as well as printing a fine report of the proceedings was present on the platform as one of the speakers.

It is not often that the people of Knoxville have been given a chance to show their appreciation of battleground commemoration at home; but from the enthusiasm and interest that they manifested in the Highlanders' dedication and the cheerful, active co-operation that they lent in having it conducted becomingly, it would seem that they have no need to look elsewhere for light or leading when it is required to have such events functioned in their city; on the contrary, it was demonstrated then that they are able to set an example in respect to them.



NEW YORK DEDICATION PARTY AT KNOXVILLE, SEPT. 23, 1918.

THE NEW YORK PARTY IN ATTENDANCE AT THE DEDICATION

The Highlanders: Colonel Andrew D. Baird, Captain Robert Gair, Captain Robert Armour, Henry F. Bloomfield, John Muir, Joseph Stewart and Frank M. Chamberlin.

Senator Alfred J. Gilchrist and Mrs. Gilchrist and daughter, Mrs. Emily Gilchrist Boillotat, Assemblyman Charles D. Donohue and Mrs. Donohue, Assemblyman E. C. Davis and Mrs. Davis, Assemblyman George T. Davis, Colonel Lewis R. Stegman and Mrs. Stegman, Colonel Clinton Beckwith, Colonel Frank West, U. S. A., J. W. Lynch, Charles S. Barker, P. J. McConnon, John J. Morris, John L. Little, Major L. C. Brackett, David A. Mitchell, Andrew Wallace and Arthur B. Gritman.

Mrs. Boillotat's boy accompanied her, but he is probably too young to be able to remember the day when he was clapping his hands at the dedication of the monument to his great-grandfather's regiment at "Fort Knoxville."

DEDICATORY EXERCISES

1. Prayer by Rev. Robert I. Gamon.
2. Welcome Address by Commissioner Samuel E. Hill.
3. Unveiling of Monument by Mrs. Emily Gilchrist Boillotat.
4. Raising the Flag and Singing of "America" in Chorus.
5. Address by Col. Lewis R. Stegman, Chairman, New York Monuments Commission.
6. Address by Col. Andrew D. Baird, Seventy-ninth New York.
7. Address by Senator Alfred J. Gilchrist, New York.
8. Recitation, "The Highlanders," by Mrs. Emily Gilchrist Boillotat.
9. Address by Captain Robert Armour, Seventy-ninth New York.
10. Address by Captain William Rule, G. A. R., Knoxville.
11. Address by Assemblyman Charles D. Donohue, New York.
12. Address by Rev. W. R. Barnett, U. C. V., Knoxville.
13. Address by Captain Robert Gair, Seventy-ninth New York.
14. Singing of "Auld Lang Syne" in Chorus.
15. Benediction by Rev. Robert I. Gamon.
16. "The Star-Spangled Banner," by Couch's Band.

WELCOME ADDRESS BY COMMISSIONER SAMUEL E. HILL

Ladies and Gentlemen.—Mayor John F. McMillan intended sharing the honors and the duties of this occasion, and in his

absence, caused by other business that he could not forego to-day, the pleasant task has devolved on me of representing him for the purpose of welcoming our Highland visitors and their friends who have come from the Empire State in fulfilment of a mission of devotion — a mission that has won our warmest admiration, and one, too, that appeals to ourselves intimately, as it is redolent of far-off days and happenings that constitute a stirring chapter in the history of Knoxville.

Highlanders, you are doubly welcome among us to-day. We welcome you for the perils you encountered on these scenes fifty-five years ago, and we welcome you for the praiseworthy motives that prompted you to erect this shaft to your regiment and the memory of your comrades whose remains rest in the National cemetery nearby. You received notification in advance that we were waiting to greet you heartily and in readiness to co-operate with you all possible to the end that your memorial would be dedicated worthily. We feel that as venerable veterans revisiting our city after such a long lapse of years, and engaged in so noble a mission, you are deserving of the best reception it is in our power to accord you.

It would not be easy for one person to repeat the many things that are being heard in Knoxville to-day in commendation of the devotion that urged you to undertake this memorial project and the energy with which you have carried it out so successfully. We regard it, on your part, as a touching setting and sequel to your efforts of heroism on these scenes, so long ago that the oldest of our residents were then in their teens or early twenties.

This is certainly an occasion that has many angles of interest, for us no less than yourselves; numerous thoughts and memories are stimulated by it, and contrasts, as agreeable as they are instructive, are suggested by it.

And not the least significant of these contrasts is the difference between the ovation you are enjoying here to-day and the mixed reception that you experienced in Knoxville back in 1863. Then, as young soldiers, you marched to the inspiration of martial music, amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery. Now, you march to the tunes of "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle," blended into National harmony, to which the spirit of a united people joyfully responds. Then you clung tenaciously to Fort Sanders,

displaying unusual valor in its defense, and compelling the raising of the siege that has helped to make Knoxville famous in the history of this Nation. Now you mingle in loving comradeship with veterans whom you fought, and who gladly join you in paying honor to those of your number whose lives were given for a cause sacred to every true American.

Fort Sanders, in the defense of which you Highlanders, on that memorable morning of November 29, 1863, took such a notable part, occupies a prominent place in the list of hotly-contested arenas during the period of the disagreement between the sections. The combatants on both sides fought it out here, and did their level best, just as valiantly and as persistently as was done by the hosts contending at the Angle in Gettysburg, the Cornfield at Antietam, Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg or Shiloh in our own State.

But whatever may be said of those stirring times, here or elsewhere, and necessarily mentioned at such a function as this, the all important and joyful fact to revel and glory in to-day is that ever since all sections of our country have continued to be bound in ideal amity and the closest National ties — “each for all and all for each.”

The contest ended, under one flag once more, a united nation entered on an era of reconciliation and reconstruction. And with what results? Making the United States the most powerful, the most prosperous and the most contented democracy in the world.

And in addition to that, at the present time — so that the rest of the world may be made safe for democracy also — all our states are vying with each other in supplying their quota of the help required for carrying to a successful issue the great war that is being waged on the other side of the Atlantic ocean against ruinous and rampant militarism.

Tennessee, true to its appellation of the “Volunteer” State, is and has been sending its sons “over there” by the thousands. In a former crisis in the history of the Nation, the response made by our State to a call for military aid was so full and free — so much above its quota — that the authorities could not avail themselves of all the recruits that it was able to place at their disposal. The boys of Tennessee are maintaining this tradition right well. They have gone with alacrity to the training camps and from there to the battle fronts; and as long as necessary they will continue

cheerfully to augment the Nation's fighting forces. "Worthy sons of noble sires," they are inspired by the examples of former generations and the valor of former heroes — men like Sevier, Campbell, Jackson and Forest.

And I am proud to say that Knoxville is well to the fore among the cities of Tennessee competing with each other, as the States are, in doing their part to win the war. We are endeavoring, in a proportional sense, to be high up on the volunteer lists, so long as this international crusade lasts; and numerically, also, we are in a position to make a good showing, with a population that is — combining our suburbs — fast approaching the hundred thousand mark.

Highlanders, these population figures and the extended boundaries of our city as you see it to-day, present a striking contrast to the mere nucleus of a city, having but a few thousand people, into which you marched on September 26, 1863. Of what Knoxville was then there is hardly a doubt that you still retain clear recollections; so I will descant a little for you on its present activities and possibilities; and while doing this I do not despair of being able to convince you that there is at least one other place in the United States besides the Empire City, with all its luminous immensities, where people can thrive tolerably well — even very well — and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content all seasons of the year.

I am sure it is hardly necessary to remind you that our city is called after a commander of the Revolution, who bore a decidedly Scottish patronymic, General Henry Knox. He was also Secretary of War. Boston was his native place. We have endeavored to make Knoxville a credit to his name.

Knoxville is the pride of East Tennessee; and as to location, generally speaking, it can well be called a centre of centres. Within a circumscribed radius of five hundred miles from here half of the population of the United States is located.

Valuable raw materials abound in our vicinity, such as coal iron ore, copper, zinc, manganese, limestone and lumber-yielding forests. We are in the midst of agricultural territory renowned for its fertility; almost every variety of garden and farm produce is seen in our markets; and as for flocks and herds — everything in that live line from beeves to bees — ours is "a land flowing with milk and honey."

Our city is a diversified manufacturing centre, too; and does a big jobbing business, among other commodities, in iron, wood working and textiles. It has important railroad shops, rolling mills, foundries, machine shops and metal structure works.

Knoxville in reaching its present status has been favored immensely by conditions of climate and situation. Mountains shelter us from violent storms; we are in the midst of wooded rolling hills; winding rivers, on which craft of good size can "go down to the sea," flow past us or near us; our watershed is almost unrivaled; our air is the most bracing, and this, together with scenery of surpassing picturesqueness, imparts to Knoxville the attraction of a holiday resort. The days are few and far between when our skies do not merit being called opalescent.

We claim to have a wideawake and enterprising population that strives and knows how to turn these resources and advantages to the best uses. For this purpose we have comprehensive and well equipped organization systems and an administration calculated to take the best care of our civic affairs. Our schools and colleges are kept to a high standard. Our transportation facilities are well up to date. Our business streets and residential sections you have seen for yourselves. Knoxville may be called a city of homes, schools and churches. We are about putting up another big hotel. Those we already have are conducted on plans that give universal satisfaction.

Among our products, likewise, are immense marble quarries, which have a reputation far and near for excellent texture, durability and adaptability. Blocks hewn from them were used for the construction of the monument that we are now dedicating. It would be hard to count the carloads of marble that we have shipped to New York City, to mention but one of the many cities that have drawn on our quarries for their public edifices and mansions.

Highlanders, we in Knoxville share with you the pride and the joy that you evince in seeing this beautiful memorial in place; because as well as it being made of Knoxville pink marble our own artists and artisans it was that turned it out in this superb style.

This shaft can be depended to stand where it is for ages to come — a fitting memorial to a renowned regiment and an ornament to Clinch Avenue Park. In the dim and distant future, "time's effacing fingers" will have worn away beyond legibility the letters

and emblems carved on it, but as long as American history is read the principles embodied in it will survive.

It is a fitting feature of these ceremonies to have them participated in by representatives of the United Confederate Veteran camps in addition to the local Grand Army of the Republic posts, and that we are to hear discourses by some of their members.

Should anything be said on this platform, inadvertently and in an unguarded moment, with which any of our Confederate friends might be inclined to disagree, or should they have an inkling of regret — which is very unlikely and not at all expected — for having sided the cause to which the Highlanders were so vigorously opposed the years gone by, perhaps it would be some consolation to remind them that Fernando Wood was among the most fervent and demonstrative anti-abolitionists of them all. And who was Fernando Wood? He was Mayor of New York, where the Highlanders were recruited, at the outbreak of the civil conflict.

Veterans of the Highlanders, Knoxville is full of admiration for the noble mission that has brought you among us on this occasion. To-day, hearts and hands are joined in paying respect to you and the memory of your fallen comrades. Consider yourselves as friends among friends while you are with us. Ours is a city, as I have outlined for you, well worth lingering in for rest and recreation; and should any of you, or all of you, health and strength permitting in the venerable years you are now lengthening out, have occasion, on pleasure bent, or else business of any kind, to visit our city again we will be most willing to repeat the glad welcome that we are extending to you to-day.

