



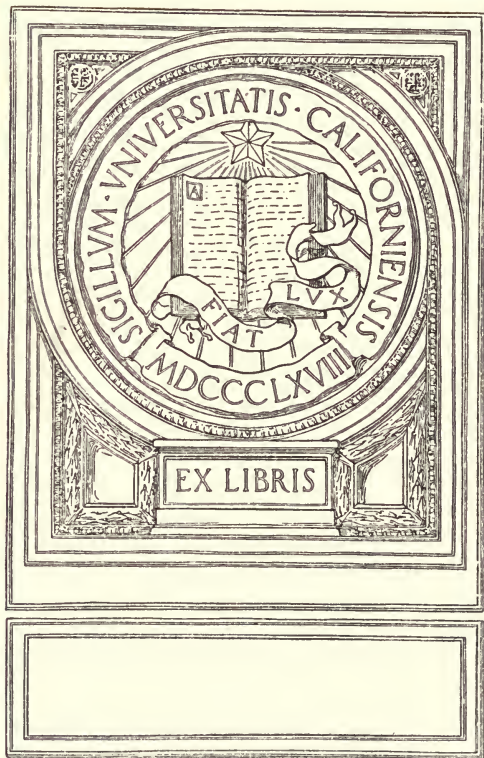


JOURNAL OF B. L. RIDLEY
LIEUT. GENERAL A. P. STEWART'S STAFF
— C. S. A. —

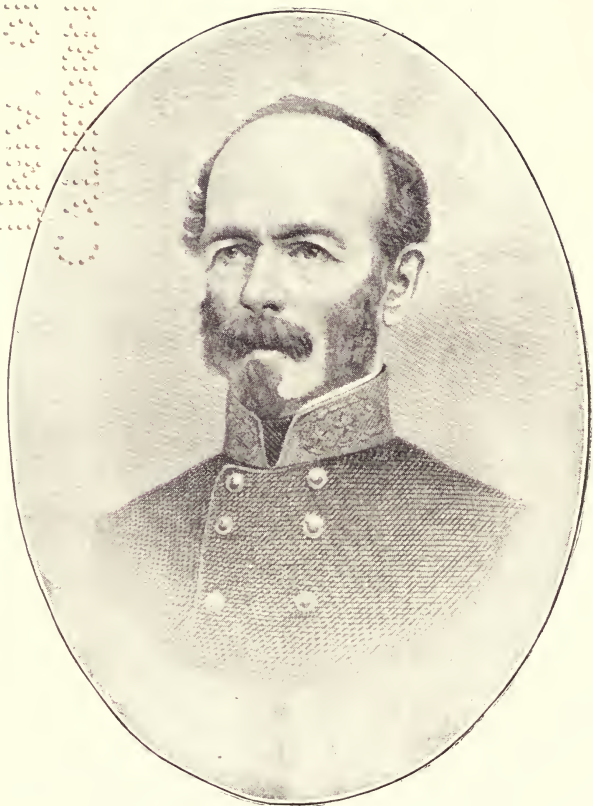




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GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,
THE IDOL OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

BATTLES AND SKETCHES

OF THE

ARMY OF TENNESSEE

BY

BROMFIELD L. RIDLEY,

LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. STEWART'S STAFF,

C. S. A.

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BY

B. L. RIDLEY,

TO THE RANK AND FILE
OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE
AND TO THE
MOTHERS, SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF THE SOUTH,
THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

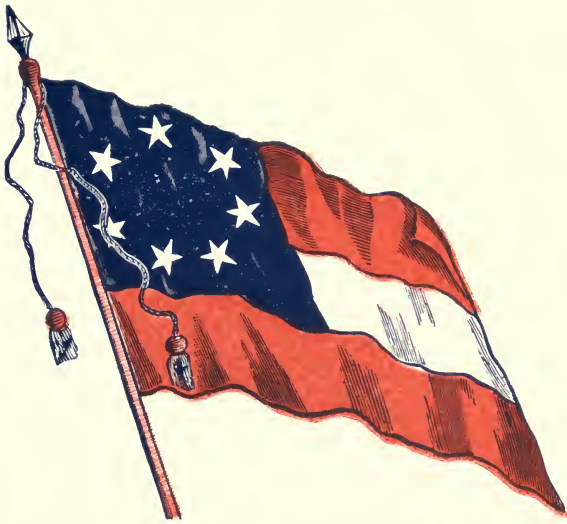
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EPITAPH OF

The Confederate Flag.

(By John Dimitry, New Orleans.)

Not long unfurled was I known,
For fate was against me;
But I flashed over a pure cause,
And on land and sea
So fired the hearts of men unto heroism
That the world honors me.
Within my folds the dead who died under them
Lie nobly shrouded;
And my tattered colors, crowned with
A thousand shining victories,
Have become for the people who loved me
A glorified memory.



CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA

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PREFATORY NOTE.

To find a proper description of a battle, it is best to scan the report of him who planned and fought it. I have endeavored to copy some of these reports from the Civil War records, giving in chronological order the Southern side of the principal battles and events of the Army of Tennessee and of the west. Accompanying the reports of some of the general officers and of my own of the execution of the battles, appear my journal and sketches written by myself and by other reliable eye witnesses, many of which have been published in the Confederate Veteran during the past seven years. The journal is that of a boy, and the sketches where written by the author are as impressions made upon a boy. It is not claimed for these perfection, but they are as nearly correct as a soldier in a humble position could understand them. The writings seem to have been enjoyed by the survivors of the Confederate and Union Veterans, as depicting real life in camp and "seeing it as it was seen". Eschewing all bitterness between the sections and avoiding encroachment upon feelings engendered by partisanship, my endeavor has been, as a private soldier in Gen. Jno. H. Morgan's cavalry and afterwards as aid-de-camp to Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Stewart, commanding a corps in the army of Tennessee, to picture the humorous side of our Southern soldiery, and to write of facts as I saw, heard and understood them. My thanks are due to Lieut.-Gen. Stewart for valuable suggestions after reviewing my work; to Maj. Jno. W. Thomas, President of the N. C. & St. Louis R. R.; to W. B. Earthman & Co., prominent lumbermen of my section; to Mr. S. A. Cunningham of the Veteran and to Maj.-Gen. S. G. French (author of Two Wars), for courtesies extended.

"Were they right?
Were they wrong?
Their contest was long.
They suffered much,
Yet they were true.
We honor their memory in story and song.
Would you?
Were they brothers to you?"



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. STEWART,
ARMY OF TENNESSEE, C. S. A.

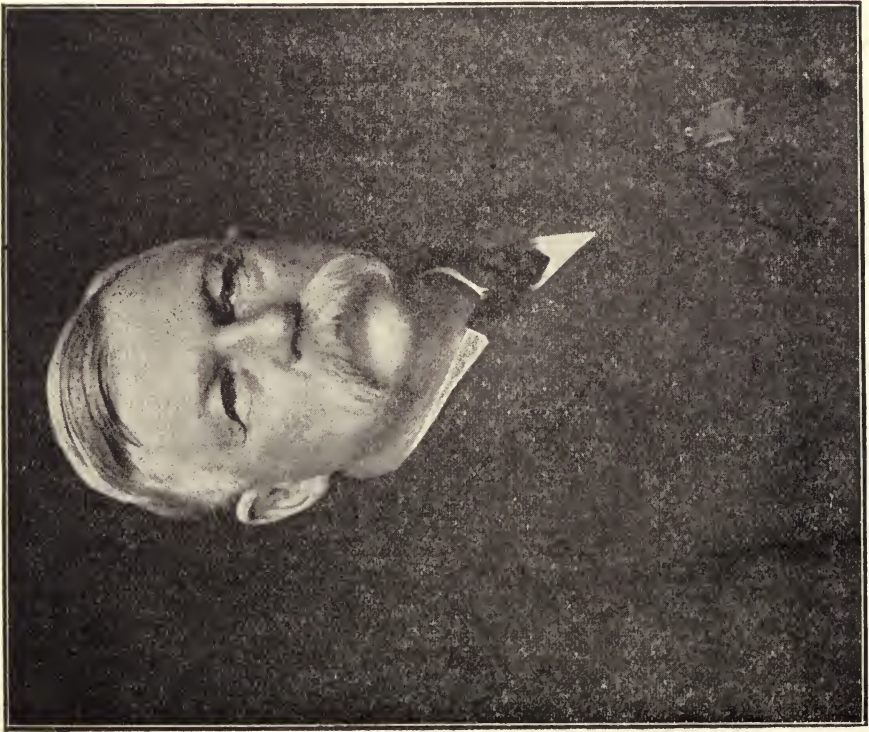
THE NEW
AMERICAN

INTRODUCTION.

The Lebanon Law School, the Law Department of Cumberland University, attained the front rank among the law schools of the country, very soon after its origin. The founder of the school, Hon. Abram Caruthers of Smith county, Tennessee, was one of the ablest of the Circuit Judges of the state. The University had no endowment, all the members of the faculty being supported only by tuition fees. Judge Caruthers had such confidence in his ability to maintain, in the University, a law class that would amply compensate him, that he resigned his seat on the bench, left his farm on the Caney Fork, moved his family to Lebanon and was announced as Professor of law, ready to receive a class at the opening of the next collegiate year. This was somewhere in the latter forties. The first class that assembled exceeded his expectations in number, and placed beyond doubt the brilliant success of the school. It soon became apparent that the services of another professor were needed. To supply this need the Hon. Nathan Green of Winchester, Tenn., perhaps the most distinguished member of the Supreme Court of the state, a man of striking personal appearance and distinguished for learning, ability and lofty Christian and moral character; and the Hon. Bromfield L. Ridley of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Chancellor of the Fourth Chancery Division of the state were selected. They were to retain their seats on the bench, giving their spare time to the Law School, and together performing the duty of one full professor. Judge Ridley is said to have been "one of the lawyers of the old school, learned in the law and holding that integrity of character is one of the things to be praised in this life". He came from North Carolina, was educated at Chapel Hill, and was one of the most distinguished of the early Chancellors of Tennessee.

Under the management of these three professors, Caruthers, Green and Ridley, the Law Department of Cumberland University flourished apace. They were all men of great ability, great learning, and of the very highest Christian and moral character. Their personal example, their daily walk and conversation, were a benediction to their students.

Judge Ridley served as chancellor until the outbreak of the War of Secession in 1861 and even until the surrender in 1865. He was an ardent Secessionist and had five sons in the Confederate army, all noted for their gallantry. During almost all the War he was an exile from home on account of Federal oppression. After the war he formed a law partnership at Murfreesboro, and resided there until his



E. L. RIDLEY, STAFF OF LIEUT.-GEN A. P. STEWART



R. C. STEWART, SON OF LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. STEWART, AND A MEMBER OF HIS STAFF.

death, August 11, 1869. He was a devout member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, dispatched business so swiftly while Chancellor that he was known as the "galloping Chancellor," and because of his protection to women when cases appeared in his court in which they were concerned, he was known as "the woman's friend". But perhaps the two greatest stones in his monument, if we except his high Christian example, are to be referred to yet.

The first was his effort, directly after the war to bring about emancipation of the Southern sympathizers of his state, who had been disfranchised. This effort of his reflecting honor alike on his patriotism and his legal attainments would undoubtedly have proved successful had it not been anticipated by DeWitt C. Senter in the well known canvass for the Governorship by that gentleman and William B. Stokes.

The second was the part he took in founding the Law School of Cumberland University. Will T. Hale:—"Judge Ridley was not only a Christian gentleman of the highest character, but he was also a most genial companion, a warm hearted, true friend."

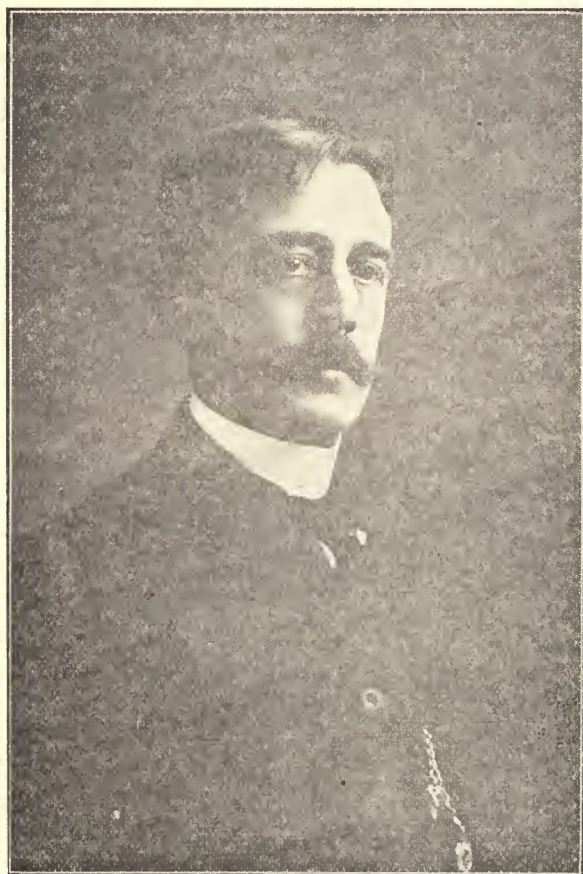
One of the five sons he had in the Confederate Army was his name sake, Bromfield Lewis Ridley, the author of the Journal. Of heroic parentage; an associate and school mate at Old Jefferson, his native place, and subsequently at the University of Nashville, of that immortal hero Sam Davis, and of his brother Oscar Davis. At the battle of Murfreesboro, though only seventeen years of age, he and four or five other boys, not members of any command, for they were too young, engaged in "picking up" some 212 Federal stragglers and turned them over to the Confederate pickets at Black's shop. After the battle he joined Company F, Ward's regiment, Morgan's cavalry, and followed the regiment through the battles of Milton, Carthage, Lancaster, Ky., Snow Hill, Grassy Creek, Ky. and McMinnville, Tennessee. In July, 1863 while the Confederate Army was camped at Tullahoma, in middle Tennessee, young Ridley was ordered to report to this writer, then a Major-General, as an aid-de-camp.

He served with me, very creditably, to the end of the war, or "the surrender" as it is usually termed.

The military operations of the Army of Tennessee, during the interval of time, June, 1863 to close of the war, were: The retreat from Tullahoma to Chattanooga. From Chattanooga, Stewart's division was sent to Loudon to reinforce General Buckner who was in command in east Tennessee. From Loudon, Buckner's own division, commanded by Preston and Stewart, the two constituting a provisional corps, commanded by Buckner, fell back to McLemore's Cove, where a battle should have been fought, on the morning of September 11, 1863. From McLemore's Cove, the corps moved via Lafayette, Georgia, to the battlefield of Chickamauga where the great battle was fought, beginning with preliminary conflicts Friday afternoon, Sept. 18, 1863, and continuing throughout Saturday and Sunday the 19th and 20th. Then came the investment of Chattanooga and the final rout of the Confederate army, November 25, 1863, from Missionary Ridge, the retreat, the winter at Dalton, Georgia, the Atlanta Campaign of 1864 under that master of the science of war, General

Joseph E. Johnston, and his unfortunate removal from command by an order from Richmond, Sunday, July 17, 1864, a stupendous blunder which, in my judgment, was the coup de grace of the Confederate cause. Then came Hood, the battle of Peach Tree Creek, July 20th; the battle of Atlanta, the 22nd; the battle of Mount Ezra Church, the 28th; Lovejoy's Station and Jonesboro, 31st. Sherman then

got possession of Atlanta and began his devastating march to Savannah and Charleston, while Hood retired northward and made the campaign into Tennessee and fought the disastrous battles of Franklin and Nashville. Afterwards the army fell back to Tupelo, Mississippi, and early in 1865 was moved into North Carolina, and had its last battle with Sherman at Cole's Farm near Bentonville in Mar. 1865. Then came the end. Captain Ridley was familiar with all these operations and the various battles in which Stewart's division and afterwards Stewart's corps participated. He has not undertaken to write a history, nor to give the battles and marches gener-



DR. A. P. STEWART, YOUNGEST SON OF GEN. A. P. STEWART

ally, but only the prominent ones and to record a few scenes, some military, some social, some humorous and amusing,—that impressed themselves on his mind, an account of which may prove interesting to others. His sketches, as they have appeared in the *Confederate Veteran*, seem to have been enjoyed by the many readers of that most valuable monthly and no doubt will be appreciated by others. Capt. Ridley has much of the bonhomie of his father, and is, I believe, a social favorite. His mother was an admirable woman, a worthy companion of her distinguished husband, and like him, a devoted Christian.

ALEX. P. STEWART.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, August 15, 1905.

BATTLES AND SKETCHES

OF THE

ARMY OF TENNESSEE

C. S. A.

General Albert Sidney Johnston commanded the Western Department of the Confederate forces in 1861-62. The first division of the department under Maj.-Gen. Leonidas Polk, was located at Columbus, Kentucky, on the Mississippi river. The central division was at Fort Henry on the Tennessee river near its mouth and also at Fort Donelson near Dover, on the Cumberland river. These two forts were about twelve miles apart. In this central division was also included Bowling Green, Kentucky, where Gen. Johnston commanded and had his headquarters. The eastern division of Gen. A. S. Johnston's forces, under the command of Gen. George B. Crittenden, extended to Fishing Creek or Logan's Cross Roads, Kentucky, near Somerset.

The Belmont battle just across the Mississippi river from Columbus, Ky., fought the 7th of November, 1861, was the scene of the first Confederate victory in the west. Logan's Cross Roads or Fishing Creek, fought Jan. 19, 1862, was the first Confederate defeat. Shortly after came the disastrous conflicts to Confederate arms of Fort Henry on the Tennessee, 6th of Feb., 1862, and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, 15th of Feb. 1862. Then came the retreat from Bowling Green, Ky. through Nashville, Tenn., via Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, across the river to Decatur, Alabama, on to Shiloh.

The defeat at Fishing Creek and at Fort Donelson opened up the rivers to Federal gun-boats and placed the Tennessee river as a dividing line between the Confederate forces, thereby necessitating an entire change of base; hence the organizations that afterward formed the Army of Tennessee were first located at Belmont, Mo., New Madrid, Mo., Island No. 10, Fort's Henry and Donelson, Bowling Green and Fishing Creek, under Gen. Johnston, who retired from Bowling Green and the eastern side of the Tennessee river to form a junction at Shiloh with Gen's. Polk, Hardee, Bragg from Grenada, Mississippi, and Beauregard. These concentrated forces fought the great battle of Shiloh against the pursuing Federal armies of Gen's. Grant and Buell. Said Southern army organized under the name of The Army of the Mississippi, in the spring of 1862. This



HON. A. C. STEWART, OF ST. LOUIS, SON OF
LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. STEWART.

organization remained intact until The Army of the Mississippi, under Gen. Braxton Bragg, successor to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, deceased, removed from Corinth, Miss., to which place they had retired after the Shiloh battle on the Tennessee river, to Tupelo, Miss. and thence to Chattanooga, Tenn. Gen. Bragg crossed the Tennessee at this point with 30,000 men, marched through Kentucky to near Louisville, pursued by Gen. Buell with about 85,000 men. In Kentucky the successful battles of Richmond, Mumfordsville and Perryville were fought. After this the Confederate Army under Gen. Bragg withdrew and settled at Murfreesboro, Tenn. and re-organized the army under the name of The Army of Tennessee. From this time November 1862, the Army of Tennessee was so called until the surrender of the Confederate forces at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

After the famous battle of Murfreesboro or Stone's river, Tenn., beginning in the Christmas of '62 and up to January 3, '63, the Army of Tennessee retired to Shelbyville and Tullahoma, leaving the Federal Army of the Cumberland under Gen. Rosecrans in possession of Murfreesboro. Said armies remained intact until the Federal Army of the Cumberland began a flank movement by way of Hoover's Gap and McMinnville, Tenn., east from Murfreesboro, when Gen. Bragg retreated across the mountain to Chattanooga, Tenn. Then came McLemore's Cove and soon ended in the great battle of Chickamauga. The disaster to the Federal Army of the Cumberland under Gen. Rosecrans caused them to retreat to Chattanooga and the Army of Tennessee, (Gen. Bragg) to pursue from Chickamauga. They took up their position on Missionary Ridge in front of Chattanooga and there remained until Nov. 25, '63, when the three concentrated armies, under the Federal General Grant, namely: The Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Ohio and the Army of the Tennessee, about 125,000, pushed the small Confederate Army of Tennessee off of Lookout mountain and Mission ridge (Gen. Longstreet having been taken from them with about 15,000 men and sent to Knoxville) and pursued them to near Dalton, Georgia.

In 1863-64 the armies went into winter quarters, the Federal Army at Ringgold, the Confederate at Dalton. In March 1864, the Dalton campaign opened. Gen. Bragg had resigned, Gen. Hardee had commanded temporarily but was now succeeded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston who lead the famous hundred days fight from Dalton to Atlanta.

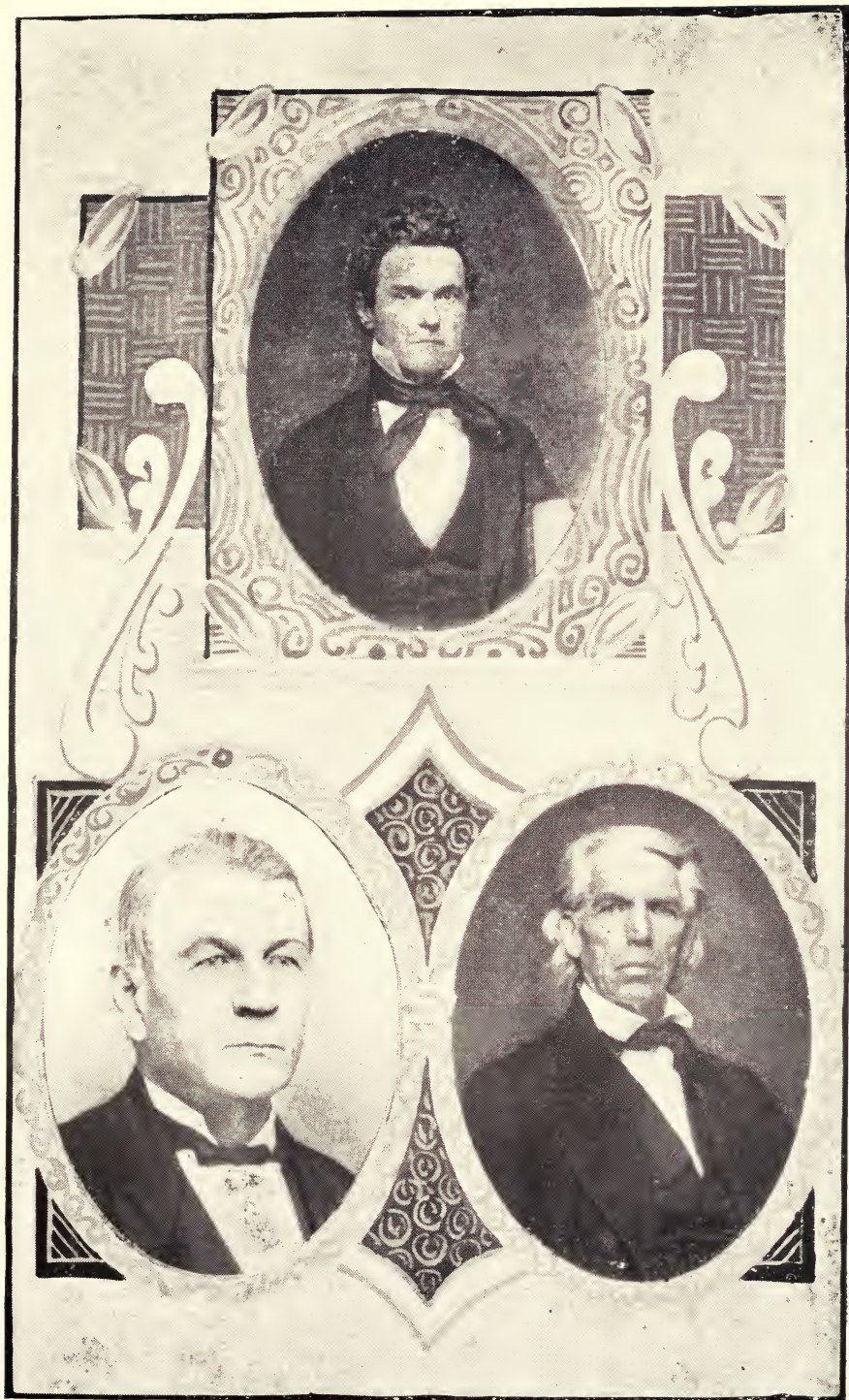
On the 17th day of July 1864, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston being still pursued by the three Northern armies under Gen. William T. Sherman, was relieved from duty and Gen. John B. Hood placed in command. After several unsuccessful battles by Gen. Hood, which caused him to retire to the neighborhood of Jonesboro, Ga., a forward movement of the Army of Tennessee was projected via Punkintown, Big Shanty, Vanwert, Ga. and Gadsden, Decatur and Florence, Alabama on to Nashville. In this time was fought the battles of Allatoona, Ga., Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. The Army of Tennessee now for the third time, (after battle of Nashville) left Tennessee,

crossed the Tennessee river at Baldrige and retreated to Tupelo, Mississippi, where Gen. Hood resigned and Gen. Dick Taylor was placed temporarily in command. In the meantime the remnant of the Army of Tennessee was transported by rail from Tupelo, Miss. via Mobile up Tensaw landing to Pollard, thence to Montgomery, Ala., Macon and Augusta, Ga. The army then footed it through Edgefield, Union and Chester counties and took cars at Chester, S. C. to intercept Gen. Sherman, who, when Hood went into Tennessee, divided his army at Jonesboro, Ga. and made his "march to the sea". At Cole's farm near Bentonville, N. C., the Army of Tennessee had her last battle with Sherman under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who had been reinstated. From this point, the Army of Tennessee marched via Smithfield through Riley, Chapel Hill and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C.

During Bragg's administration his maneuvers caused the overthrow of his adversaries, Gen's. Buell and Rosecrans.

During Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's administration, one of the most artful military games on the chess board was played from Dalton to Atlanta, commanding as he did 47,000 and being pursued by 125,000.

The reports and sketches to follow, lead up to and give in chronological order the notable happenings and incidents of the Army of Tennessee.



HON. ABRAM CARUTHERS, (TOP) HON. BROOMFIELD L. RIDLEY, (LEFT) HON. NATHAN GREEN,
(RIGHT) FOUNDERS OF THE LEBANON LAW SCHOOL, LEBANON, TENNESSEE.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

Bowling Green, Ky., November 8, 1861.

General Cooper, Richmond, Va.,

Adjutant-General.

The following dispatch I have just received from General Polk:
Columbus, Ky., Nov. 7, 1861.

The enemy came down on the other side of the river at 8:30 to-day, 7,500 strong, landed under cover of gunboats, and attacked Colonel Tappan's camp. I sent over three regiments under General Pillow, to his relief; then, at intervals, three others; then General Cheatham; then I took over two others to support a flank movement. It was a hard fought battle, lasting from 10:30 till 5 this evening. They took Beltzhoover's battery, which we retook. They were thoroughly routed, we pursuing them to their boats, seven miles. The roads were strewn with their dead and wounded, guns, ammunition, and equipments. Our loss considerable, theirs heavy. We are expecting an attack from this side in the morning by large force from Mayfield Creek and Paducah.

This will explain the delay of General Pillow's movement.

A. S. JOHNSTON.

Gen. Polk to Gen. Johnston.

Columbus, Ky., Nov. 28, 1861.

My Dear General:

I send you to-day my report of the battle of the 7th. I regret the delay in submitting it, but my head, and nervous system generally, have been in such a state since the bursting of the gun, I have been unable to do more than a little at a time of anything. Besides this, too, I desired to be accurate in my statements and just to every one.

I have waived my resignation tendered Nov. 6, 1861, as Davis seems very much opposed to it, and I shall endeavor to do my duty.

I remain, very truly, your friend,

L. POLK.

Headquarters, First Division, Western Department.

Columbus, Ky., November 10, 1861.

I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the army under my command in the battle of the 7th:

From information received from several sources, I had reason to

believe it was the intention of the enemy to attack my position at this place at an early day, provision to meet which was made accordingly. Between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, a courier arrived at headquarters, informing me of the movement of a strong force designed to attack General Thompson's position at Bloomfield and New Madrid. When, therefore, I was informed shortly after day-break, through a member of my staff, that the enemy had made his appearance in the river with gunboats and transports, and was landing a considerable force on the Missouri shore, five or six miles from Belmont, I became satisfied it was his intention to make the attack general. I dispatched immediately messengers to the general officers of division to inform them of my impressions and position of affairs, with instructions to make such disposition of their commands as the emergency required.

The same information was conveyed to Colonel Tappan, who was in command of the force at Belmont. To General Pillow, whose division was nearest the point immediately threatened, I gave orders in person to move immediately to the relief of Colonel Tappan, with four of his regiments. For this service, he detailed Colonel Russell's, Colonel Wright's, Colonel Pickett's, and Colonel Freeman's, regiments of Tennessee volunteers. These, with Colonel Tappan's Thirteenth Arkansas, Captain Beltzhoover's Watson battery, and a squadron of Lieutenant Colonel Miller's battalion of cavalry, composing the force on the other side, were deemed sufficient to resist the column reported to have landed. Having an adequate number of steamers at the landing, this order was promptly executed.

My attention was then directed to the proper distribution of the forces for receiving an attack on the Columbus side of the river. Having examined and found the batteries in the fort in a proper condition, I proceeded up the river to examine the dispositions of General McCown, who was charged with the defenses of the left flank. These, I found to be satisfactory. He had already advanced a battery of long range guns, under the command of Capt. R. A. Stewart, of the Louisiana Pointe Coupee battery, to a position from whence he could reach with ease the enemy's gunboats.

From this point and that occupied by the heavy siege battery, under command of Captain Hamilton, as also from several of the guns of the fort, he opened a heavy fire, which was duly responded to by the enemy. After half an hour's engagement the boats were driven up the river. At a subsequent period they again dropped down and renewed the conflict, throwing shot and shell into the works. This was continued for an hour, when they were again forced to retire.

Ascertaining that the remaining portion of General Pillow's division, as well as that of General Cheatham, was in proper position, I returned to the river bank opposite to Belmont. At 10:20 o'clock the firing of the enemy's advanced guard upon our pickets was heard, and in about forty minutes afterwards, the engagement became general with all arms.

Taking my position on the river bank, midway between the two points of expected attack, I dispatched one of my aides to the Missouri

shore to inform General Pillow of my position and readiness to afford him such support as he might require. In reply, he requested me to send him additional ammunition, a regiment of infantry, and a section of artillery, to be held as a reserve. The ammunition and Col. Knox Walker's regiment were sent him immediately, and instead of a section of artillery, I dispatched him two field batteries, those of Capts. W. H. Jackson and Polk. Such a force of field artillery had become necessary from the fact, that Captain Beltzhoover's battery, from want of ammunition, had ceased firing, and the enemy had opened fire with a heavy battery, of the presence of which upon the field I had until then not been apprised. The steamer transporting these batteries, in her attempt to land them on the Missouri shore, by some means lost her stage planks, and the landing at that moment became impossible. She was forced to return to the Kentucky shore. Captain Polk's battery was landed at a later hour, but too late to render service in the operations of the day.

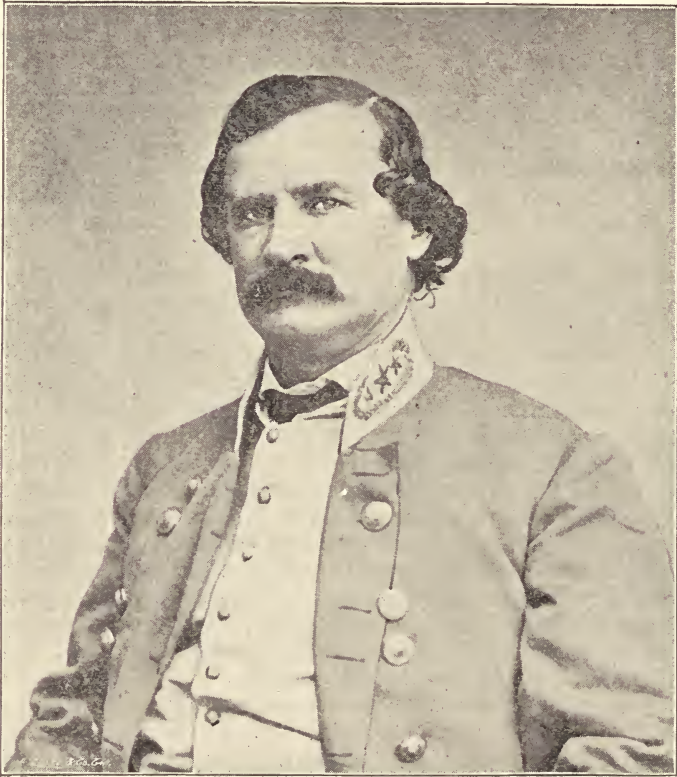
By this time it was obvious that further re-inforcements had become necessary, and Colonel Carroll's Fifteenth Tennessee and Colonel Marks' Eleventh Louisiana regiment, which had been ordered to the river bank and were held as a reserve, were ordered forward. I directed Colonel Marks to land his regiment higher up the river, with a view to a flank movement which he was ordered to make. Shortly after his landing he was met by General Pillow, who directed him, with his regiment and that of Colonel Carroll, to move rapidly on the enemy's flank. General Pillow directed Colonel Russell, with his brigade, to support that movement, and himself accompanied this command during the execution of the movement under Colonel Marks. Captain Jackson, who had reported to General Pillow that he could not get his battery ashore, was attached to his staff, and directed to lead this column. In aiding Lieutenant Colonel Barrow, who was in immediate command of the Eleventh Louisiana, to bring a portion of the column into line, he fell severely wounded.