“Come in the evening or come in the morning;
Come when you are looked for, or come without warning;
Blessings and welcome you'll find here before you;
And the oftener you come here the more we'll adore you.”

ADDRESS BY COLONEL LEWIS R. STEGMAN, 102D N. Y. VETERAN
VOLTS., CHAIRMAN NEW YORK MONUMENTS COMMISSION

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen.—My first duty on this occasion is to express heartfelt thanks for the royal Knoxville welcome accorded us New Yorkers to-day. Of your kindness, and the interest and enthusiasm that pervades these dedicatory exercises, we will for a long time to come retain the pleasantest recollections.

And ever since the work of erecting this monument was taken on hand, Knoxville has been meeting us fully half way. We appreciate highly, and we are grateful for it, the generosity that prompted you to donate a site for the Highlanders' monument on one of the most central spots in your beautiful city. The business incident to this memorial project has been a labor of love for us, due, in a great measure, to the commendable courtesy with which your City Commissioners and your enterprising, progressive and vigilant Board of Commerce responded to the requests and inquiries we found it necessary, from time to time, to submit to them during its furtherance. Mr. C. A. Benscoter is especially worthy of our remembrance, and the success of these ceremonies owe much to his co-operation, as well as that of Mr. I. L. Graves, in making preparations for them.

This marble shaft is a well deserved tribute. The record of the men of the Seventy-ninth New York Regiment, or, as they are also called, the Highlanders, whether in the South, the East or the West, was exemplary. Going over it on the map, the extent of territory where their activities were called into play is in itself a lesson in geography. From Antietam Creek to the Mississippi, and from the Potomac to Port Royal, near the Savannah, they gave repeated evidence of valor, endurance and all-round dependability. That indomitable hero of the South, Stonewall Jackson, was at his best in four of the big battles they took part in. They escaped Chancellorsville, for the reason that they were then on the watch in Kentucky, and Gettysburg, because at that time they were up in arms at Vicksburg.

In the East there was comparative quiet along the Potomac and the Rappahannock during the fall and winter of 1863, following the Gettysburg campaign; but it was not so in the West along the Tennessee, around Chickamauga, Chattanooga and Knoxville; and the Seventy-ninth New York bore a regiment's full share in the helter-skelter and fierce fighting incident to those operations. With the Vicksburg detachment of the Ninth Corps they completed a hurried march from Kentucky to Knoxville on September 26th, which was three weeks after Burnside established his headquarters here, Buckner having evacuated it on his approach.

Seven days before the Highlanders arrived in Knoxville Bragg overcame Rosecrans at Chickamauga. The latter, some weeks

before, had left Kentucky for the purpose of occupying Tullahoma; about the same time and the same place from whence Burnside set out for Knoxville; their plans and preparations for a joint campaign having been frustrated for a good while by Morgan's daring raids. Burnside was under orders to go to Rosecrans' relief before disaster overtook him at Chickamauga, but encountered opposition near his own headquarters which prevented his being able to carry them out.

Grant, after assuming charge of all the armies in Tennessee in October, was exerting himself to the utmost for confronting Bragg in a big battle. His preparations materialized in Chattanooga on November 24th and 25th, with victory for the Federals.

Before, as well as after, this momentous engagement both Grant and Bragg were hampered by complications in East Tennessee. The former was receiving orders to send help to Burnside at a time that he could not afford to detach any of the forces in his immediate command; and Bragg, as a stroke of good strategy, as he thought, sent Longstreet on November 4th from the vicinity of Chattanooga, followed by Buckner, to oust Burnside from East Tennessee. Meantime Grant issued orders to cut Bragg's railroad communications with Longstreet.

Longstreet's advance proved more rapid than was anticipated. He reached Campbell's Station on November 16th and a stiff battle was fought there. Burnside then withdrew all his forces to Knoxville, and by the 18th the siege had begun in earnest.

Fort Sanders, the principal defensive work, was occupied by a garrison of three hundred men. For eleven days after Longstreet's investment there was intermittent shelling and skirmishing. A violent attack was made on the fort on the 24th; the attack was renewed with increased violence on the 29th, and with that courage and persistency which characterized Longstreet's assault, or, as it is popularly known, Pickett's charge, at Gettysburg. Troops from eleven regiments, under McLaws, rushed upon the garrison at the dawn of day, and though decimated, in the shortest time, by destructive discharges of grape, canister and musket balls they persisted desperately in endeavoring to gain their objective. Numbers of them eventually reached the ditch and tried to climb the sides of the parapet. Not only that, but a few of them went into the fort. But it was beyond human endurance to withstand

any longer the hail of lead and iron that made McLaws' braves stagger and fall by the hundred. They were compelled to break and retire, with fearful loss.

The organizations in Fort Sanders during this memorable scrimmage were Benjamin's and Buckley's batteries, the Second Michigan and part of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Infantry, on the flank, while the Highlanders, the immediate garrison, held the northwest bastion.

The daring and determination displayed that day at Fort Sanders put it henceforth among the most hotly-contested spots where the Blue and the Gray tested each other's mettle.

The difficulties that the Highlanders, with the other units of their brigade, encountered going over the Cumberland Mountains is remindful of Napoleon's legions crossing the Alps; and as for cold weather, at Blaine's Cross Roads, by the Clinch Mountains, where they spent New Year's Day, 1864, the hardships suffered at Valley Forge, of Revolutionary memory, were repeated in their case.

The Highlanders during their four years of service had leaders worthy of them. When first mustered into service they were commanded by Colonel Samuel McKenzie Elliott. Colonel James Cameron, brother of the Secretary of War of that time, was killed while leading them at the First Bull Run. He was succeeded by Colonel Isaac I. Stevens, on whose early promotion Colonel Addison Farnsworth succeeded to the command of the regiment. With Colonel Farnsworth they served in the Sherman-Dupont expedition in South Carolina, and at the Second Manassas, Antietam and Fredericksburg campaigns. Vicksburg saw them under Colonel David Morrison, and at Knoxville his place was taken by Captain William S. Montgomery. On the opening of General Grant's overland campaign, at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, in May, 1864, they were in charge of Colonel Morrison; and for the remainder of their field activities they were commanded by Colonel Henry C. Heffron and Colonel Andrew D. Baird, who had the honor of leading them during the final assault on Petersburg.

Colonel Baird is President of the Highlanders Veteran Association. His comrades were impressed by his soldierly qualities on the field of battle, and they have been impressed and attracted ever since by his manly qualities. To them he has been, all along,

“guide, philosopher and friend.” A good number of them, nearly all that could stand the strain of long travel, are here with him to-day, as they were five and fifty years ago.

Captain Robert Armour, of Washington, D. C., a veteran of the siege, and still in service, in the Quartermaster’s Department, will address you in behalf of the regiment; as will Senator Alfred J. Gilchrist, the son of a Highlander who served in the siege. Captain Robert Gair, a prominent business man of Brooklyn, and who acted a very notable part defending Fort Sanders, will also make some remarks that should prove interesting.

Like so many others who carried a sword during the period of the civil conflict, success and distinction in public life and in the line of big business have come to Colonel Baird, as they have to Captain Gair. He is now President of the Williamsburg Savings Bank in Brooklyn. Modesty, too, has always been one of his characteristics. He can well be counted among that estimable class of people who have never very much to say for themselves — those who do things with the minimum of talk and the maximum of result.

And it is not only the “boys” of his own organization that are attached to Colonel Baird. In G. A. R. circles in Greater New York none is more respected than he.

In recalling when I first had the privilege of becoming acquainted with Colonel Baird my memory wanders far back over the dim vista of a period covering more than half a century; and in the course of that long span, as friends and neighbors, we have met many a time and oft, always with feelings that can best be expressed in the words of Robert Burns, “Then here is a hand my trusty fiere, and give us a hand of thine.” And mentioning poets, it is pertinent to note that until his early teens Colonel Baird resided in Sir Walter Scott’s native place, Kelso.

I have never been able to remember seeing Colonel Baird accounted for battlefield work — most likely we did not come across each other then — but my regiment, the One Hundred and Second New York, stood with his in three campaigns, the Second Manassas, Antietam and Fredericksburg. Subsequently, were up and doing the same time in different parts of Tennessee; for five days before the final attack on Fort Sanders I was with my regiment in “the battle above the clouds,” at Lookout Mountain. From this

you will see that some of the boys of '61 did not have to wait for the era of the aeroplane to witness or experience the sensations and perils of waging battle close to the welkin.

But what about the boys of '17 and '18 in khaki, and what you might ask — you of a younger generation — do we veterans of a former big war think of those cataclysms that are now rending Europe asunder, and of which everybody cannot help talking or thinking: children not long separated from their perambulators lisp of them, and their grandfathers and great-grandfathers are apt to be interrupted by thoughts of them saying their morning and evening prayers.

Only that we veterans of the early sixties are prevented by time's relentless wear and tear from crossing the ocean, we would be doing our bit once more. Knowing well the horrors of war, and the hardships and dread consequences that follow in its wake, once begun, we were hoping and praying that this country would be saved the agony of another prolonged and destructive entanglement; but the die being cast our hearts and souls went into the struggle, just as if we were in the thick of it.

As to the outlook, our opinion is that the entrance — the forced entrance — of the United States into that big scuffle over there was practically coincident with the high-water mark of Prussian aggression and sealed the doom of that diabolical military caste taxed with planning and projecting this terrible curse on humanity the world over.

The people of this country were compelled "to take up arms against a sea of troubles," the scare and the scourge of the submarine. Until then we kept away from the scenes of foreign strife and turmoil, minding our own business, not meditating a hostile movement against any nation — though not unmoved — and wishing that the powers slaying each other in ruthless, wholesale and unprecedented style would have recourse, ere long more, to the olive branches of peace and sheathe their swords for good and all.

But we were insolently commanded, at the peril of our lives, to stay at home and not venture beyond the boundaries of our own tranquil shores — to keep our ships and what was intended as cargoes for them in America; and following that dictum there was nothing else for us to do, as a proud and powerful nation, and an independent and liberty-loving people, but to join the others in

“shuffling off this mortal coil,” that sought to strangle our freedom.

“Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad,” and it cannot be gainsaid that those Prussian pseudo seers who compelled the United States to enter the lists against them must have lost their heads, and they are lucky, many of them, if they do not lose their lives as well into the bargain. In the case of this Nation, they put all reason aside; they trampled on our rights, just claims and feelings with “scrap-of-paper” contempt and defiance. But they are bound to pay dearly for it. We cut across a continent before, an engineering project that was for long regarded as an impossibility; and ere long more in the continent of Europe we are likely to be the most effective — the deciding — factor in that gigantic struggle now raging between the world’s mightiest forces.

Our casualty lists, it is piteous to read from day to day, are growing, and while we pray for the contrary, it is to be feared that they will not begin to get less and less for some time to come. But it cannot be helped now.

We veterans often wish that we were as young as we used to be so that we could answer the tocsin of war again. More power and all praise to our successors in khaki. They are maintaining right well in the native land of Lafayette the noble tradition of the American soldier on the field of battle.

And the slacker: I pity the one of them that comes our way. The slacker, the spy and the profiteer, and such “small deer,” make us feel like taking off our coats, or rather wishing that we had our old swords in our hands to have a whack at them. The National slogan now is “Win the War,” and those who do not respond to it had better quit forthwith.

Chiseled on the monument before us are the words, *Nemo me impune lacesset*, and until Uncle Sam takes off his armor their import will remain one of his mottoes.

I know what I am talking about, for as an old soldier myself I can realize to the letter how disheartening it is for our boys engaged in violent battles to think that anyone at home is not heart and soul in the cause for which they are risking their lives.

I have another digression to make, if such anyone should call any of my previous remarks; but as it is what I might call an

interstate and not a foreign affair, affecting alike the State to one of whose regiments we are now dedicating a memorial and the city that this memorial is to help grace for the years to come, it cannot be very wide of the mark.

For the thirty years or so that the New York Monuments Commission has been erecting for the Empire State memorial to troops and commanders the stone used in their construction has invariably been some kind of granite — from Vermont, Rhode Island, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and even North Carolina. At first we had in mind following precedent and using granite for the Highlanders' monument. Correspondence on this subject was exchanged between our Commission, in conference with the regimental association, and the Knoxville Board of Commerce. Among other pertinent facts presented for our consideration and deliberation was that piles of Tennessee marble were used for giving the very building where we have our office its present almost unrivaled finish, that is, the Hall of Records in New York City. And a great many other fine buildings in New York, it was submitted, are made of the same stone, among them the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., and, for its interior, the terminal station of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Then, as a further knockdown for granite in its contest, for the object in view, against marble, we learned that the Centennial monument in Chicago is also constructed of marble from the quarries of Tennessee. On this score we could not help saying that whatever material thrives and survives out-of-doors in the "Windy City," with its lack of protection, on every side, from the elements, and lake water perpetually lapping in its front, would undoubtedly endure for ages in the incomparable climate of mountain-sheltered Knoxville.

Of course we had been previously well aware — who is not? of the reputation Knoxville enjoys for its excellent marble, no less than for its wealth of copper, zinc, coal and iron.

Well the upshot of it was that marble won out; precedent and granite, for the nonce, were put in the shade, and we are as glad of it now as yourselves. Otherwise it would be like "carrying coals to Newcastle" or "heather to Scotland." Otherwise, also, the monument would, perhaps, be regarded here as having a somewhat exotic aspect, and sentiment counts in monuments as well as in other things; in fact they originate in sentiment,

The amount that New York has expended on this memorial is one of the most satisfactory and best placed investments that it has yet made in the matter of battle ground construction. Its base measurements of seven feet and height of sixteen keep it from being ranked as massive or "cloud capt," but it rests by the firm base of the East Tennessee mountains, and though lacking conspicuous altitude is it not several hundred feet higher above standard level, that of the ocean, than the tallest structure piercing the sky line of the Empire City. And that reminds me that you Knoxville people are Highlanders yourselves as well as the veterans of the Seventy-ninth Regiment.

Battlefield memorials are concrete expressions of admiration for valor and sacrifice. New York is still maintaining its lead in this worthy work. We have memorials, monuments or markers in several of the States — in Mississippi, Georgia, Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania; and are handsomely represented in this respect at Chattanooga, Wauhatchie Valley, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Orchard Knob and Ringgold nearby.

Bronze statues were erected to two of New York's commanders at Gettysburg last year — General Abner Doubleday and General John C. Robinson — and they were dedicated a few months after the ceremonies for that colossal and superb work of art, Virginia's statue to General Robert E. Lee on the same field. At our dedications then we were favored with an address by a Confederate veteran, from the capital, Colonel Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy, in President Cleveland's administration, and who belonged to your neighboring State Alabama. Colonel Herbert's address on that occasion was a gem — as wholesome and as inspiring an expression of the times as one could wish to hear.

There is nothing that fosters and encourages a spirit of genuine patriotism better than to see the Blue and the Gray fraternizing and rejoicing at veteran events such as have brought us here to-day. It was so at Washington and Vicksburg last year, and it was so, on a much larger scale, at Gettysburg in 1913, when over 53,000 veterans — 8,700 of them representing the Confederate armies and navy — were assembled for a four-day demonstration of patriotic glorification. The feelings of content and kindness with which the "boys" of the Blue and the "boys" of the Gray now, and for decades past, contemplate each other are well expressed in one

of the inscriptions on the memorial to the Seventy-ninth New York:

“ The hands that once were raised in strife
 Now clasp a brother's hand,
 And long as flows the tide of life —
 In peace, in toil, when war is rife —
 We shall as brothers stand,
 One heart, one soul for our free land.”

In addition to the Seventy-ninth, two other New York infantry regiments and a battery were engaged in the siege. These are the Forty-sixth, commanded by Colonel Joseph Gerhardt, the Fifty-first, under Colonel John W. LeGendre, and Battery L, Second Light Artillery, Captain Jacob Roemer commanding.

Are they likely to have monuments erected to them here? I cannot say now, but should like to see it done. The Daughters of the Confederacy set an example in this respect in Knoxville, and, perhaps, in due course, others as well as the Highlanders may follow in their footsteps. Pennsylvania is among the States that had had some good regiments in the siege, and the Keystone State so far is a good second to the Empire State in recognizing and commemorating the valor and deeds of its troops and commanders.

ADDRESS BY COLONEL ANDREW D. BAIRD, SEVENTY-NINTH NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS (HIGHLANDERS).

Ladies and Gentlemen: Commissioner Samuel E. Hill has very graciously extended a welcome to us to Knoxville, and for this whole-souled manifestation of kindness we return our sincerest thanks. In my turn, as president of the Highlanders Association, in charge of these ceremonies, I desire to welcome you all to our dedication, and at the same time to express gratitude, in behalf of myself and my comrades, for the interest that it has evoked.

Colonel Lewis R. Stegman has already spoken to you in his official capacity as chairman of the New York Monuments Commission, with whom the Highlanders had the pleasure of co-operating in the business incident to the erection of our monument and making preparations for its dedication. Time permitting, Colonel Stegman would have said much more than he has, and in curtailing his remarks he has set an example here that I for one will try to follow,

Captain Robert Armour, who, like myself, took part in the siege and in the defense of Fort Sanders, will tell you, as speaker for the regiment, some of our experiences here fifty-five years ago; and Captain Robert Gair, another Highlander, and who acted a very notable part the day of the big attack on the fort, will also make some remarks that should prove appropriate for this occasion.

It is likewise very appropriate to have this memorial unveiled by Mrs. Emily Gilchrist Boillotat, inasmuch as her grandfather, James Gilchrist, was here with us as a Highlander in the fall and winter of 1863.

Mrs. Boillotat's father, Senator Alfred J. Gilchrist, is down on our programme of exercises for an oration, as well he might, for at home in Brooklyn, or else representing his constituents in the Legislature at Albany, he is well known as an impromptu and effective speaker. We were putting off for quite a while the construction of our monument, and it was through the influence of Senator Gilchrist that the money for it was eventually voted us, as well as the amount needed for dedicating it. There is no necessity my repeating now the thanks that he has earned for these boons. I am sure Senator Gilchrist feels as gratified himself as any of us in seeing this beautiful memorial that has been erected to his father's regiment.

Another member of the New York Legislature, Assemblyman Charles D. Donohue, and whom I will call another good friend of ours, as I confess with gratitude, will address you. Mr. Donohue during the last session at Albany was chosen as leader for his party.

It gives me further pleasure to announce that veterans of your own "Volunteer" State have kindly joined us to contribute their share towards making this dedication representative in the fullest sense. One of these good friends, Captain William Rule, is to speak for the Grand Army of the Republic posts of Knoxville. Captain Rule will have every opportunity for familiarizing himself with the text of the inscriptions on the monument, for his house, I understand, is just across the street from where it stands.

One of these inscriptions begins with the words: "The hands that once were raised in strife, now clasp a brother's hand." This fine sentiment the Rev. W. R. Barnett, representing the United Confederate Veterans of this city, will, there is little doubt, give

voice to for his own comrades. To Captain Rule and Mr. Barnett I tender my sincerest thanks for being present to assist us and cheer us in this wise.

And this is not the first time that I have had occasion to convey heartfelt thanks to residents of Knoxville in behalf of the Highlanders. I have visited your city three or four times since the days of the siege, always, of course, paying a pilgrimage to the graves of my comrades in the National Cemetery. During one of these pilgrimages, made some time in the early eighties, as well as I remember, I learned to my great surprise and satisfaction that the graves of the Highlanders were being decorated annually up to that time by a worthy Knoxville lady. On investigation I discovered that this tender tribute of respect was due to the thoughtfulness and kindness of a Mrs. Patterson, the wife of Colonel Oran Patterson. Needless to say, I lost no time in calling on her to express my thanks for her goodness in this matter, and this was the beginning of a friendship with herself and her husband that lasted as long as they lived.

As I have already said, we were waiting a long time for this monument; and when I and my six comrades saw it for the first time this morning our hearts were filled with joy. We never expected anything finer. The Knoxville contractors entrusted with its construction and erection have done their work splendidly. As a critic of this class of structure, mine is not the opinion of an amateur, because I have been conducting a big stone business of my own for a long number of years. I had also a hand in preparing the plans for the monument, and these plans are reproduced in first-class style. I have now good reason to feel more interested in Knoxville marble than ever before.

Flags, thanks to our local helpers in this dedication, are plentifully in evidence all around us here to-day, as they were fifty-five years ago, but for a very different purpose. Well, we have brought with us from New York a souvenir flag of those far-off days, and it affords me great pleasure to give you an opportunity to examine it. This is none other than the garrison flag that stood guard at Fort Sanders that well-remembered day of November 29, 1863. You can see that this venerable and treasured relic is tattered a good deal; it has many signs within its four corners of age and wear; and I do not hesitate in making a comparison between its

faded folds and those hairs on my own head, now turned white by stress of years; while in every other respect also I am far from feeling the same as I was when helping to keep this flag waving proudly in its place on the fort.

But I never expected to be blessed with perpetual youth. I have rounded out a long span of decades, nearing now the end of the eighth. I never felt more elated during all these years than I do to-day presiding at the dedication of this memorial to the Seventy-ninth New York Highlanders, the regiment in whose ranks I put in four years of hard work, and the regiment, too, that it was my privilege and pride to command towards the end of its fighting career and during those last trying and triumphant days at Petersburg in April, 1865.

ADDRESS BY SENATOR ALFRED J. GILCHRIST.

Ladies and Gentlemen: As a member of the delegation from the Empire State in attendance on this platform, I must express my great gratification on witnessing the appreciation — shown in divers delightful ways — of our mission to your beautiful city; while the kindly and generous welcomes that you have been pleased to extend to us will assuredly be remembered with gratitude for many years to come.

We have journeyed to Knoxville to testify to the love and esteem in which we hold a gallant band of veteran soldiers, the Seventy-ninth New York Regiment, or, to give them the name by which they are more familiarly and frequently known, the Highlanders.

This is an occasion to which we attach considerable importance. It puts vividly before us valorous deeds and noble achievements of days long gone by — deeds and achievements in which the Highlanders, as a unit, acted a very deserving part. Great and happy results have accrued from those stirring times; and, to go no farther for illustration, they are observable in abundance all around us in Knoxville to-day, presenting as it does scenes of peace and plenty and ideal content. It is not too much to say that this city as it is now compared to what it was when the Highlanders were beleaguered within its confines, is virtually a paradise attained.