Apprehending every moment an attack in my rear on Columbus, which subsequent information proves to have been the enemy's plan, it was with great reluctance I lessened the force assigned to its defense. Nevertheless, it was obvious from the yielding of our columns to the heavy pressure of the masses of the enemy's infantry, and the fierce assaults of their heavy battery, that further re-inforcements were necessary. I ordered down General Cheatham with the first brigade of his division, under command of Colonel Preston Smith. The General, having arrived in advance of his brigade, was directed by me to take the nearest steamer and to move promptly across the river, to rally and take command of the portions of regiments within sight of the shore, and to support the flank movement ordered through Colonel Marks. This he did promptly and effectively.

At this juncture the enemy fired our tents, and advancing his battery nearer the river bank, opened a heavy fire on the steamers which were transporting our troops, in some instances driving shot through two of them at the same time. Their commanding pilots and other officers, nevertheless, stood firmly at their posts, and exhibited

a fearlessness and energy deserving of the highest praise. These boats were the Prince, under Captain Butler who particularly distinguished himself, the Charm, under Captain Trask, and the Hill, under Captain Newell, with the Kentucky, under Captain Lodwick.

I directed Captain Smith's Mississippi battery to move to the



LIEUT.-GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM.

river bank, opposite the field of conflict, and to open upon the enemy's position. I also directed Maj. A. P. Stewart, in command of the heavy guns in the fort, to open up on the same position, it being now seen that these guns could be used without causing danger to our troops.

This joint fire was so terrific as to dislodge the enemy, silence his battery, and cause him to take up his line of march for his boats. He had scarcely put himself in motion, when he encountered Colonel Marks, first, and afterwards, General Cheatham in his flank, with both of whom, severe conflicts followed, and by whom he was driven in with great loss.

On the arrival of General Cheatham's brigade, being now satis-

fied the attack on Columbus for some reason had failed, I took charge of it, together with Captain White's company of Lieutenant-Colonel Logwood's battalion of cavalry, and proceeded with them across the river, having first ordered two regiments of General McCown's division to follow.

On landing I was met by Generals Pillow and Cheatham whom I directed, with the regiments of General Cheatham's command and portions of others, to press to the enemy's boats. This order was executed with alacrity, and in double quick time. The route over which we passed was strewn with dead and wounded of the conflicts of Colonel Marks and General Cheatham, already alluded to, and with arms, knapsacks, overcoats, etc.

On arriving at the point where his transports lay, I ordered the column, headed by the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Senior Regiment of Tennessee volunteers, under cover of a field thickly set with corn, to be deployed along the river bank within easy range of the boats. This being accomplished, a heavy fire was opened upon them simultaneously, riddling them with balls, and, as we have reason to believe, with heavy loss to the enemy. Under this galling fire he cut his lines and retreated from the shore, many of his soldiers being driven overboard by the rush of those behind them. Our fire was returned by the heaviest cannonading from his gunboats, which discharged upon our lines, showers



LIEUT.-GEN.
LEONIDAS POLK.

of grape, canister, and shell, as they retired with their convoy in the direction of Cairo. It being now sunset, and being left in possession of the field, I ordered the troops to retire.

My first acknowledgement for this signal triumph of our arms, and the defeat of the machinations of our enemies, are due to the favoring providence of Almighty God, by which his plans were unveiled and frustrated, and by which the hearts of our troops were made strong in the day of battle. Confiding in the justice of our cause, we have felt we could put our trust in His protection and defense, and He has given us the victory.

Our thanks are due to the brave officers and soldiers who, under God, were the instruments of this victory. To Brigadier-General Pillow, to whom the duty of receiving the enemy's attack was assigned, is due the credit of meeting that attack with firmness, and of sustaining the heat of the conflict in the early part of the engagement. This he did with persistent energy and gallantry, courageously supporting and encouraging his troops by cheering words and personal example.

My thanks are due to General McCown for the promptitude with which he made the disposition proper for the defense of the left flank on the Columbus side, and for the manner in which he controlled the movements of the gunboats, by the judicious management of the field battery of Captain Stewart, the siege battery of Captain Hamilton, and the heavy guns in the fort.

I am indebted also to General Cheatham, who, at a later hour, by his promptitude and gallantry, rallied the broken fragments of our columns, and directed them with such resistless energy against the enemy's flank.

Colonel Marks, of the Eleventh Louisiana regiment, rendered most efficient service by the decision with which he led his column, in the face of the most discouraging circumstances, to the attack on the enemy's flank.

The condition of the field after the battle, and the route pursued by the flying enemy, sufficiently testify to the deadly aim of the Louisianians and Tennesseans, who composed his command. It was in this attack that the gallant Major Butler lost his life in the performance of a duty in advance of his columns. He was a young officer of high promise, and deeply lamented by all who knew him.

The firmness with which Col. J. V. Wright and his gallant regiment sustained themselves on the left flank of the first line of battle, and elsewhere, merits strong commendation.

The Watson Battery was served with decided ability and unflinching courage by the commander, Captain Beltzhoover, who retired his guns from the field only after he had exhausted his ammunition. In this connection also, as belonging to the same command, it is due to Colonel Tappan and his regiment to say, that the promptness with which they prepared to receive the enemy, and the determined courage with which they sustained their part of the general conflict, are entitled to approbation.

To Capt. M. Smith, of the Mississippi battery, and to Maj. A. P. Stewart, who directed the artillery in the fort, I am particularly indebted for the skill and judgment manifested in the service of the guns under their command, to the joint fire from which, I feel not a little indebted for turning the fortunes of the day.

But to recite in detail all the instances of skill and courage displayed by individual commanders and their several commands, would be to run well through the list of those who were engaged and to anticipate also the reports of the division and regimental commanders.

The battle was fought against great odds, both as to numbers and position. The Mississippi river dividing the field, placed us at a disadvantage which it was necessary to overcome, and although we experienced an occasional reverse, these reverses were soon repaired, and the results of the day proved beyond all doubt the superiority of our troops in all the essential characteristics of the soldier.

To Acting Assistant Adjutant-General Blake, C. S. Army, Lieutenant Dixon, C. S. Army, Engineers, Captain Champney, Ordnance, Lieutenant Snowden, C. S. Army, Topographical Corps, Maj. H. W. Winslow, acting aid-de-camp, all members of my staff, I feel indebted for their promptness and activity in the execution of my orders, and for their support in directing the operations of the day.

In a conflict continued through so many hours and so hotly contested, the list of casualties must be expected to be large. Our loss in killed was 105, wounded 419, missing 117, total 641.

The number of prisoners taken by the enemy as shown by their

list furnished us, was 106, all of whom have been returned by exchange.

Of the enemy's loss we have no means of accurate information, but from all the sources open to us, the condition of the field, the list of prisoners taken by us, the report of those returned to us, and the reports of the enemy, I am satisfied it cannot fall short of 1,500; fourteen-fifteenths of that number must have been killed, wounded and drowned.

After making a liberal exchange of the captured with the enemy, 100 of their prisoners remain still in my hands. I have also a stand of colors, a fraction of over 1,000 stand of arms, with knapsacks, ammunition and other military stores.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. POLK,

Major-General, Commanding.

Headquarters Western Department.

Bowling Green, Ky., November, 30, 1861.

Orders }
No. 5. }

The General has been impatient for reports of the Battle at Belmont. They have been received, and he pronounces the work well done.

To Major-General Polk, who formed troops capable of such actions, and whose disposition prepared them for such a victory; to Brigadier-General Pillow, who so skillfully led, and to the officers and soldiers who so gallantly followed that lead over a hard-contested field to complete success, his thanks are due and his congratulations heartily given.

This was no ordinary shock of arms. It was a long and trying contest, in which our troops fought by detachments, and always gained over superior numbers.

The 7th of November will fill a bright page in our military annals and be remembered with gratitude by the sons and daughters of the South.

A. S. JOHNSTON,

General, C. S. Army.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS TO MAJ. GEN. LEONIDAS POLK, BRIG. GEN. GIDEON J. PILLOW, BRIG. GEN. BENJAMIN F. CHEATHAM, AND THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS UNDER THEIR COMMAND FOR GALLANT AND DISTINGUISHED SERVICES IN THE PRESENT WAR.

Whereas, under the providence of God, the valor of the soldiers of the Confederate States, has added another glorious victory, achieved at Belmont, in the State of Missouri, on the 7th day of November last, to those which had been so graciously vouchsafed to our arms, whereby the reduction of Columbus, in the State of Kentucky, has been prevented, and the contemplated descent of the enemy down the Mississippi river effectually stayed: Therefore,

Be it resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, that the thanks of Congress are most heartily tendered to Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk, Brig. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, Brig. Gen. Benjamin F. Cheatham, and the officers and soldiers of their gallant commands, for the desperate courage they exhibited, in sustaining for several hours, and under most disadvantageous circumstances, an attack, by a force of the enemy greatly superior to their own, both in number and appointments, and for the skill and gallantry by which they converted, what at first threatened so much disaster, into a triumphant victory.

Resolved further, that these resolutions are intended to express what is believed to be the grateful and admiring sentiment of the whole people of the Confederacy.

Resolved further, that they be communicated to the commands of Major-General Polk, Brigadier-General Pillow, and Brigadier-General Cheatham, by the proper department of the Government.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,
President of the Congress pro tempore
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Approved, December 6, 1861.

THE BURSTING OF THE LADY POLK,

A LARGE RIFLED GUN, AT COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER, 1861.

This gun was sent out to Columbus, Ky., from Richmond, Va., in the fall of 1861, and was mounted inside of the fort, on top of the bluff above the town, where it had a wide range. A number of projectiles were sent with it, each of which consisted of a cylindrical part, which had a ring of cast iron around it near the ends, and terminated in a curved, conical shaped surface at one end, something like a minie ball. I was chief of artillery at the post, and had command of all the heavy artillery. The projecting rings of metal, of each projectile were filed down, until the shot or shell would slip in and out of the gun easily. The engineer who mounted the gun, constructed an earth-work around it, in which, opposite the right-rear of the breech, he arranged a small magazine, in which a number of cartridges were stored.

The battle of Belmont occurred on the 7th of November, 1861. General Grant, in command at Cairo, Illinois, brought his troops down the river in some steamboats, and landed and disembarked them at a bend of the river, some miles above Columbus. The river at this point turns eastward, and a short distance above Columbus, turns southward again. There were some Confederate troops on the west side of the river, felling timber. Their camp was situated near the river, a little below the town, in cleared land, and seemed from the position of our rifled gun on the bluff, to consist of two rows of tents, extending out westward from the river. From their landing place the enemy marched across the country driving before them the small Confederate force, which fell back and took shelter under the high bank of the river above the camp. General Polk, who was in command at Columbus, had several steamboats at the landing, and was preparing infantry and field artillery reinforcements to be thrown across the river in these boats. The enemy reached the river bank a short distance below the Confederate camp, faced northward and moved up the river, through the camp which they fired, and halted in open ground a short distance above the camp, their battle line extending out westward. In this position, they presented a fair target to the "big gun" which had been loaded, and was now aimed and fired. The first shot struck the ground just in front of the enemy's line, throwing up a great cloud of dirt, and ricocheting over the heads of the men. The horse of a mounted officer, in front of the line, who was said to be

General Grant, reared and plunged. The line faced to the left and moved quickly away from the river. The next shot struck near the enemy, who began to move off at double quick. Under this diversion, General Polk succeeded in crossing the river with his steamboats, loaded with infantry and artillery reinforcements. They joined the troops already on the west bank, and pursued the retreating enemy. One or two more shots were fired from the "big gun" which kept General Grant's army on the double quick towards their boats. At length from the position of the gun, our men and the enemy seemed so close together and so mixed up with each other, that there was danger of our shot falling amongst our own men, so the last load was not fired. The army under General Polk pursued the enemy, killing and wounding large numbers of them, until they had taken refuge on their boats and steamed up the river. The battle of Belmont was really won by the "big gun." A day or so after the battle I was on the bluff, when some men of the detachment that manned it applied for permission to fire the gun. I knew of no reason why there should be any danger in discharging it, yet, was impressed with the idea, that it would be better to draw the load when convenient. So the permission was refused. Leaving the fort, I went to my tent which was pitched in a street of the village below the bluff. As I entered, a very loud explosion was heard. Going to the door and looking toward the bluff, a dense column of black smoke was seen rising, and it was plain that the gun had been fired, and burst. Hurrying up the hill, I learned that General Polk had been thereafter I left, and had given permission to discharge the gun which afterward burst, and the flame communicated to the magazine where a number of cartridges were stored, which exploded, adding greatly to the destruction. The following account of the effects of the explosion is taken from an article in the "Confederate Veteran" of June 1904, by Col. William D. Pickett, Fourbear, Wyo., who was with General Polk at the gun when it burst.



GEN. A. P. STEWART.

"The incident to be related occurred on the day after the battle of Belmont, November 8, 1861. It was not mentioned in its proper place, that the gun position of the "Lady Polk," was inclosed by a circular parapet, it being mounted en barbette, a temporary magazine or receptacle for cartridges, being located in the parapet to the right and opposite the trunnions of the piece. The statement made me at the time by Maj. A. P. Stewart, the chief of artillery of the post (not Gen. McCown,) was that there were stored in this receptacle, from sixty to eighty cartridges of ten pounds each, at the time of the accident. On the forenoon of the day after the battle of Belmont, Gen. Polk came on a tour of inspection to the works, and proceeded toward the position of the "Lady Polk." Capt. S. W. Rucker, of the sappers and miners, and the writer joined him. On reaching that redoubt, he sent for Capt. Keiter, of the heavy artillery. On his appearing, the General complimented him and his men on the skill and efficiency

with which they handled the gun in the previous day's engagement, in a very handsome manner, which appeared to gratify Capt. Keiter very much. In an informal conversation that occurred, it appeared that the gun had a load not discharged on the previous day's fight. He suggested that it be discharged. To this the General readily acquiesced, and asked that it be fired up the river to notice its range. Thereupon the Captain went for the "firing squad." I am sure nothing was said as to there being anything the matter with the gun or ammunition, and nothing was said suggesting danger. There was nothing said to ruffle the General's temper; and had there been anything suggested as to danger of the bursting of the piece, Gen. Polk, I am sure, would not have risked the lives of those around merely to gratify a whim. Yet all such rumors that our correspondent speaks of, went the rounds of the army immediately after the accident. On the return of Capt. Keiter, he made preparation to fire the piece.

"As the gun was in position to fire, Gen. Polk, Rucker, and myself were on the parapet just in the rear of the breech, and in direct line of the recoil, myself on the left, Rucker on the right, and Gen. Polk between. Sentinel Snowden, of the engineers, was still to the right of Rucker, Capt. Keiter and the firing squad at their proper positions around. My recollection is pretty distinct. There were thirteen persons exposed, and eleven were instantly killed, the three officers in the rear of the breech alone escaping instant death.

"It appeared that the ignition of the powder in the magazine, was simultaneous with the pulling of the lanyard. After the explosion, I was unconscious until I found myself fifty or more feet to the rear, on my feet, in a dense cloud of smoke and dust, and with a fierce rain of dirt on my bare head. Finding myself not crippled, my first thought was of Gen. Polk, and that he must be somewhere near me. The smoke was so dense as to prevent seeing distinctly five feet. Soon I stumbled upon him. He was in a squatting position, with his arms and cloak protecting his head, as well as he could from the rain of dirt. Assistance soon came from the outside. He was gotten to his feet well shaken up, but not seriously hurt, except in the severe shock. Leaving him in the hands of an abundance of friends, I mounted my horse, that some good Samaritan had caught, rode to my quarters a half mile distant, sent for a friend among the surgeons, who promptly came, examined and reported no serious injury, except the danger of a permanent disfiguration of my face from a quantity of unburned grains of powder, driven through the skin from the explosion. A few hours' work with needle, and a thorough washing of warm water removed these stains, and the next day I was all right, except the scars left by powder grains. Gen. Polk, being older, suffered more from the shock. The tympanus of his ears, were more seriously injured, and as a precautionary measure he was kept off duty probably a week. Capt. Rucker, being less exposed to the blast, was less shaken up than either. As to the cause of the bursting of this gun, there were various rumors without foundation however. There was only one cause; the treacherous and uncertain action of cast iron under sudden strain. Its victims during the subsequent operations

can be counted by the hundreds, and probably a thousand, in the bursting of Parrott and all Cast guns. This gun was found in four pieces; the breech was found not to the rear of the line of recoil, but in a line, not far from the direction of the blast of the magazine, showing the almost immediate ignition of the magazine on pulling the lanyard. The other three pieces, the chase or forward part, and a piece attached to each trunnion, were found in the direction indicated by the explosion of the magazine. Among the eleven men killed in this accident, were: Capt. Keiter, Lieut. Snowden, and the firing squad, who must have been killed instantly. Capt. Keiter was a very meritorious officer, and had he lived, would have made his mark in that contest.”

“ALEX. P. STEWART.”

HEROIC DEED OF JAMES KEELAN.

AT STRAWBERRY PLAINS BRIDGE, E. T. & VA. R. R.

Announcement has been made that the June Veteran would contain a thrilling account of the brave deed of James Keelan in defending the bridge at Strawberry Plains, early in the war. It was intended to make extracts from the pamphlet account by Radford Gatlin, author of the Confederate Spelling Book, and "Reader," but Mrs. Sarah Stringfield Butler, of Nashville, Tenn., editor of the Woman's Missionary Advocate, who, with her husband, then lived near the bridge, furnished a vivid account of it which is given precedence.

Mr. Keelan was in the employ of Mr. Butler at the time during the day and of the railroad company at night, and there is perhaps no one who could give a more authentic account of his deed. Mrs. Butler writes that the pamphlet history "contains the facts" in regard to the successful defense of the bridge, but it is written "in such a bombastic style that even the truth does not appear true."

Confederate troops had been stationed there from time to time to protect the bridge, as this was an important strategic point, but the cry of "wolf! wolf!" had been so often sounded, and the Confederate forces were needed so badly at other places, that all had been withdrawn, only one watchman being employed to guard the bridge, and that at night. His box or bunk was on the Strawberry Plains side of the river.

James Keelan was that man. He was small in stature, with a ruddy complexion, blue eyes and light brown hair. He was uneducated, but simple hearted, brave, and as true to his friends as he proved to be to his country. He had a wife and three children at that time.

The end of the bridge was but a short walk from the fence that enclosed the old homestead of Maj. Stringfield, then occupied by Mrs. Stringfield, his step-mother, and his sister, Miss Mary Stringfield, now Mrs. J. E. Ray, of Ashville, N. C. Mr. F. A. Butler and family lived not far distant. On the evening in question, Maj. Stringfield had reached home on furlough from Virginia, and Mr. Butler and wife were at his home until after 10 o'clock. The night was cool and frosty, and the clouds obscured the moon almost entirely.

About midnight Mr. Butler was awakened by a messenger who said an attempt had been made to burn the bridge; that Mr. Keelan was badly wounded and was at Mr. Elmore's house. Mr. Butler went

to him immediately, and when the physician, Dr. Sneed arrived, he assisted in dressing Keelan's numerous wounds. He then learned from Mr. Keelan all the circumstances as they occurred and after "the cruel war was over" he talked with the leaders of the attacking party, several of his men, and also with Col. Wm. Carter, of Carter county, who was the projector of the whole movement.

Col. Carter was employed by the U. S. Government to destroy all the bridges from Hiwassee river at Charleston, Tennessee, to Bristol, and was paid not less than \$10,000. Men in each neighborhood were employed for this purpose, and the 8th of November was appointed as the time for a simultaneous attack. Mr. Wm. Pickens led the party of fifteen men who attempted to burn the bridge at Strawberry Plains. About midnight they reached the bridge. Keelan was in his bunk close under the end, two feet above the abutment of the pier, and that was four or five feet from the ground. His gun was in a rack above his head, but he did not have time to take it out when he heard the men approaching. One of them jumped up on the pier and began to light the pine splinters. When it blazed, Keelan fired his old single barrel pistol, and the man tumbled to the ground. Keelan was then fiercely attacked by as many as could get around him, some striking with heavy knives and others shooting. He resisted manfully, defending himself the best he could, but it was impossible as he was too far above them to use his small dirk.

As soon as the first shot was fired Miss Stringfield made a light in her room which overlooked the scene, and went into the yard. Seeing the light, the men hastened away, believing that Keelan was dead. As soon as they left, Keelan rolled himself to the ground and crawled quietly beyond Mrs. Stringfield's house, not knowing that Maj. Springfield had reached home that night, and fearing to alarm the two women who he believed were alone. When he reached Mr. Elmore's gate he called him, resting his hand on the fence. Mr. Elmore saw it, and exclaimed: "Jim, you've been drunk or asleep and let the train run over you."

Keelan replied: "No, Billy; they have killed me, but I've saved the bridge."

He was taken in the house at once and friends and physicians sent for. His head was cut open six or seven inches, and the brain was oozing from the dreadful gash; his left hand was cut off and hanging by a shred of skin. The right hand was also badly cut. He was in such close quarters during the time of the fight that he could use his gun only as a sort of shield, and that was hacked in several places. He was shot at many times but only one bullet pierced his flesh.

When Dr. Sneed wished to cut off his hand smoothly, he said: "No, no, I can rest a gun against that stump." He was nursed carefully, but his recovery was wonderful.

The old pamphlet account by Radford Gatlin quoting Mr. Keelan, after reporting their approach, says:—

"I did not stop to count them, I think from the appearance of the crowd, there was about fifteen. I had to be quick, for the fellow was

about to place the torch between the scantling and weatherboarding. I could have touched him with my single-shot pistol. I put it very near him and shot him in the right breast as he was in a position quartering to me. Off he tumbled to the ground among the crowd below; the torch was knocked out by the fall, and all was dark again. It was very dark, and I could only see dark forms approaching me, so I continued to carry my left arm up and down to shield my head and face, until I heard the crack of a bowie knife on the brace over my head, and then I grabbed him with my left hand and thrust my dirk into him with my right arm. As I drew it out of him, off he tumbled to the ground among the crowd. 'At him again,' said one of their number; 'let me at him and I can fetch him,' using an oath. I was sensible that I was wounded, as the blood was running over my mouth and it made me feel savage as the fourth fellow came to me, and I wanted to get him. I made a quick grab and caught him by the cap, which slipped off and I went back hard against the weatherboarding, and in the rebound I came near falling out of my box. It was then the rascal cut off my left hand and split open my head, but at the same time, I poked it into him and he got the steel good. They now commenced shooting and retreating. I tried to use my rifle, but could not lift it. I did not know until afterwards that they had cut off my left hand and shot me in the right arm."

Mr. Butler has a vivid recollection of the event. He had warning of the danger from bridge burners; he had gone to see Gen. Zollicoffer and had secured the promise of a detail of a Lieutenant with twenty men, but Mr. Branner, president of the East Tennessee railroad, induced the General to suppose that Mr. Butler and his friends were unduly alarmed, and he had failed to furnish the guard as promised. Soon after the tragic event Mr. Butler secured subscriptions amounting to \$1,600, bought a good farm of ninety acres in the country, but Keelan was not satisfied there. He became very fearful that his life was in jeopardy, and stayed with Maj. Stringfield's command in the army for a year or so. Subsequently, his little farm was sold and a smaller place was purchased near Bristol, where he died a few months ago. Comrade A. S. McNeil, of Bristol, has acknowledged gratitude of the veteran for his zeal in his behalf of honor due the faithful Keelan.

No wonder Keelan's courage went down after that awful night when, with his own blood and brain flowing over his face and mouth, he felt he had given his life for the South. He had no negroes to fight for, he afterwards realized himself a cripple, almost helpless, and that the bridge did not remain "saved."

Tennessee and Virginia might well unite in building a monument to his heroism and locate it at Bristol on the state line."

BATTLE OF FISHING CREEK.

Report of General A. Sidney Johnston, C. S. Army, commanding the Western Division.

Bowling Green, Ky., January 22, 1862.

The following dispatch just received from Nashville:

General Crittenden, with eight regiments of infantry and six pieces of artillery, attacked the army on Sunday morning, 19th inst., 7 o'clock, in strong position on Fishing Creek, 11 miles from Mill Springs. The attack was repulsed by superior numbers, and a disorderly retreat commenced after General Zollicoffer fell. The enemy followed to our breastworks, and commenced shelling the camp on the right bank of the Cumberland river, which was abandoned during the night, with the loss of our artillery, ammunition, cavalry horses, teams and camp equipments. The command is in full retreat towards Knoxville. Loss, killed and wounded on our side, about 500.

V. SHELHA,

Captain on Staff of General Crittenden.

A. S. JOHNSTON,

General Commanding.

To J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

Division Headquarters, Camp Fogg, Tenn.

February 13, 1862.

Sir, I have the honor to submit the following report of the engagement of January 19, near Fishing Creek, Pulaski county, Kentucky. On January 17, I was occupying Mill Springs, on the south side of the Cumberland river, with the Seventeenth, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee regiments, the first battalion Tennessee cavalry, two companies of the third battalion Tennessee cavalry and four pieces of artillery. I was also at the time occupying Beech Grove on the north bank of the river and directly opposite Mill Springs, with the Fifteenth Mississippi, Sixteenth Alabama, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-ninth Tennessee regiments, two battalions of Tennessee cavalry, two independent cavalry companies and twelve pieces of artillery.

For sometime the enemy in front of Beech Grove had occupied Somerset 18 miles distant, with eight regiments of infantry and with artillery; and Columbia, 35 miles distant with five regiments of infantry. On January 17, I was informed that the force from Columbia

with a large addition, making a total of 6,000 to 10,000 men, with guns of a large caliber under General Thomas, commanding the first division of the Federal Army in Kentucky, was moving across my front, on the road from Columbia towards Somerset, with the intention of forming a junction with the Somerset force and attacking Beech Grove.

On the 18th at daylight, I moved the Seventeenth and Twenty-eighth Tennessee regiments across the river from Mill Springs to Beech Grove. On the 18th, I was informed that the force under General Thomas was encamped at Webb's (Logan's) Cross-Roads, a point ten miles from Beech Grove and eight miles from Somerset, at which the roads from Columbia to Somerset and Beech Grove to Somerset unite, and that it would there await both a reinforcement (that I was advised was advancing from the rear) and the passage of Fishing Creek by the Somerset force. It was necessary that the Somerset force should cross Fishing Creek before it could join the force under General Thomas or approach Beech Grove, and for these purposes it had advanced from Somerset. I was advised that late and continuous rains would prevent the passage of Fishing Creek on the 18th and 19th by any infantry force.

In the then condition of my command I could array for battle about 4,000 effective men. Absolute want of the necessary provisions to feed my command was pressing. The country around was barren or exhausted. Communication with Nashville by water was cut off by a force of the enemy occupying the river below. The line of communication in the rear was too long to admit of winter transportation and extended through a barren or exhausted country.

To defend Beech Grove required me to draw into it the force from Mill Springs. From the course of the river and the condition of things it was easy for a detachment from the force of the enemy occupying it below to cross over, intercept the line of land communication, and taking Mill Springs, entirely prevent my recrossing the Cumberland. This river (greatly swollen) with high, muddy banks, was a troublesome barrier in the rear of Beech Grove. Transportation over it was at best very difficult. A small sternwheel steamboat, unsuited for the transportation of horses with two flatboats were the only means of crossing.

Beech Grove was protected in front by earthworks but these were incomplete and insufficient; and necessarily of such extent that I had not force to defend them. The range of our artillery was bad and there were commanding positions for the batteries of the enemy.



GEN. F. K. ZOLLICOFFER
KILLED AT FISHING CREEK.

Every effort had been made to provision the command, to increase the means of crossing the river and to perfect the works for defense under the charge of a skilful engineer officer, Captain Sheliha.

When I first heard that the enemy was approaching in front, it was my opinion that I could not retire with my command—artillery, transportation, camp and garrison equipage, baggage and cavalry horses—from Beech Grove to Mill Springs without information of such a movement reaching the enemy and a consequent attack during the movement and heavy loss. I was out of reach of support or reinforcement. Under these conditions I determined not to retreat without a battle. I decided that it was best to attack the enemy, if possible, before the coming reinforcements from his rear should arrive and before the Somerset force could cross Fishing Creek. I could reasonably expect much from a bold attack and from the spirit of my command.

On the evening of the 18th I called in council Brigadier Generals Zollicoffer and Carroll and the commanding officers of the regiments and of cavalry and artillery; and there it was determined without dissent to march out and attack the enemy under General Thomas on the next morning. Accordingly Generals Zollicoffer and Carroll were ordered to move their brigades at midnight in the following order:

First. The brigade of General Zollicoffer in the following order: In front, the independent cavalry companies of Captains Sanders and Bledsoe; then the Fifteenth Mississippi regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Walthall; then the Nineteenth Tennessee commanded by D. H. Cummings; then the Twentieth Tennessee commanded by Colonel Battle; then the Twenty-fifth Tennessee commanded by Colonel S. S. Stanton; then four guns of Rutledge's battery commanded by Captain Rutledge.

Second. The brigade of General Carroll in this order: In front, the Seventeenth Tennessee commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Miller; then the Twenty-eighth Tennessee commanded by Colonel Murray; then the Twenty-ninth Tennessee commanded by Colonel Powell; then two guns of McClung's battery commanded by Captain McClung.

In the rear were the Sixteenth Alabama as a reserve, commanded by Col. W. B. Wood, and the cavalry battalions of Lieutenant-Colonel McClellan.

Soon after daylight on the morning of January 19, the cavalry advance came in contact with the pickets of the enemy after a march of near nine miles over a deep and muddy road. With a few shots the enemy's pickets were driven in, retiring about a quarter of a mile to a house on the left of the road. From this house and woods in the rear of it quite a brisk firing was opened upon the head of the column. Skirmishers having been thrown forward, General Zollicoffer's brigade was formed in line of battle and ordered to advance upon the enemy whom I supposed would come out from their camp, which we were now approaching to take position. The road here extended straight in front for near a mile towards the north.

A company of skirmishers from the Mississippi regiment ad-

vancing on the left of the road, after sharp firing, drove a body of the enemy from the house and the woods next to it, and fell in with their regiment. Following this company of skirmishers on the left of the road to the point where it crossed to the right, the regiment of Colonel Cummings (Nineteenth Tennessee) kept straight on, and crossing a field about 250 yards wide at a double quick, charged into the woods where the enemy was sheltered, driving back the Tenth Indiana regiment until it was re-enforced.

At this time General Zollicoffer rode up to the Nineteenth Tennessee and ordered Colonel Cummings to cease firing, under the impression that the fire was upon another regiment of his own brigade. Then the general advanced as if to give an order to the lines of the enemy within bayonet reach, and was killed just as he discovered his fatal mistake. Thereupon a conflict ensued when the Nineteenth Tennessee broke its line and gave back. Rather in the rear and near to this regiment was the Twenty-fifth Tennessee commanded by Col. Stanton, which engaged the enemy, when the Colonel was wounded at the head of his men; but his regiment, impressed with the same idea which had proved fatal to General Zollicoffer—that it was engaged with friends—soon broke its line and fell into some disorder.

At this time—the fall of General Zollicoffer having been announced to me—I went forward in the road to the regiments of Colonels Cummings and Stanton and announced to Colonel Cummings the death of General Zollicoffer and that the command of the brigade devolved upon him.

There was a cessation of firing for a few moments and I ascertained that the regiment of Colonel Battle was on the right and the Mississippi regiment in the center neither as yet having been actively engaged, and the enemy in front of the entire line. I had ordered General Carroll to bring up his brigade and it was now in supporting distance deployed in line of battle.

I now repeated my orders for a general advance and soon the battle raged from right to left. When I sent my aid to order the Fifteenth Mississippi to charge, I sent by him an order to General Carroll to advance a regiment to sustain it. He ordered up for that purpose Colonel Murray's (Twenty-eighth Tennessee) regiment which engaged the enemy on the left of the Mississippi regiment and on the right of Stanton's (Tennessee) regiment. I ordered Captain Rutledge with two of his guns forward in the road to an advanced and hazardous position, directing Colonel Stanton to support him, where I hoped he might bring them to play effectively upon the enemy; but the position did not permit this and he soon retired under my order. At this point the horse of Captain Rutledge was killed under him.