We are in the midst of historic environments, as the Highlanders themselves can testify with the best evidence — personal

recollections; for this monument stands on ground adjacent to where they were encamped the last months of 1863; and it is but a short distance also from the renowned Fort Sanders, the scene of the fiercest and most spectacular exploit of the siege.

But before, as well as after, their activities in East Tennessee, they acquitted themselves with distinction in several other states. They were in evidence prominently during that period of the troubles between the sections, with but very little interruption.

The reverberations of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, had scarcely died away when, as one of the organizations of the New York State Militia, they volunteered for participation in the threatened frays; and thereupon they were mustered in for a period of three years; nor did they have to remain in suspense long until they got an opportunity of demonstrating the soldier stuff of which they were made.

Henceforth, for nearly four years, they were followed in imagination by those nearest and dearest to them at home, as they marched to battle scenes, far and wide; followed with anxious hopes by fathers and mothers, wives and children, sweethearts, sisters and brothers — brothers many of whom were waiting to reach the required age for joining them.

The Highlanders got their initial taste of fighting at Blackburns Ford; and a few days after, under William Tecumseh Sherman, they were subjected to a galling fire at the battle of the First Bull Run. Here, just before he was mortally wounded, their gallant commander, Colonel Cameron — brother of the then Secretary of War — urged them on in a fierce charge with the slogan, "Come on my brave Highlanders."

During that extended expedition in South Carolina, launched in October, 1861, under Sherman, they displayed unwonted valor and endurance. Their work in the unsuccessful attack on Secessionville in June, 1862, won the plaudits of the Charleston press, which called them the Palladins of the North.

And now they were back in Virginia once more; and in time for taking part — and, as I might say, taking punishment — in the Second Manassas campaign. Beginning at Kelly's Ford they fought hard and suffered severely all through those operations, until Stonewall Jackson was compelled to cry a halt to his pursuit at Chantilly. It was here that their former beloved commander,

General Stevens, was stricken down, near the same spot where General Kearny breathed his last.

At Antietam, a little more than a fortnight after, posted in that well-known arena that was centred at the Burnside Bridge, they stood their ground manfully; as they did at South Mountain three days before, and as they also did at Marye's Heights three months after.

When their comrades in arms had just gained a victory at Gettysburg, the Highlanders, now under Colonel Morrison, were on the banks of the Mississippi, celebrating the capture of Vicksburg, where, as part of the Ninth Corps detachment, they were sent from Kentucky the previous June; and in helping to take Jackson, two weeks after the Vicksburg operations, they went through a very severe ordeal, marching fast and fighting hard, in oppressively hot weather.

Ordered to East Tennessee by General Burnside from their quarters of brief rest in Kentucky, the Highlanders were in action at Blue Springs on October 10, 1863, and in that lively skirmish that took place at Campbell's Station on November 16th. Driven from that point by the troops that General Bragg had sent from Chattanooga, under General Longstreet, they braved the perils of the siege of Knoxville, which lasted until December 5th.

Pollard, the Southern historian, writes as follows of those memorable days:

"Never, excepting at Gettysburg, was there in the history of the war a struggle adorned with the glory of such devout courage as Longstreet's repulse at Knoxville."

Longstreet had directed McLaws to force his way into the city, and, intent on effecting this, the Confederate troops skirmished and manoeuvred energetically day after day. The Highlanders at that time had been assigned to Fort Sanders, named after the gallant General Sanders, who fell just as the siege had practically begun. With them in the fort were Benjamin's Battery, part of Buckley's and Roemer's Battery, the Second Michigan Infantry and two companies of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Infantry. The Highlanders were stationed in the northwest bastion, with Benjamin's Battery, and this happened to be the point selected at the outset by the attacking forces.

Early on Sunday, November 29th, the twelfth day of the siege, after a prelude of thunderous cannonading, it was observed that McLaws' men were headed in large numbers in the direction of the fort. These consisted of Humphrey's Brigade of five regiments and the brigades of Wofford and Bryan. Not having hand grenades, Lieutenant Benjamin had prepared a number of twenty-pounder shells, with twenty-second fuses attached. These were on the banquette of the fort. As the Confederates reached the ditch many of them jumped into it. Now was Benjamin's opportunity. Captain Baird ignited the twenty-pounder shells with a torch; they were rolled into the ditch and worked fearful havoc.

The defenders of the fort must have felt "The stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel." By pluck and dash and advantage of numbers, their assailants hoped and sought desperately to compel their surrender. Undeniably they proved themselves daring warriors, and though their endeavor was foiled, it could be well said of them then:

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

To the Federal organizations opposed to them is due the credit of having repulsed a picked column of troops vastly outnumbering their own.

After Fort Sanders, the Highlanders took part in the conflict at Strawberry Plains, on January 21, 1864.

Returning east in March, they participated in the terrific three-day bushwhacking tussle at the Wilderness, as well as the battle fought at Spotsylvania nearby; also the engagements at Hatcher's Run, Fort Stedman and the final assault on Petersburg.

As time rolled on, the Highlanders became mere shadows in the picture of the rejuvenated union of the States. The many engagements to their credit are mile stones in the progress of the entire nation.

Veterans of the Blue and Veterans of the Gray, this fair land is your common heritage. Your victories and defeats, your purposes and prejudices that were, are so many great lessons in the annals of the United States.

Obligations of another dawn awaken your sons to-day and bid them cross the seas, for further achievement in the construction

of the great temple of human justice. You accomplished American brotherhood. The present far-flung conflict across the water, to the success of which we have pledged our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor, will, by the grace of God, establish democracy throughout the world — the true brotherhood of man under the beneficent fatherhood of God.

You veterans of a noble regiment, you who have been spared to witness this inspiring spectacle, the dedication of your memorial, take with you the remembrance of your heroic services to the land you sustained — the love and gratitude of a thankful people. God bless you.

New York is proud of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders.

“The Highlanders,” written by J. W. Lynch, Secretary of the New York Monuments Commission; and recited by Mrs. Emily Gilchrist Boillotat, granddaughter of a participant in the siege of Knoxville:

The Highlanders! the Highlanders! — who has not heard their name?
 And quick as wireless o'er the wave it echoes whence they came;
 The land of sweetest songs e're heard; the land of Burns and Scott;
 The land of Wallace and of Bruce, who'll never be forgot;
 The land whose boys, the world o'er, are ever in the van;
 'Tis so to-day, 'twas so of old, since first they named a clan;
 And when “Old Glory” needed help, past anxious, stressful years,
 No better regiment wore the blue than the Highland Volunteers.

The Highlanders! the Highlanders! — New York's old Seventy-nine —
 When Sumter blazed they heard the call and fast fell into line.
 Throughout that strife, from start to end — Appomattox's halt —
 Their flag was raised, they did their part, in siege and fierce assault.
 Baptised in fire at Blackburn's Ford; they saw Bull Run's grim sights;
 And from Antietam's winding creek they marched to Marye's Heights;
 They fought with Grant at Petersburg, and Vicksburg in the West;
 In thirty fields they were well tried, and always stood the test.

The Highlanders! the Highlanders! — or Caledonia's own —
 To-day we dedicate to them a worthy, votive stone;
 Attesting they were up and doing at Knoxville's siege, and when
 Fort Sanders' braves bade bold defiance to thrice as many men.
 Oh, longer than this shaft will last the story of those weeks;
 The charges wild — repulse — resolve — the grit of Greeks 'gainst Greeks;
 The stout defense; the dire suspense, and how the combat ceased,
 With Sherman nearing Burnside and Longstreet lumbering east.

Brave Highlanders! good Highlanders! — they number now but few;
 'Tis well nigh sixty summers long since first they donned the blue;
 Life's battle they have fought it out, and now in winter's stage,
 They can look back at work well done, enshrined in history's page.
 They oft recall, perchance with pride, perchance as well with tears,
 Their "trusty fieres" who've passed away — their comrade volunteers;
 All gone, but one, those leaders true with whom they did and dared;
 The leader left is hale — he's here — he's Colonel Andrew Baird.

More Highlanders! young Highlanders! — their kin beyond the main —
 Are battling now 'gainst tyrant might — the might that's on the wane —
 The might that smites on land, on air, and underneath the sea —
 The might the world would fain control from Berlin on the Spree.
 With Pershing's power, Petain's and Haig's, Foch tears the Teutons' line;
 Their songs of hate they may dilate while running through the Rhine.
 But hate, avaunt! let right, not might, prevail the wide world o'er,
 "That man to man may brothers be," forever, ever more.

ADDRESS BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM RULE, G. A. R. KNOXVILLE,
 SIXTH TENNESSEE INFANTRY.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I will begin by saying, and rejoicing in it, that there never has been a time in the history of the nation when so little of sectional jealousy existed as at present.

It is fifty-five years since the Seventy-ninth New York Infantry Volunteers — the Highlanders — paid their first visit to Knoxville. At that time there were many here and in the surrounding territory delighted to see them marching under "Old Glory," whose precious folds they had but rarely seen for quite an interval previously.

Some there were, of course, around here whose sympathies were with the stars and bars, and whose relations had been for more than two years valiantly fighting in the ranks of defenders of what proved to be a lost cause. But later on, even those recognized that the Highlanders were true soldiers, akin to the braves mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as being, by native disposition, prone to revel in "the stern joy that warriors feel, in foemen worthy of their steel."

Since that eventful month of September, 1863, when the Highlanders first saw Knoxville, great changes have come over our city as they have over the entire country. All of us, those who wore the Blue and those who wore the Gray, feel honored by seeing erected on these scenes a fitting monument to the memory of so

worthy a regiment. These men gave repeated proof of sterling soldier merits, not only in and around Knoxville, but in many another hard-fought campaign as well; wherever they went in those days it was with them a case of "When Greek met Greek then came the tug of war."

The remnant still left of the Highlanders, as well as the remnants of the other unit organizations of the armies of that time, is showing the marks of advancing time. Those who enlisted at the beginning of the Civil War at the age of eighteen — and there were multiplied thousands of them — and who are yet in the land of the living, are five years beyond the three-score-and-ten period that has been regarded as the allotted space of human life. But the vast majority of those who served in the war have gone to the other shore, to "That bourne from which no traveler returns." With them life is ended, but what they accomplished will live as long as American history is read; the tragic drama they enacted will be seen in freshness by future generations passing down the corridors of time.

When we behold the wonderful progress made by our country since the close of the war — since the war-worn veterans of either side stacked arms, sheathed their swords and took up the implements of peace — a progress unknown elsewhere in all time — it seems little short of the miraculous, and our bosoms swell with pardonable pride.

I do not recall within the range of my acquaintance a veteran of the Civil War, in either the Confederate or the Union armies, who is not a hundred per cent. American. And their sons or grandsons are now standing shoulder to shoulder in the present big war against hateful autocracy: everyone will say in the language of Addison, and say it from the bottom of their hearts, "A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty, is worth an eternity of bondage."

It is my belief, my comrades and friends, and for it there is firm foundation, that when this war is over — when the victory has been won — as it is going to be — a sure and complete victory — and to the consummation of which our own United States is contributing so magnificently — glorious as the past has been there will be a better America in the future.

The war has already developed to the point of perfection the spirit of unity here. We call ourselves different names, in a

political sense; but in the war against autocracy abroad we are all of one mind — all Americans. Our forbears proclaimed the heaven-blest doctrine that “All men are created equal, that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.”

That is what we are proclaiming to the world to-day; that is what the million and three-quarters of Americans are doing in France; that is what those stand for who are in the battle, and that is what we at home stand for; any one who would take less and be content with less is not an American; he is only a counterfeit.

All of us, East, West, North and South, are now saying to the beast of Berlin, with a voice that is being heard around the world: “Lay on Kaiser, and damned be he who first cries, hold, enough!” This is a challenge, so far as surrender is concerned, that will never be heard from the lips of the invincible hosts of freedom, now marching and fighting for victory under the direction of Foch, Pershing, Petain and Haig.

ADDRESS BY ASSEMBLYMAN CHARLES D. DONOHUE.

Ladies and Gentlemen: Senator Gilchrist has set forth for us, eloquently and impressively, as is his wont, when the occasion calls for it, the distinguished part played by the Highlanders in the siege of Knoxville and the very distinguished part they took in the defense of Fort Sanders, as well as reciting in review their trials and troubles during setbacks and successes in several other campaigns and actions during the civil conflict. Listening to his narration of some of the leading events of those battle years, we are led to compare it to the accounts that we read from day to day now of that far-flung struggle in Europe, where our own troops are co-operating with the armies of France, Italy and England.

And in reference to one of those countries, it is worth noting that the Highlanders had a good sprinkling of men in their ranks who had seen service in the British army before they landed on the shores of America.

A large number of the organizations that wore the blue were made up to a considerable extent of soldiers of alien birth; and among those regiments there was hardly any that enjoyed a nobler record than the Highlanders.

Though some of them had previously received military training under a foreign flag, it was at the First Bull Run, however, that the majority of them, as first mustered in, suffered their baptism of fire. In that battle they laid the basis of a high reputation for courage and reliability; and they did it at a high cost, too, for out of the 895 men that they took there they counted a casualty list of 198, including the commander, Colonel Cameron, who was mortally wounded.

After Bull Run, elsewhere in Virginia and in South Carolina, covering a period of nearly a year of sojourning and battling, they were subjected to further ordeals and graduated to be full-fledged fighters.

The Seventy-ninth New York, to give them their official and numerical title, was typical, in a sense, of the large number of regiments that our State raised for the Federal forces; composed of volunteers from various walks of life; and it did not take long until good accounts were reported of their behavior under fire. It is something to look back on with pride the early success there was had in welding the recruits of that period into effective organizations.

The Highlanders covered very wide territory during their four years of service. They were up in arms in Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina, Mississippi, Kentucky and Tennessee.

The operations in East Tennessee had not been long in progress in the fall of 1863 when word was sent them by General Burnside to hurry to Knoxville. At that juncture they were in Kentucky, taking a much needed rest after the Vicksburg and Jackson campaigns.

To tell of the trials and achievements of the Highlanders at the siege of Knoxville would be a long story; while the tenacity with which they clung on to Fort Sanders and the almost unexampled bravery displayed by them when it was "stormed at with shot and shell" on the early Sabbath morning of November 29, 1863, were heroic enough for episodes in an epic.

The marble shaft commemorating the services of the Highlanders on these scenes is but a mere material expression of the esteem in which the men of their regiment are held and the credit that is due them for acting their part so well in upholding a great national cause. For that gallant part they are closely identified

with a chapter in the history of the nation that will be always read with deep interest.

We are here to-day by no means to celebrate a victory, but to pay our respects to a band of men who risked their lives, or gave up their lives, for the sake of noble ideals. Whatever bitterness there was felt between the sections in those days has all happily vanished; and in its stead, content all over and one flag for all hold universal sway.

The sons or the grandsons of the soldiers who wore the blue and the soldiers who wore the gray are fighting in France to-day for the very same cause for which the Highlanders offered themselves back in 1861. It is the courage that was theirs, their motives then and the principles that they espoused that are inspiring and animating our boys in khaki over there and making their co-operation so effective in the general and irresistible dash for the Rhine.

Nor can we omit mentioning specially at such an event as this the pluck and determination of the men to whom the Highlanders and the forces to which they belonged were opposed in the early sixties. Numerous monuments in commemoration of their valor and sacrifice, too, have been erected, and who will not freely admit that they are deserving tributes? Anyway, they fought for a cause which they, at that time, counted high and dear; and it cannot be denied that they fought it out manfully to the bitter end, as their sons or grandsons are doing to-day, side by side with the Northern boys, in the native land of Lafayette.

“Here’s to the blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

And here’s to the gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here’s to the Blue and the Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France;
May the spirit of God be with you all
As the sons of the Flag advance.”

ADDRESS BY THE REV. W. R. BARNETT, U. C. V., KNOXVILLE.

Mr. Chairman, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: I esteem it a great privilege to represent the United Confederate Veterans on this occasion, and I fully appreciate the generous spirit in which this privilege has been accorded me. During the misunderstanding between the sections I belonged to Company E, Fifth Regiment, Tenn. Cav., C. S. A.

I have addressed veterans here who wore the blue as comrades. My friend, W. R. Carter, who now occupies a seat on this platform, and I fought each other around Nashville in 1864, and I am in the habit of calling him my comrade on the other side. While this is not the common use of the term, I do not think it altogether inept. If I am not very much mistaken, something of the spirit of comradeship existed between Federal and Confederate soldiers during the years of the civil conflict, especially when they met between the lines to exchange such commodities as tobacco and coffee.

There is also another sense in which we are comrades. Having held different opinions about certain questions of State, as our fathers before us had done from the very foundation of the Republic, we submitted our differences to the arbitrament of war. Like true Americans, we fought out the issues that temporarily separated us, accepting the result in good faith, and have since been comrades in devotion to the interests of our common country.

Hail Comrades of the Blue and Comrades of the Gray!

Whatever opinions may now be held as to the grievances of the South, and as to its right under the Constitution to secede from the Union, it must be admitted that the logic of events is against the wisdom of secession. Events indicate that it would have been better for the South to have contended for her rights within the Union. Events also indicate that there was a Divine purpose in the preservation of the Union. Notwithstanding the alienation produced by the war, we have now lived together in peace and harmony for more than fifty years. Our achievements are marvelous and our prosperity unparalleled. We occupy the foremost place among the nations of the earth. Under the providence of God, we seem to have been especially prepared to meet the exigency of the present world crisis. Let us not forget that ability and opportunity are the measure of obligation. Let us not prove recreant to our trust.

It was not my privilege to participate in the battle of Fort Sanders, as I was on duty in lower East Tennessee at that time. However, I saw the men sent out from Chattanooga to relieve Burnside, and by using precaution I was able to see them at close range. I wanted to stop them, but esteeming prudence the better part of valor, I was careful to keep out of their way. They were a fine looking body of men, and they were well equipped. It was fortunate for Longstreet that he raised the siege before they arrived.

That was a gallant attack which Longstreet's men made on Fort Sanders in the twilight of that November morning in 1863. Charging up the hill on which the fort was situated, they did not escape the wire entanglements set for them and toppled over one another into the ditch of the fort. Undaunted by this mishap, they endeavored to scale the walls and plant the stars and bars on the fort. But they were met by men just as brave, who hurled them back and held their ground. The valor of the men who fought here, on both sides, is worthy of commemoration.

As Longstreet failed to capture the fort, I am glad that it was defended by men with Scotch blood in their veins; for I am half Scotch myself, my mother having been a McNutt.

Before concluding my remarks, I wish to refer to another New York Highlander. When the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army became inevitable, a few of the cavalry force conceived the wild idea of slipping through the cordon of Federal posts and joining the Trans-Mississippi department of the army, where they hoped to continue the fight. I had my horse saddled for that adventure, but upon reflection I saw the futility of it and gave it up. But some did go and among them was Creed Bussell, a tall, raw-boned, angular young man, with unflinching courage. He was one of General Wheeler's special scouts. They succeeded in evading the Federals until they crossed the Savannah river. Just beyond the river, in an extensive woodland, they encountered a strong detachment of cavalry. The topography of the country rendered it impracticable to escape either up or down the river. It was too perilous to attempt a retreat across the river, so they concluded to fight. Dismounting, and sheltering themselves behind trees, they opened fire on their pursuers. They made a spirited defense, but having been taken at a disadvantage by superior

numbers, they were compelled to surrender. During the last few minutes of this scrimmage Creed Bussell was pitted against a big New York Highlander. They aimed at each other from behind trees about ten paces apart. Just after the surrender, a fellow who had evidently been skulking in the rear dashed up and demanded Bussell's personal belongings. The Highlander from New York was on his mettle at once; stepping forward, he said, "Hold on there; a man who will stand up and fight as this Johnny has done shall not be robbed in my presence."

ADDRESS BY CAPTAIN ROBERT GAIR, SEVENTY-NINTH NEW YORK
VETERAN VOLUNTEERS (HIGHLANDERS).

Ladies and Gentlemen and Comrades: There is a well-known saying in one of the countries across the Atlantic — a country of which we have quite a variety of pleasant reminders here to-day — that "It is a far cry to Loch Awe." Reckoning distance in time, it is a far cry, too, from the present hour to the day when I first laid my eyes on Knoxville — wanting but half a week of fifty-five years; but in alluding to this long span I assure you that there is no sigh of sadness in my voice, for I must confess, with gratitude, that this is one of the most gladsome days of all my life.

Knoxville and its surroundings when I marched into it on September 26, 1863, was far from being looked upon as a holiday resort, especially for a person wearing a military uniform; but this did not prevent me from cultivating a liking for it then; and I desire to say, as I have always felt ever since, that there is no place in the South or the West where I would sooner steer for a pleasure trip than your city. It is nothing short of a marvel the vast changes that have come over Knoxville since the days when the Highlanders were camping and battling within it and around it.

You have heard considerable in the course of these exercises on the siege and the failure to capture Fort Sanders, notwithstanding that its defenders were vastly outnumbered. I have an especial reason for remembering that exploit, for I was then in temporary command of the Highlanders; and you can realize what my satisfaction was when I saw the flag that stood guard at the fort waving in triumph after our assailants were compelled to cry a halt to their desperate endeavors to plant their own flag in its stead. They actually did succeed in hoisting their flag on the angle of the

bastion, but it was only for a moment, for the Confederate boys who ventured on this feat, with a fearlessness and resolve seldom equalled, were stricken down forthwith.

As a memento very suitable for this dedication you have been shown our garrison flag. I have a second souvenir of the siege that I desire to bring to your attention. Mine is a small exhibit and one that will speak for itself. It is the envelope in which a letter was sent to me from New York City by my brother many long years ago. The address appearing on it was a good deal out of the ordinary, both as to style and length, for it covered nearly a whole side of the envelope and it was written in rhyme, not indifferent rhyme at all, as I think you will admit.

“Postmaster, please let this go free,
Down to Tennessee;
This three-cent stamp will pay the fare,
Until you find out Captain Gair;
In the 79th is he,
His gallant company known as E;
His army corps is number nine,
Which from the rebels take the shine.”