Very soon the enemy began to gain ground on our left and to use their superior force for flanking in that quarter. I was in person at the right of the line of Stanton's regiment—the battle raging—and did not observe this as soon as General Carroll, who moved the regiment of Colonel Cummings then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, to the left, to meet this movement of the enemy and formed the Seventeenth Tennessee commanded by Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Miller, to support the regiment on the left. The regiments of Murray, Stanton and Cummings were driven back by the enemy, and reforming in the rear of the Seventeenth Tennessee, that well disciplined regiment met and held in check, for sometime, the entire right wing of the Northern army. These regiments on my left and on the left of the road retired across the field a distance of about 250 yards, and there for a time repulsed the advancing enemy. Especially the regiment of Colonel Stanton, partially rallied by its gallant field officers, formed behind a fence, poured volleys into the ranks of the enemy coming across the field, repulsed and drove them back for a time with heavy loss.

For an hour now the Fifteenth Mississippi under Lieutenant-Colonel Walthall, and the Twentieth Tennessee under Colonel Joel A. Battle, of my center and right, had been struggling with the superior force of the enemy.

I cannot omit to mention the heroic valor of these two regiments, officers and men. When the left retired they were flanked and compelled to leave their position. In their rear on the right of the road was the regiment of Colonel Powell (Twenty-ninth Tennessee), which had been formed in the rear and ordered forward by me some time before. General Carroll ordered this regiment to face the flanking force of the enemy, which was crossing the road from the left side. This it did and checked them with a raking fire at thirty paces. In this conflict Colonel Powell commanding was badly wounded. The Sixteenth Alabama which was the reserve corps of my division, commanded by Colonel Wood, did at this critical juncture



SHELTON CROSTHWAIT.

20TH TENN., KILLED AT PISNING CREEK.

20TH TENN., KILLED AT PISNING CREEK.

most eminent service. Having rushed behind the right and center it came to a close engagement with the pursuing enemy to protect the flanks and rear of the Fifteenth Mississippi and Twentieth Tennessee when they were the last, after long fighting, to leave the front line of the battle and well led by its commanding officer, in conjunction with the portions of other regiments, it effectually prevented pursuit and protected my return to camp.

Owing to the formation and character of the field of battle I was unable to use my artillery and cavalry to advantage in the action. During much of the time the engagement lasted rain was falling. Many of the men were armed with flint-locks and muskets and they became soon unserviceable.

On the field and during the retreat to camp some of the regiments became confused and broken and great disorder prevailed. This was

owing in some measure, to a want of proper drill and discipline of which the army had been much deprived by reason of the nature of its constant service, and of the country in which it had encamped.

During the engagement or just prior to it the force under General Thomas was increased by the arrival of a brigade from his rear, which I had hoped would not arrive until the engagement was over. This made the force of the enemy twelve thousand men. My effective force was four thousand. The engagement lasted three hours.

My loss was 125 killed, 309 wounded, and 99 missing, as follows:

	KILLED	WOUNDED	MISSING
Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment.....	44	153	20
Twentieth Tennessee (Battle).....	33	59	18
Nineteenth Tennessee (Cummings).....	10	22	2
Twenty-fifth Tennessee (Stanton).....	10	28	17
Seventeenth Tennessee (Newman).....	11	25	2
Twenty-eighth Tennessee (Murray).....	3	4	5
Twenty-ninth Tennessee (Powell).....	5	12	10
Sixteenth Alabama.....	9	5	12
Captain Saunders' Cavalry.....	---	1	---

The loss of the enemy from the best information I have and statements made by themselves may be estimated at 700 killed and wounded. It was larger than mine from the fact that my regiments on the left after being driven back, fired from the cover of woods and fences upon the large numbers advancing upon them through the open field, inflicting heavy loss and sustaining but little.

My command retired to Beech Grove without any annoyance in the rear by infantry or cavalry. On the return one piece of artillery of Captain Rutledge's battery mired down and was left.

To myself, to the army and to the country the fall of General Zollicoffer was a severe loss. I found him wise in council and heroic in action. He fell in the front, close to the enemy, and they bore off his body. Of his staff, Lieutenants Fogg and Shields were mortally wounded and have since died. They displayed conspicuous courage. Lieutenant Bailie Peyton Jr., commanding company A (of Battle's regiment) was killed in the heat of the action. And Joel A. Battle, Jr., was badly wounded while in front with the colors of his regiment which he seized when the bearer was shot down. Lieutenant-Colonel Carter, a distinguished officer of the same regiment, was taken prisoner. Colonel Battle commanded with marked ability and courage. Colonel Statham of the Fifteenth Mississippi regiment, was absent at the time of the battle on furlough. His regiment was most gallantly led by Lieutenant-Colonel Walthall. The reputation of the Mississippians for heroism was fully sustained by this regiment. Its loss in killed and wounded which was far greater than that of any other regiment, tells sufficiently the story of discipline and courage. The already extended limits of this report will not permit me, even if I had them at hand, to enumerate the individual acts of courage with which the regiment abounded. Suffice it to say that it is entitled to all praise.

General Carroll in his dispositions and conduct during the engagement, manifested both military skill and personal valor. My assist-

ant Adjutant-General A. S. Cunningham, and my aides Lieutenants W. W. Porter and H. I. Thornton, displayed throughout the action intelligence, activity and courage, and were of great service to me. Major James E. Brewer being with me at the time volunteered as my aide and was very active and gallant during the battle. Surgeons Morton, Clift and Dulany unwilling to leave the wounded, remained at the hospital and were taken prisoners by the enemy.

I resumed action at Beech Grove early in the afternoon. The enemy followed and took positions in force on my left center and right. On my left they proceeded to establish a battery which was not ready before nightfall. They opened with two batteries—one in front of my center and one on my right. Captain McClung and Lieutenant Falconet commanding a section of the battery of Captain Rutledge, replied to the battery of the enemy in front. From the right the enemy fired upon the steamboat, which at the crossing, was commanded by their position. Their first shots fell short; afterwards, mounting a larger gun as it grew dark, they fired a shot or two over the boat and awaited the morning to destroy it. The steamboat destroyed, the crossing of the river would have been impossible.

I considered the determination in the council of war on the previous evening to go out and attack the enemy, virtually a determination that Beech Grove was untenable against his concentrating force. That it was so untenable was my decided opinion. With the morale of the army impaired by the action of the morning and the loss of what cooked rations had been carried to the field, I deemed an immediate crossing of the Cumberland river necessary. With a view to retiring from Beech Grove I had already some days before ordered the transfer of trains and horses and mules to Mill Springs.

On the evening of the 19th I called in consultation General Carroll, Colonel Cummings, engineers, artillery and other officers, and it was considered best by all to retire from Beech Grove.

I directed at once that the crossing should be effected during the night with every effort and artifice to insure perfect concealment from the enemy and the success of the movement. Great difficulty attended the movement from the high and muddy banks and the width and heavy current of the river, the limited means of transportation (the small steamboat and two small flats) and the immediate presence of the enemy in overwhelming force. I ordered the men to be crossed over—first by commands, in designated order; then the artillery to be crossed over; then what could be crossed of baggage and mules, horses, wagons, etc. I directed the cavalry to swim their horses over. Time only permitted to cross, the enemy being under arms, the sick and wounded, one company of cavalry mounted, the rest of the cavalry dismounted, the artillery men, and some horses. Many cavalry horses, artillery horses, mules, wagons, and eleven pieces of artillery, with baggage and camp and garrison equipage were left behind.

Much is due to the energy, skill and courage of Captain Spiller of the cavalry, who commanded the boat, and continued crossing over with it until fired upon by the enemy in the morning, when he burned it by my directions.



FIRST LIEUTENANT BAILIE PEYTON, JR., COMMANDING CO. A,
20TH TENNESSEE, KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS,
19TH OF JANUARY, 1862.

On the morning of the 20th I had my command—nine regiments of infantry, parts of four battalions, and two companies of cavalry (dismounted), my sick and wounded, parts of two artillery companies, (without guns or horses) and six pieces of artillery (manned) on the south side of Cumberland river, at Mill Springs. On the other side, at Beech Grove, (without any means of crossing) were twenty-seven regiments of infantry, with cavalry and artillery of the enemy.

Any further collision was now prevented, but the want of commissary stores compelled me at once to move to Gainesborough, lower down on the river a distance of eighty miles, and the nearest point where I could have communication by water with Nashville and could obtain supplies.

My march was through a poor country over very bad roads. It was hard to obtain the necessaries of life along the route, and from scant subsistence and difficult marching my command suffered greatly. Maj. Giles M. Hillyer of my staff, (division commissary), with untiring energy and marked ability exhausted every effort in the management of his department supplied whatever could be obtained, and in some instances sacrificed the forms prescribed for purchase and distribution, to the exigencies of the occasion and the necessities of the command.

From the fatigues of the march and the want of proper food, many were taken sick. I am much gratified to commend especially the care for the wounded and sick, under most embarrassing circumstances, on the field and on the march, under the efficient charge of the accomplished medical director of my division, Dr. F. A. Ramsey.

From Mill Springs and on the first stages of my march, many officers and men frightened by the false rumor of the movement of the enemy, shamelessly deserted and stealing horses and mules to ride, fled to Knoxville, Nashville, and other places in Tennessee. To prevent this I used every endeavor and was laboriously assisted by my staff and other officers of the command.

I am proud to say that the field officers of all the commands, and some commands almost entire, and the main body of each command, remained ready to do their duty in any emergency, except one battalion of cavalry—which had not been in the battle, of which the lieutenant-colonel, together with some other officers and some privates, were absent on furlough—of the body of which being present only one captain, several officers and men—in all about twenty-five—did not run away.

From Gainesborough I have moved my division to this point, where it is refurnished and drilling, and I have the honor to report that it is ready for any service to which I may be assigned.

G. B. CRITTENDEN,

Major-General Provisional Army Confederate States.

LIEUT. COL. W. W. MACKALL,

Assistant Adjutant General.

The Battle of Logan's Cross-Roads or Mill Springs near Fishing Creek, January 19, 1862, was the first defeat to Southern arms in

the west and the fore-runner to the evacuation of Kentucky and Tennessee. The victory of Belmont, Nov. 7, 1861, was overshadowed by this crushing defeat. General George H. Thomas who commanded the federal side said in his report, that Col. S. S. Fry of the Fourth U. S. regiment was slightly wounded whilst he and regiment were gallantly resisting the advance of the enemy (meaning the Confederates) during which time General Zollicoffer fell from a shot from his (Col. S. S. Fry's) pistol which no doubt contributed materially to the discomfiture of the enemy. Col. Mahlon Manson commanding the second Federal brigade reports to General Thomas that General Zollicoffer fell while leading on his men, his body being pierced by three bullets. "All the papers and plans of the late General Zollicoffer have fallen," he says, "into my hands which I have preserved for the future use of the Government."

I recollect the intense excitement as well as gloom pervading Southern arms that the Battle of Fishing Creek created, and of the 2:40 gait made by some of our panicked soldiers home. General Thomas had the body of General Zollicoffer embalmed and also that of Lieutenant Balie Payton Jr. killed whilst Commanding Co. A. 20th Tennessee Regiment and sent them to Lebanon, Kentucky, thence to Louisville and thence therefore shipped to Nashville, (Zollicoffer's home.) The remains of General Zollicoffer under the direction of the Confederate authorities layed in state, at the Tennessee capitol for a day or two before burial, until the vast throng of citizens and soldiers could see it. When I saw the remains I was shown where one ball had entered his body in the breast, but whether there were any other bullet holes, I cannot recall. The occasion of the killing of General Zollicoffer who was not only a Brigadier-General in the Civil War between the States on the Southern side, but also a man who had before the war been so prominent as an editor and Whig politician and the hero of several notable duels, impressed my young mind so deeply, that I can even now see myself in my mind's eye, passing around his bier in the House of Representatives, and amongst the vast throng viewing his remains; his sword upon the coffin sheathed in rest with the body that wielded it, and his uniform as faultlessly arranged as on dress-parade. In the old cemetery in Nashville Tennessee, where Robinson and Grundy and many Tennessee celebrities are sleeping, is General Felix K. Zollicoffer's monument, whose inscription, tells of the time and place and circumstances attending his heroic death. Lieutenants Godfrey M. Fogg, and Shields, of Nashville, Aids of Zollicoffer were killed with him. In the march to the cemetery the remains of Zollicoffer were accompanied by his fine horse, which at that time was brought to Nashville with a hole in his right ear, said to have been received when Zollicoffer fell.

Report of General A. Sidney Johnston, C. S. Army, commanding Western Department.

Headquarters Western Department.

Bowling Green, Ky., February 8th, 1862.

Sir:—No reliable particulars of the loss of Fort Henry have

reached me. This much, however, is known, that nearly all of the force at Fort Henry retreated to Fort Donelson, and it is said that General Tilghman and about eighty officers and men surrendered in the fort.

The capture of that fort by the enemy gives them control of the navigation of the Tennessee river, and their gunboats are now ascending the river to Florence.

Operations against Fort Donelson on the Cumberland, are about to be commenced and the works will soon be attacked.

The slight resistance at Fort Henry indicates that the best open earthworks are not reliable to meet successfully a vigorous attack of ironclad gunboats, and although now supported by a considerable force, I think the gunboats of the enemy will probably take Fort Donelson without the necessity of employing their land force in co-operation as seems to have been done at Fort Henry.

Our force at Fort Donelson, including the force from Fort Henry and three regiments from General Floyd's command is about 7,000 men, not well armed or drilled, except Heiman's regiments of Floyd's command.

General Floyd's command and the force from Hopkinsville is arriving at Clarksville and can (if necessary) reach Donelson in four hours by steamers, which are there.

Should Fort Donelson be taken, it will open the route to the enemy to Nashville, giving the means of breaking the bridges and destroying the ferryboats on the river as far as navigable.

The occurrence of the misfortune of losing the fort will cut off the communication of the force here under General Hardee, from the south bank of the Cumberland. To avoid the disastrous consequences of such an event I ordered General Hardee yesterday, to make (as promptly as could be done) preparations to fall back to Nashville and cross the river.

The movements of the enemy on my right flank would have made a retrograde in that direction to confront the enemy indispensable in a short time. But the probability of having the passage of this army corps across the Cumberland intercepted by gunboats of the enemy admits of no delay in making the movement.

Generals Beauregard and Hardee are equally with myself impressed with the necessity of withdrawing our forces from the line at once.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

A. S. JOHNSTON,

General, C. S. Army.

HON. J. P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of War.

Richmond, Va., August 9, 1862.

General:—Enclosed you will please find a copy of my official report of the bombardment of Fort Henry, on February 6, 1862, by the Federal fleet, together with accompanying papers. The original of this report was forwarded from Alton, Ill., but not having reached your

office, I prepared a copy of same at the earliest moment practicable since my release from Fort Warren, Mass.

I remain respectfully, your obedient servant,

LLOYD TILGHMAN,

Brigadier-General, C. S. Army, Commanding.

S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector General C. S. Army.

(Enclosure)

February 12th, 1862.

Sir:—My communication of the 7th inst., sent from Fort Henry, having announced the fact of the surrender of the Fort to Commodore Foote, of the Federal Navy, on the 6th, inst., I have now the honor to submit the following report of the details of the action, together with the accompanying papers (marked A and B,) containing a list of officers and men surrendered, together with casualties, etc.

On Monday, Feb. 3rd, in company with Major Gilmer of the engineers, I completed the inspection of the main work as well as outworks at Fort Heiman, south of the Tennessee river, as far as I had been able to perfect them, and also the main work, intrenched camp, and exterior line of rifle pits at Fort Henry. At 10 a. m. that morning (the pickets on both sides of the Tennessee river extended well in our front, having reported no appearance of the enemy,) I left, in company with Major Gilmer for Fort Donelson, for the purpose of inspecting with him the defense of that place.

Tuesday, the 4th, inst., was spent in making a thorough examination of all the defenses at Fort Donelson. At noon heard heavy firing at Fort Henry for half an hour. At 4 p. m. a courier reached me from Colonel Heiman at Fort Henry, informing me that the enemy were landing in strong force at Bailey's Ferry three miles below and on the east bank of the river.

Delaying no longer than was necessary to give all proper orders for the arrangement of matters at Fort Donelson, I left with an escort of Tennessee cavalry under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Gantt, for Fort Henry, accompanied by Major Gilmer and reached that place at 11:30 p. m. I soon became satisfied that the enemy was really in strong force at Bailey's Ferry, with every indication of re-enforcements arriving constantly.

Colonel Heiman of the Tenth Tennessee commanding with most commendable alacrity and good judgment, had thrown forward to the outworks covering the Dover road two pieces of light artillery, supported by a detachment from the Fourth Missouri regiment, under command of Capt. W. C. Red. Scouting parties of cavalry operating on both sides of the river had been pushed forward to within a very short distance of the enemy's line. Without a moment's delay after reaching the fort, I proceeded to arrange the available force to meet whatever contingency might arise.

The first brigade, under Colonel Heiman, was composed of the Tenth Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel MacGavock commanding; the Twenty-seventh Alabama, under Colonel Hughes; the Forty-eighth Tennessee, under Colonel Voorhies; light battery of four pieces, com-

manded by Captain Culbertson, and the Tennessee battalion of cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gantt. Total officers and men, 1,444.

The second brigade, Col. Joseph Drake (Fourth Mississippi regiment) commanding, was composed of the Fourth Mississippi under Major Adaire; the Fifteenth Arkansas, Colonel Gee; the Fifty-first Tennessee, Colonel Browder; Alabama battalion, Major Garvin; light battery of three pieces, under Captain Crain; the Alabama battalion of cavalry; Captain Miller's company of cavalry, with Captain Padgett's spy company, and a detachment of rangers, under Acting Captain Milton. Total officers and men, 1,215. The heavy artillery, under command of Captain Taylor, numbering seventy-five men, were placed at the guns in Fort Henry.

As indicated sometime since to the general commanding the department, I found it impossible to hold the commanding ground south of the Tennessee river with the small force of badly armed men at my command. Notwithstanding the fact that all my defenses were commanded by the high ground on which I had commenced the construction of Fort Heiman, I deemed it proper to trust to the fact that the extremely bad roads leading to that point would prevent the movement of heavy guns by the enemy, by which I might be annoyed, and leaving the Alabama battalion of cavalry and Captain Padgett's spy company on the western bank of the river, transferred the force encamped on that side to the opposite bank. At the time of receiving the first intimation of the approach of the enemy, the Forty-eighth and Fifty-first Tennessee regiments having only just reported, were encamped at Danville and at the mouth of Sandy, and had to be moved from five to twenty miles in order to reach Fort Henry. This movement together with the transfer of the Twenty-seventh Alabama and Fifteenth Arkansas regiments from Fort Heiman across the river, was all perfected by 5 a. m. on the morning of the 5th.

Early on the morning of the 5th the enemy were plainly to be seen at Bailey's Ferry three miles below. The large number of heavy transports reported by our scouts gave evidence of the fact that the enemy was there in force even at that time and the arrival every hour of additional boats showed conclusively that I should be engaged with a heavy force by land, while the presence of seven gunboats mounting fifty-four guns, indicated plainly that a joint attack was contemplated by land and water.

On leaving Fort Donelson I ordered Colonel Head to hold his own and Colonel Sugg's regiments, Tennessee volunteers, with two pieces of artillery, ready to move at a moment's warning, with three days' cooked rations, and without camp equipage or wagon train of any kind, except enough to carry the surplus ammunition.

On the morning of the 5th I ordered him, in case nothing more had been heard from the country below, on the Cumberland, at the time of the arrival of my messenger, indicating an intention on the part of the enemy to invest Fort Donelson, to move out with the two regiments and the two pieces of artillery and to take position at the Furnace half way on the Dover road to Fort Henry; the force embraced in his order was about 750 men, to act as circumstances might dictate.

Thus matters stood at 9 a. m. on the morning of the 5th. The wretched military position of Fort Henry and the small force at my disposal did not permit me to avail myself of the advantages to be derived from the system of outwork built with the hope of being re-enforced in time, and compelled me to determine to concentrate my efforts by land within the rifle pits surrounding the camp of the Tenth Tennessee and Fourth Mississippi regiments in case I deemed it possible to do more than operate solely against the attack by the river. Accordingly my entire command was paraded and placed in the rifle pits around the above camps, and minute instructions given, not only to brigades, but to regiments and companies, as to the exact ground each was to occupy. Seconded by the able assistance of Major Gilmer, of the engineers, of whose valuable service I thus early take pleasure in speaking, and by Colonels Heiman and Drake, everything was arranged to make a formidable resistance against anything like fair odds.

It was known to me on the day before that the enemy had reconnoitered the roads leading to Fort Donelson from Bailey's Ferry by way of Iron Mountain Furnace, and at 10 a. m. on the 5th I sent forward from Fort Henry a strong reconnoitering party of cavalry. They had not advanced more than one and one-half miles in the direction of the enemy when they encountered their reconnoitering party. Our cavalry charged them in gallant style, upon which the enemy's cavalry fell back, with a loss of only one man on each side. Very soon the main body of the Federal advance guard, composed of a regiment of infantry, and a large force of cavalry, was met, upon which our cavalry retreated.

On receipt of this news I moved out in person with five companies of the Fourth Mississippi, and fifty cavalry, ordering at the same time two additional companies of infantry to support Captain Red at the outworks. Upon advancing well to the front I found that the enemy had retired. I returned to camp at 5 p. m. leaving Captain Red re-enforced at the out-works. The enemy were again re-enforced by the arrival of a number of large transports.

At night the pickets from the west bank reported the landing of troops on that side (opposite Bailey's Ferry,) their advance picket having been met one and one-half miles from the river. I at once ordered Captain Hubbard, of the Alabama cavalry, to take fifty men, and, if possible, surprise them. The inclemency of the weather, the rain having commenced to fall in torrents, prevented anything being accomplished.

Early on the morning of the 6th, Captain Padgett reported the arrival of five additional transports every night, and the landing of a large force on the west bank of the river at the point indicated above. From that time up to 9 o'clock it appeared as though the force on the east bank was again re-enforced, which was subsequently proven to be true.

The movements of the fleet of gunboats at an early hour prevented any communication, except by a light barge, with the western bank, and by 10 a. m. it was plain that the boats intended to engage

the fort with their entire force, aided by an attack on the right and left flanks from the two land forces in overwhelming numbers.

To understand properly the difficulties of my position it is right that I should explain fully the unfortunate location of Fort Henry in reference to resistance by a small force against an attack by land co-operating with the gunboats, as well as its disadvantage in even an engagement with boats alone. The entire fort, together with the intrenched camp spoken of, is enfiladed from three or four points on the opposite shore, while three points on the eastern bank completely command them both, all at easy cannon range. At the same time the entrenched camp, arranged as it was in the best possible manner to meet the case, was two-thirds of it completely under the control of the fire of the gunboats. The history of military engineering records no parallel in this case. Points within a few miles of it, possessing great advantage and few disadvantages, were totally neglected, and a location fixed upon without one redeeming feature or filling one of the many requirements of a site for a work such as Fort Henry. The work itself was well built; it was completed long before I took command, but strengthened greatly by myself in building embrasures and epaulements of sand bags. An enemy had but to use their common sense in obtaining the advantage of high water, as was the case, to have complete and entire control of the position. I am guilty of no act of injustice in this frank avowal of the opinions entertained by myself, as well as by all other officers who have become familiar with the location of Fort Henry; nor do I desire the defects of location to have an undue influence in directing public opinion in relation to the battle of the 6th instant. The fort was built when I took charge, and I had no time to build anew. With this seeming digression, rendered necessary, as I believe, to a correct understanding of the whole affair, I will proceed with the details of the subsequent movements of the troops under my command.

By 10 a. m. on the 6th the movements of the gunboats and land force indicated an immediate engagement, and in such force as gave me no room to change my previously conceived opinions as to what, under such circumstances, should be my course. The case stood thus: I had at my command a grand total of 2,610 men, only one-third of whom had been at all disciplined or well armed. The high water in the river filling the sloughs gave me but one route by which to retire, if necessary, and that route for some distance in a direction at right angles to the line of approach of the enemy, and over roads well impassible for artillery, cavalry, or infantry. The enemy had seven gunboats with an armament of fifty-four guns, to engage the eleven guns at Fort Henry. General Grant was moving up the east bank of the river from the landing, three miles below, with a force of 12,000 men, verified afterwards by his own statement, while General Smith, with 6,000 men, was moving up the west bank, to take a position within 400 or 500 yards, which would enable him to enfilade my entire works. The hopes (founded on a knowledge of the fact that the enemy had reconnoitered on the two previous days thoroughly the several roads leading to Fort Donelson) that a portion only of the land force would

co-operate with the gunboats in an attack on the fort were dispelled, and but little time left me to meet this change in the circumstances which surrounded me. I argued thus: Fort Donelson might possibly be held, if properly re-enforced; even though Fort Henry should fall, but the reverse of this proposition was not true. The force at Fort Henry was necessary to aid Fort Donelson either in making a successful defense or in holding it long enough to answer the purposes of a new disposition of the entire enemy from Bowling Green to Columbus, which would necessarily follow the breaking of our center, resting on Forts Donelson and Henry. The latter alternative was all that I deemed possible. I knew that re-enforcements were difficult to be had, and that unless sent in such force as to make the defense certain, which I did not believe practicable, the fate of our right wing at Bowling Green depended upon a concentration of my entire division on Fort Donelson and the holding of that place as long as possible. Trusting that the delay by an action at Fort Henry would give time for such re-enforcements as might reasonably be expected to reach a point sufficiently near Fort Donelson to co-operate with my division, by getting to the rear and right flank of the enemy, and in such a position as to control the roads over which a safe retreat might be effected. I hesitated not a moment. My infantry, artillery, and cavalry, removed of necessity to avoid the fire of the gunboats to the outworks, could not meet the enemy there; my only chance was to delay the enemy every moment possible and retire the command, now outside the main work, towards Fort Donelson, resolving to suffer as little loss as possible. I retained only the heavy artillery company to fight the guns, and gave the order to commence the movement at once.

At 10:15 o'clock Lieutenant-Colonel MacGavock sent a messenger to me, stating that our pickets reported General Grant approaching rapidly and within half a mile of the advance work, and movements on the west bank indicated that General Smith was fast approaching also. The enemy, ignorant of any movement of my main body, but knowing that they could not engage them behind our entrenched camp until after the fort was reduced or the gunboats retired, without being themselves exposed to the fire of the latter, took a position north of the forks of the river road, in a dense wood (my order being to retreat by way of the Stewart road,) to await the result.

At 11 a. m. the flotilla assumed their line of battle. I had no hope of being able successfully to defend the fort against such overwhelming odds, both in point of numbers and in caliber of guns. My object was to save the main body by delaying matters as long as possible, and to this end I bent every effort.

At precisely 11:45 a. m. the enemy opened from their gunboats on the fort. I waited a few moments until the effects from the first shots of the enemy were fully appreciated. I then gave the order to return the fire, which was gallantly responded to by the brave little band under my command. The enemy, with great deliberation, steadily closed upon the fort, firing very wild until within 1,200 yards. The cool deliberation of our men told from the first shot fired with tremendous effect.

At 12:35 p. m. the bursting of our 24-pounder rifled gun disabled every man at the piece. This great loss was to us in a degree made up by our disabling entirely the Essex gunboat, which immediately floated down stream. Immediately after the loss of this valuable gun we sustained another loss, still greater, in the closing up of the vent of the ten-inch columbiad, rendering the gun perfectly useless and defying all efforts to reopen it. The fire on both sides was now perfectly terrific. The enemy's entire force was engaged, doing us but little harm, while our shot fell with unerring certainty upon them and with stunning effect. At this time a question presented itself to me with no inconsiderable degree of embarrassment. The moment had arrived when I should join the main body of troops retiring toward Fort Donelson, the safety of which depended upon a protracted defense of the fort. It was equally plain that the gallant men working the batteries, for the first time under fire, with all their heroism, needed my presence. Colonel Heiman, the next in command, had returned to the fort for instructions. The men working the heavy guns were becoming exhausted with the rapid firing. Another gun became useless by an accident, and yet another by the explosion of a shell immediately after, striking the muzzle, involving the loss of two men and disabling several others. The effect of my absence at such a critical moment would have been disastrous. At the earnest solicitation of many of my officers and men I determined to remain, and ordered Colonel Heiman to join his command and keep up the retreat in good order, while I should fight the guns as long as one man was left, and sacrifice myself to save the main body of my troops.

No sooner was this decision made known than new energy was infused. The enemy closed upon the fort to within 600 yards, improving very much in their fire, which now began to tell with great effect upon the parapets, while the fire from our guns (now reduced to seven) was returned with such deliberation and judgment that we scarcely missed a shot. A second one of the gunboats retired, but I believe was brought into action again.

At 1:10 p. m., so completely broken down were the men, but that for the fact that four only of our guns were then really serviceable I could not well have worked a greater number. The fire was still continued with great energy and tremendous effect upon the enemy's boats.

At 1:30 p. m. I took charge of one of the 32-pounders to relieve the chief of that piece, who had worked with great effect from the beginning of the action. I gave the flag ship Cincinnati two shots, which had the effect to check a movement intended to enfilade the only guns now left me. It was now plain to be seen that the enemy were breaching the fort directly in front of our guns, and that I could not much longer sustain their fire without an unjustifiable exposure of the valuable lives of the men who had so nobly seconded me in this unequal struggle.

Several of my officers, Major Gilmer among the number, now suggested to me the propriety of taking the subject of surrender into consideration. Every moment I knew was of vast importance to

those retreating on Fort Donelson, and I declined, hoping to find men enough at hand to continue a while longer the fire now so destructive to the enemy. In this I was disappointed. My next effort was to try the experiment of a flag of truce, which I waved from the parapets myself. This was precisely at 1:50 p. m. The flag was not noticed, I presume, from the dense smoke that enveloped it, and leaping again into the fort continued the fire for five minutes, when, with the advice of my brother officers, I ordered the flag to be lowered, and after an engagement of two hours and ten minutes with such an unequal force the surrender was made to Flag-Officer Foote, represented by Captain Stembel, commanding gunboat Cincinnati, and was qualified by the single condition that all officers should retain their side-arms, that both officers and men should be treated with the highest consideration due prisoners of war, which was promptly and gracefully acceded to by Commodore Foote.

The retreat of the main body was effected in good order, though involving the loss of about twenty prisoners, who from sickness and other causes were unable to encounter the heavy roads. The rear of the army was overtaken at a distance of some three miles from Fort Henry by a body of the enemy's cavalry, but, on being engaged by a small body of our men, under Major Garvin, were repulsed and retired.

This fact alone shows the necessity of the policy pursued by me in protracting the defense of the fort as long as possible, which only could have been done by my consenting to stand by the brave little band. No loss was sustained by our troops with this affair with the enemy.

I have understood from the enemy that several pieces of artillery also were lost, it being entirely impossible to move them over four or five miles with the indifferent teams attached to them.

The entire absence of transportation rendered any attempt to move the camp equipage of the regiments impossible. This may be regarded as fortune, as the roads were utterly impassable, not only from the rains, but the backwater of Tennessee river.

A small amount of quartermaster's and commissary stores, together with what was left of the ordnance stores, were lost to us also.

The tents of the Alabama regiment were left on the west bank of the river, the gunboats preventing an opportunity to cross them over.

Our casualties may be reported strictly as follows: Killed by the enemy, 2; wounded severely by the enemy (one since dead,) 3; wounded slightly by the enemy, 2; killed by premature explosion, 2; wounded seriously by premature explosion, 1; slightly wounded, 1; temporarily disabled by explosion of rifle gun, 5. Making total killed, 5; seriously wounded, 3; slightly wounded, 3; disabled, 5; missing, 5. Total casualties, 21.

The total casualties of the enemy were stated in my presence on the following morning to be seventy-three, including one officer of the Essex killed, and Captain Porter, commanding the Essex, badly scalded.

The enemy report the number of shots that struck their vessels to have been seventy-four, twenty-eight of which struck the flagship *Cincinnati* so disabling her as to compel her to return to Cairo. The *Essex* received twenty-two shots, one of which passed, we know, entirely through the ship, opening one of the boilers and taking off the head of Captain Porter's aid-de-camp. Several shots passed entirely through the *Cincinnati*, while her outer works were completely riddled. The weak points in all their vessels were known to us, and the cool precision of our firing developed them, showing conclusively that this class of boats, though formidable, cannot stand the test of even the 32-pounders, much less the 24-caliber rifled shot or that of the 10-inch columbiad. It should be remembered that these results were principally from no heavier metal than the ordinary 32-pounders, using solid shot, fired at point-blank, giving the vessels all the advantage of their peculiar structures, with plains meeting this fire at angles of forty-five degrees. The immense area, forming what may be called the roof, is in every respect vulnerable to either a plunging fire from even 32-pounders, or a curved line of fire from heavy guns. In the latter case shell should be used in preference to shot.

Confident of having performed my whole duty to my Government in the defense of Fort Henry, with the totally inadequate means at my disposal, I have but little to add in support of the views before expressed. The reasons for the line of policy pursued by me are to my mind convincing.

Against such overwhelming odds as 16,000 well armed men (exclusive of the force on the gunboats) to 2,610 badly armed, in the field, and fifty-four heavy guns against eleven medium ones in the fort, no tactics or bravery could avail.

The rapid movements of the enemy, with every facility at their command, rendered the defense from the beginning a hopeless one.

I succeeded in doing even more than was to be hoped for at first. I not only saved my entire command outside the fort, but damaged materially the flotilla of the enemy, demonstrating thoroughly a problem of infinite value to us in the future.

Had I been re-enforced, so as to have justified my meeting the enemy at the advanced works, I might have made good the land defense on the east bank. I made no inquiry as to why I was not, for I have entire confidence in the judgment of my commanding general.

The elements even were against us, and had the enemy delayed his attack a few days, with the river rising, one-third of the entire fortifications (already affected by it) would have been washed away, while the remaining portion of the works would have been untenable by reason of the depth of water over the whole interior portion.

The number of officers surrendered (see paper marked A) was twelve; the number of non-commissioned officers and privates in the fort at the time of the surrender (see paper marked B) was sixty-six; while the number in the hospital boat Patton was (see paper marked C) sixteen.

I take great pleasure in making honorable mention of all the offi-

cers and men under my command. To Captain Taylor, of the artillery, and officers of the corps; Lieutenants Watts and Weller; to Captain G. R. G. Jones, in command of the right battery; to Captains Miller and Hayden, of the engineers; to Acting Assistant Adjutant-General McConnico; to Captain H. L. Jones, brigade-quartermaster; to Captain McLaughlin, quartermaster of the Tenth Tennessee, and to Surgeons Voorhies and Horton, of the Tenth Tennessee, the thanks of the whole country are due for their consummate devotion to our high and holy cause. To Sergeants. John Jones, Hallam, Cubine, and Silcurk, to Corporals Copass, Cavin, and Renfro, in charge of the guns, as well as to all the men, I feel a large debt is due for their bravery and efficiency in working the heavy guns so long and so efficiently.

Officers and men alike seemed actuated but by one spirit—that of devotion to the cause in which was involved life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Every blow struck was aimed by cool heads, supported by strong arms and honest hearts.

I feel that it is a duty I owe to Col. A. Heiman, commanding the Tenth Tennessee regiment (Irish,) to give this testimony of my high appreciation of him as a soldier and a man, due to his gallant regiment, both officers and men. I place them second to no regiment I have seen in the army.

To Captain Dixon, of the engineers, I owe (as does the whole country) my special acknowledgments of his ability and unceasing energies. Under his immediate eye were all the works proposed by myself at Fort Donelson and Heiman executed, while his fruitfulness in resources to meet the many disadvantages of position alone, enabled us to combat its difficulties successfully.

To Lieutenant Watts, of the heavy artillery, as acting ordinance officer at Fort Henry, I owe this special notice of the admirable condition of the ordinance department of that post. Lieutenant Watts is the coolest officer under fire I ever met with.

I take pleasure in acknowledging the marked courtesy and consideration of Flag Officer Foote, of the Federal navy; of Captain Stembel and the other naval officers, to myself, officers and men. Their gallant bearing during the action gave evidence of a brave and therefore generous foe.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

LLOYD TILGHMAN.

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE SURRENDER OF FORTS DONELSON AND HENRY.

Report of Brigadier-General Simon B. Buckner, C. S. Army, commanding division, etc.

Headquarters Cumberland Army.

Dover, Tenn., February 18, 1862.

Sir: It becomes my duty to report that the remains of this army, after winning some brilliant successes both in repulsing the assaults of the enemy and in sallying successfully through the lines, have been reduced to the necessity of a surrender.

At the earliest practical day I will send a detailed report of its operations. I can only say now that, after the battle of the 15th instant had been won and my division of the army was being established in position to cover the retreat of the army, the plan of battle seems to have been changed and the troops were ordered back to the trenches. Before my own division returned to their works on the extreme right, the lines were assailed at that point and my extreme right was occupied by a large force of the enemy, but I successfully repelled their further assaults.

It was the purpose of General Floyd to effect the retreat of the army over the ground which had been won in the morning, and the troops moved from their works with that view; but before any movement for that purpose was organized a reconnoissance showed that the ground was occupied by the enemy in great strength. General Floyd then determined to retreat across the river with such force as could escape; but as there were no boats until nearly daylight on the 16th, he left with some regiments of Virginia troops about daylight, and was accompanied by Brigadier-General Pillow.

I was thus left in command of the remnant of the army, which had been placed in movement for a retreat which was discovered to be impracticable. My men were in a state of complete exhaustion from extreme suffering from cold and fatigue. The supply of ammunition, especially for the artillery, was being rapidly exhausted; the army was to a great extent demoralized by the retrograde movement. On being placed in command, I ordered such troops as could not cross the river to return to their intrenchments, to make at the last moment such resistance as was possible to the overwhelming force of the enemy. But a small portion of the forces had returned to the lines when I received from General Grant a reply to my proposal to negotiate for terms of surrender. To have refused his terms would, in the condition

of the army at the time, have led to the massacre of my troops without any advantage resulting from the sacrifice. I therefore felt it my highest duty to these brave men, whose conduct had been so brilliant and whose sufferings had been so intense, to accept the ungenerous terms proposed by the Federal commander, who overcame us solely by overwhelming superiority of numbers. This army is accordingly prisoners of war, the officers retaining their side arms and private property, and the soldiers their clothing and blankets. I regret to state, however, that, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of General Grant and many of his officers to prevent it, our camps have been a scene of almost indiscriminate pillage by the Federal troops.

In conclusion, I request, at the earliest time practicable, a court of inquiry, to examine into the causes of the surrender of this army.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,

Brigadier-General, C. S. Army.

COL. W. W. MACKALL,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Nashville, Tenn.

Richmond, Va., August 11, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of that portion of the second division of the Central Army of Kentucky which was detached from Bowling Green and Russellville, Ky., to aid in the defense of Fort Donelson, and the village of Dover, on the Cumberland river, Tenn.

By the courtesy of Brigadier-General Grant, U. S. Army, I was permitted to transmit to Clarksville, Tenn., a brief report of the surrender of Fort Donelson, but, as I now learn it never reached the headquarters of General A. S. Johnston, I transmit herewith a copy.

I have been prevented from making an early report by the refusal of the Federal authorities during my imprisonment either to permit me to make a report or to receive the report of subordinate commanders. Such, indeed, was the discourtesy of the Federal War Department that, though kept in solitary confinement during my imprisonment, and prevented from holding communication with any of my fellow prisoners, a request on my part to be informed of the cause of a proceeding so unusual amongst nations pretending to follow the rules of civilized warfare failed to elicit a response.

On February 11th, ult. Brigadier-General Floyd had resolved to concentrate his division, and my own at Cumberland City, with a view of operating some point on the railway west of that position in the direction of Fort Donelson or Fort Henry, thus maintaining his communications with Nashville by the way of Charlotte.

I reached Fort Donelson on the night of February 11th, with orders from General Floyd to direct General Pillow to send back at once to Cumberland City the troops which had been designated.

Before leaving Clarksville I had, by authority of General Floyd, ordered Scott's regiment of Louisiana cavalry to operate on the north side of the Cumberland river, in the direction of Fort Donelson, with a view to prevent the establishment of any of the enemy's field batteries

which might interfere with our transports. General Pillow declined to execute the order of which I was the bearer until he should have a personal interview with General Floyd.

Accordingly on the morning of the 12th he left me temporarily in command and proceeded himself in a steamer to Cumberland City. Before leaving, he informed me that he had directed a reconnoissance to be made by Colonel Forrest's cavalry, with instructions in no event to bring on an engagement should the enemy approach in force.

General Pillow left me under the impression that he did not expect an immediate advance of the enemy, and regarded their approach from the direction of Fort Henry as impracticable. During the morning Forrest reported the enemy advancing in force, with the view of enveloping our line of defense, and for a time he was engaged with his usual gallantry in heavy skirmishing with them; at one time driving one of their battalions back upon their artillery.

About noon General Pillow returned and resumed command, it having been determined to reinforce the garrison with the remaining troops from Cumberland City and Clarksville.

The defenses were in a very imperfect condition. The space to be defended by the army was quadrangular in shape, being limited on the north by the Cumberland river, on the east and west by small streams now converted into deep sloughs by the high water, and on the south by our line of defense. The river line exceeded a mile in length. The line of defense was about two miles and a half long, and its distance from the river varied from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile. The line of intrenchments consisted of a few logs rolled together and but slightly covered with earth, forming an insufficient protection even against field artillery.

Not more than one-third of the line was completed on the morning of the 12th. It had been located under the direction of an able engineer officer, Major Gilmer, near the crests of a series of ridges which sloped backwards to the river, and were again commanded in several places by other ridges at a still greater distance from the river. This chain of heights was intersected by deep valleys and ravines, which materially interfered with communication between different parts of the line. Between the village of Dover and the water batteries a broad and deep valley extending directly back from the river and flooded by the high water, intersected the quadrangular area occupied by the army and almost completely isolated the right wing. That part of the line which covered the land approach to the water batteries, and constituted our right wing, was assigned to me, with a portion of my division consisting of the Third or Col. John C. Brown's brigade, which was composed of the Third Tennessee volunteers (which was Colonel Brown's regiment;) Eighteenth Tennessee regiment, Col. Jos. B. Palmer; Thirty-second Tennessee regiment, Colonel (E. C.) Cook; half of Colonel Baldwin's Second brigade (temporarily attached to Colonel Brown's;) Second regiment Kentucky volunteers, Col. R. W. Hanson; Fourteenth Mississippi volunteers, Major (W. L.) Doss; Forty-first Tennessee volunteers, Colonel (Robert) Farquharson; Porter's battery of six field pieces, and Grave's battery of six field pieces.

The remaining regiments of Baldwin's brigade, the Twenty-sixth Tennessee volunteers, Colonel (John M.) Lillard, and the Twenty-sixth Mississippi volunteers, Colonel (A. E.) Reynolds, together with the brigade commander, were detached from my command by Brigadier-General Pillow and assigned a position on the left of the line of intrenchments.

The work on my lines was prosecuted with energy and urged forward as rapidly as the limited number of tools would permit, so that by the morning of the 13th my position was in a respectable state of defense.

My disposition of the troops was as follows: Hanson's regiment on the extreme right; Palmer's regiment, with its reserve, in position to reinforce Hanson; Porter's battery occupying the advanced salient, sweeping the road which led to the front, and flanking the intrenchment both to the right and to the left. The reserve of the 14th Mississippi was held as its support. Brown's, Cook's and Farquharson's regiments were on the left. Grave's battery occupied a position near the extreme left of the entrenchments on the declivity of the hill, whence it swept the valley with its fire and flanked the position of Colonel Heiman to the east of the valley.

From three to five companies of each regiment were employed as skirmishers in the rifle pits. The other companies of each regiment were massed in columns, sheltered from the enemy's fire behind the irregularities of the ground, and held in convenient positions to reinforce any portion of the line that might be seriously threatened. No serious demonstration was made on our lines on the 12th.

Early on the morning of the 13th, a column of the enemy's infantry which was apparently forming to move down the valley between my left and Heiman's right, was driven back by a few well directed shots from Grave's battery.

About 10 o'clock in the morning the enemy made a vigorous attack upon Hanson's position, but was repulsed with heavy loss. The attack was subsequently renewed by three heavy regiments, but was again repulsed by the Second Kentucky regiment, aided by a part of the Eighteenth Tennessee. In both of these affairs and also in the third repulse of the enemy from the same position, Porter's battery played a conspicuous part.

About 11 o'clock a strong attack was made on Colonel Heiman's position beyond my left. A well directed fire from Grave's battery upon the flank of the assaulting column materially contributed to repulse the enemy with heavy loss.

The fire of the enemy's artillery and riflemen was incessant throughout the day, but was responded to by a well directed fire from the intrenchments, which inflicted upon the assailant considerable loss and almost silenced his fire late in the afternoon.

On the preceding night General Floyd had arrived and assumed command of all the troops, and in the morning visited and inspected my line. My loss during the day was thirty-nine in killed and wounded.

The enemy were comparatively quiet in front of my position during the 14th. On the morning of that day I was summoned to a

council of general officers, in which it was decided unanimously, in view of the arrival of heavy re-enforcements of the enemy below, to make an immediate attack upon their right, in order to open our communications with Charlotte in the direction of Nashville. It was urged that this attack should be made at once before the disembarkation of the enemy's reinforcements supposed to be about 15,000 men. I proposed with my division, to cover the retreat of the army should the sortie prove successful. I made the necessary dispositions preparatory to executing the movement, but early in the afternoon the order was countermanded by General Floyd, at the instance as I afterwards learned of General Pillow, who after drawing out his troops for the attack thought it too late for the attempt. On the night of the 14th, it was unanimously decided in a council of general officers and regimental commanders to attack the enemy's right at daylight. The object of the attack was to force our way through his line, recover our communications, and effect our retreat upon Nashville by way of Charlotte, Tennessee. This movement had become imperatively necessary in consequence of the vastly superior and constantly increasing force of the enemy, who had already completely enveloped our position. The general plan was for General Pillow to attack his extreme right, and for that portion of my division remaining under my command, after being relieved in the rifle pits by Colonel Head's regiment, to make an attack upon the right of the enemy's center, and if successful to take up a position in advance of our work on the Wynn's Ferry road, to cover the retreat of the whole army, after which my division was to act as the rear guard. On Saturday morning the 15th, a considerable portion of my division was delayed by the non-arrival of Head's regiment at the appointed time, and by the slippery condition of the icy road, which forbid a rapid march. My advance regiment, however, (the Third Tennessee) reached its position by daylight in rear of a portion of the intrenchments which had been occupied by General Pillow's troops. As no guards had been left in this portion of the line, and even a battery was left in position with a cannoneer, I deployed the Third Tennessee in the rifle pits, to cover the formation of my division as it arrived. The regiments were formed partly in line and partly in column, and covered from the enemy's artillery fire by a slight activity in front. In the meantime the attack on the enemy's right was made in a most gallant and determined manner by the division of General Pillow. For the progress of that action, I refer to the reports of Colonel Baldwin, Colonel Gregg and their subordinate commanders, which have been transmitted to me as the senior officer left with the Army.

In front of my position the enemy had a heavy battery posted on the Wynn's Ferry road, with another battery opposite my left, both sustained by a heavy infantry force.

Major Davidson, acting chief of my artillery, established Grave's battery to the left of the Wynn's Ferry road and opened upon the enemy's batteries a destructive fire. I also directed a portion of the artillery to open upon the flank and left rear of the enemy's infantry, who were contesting the advance of General Pillow's division. In

view of the heavy duty which I expected my division to undergo in covering the retreat of the army, I thought it inadvisable to attempt an assault at this time in my front until the enemy's batteries were to some extent crippled, and their supports shaken by the fire of the artillery.

About 9 o'clock General Pillow urged an advance to relieve his forces. I accordingly sent forward the Fourteenth Mississippi, Major Doss, deployed as skirmishers. At the request of its commander I assigned the direction of its movements to Major Alexander Casseday of my staff. The line of skirmishers was sustained by the Third and Eighteenth Tennessee. Their line of march unfortunately masked the fire of my artillery upon the Wynn's Ferry road, but it continued to play with effect upon the force which was opposing General Pillow's advance. The combined attack compelled the enemy to retire, not however, without inflicting upon my troops considerable loss. Under a misapprehension of instructions, at a time when my artillery was directed over the heads of the advanced troops upon the enemy's batteries, these regiments withdrew without panic, but in some confusion, to the trenches, after the enemy's infantry had been driven a considerable distance from their position.

As the enemy's line of retreat was along the Wynn's Ferry road I now organized an attack further to my right up a deep valley which led from Heiman's left in rear of the position occupied by the enemy's batteries.

In order to cover the advance of the infantry column I directed Captain Porter with his artillerists to serve Green's battery which was already in position, and at the same time sent a request to Colonel Heiman to direct Maney's battery to open its fire, while he should deploy a line of skirmishers in advance of his position to cover the right of the valley. General Pillow was at this time, as I afterwards learned, on the heights to my right, occupied by Heiman. Maney's, Porter's, and Graves' batteries now opened a cross fire upon the enemy's battery and position, soon crippled some of his guns and driving their supports, while the Third, Eighteenth, and Thirty-second Tennessee regiments, under their brigade commander, Col. John C. Brown, moved steadily up the valley, preceded by their skirmishers, who soon became engaged with those of the enemy. This movement, combined with the brisk fire of three batteries, induced a rapid retreat of the enemy, who abandoned a section of his artillery. At the same time my infantry were thus penetrating the enemy's line of retreat. Forrest, with a portion of his cavalry, charged upon their right, while General Pillow's division, under the orders of General B. R. Johnson and Colonel Baldwin, were pressing their extreme right about half a mile to the left of this position.

In this latter movement a section of Graves' battery participated, playing with destructive effect upon the enemy's left, while about the same time the Second Kentucky, under Colonel Hanson, charged in quick time, as if upon parade, through an open field and under a destructive fire, without firing a gun, upon a superior force of the enemy, who broke and fled in all directions. A large portion of the

enemy's right dispersed through the woods, and made their way, as was afterwards learned, to Fort Henry.

While this movement was going on I conducted one piece of artillery, under Captain Graves, along the Wynn's Ferry road, supported by the Fourteenth Mississippi, and sent orders to the residue of Graves' battery and Porters and Jackson's batteries and Farquharson's Tennessee regiment to follow the movement with rapidity. I also sent to direct Hanson's regiment to rejoin me. The enemy, in his retreat, had now taken up a strong position on the road beyond the point where it crosses the valley. I directed the position to be attacked by the Third, Eighteenth, and Thirteenth Tennessee regiments, the first on the left, the others on the right of the road, while Graves' piece took position in the road within 250 or 300 yards of the enemy's guns. These regiments under the immediate command of Colonel Brown, advanced gallantly to the attack, while Graves' piece responded with effect to the enemy's artillery. Notwithstanding their vast superiority in numbers, the enemy were driven, with very heavy loss, from their position, and retreated from the right of Wynn's Ferry road, leaving it entirely open. In this position I awaited the arrival of my artillery and reserves, either to continue the pursuit of the enemy or to defend the position I now held, in order that the army might pass out on the Forge road, which was now completely covered by the position occupied by my division. But General Pillow had prevented my artillery from leaving the intrenchments, and had ordered Farquharson not to join me, and also sent me reiterated orders to return to my intrenchments on the extreme right. I was in the act of returning to the lines when I met General Floyd, who seemed surprised at the order. At his request to know my opinion of the movement I replied that nothing had occurred to change my views of the necessity of the evacuation of the post, that the road was open, that the first part of our purpose was fully accomplished, and I thought we should at once avail ourselves of the existing opportunity to regain our communications. These seemed to be his own views; for he directed me to halt my troops and remain in position until he should have conversed with General Pillow, who was now within the intrenchments.

After the consultation he sent me an order to retire within the lines and repair as rapidly as possible to my former position on the extreme right, which was in danger of attack. The enemy made no attempt at pursuit. I secured the section of artillery which had been captured, and covered my retrograde movement by Hanson's and Farquharson's regiments. My troops were already much exhausted, but returned as rapidly as possible, a distance of two miles, to their positions. But a small portion of my division had reached their position when a division of the enemy, under command of General C. F. Smith, assaulted the extreme right of my position, falling upon Hanson's regiment before it had reached its rifle pits. This gallant regiment was necessarily thrown back in confusion upon the position of the Eighteenth Tennessee. At this period I reached that position, and, aided by a number of officers, I succeeded in hastily forming a line behind the crest of the hill which overlooked the detached works which had been

seized by the enemy before Hanson had been able to throw his regiment into them. The enemy advanced gallantly upon this new position, but was repulsed with heavy loss. I re-enforced this position by other regiments as they successively arrived and by a section of Graves' battery, while a section of Porter's battery was placed in its former position. During a contest of more than two hours the enemy threatened my left with a heavy column and made repeated attempts to storm my line on the right, but the well directed fire of Porter's and Graves' artillery and the musketry fire of the infantry repelled the attempts, and finally drove him to seek shelter behind the works he had taken amid the irregularities of the ground. There was probably no period of the action when his force was not from three to five times the strength of mine. Towards the close of the action I was re-enforced by the regiments of Colonels Quarles, Sugg and Bailey. Generals Floyd and Pillow also visited the position about the close of the action.

In the council of general and field officers, held after night, it was unanimously resolved that if the enemy had not re-occupied in strength the position in front of General Pillow the army should effect its retreat, and orders to assemble the regiments for that purpose were given by General Floyd; but as the enemy had late in the afternoon appeared in considerable force on the battlefield of the morning, a reconnoissance was ordered, I think by General Pillow, under the instructions of General Floyd. The report of this reconnoissance, made by Colonel Forrest has been fully stated by Generals Floyd and Pillow, and, from what I have been able to learn since, I am satisfied the information reported is correct.

Among other incidents showing that the enemy had not only reoccupied their former ground, but extended their lines still farther to our left, is the fact that Overton's cavalry, following after Forrest's, was cut off from retreat by an infantry force of the enemy at the point where Forrest had crossed the stream on the river road. When the information of our reinvestment was reported, General Floyd, General Pillow and myself were the only members of the council present. Both of these officers have stated the views of the council, but my recollection of some of the incidents narrated differ so materially from that of General Pillow, that without intending any reflection upon either of those officers, I feel called upon to notice some of the differences of opinion between us.

Both officers have correctly stated that I regarded the position of the army as desperate, and that an attempt to extricate it by another battle, in the suffering and exhausted condition of the troops, was almost hopeless. The troops had been worn down with watching, with labor, with fighting. Many of them were frosted by the intensity of the cold; all of them were suffering and exhausted by their incessant labors. There had been no regular issue of rations for a number of days and scarcely any means of cooking. Their ammunition was nearly expended. We were completely invested by a force of nearly four times the strength of our own. In their exhausted condition they could not have made a march. An attempt to make a sortie would

have been resisted by a superior force of fresh troops, and that attempt would have been the signal for the fall of the water batteries and the presence of the enemy's gunboats sweeping with the fire at close range the positions of our troops, who would have thus been assailed on their front, rear, and right flank at the same instant. The results would have been a virtual massacre of the troops, more disheartening in its effects than a surrender.

In this opinion General Floyd coincided, and I am certain that both he and I were convinced that General Pillow agreed with us in this opinion. General Pillow then asked our opinion as to the practicability of holding our position another day. I replied that my right was already turned, a portion of my intrenchments in the enemy's possession—they were in position successfully to assail my position and the water batteries—and that, with my weakened and exhausted force, I could not successfully resist the assault which would be made at daylight by a vastly superior force. I further remarked that I understood the principal object of the defense of Donelson to be to cover the movement of General A. S. Johnston's army from Bowling Green to Nashville, and that if that movement was not completed it was my opinion that we should attempt a further defense, even at the risk of the destruction of our entire force, as the delay even of a few hours might gain the safety of General Johnston's force. General Floyd remarked that General Johnston's army had already reached Nashville.

I then expressed the opinion that it would be wrong to subject the army to a virtual massacre when no good could result from the sacrifice, and that the general officers owed it to their men, when further resistance was unavailing, to obtain the best terms of capitulation possible for them. General Floyd expressed himself in similar terms, and in this opinion I understood General Pillow to acquiesce. For reasons which he has stated General Floyd then announced his purpose to leave, with such portions of his division as could be transported in two small steamers, which were expected about daylight. General Pillow, addressing General Floyd, then remarked that he thought that there were no two persons in the Confederacy whom the Yankees would prefer to capture than himself and General Floyd, and asked the latter's opinion as to the propriety of his accompanying General Floyd. To this inquiry the latter replied that it was a question for every man to decide for himself. General Pillow then addressed the inquiry to me, to which I remarked that I could only reply as General Floyd had done, that it was a question for every officer to decide for himself, and that in my own case I regarded it as my duty to remain with my men and share their fate, whatever it might be. General Pillow, however, announced his purpose to leave; when General Floyd directed me to consider myself in command. I remarked that a capitulation would be as bitter to me as it could be to any one, but I regarded it as a necessity of our position, and I could not reconcile it with my sense of duty to separate my fortune from those of my command.

It is due to General Pillow to state that sometime after the command had been transferred to me, and while preparations were making for his departure, he returned to the room and said to General Floyd

and myself that he wished it understood that he had thought it would have been better to have held the fort another day, in order to await the arrival of steamers to transport the troops across the river. I again recapitulated my reasons for thinking it impossible to hold our position; and, whatever may have been General Pillow's opinion, he certainly impressed me with the belief that he again acquiesced in the necessity of a surrender.

It was now near daylight on Sunday morning, the 16th. I ordered the troops back to their positions in intrenchments, and addressed a note, a copy of which is enclosed, to the Federal Commander, Brigadier-General U. S. Grant. His reply is also transmitted. When it was received, but a small portion of the troops had returned to their lines. A portion of my field guns had been spiked when the troops had been withdrawn under General Floyd's order. The gunners had not yet returned to the water batteries. A degree of confusion, amounting almost to a state of disorganization, resulting from the knowledge of our position, pervaded a considerable portion of the troops. A corps of not less than 15,000 of the enemy, with fifteen pieces of artillery, were in position to assault the extreme right of the line, which was effectually turned and the water batteries exposed to assault, without the power of resisting the attack. At the point most strongly threatened I could not have opposed at the time a thousand men. Every road leading from the lines was effectually closed. Even the river road, by which the cavalry had left and which was impassable by infantry was closed by a force of the enemy within fifteen minutes after Forrest had passed, and Overton's cavalry was forced to return to the lines. The troops were broken down by unusual privations. Most of them had labored or fought almost incessantly for a week. From Thursday morning until Saturday night they had been almost constantly under fire. From Thursday evening until Sunday morning they had suffered intensely in a heavy snowstorm and from intense cold, almost without shelter, with insufficient food, and almost without sleep. They had behaved with a gallantry unsurpassed, until the power of further endurance was exhausted. The supply of ammunition was very small.

The aggregate of the army, never greater than 12,000, was now reduced to less than 9,000 men after the departure of General Floyd's brigade. The investing force of the enemy was about 50,000 strong, and considerably exceeded that force by the following morning. Under these circumstances no alternative was left me but to accept the terms demanded by our ungenerous enemy. A copy of the order of General Grant, fixing the terms of surrender, is herewith enclosed.

I do not seek to avoid any responsibility which in the judgment of the President may attach to my action, which was guided in every instance by a feeling of duty. My chief wish is that he will find it consistent with the public interest to permit me to still unite my fortunes in the contest for independence with those of the brave men whose gallantry I have witnessed, whose dangers and hardships I have shared, and in common with whom I have endured the privations of imprisonment among a vindictive and tyrannical foe.

I cannot close this report without calling special attention to the

gallant and able conduct of my brigade commanders, Colonel John C. Brown of the Third Tennessee, Wm. E. Baldwin of the Fourteenth Mississippi and R. W. Hanson commanding the Second Kentucky, detached from Breckinridge's Kentucky brigade.

For the operations of Colonel Baldwin's troops I refer to his report as he was detached from my command during the siege. But he as well as the other two officers, were conspicuous on every occasion for their gallantry and military judgment, and merit the special approbation of the Governor.

Among the regimental commanders, Colonels J. M. Lillard and E. C. Cook merit the highest commendation for their gallant bearing and the excellent manner in which they handled their regiments. Major W. L. Doss behaved with marked gallantry. Major George B. Cosby, my chief-of-staff, deserves the highest commendation for the gallant and intelligent discharge of his duties, and the other members of my staff are entitled to my thanks for their gallantry and for the efficient discharge of their appropriate duties. Lieutenants Charles F. Johnson, aid-de-camp and T. J. Clay, acting aid; Majors Alexander Cassidy, acting inspector general and S. K. Hayes, quarter-master; Capt. R. C. Wintersmith, commissary of subsistence; Major Davidson, chief of artillery, Messrs. J. M. Gallaher, acting aid; Moore, acting topographical officer; J. Walker Taylor, commanding a detachment of guides and D. P. Buckner, volunteer aid.

Major Barbour, aid-de-camp to Brigadier Tilgham, though wounded, remained with me on the 13th. I cannot bestow sufficient praise upon Captains Porter and Rice E. Graves and their officers and men for the gallant and efficient handling of their batteries. Artillery was never better served, and artillerists never behaved under trying circumstances with greater coolness. Porter's battery from its exposed position, lost more than half its gunners and its intrepid commander was severely wounded late in the afternoon of Saturday, being succeeded in command by the gallant Lieutenant Morton. Captain Jackson's Virginia battery though not so frequently engaged is entitled to notice.

For an understanding of the particular operations of General Pillow's Division, I refer you to the reports of his Brigade Commanders, Colonels Wm. E. Baldwin, A. Heiman and John Gregg and to the reports of their subordinate commanders.

Accompanying this report is a list of the strength of my division and of its killed and wounded. My aggregate force at the beginning of the contests which was constantly diminishing did not exceed 3,025 infantry and two batteries of artillery. Two of my regiments, in addition (344 men) were constantly under the command of General Pillow. The length of my lines exceeded three-fourths of a mile.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,

Brigadier-General, C. S. Army.

Lately Commander, Second Division, Central Army of Kentucky.

GENERAL S. COOPER,

Adj. and Insp. Gen. C. S. Army, Richmond, Va.

(Enclosures)
Headquarters Army in the Field,
Fort Donelson, Tenn., February 16, 1862.

Special Orders }
No.— }

All prisoners taken at the surrender of Fort Donelson will be collected as rapidly as practicable near the village of Dover, under their respective company and regimental commanders, or in such manner as may be deemed best by Brig. Gen. S. B. Buckner, and will receive two days' rations, preparatory to embarking for Cairo.

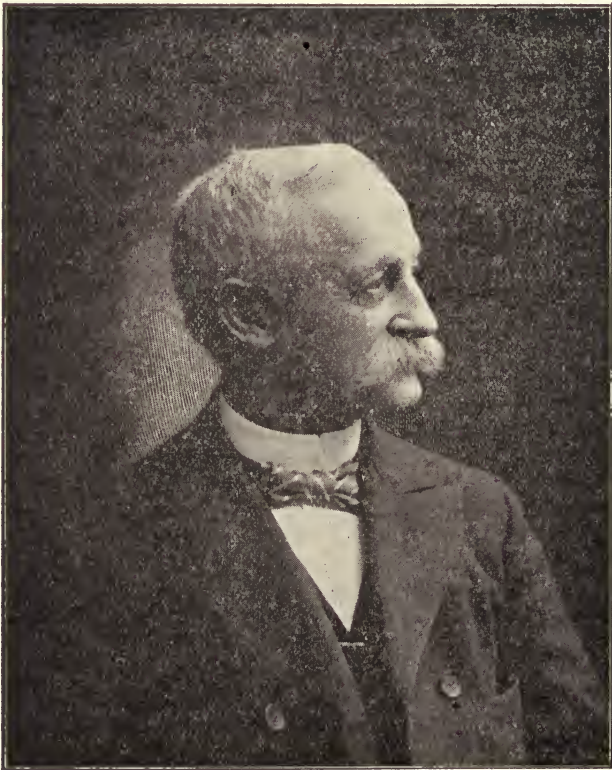
Prisoners are to be allowed their clothing, blankets, and such private property as may be carried about the person, and commissioned officers will be allowed their side-arms.

By order:

U. S. GRANT,
Brigadier-General.

THE BUILDING OF FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON.

(BY MAJOR WILBUR F. FOSTER, OF NASHVILLE WHO WAS LIEUTENANT
GENERAL A. P. STEWART'S CHIEF ENGINEER.)



MAJOR W. F. FOSTER, CHIEF ENGINEER GENERAL A. P.
STEWART'S CORPS.

Shortly after enrollment as a volunteer in Company C, First Tennessee regiment in April 1861, and the mustering into the service

of the state of Tennessee of said regiment, May 2nd, this writer was ordered by Capt. R. C. Foster, commanding his company, to report to Mr. Adna Anderson at Nashville for special service, and thus became familiar with the following facts, not generally known, with regard to the location and construction of Fort Donelson on the Cumberland river and Fort Henry on the Tennessee.

Mr. Anderson at that time, was receiver of the Edgefield & Kentucky railroad, running from Nashville, Tenn., to Guthrie, Ky., and was one of the ablest and most widely known engineers in the South. As chief engineer, he had located and built, under three separate corporations, the entire line of railroad from Guthrie, Ky., southwardly to the state line of Alabama, which now forms an important part of the Louisville & Nashville railroad system. He had also had large experience in various other enterprises in the South, and was one whose clear judgment and great ability were held in high esteem by all who knew him.

On reporting to Mr. Anderson as ordered, he stated that he had been directed by Gov. Harris to locate and construct defensive works on the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and that he wished me to organize a party and make such surveys as he would direct.

On the 10th of May these surveys were begun near Dover, Mr. Anderson being present in person, and after careful examination and study of all the topographical details, the first, or water battery at Fort Donelson was located by Mr. Anderson, the work laid out, and construction begun by a large force of men brought from Cumberland iron works by Mr. Stacker.

The surveying party then proceeded at once to the Tennessee river, and the same careful study was given and surveys made, extending from a point shortly above the mouth of Sandy several miles northwardly down the river. The location of the proposed fort on the Tennessee, chosen by Mr. Anderson, was shortly below the mouth of Standing Stone creek and nearly opposite the mouth of Sandy.

The entire country between the two rivers was thoroughly examined and maps made showing the location of both forts and the country between. In all these surveys great care was taken to ascertain true high water mark and note the conditions which would exist in time of floods.