To have this letter delivered to me at such a time as that was could well be called a post office puzzle; but the puzzle was solved. I got it on November 17, 1863, just on the eve of Longstreet's investment of Knoxville. Arriving any later there is no knowing when it would reach me, that is if it would ever come into my hands. I have stuck to this envelope ever since with the tenacity of a postage stamp, and I am very glad that I have, if for no other reason than to be able to read its unique contents here to-day.

With this envelope and the flag there are altogether nine souvenirs of the siege at the dedication, the other seven being the Highlanders themselves. This is certainly a great day for us. We look upon it alike as a result and a reward of being in Knoxville on duty bound in the year 1863. For myself I wish to say again that it is one of the most glorious days of my life, and I am sure my six comrades feel the same about it as I do myself.

ADDRESS AND HISTORICAL SKETCH, BY CAPTAIN ROBERT ARMOUR,
SEVENTY-NINTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEES (HIGHLANDERS).

Ladies and Gentlemen: Scotchmen are ever loyal to their adopted country, while never forgetting their native land; and

those of them who had found homes in America in 1861 did not hesitate in deciding where their duty lay on realizing that a resort to arms would become necessary to preserve the integrity of the nation.

At that juncture there was already in existence an organization known as the Highland Guard, with headquarters in New York City. A good many energetic business men belonged to it, and they lost no time in increasing its numbers large enough for the formation of a regiment.

The Highlanders left New York City on the 1st of June, 1861, for Washington, accompanied by a band known as Robertson's. A few days after reaching the capital they were transferred to quarters at Georgetown College, on the heights overlooking the Potomac River, and within sight of the hills of Old Virginia. Under the direction of a West Point cadet, they spent a month in drilling at the college grounds. Then they went to their first camp, located in the vicinity, and called Camp Lochiel.

While still in the college, James Cameron, a brother of the then Secretary of War, was appointed colonel of the regiment. Colonel Cameron claimed descent from a Scottish chieftain.

The stay at Camp Lochiel was brief. From thence they were ordered across the Potomac, where they found themselves a unit in the army of General Irwin McDowell.

Brigades and divisions having been organized about the middle of July, the Highland Regiment formed part of the brigade commanded by Colonel William Tecumseh Sherman, who, as is well known, was promoted in due course to a rank and responsibility that made him one of the most prominent figures in the Civil War.

On July 16th McDowell's forces began their movement against the Confederate troops, and five days after the First Bull Run was fought. In this battle the Highlanders suffered a loss of 198 in killed and wounded, the highest casualty list of any Union regiment there, and Colonel Cameron was among the mortally wounded.

After this significant collision the Highlanders were encamped for some weeks near Washington. On September 1st, under the command of Colonel Isaac I. Stevens, they recrossed the Potomac and were employed in the construction of rifle pits and fortifications.

General McClellan was now in charge of the army, succeeding McDowell, and under him it was being largely increased and undergoing intensive preparation for a resumption of hostilities.

At this period it fell to the lot of the Highlanders, or rather four of their companies, to be called on for preventing reinforcements reaching Lewinsville. This task was both hazardous and laborious, but it was accomplished with the loss of only one man. In two weeks more the regiment was sent on a second expedition to the same place, entrusted to General W. F. Smith, by whom they were highly commended for their part in it.

The Highlanders were honored on the 29th of September by another visit from the Secretary of War, when he addressed them briefly, assuring them of his continued interest in their regiment. The same day announcement was made that Colonel Stevens was advanced to the rank of brigadier general. The regiment was sorry to lose him, but glad of his promotion. In a special order signed by him, under date of October 16th, he took occasion to emphasize the soldierly characteristics and the reliability of the Highlanders.

Circumstances, however, brought them into contact with him soon after. By his express desire, following a visit to Washington, they were ordered to Annapolis, on October 18th, for the purpose of joining the land and naval expedition being then organized under General Sherman — General Stevens being one of the commanders designated to accompany him.

Starting on October 20th from Annapolis, Fortress Monroe was reached the day after, from whence, after a halt of little more than a week, reinforced by numerous war craft, the expedition continued on its voyage. Violent storms were encountered off Fort Hatteras. We arrived at Port Royal Harbor in South Carolina on November 4th. Three days after, the Highlanders witnessed the attack by the fleet on the fortifications at Hilton Head, on the west side of the harbor, and also the assault on Bay Point, on the east side; resulting in "Old Glory" being hoisted on the flag staff at Hilton Head.

The Highlanders were landed at Bay Point, called Fort Beauregard by the Confederates, and now renamed Fort Seward. They made up the entire garrison in charge of this fort.

Expeditions were made to various islands in the harbor, as well as to the mainland; and on December 11th the brigade to which we belonged occupied Beaufort, in Port Royal Island. On January 1, 1862, the Highlanders, now also known as the Seventy-ninth New York, having received its numerical designation on December 11th, the day that Beaufort was taken, crossed the Coosaw river and took part in a battle the outcome of which was the capture of a fort facing the crossing at Port Royal Ferry. But little resistance was met in effecting this. Aside from ordinary drill and picket duty they were able to enjoy a good rest at this period.

On January 17th Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison was relieved of the command of the Seventy-ninth, and Colonel Addison Farnsworth appointed in his place. The new commander had seen service in Mexico and had also been in charge of the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers.

On June 1, 1862, the Highlanders were ordered to James Island. So close to the cradle of Secession, determined opposition was expected at this point; nor had we been long there when the expected happened — a stiff fight, resulting in the Confederates being driven to their fortifications at Secessionville, which is about eight miles from Charleston. These fortifications were attacked on June 16th, but without success. The Highlanders lost a fourth of their number in this fierce encounter. The Charleston *Mercury* reported as follows of their part in it:

“It was left to the valiant Palladins of the North — to the brave 79th Highlanders — to test the virtue of unadulterated steel on the Southern nerves; but they terribly mistook their foe, for they were rolled back in a tide of blood. Thank God, Lincoln has, or had, only one 79th Regiment, for there is only a remnant to tell the tale. The soldiers who can make such a charge, and those who can stand it — their conditions being equal — are the parties to win a war.”

The regiment was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison much of the time since General Stevens' promotion, and Colonel Farnsworth on his return from New York, June 21st, assumed charge of it again.

The following day occurred a very interesting ceremony for the Highlanders, which was the presentation by the enlisted men to General Stevens of a handsome sword, belt, sash and a pair of gold plate spurs. In returning thanks for this the General spoke

of the donors as his "beloved Highlanders" and his "soldiers of the Coosaw," at the same time expressing the hope that the Seventy-ninth would be the last regiment that he would be called upon to part with.

To the tune of "Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness," played by the band, and heartily responding to the sentiment it sounded, the Highlanders set out for northerly destinations on July 4th. They arrived at Newport News on the 16th. Here the Ninth Army Corps was in process of formation, under General Ambrose E. Burnside, and the Seventy-ninth became attached to it. On August 3d the regiment re-embarked for Acquia Creek, from whence it was taken by rail to Fredericksburg, encampment being made on Marye's Heights.

With the rest of Burnside's Corps we were assigned on August 1st to the task of guarding the left flank of the armies now under General Pope. This work entailed much strenuous marching, with some skirmishing; but we were not very actively engaged until August 28th, when, as well as on the 29th and 30th, what is known as the Second Manassas campaign was fought.

In the hard battling of the 30th the Seventy-ninth suffered severely, especially a detachment led by Captain John More, of Company D, the captain himself being badly wounded. Colonel Farnsworth, too, came out of it disabled.

The result of the Second Bull Run was not more favorable to the Federal troops than the battle fought there a little more than a year before.

In the fighting that ended this campaign, on September 1st, we were among the forces opposed to Stonewall Jackson, when his designs to cut off Pope's retreat to the capital were frustrated at Chantilly.

Our regiment lost many of its bravest commanders, with six color bearers, during these Manassas battles; and, with his hand on our flag, General Stevens suffered a death wound at Chantilly. He was a born leader; the Federal army sustained a great loss in his fall, and the Highlanders were sorely grieved when they learned his fate.

Consequent on Colonel Farnsworth being wounded, Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison took his place again.

Immediately after the Second Manassas, General Lee's army crossed the Potomac, intent on Northern conquests. The Union forces, now commanded by General McClellan, had, therefore, but little time for renewed preparation at Washington.

On September 7th we began marching in pursuit of the Confederates. By the 13th we were in the vicinity of Frederick City. The next day we were welcomed with bursting shells in the course of a march to South Mountain. Here severe fighting began at noon and continued until darkness set in. That night we rested on the top of the Mountain. In the morning it was found that the Confederates had moved away.

Two days later the big contest of this campaign took place at Antietam. It is set down in the history books as a drawn battle — the severest on any single day during the civil conflict; but inasmuch as the Confederates retreated without delay to Virginia it was practically a victory for McClellan.

The two great contending armies met again on December 13th, at Fredericksburg, where, especially at Marye's Heights, one of the fiercest of all their trials at arms occurred, with the result in favor of Lee's troops.

For making a long journey, terminating at Kentucky, the Highlanders were entrained at Fredericksburg on February 14, 1863. First going to Acquia Creek, they were conveyed by steamer to Newport News, from whence, on March 21st, they embarked for Baltimore. Taking a train from that city, they arrived at Parkersburg on the Ohio river on the 24th. Louisville, Ky., going there by boat, was reached on the 26th, the next stop being Lebanon.

In this region and by the Green river we were engaged in lively actions and manoeuvres against Morgan's raiders.

We were ordered off on another expedition in June — to help General Grant at Vicksburg. After this city capitulated, on June 4th, we were part of the forces sent to seize Jackson, also abandoned on July 17th.

The operations incident to the Vicksburg campaign being brought to a successful ending, with the rest of the Ninth Corps detachment engaged in them the Seventy-ninth began the return trip on August 6th; proceeding via Lexington, Crab Orchard, Barbourville, and finally to Knoxville, through the Cumberland Gap.

Knoxville, which we reached on September 26th, was then the centre of rather disturbed territory. To understand the situation there better, we must refer briefly to Chattanooga, where Grant and Bragg were to meet soon in a big battle. The latter felt that the presence of so strong a force in East Tennessee constituted a grave menace to him. Notwithstanding that the army of the Cumberland had been reinforced by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, under Hooker, and also that Sherman was marching from Memphis to strengthen Grant further, Bragg came to the conclusion that he would be able to cope with them all even after detaching Longstreet's divisions and sending them to oust Burnside from East Tennessee. Burnside's troops were then ranged along the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad; the left of the line being at Morristown, while the right extended south as far as Loudon. Here the railroad crossed the Tennessee river, about thirty-five miles southwest of Knoxville.

Grant on learning of Longstreet's departure telegraphed to Burnside that he would endeavor to create a diversion in his favor by engaging Bragg on November 12th. To this Burnside replied that he was getting ready to hold Longstreet, if possible, in his front until the Army of the Cumberland and its auxiliaries were in a position to strike.

Longstreet's movements proved more rapid than was expected, apparently. On November 13th the outposts at Loudon were attacked, causing some losses on both sides. Thereupon Burnside telegraphed Grant that his flank was turned and that he would concentrate his forces and fall back on Knoxville. With the comparatively small army that he had he could not hope to do any more in an open field struggle than to hold his opponent in check long enough to enable him to strengthen his base at Knoxville, and his plans were made accordingly.