On the 28th of May, Major (afterwards General) Bushrod Johnson, who had been appointed chief engineer of the Army of Tennessee with the rank of Major, visited the party in the field accompanied by Mr. Anderson who explained fully to Major Johnson all that had been done under his direction, and turned over to him all maps, plans, etc., the result of the surveys. Major Johnson then assumed the further direction of the work and Mr. Anderson's connection therewith ended.

The work at Fort Donelson was carried forward to completion, in the main as designed by Mr. Anderson, but the point selected by him for the defensive work on Tennessee river was not approved by Major Johnson, who selected a location some five miles further down the river at Kirkman's old landing; and under his direction this writer laid out

Fort Henry at that place and the work was begun by the Tenth Tennessee regiment, commanded by Col. A. Heiman on Friday, June 14, 1861. The first gun was mounted and fired with blank cartridge on Friday, July 12th.

Shortly afterwards this writer, at his own request, was relieved of special duty and rejoined his regiment in West Virginia.



TABLE GIVING THE NUMBER OF THE FORCES ENGAGED, KILLED, AND WOUNDED AT FORT DONELSON, FEBRUARY 12-15, 1862.

REGIMENT.	COMMANDER.	ENGAGED	KILLED	WOUND'D
48th Tennessee . .	W. M. Voorhies . .	230	..	1
42d Tennessee . .	W. A. Quarles . .	498	..	11
53d Tennessee . .	A. H. Abernathy . .	280	6	12
49th Tennessee . .	J. E. Bailey	300	4	13
18th Tennessee . .	J. B. Palmer	615	4	40
10th Tennessee . .	A. Heiman	750	1	5
26th Tennessee . .	J. M. Lillard	400	11	85
41st Tennessee . .	R. Ferguson	450	2	6
32d Tennessee . .	E. C. Cook	558	3	35
3d Tennessee . . .	J. C. Brown	650	12	75
51st Tennessee . .	E. A. Clark	80
50th Tennessee . .	C. A. Sugg	650	2	4
2nd Kentucky . . .	R. W. Hanson	618	13	57
8th Kentucky . . .	H. B. Lyon	300	19	60
7th Texas	John Gregg	300	20	30
15th Arkansas . . .	J. M. Gee	270	7	17
27th Alabama . . .	A. A. Hughes	316	..	1
1st Mississippi . .	J. M. Simonton	280	17	76
3rd Mississippi . .	John B. Deason	500	5	19
4th Mississippi . .	Joseph Drake	535	8	38
14th Mississippi . .	W. E. Baldwin	475	17	84
20th Mississippi . .	D. R. Russell	562	19	59
26th Mississippi . .	A. E. Reynolds	434	12	71
50th Virginia . . .	Maj. C. E. Thorb'rn . .	400	8	68
51st Virginia . . .	G. C. Wharton	275	5	45
56th Virginia . . .	W. D. Stewart	350
36th Virginia . . .	J. A. McCausland . . .	250	loss severe	unknown
Colms' Ten Bat. . .	Maj. S. H. Colms	270
Tenn. Battalion . .	Maj. Gowan	60	3	8
9th Bat. Ten. Cav. .	George Gant	227	1	1
Ky. Cavalry	Forrest	600	8	15
Cavalry Co.	Capt. Meters	15
Battery	Murray	80	..	2
Battery	R. E. Graves	113	..	5
Battery	Frank Maney	55	5	9
Battery	Thomas K. Porter	100	7	23
Battery	H. D. Green	76	..	1
Battery	Jackson	34
Heavy Battery . . .	P. K. Stankeiwicz	34	1	1
Heavy Battery . . .	Ross	100	..	1
Heavy Battery . . .	Girgardey	84
Heavy Battery . . .	N. B. French	48	1	..
Heavy Battery . . .	Guy	58
Total		13,280	221	978

Total force engaged first day 14,427; Forrest cavalry escaped, about 600; Floyd's brigade escaped, about 1,200; others escaped, about 500; wounded sent off 978; total 3,278.

Report of General A. Sydney Johnston, C. S. Army, commanding Western Department.

Headquarters Western Department.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., February 25, 1862.

Sir: The fall of Fort Donelson compelled me to withdraw the remaining forces under my command from the north bank of the Cumberland and to obtain the defense of Nashville, which but for that disaster it was my intention to protect to the utmost. Not more than 11,000 effective men were left under my command to oppose a column of General Buell's of not less than 40,000 troops, moving by Bowling Green, while another superior force, under General Thomas, outflanked me to the east, and the army from Fort Donelson, with the gunboats and transports, had it in their power to ascend the Cumberland, now swollen by recent floods, so as to intercept all communications with the South. The situation left me no alternative but to evacuate Nashville or sacrifice the army. By remaining, the place would have been necessarily subjected to destruction, as it is very indefensible, and no adequate force would have been left to keep the enemy in check in Tennessee.

Under these circumstances I moved the main body of my command to this place on the 17th and 18th instant, and left a brigade under General Floyd to bring on such stores and property as were at Nashville, with instructions to remain until the approach of the enemy, and then to rejoin me. This has been in a great measure effected; and nearly all the stores would have been saved, but for the heavy and unusual rains, which have washed away the bridges, swept away portions of the railroad, and rendered transportation almost impossible. General Floyd has arrived here.

The rear guard left Nashville on the night of the 23rd. Edgefield on the north bank of the Cumberland, opposite the city, was occupied yesterday by the advanced pickets of the enemy.

I have remained here for the purpose of augmenting my forces, and securing the transportation of the public stores. By the junction of the command of General Crittenden, and the fugitives from Fort Donelson, which have been reorganized as far as practicable, the force now under my command will amount to about 17,000 men. General Floyd, with a force of some 2,500 men, has been ordered to Chattanooga, to defend the approaches towards Northern Alabama and Georgia, and the communication between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, and with the view to increase his forces by such troops as may be sent forward from the neighboring States.

The quartermaster's, commissary, and ordinance stores which are not required for immediate use, have been ordered to Chattanooga, and those which will be necessary on the march have been forwarded to Huntsville and Decatur. I have ordered a depot to be established at Atlanta, for the manufacture of supplies for the Quartermaster's Department, and also a laboratory for the manufacture of percussion caps and ordinance stores, and at Chattanooga depot for distribution of the supplies. The machinery will be immediately sent forward.

Considering the peculiar topography of this State, and the great

power which the enemy's means of transportation affords them upon the Tennessee and Cumberland, it will be seen, that the forces under my command, cannot successfully cover the whole line against the advance of the enemy. I am compelled to elect whether he shall be permitted to occupy middle Tennessee, or turn Columbus, take Memphis, and open the valley of the Mississippi. To me, the defense of the valley appears of paramount importance, and, consequently, I will move this corps of the army, of which I have assumed the immediate command, towards the left bank of the Tennessee, crossing the river near Decatur, in order to enable me to co-operate or unite with General Beauregard for the defense of Memphis and the Mississippi.

The department has sent eight regiments to Knoxville for the defense of east Tennessee, and the protection of that region will be confided to them, and such additional forces as may be hereafter sent from the adjacent states. General Buckner was ordered by the department to take command of the troops at Knoxville, but as he was at that time in the presence of the enemy, the order was not fulfilled. As it would be almost impossible for me, under present circumstances, to superintend the operations at Knoxville and Chattanooga, I would respectfully suggest that the local commanders at those points should receive orders from the department directly, or be allowed to exercise their discretion.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully your obedient servant,
 A. S. JOHNSTON,
 General C. S. Army.

HON. J. P. BENJAMIN,
 Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.

Report of Brigadier-General John B. Floyd, C. S. Army.

Knoxville, Tenn., March 22, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report in regard to the movements, disposition, and transportation of my command, from the date of my arrival at Nashville, until I reported to General A. S. Johnston, at Murfreesboro.

I arrived at Nashville on a steamboat, together with a portion of the command rescued from Fort Donelson, consisting of parts of the various regiments from Virginia, Texas, Arkansas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 17th of February. Immediately on coming within view of the landing at the city I beheld a sight which is worthy of notice. The rabble on the wharf were in possession of boats loaded with Government bacon, and were pitching it from these boats, to the shore, and carrying what did not fall in the water, by hand and carts, away to various places in the city. The persons engaged in this reprehensible conduct avowed that the meat had been given to them by the city council. As soon as practicable, I reported to General Johnston for duty, and on the same day, I was placed in command of the city, and immediately took steps to arrest the panic that pervaded all classes, and to restore order and quiet. One regiment, the First Missouri, Lieutenant-Colonel Rich, together with a portion of Colonel Forrest's and Captain Morgan's cavalry,

were added to my command, and these were principally occupied in guarding public warehouses and the streets of the city. The only other force which I could use for the purposes above mentioned, were the fragments of regiments that I had brought with me, and all of which were well-nigh totally exhausted from the exertions and fatigues to which they had been subjected on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th days of February.

I immediately stopped the indiscriminate distribution of the public stores, by placing guards over them, and, having thus secured them from the grasp of the populace, I commenced the work of saving the stores that were in the city. Day and night the work was continued, being only temporarily stopped at times for the purpose of feeding the teams that were at work, transporting articles of Government property from the wharves and storehouses, to the railroad depot. My men worked incessantly with commendable perseverance and energy, under my immediate supervision. Owing to the exhausted condition of the men thus engaged, it became absolutely necessary to force the able-bodied men who were strolling about the city unoccupied, to assist in the labor before me. I was greatly assisted in this arduous duty by the energy of Colonel Wharton, whose brigade was principally engaged, and who promptly executed the orders issued by me. I likewise would express my appreciation of the valuable services of Maj. J. Dawson, of General Hardee's command, of Lieutenant-Colonel Kennard, and of Captains Derrick, Ellis, and Otey, of my staff. I finally succeeded in loading all the cars standing at the depot, at about 4 o'clock on the evening of the 20th of February.

During the interval between the morning of the 17th and the evening of the 20th of February, trains were loaded and dispatched as fast as they arrived. Much more could have been saved, had there been more system and regularity in the disposition of the transportation by rail. Several trains were occupied, in carrying off sick and wounded soldiers. The weather was exceedingly inclement, during the entire time occupied as above mentioned, and there was an excessively heavy rain on the 19th of February.

As the moment for destroying the bridges had been left to my discretion, up to a certain period, I allowed them to stand until a large amount of transportation, a large number of cattle, and some troops had been brought from the north side of the river. At 10 o'clock on the evening of the 19th, the destruction of the suspension bridge was commenced; the wood work was burned, and the cables on the south side were cut. At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, the railroad bridge was destroyed. I was greatly aided in this work by Lieutenant Crump and Lieutenant Forsberg, of the Engineers.

During the period embraced by this report, Colonel Forrest and Captain Morgan, with their cavalry, rendered signal and efficient service in dispersing the mobs, which gathered in the vicinity of the warehouses, containing Government property, and which often had to be scattered, at the point of the saber. I had succeeded in collecting a large amount of stores, of various kinds at the depot, but as I had no control of the transportation by rail, and hence was obliged to await

the action of others, much that would have been valuable to the Government, was necessarily left at the depot. Among the articles saved were all the cannon, caissons, and battery wagons of which we had any knowledge.

At 4 o'clock p. m. on the 20th of February I started with my staff for Murfreesboro, which point I reached on the morning of the 21st, where I reported to General Johnston in person.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN B. FLOYD,
Brigadier-General.

H. P. BREWSTER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Col. Nathan B. Forrest's responses to interrogatories of Committee of Confederate House of Representatives.

Interrogatory 1: I was not at the city of Nashville at the time of its surrender, but was there at the time the enemy made their entrance into that part of the city known as Edgefield, having left Fort Donnelson, with my command, on the morning of its surrender, and reached Nashville on Tuesday, February 18th, about 10 a. m. I remained in the city up to Sunday evening following.

Interrogatory 2: It would be impossible to state, from the data before me, the value of the stores either in the quartermaster's or commissary department, having no papers then nor any previous knowledge of the stores. The stores in the quartermaster's department consisted of all stores necessary to the department—clothing especially, in large amounts, shoes, harness, etc., with considerable unmanufactured material. The commissary stores were meat, flour, sugar, molasses and coffee. There was a very large amount of meat in store, and on the landing at my arrival, though large amounts had already been carried away by citizens.

Interrogatory 3: A portion of these stores had been removed before the surrender. A considerable amount of meat on the landing, I was informed, was thrown into the river on Sunday, before my arrival, and carried off by the citizens. The doors of the commissary depot were thrown open, and the citizens in dense crowds were packing and hauling off the balance, at the time of my arrival on Tuesday. The quartermaster's stores were also open, and the citizens were invited to come and help themselves, which they did in larger crowds, if possible, than at the other department.

Interrogatory 4: On Tuesday morning I was ordered by General Floyd to take command of the city, and attempted to drive the mob from the doors of the departments, which mob was composed of straggling soldiers and citizens of all grades. The mob had taken possession of the city to that extent that every species of property was unsafe. Houses were closed, carriages and wagons were concealed to prevent the mob from taking possession of them. Houses were being seized everywhere. I had to call out my cavalry, and, after every other means failed, charge the mob before I could get it so dispersed as to get wagons to the doors of the departments to load up

the stores for transportation. After the mob was partially dispersed and quiet restored, a number of citizens furnished wagons, and assisted in loading them. I was busily engaged in this work on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. I transported 700 large boxes of clothing to the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad depot, several hundred bales of osnaburgs, and other military goods from the quartermaster's department, most, if not all, of the shoes having been seized by the mob. I removed about 700 or 800 wagon loads of meat. The high water having destroyed the bridges so as to stop transportation over the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad, I had large amounts of this meat taken over the Tennessee & Alabama railroad. By examination on Sunday morning I found a large amount of fixed ammunition, in the shape of cartridges and ammunition for light artillery in the magazine, which, with the assistance of General Harding, I conveyed over seven miles, on the Tennessee & Alabama railroad in wagons, to the amount of thirty odd wagon loads, after the enemy had reached the river. A portion was sent on to Murfreesboro in wagons. The quartermaster's stores which had not already fallen into the hands of the mob, were all removed, save a lot of rope, loose shoes, and a large number of tents. The mob had already possessed themselves of a large amount of these stores. A large quantity of meat was left in store on the river bank, and some at the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad depot, on account of the break in the railroad. I cannot estimate the amount, as several store-houses had not been opened, up to the time of my leaving. All stores left, fell into the hands of the enemy, except forty pieces of artillery, which were burned and spiked, by order of General Floyd, as were the guns at Fort Zollicoffer. My proposition to remove these stores, made by telegraph to Murfreesboro, had the sanction of General A. S. Johnston.

Interrogatory 6: No effort was made, save by the mob, who were endeavoring to possess themselves of these stores, to prevent their removal, and a very large amount was taken off before I was placed in command of the city.

Interrogatory 7: It was eight days from the time the Quartermaster left the city, before the arrival of the enemy; commissaries and other parties connected with these departments, leaving at the same time. With proper diligence on their part, I have no doubt all the public stores might have been transported to places of safety.

Interrogatory 8: Up to Saturday, the railroads were open, and might have been used to transport these stores. Saturday, the bridges of the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad gave way. Besides these modes of conveyance, a large number of wagons might have been obtained, had the quiet and order of the city been maintained, and large additional amounts of stores might by these means have been transported to places of safety.

Interrogatories 9 and 10: I saw no officer connected with the quartermaster's commissary department, except Mr. Patton, who left on Friday. I did not at any time meet or hear of Maj. V. K. Stevenson in the city during my stay there.

Interrogatories 11, 12 and 13: From my personal knowledge, I

can say nothing of the manner in which Major Stevenson left the city. Common rumor and many reliable citizens informed me, that Major Stevenson left by a special train Sunday morning, February 16th, taking personal baggage, furniture, carriage, and carriage horses, the train ordered by himself, as president of the railroad.

Interrogatory 14: All the means of transportation were actually necessary, for the transportation of Government stores, and sick and wounded soldiers, many of whom fell into the hands of the enemy for want of it, and might have been saved by the proper use of the means at hand. The necessity for these means of transportation for stores, will be seen by the above answers which I have given. I have been compelled to be as brief as possible in making the above answers, my whole time being engaged, as we seemed to be upon the eve of another great battle. The city was in a much worse condition than I can convey an idea of on paper, and the loss of public stores must be estimated by millions of dollars. The panic was entirely useless, and not at all justified by the circumstances. General Harding and the mayor of the city, with Mr. Williams, deserve special mention for assistance rendered in removing the public property. In my judgment, if the quartermaster and commissary had remained at their posts and worked diligently with the means at their command, the Government stores might all have been saved, between the time of the fall of Fort Donelson, and the arrival of the enemy at Nashville.

Respectfully submitted.

N. B. FORREST,

Colonel, Commanding Forrest's Brigade of Cavalry.

THE BURNING OF THE MINNE TONKA.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN JOHN H. MORGAN, ON SCOUT TO NEAR NASHVILLE,
TENNESSEE, AFTER EVACUATION.

Buchanan, Tenn., February 27, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to report that on yesterday, the 26th instant, I left camp with twelve men for Nashville. About 300 yards this side of last tollgate towards town, I left this pike and crossed through Mr. Trabue's farm to Lebanon pike. Left one man near pike, to bring us intelligence of the enemy, if any should come along the pike. We then followed the Lebanon pike until we reached the city. When inside the city limits, found the pike covered with water, it having been backed up by the great rise in the river. Just at that point met a farmer, who said he was a Union man. Pressed him in, and made him guide us over the backwater. He took us for Federals, as he afterwards told me. We proceeded into the city on Front street, as far as the water-works, and there saw a steamboat—the Minne Tonka. She laid about 300 yards out in the vast field which covered the whole valley. She was chained, fore and aft, to trees. She lay not over 500 yards above the gunboats and their large fleet of transports. Could see the soldiers distinctly sitting upon the boats, and they were full of them. Young Buckner, Warfield and Garrett took possession of a skiff, and made oars of a piece of plank fence; boarded the steamboat; found several men on board, who seemed preparing to get up steam, to drop down the stream to the gunboats; made the crew leave in a boat, and set fire in several places to the steamer, and reached the shore in safety. The troops in the transports could see what we were doing. My orders were to fire the boat, and then cut her loose, and let her drop down stream and set the other boats on fire; but this I found impossible to do, on account of the steamer being so securely moored with chain cables. At least 2,000 citizens gathered around us while we were waiting for the boys to get back from the steamer. They begged us to leave; told us the Federal cavalry were scouring the city; that a large party of cavalry had just passed through the streets we were on. Sent all my men but five out the pike, with direction to halt at the cemetery. Remained with the five men about thirty minutes, until I saw a large body of cavalry going out to the Murfreesboro pike at a rapid rate, then started after my command. When we were half way through the water that was upon the pike, a large body of Federals rode after

us until they reached the water, when they halted, much to my satisfaction. We then retraced our steps back to the pike; reached our man who was standing picket just before sundown. About three minutes before we reached him he said seven officers—and one of them a general—had passed through, and stopped at the gate where he was standing, not twenty yards distant. He was in a clump of cedars. When we reached him the officers were not over 700 yards distant. Kept our position about an hour. A Mr. James came out and informed us that there were men encamped at the toll gate, that had refused him a permit to leave the city, but he walked along with them as they came out, and as they were going into camp he passed along. He had just left when another man rode up. I halted him. He asked me if I was one of our pickets. I replied, if he meant Federals, we were. He said that was what he meant. I then asked him for his pass. He pulled out one from General Mitchell, allowing him to pass and re-pass the lines. He did not want me to keep it, but I told him it might be forgery, and then I wished to take it in, and see if it was all right. He has been professing to be a Southern-right (man;) he is a Lincolnite. Lieutenant West and myself then rode up to the toll gate. I asked the man who lived there, who were the officers who had just passed through. Said he did not know, but that they were looking out for a place to camp. While talking, heard a body of cavalry approaching. We fell back to the place where our men were. I waited a few minutes. The night being very dark, could not see more than fifty yards ahead of us. While sitting listening, I heard the clink of sabers about sixty yards from us. They had left the pike, and were riding on the dirt along the side of the pike, to keep their horses from making a noise. We were close to the fence behind cedar trees. They rode up within fifty feet of us, and stopped about five minutes. I dismounted and took a shot gun and started for the fence, where I could easily have killed two or three of them. Just as I was raising to put my gun through the fence, they called to each other to fire, which they did, and then ran for the city. We returned the fire. One of my men (Peter Atherton) was severely wounded, being shot through the thigh. Reached camp at 12 o'clock last night.

Respectfully,

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Squadron.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.

(Inclosure)

Headquarters, Murfreesboro, Tenn., February 24, 1862, 1 a. m.
Captain Morgan:

General Hardee has information that 200 or 300 Federal cavalry crossed over into Nashville this evening on a steamboat. General Hardee deems it important that the steamboat should be burnt, and wishes you to have it done if it can be done.

Respectfully,

W. D. PICKETT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT DAVIS TO GENERAL A. S.
JOHNSTON.

Richmond, Va., March 12, 1862.

To General A. Sidney Johnston.

My Dear General: The departure of Captain Wickliffe offers an opportunity of which I will avail myself to write you an unofficial letter. We have suffered great anxiety because of recent events in Kentucky and Tennessee, and I have been not a little disturbed by the repetition of reflections upon yourself. I expected you to have made a full report of events precedent and consequent, to the fall of Fort Donelson. In the meantime, I made for you such defense as friendship prompted and many years' acquaintance justified, but I needed facts to rebut the wholesale assertions made against you, to cover others and to condemn my administration. The public, as you are aware, have no correct measure for military operations, and journals are very reckless in their statements. Your force has been magnified, and the movements of an army measured by the capacity for locomotion of an individual. The readiness of the people among whom you are operating to aid you in every method has been constantly asserted, the purpose of your army at Bowling Green wholly misunderstood, and the absence of an effective force at Nashville ignored. You have been held responsible for the fall of Donelson and the capture of Nashville. 'Tis charged, that no effort was made to save the stores at Nashville and that the panic of the people was caused by the army. Such representations, with the sad forebodings naturally belonging to them, have been painful to me, and injurious to us both; but, worse than this, they have undermined public confidence and damaged our cause.

A full development of the truth is necessary for future success. I respect the generosity which has kept you silent, but would impress upon you, that the subject is not personal but public in its nature; that you and I might be content to suffer, but neither of us can willingly permit detriment to the country.

As soon as circumstances will permit, it is my purpose to visit the field of your present operations; not that I should expect to give you any aid in the discharge of your duties as a commander, but with the hope that my position would enable me to effect something in bringing men to your standard.

With a sufficient force, the audacity which the enemy exhibits would no doubt give you the opportunity to cut some of his lines of

communication, to break up his plan of campaign, and, defeating some of his columns, to drive him from the soil of Tennessee as well as of Kentucky. We are deficient in arms, wanting in discipline, and inferior in numbers. Private arms must supply the first want; time and the presence of an enemy, with diligence on the part of commanders will remove the second, and public confidence will overcome the third.

General Bragg brings you disciplined troops, and you will find in him the highest administrative capacity. General E. K. Smith will soon have in East Tennessee, a sufficient force to create a strong diversion in your favor; or if his strength cannot be made available in that way, you will best know how to employ it otherwise. I suppose the Tennessee or Mississippi river will be the object of the enemy's next campaign, and I trust you will be able to concentrate a force which will defeat either attempt.

The fleet which you will soon have on the Mississippi river, if the enemy's gunboats ascend the Tennessee, may enable you to strike an effective blow at Cairo; but to one so well informed and vigilant, I will not assume to offer suggestions as to when and how the ends you seek may be obtained.

With the confidence and regard of many years, I am, very truly, your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

GENERAL A. S. JOHNSTON'S REPLY TO THE PRESIDENT.

Decatur, Ala., March 18, 1862.

To President Davis.

My Dear General: I received the dispatch from Richmond, with your private letter, by Captain Wickliffe, three days since, but the pressure of affairs and the necessity of getting my command across the Tennessee, prevented me from sending you an earlier reply.

I anticipated all that you tell, as to the censures which the fall of Fort Donelson drew upon me, and the attacks to which you might be subjected, but it was impossible for me to gather the facts for a detailed report, or spare the time required to extricate the remainder of my troops, and save the large accumulation of stores and provisions after the disheartening disaster.

I transmitted the reports of Generals Floyd and Pillow, without examining or analyzing the facts, and scarcely with time to read them.

When about to assume command of the department, the Government charged me with the duty of deciding the question of occupying Bowling Green, which involved not only military but political considerations. At the time of my arrival at Nashville, the action of the Legislature of Kentucky had put an end to the latter, by sanctioning the formation of camps menacing Tennessee, by assuming the cause of the Government at Washington, and by abandoning the neutrality it professed, and in consequence of their action, the occupation of Bowling Green became necessary as an act of self-defense, at least, in the first step.

About the middle of September, General Buckner advanced with a small force of about 4,000 men, which was increased by the 15th of October to 12,000, and, though accessions of force were received, continued at about the same strength till the end of the month of November (measles etc., keeping down the effective force.) The enemy's force then was, as reported to the War Department, 50,000, and an advance impossible. No enthusiasm, as we imagined and hoped, but hostility, was manifested in Kentucky. Believing it to be of the greatest moment to protect the campaign, as the dearth of cotton might bring strength from abroad and discourage the North and to gain time to strengthen myself by new troops from Tennessee and other States, I magnified my forces to the enemy, but made known my true strength to the Department and the Governors of the States. The aid given was small. At length, when General Beauregard came out, in February, he expressed his surprise at the smallness of the force, and was impressed with the danger. I admitted what was so manifest, and laid before him my views for the future, in which he entirely concurred and sent me a memorandum of our conference, a copy of which I send to you. I determined to fight for Nashville at Donelson, and gave the best part of my army to do it, retaining only 14,000 men to cover my front, and giving 16,000 to defend Donelson. The force at Donelson is stated in General Pillow's report at much less, and I do not doubt the correctness of his statement, for the force at Bowling Green, which I supposed 14,000 men (the medical report showing only a little over 500 sick in hospitals) was diminished more than 5,000 by those who were unable to stand the fatigue of a march and made my effective force on reaching Nashville less than 10,000 men. I inclose medical director's report. Had I wholly uncovered my front to defend Donelson, Buell would have known it, and marched directly to Nashville. There were only ten small steamers, only three of which were available at Nashville, in the Cumberland, in imperfect condition, while transportation of the enemy was great.

The evacuation of Bowling Green was imperatively necessary, and was ordered before and executed while the battle was being fought at Donelson. I had made every disposition for the defense of the fort my means allowed, and the troops were among the best of my forces, and the generals—Floyd, Pillow and Buckner—were high in the opinion of officers and men for skill and courage, and among the best officers of my command. They were popular with the volunteers, and all had seen much service. No re-enforcements were asked. I waited the event opposite Nashville. The result of the conflict each day was favorable. At midnight on the 15th I received the news of a glorious victory; at dawn, a defeat. My column was during the day and night (of the 16) thrown over the river. A battery had been established below the city to secure the passage. Nashville was incapable of defense from its position, and from the forces advancing from Bowling Green, and up the Cumberland. A rear guard was left under General Floyd, to secure the stores and provisions, but did not completely effect the object. The people were terrified, and some of the troops were disheartened. The discouragement was spreading,

and I ordered the command to Murfreesboro, where I managed, by assembling Crittenden's division, and the fugitives from Donelson, to collect an army able to offer battle. The weather was inclement; the floods excessive, and the bridges were washed away, but most of the stores and provisions were saved and conveyed to new depots. This having been accomplished, though with serious loss, in conformity with my original design I marched southward and crossed the Tennessee at this point so as to co-operate or unite with General Beauregard for the defense of the valley of the Mississippi. The passage is almost completed, and the head of my column is already with General Bragg, at Corinth.

The movement was deemed too hazardous by the most experienced members of my staff, but the object warranted the risk. The difficulty of effecting a junction is not wholly overcome, but it approaches completion. Day after to-morrow, unless the enemy interrupts me, my force will be with Bragg, and my army nearly 50,000 strong. This must be destroyed before the enemy can attain his object.

I have given this sketch so that you may appreciate the embarrassment which surrounded me, in my attempts to avert or remedy the disaster of Donelson, before alluding to the conduct of the generals.

When the force was detached, I was in hopes that such dispositions would have been made, as would have enabled the forces to defend the fort or withdraw without sacrificing the army.

On the 14th I ordered General Floyd, by telegram, "if he lost the fort, to get his troops back to Nashville." It is possible this might have been done, but justice requires to look at events as they appear at the time, and not alone by the light of subsequent information.

All the facts in relation to the surrender will be transmitted to the Secretary of War, as soon as they can be collected, in obedience to his order. It appears from the information received, that General Buckner (being the junior officer) took the lead in advising the surrender, and General Floyd acquiesced, and they all concurred in the belief that their force would not maintain their position. All concurred that it would involve a great sacrifice of life to extricate the command. Subsequent events show that the investment was not so complete as their information from their scouts led them to believe. The conference resulted in the surrender. The command was irregularly transferred, and devolved on the junior general, but not apparently to avoid any just responsibility or from any want of personal or moral intrepidity.

The blow was most disastrous and almost without remedy. I therefore in my first report remained silent. This silence you were kind enough to attribute to my generosity. I will not lay claim to the motive to excuse my course. I observed silence, as it seemed to me the best way to serve the cause and the country. The facts were not fully known, discontent prevailed, and criticism or condemnation were more likely to augment than to cure the evil. I refrained, well knowing that heavy censures would fall upon me, but convinced that it was better to endure them for the present, and defer to a more

propitious time an investigation of the conduct of the generals; for in the meantime their services were required, and their influence useful. For these reasons Generals Floyd and Pillow were assigned to duty, for I still felt confidence in their gallantry, their energy, and their devotion to the Confederacy.

I have thus recurred to the motives by which I have been governed for from a deep personal sense of the friendship and confidence you have always shown me, and from the conviction that they have not been withdrawn from me in adversity.

All the reports requisite for a full official investigation have been ordered.

You mention that you intend to visit the field of operation here. I hope soon to see you, for your presence would encourage my troops, inspire the people, and augment the army. To me personally it would give the greatest satisfaction. Merely a soldier myself, and having no acquaintance with the statesmen or leaders of the South I cannot touch springs familiar to you. Were you to assume command, it would afford me the most unfeigned pleasure to help you to victory and the country to independence. Were you to decline, still your presence alone would be of inestimable advantage. The enemy are now at Nashville, about 50,000 strong, advancing in this direction by Columbia. He has also forces, according to the report of General Bragg, landing at Pittsburg, from 25,000 to 50,000, and moving in the direction of Purdy.

This army corps moving to join Bragg is about 20,000 strong. Two brigades (Hindman's and Wood's) are, I suppose, at Corinth; one regiment of Hardee's division (Lieutenant-Colonel Patton commanding) is moving by cars today (20th March,) and Statham's brigade (Crittenden's division.) The brigade will halt at Iuka; the regiment at Burnsville. Cleburne's brigade, Hardee's division, except regiment at Burnsville and Carroll's brigade, Crittenden's division and Helm's cavalry, at Tuscumbia; Bowen's brigade at Courtland; R. Breckinridge's brigade here, the regiments of cavalry of Adams and Wharton on the opposite bank of the river; Scott's Louisiana cavalry at Pulaski, sending forward supplies; Morgan's cavalry at Shelbyville ordered on.

Tomorrow Breckinridge's brigade will go to Corinth; then Bowen's. When these pass Tuscumbia and Iuka, transportation will be ready there to further other troops to follow immediately from these points, and, if necessary, from Burnsville. The cavalry will cross and move forward as soon as their trains can be passed over the railroad bridge.

I have troubled you with these details, as I cannot possibly communicate them by telegram. The test of merit in my profession with the people is success. It is a hard rule, but I think it right. If I join this corps to the forces of Beauregard (I confess a hazardous experiment,) those who are now declaiming against me will be without an argument.

Your Friend,

A. S. JOHNSTON.

I will prepare answers to the questions propounded by General

Foote, chairman of the committee to investigate the causes, etc., of the loss of the forts, as soon as practicable; but, engaged as I am in a most hazardous movement of a large force, even the most minute details requiring my attention for its accomplishment, I cannot say when it will be forwarded to the Secretary of War, to be handed to him if he thinks it proper to do so.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. S. JOHNSTON,
General, C. S. Army.

When Donelson fell Columbus, Ky., had to be given up and General Polk retired sending some of his troops to Island No. 10 and Fort Pillow and with the main body of his army fell back to Humboldt. He had command of the first grand division while Major-Generals Bragg and Hardee commanded the Second grand division at Grand Junction and Grenada. General Johnston met them at Shiloh and the concentration was the conception of a grand plan to strike the enemy in detail. It resulted in the great battle of Shiloh, by the Army of the Mississippi, which name said Army retained throughout the Kentucky campaign and until they came back to Murfreesboro when and where the Army of Tennessee was organized against the newly organized Army of the Cumberland.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

AFTER THE CONFEDERATE DETACHMENTS UNDER GENERALS POLK, HARDEE, BRAGG, BEAUREGARD AND JOHNSTON CONCENTRATED AT CORINTH, THE FOLLOWING FAMOUS BATTLE ORDER WAS ISSUED TO THE HURRIEDLY ORGANIZED ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Headquarters Army of The Mississippi.
Corinth, Miss., April 3, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi:

I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over agrarian mercenaries, sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, property and honor. Remember the precious stake involved. Remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters and your children on the result. Remember the fair, broad abounding land, the happy homes, and ties that will be desolated by your defeat. The eyes and hopes of 8,000,000 of people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your valor and lineage; worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds and with the trust that God is with us, your generals will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success.

A. S. JOHNSTON,
General Commanding.

On the same date General Johnston issued his order of battle as shown in the following Special order No. 8, mentioned in General Beauregard's report as Enclosure "A."

(Enclosure.)

Headquarters Army of The Mississippi.
Corinth, Miss., April 3, 1862.

Special Order. }
No. 8. }

In the impending movement, the corps of the Army will march, assemble and take order of battle in the following manner, it being assumed that the enemy is in a position about a mile in advance of Shiloh Church, with his right resting on Owl creek, and his left on Lick creek.

1st: The Third corps under Major-General Hardee, will advance as soon as practicable on the Ridge road from Corinth to what is known as the Bark road, passing about a half a mile northward of the work-house. The head of this column will bivouac, if possible, tonight at Mickey's house, at the intersection of the road from Monterey to Savannah. The cavalry, thrown well forward during the march, to



GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

reconnoitre and prevent surprise, will halt in front of the Mickey house, on the Bark road.

2nd: Major Waddell, aid-de-camp to General Beauregard, with two good guides, will report for service to Major-General Hardee.

3rd: At 3 o'clock a. m. tomorrow the Third corps, with the left in front, will continue to advance by the Bark road until within sight of the enemy's outposts or advanced positions, when it will be deployed in line of battle, according to the nature of the ground, its left resting on Owl

creek, its right towards Lick creek, supported on that flank by one-half of its cavalry, the left flank being supported by the other half. The interval between the extreme right of this corps and Lick creek will be filled by a brigade or division, according to the extent of the ground, from the Second corps.

3rd-1: These troops during the battle will also be under the command of Major-General Hardee. He will make the proper disposition of the artillery along the line of battle, remembering that the rifled guns are of long range and should be placed on any commanding position in rear of the infantry to fire mainly on the reserves and second line of the enemy, but will occasionally be directed on his batteries and heads of columns.

3rd-2: The Second corps, under Major-General Braxton Bragg, will assemble on Monterey and move thence as early as practicable, the right wing, with left in front, by the road from Monterey to

Savannah, the head of column to reach the vicinity of Mickey's house at the intersection of the Bark road before sunset. The cavalry with this wing will take position on the road to Savannah beyond Mickey's as far as Owl creek, having advance guards and pickets well to the front. The left wing of this corps will advance at the same time, also left in front, by the road from Monterey to Purdy, the head of the column to reach by night the intersection of that road with the Bark road. This wing will continue the movement in the morning as soon as the rear of the Third corps shall have passed the Purdy road, which it will then follow. The Second corps will then form the second line of battle about 1,000 yards in rear of the first line. It will be formed, if practicable, with regiments in double columns at half distance, disposed as advantageously as the nature of the ground will admit, and with a view to facility of deployment, the artillery placed as may seem best to Major-General Bragg.

3rd-3: The First corps, under Major-General Polk, with the exception of the detached division at Bethel, will take up its line of march by the Ridge road, hence to Pittsburg, half an hour after the rear of the Third corps shall have passed Corinth and will bivouac tonight in the rear of that corps, and on tomorrow will follow the movements of said corps with the same interval of time as today. When its head of column shall reach the vicinity of the Mickey house it will be halted in column or massed on the line of the Bark road, according to the nature of the ground, as a reserve. Meantime one regiment of its cavalry will be placed in observation on the road from Johnston's house to Stantonville with advance guards and pickets thrown out well in advance towards Stantonville. Another regiment or battalion of cavalry will be posted in the same manner in the road from Monterey to Purdy, with its rear resting on or about the intersection of that road with the Bark road, having advance guards and pickets in the direction of Purdy. The forces at Bethel and Purdy will defend their position, as already instructed, if attacked; otherwise they will assemble on Purdy, and thence advance with advance guards, flankers and all other prescribed military precautions, by the road thence to Monterey, forming a junction with the next of the First corps, at the intersection of that road with the Bark road leading from Corinth.

4: The reserve of the forces will be concentrated by the shortest and best routes at Monterey as soon as the rear of the Second corps shall have moved out of that place. Its commander will take up the best position whence to advance, as required, either in the direction of Mickey's or of Pratt's house on the direct road to Pittsburg, if that road is found practicable, or in the direction of the Ridge road to Hamburg, throwing all its cavalry on the latter road as far as its intersection with the one to Pittsburg, passing through Guersford, on Lick creek. This cavalry will throw well forward advance guards and videttes towards Guersford and in the direction of Hamburg, and during the impending battle, when called to the field of combat, will move by the Guersford road. A regiment of infantry reserve will be thrown forward to the intersection of the Gravel Hill road with the

Ridge road to Hamburg, as a support to the cavalry. The reserve will be formed of Breckinridge's, Bowen's and Statham's brigades as now organized, the whole under command of Brigadier-General Breckinridge.

5: General Bragg will detach the Fifty-first and Fifty-second regiments Tennessee volunteers, Blount's Alabama, and Desha's Arkansas battalion, and Bains' battery from his corps, which, with two of Carroll's regiments now enroute for these headquarters, will form a garrison for the post and depot of Corinth.

6: Strong guards will be left at the railroad bridges between Iuka and Corinth, to be furnished in due proportion from the commands at Iuka, Burnsville, and Corinth.

7: Proper guards will be left at the camps of the several regiments of the forces in the field. Corps commanders will determine the strength of these guards.

8: Wharton's regiment of Texas cavalry will be ordered forward at once to scout on the road from Monterey to Savannah between Mickey's and its intersection with the Pittsburg-Purdy road. It will annoy and harass any force of the enemy moving by the latter way to assail Cheatham's division at Purdy.

9: The chief engineer of the forces will take all the measures and precautions and give all requisite orders for the repair of the bridges, causeways, and roads on which our troops may move in the execution of these orders.

10: The troops, individually so intelligent, and with such great interests involved in the issue, are urgently enjoined to the observance of the orders of their superiors in the hour of battle. Their officers must constantly endeavor to hold them in hand and prevent the waste of ammunition by heedless, aimless firing. The fire should be slow, always at a distinct mark. It is expected that much and effective work will be done with the bayonet.

By command of
General A. S. JOHNSTON.

THOMAS JORDAN,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

On the morning of the 6th of April under this famous order the battle of Shiloh began and after the battle "raged and thundered" for ten hours, General Albert Sidney Johnston fell, gallantly leading his troops, after driving the enemy from every position. The command having fallen upon General Beauregard, his report of the famous battle follows as perhaps the most authentic account on the Southern side.

Report of General G. T. Beauregard, C. S. Army, commanding Army of the Mississippi, with orders for the battle, return of casualties, etc.

Battlefield of Shiloh, Miss., April 6, via Corinth, Miss., via Chattanooga, Tenn., April 7, 1862.

We this morning attacked the enemy in strong position in front of Pittsburg, and after a severe battle of ten hours, thanks be to the Almighty, gained a complete victory, driving the enemy from every

position. Loss on both sides heavy, including our commander-in-chief, General A. S. Johnston, who fell gallantly leading his troops into the thickest of the fight.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

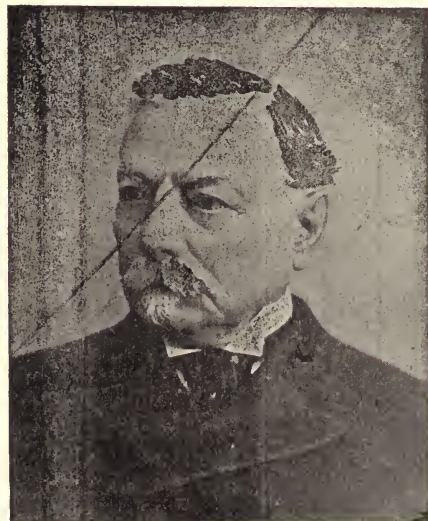
General S. COOPER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Headquarters Army of the Mississippi.
Corinth, Miss., April 11, 1862.

General: On the 2nd ultimo, having ascertained conclusively, from the movements of the enemy on the Mississippi river and from reliable sources of information, that his aim would be to cut off my communications in West Tennessee with the Eastern and Southern States, by operating from the Tennessee river, between Crump's landing and Eastport as a base, I determined to foil his designs by concentrating all my available forces at and around Corinth.

Meanwhile, having called on the Governors of the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana to furnish additional troops, some of them (chiefly regiments from Louisiana) soon reached the vicinity, and with two divisions of General Polk's command from Columbus, and a corps of troops from Mobile and Pensacola, under Major-General Bragg, constituted the Army of the Mississippi. At the same time General Johnston, being at Murfreesboro on the march to form a junction of his forces with mine, was called on to send at least a brigade by railroad, so that we might fall on and crush the enemy should he attempt an advance from under his gunboats.

The call on General Johnston was promptly complied with. His entire force was also hastened in this direction and by April 1st our united forces were concentrated along the



GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Mobile & Ohio railroad from Bethel to Corinth, and on the Memphis & Charleston railroad from Corinth to Iuka.

It was then determined to assume the offensive, and strike a sudden blow at the enemy, in position under General Grant on the west bank of the Tennessee at Pittsburg, and in the direction of Savannah, before he was re-enforced by the army under General Buell, then known to be advancing for that purpose by rapid marches from Nashville

via Columbia. About the same time General Johnston was advised that such an operation conformed to the expectations of the President.

By a rapid and vigorous attack on General Grant, it was expected he would be beaten back into his transports and the river, or captured, in time to enable us to profit by the victory, and remove to the rear all the stores and munitions that would fall into our hands in such an event before the arrival of General Buell's army on the scene. It was never contemplated, however, to retain the position thus gained and abandon Corinth, the strategic point of the campaign.

Want of general officers needful for the proper organization of divisions and brigades of an army brought thus suddenly together, and other difficulties in the way of an effective organization, delayed the movement until the night of the 2nd instant, when it was heard from a reliable quarter that the junction of the enemy's armies was near at hand. It was then at a late hour determined that the attack should be attempted at once, incomplete and imperfect as were our preparations for such a grave and momentous adventure. Accordingly, that night at 1 a. m. the preliminary orders to the commanders of corps were issued for the movement.

On the following morning the detailed orders for the movement, a copy of which is herewith enclosed marked "A" were issued, and the movement, after some delay, commenced; the troops being in admirable spirits. It was expected we should be able to reach the enemy's line in time to attack him early on the 5th instant. The men however, for the most part, were unused to marching, and the roads narrow and traversing a densely wooded country, became almost impassable after a severe rainstorm on the night of the 4th, which drenched the troops in bivouac; hence our forces did not reach the intersection of the roads from Pittsburg and Hamburg, in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, until late Saturday afternoon.

It was then decided that the attack should be made on the next morning at the earliest hour practicable, in accordance with the orders of movement; that is, in three lines of battle, the first and second extending from Owl creek on the left, to Lick creek on the right, a distance of about three miles, supported by the third and the reserve. The first line under Major-General Hardee, was constituted of his corps, augmented on his right by Gladden's brigade, of Major-General Bragg's corps deployed in line of battle, with their respective artillery following immediately by the main road to Pittsburg and the cavalry in the rear of the wings. The second line, composed of the other troops of Bragg's corps, followed the first at a distance of 500 yards in the same order as the first. The army corps under General Polk followed the second line, at a distance of about 800 yards, in lines of brigades deployed, with their batteries in rear of each brigade, moving by the Pittsburg road, the left wing supported by cavalry. The reserve under Brigadier-General Breckinridge, followed closely the third line in the same order, its right wing supported by cavalry.

These two corps constituted the reserve, and were to support the front lines of battle, by being deployed, when required, on the right and left of the Pittsburg road, or otherwise act according to the

exigencies of the battle.

At 5 a. m. on the 6th instant, a reconnoitering party of the enemy having become engaged with our advance pickets, the commander of the forces gave orders to begin the movement and attack as determined upon, except that Trabue's brigade of Breckinridge's division was detached and advanced to the support of the left of Bragg's right; and at the same time Maney's regiment of Polk's corps was advanced by the same road to re-enforce the regiment of cavalry and battery of four pieces already thrown forward to watch and guard Greer's, Tanner's and Borland's fords, on Lick creek.

At 5:30 a. m. our lines and columns were in motion, all animated, evidently, by a promising spirit. The front line was engaged at once, but advanced steadily, followed in due order with equal resolution and steadiness by the other lines which were brought successfully into action with rare skill, judgment, and gallantry by the several corps commanders as the enemy made a stand with his masses rallied for the struggle for the encampments.

Like an Alpine avalanche our troops moved forward, despite the determined resistance of the enemy, until after 6 p. m., when we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl and Lick creeks but one; nearly all of his field artillery; about thirty flags, colors and standards; over 3,000 prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss) and several brigade commanders, thousands of small arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage and munitions of war and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory, such indeed as rarely have followed the most successful battles; for never was an army so well provided as that of our enemy.

The remnant of his army had been driven in utter disorder to the immediate vicinity of Pittsburg, under the shelter of the heavy guns of his iron clad gunboats, and we remained undisputed masters of his well selected, admirably provided cantonments, after over twelve hours of obstinate conflict with his forces, who had been beaten from them and the contiguous covert, but only by a sustained onset of all the men we could bring into action.

Our loss was heavy, as will appear from the accompanying return, marked "B." Our commander-in-chief, General A. S. Johnston, fell mortally wounded, and died on the field at 2:30 p. m., after having shown the highest qualities of the commander, and a personal intrepidity that inspired all around him and gave resistless impulsion to his columns at critical moments.

The chief command then devolved upon me, though at the time I was greatly prostrated and suffering from the prolonged sickness with which I had been afflicted since early in February. The responsibility was one which in my physical condition, I would have gladly avoided, though cast upon me when our forces were successfully pushing the enemy back upon the Tennessee river, and though supported on the immediate field by such corps commanders as Major-Generals Polk, Bragg and Hardee, and Brigadier-General Breckinridge, commanding the reserve.

It was after 6 p. m., as before said, when the enemy's last position was carried, and his forces finally broke and sought refuge behind a commanding eminence covering the Pittsburg landing, not more than a half mile distant, and under the guns of the gunboats, which opened on our eager columns a fierce and annoying fire with shot and shell of the heaviest description.

Darkness was close at hand; officers and men were exhausted by a combat of over twelve hours without food, and jaded by the march of the preceding day through mud and water. It was, therefore, impossible to collect the rich and opportune spoils of war scattered broadcast on the field left in our possession, and impracticable to make any effective dispositions for their removal to the rear.

I accordingly established my headquarters at the Church of Shiloh, in the enemy's encampments with Major-General Bragg, and directed our troops to sleep on their arms in such positions in advance and rear as corps commanders should determine, hoping, from news received by a special dispatch, that delays had been encountered by General Buell in his march from Columbia, and that his main force, therefore, could not reach the field of battle in time to save General Grant's shattered fugitive forces from capture or destruction on the following day.

During the night the rain fell in torrents, adding to the discomforts and harassed condition of the men. The enemy, moreover, had their rest broken by a discharge at measured intervals of heavy shells thrown from the gunboats; therefore on the following morning the troops under my command were not in condition to cope with equal force of fresh troops, armed and equipped like our adversary, in the immediate possession of his depots and sheltered by such an auxiliary as the enemy's gunboats.

About 6 o'clock on the morning of April 7th, however, a hot fire of musketry and artillery, opened from the enemy's quarters on our advanced line, assured me of the junction of his forces, and soon the battle raged with fury which satisfied me I was attacked by a largely superior force. But from the outset our troops, notwithstanding their fatigue and losses from the battle of the day before, exhibited the most cheering, veteran-like steadiness. On the right and center the enemy was repulsed in every attempt he made with his heavy columns in that quarter of the field. On the left however, and nearest to the point of arrival of his re-enforcements, he drove forward line after line of his fresh troops, which were met with a resolution and courage of which our country may be proudly hopeful. Again and again our troops were brought to the charge, invariably to win the position in issue; invariably to drive back their foe. But hour by hour thus opposed to an enemy constantly re-enforced, our ranks were perceptibly thinned under the unceasing, withering fire of the enemy, and by 12 m. eighteen hours of hard fighting had sensibly exhausted a large number.

My last reserve had necessarily been disposed of, and the enemy was evidently receiving fresh re-enforcements after each repulse. Accordingly at 1 p. m. I determined to withdraw from so unequal a

conflict, securing such of the results of the victory of the day before as was then practicable.

Officers of my staff were immediately dispatched with the necessary orders to make the best disposition for a deliberate, orderly withdrawal from the field, and to collect and post a reserve to meet the enemy should he attempt to push after us.

In this connection I will mention particularly my Adjutant-General Colonel Jordan, who was of much assistance to me on this occasion, as he had already been on the field of battle on that and the preceding day.

About 2 p. m. the lines in advance, which had repulsed the enemy in their last fierce assault on our left and center, received the orders to retire. This was done with uncommon steadiness and the enemy made no attempt to follow.

The line of troops established to cover this movement had been disposed on a favorable ridge commanding the ground of Shiloh Church. From this position our artillery played upon the woods beyond for a while, but upon no visible enemy and without reply. Soon satisfied that no serious pursuit would be attempted this last line was withdrawn, and never did troops leave the battlefield in better order, even the stragglers fell into the ranks and marched off with those who had stood steadily by their colors.

A second strong position was taken up about a mile in the rear, where the approach of the enemy was awaited for nearly an hour, but no effort to follow was made, and only a small detachment of horsemen could be seen at a distance from this last position warily observing our movements.

Arranging through my staff officers for the completion of the movements thus begun, Brigadier-General Breckinridge was left with his command as a rear guard to hold the ground we had occupied the night preceding the first battle, just in front of the intersection of the Pittsburg and Hamburg roads, about four miles from the former place, while the rest of the army passed to the rear in excellent order.

On the following day General Breckinridge fell back about three miles; to Mickey's, which position we continued to hold with our cavalry thrown considerably forward in immediate proximity to the battlefield.

Unfortunately, toward night of the 7th instant, it began to rain heavily. This continued throughout the night; the roads became almost impassable in many places, and much hardship and suffering now ensued before all the regiments reached their encampments; but despite their heavy casualties of the two eventful days of April 6th and 7th, this army is more confident of ultimate success than before its encounter with the enemy.

To Major-Generals Polk, Bragg and Hardee, commanding corps, and to Brigadier-General Breckinridge, commanding the reserve, the country is greatly indebted for the zeal, intelligence, and energy with which all orders were executed; for the foresight and military ability they displayed in the absence of instructions in the many exigencies of the battle, on a field so densely wooded and broken, and for their fearless

deportment as they fearlessly led their commands personally to the onset upon their powerful adversary. It was under these circumstances that General Bragg had two horses shot under him; that Major-General Hardee was slightly wounded, his coat rent by balls, and his horse disabled; and that Brigadier-General Breckinridge was twice struck by spent balls.

For the services of their gallant subordinate commanders and other officers, as well as for the details of the battlefield, I must refer to the reports of corps, division, and brigade commanders, which shall be forwarded as soon as received.

To give more in detail the operations of the two battles resulting from the movement on Pittsburg than now attempted, must have delayed this report for weeks and interfered materially with the important duties of my position. But I may be permitted to say that not only did the obstinate conflict of twelve hours on Sunday leave the Confederate army masters of the battlefield and our adversary beaten, but we left that field on the next day only after eight hours' incessant battle with a superior army of fresh troops whom we had repulsed in every attack on our lines—so repulsed and crippled, indeed, as to leave it unable to take the field for the campaign, for which it was collected and equipped at such enormous expense, and with such profusion of all the appliances of war.

These successful results were not achieved, however, as before said, without severe loss—a loss not to be measured by the number of the slain and wounded, but by the high social and personal worth of so large a number of those who were killed or disabled, including the commander of the forces, whose high qualities will be greatly missed in the momentous campaign impending.

I deeply regret to record also the death of the Hon. George W. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Kentucky, who went into action with the Kentucky troops, and continually inspired them by his words and example. Having his horse shot under him on Sunday, he entered the ranks of a Kentucky regiment on Monday, and fell mortally wounded toward the close of the day. Not his State alone, but the whole Confederacy, has sustained a great loss in the death of this brave, upright, and able man.

Another gallant, able soldier and captain was lost to the service of the country when Brigadier-General Gladden, commanding the First brigade, Withers' division, second army corps, died from a severe wound received on the 6th instant, after having been conspicuous to his whole corps and the army for courage and capacity.

Major-General Cheatham, commanding First division, first corps, was slightly wounded and had three horses shot under him.

Brigadier-General Clark, commanding Second division, of the first corps, received a severe wound also on the first day, which will deprive the army of his valuable services for some time.

Brigadier-General Hindman, engaged in the outset of the battle, was conspicuous for a cool courage, efficiently employed in leading his men ever in the thickest of the fray, until his horse was shot under him, and he was unfortunately so severely injured by the fall that the

army was deprived on the following day of his chivalrous example.

Brigadier-Generals B. R. Johnson and Bowen, most meritorious officers, were also severely wounded in the first combat, but it is hoped will soon be able to return to duty with their brigades.

To mention the many field officers who died or were wounded, while gallantly leading their commands into action, and the many brilliant instances of individual courage displayed by officers and men in the twenty hours of battle is impossible at this time, but their names will be duly made known to their countrymen.

The immediate staff of the lamented commander-in-chief, who accompanied him to the field, rendered efficient service, and either by his side or in carrying his orders, shared his exposure to the casualties of the well contested battlefield. I beg to commend their names to the notice of the War department, namely: Captains H. P. Brewster and N. Wickliffe, of the adjutant and inspector-general's department; Captain Theodore O'Hara, acting inspector-general; Lieutenants George Baylor and Thomas M. Jack, aides-de-camp; volunteer aides-de-camp Colonel William Preston, Major. D. J. Hayden, E. W. Munford, and Calhoun Benham, Major Albert J. Smith and Captain Wickham, of the quartermaster's department.

To these gentlemen was assigned the last sad duty of accompanying the remains of their lamented chief from the field, except Captains Brewster and Wickliffe, who remained and rendered valuable services as staff officers on April 7th.

Governor Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, went upon the field with General Johnson, was by his side when he was shot, aided him from his horse, and received him in his arms when he died. Subsequently the governor joined my staff and remained with me throughout the next day, except when carrying orders or employed in encouraging the troops of his own State, to whom he gave a conspicuous example of coolness, zeal and intrepidity.

I am also under many obligations to my own general, personal, and volunteer staff, many of whom have been so long associated with me. I append a list of those present on the field on both days and whose duties carried them constantly under fire; namely: Colonel Thomas Jordan, Captain Clifton H. Smith, and Lieutenant John M. Otey, adjutant-general's department; Major George W. Brent, acting inspector-general; Colonel R. B. Lee, chief of subsistence, whose horse was wounded; Lieutenant-Colonel S. W. Ferguson and Lieutenant A. R. Chisolm, aides-de-camp. Volunteer aides-de-camp Colonel Jacob Thompson; Majors Numa Augustin and H. E. Peyton, and Captains Albert Ferry and B. B. Waddell. Captain W. W. Porter, of Major-General Crittenden's staff, also reported for duty, and shared the duties of my volunteer staff on Monday. Brigadier-General Trudeau, of Louisiana volunteers, also for a part of the first day's conflict was with me as a volunteer aide. Captain E. H. Cummins, signal officer, also was actively employed as staff officer on both days.

Nor must I fail to state that private W. E. Goolsby, Eleventh regiment Virginia volunteers, orderly to my headquarters since last June, repeatedly employed to carry my verbal orders to the field,

discharged the duty with great zeal and intelligence.

Other members of my staff were necessarily absent from the immediate field of battle, intrusted with responsible duties at these headquarters, namely: Captain F. H. Jordan, assistant adjutant-general, in charge of general headquarters; Major Eugene E. McLean, chief quartermaster, and Captain E. Deslonde, quartermaster's department.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ferguson, aid-de-camp, early on Monday was assigned to command and directed the movements of a brigade of the Second corps.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gilmer, chief engineer, after having performed the important and various duties of his place with distinction to himself and material benefit to the country, was wounded late on Monday. I trust, however, I shall not long be deprived of his essential services.

Captain Lockett, engineer corps, chief assistant to Colonel Gilmer, after having been employed in the duties of his corps on Sunday, was placed by me on Monday in command of a battalion without field officers.

Captain Fremaux, provisional engineers, and Lieutenants Steel and Helm also rendered material and even dangerous service in the line of their duty.

Major-General (now General) Braxton Bragg, in addition to his duties of chief of staff, as has been before stated, commanded his corps—much the largest in the field—on both days with signal capacity and soldiery.

Surgeons Foard, medical director; R. L. Brodie and S. Choppin, medical inspectors, and D. W. Yandell, medical director of the Western department, with General Johnston, were present in the discharge of their arduous and high duties, which they performed with honor to their profession.

Captain Tom Saunders, Messrs. Scales and Metcalf, and Mr. Tully of New Orleans, were of material aid on both days, ready to give news of the enemy's positions and movements regardless of exposure.

While thus making mention of some of those who rendered brilliant, gallant, or meritorious service on the field, I have aimed merely to notice those whose position would most probably exclude the record of their services from the reports of corps or subordinate commanders.

From this agreeable duty I turn to one in the highest degree unpleasant; one due, however, to the brave men under me as a contrast to the behavior of most of the army who fought so heroically. I allude to the fact that some officers, non-commissioned officers and men abandoned their colors early on the first day to pillage the captured encampments; others retired shamefully from the field on both days, while the thunder of cannon and the roar and rattle of musketry told them that their brothers were being slaughtered by the fresh legions of the enemy. I have ordered the names of the most conspicuous in this roll of laggards and cowards to be published in orders.

It remains to state that our loss on the two days, in killed out-

right, was 1,728; wounded 8,012 and missing 959, making an aggregate of casualties, 10,699.

This sad list tells in simple language of the stout fight made by our countrymen in front of the rude log chapel of Shiloh, especially when it is known that on Monday, from exhaustion and other causes, not 20,000 men on our side could be brought into action,

Of the losses of the enemy I have no exact knowledge. Their newspapers report it as very heavy. Unquestionably it was greater even in proportion than our own on both days, for it was apparent to all, that their dead left on the field outnumbered ours two to one. Their casualties, therefore, cannot have fallen many short of 20,000 in killed, wounded, prisoners and missing.

Through information derived from many sources, including the newspapers of the enemy, we engaged on Sunday the divisions of Generals Prentiss, Sherman, Hurlbut, McClernad and Smith, of 9,000 men each, or at least 45,000 men. This force was re-enforced Sunday night by the divisions of Generals Nelson, McCook, Crittenden and Thomas, of Major-General Buell's army, some 25,000 strong, including all arms; also General L. Wallace's division, of General Grant's army, making at least 33,000 fresh troops, which, added to the remnant of General Grant's forces—on Monday morning amounting to over 20,000—made an aggregate force of some 53,000 men, at least, arrayed against us on that day.

In connection with the results of the battle, I should state that most of our men who had inferior arms exchanged them for the improved arms of the enemy; also that most of the property, public and personal, in the camps from which the enemy was driven on Sunday was rendered useless or greatly damaged, except some of the tents.

With this are transmitted certain papers, to-wit: Order of movement, marked "A;" a list of the killed and wounded, marked "B;" a list of captured flags, marked "C;" and a map of the field of battle, marked "D."

All of which is respectfully submitted through my volunteer aide-de-camp, Col. Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who has in charge the flags, standards, and colors captured from the enemy.

I have the honor to be, General, your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD,

General Commanding.

General S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector General C. S. Army, Richmond, Va.

Headquarters Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.
Charleston, S. C., March 20, 1863.

General: My report of the battle of Shiloh was written without opportunity to consult reports of army corps commanders and of their subordinate officers. These have never been furnished me, except the report and accompanying papers in relation to the operations of the corps under General Braxton Bragg, copies of which were furnished me at this place from your office. I hear that the reports of the corps

under Lieutenant-General Polk, have been handed in; if so, please have copies sent to me as early as practicable; also of the reports of Major-Generals Hardee and Breckinridge, if at your disposition, as these papers are necessary in the preparation of a detailed report, which I find it will be proper for me to prepare and render.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

General S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.

Headquarters Army of the Mississippi.
Corinth Miss., April 16, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi:

You have bravely fought the invaders of your soil for two days in his own position. Fought your superiors in numbers, in arms, in all the appliances of war. Your success has been signal. His losses have been immense, outnumbering yours in all except the personal worth of the slain. You drove him from his camps to the shelter of his iron-clad gunboats, which alone saved him from complete disaster. You captured his artillery, more than twenty-five flags and standards, and took over 3,000 prisoners.

You have done your duty. Your commanding general thanks you. Your countrymen are proud of your deeds on the bloody field of Shiloh; confident in the ultimate results of your valor.

Soldiers, untoward events saved the enemy from annihilation. His insolent presence still pollutes your soil, his hostile flag still flaunts before you. There can be no peace so long as these things are.

Trusting that God is with us, as with our fathers, let us seek to be worthy of His favor, and resolve to be independent or perish in the struggle.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

THE EPITAPH TO GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

(BY JOHN DIMITRY OF NEW ORLEANS.)

Behind this stone is laid for a season
Albert Sidney Johnston,
A General in the Army of the Confederate States,
Who fell at Shiloh, Tenn.,
On the 6th day of April, A. D.
Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Two.
A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all;
His life was one long sacrifice of interest to conscience;
And even that life on a woeful Sabbath,
Did he yield as a holocaust to his country's need,
Not wholly understood was he where he lived;
But in his death his greatness stands confessed
In a people's tears.
Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure;
In his honor impregnable;
In simplicity sublime;
No country e'er had a truer son, no cause a nobler champion;
No people a bolder defender, no principle a purer victim,
Than the dead soldier
Who sleeps here.
The cause for which he perished is lost,
The people for whom he fought are crushed,
The hopes in which he trusted are shattered,
The flag he loved guides no more the charging lines;
But his fame, consigned to the keeping of that time which,
Happily, is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine,
Shall, in the years to come, fire modest worth to noble ends.
In honor now our great captain rests;
A bereaved people mourn him;
Three commonwealths proudly claim him;
And history shall cherish him
Among those choicer spirits who, holding their conscience unmixed
with blame,
Have been, in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their people, and
their God.

GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN'S WAR-HORSE, "BLACK BESS,"
AT BATTLE OF LEBANON.

After Shiloh, Colonel John H. Morgan was sent into Tennessee—with his squadron to harass and annoy the enemy as he had previously done on General Johnston's retreat from Tennessee. His reputation at this juncture had grown world wide. He turned up more mysteriously, was in more places and performed more wonderful feats than any of the dashing cavaliers of the South. He had a horse fleet on foot, quick in action and growing like her master in the hearts of our people, as an animal superior to any in her day. The sketch following will give you her pedigree and some instances of her worth superlative.

Did you ever hear of Black Bess, Gen. John Morgan's fine mare? One day after our Army had fallen back from Nashville to Shiloh,



and after Shiloh battle, Morgan's squadron made its appearance in the enemy's rear, passing old Jefferson, between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Morgan the ubiquitous raider, had dropped from the sky, like a meteor, with a squadron. He stopped for a time, and citizens rushed out to greet them. An orderly was leading an animal that all eyes centered upon. She was trim and perfect

—not like a racer, not as bulky as a trotter, nor as swaggy in get up as a

pacer, but of a combination that made her a paragon of beauty. She was an animal given to Colonel Morgan by some admirer from his native Kentucky, and they called her "Black Bess." She was to bear the dashing Rebel chieftain through many dangerous places. There was gossip in every mouth about his daring feats. I looked and lingered upon Black Bess and the part she was to play in her master's career.

In reporting how she impressed me I employ Hardy Crier's description of his famous horse Gray Eagle. He said that he drove Gray Eagle through the streets of Gallatin, and the high and low stopped to watch his action. He stopped on the square, and a crowd collected, among them a deaf and dumb man, who critically examined the horse, and in a moment of utter abstraction took out his slate and pencil and wrote the words "magnificent! magnificent!" and handed it around to the crowd. This was my idea of Black Bess. Every bone, joint, and tendon of the body, from head to foot, seemed molded to beauty. A flowing mane and tail, eyes like an eagle, color a shining black, height about fifteen hands, compactly built, feet and legs without blemish, and all right on her pasterns—she was as nimble as a cat and as agile as an antelope. My idea of a wild horse of Tartary, of La Pic of Tur-ena, of the Al Borak of Mahomet, could not surpass the pattern that Black Bess presented. Quick of action, forceful in style, besides running qualities, a touch of the ear would bring her from a run to a lope, from a lope to a single-foot, from that to a fox-walk. She was as pretty as a fawn, as docile as a lamb, and I imagined her as fleet as a thoroughbred.