Longstreet, continuing his advance, tried to cross the river at Hough's Ferry, but met with a spirited resistance from General White's Division of the Twenty-third Corps. Just prior to that time it became known through prisoners that Longstreet was close to our front; that he was determined on cleaning us out of Tennessee; and that as the Union troops then at Chattanooga had been so signally whipped at Chickamauga on September 19th, we could not hope for early relief from that direction. Our fate seemed to be sealed according to this dire prophecy. We had,

however, met Longstreet's men before and knew them to be "foemen worthy of our steel," but with the confidence that we had in General Burnside the outlook did not disconcert us too much.

Burnside's retreat to Knoxville was made in good order. Firing heard in the direction of our right flank the morning of the 16th indicated that the Confederates were on the Kingston road, endeavoring to reach Cross Roads, at Campbell's Station, which was directly in front of us; this to intercept our march to Knoxville; but we had the inside track; the Second Division of the corps, under Colonel Hartranft, arrived at the Cross Roads first and deployed across the Kingston road, over which the main body of our army was advancing. The artillery moved rapidly to the high ground east of the station. The Highlanders were placed in support of Benjamin's Battery of twenty-pounders. From this point we had a clear view of the entire field, giving us an opportunity of witnessing the battle at Campbell's Station. This was a stubborn contest, and though having inferior numbers the lines of the Union troops were not broken. Longstreet says in his report of this battle:

"If General Jenkins could have made his attack * * * or if he could have made it after the enemy had taken his second position, we must have destroyed his forces, recovered East Tennessee, and, in all probability, captured the greater portion of the enemy's forces."

But Burnside concluded that better results would be obtained by falling back on Knoxville.

The Federal troops reached Knoxville on November 17th. The principal defensive construction there was a fort half a mile west of the city, as it was then, and near the Kingston turnpike. (The site of the monument erected to the Highlanders is near that point.) Work on the fort had been begun by the Confederates, who gave it the name of Fort Loudon. But little progress had been made toward its completion until it became evident that a retreat from Lenoir was inevitable. Then Captain O. M. Poe, later a prominent officer in the engineer corps of the regular army, took prompt measures to have it properly strengthened. He employed a large force of laborers on it day and night. When the troops arrived, Lieutenant S. N. Benjamin, specially charged with the defense of the fort, made the request that the Highlanders be assigned to duty as its regular garrison.

When we entered Fort Sanders an engagement was already in progress, at a point about a mile from the Kingston road, between the Confederate advance, under General McLaws, and the Federal cavalry, aided by mounted infantry, under General W. P. Sanders. The latter had been ordered to hold McLaws' men in check as long as possible, in order that the rest of the troops might be placed in good positions on their arrival. He held his assailants at bay for several hours, but by dint of numbers was gradually forced to give way. The Confederates came within short range of the shells hurled from our twenty-pounders. Then came a lull in the fighting. It was renewed in the afternoon; the combat was plainly seen from the fort and we watched it with an interest that goes without saying. Benjamin's guns sent several shells into the Confederate lines. So close were the combatants to each other that our men were in as great danger from our own bursting shells as their opponents, and hence Benjamin's firing was discontinued.

General Burnside observed this episode from the parapet of the fort, encouraging us and exhorting us "to keep cool, fire low and be sure to hit something every time." The Confederates contented themselves with driving Sanders back and occupying the crest of the hill.

In this affair, which took place on the 18th, General Sanders was mortally wounded, and breathed his last a day or two after. As in the case of the bridge defended by Burnside at Antietam, the fort has been called after him ever since. He was a native of Kentucky and a graduate of West Point. He had also distinguished himself on Eastern battle ground.

Just before dark it was observed that the ground to the northwest of the fort, distant about a mile, was also occupied by the Confederates, so our pickets were established on the north and west, some four hundred yards off, and about the same distance from Longstreet's men. Thus ended the first day of the siege.

There was a wire entanglement in front of Fort Sanders, put there by orders from Benjamin; the wires having been strung from stump to stump, in order to obstruct any advance on the part of the Confederates. The only portions of the fort at all in a defensive position when we entered it were the west and part of the north fronts, and even there no embrasures had been cut.

On the second day of the siege, November 19th, the garrison was awakened early, and it was found that the pickets were already exchanging shots. By noon the bullets were flying at a lively rate — some of them across the fort. Meantime, “Old Glory” was flung over it, to the accompaniment of hearty cheers. The other side responded with artillery, but it did no damage.

The Confederates advanced their picket line the third day, with the result that the lead was whizzing past the fort with ominous frequency, causing our boys to do some quick ducking and dodging, and this action on their part did not escape comment and criticism. Only quarter rations were issued on the fourth day, and of coffee we got none at all. The fifth day two of the picket relief were wounded; it was now deemed best to change the pickets under cover of darkness. The reliefs were made up at roll call, which was required to be had at five o'clock each morning. The evening of the sixth day one of the cooks was killed while carrying rations to the troops. At nine o'clock the pickets of the Second Division, some distance to our right, were attacked and driven in. Following this there was an impression among us that a general attack was contemplated.

On the seventh day, as one of the men was lighting his pipe, just after completing his frugal meal, a minnie bullet struck him on the back of the neck. He fell forward, dead, as it was feared. Almost immediately, however, he picked himself up and quietly spat out blood in his hand, and the bullet with it. Examination showed that he was severely injured; but he recovered sufficiently, after a while, to be able to go back to New York. He settled down in Maryland finally and prospered there.

On the eighth day those on the right of the pickets discovered that our opponents' lines had again been considerably advanced. There was therefore no longer any chafing between the rival pickets, as previously; each side now realized that the situation had grown too serious for anything else but strenuous warfare. Three more of our men were wounded in the fort, among them Lieutenant Charles Watson. The moon that night was full and the night beautifully clear. As we lay wrapped in our overcoats and blankets, listening and on the lookout for the least movement, we could hear, occasionally, pickaxes sounding in the unfriendly quarters. These sounds banished all sentimental thoughts from

our minds; instead of indulging in reveries of home and friends we were contemplating the stern realities that confronted us. It was cold, too, fires being interdicted — even the lighting of a match was not allowed. The continuance of the digging as it reached our ears warned us in no uncertain tones that the climax was not far off. The settlement of the grave question, whether the besieged or the besiegers were to spend the winter in Knoxville was, we thought, to be finally decided.

The ninth day we heard rumors to the effect that Bragg's army was defeated at Chattanooga. We all felt hopeful enough at this time, and were disposed to look on the bright side of affairs; not wishing to borrow any fancied trouble, as we knew that there was enough of the actual around us and before us.

The morning of the tenth day opened clear. One of the holes dug in front of the fort was occupied by two of our boys, and so as to break the monotony of the hour they started to do a little sportive shooting. This incident has been told as follows: "Campbell held up his cap on his ramrod, while I had my gun leveled ready to fire; the Confederate gun and my own spoke almost simultaneously, and Campbell exclaimed, 'D — n it, I'm hit.' The other marksman was sharp, and had aimed two feet or more below the cap. A slight flesh wound in the arm was the result, and as it would have been sure death to have tried gaining the fort before darkness set in the wound was dressed with a little water from the canteens and a handkerchief tied about his arm." About eight o'clock in the morning we heard loud cheering and band music. Following this our neighbors hailed us with the question, "How are you Vicksburg?" to which we replied, "You hain't got use yet; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Some artillery firing was also directed our way, but at midnight all was quiet. We were told subsequently that the cheering and rejoicing beyond arose from news reaching them that Bragg had beaten Grant. Further reinforcements that they had just got helped to assure and encourage them still more.

The eleventh day was ushered in with rain and a fall in the temperature. Ice had also formed during the night. This time, too, the mud in the fort was nowhere less than six inches deep. Some grumbling was heard, but to offset this a light-hearted fellow would cry out, "We're happy because it can't last," and "Why

it's all in the three years, boys." That afternoon the boys opposite were observed moving large bodies of troops toward our right, so an assault was not unexpected; but night closed in without any further demonstrations. A general alarm was sounded at eleven o'clock: "Fall in, boys! They're coming. Every man to his post." Not very much excitement was felt, but a grim determination to do all that was possible was apparent all around. Our batteries sent off a few shots, and there being no response the firing ceased. The pickets had been driven in and were now close to the ditch of the fort. It was evident that daylight would witness hot work.

Lieutenant Benjamin had caused to be prepared a number of twenty-pounder shells for the expected attack; the fuses for these had been cut at twenty seconds. These shells had been laid in rows on the banquette tread at various points on the west and north of the fort, ready for instant use; and well knowing the danger which lurked in them we often wished the "darned things" were somewhere else. Observations made from the breastworks during the night revealed nothing in particular.

We remained under arms all night and care was taken that abundance of ammunition should be readily available. All spare rifles were loaded and placed in convenient places, nearly all of them being double shotted, as were also the twelve-pounder howitzers with grape or canister; while "number four" stood with lanyard in hand ready to fire. Thus it was that the last night was passed.

On November 29th, as darkness gave way to the gray dawn that ushered in the last day of the attacks on the fort, ominous sounds and lively movements indicated unmistakably that there was something much out of the ordinary in store for us. A gun was fired from the battery near the Armstrong House, used as Longstreet's headquarters; this turned out to be a signal gun, for immediately after their whole line of artillery was let loose. During a space of a few minutes we witnessed a very extraordinary display of skyrockets. Our experience of two years and a half had convinced us that the danger in shells was not always in keeping with the thunder that accompanies them; and we also knew that their infantry could not advance as long as the cannonading continued. The shrieks of those murderous missiles were well

calculated, however, to shake the morale of men less accustomed to such echoing. At length the big guns stopped their uproar, and we realized that it behooved us to be on the *qui vive*. "Now, boys, look sharp!" The long line of our opponents in gray was seen coming steadily and formidably toward us. Yells coming from them and the rattle of their musketry broke upon our ears. One glance was enough to show that the northwest bastion was the point to which they intended giving first attention.

Not a shot was fired from the fort until McLaws' braves were within fifty yards of the muzzles of our pieces; then the artillery, depressed to the lowest point, began hurling double and triple charges at them. At the same time, also, some of our men began firing over the cotton bales on top of the parapet; others through the embrasures, while at the flank a destructive fire was aimed from the rifles of the Highlanders, as well as by the Second Michigan and part of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts, which, having been moved to the north front of the fort adjoined us on the right, enabling them to sweep the ditch.

The excitement was extreme, but all buckled down to their work and encouraged each other by shouting, "Give it to them, boys! Remember Vicksburg! Remember James Island!" Those were battles in which the conditions were reversed; we were then on the outside and our opponents on the inside.

Hoping to escape the destructive fire, many of McLaws' men rushed into the ditch. Now was Benjamin's opportunity. He gave orders to have the twenty-pounder shells ignited; they were rolled down among the struggling mass beneath, causing fearful havoc. At length the Confederate fire slackened and we could see many of our assailants hurrying to the rear. Cheering heard from our quarters was answered instantly by a chorus of yells from a fresh column, who, nothing daunted by the repulse of the first line, crowded up to the assault.