When the squadron left Old Jefferson, on the night of May 4th, 1862, they went to Lebanon, eighteen miles. The citizens were enthused. It was a hotbed of Southern sentiment throughout the march, a number of citizens riding all the way to talk to Middle Tennessee soldiers. One of these citizens, Hickman Weakley, our clerk and master, was the owner of the "Mountain Slasher Farm" near Jefferson; and, while delighted with friends, his greatest pleasure was to look upon and admire Black Bess. Slasher's colts had reached the acme of Tennessee's boast in saddle-horses, yet nothing he had seen could equal or compare with her.

That night in Lebanon kindness to Morgan and his men was so great that his squadron was permitted to camp almost anywhere. The Yankee nation was bewildered with their daring, and the Confederates were tickled. Forsooth—the squadron grew careless over triumphs. When least expected, Morgan turned up. No straggling soldiery with the enemy then, for fear of being captured. Telegraph wires under control of his operator, and upon every tongue would come the query: "Have you heard anything of John Morgan?" The wires were hot with messages to intercept him, and couriers were busy to unite commands. General Dumont with 800 came from Nashville; Colonel Duffield with a large force from Shelbyville and Murfreesboro, and Colonel Woolford from Gallatin; truly the Federal cavalry from every adjacent section were after him; for the chiefs in Scotland's mountain fastness were not more feared. That night Morgan's men camped in the court house, livery stables, and the college campus, and the

people were preparing to give them a grand breakfast the next morning, when about 4 o'clock May 5th, 2,000 Federal cavalry made a dash, went in with the Confederate pickets, and completely surprised Morgan and his men. The horses were stabled so that the squadron could not reach them. It was at this critical time that Colonel Morgan called into requisition Black Bess. Every street was jammed with blue coats. The dash was so sudden that concert of action was impossible. One hundred and fifty of his men (nearly all) had been taken, and hundreds were after the redoubtable John Morgan himself. He mounted his mare, and with a few of his men, rode out on the Rome and Carthage pike pursued by Dumont's cavalry. With Black Bess under rein Morgan began a ride more thrilling than that of McDonald on his celebrated Selim and of a different kind from that of Paul Revere. General Morgan was an expert in firing from his saddle while being pursued; so he waited until the foe got within gunshot, wheeled, and emptied his pistols, and then touched up Black Bess until he could reload. The victors tried for dear life to catch him. The prize would immortalize them. Dumont with a loss of only six killed and twelve wounded, as shown by his report of the battle of Lebanon in "Records of the Rebellion," would have a triumph sure enough could he catch the cavalier who was bewildering the nation. The run was fifteen miles, but at the end of it Black Bess pricked her ears and champed her bit, as if ready for another fifteen. It was more rapid than Prentice's fancied ride in a thunder-storm. When Black Bess got to the ferry on the Cumberland river she was full of foam, with expanded nostrils and panting breath; yet with fire in her eyes, she looked the idol of old Kentucky breeding and her bottom grew better the farther she went. Aye! SHE WAS THE MARVEL OF HER DAY, and Dick Turpin's Black Bess could not have been her equal.

Black Bess landed John Morgan out of danger of his enemies and into the embrace of his friends. I have often thought of this fine mare and wondered whether she was shot in battle or captured, recalling how our women prized clippings from her mane and tail.

In this country, before the war, we had the Rattler-Saddlers, the Mountain Slashers, the Travelers, and the Roanokes; since the war, the Hal Pointers, Bonesetters, Little Brown Jugs, McCurdy's Hambletonians, and Lookouts; but for aimiability, ease and grace, nothing in my mind has equaled Black Bess, the pride of the old squadron and the idol of John H. Morgan.

In the Army of Tennessee, when John C. Breckinridge, John C. Brown, and E. C. Walthall appeared on horseback, they were mentioned as the handsomest of our generals and the outfit complete; but to see John Morgan in Confederate uniform and mounted on prancing Black Bess, upheaded, animated, apt and willing, as horse flesh should be, the equipment was simply perfect, the accoutrement grand.

I submitted this article to General Basil Duke, Morgan's right arm in war times, who replied in substance that Black Bess was pre-

sented to Colonel Morgan by a Mr. Viley, of Woodford county, Ky.; that she was captured at the Cumberland river on this famous run; and that after the war Mr. Viley offered by advertisement a large sum for her to anyone who would give information concerning her. She was sired by Drennon, a famous saddle stock of Kentucky, and her dam was a thoroughbred. Her saddle qualities were superior. About fifteen hands high, she was a model of beauty, though a little hard-mouthed. Morgan was much wrought up over her loss.



THE FIRST BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

GENERAL N. B. FORREST'S REPORT.

Sir: We left Chattanooga on July 9th with the Texas Rangers, under Colonel Wharton, and the Second Georgia cavalry, under Colonel Lawton. We made a forced march of nearly fifty miles, reaching Altamont on the night of the 10th instant. After resting one night we passed on to McMinnville, where I was joined on the night of the 11th by Colonel Morrison with a portion of the First Georgia cavalry, two companies of Colonel Spiller's battalion, under Major Smith, and two companies of Kentuckians, under Captains Taylor and Waltham. After this junction my whole force was about 1,400 men, and both men and horses were much jaded and worn by their long travel. After feeding and refreshing for a single day, and being joined by some few volunteers I left on the 12th at 1:00 o'clock for Murfreesboro. It was over fifty miles to our designation, but there was no halt except for a short time to feed the men and horses.

We approached Murfreesboro about 4:30 a. m. and fortunately captured the pickets of the enemy without firing a gun. I then learned that there were two regiments in and near Murfreesboro, one the Ninth Michigan and the other the Third Minnesota, 200 Pennsylvania cavalry, 100 of the Eighth Kentucky, and Captain Hewitt's battery of four guns, numbering in all 1,400 or 1,500 men under the command of General Thomas Crittenden, of Indiana. There were said to be two camps, one in Murfreesboro of one infantry regiment and the cavalry, the other with the artillery about a mile distant, and a small force with the officers in the court house and private houses around the public square. I decided immediately to attack the camp in town and the buildings, while the camp with the artillery should be held in check until the first was stormed and surrendered. Colonel Wharton with his Texas Rangers was ordered to charge the camp in town. He moved forward in gallant style at the head of his men, but owing to the urgent necessity of using a portion of the Rangers for the attack on the buildings he did not carry with him but two of his companies. This fact, however, did not abate his courage or that of his men. They charged over the tent ropes right into the camp. Colonel Wharton was soon severely wounded and the command of his Rangers devolved on Colonel Walker.

Colonel Morrison with a portion of the Second Georgia was ordered to storm the court house while the balance of the Texas



COURT HOUSE AT MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.

Rangers were attacking the private buildings. After two or three hours' hard struggle the court house was fired and surrendered to Colonel Morrison. The private buildings were also cleared by the Rangers and General Crittenden and his staff surrendered.

Lieutenant-Colonel (Arthur) Hood, of the Second Georgia, with a portion of his force was ordered to storm the jail, which he did, releasing many prisoners confined for political offenses; he also took the telegraph office, capturing the operator.

Colonel Lawton, with the First Georgia, the Tennesseans and Kentuckians, was ordered to attack the second camp with the artillery, which he did with great efficiency for several hours. The Tennesseans, under Major Smith and Kentuckians under Captain Taylor and Waltham, stood the fire of shot and shell like veterans. The Georgian under Captain Dunlop and Major Harper, made a gallant charge almost to the mouth of the cannon. After fighting them in front two or three hours I took immediate command of this force and charged the rear of the enemy into their camps and burned their camps and stores, demoralizing their force and weakening their strength.

The force of the Texas Rangers sent to attack the first camp was so small that although they fought with desperate courage and great skill, they were gradually driven back.

After the court house and private buildings were surrendered and the fight had lasted five or six hours I prepared my whole force to storm both camps and summoned them to surrender. After some parley Colonel Duffield surrendered the infantry and artillery.

My aide, Colonel Saunders, rendered me efficient aid until he was wounded by a ball from the court house. Major Strange, my adjutant, also performed his whole duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Walker and Major Harrison, of the Rangers, acted with their usual daring and bravery. All the officers and men who acted bravely cannot be particularly mentioned, but they acted their part nobly.

After the action was over I detached Major Smith to burn a railroad bridge below Murfreesboro, which he executed well. I intended to burn a railroad bridge above Murfreesboro and gave orders for the purpose, but by mistake they were not executed. I had the telegraph wire cut and a large portion of the railroad track torn up. I found four car loads of provisions on the railroad track and the depot house full of stores, all of which I burned.

There were between 1,100 and 1,200 private and non-commissioned officers captured and brought to McMinnville and paroled on condition not to serve until exchanged. The officers have been already sent to Knoxville in charge of Colonel Wharton (and I trust have safely reached their destination) except one or two who were wounded and left at Murfreesboro on condition to surrender when restored to health.

I captured four pieces of artillery—three brass pieces and one Parrott gun—which are still in my possession, with harness and ammunition. There were some fifty or sixty large road wagons with the mule teams, harness, etc., captured. I burnt some of the wagons, which could not be got away, and sent you the balance. There were

a large number of cavalry horses, saddles and small arms, with the ammunition captured, and such as I have not been compelled to use are also forwarded to you.

In consequence of our being compelled to leave Murfreesboro and not having received reports of the killed from some of our command, it is impossible to report accurately my loss. My best information is that we had about twenty-five killed and from forty to sixty wounded. Among those killed is Lieutenant Green, of the Tennessee battalion. The reports of the officers under my command when finished will show more definitely the loss.

The enemy lost about seventy-five killed and 125 wounded. The pecuniary loss to the enemy must be near a half million of dollars.

Yours respectfully,

N. B. FORREST,

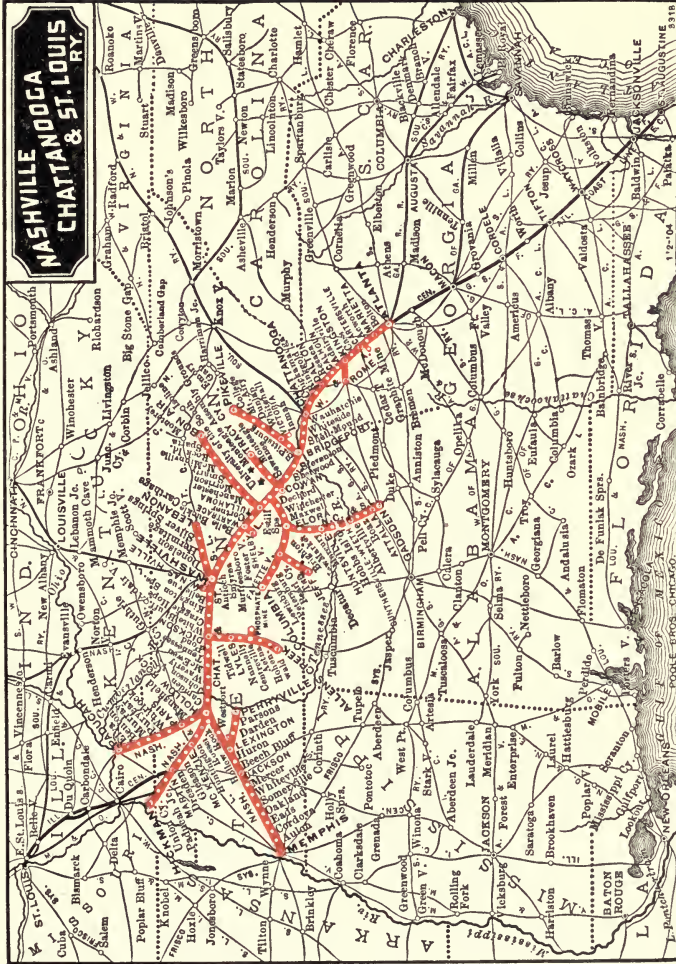
Brigadier-General, Commanding Brigade of Cavalry.

MAJOR H. L. CLAY,

Adjutant-General, Army of East Tennessee.

E. KERBY SMITH,

General Commanding.



ONE OF THE MOST HISTORIC ROADS, EXTENDING OVER A CONTINUOUS SERIES OF BATTLEFIELDS FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER TO ATLANTA, GEORGIA.



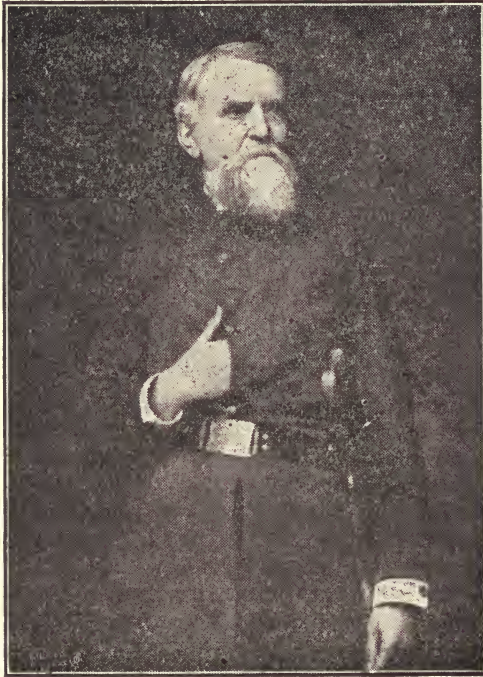
A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF FORREST'S BATTLE AT MUR-FREESBORO.

(BY COL. BAXTER SMITH.)

After the battle of Shiloh and the evacuation of Corinth, the Army of the Mississippi, General Beauregard commanding, made a stand at Tupelo, Miss., where it was re-organized, many commands being consolidated, which was necessitated by their decimated ranks after the battle of Shiloh. Buell was then at Huntsville, Ala. At this juncture the Confederate authorities determined to throw the army at Tupelo into Kentucky by the most expeditious route, threatening Louisville, and at the same time send the army under General E. Kirby Smith, then at Knoxville, into Kentucky by way of Richmond and Lexington, threatening Cincinnati. These movements it was conceived, would necessarily force Buell to evacuate Huntsville, and proceed with all expedition, to the protection and defense of Louisville, and this was the result. It was a matter of the utmost importance to Buell that he should keep the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad open as far East and south of Nashville towards the Tennessee river as possible, as that was his chief line of communication in getting his troops to Nashville enroute to Louisville. Realizing the importance of breaking up and destroying this line of communication as much as possible, Colonel James Saunders, a patriotic citizen of Courtland, Ala., applied to General Beauregard to send an efficient cavalry command to Middle Tennessee for this purpose, suggesting, as the commander of the same, the name of Colonel Forrest, who had already rendered conspicuous service in Southern Kentucky, and at Fort Donelson, he having refused to surrender his command with the balance of the army at the latter place, and had brought his regiments out. He had also recently passed through Shiloh with fresh laurels.

General Beauregard finally agreed to the proposition, and Colonel Forrest left Tupelo early in June, 1862, with a small staff, for the scenes of his new operations. Proceeding across the country to Knoxville he reported to General Smith, who assigned him to the command of a brigade of cavalry, the various commands of which were ordered to report at a place known as Rock Martins about seven miles east of McMinnville. There, Forrest's First brigade was formed, and consisted of the Eighth Texas (Terry's Rangers) regiment, Colonel Jno. A. Wharton; Second Georgia regiment, Colonel J. K. Lawton;

first Georgia battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison; and a battalion consisting of a squadron of Tennesseans detached from Spiller's battalion in East Tennessee, and a squadron of Kentuckians, formerly of Helm's regiment, all placed under command of Major (afterwards Colonel) Baxter Smith. The entire effective force, armed, numbered about 1,000 men, all cavalry, many of whom had seen but little service, and what they would accomplish under their new leader had



COL. BAXTER SMITH, 4TH TENN. CAVALRY,
FORREST'S COMMAND.

to be determined by testing them. Reliable scouts were sent out along the line of railroad as far as and beyond Murfreesboro, and information of an important character was obtained, particularly of the situation at Murfreesboro. It was found that the latter place was garrisoned by a force of about 2,000 men, two regiments of infantry, a battalion of cavalry and four new field pieces of artillery and a company of 125 men.

With this information at hand, Forrest held perhaps his first council of war, where all the news brought in by scouts was laid before the council. All the field officers were present as well as several gentlemen of distinction, who were volunteer aids on Forrest's staff, among the number Colonel Saunders, already mentioned, the Hon. Andrew Ewing,

a distinguished lawyer from Nashville and F. C. Dunnington, former editor of the Nashville Union. As the result of the conference, at which it was evident Forrest was the master spirit, it was determined to make a descent on Murfreesboro, and the command was put in motion late on Saturday, July 12, 1862, with orders to "keep well closed up," and to make Murfreesboro by daylight next morning, a distance of forty miles. After it had been determined to make a descent on Murfreesboro, Forrest had his brigade drawn up and made a stirring appeal to the officers and men to sustain him in the effort he was about to make. He told them that the next day (July, 13) would be the anniversary of his birth, and that he would like to celebrate it at Murfreesboro, near his birthplace, in a becoming manner.

All of the command promised that they would contribute what they could to the felicitation of the occasion.

To Captain Edwin Arnold, afterwards sheriff of Rutherford county, Colonel Forrest was indebted for much information connected with the expedition.

The command moved at a rapid rate, reached Woodbury about midnight, where the whole population of the town seemed to be on the streets. The ladies of the town gathered about Colonel Forrest, and related to him and his command the events of the evening before, when a large detachment of Federal soldiers had swooped down on the town and had taken and carried away almost every man in town, young and old, and had rushed them off to prison in Murfreesboro. These ladies appealed to Colonel Forrest in the most moving tones to rescue their husbands, fathers and brothers, and restore them to their families. As his eyes flashed like fire he pledged them that he would restore their fathers, husbands and brothers to their homes before sunset the next day, a promise that he literally fulfilled.

Richard Coeur-de-Lion never had brighter resolve to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidel, when he donned his armor and went forth to battle with the Saracens, than did Forrest on this occasion.

After partaking of a bountiful repast for men and horses, the movement was rapidly resumed, Murfreesboro being still some eighteen or twenty miles distant. Reaching the vicinity of the city in the grey dawn of the morning, the scouts that had been sent forward reported that the pickets were stationed a short distance ahead, and a small detachment was sent forward by Colonel Wharton, who was in the advance, and the pickets were captured, leaving an unobstructed road into the city. About this time other scouts reported that they had just returned from the city and had passed near all the encampments, and that all was quiet, and no notice of the impending danger seemed to have been given, and that they appeared not to apprehend it. Among the scouts performing this dangerous and important service, were Captain Fred James, a gallant soldier of Bragg's army and a native of Murfreesboro, who afterwards fell at the great battle of Murfreesboro, Dec. 31, 1862, in sight of his home. Another was Captain J. W. Nichol, who is happily spared to us. He afterwards, and until the close of the war, commanded company G. (chiefly Rutherford and Cannon county men) in Colonel Baxter Smith's Fourth Tennessee cavalry regiment. No truer or better soldier ever went forth to battle. He was wounded so often that it is doubtful if he knows himself how often, the last wound having been received at Bentonville.

Everything being ready, dispositions were made for the attack, the expectation being to surprise the garrison. It was desired to attack the enemy at all points simultaneously. The first force to be encountered was the Ninth Michigan infantry and a squadron of cavalry, located on the Liberty pike. The order was to form fours, and the Eighth Texas to charge into the encampment, in columns of platoons, which was executed in handsome style, and very shortly they were in the midst of the Federal cantonment. The soldiers for

the most part were in their tents enjoying their Sunday morning sleep, but they were very soon rallied and put up a sharp fight from behind wagons or any other protection they could get, many of them being undressed. In the first outset Colonel Wharton was wounded, as well as Colonel Duffield, the Federal commander, in the effort to rally his men. Colonel Wharton was at a disadvantage in that four of his rear companies, mistaking the orders, followed the lead of Colonel Morrison, who charged into the public square of the city, in the center of which stood the court house, which was garrisoned. After a sharp contest, the Eighth Texas withdrew on the McMinnville road with a large number of prisoners, there being still a considerable portion of the Ninth Michigan in their encampment which afterwards surrendered.

Major Baxter Smith was ordered to charge the cavalry encampment, somewhat detached from the infantry, which was done, and they were captured just as they were preparing to mount their horses. While these movements were progressing Colonel Morrison was ordered to take his battalion and charge upon the court house, which he did, taking, by mistake, four companies of the Eight Texas, as already stated, and surrounding the court house which was garrisoned by one company of the Ninth Michigan. This garrison was so well protected that they could not be reached by the Confederates from the outside, but the latter were picked off in every direction, as they surrounded the court house. Among many others who fell here was the accomplished Colonel Saunders of the staff, who was shot, the ball passing entirely through the body and one lung. After lingering long he happily recovered.

There was much firing from houses and behind fences in different parts of the city, where Federal soldiers were billeted or concealed and were practically in ambush. In this exigency Colonel Forrest came upon the scene and the men hastily procuring axes, the Texans and Georgians led by Forrest sprang forward in front of the court house, while Morrison brought up his men to the rear or west side. The doors were quickly battered down and the Confederates swarmed inside and captured the garrison. Here it was found that the court house and jail were filled with citizens (about 150) of the town and surrounding country, including those brought in from Woodbury the day before. These persons had been arrested and thrown into prison at the instance, mainly, of informers, on various pretexts. Six of the number, men of prominence, were at the time under sentence of death or, as expressed by a newspaper correspondent from there just before this time, were to "expiate their crimes on the gallows." Among this number was Judge Richardson, now an honored member of Congress from the Huntsville, Ala. district.

By the time that the court house was opened, and there was a general delivery at the jail, whose doors were also forced open, the city seemed alive with people, who were of the families and friends of the captives, and the shouting and rejoicing will never probably be equaled in that community again. The cavalry had surrendered and the garrison of the court house, but there was formidable work yet to

be accomplished.

The Third Minnesota regiment of infantry was stationed northwest of the city near Stone river, and at a point near by were four guns that had been firing most of the day, when opportunity offered. It was now past noon. Forrest now made his disposition to attack the Federal forces in this quarter. Accordingly he made a rapid detour to the right at the head of Major Smith's battalion, and the Georgia troops, also a small company of twenty men under P. F. Anderson. Seeing the Confederates approach, the Federals, then about 500 yards south of their camp, halted and formed line of battle, some nine companies of infantry and four pieces of artillery. Directing the Georgians to confront and menace the enemy and engage with skirmishers, taking Major Smith with his battalion, which included the Kentuckians, and three companies of Morrison's Georgians under Major Harper, Forrest pushed rapidly around to the right and rear of the encampment, which proved to be still occupied by about 100 men, posted behind a strong barricade of wagons and some large limestone ledges which afforded excellent protection, difficult to carry. He therefore "ordered a charge, which was promptly and handsomely made, Majors Smith and Harper leading their men. They were met, however, with a stubborn, brave defense. Twice, indeed, the Confederates were repulsed. But Forrest, drawing his men up for a third effort, made a brief appeal to their manhood, and putting himself at the head of the column, the charge was again ordered, this time with success. The encampment was penetrated and the greater part of the Federals were either killed or captured".

The above in quotation marks is taken from Forrest's account of this part of the affair. An incident occurred at this point which has been grossly misrepresented to Forrest's prejudice. While passing through the encampment he was fired at several times by a negro, who suddenly emerged from one of the tents. Forrest returned the fire and killed him, and did exactly what he ought to have done. This came under the personal observation of the writer.

The Georgians that had been left to confront the main body of the enemy, hearing the continued struggle in the encampment, and mistaking it for an attack in the rear of the Federal force that they were confronting, charged in front and broke their line, and swept to the rear. Finding that the Federals quickly reformed their sundered line, and held their ground firmly on an elevated ridge, from which position it was manifest they would be hard to dislodge, Forrest thereupon promptly changed his plan of operation, with that fertility of resource so characteristic of him. Placing Major Harper with his three companies around, so as to cut off retreat towards Nashville. disposing of Morrison's other four companies as skirmishers in front to prevent movement on Murfreesboro, and sending off the prisoners just taken on the McMinnville road with munition captured, Forrest led Lawton's regiment and Lurith's battalion rapidly back to Murfreesboro, sending a staff officer at the same time for the Eighth Texas, who he found had gone about four miles on the McMinnville road.

It was now about 1 o'clock and as yet little of a decisive character had been accomplished, while among many of his officers there was manifest want of confidence in the final success in the movement. Some officers, indeed, urged Colonel Forrest to be contented with what had been accomplished. But instead of heeding this advice, Forrest dismounting Major Smith's battalion, threw him forward with directions to engage in a skirmish with the Federal force that was still occupying the encampment of the Ninth Michigan. Lieutenant-Colonel Hood of the Second Georgia at the same time was ordered to lead that regiment to a point to the left of the Federal position and prepare for a charge dismounted, while Colonel Lawton was detained to write a demand for the enemy's immediate surrender.

All the while as the report of Forrest shows "Lurith and hismen were maintaining a brisk skirmish", and just as the Confederate demand was presented, Wharton's regiment came opportunely in view. The effect was most fortunate; without further parley, and much to the surprise of many of the Confederate officers, the surrender was at once made of the Michigan regiment. This accomplished, detachments were made who collected the large wagon train filled with supplies most necessary, destroying what could not be carried off.

Colonel Forrest with no loss of time, sent his adjutant, Major Strange, to the beleaguered Minnesota regiment, demanding its surrender. The Colonel of the regiment (Lester) asked to be allowed to interview Colonel Duffield of the Ninth Michigan, who was wounded and a prisoner at the Maney house near where the Ninth Michigan was encamped. The interview was accorded, but Colonel Lester asked an hour's further delay to confer with his officers, and was given thirty minutes, at the end of which time Forrest ostentatiously displayed his troops along the path that Colonel Lester was led in going and returning from his interview with Colonel Duffield, so as to make him believe his strength was greater than it was. The object was accomplished, and just before night of that long summer day the last of the Federal forces at Murfreesboro capitulated.

This last surrender embraced the artillery. On account of the proximity of the large Federal forces at other points, Colonel Forrest had everything destroyed that could not be taken away, and by 6 o'clock his brigade was in motion for McMinnville.

The result of this affair were some 1,765 prisoners including Brigadier-General Crittenden, commanding the post, 600 head of horses and mules, forty or fifty wagons, five or six ambulances, four pieces of artillery and 1,200 stand of arms. A Federal writer from Murfreesboro estimated their loss in property and munition at \$1,000,000.

In addition to the prisoners captured and taken, about 100 stragglers came in the next day and were paroled by Colonel Saunders, desperately wounded as he was.

After the troops and prisoners were put in motion on the McMinnville road, together with the captured property, Major Baxter Smith was ordered to proceed along the line of the railroad as far southward as Christiana, and destroy the bridges, then to return to

Murfreesboro and destroy the bridge there across Stone's river. This order was executed resulting in the destruction of the bridges and the capture of a small garrison, guarding a bridge some five miles from the city. The last of these orders was executed about midnight of Sunday, and Murfreesboro was unoccupied by soldiers of either side, except the wounded, who could not be carried away.

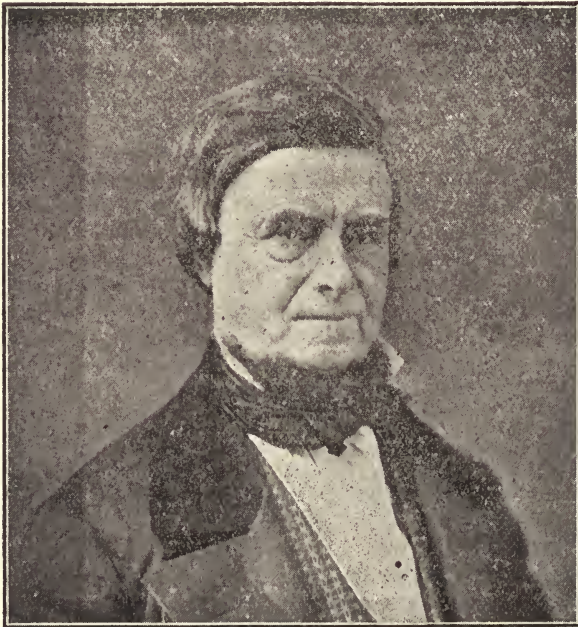
This hasty and imperfect account of one of Forrest's most brilliant victories, and that made him a general, cannot be closed without saying a word about the people of the city. Murfreesboro was noted before the war as being a seat of culture, wealth and refinement. Large bodies of troops were sent to the Confederate army from the city and county, but the glorious women who had sent forth their husbands, brothers and sweethearts to battle, were there to greet us when we dashed into their midst that July morning before they had arisen from their couches, but their joy, God bless them, knew no ordinary restraints; and as we charged down the streets, and they got a sight of the dear old gray uniforms, they would throw open the doors, or throw up the windows, while yet in dishabille, waiving their handkerchiefs and giving every token of the most unbounded joy. Their beauty, their grace and loveliness made an impression on the Confederate soldier on that early summer morning not to be effaced by time.

One little girl was badly shot in this battle, namely, Miss Mollie Nelson, now Mrs. Dr. John Nelson; shot in the face and now, after forty-three years, is wearing the scar of battle.

BEERSHEBA SPRINGS, (TENN.) IN WAR TIMES.

There comes a voice that awakens my soul,
It is the voice of years that are gone,
They roll before me with all their deeds.

Those lines of Ossian recall to me memories. They take me back to the sixties, when the days of my boyhood were filled with the scenes of grim-visaged war raging in all its fury; when every man's house was his castle in the Sunny South, and every owner of a big plantation was a nabob. I can see the consummation of the crisis—the general in



COL. JOHN ARMFIELD OF BEERSHEBA SPRINGS.

his stars and wreath, the fire-side general in his castle, the prominent civilian, the quiet citizen growing into a soldier, the raging bully, with his cockade in civil life, becoming a coward in war.

I can recall the stagnation of all trades, and the hurry of the conflict giving place to the signal of "the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife."

Among the celebrities of those days I will recall Judge Nathan Green,

Robert L. Caruthers, Governor Isham G. Harris, Henry S. Foote, Andrew Ewing, Colonel Joe C. Guild, Emmett Thompson (the founder

of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, and member of the Confederate Congress), A. S. Colyar, Colonel John Armfield (of Beersheba Springs), and others, whose precepts moulded my young mind to the idea of warranted provocation in offering myself a sacrifice in opposing the attempted outrage of violently taking from the Southern people their heritage.

"As the twig was bent, so has the tree inclined." As the scion of Southern sentiment was engrafted, the propagation followed. Beersheba Springs was a place I frequented, and scenes of Southern culture at that old resort, together with the thrilling and hazardous sights in the war, make its recollections historic.

Colonel Armfield was a man of wealth, and his wife a woman of polish. They established it, and gave cottages to families of prominence. Bishops Otey and Polk, Mrs. L. Virginia French (the Southern poetess), and the families of Charles Egbert Craddock, R. L. Caruthers, Hockett, Anderson, General Hill, and persons of like caste formed the society.

And when the hotel was allowed to open as a grand Southern resort, it was with the published notice that no illegal or immoral amusements would be allowed, and no gamblers could get accommodation even for a night. The sisterhood of grand Southern women summering there, made the reputation of Beersheba grow into fame. Twenty miles from McMinnville and two thousand feet above the sea, the health and altitude of the place brought together not only minds that moulded the policies of the country, but conceived the establishment of the grand Episcopal University of the South at Sewanee, and the wild flowers of our mountains were suddenly beautiful by the rich mental roses of our valleys.

In conversation once with Judge John M. Lea, of Nashville, touching the founder of Beersheba, he spoke of the bold, big hearted man thus: "I shall never forget the pleasant old home on the brow of the mountain, overlooking a panorama as extensive and grand as was ever presented to the human eye. There is within a few feet of the precipice a 'Druidical rock' which equalled the character of Colonel Armfield. 'A child could give it a gentle movement, but no human strength could cause it to topple or be overturned; so his kind feelings could be touched by the slightest appeal to generosity, but in all matters where duty and principle were involved, he was firm and immovable.'" When war's dread alarm was sounded his Southern blood began to boil, and his purse sprang open to help all he could in the struggle, "until wild war's deadly blast was blown." Too old for active service, he called up the neighboring mountaineers of Grundy county, equipped and put into the field a company, and took care of their families while they were away, establishing a post office in his own house, and had his family to write to and receive letters from them. He became so popular with those old mountaineers that he was the arbiter of every dispute. The lawyers of Altamont said that they could not live, because of the dearth of fees. Colonel Armfield died after the war and was buried at Beersheba. The heaviest mourners at his grave were those sturdy mountaineers, who won for them-

selves glory in every battle.

In July, 1862, Forrest was cantoned near there preparatory to making his grand raid resulting in the capture of 3,000 prisoners at Murfreesboro. As his soldiers filed by Beersheba, Mrs. Armfield had several sacks of coffee opened, and the haversack of every orderly was filled for his mess.

Beersheba was the half-way house between Chattanooga and Nashville, and in the line of march between Bragg and Rosecrans. The spectacle was grand, to sit in the observatory and see columns of gray at times going back and at others going forward, and likewise the blue pursuing and being pursued. But there was a class between the lines that the citizens feared, and that was a terror to everybody. They were mountain bushwhackers and robbers. Colonel John Armfield, being a man of wealth, afforded a target, and but for his bravery and absolute fearlessness he could never have lived in the wild, rugged mountain home.