Many got caught in the wires, thus breaking their lines; others fell to rise no more; but the rush onward continued notwithstanding. The assaulting party is now sending a rain of bullets through the embrasures and along the edge of the parapets. But the fire from within is as incessant and destructive as before. The gallant men in gray crowded up to the ditch, as their first line had done, but they, too, were mowed down. Shells were bursting in

the ditch, literally tearing the poor fellows to pieces. A loud yell came from the angle of the bastion, where we saw a Confederate flag rising above the exterior crest, and soon after appeared the head and shoulders of the bearer. Brave fellow! But his last moment had come, for rifles were pointed at him, and with the flag clutched in his hands, he rolled to the bottom of the ditch pierced with bullets. The feat he so daringly attempted was heroic in the extreme.

Another hero tried the same desperate feat, but with the same result. Still others crowded on. They formed a temporary bridge over the ditch, and made determined efforts to scale the parapet. At one point, two of McLaws' boys appeared within a yard of one of our sergeants, who, in the excitement of the moment, discharged his piece without withdrawing the ramrod. Unable to reload, he clubbed his rifle and flung it at them, but it did no damage. The next instant he seized an axe and knocked one of them down, the other falling at the same time pierced by a bullet.

Once more the firing lessened, and then a few of our men sprang to the angle of the parapet, capturing a Confederate flag, which a few brave fellows still persisted in planting on the fort. Some further spasmodic efforts, and the Confederate fire was stopped for good and all; then we observed them on the run and the command was given us to discontinue shooting.

We shouted to those within range of our voices to surrender, and they entered the fort by way of the embrasures.

The sun had not yet risen above the horizon, and yet how much of noble effort and vain sacrifice had been crowded into that early Sabbath morning. Parts of eleven brigades—the flower of Longstreet's army—had been hurled against a handful of men, not over 300, with the knowledge that that point of attack was the key to Knoxville, and that therefore, at whatever cost, it must be captured. In the endeavor to accomplish this, exceptional bravery and perseverance were displayed. Failure was certainly not due to any lack of courage and determination.

The casualties suffered by the Confederates, as given in their official returns, were 129 killed, 458 wounded, with 226 prisoners—making an aggregate of 813.

Benjamin, in a letter dated April 17, 1866, and written a few days before he died, said:

“About 250 muskets were in the fort and about 80 artillery men in and immediately by it—not over 300 men, inclusive of officers. In the actual assault but seven men were killed at the fort and eight wounded. During the cannonading and in the assault some thirty more were killed and wounded in the immediate neighborhood of the fort.”

The combatants at Fort Sanders had tested each other's mettle previously—at the two Bull Run engagements and at South Mountain and Antietam.

General McLaws' order of assault was as follows:

“Wofford's Georgia and Humphrey's Mississippi Brigade, followed closely by three regiments of Bryan's Brigade, to be formed for the attack in columns of regiments; the assault to be made with fixed bayonets and without firing guns; should be made against the northwest angle of Fort Loudon, or Sanders. The men should be urged to the work with a determination to succeed and should rush to it without hallooing.”

On Tuesday, December 1, 1863, the news of Grant's victory at Chattanooga was embodied in a congratulatory address by General Burnside upon our recent victory; and at the same time it was announced that relief troops, under Sherman, were on their way. These tidings put us in the highest spirits.

Early on the morning of December 5th our pickets discovered Longstreet's men in the act of withdrawing. On our skirmish line advancing, about seven o'clock, it was found that his troops

“Had folded their tents like the Arabs,
And silently stolen away.”

On January 28, 1864, Congress passed a resolution, approved by the President, that the thanks of Congress be tendered to Major General Ambrose E. Burnside, and through him to the officers and men in his command, for their gallantry, good conduct and soldier-like endurance.

Longstreet's departure did not by any means put an end to our hardships and privations at that period. Not even half rations were yet obtainable; and the section between Knoxville and the Virginia border, traversed as it had been from time to time by both contending armies, was anything but plentiful in food supplies,

It became apparent that Longstreet intended wintering in East Tennessee. His retreat was only continued far enough up the valleys of the Holston and Broad Run to afford him protection from a flank attack from the direction of Cumberland Gap. His army, as well as Burnside's, was kept constantly on the move; neither of them yet able to say where they were to pass the cold months. Small foraging parties were busy night and day; but the natives were in the same plight for edibles as the soldiers.

When we tried to purchase anything the almost invariable response was, "Got nothing ourselves, sir. The rebels cleaned us all out; haven't got a good meal in weeks; stock all drawn off and barns empty, even to the cornstalks."

What with extremely cold weather, scarcity of food and almost impassable roads, the troops had much to contend against that winter in East Tennessee; and these conditions were but little allayed until their departure in the end of March.

When it was revealed to us that we were to be transferred from Tennessee, our commander, Colonel Morrison, detailed some of us for taking the remains of our fallen comrades to the Soldiers' Cemetery at Knoxville. Those of our regiment who were in the stone cutting business had tablets prepared for the graves, giving the names of the soldiers interred there, the companies to which they belonged and the cause of their death. A memorial was also erected in the center of the plot, on which was inscribed the coat of arms of the State of New York, together with the following lines, written by Chaplain Crammond Kennedy:

Their country's soldiers — living, this simple story,
But dead, her best defense, and her undying glory.

By all the thousands that have died for thee,
O loved Republic, be thou just and free.

Our expedition in Tennessee came to a close on March 21, 1864, when we began the first lap of a sojourn back to Virginia. The knapsacks and baggage were sent north by way of Chattanooga. We began recrossing the mountains in light marching order, and continued our course via Jacksboro, thence to Walter's Gap and then along the Elk Ridge road, or trail, as it might be more properly called. Here it was found necessary to requisition pack

mules for carrying the supplies, and with all their nimbleness they had much ado overcoming the obstacles in the trail. On the morning of the 27th we were at Point Isabelle; Cuba was reached the next day and Hall's Gap on the 29th. We were now out of the wilderness and in delightful surroundings, with the blue grass region of Kentucky not far away.

We arrived at Nicholasville on the 1st of April. Proceeding by train, Cincinnati was reached at midnight. And now for an excursion over God's country. By the 9th of April we were in Baltimore, from whence, with but little delay, we left for Annapolis. There the night was spent in the train. We remained encamped at Annapolis until the 23d. Then to Washington, where we had the honor of being welcomed by President Lincoln as he stood at Willard's Hotel. We marched under orders across the Potomac on April 27th, with the rest of the Ninth Corps, and continued southward over the Fairfax Court House road. Passing through Centerville and Manassas Junction, we bivouacked near Bristoe Station.

The Highlanders took part in the Eastern hostilities that were resumed at the Wilderness on May 5, 1864. During the three days that this conflict raged our position was changed several times. On the night of the 7th the regiment was pushed forward to help cover the withdrawal of troops employed to carry out the plans that Grant had formulated when he decided to make a flank movement in the direction of Spotsylvania Court House. This assignment we found a trying one. So near were we at times to the Southern boys that we could hear them talking, which gave us the impression every now and then that they were getting ready to pounce on us. We were withdrawn from this position toward morning. Our next job was to assist in bringing up the rear of the movement.

Three days more, and the term of three years for which our regiment was enlisted would have expired. We had been anticipating with much pleasure an early return home; but some of our boys were doomed to be sadly disappointed in this. On May 9th, at Spotsylvania, we were hotly engaged again. In a brilliant charge made there, which compelled the Confederates to reel back, three of the Highlanders were killed and eleven of them wounded. Both color bearers also suffered severely, and our commander, Colonel Morrison, had his hand shattered.

While in line of battle on the 12th, still determined to do their full share of duty, the Highlanders were withdrawn from the front, by order of Burnside, and assigned to provost guard service. Their three-year term expired the following day; when they began a march to Fredericksburg, and from thence to Belle Plain, continuing by boat to Washington. Here we entrained for New York city, which was reached on the 18th, when we were taken in charge by the city authorities and conducted to Jefferson Market armory.

The final muster out of the original members was observed on May 31st, so we were able henceforth to devote ourselves to much needed, and, as we thought, well deserved rest and recreation.

Those whose term of service had not yet run its course were conducted, in charge of Captain Henry G. Heffron and Captain Andrew D. Baird, to the general rendezvous at Randalls Island; and on June 8, 1864, they left for the front once more.

By means of active recruiting, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel M. Elliott exerted himself energetically, this detachment succeeded in securing three full companies; Captain Heffron having been promoted in the meantime to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and Captain Baird to that of major and brevet lieutenant-colonel.

Colonel Heffron had been detailed for duty on the staff of the general commanding and filled the position of provost marshal much of the time since he succeeded Colonel Morrison. The immediate command of the regiment thus devolved on Colonel Baird, and he served in that capacity during the final attack on Petersburg, which practically closed the civil conflict.

The Highlanders took part in forty battles and actions, their total of casualties being 558.

Of the 2,037 who enlisted in the Highland Regiment there are at present (September 23, 1918) but twenty-seven survivors, as shown by the roster of the veteran association kept by its secretary, Joseph Stewart. These include six officers (perhaps seven). In the natural course of events this small remnant will ere long more have crossed the "great divide;" but the official records will always testify that in the most trying years of the nation's history the Highlanders, true to the traditions of their race, did their share of duty, and established a reputation of which their descendants will have reason to be proud.

SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE SEVENTY-NINTH HIGHLANDERS
VETERAN ASSOCIATION

Andrew D. Baird	Robert Gair
John Muir	Joseph Gildersleeve
Joseph Stewart	William Gray
William H. Adam	Charles Harrington
Robert Armour	Thomas Harrison
Henry Babeuf	Jeremiah Haley
Edward Brice	Henry G. Heffron
John W. Berry	George Harrison
Henry F. Bloomfield	Charles E. Locke
Frank M. Chamberlin	John Muir
William H. Conley	Francis Ritchie
E. B. Demarest	George W. Ryerson
David G. Falconer	John Wilson
	Hugh Young

“At Fort Sanders,” by James Kennedy, of New York.

The Holstein River flows serene
 By banks enwreathed in gold and green;
 The opal sky of Tennessee
 Spreads spotless as an amber sea,
 And nature's face and form and look
 Familiar as an open book.
 But where are they who face to face
 Fought bravely on this hallowed place?
 A remnant of the long ago,
 With feeble steps and locks of snow,
 With all our ancient strife forgot
 Are come to mark this sacred spot.

Though hate is hot it will not stay,
 We fiercely fought but for a day,
 While through the long years o'er and o'er
 We learned to love you more and more
 Until this crowning, glad event —
 This noble marble monument —
 Is proof that though we dwell apart
 Remembrance in the Southern heart
 Has blossomed in this happy hour
 Luxurious as the aloe's flower,
 Nor time, nor dull decay, shall mar,
 But changeless as the polar star.

Through darksome days and doubtful nights
 Our land has reached serener heights,
 Our faith, the warring world shall learn,
 And earth's embattled hosts discern,
 That through the furnace fires of strife
 The future leads to nobler life;
 And battle-furrowed fields become
 As shrines where ancient hate is dumb —
 As pathways to the wise and good
 That lead to human brotherhood —
 As voices that prophetic tell
 Of Peace on Earth and All is Well!

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