The raids became so frequent that with the soldiers it was every day talk, wondering how the robbers of Beersheba were treating Colonel Armfield, and whether they would not finally kill him. I happened to be up there at one time when the home of Colonel Armfield had filled with old gentlemen visitors. The Colonel emerged from the rear of the house, and said that one of his mountain friends had come to tell him that robbers would be in on him that night. So he went to work getting his guns ready. Those old gentlemen planned for the battle. The two visiting boys were to make a scout about nightfall along the road where the robbers were expected, and if they were discovered, to fire and run in, these old gentlemen agreeing not to open until we returned. "The tramp down the road in the still night, without the chirp of a bird or the sound of a cat," when any sound would have frightened a couple of fifteen out of their wits, was one of the trying scenes of Beersheba; and now, when I look back and think of our imprudence in firing anyhow, and running back to give the old gentlemen a scare, I pause to think of the dangerous experiment. These old fellows were ready to fight, and they would have done it had they seen an enemy.

There was a robber terror up there by the name of Ainsworth, said to be a Chicago jail bird. He had to have ransom, like the old sheik around the Pyramids in Egypt, to insure safety. His clan would loot Beersheba, but Armfield and family would be passed without violence, Colonel Armfield always secretly feathered the leader's nest.

Did you ever strike a rattlesnake den in the mountains? On one of the projections of the cliff I wandered with a friend one day off to an isolated spot, and walked out on a log overlooking a crevice. All at once a rattler began to ring his bell on the right, another one took up the refrain on the left, and without anything to throw at them I stood and saw about twenty enter the holes of the crevice descending the mountain.

One day, whilst passing through the caverns along the road from McMinnville to Beersheba, a native said that he spied two bend-

ing trees that seemed to touch each other. He noticed a rustle of the meeting branches, and took it at first to be a bird, but on closer inspection found it was a black snake, coiled around and looking down at him, as if he intended to leap. The habits of the python in Africa came upon him, and he saw him here in miniature. Over there on that precipitous crag they say a mountain eagle had his eyrie. Down in those rugged gorges the bear, the deer, and other animals stayed.

The sides of the mountain were the haunts of the bushwhackers and robbers. Ensnored on those mountain sides they could whip a regiment, and the trying experience of both parties in those mountain canyons were had amongst the divided factions.

Did you ever hear or see those catamounts in the Cumberland? A friend told me that he arrived one night at the foot of Beersheba a mile and a quarter from the top, and as he wound around the dismal, dreary ascent a catamount followed him with the most fearful shrieks. It frightened his horse almost beyond management, and after he got to Beersheba he did not get over the night's experience for a week. It was at Tantallon, in the Cumberland mountains, on the Nashville & Chattanooga railroad in 1866, just after the war, when E. B. Teachout, a telegraph operator, was at work over his instrument, a hungry catamount jumped through the window of his room and stuck

his fangs in the back of the operator's neck. His wife interfered and together they finally killed the animal. Afterwards the operator went to his instrument and telegraphed William P. Innis (superintendent) to send another operator, that the horrors of the Cumberland he could not stand, and he would give up his place—and he did. President John W. Thomas alludes to this incident as one of the thrilling experiences of the railroad. He was auditor and paymaster of



MRS. JOHN ARMFIELD OF BEERSHEBA SPRINGS.

the Nashville & Chattanooga at the time.

When I think of my boyhood terror of the mountains, and couple it with the moral turpitude brought about between men in war, I shudder over the "used to be" in those old days.

Mrs. Armfield (formerly Miss Franklin, of Sumner county,) is still in good health and fine mental vigor. Even her pearly teeth are as in days of yore. She is living at Bell Air, Md., with her niece, Mrs. G. L. Van Bidder. She is now eighty-six years old, still living for others, and attributes her long life to the mountain air and pure water of Beersheba. In a letter to me she says she is as busy as ever with her needle, devoted to her church, and tries to make others happy with her little remembrances. She has no children, but has raised and educated more than a dozen. She was one of the loveliest female characters Tennessee has ever produced. This testimony of my boyhood memory is strengthened in the fact of the devotion between herself and my honored father and mother.

Touching resolutions on the character and liberality and usefulness of John Arnfield are made enduring in the minutes of the county at Altamont, his county town, and the prominent of the old South will recall him as one of the useful citizens of the day.

REPORT OF GEORGE A. ELSWORTH, TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, MORGAN'S COMMAND.

Knoxville, Tenn., July 30, 1862.

SIR:—On July 10th, General Morgan, with a body guard of fifteen men and myself, arrived at a point half a mile below Horse Cave, on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, where I took down the telegraph line and connected my pocket instrument for the purpose of taking off all dispatches as they passed through. Owing to a heavy storm prevailing south the atmospheric electricity prevented me from communicating with Bowling Green or Nashville. The first I heard was Nashville calling Bowling Green. I immediately put on my ground wire south and noticing particularly at the same time what change it would make in the circuit. I did make it stronger, but owing to the storm mentioned above affecting telegraphs more or less, Louisville did not suspicion anything wrong, and I answered for Bowling Green, when I received the following message:

“Louisville, Ky., July 10, 1862.

S. D. BRUCE, Commanding Bowling Green:

You and Colonel Stoughton move together. I fear the force of Colonel Stoughton is too small to venture to Glasgow. The whole force should move together, as the enemy are mounted. We cannot venture to leave the road too far, as they may pass around and ruin it.

J. T. BOYLE,

Brigadier-General Commanding.”

I returned the usual signal, after receiving the message, of O. K. Louisville immediately called Nashville, and I answered for Nashville. Receiving business for two hours. This business was mostly of a private nature and I took no copies. It could be plainly seen by the tenor of the messages that Morgan was in the country, and all orders to send money and valuables by railroad were countermanded (as they supposed); but little did the operator at Louisville think that all of his work would have to be repeated the next day. Louisville also sent the news of the day, and thus we were furnished with New York and Washington dates of that day. During the whole of the time it was raining heavy; my situation was anything but an agreeable one, sitting in the mud, with my feet in the water up to my knees.

At 11:00 p. m. the general being satisfied that I had drained Louisville of all the news, concluded to close for the night, and he verbally gave me the following message to send, dating and signing it as below.

“Nashville, Tenn., July 10, 1862.

HENRY DENT, Provost-Marshal, Louisville, Ky.:

General Forrest, commanding brigade, attacked Murfreesboro, routing our forces, and is now moving on Nashville. Morgan is reported to be between Scottsville and Gallatin, and will act in concert with Forrest, it is believed. Inform general commanding.

STANLEY MATTHEWS, Provost-Marshal.”

I am not aware that General Morgan claims to be a prophet or a son of a prophet, but Forrest did attack Murfreesboro, and rout the enemy.

On arriving at Lebanon July 12, I accompanied the advance guard into town and took charge of the telegraph office immediately. This was, as you know, at 3:30 a. m. I adjusted the instrument and examined the circuit. No other operator on the line appeared to be on hand this early. I then examined all the dispatches of the day previous; among them I found the following:

“Lebanon, Ky., July 11 1862.

GENERAL BOYLE, Louisville, Ky.:

I have positive information that there are 400 mauraunders in twenty miles of this place, on the old Lexington road, approaching Lebanon. Send re-inforcements immediately.

A. Y. JOHNSON,

“Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.

At 7:30 a. m. an operator, signing Z, commenced calling B, which



GEORGE A. ELSWORTH, MORGAN'S OPERATOR.

I had ascertained by the books in the office was the signal for Lebanon office. I answered the call, when the following conversation between Z and myself ensued:

To B: What news? Any more skirmishing after your last message? Z.

To Z: No; we drove what little cavalry there was away. B.

To B: Has the train arrived yet? Z.

To Z: No. About how many troops are on train? B.

To B: About 500. Z.

My curiosity being excited as to what station Z was, and to ascertain without creating any suspicion, I adopted the following plan:

To Z: A gentleman here in the office bets me the cigars you cannot spell the name of your station correctly. B.

To B: Take the bet. L-e-b-a-n-o n Junction. Is this not right? How did he think I would spell it? Z.

To Z: He gives it up. He thought you would put two b's in Lebanon. B.

To B: Ha! ha! He is a green one. Z.

To Z: Yes; that's so. B.

To Z: What time did train with soldiers pass, Z? B.

To B: At 8:30 last night. Z.

To Z: Very singular where the train is. B.

To B: Yes it is. Let me know when it arrives. Z."

At 8:20 Z called me up and says:

"To B: The train has returned. They had a fight with the Rebels at New Hope. The commanding officer awaits orders here. Z."

To Z. Give the particulars of the fight. Colonel Johnson is anxious to know all about it. B.

To B: I will as soon as possible. Z.

To B: Here is Moore's message to General Boyle:

"Lebanon Junction, Ky., July 12, 1862.

"GENERAL BOYLE, Louisville, Ky.:

At 11:00 o'clock last night, at New Hope station, five miles beyond New Haven, part of my command encountered a force of rebel cavalry posted on the county road one-half a mile south of the railroad. After a brisk fire of musketry for twenty minutes the enemy was routed and fled. Skirmishers were sent out in different directions, but were unable to find the enemy.

At 3 o'clock this morning, apprehending that an effort might be made to destroy the bridges in our rear, we moved down to New Haven and remained until after daylight, when the train went back to the scene of the skirmish. A Mr. Forman, of Owen county, was found mortally wounded. He reported the rebel force at 450, under command of Captain Jack Allen, and that they had fallen back towards Greenburg. One horse was killed and three captured. The books of the company were found. In the field blood was found at different places, showing that the enemy was severely punished. No casualties on our side. Here with train awaiting orders.

O. F. MOORE,
Commanding."

Lebanon Junction being the repeating station for Louisville business, he forwarded the following telegram just from Louisville, 9 a. m.:

“Louisville, Ky., July 12, 1862.

COLONEL JOHNSON, Lebanon Ky.:

Leave good guard and join Colonel Owen. Pursue the enemy and drive him out. Be cautious and vigorous. Make no delay.

J. T. BOYLE,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Louisville, Ky., July 12, 1862.

COLONEL OWEN, Lebanon, Ky.:

You will move after the enemy and pursue him.

J. T. BOYLE,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

You will see by the above message that Colonel Owen must have been en route for Lebanon.

Up to the time of our leaving Lebanon, which was about noon, Colonel Moore, in command of those 500 troops at Lebanon Junction, had not received his orders or I could furnish you with them. This I greatly regretted, but General Morgan, having no fears of “Lincoln’s web-foot soldiery,” told me I could close my office, and to allay all suspicion at not being able to communicate with Lebanon during the forenoon I told the operator at Lebanon Junction as follows:

To Z: I have been up all night and am very sleepy. If you have no objections I will take a nap until two or three o’clock. B.

To B: All right; don’t oversleep yourself. Z.

Wonder if I did!

Arrived at Midway on the Lexington & Louisville railroad, about 10 a. m. At this place I surprised the operator, who was quietly sitting on the platform of the depot enjoying himself hugely. Little did he suspicion that Morgan was in his vicinity. I asked him to call Lexington and to ask Lexington the time of day. He did so. I demanded this for the purpose of getting his style of handling the key, which corroborated my first impression, from the fact that I noticed paper in the instrument; to use a telegraphic phrase, he was a “plug operator.” I adopted his style of writing and commenced operations.

In this office I found a signal book, which by the way, came very useful. It contained the call for all the offices. Dispatch after dispatch was going to and from Lexington, Georgetown, Paris, and Frankfort; all containing something in reference to Morgan. I tested the line and found by applying my ground wire it made no difference with the circuit, and as Lexington was headquarters I cut Frankfort off. I omitted to state that on commencing operations at this place I discovered that there were two wires on this railroad. One was what we term a through wire, running direct from Lexington to Frankfort and not entering any of the way offices. I found that all military business was sent over that wire, and as it did not enter Midway office I ordered it cut, thus forcing Lexington on the wire that did run into this office. Midway was called and I answered,

when I received the following:

“Lexington, Ky., July 15, 1862.

J. W. WOOLUMS, operator, Midway, Ky.:

Will there be any danger in coming to Midway? Is everything right?

TAYLOR, Conductor.”

I inquired of my prisoner if he knew a man by name of Taylor. He said Taylor was conductor. I immediately gave Taylor the following reply:

“Midway, Ky., July 15, 1862.

“TAYLOR, Lexington, Ky.:

All right. Come on. No signs of any rebels here.

WOOLUMS.”

The operator in Cincinnati then called Frankfort. I answered and received about a dozen unimportant dispatches. He had no sooner finished when Lexington called Frankfort and again I answered, receiving the following message:

“Lexington, Ky., July 15, 1862.

GENERAL FINNELL, Frankfort, Ky.:

I wish you to move the forces at Frankfort on the line of the Lexington railroad immediately, And have the cars follow and take them up as soon as possible. Further orders will await them at Midway. I will in three or four hours move forward on the Georgetown road. Will have most of my men mounted. Morgan left Versailles this morning at 8 o'clock with 800 men on the Midway road, moving in the direction of Georgetown.

WARD.”

This being our position and intention exactly, it was thought proper to throw General Ward on some other track. So in the course of half an hour I manufactured the following dispatch, which was approved by General Morgan, and I sent it:

“Midway, Ky., July 15, 1862.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WARD, Lexington, Ky.:

Morgan, with upwards of 1000 men, came within a mile of here and took the Old Frankfort road, bound, as we suppose, for Frankfort. This is reliable.

WOOLUMS,

Operator.”

In about ten minutes Lexington again called Frankfort, and as I was doing the work of two or three offices, I answered the call and received the following:

“Lexington, Ky., July 15, 1862.

GENERAL FINNELL, Frankfort Ky.:

Morgan, with more than 1000 men, came within a mile of here and took the Old Frankfort road. This dispatch received from Midway and is reliable. The regiment from Frankfort had better be recalled.

WARD.”

I receipted for this message and again manufactured a message to confirm the information General Ward had received from Midway,

and not knowing the tariff from Frankfort to Lexington I could not send a formal message. I waited until the circuit was occupied and then broke in, appearing greatly excited, and told those using the wire I must have the circuit, and commenced calling Lexington. He answered with as much gusto as I called. I telegraphed as follows to Lexington:

“Tell General Ward our pickets just driven in. Great excitement. Pickets say force of enemy must be 2000.

FRANKFORT.”

It was now 2 p. m. and General Morgan wished to be off for Georgetown. I run a secret ground connection and opened the circuit on the Lexington end. This was done to leave the impression that the Frankfort operator was skeddaddling or that Morgan’s men had destroyed the telegraph.

We arrived at Georgetown at sundown. I went to the telegraph office, found it locked; inquired for the operator. He was pointed out to me. I hailed him and demanded admission into his office. He very courteously showed me into his office. I discovered the instruments had been moved. I asked where they were. He replied that he had sent them to Lexington. I asked him what time he had Lexington last. He said 9 o’clock, and since that time the line had been down. I remarked that it must be an extraordinary line to be in working condition when it was down, as I heard him sending messages to Lexington when I was at Midway at 1 o’clock. This was a stunner; he had nothing to say. I immediately tested the line by applying the ends of the wires to my tongue and found the line O. K. I said nothing to him, but called for a guard of two men to take care of Mr. Smith until I got ready to leave town.

I did not interrupt the line until after tea, when I put in my own instrument, and after listening for an hour or two at the Yankees talking I opened the conversation as follows, signing myself “Federal Operator,” as I had done before successfully at other places:

“To Lexington: Keep mum. I am in the office reading by the sound of my magnet in the dark. I crawled in when no one saw me. Morgan’s men are here, encamped on Dr. Gano’s place.

GEORGETOWN.”

“To Georgetown: Keep cool; don’t be discovered. About how many rebels are there?

LEXINGTON.”

“To Lexington: I don’t know. I did not notice, as Morgan’s operator was asking me about my instruments. I told him I sent them to Lexington. He said, ‘Damn the luck,’ and went out.

GEORGETOWN.”

“To Georgetown: Be on hand and keep us posted.

LEXINGTON.”

“To Lexington: I will do so. Tell General Ward I will stay up all night if he wishes.

GEORGETOWN.”

“To Georgetown: Mr. Fulton wishes to know if the rebels are there.

CINCINNATI.”

“To Cincinnati: Yes; Morgan’s men are here.

GEORGETOWN.”

“To Georgetown: How can you be in office and not be arrested?

CINCINNATI.”

“To Cincinnati: Oh, I am in the dark and reading by sound of the magnet.

GEORGETOWN.”

This settled Cincinnati. Question after question was asked me about the rebels and I answered to suit myself. Things had been going on this way about two hours, when Lexington asked me where my assistant was. I replied, “Don’t know.” He then asked me, “Have you seen him today?” I replied, “No.” Well from this time on no telegraphing could I do in the beautiful city of Georgetown.

Wishing to keep myself busy and make myself useful, I concluded to call on Mr. Smith, the operator, who was under guard in my room. I did so. I informed Mr. Smith that I would furnish him with a mule in the morning and I should be pleased to have him accompany me to Dixie, as I understand he was in the employ of the United States Government. This was anything but agreeable to the said Smith. It seemed to me I had hit the young man in the right place, and I remarked that had he not sent his instruments to Lexington that I could have taken them in preference to his person. His face brightened and an idea struck him very forcibly that he would make a proposition. He did so, and it was to furnish me the instruments if I would release him. This I agreed to, as telegraph instruments are of much more value to the Southern Confederacy than Yankee telegraphers. I accompanied Mr. Smith to the servants’ room, and there under a bed in a chest were the instruments. After Mr. Smith giving me his word of honor not to leave town for twenty-four hours, he was at liberty to visit his wife and young Smiths.

On arriving at Cynthiana I found that the operator had skedad-dled. I tested the wires and found no fluid from either Cincinnati or Lexington, nor were the wires in working condition when I left the next day.

At Paris the operator had made a clean sweep. He left the night before, taking all his instruments.

At Crab Orchard there was no office, and I put in my pocket magnet. This was at 11 a. m., and the first message I heard was the following:

“Louisville, Ky., July 21, 1862.

COLONEL WOLFORD, Danville, Ky.:

Pursue Morgan; he is at Crab Orchard going to Somerset.

BOYLE.”

No sooner had the Danville operator receipted for this than the operator at Lebanon suggested the following:

“To Lebanon Junction: Would it not be well for Danville and offices below here to put on their ground wires when they send or receive important messages, as George Elsworth, the rebel operator, may be on the line between here and Cumberland Gap.

LEBANON.”

The operator at the junction agreed with him and said it would

be a good idea, but it was not carried into effect.

Arrived at Somerset that evening. I took charge of the office. I ascertained from citizens that the office had been closed for three weeks up to the very hour our advance guard arrived in town and then it was opened by the operator from London, who came to work the instrument for the purpose of catching Morgan, but unfortunately for Uncle Sam the operator had no time to either send or receive a message, but I am glad to say he had it in fine working condition for me. I had been in the office for some time when Stanford called Somerset and said:

“I have just returned from Crab Orchard, where I have been to fix the line. The rebels tore it down. I left there at 8 o'clock. The Ninth Pennsylvania cavalry had not then arrived. What time did you get in from London?”

STANFORD.”

“To Stanford: Just arrived and got my office working finely.

SOMERSET.”

“To Somerset: Any sign of Morgan yet? He left Crab Orchard at 11:30 a. m. today.

STANFORD.”

“To Stanford: No, no sign of him yet.

SOMERSET.”

“To Somerset: For fear they may take you by surprise I would suggest we have a private signal. What say you?”

STANFORD.”

“To Stanford: Good; before signaling we will make the figure 7.

SOMERSET.”

This was mutually agreed upon. I asked when would Wolford be at Somerset, and he said Wolford had telegraphed Boyle that his force was green and insufficient to attack Morgan.

Seeing there was no use of my losing a night's rest I told Stanford I would retire, and that I had made arrangements with the pickets to wake me up in case Morgan came in. The operator at Lebanon Junction urged me to sit up, but I declined on the ground of being unwell. This did not satisfy him, but after arguing with him some time, I retired.

July 22. Opened office at 7 o'clock. Informed Stanford operator Morgan not yet arrived, made inquiries about different things, and after everything in town was destroyed belonging to the United States Government the general gave me the following message to send:

“Somerset, Ky., July 22, 1862.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Louisville, Ky.:

Good morning George D.! I am quietly watching the complete destruction of all of Uncle Sam's property in this little burg. I regret exceedingly that this is the last that comes under my supervision on this route. I expect in a short time to pay you a visit and wish to know if you will be home. All well in Dixie.

JOHN H. MORGAN,

Commanding Brigade.”

“Somerset, Ky., July 22, 1862.

GENERAL J. T. BOYLE, Louisville, Ky.:

Good morning, Jerry! This telegraph is a great institution. You should destroy it, as it keeps me too well posted. My friend Elsworth has all of your dispatches since July 10 on file. Do you wish copies?

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Brigade.”

“Somerset, Ky., July 22, 1862.

HON. GEORGE DUNLAP, Washington, D. C.:

Just completed my tour through Kentucky. Captured sixteen cities, destroyed millions of dollars worth of United States property. Passed through your county, but regret not seeing you. We paroled 1,500 Federal prisoners.

Your friend,
JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Brigade.”

The following is an order I issued to all operators while at Georgetown:

Headquarters Telegraph, Department of Kentucky, C. S. A.,
Georgetown Ky., July 16, 1862.

“General Orders }
No 1. }

When an operator is positively informed that the enemy is marching on his station, he will immediately proceed to destroy the telegraph instruments and all material in his charge. Such instances of carelessness as exhibited on the part of the operators at Lebanon, Midway, and Georgetown will be severely dealt with. By order of

G. A. ELSWORTH,

General Military Superintendent C. S. Telegraph Department.”

The above report contains but a few of the dispatches I received and sent during General Morgan's late expedition through Kentucky. Those of the greatest interest and importance are respectfully submitted.

I remain your obedient servant,

GEORGE A. ELSWORTH,
Morgan's Telegrapher.

Report of Colonel John H. Morgan, Second Kentucky cavalry, (Confederate) including proclamation.

Headquarters Morgan's Brigade.

Gallatin, Tenn., August 22, 1862.

General: I have the honor to report that having received information while at Hartsville that a force of 300 Federal infantry had arrived in this place on the morning of the 19th and were committing depredations on the inhabitants, robbing houses and arresting all those citizens who had shown kindness to the officers and men of my command while stationed here, I left my camp near Hartsville at 12 m. on the same day and encamped about five miles from Gallatin.

Fearing that the Federals would return by rail to Nashville, I dispatched Captain (J. B.) Hutcheson with Company F and a portion of my advanced guard to burn up the trestle work at Saundersville,

and thus cut off their retreat, while I attacked Gallatin. Some delay was experienced owing to the difficulties of the ground during a dark night, but the plan met with entire success. The trestle work was burned, and the guard of about sixty men driven into a stockade were followed so closely by my men that they ran them out on the other side, killing some and taking sixteen prisoners; the remainder got into the woods and escaped.

The 300 Federals having, I suppose, advice of my arrival, attempted to leave by train with some sixty citizens they had arrested in Gallatin, with no other charge against them than that of being favorable to our cause, but cut off by Company E of my command, they were obliged to leave the cars and march their prisoners along the Nashville railway track. I pushed on with four companies and came up with a detachment of about eighty men, under command of Captain (Abraham H.) Miller; thirty-five prisoners were taken by my men, and the remainder either fell or escaped into the woods. A second detachment was reached who had charge of the prisoners. I received forty of these poor fellows, who had been treated with great cruelty. The remainder were hurried on by the Federals and lodged in a block house, or stockade, which I attacked, but met with such determined resistance that I retreated toward Gallatin. Before this fort I lost two of my best officers and three men.

I took in this expedition some 120 prisoners, killed and wounded some sixty of the enemy, and carried off at least 300 muskets, which I have distributed among my new recruits. Had I not been obliged to leave my howitzers at Knoxville to repair the carriages, worn-out in my expedition to Kentucky, I could have captured every detachment of guards or brigades between Gallatin and Nashville but these stockades are not to be taken by troops unaccompanied by artillery.

When evening came I was with my command within eight miles of Nashville, having destroyed every bridge between Gallatin and Edgefield Junction. I have learned also from an engineer of high standing that the tunnel burned on the last expedition is so completely destroyed that it can never be repaired, the rocks having fallen in every direction.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect, general, your most obedient servant,

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Colonel, Commanding Cavalry.

BATTLE OF GALLATIN.
Headquarters Morgan's Regiment,
Hartsville, Tenn., August 22, 1862.

General Randolph:--

General: I beg to confirm my dispatch of the 22d instant announcing the result of yesterday's expedition. My command, consisting of my own regiment, 700 strong, and a squadron of Texas Rangers, numbering about 100 men, returned that day, worn-out, to Gallatin.

At 11 p. m. I received information from one of my friendly scouts

that the enemy's cavalry were encamped on the roadside between Castalian Springs and Hartsville, a distance of only twelve miles from camp. Judging from the fact that they had halted by the roadside, I concluded that they intended to march at night and attack early in the morning, and I made my preparations accordingly, dispatching scouts on whom I could depend to bring me positive information as to the enemy's movements. At daybreak my column was on the move, and as the advanced guard reached the head of the town my pickets came galloping in, followed by my principal scout, who reported that he was closely pursued by a large body of cavalry. Not wishing on account of the inhabitants, to make Gallatin the scene of our contest, I advanced my column, and was greeted on reaching the Hartsville pike by a heavy fire from that direction. I dismounted the two leading companies to fight and threw them into the woods on the left of the road. The enemy increased his fire and I gradually had my whole command engaged.

The fight began at 6:30 o'clock and was maintained without much advantage on either side, the enemy having perhaps rather the best of it at first, until about 8:30 o'clock, when they began to fall back and my men to redouble their efforts. At 9:30 o'clock I had driven them four miles and was preparing for a final charge, when a flag of truce was brought proposing an armistice in order to bury their dead. My reply was that I could entertain no proposition except unconditional surrender. I learned then that the troops were commanded by Brigadier-General Johnson. During the parley the enemy had formed into line of battle, and were evidently ready to defend themselves from any fresh attack. I divided my force into three divisions, leading one myself in the direction I thought General Johnson had taken. Major (G. W.) Morgan had five companies under his orders on my left. Lieutenant-Colonel (B. W.) Duke, on my right, had three companies and his advanced guard. Some delay was occasioned by a non-arrival of my gallant Texas Rangers, who formed part of the body under my own immediate orders. They had been separated from their horses during the preceding fight, and had not been able to recover them in time to come to the front. On their arrival we marched on in the direction of the enemy, and opened fire. General Johnson's forces being on a good pike, retreated for some time faster than my men, who were on difficult ground, could follow, but after a pursuit of some two miles they were overtaken and compelled to fight.

They were dismounted and formed behind their horses. The position they had selected was a very good one, especially as they considerably outnumbered Colonel Duke's force, which was the only one opposed to them; Major Morgan and my own detachment, in the eagerness of pursuit, having taken too far to the left.

Colonel Duke reports that on perceiving that the enemy had halted he formed his three companies and the advanced guard into columns of squadrons, preserving the regular distance between each, so as to be able to form into line at command and attack. This was done with admirable precision and coolness by his men, and nothing could exceed their gallantry. The enemy were formed under the brow

of the hill, and my men were drawn up above them, so that their fire told with effect on my line, while that of the attacking party went over their heads. After a very sharp engagement of about fifteen minutes they broke and ran. General Johnson, his adjutant-general (Captain Turner), Major Winfrey, and a number of privates were captured, but the main body escaped to the hills through the woods and high corn, making for the Cumberland river.

Thus ended an action in which my command, not exceeding 700 men (one whole company being in the rear with prisoners), succeeded in defeating a brigade of 1,200 chosen cavalry, sent by General Buell expressly to take me or drive me out of Tennessee, killing and wounding some 180 and taking 200 prisoners, including the brigadier-general commanding and the greater part of the regimental officers.

My loss in both actions amounted to five killed, eighteen wounded, and two missing. Among the wounded was Captain Huffman, who had his arm shattered by a ball while leading gallantly on his brave Texan Rangers, a small body of men commanded by Major (R. M.) Gano, of whom I cannot speak too highly, as they have distinguished themselves ever since they joined my command not only by their bravery, but their good, soldier-like conduct.

To all my officers and men my best acknowledgements are due. Nothing but hard fighting carried them through.

To my personal staff I am deeply indebted. Colonel St. Leger Greenfell, acting adjutant-general, ably supported me; Captain Lewellen, my quartermaster, and Captain Green Roberts, who acted as my aides-de-camp, were most active and fearless in carrying my orders, and the captains of companies cool and collected in the performance of them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Duke led on his regiment, if possible, with more than his usual gallantry, and contributed, by the confidence with which he had inspired his men, to insure the success of the day. Lieutenant-Colonel Duke makes particular mention of the cool and determined manner in which Lieutenant (W. S.) Rogers, commanding advanced guard, Captains Hutcheson, (J. T.) Cassell, and Lieutenant (George) White, respectively, commanding the three companies composing his division, behaved. In fact the conduct of both officers and men deserves the highest praise.

I received every assistance from the patriotism and zeal of the neighboring citizens, among whom Major Duffey and Captain R. A. Bennet were pre-eminent.

I have also to report that I have received a dispatch from General Forrest, stating that he has encamped within eight miles of me with a re-enforcement of 800 men, but no artillery. The want of this arm cripples my movements and prevents my advance with that certainty of effect which a battery would afford.

Recruits are daily and hourly arriving. The population seems at last to be thoroughly aroused and to be determined on resistance.

I hope shortly, general, to be able to report further success, and rest assured that no exertions on my part shall be wanting, no sacrifices on that of my officers and men will prevent our giving as good an

account of the enemy as our small numbers will admit of.

I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, general, your most obedient servant,

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Colonel, Commanding Cavalry, C. S. Army.

The Adjutant-General.

P. S. This morning I received positive information as to General Nelson's intentions and movements. He is retreating from Nashville to re-enforce Bowling Green at the head of 1,500 infantry, 200 cavalry, and twelve cannon. It is evidently the intention of the Federals to attempt the defense of the line at Bowling Green and Lebanon.

PROCLAMATION.

Headquarters Morgan's Brigade.

Hartsville, Tenn., August 22, 1862.

Soldiers: Your gallant bearing during the last two days will not only be inscribed in the history of the country and the annals of this war, but is engraved deeply into my heart.

Your zeal and devotion on the 20th at the attack of the trestle work at Saundersville and of the Edgefield Junction stockade, your heroism during the two hard fights of yesterday, have placed you high on the list of those patriots who are now in arms for our Southern rights.

All communications cut off betwixt Gallatin and Nashville, a body of 300 infantry totally cut up or taken prisoners, the liberation of those kind friends arrested by our revengeful foes for no other reason than their compassionate care of our sick and wounded, would have been laurels sufficient for your brows; but soldiers, the utter annihilation of General Johnson's brigade, composed of twenty-four picked companies of regulars and sent on purpose to take us, raises your reputation as soldiers and strikes fear into the craven hearts of your enemies. General Johnson and his staff with 200 men taken prisoners, sixty-four killed, and 100 wounded, attest the resistance made, and bear testimony to your valor. But our victories have not been achieved without loss. We have to mourn some brave and dear comrades. Their names will remain in our breasts; their fame outlive them. They died in defense of a good cause; they died like gallant soldiers, with their front to the foe.

Officers and men, your conduct makes me proud to command you. Fight always as you fought yesterday, and you are invincible.

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Colonel, Commanding Cavalry.

BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

Headquarters Army of Kentucky.

Lexington, Ky., Sept. 16, 1862.

General: In my short letter of the 30th ultimo I gave you the results of my actions of that day, of which I have the honor now to make a more detailed report.

Before leaving Barboursville for this part of Kentucky I wrote to you, fully explaining the reasons that prompted me to take that step. Until my advance descended the Big Hill it met with no opposition from the enemy. Here, on the morning of the 29th, the enemy was discovered to be in force in our front, and a bold reconnoissance by the cavalry under Colonel Scott in the afternoon, indicated a determination to give us battle. Although Churchill's division did not get up until late in the afternoon, and then in apparently an exhausted state, I determined to march to Richmond next day, even at the cost of a battle with the whole force of the enemy. The leading division, under General Cleburne, was moved early the next morning, and after advancing two or three miles they found the enemy drawn up in line of battle in fine position near Mount Zion Church, about six miles from Richmond. Without waiting for Churchill's division Cleburne at once commenced the action, and when I arrived on the field at 7:30 o'clock the fire of artillery was brisk on both sides. As my force was almost too small to storm the position in front without a disastrous loss, I sent General Churchill with one of his brigades to turn the enemy's right. While this move was being executed a bold and well conducted attempt on the part of the enemy to turn Cleburne's right was admirably foiled by the firmness of Colonel Preston Smith's brigade, who repulsed the enemy with great slaughter. It was about this time, and while he was riding from his left to his right, that General Cleburne was badly wounded in the face, and thus at a critical moment I was deprived of the services of one of the most gallant, zealous, and intelligent officers of my whole army. The command of this division then devolved upon Colonel Preston Smith.

In the meantime General Churchill had been completely successful in his movement upon the enemy's right flank, where by a bold charge his men completed a victory already partially gained by the gallantry of our troops on the right. In this action our loss was quite heavy on the right, but in comparison with that of the enemy was small.

It being reported that the enemy had taken up a new position on White's farm, two miles in front, I ordered Churchill with one brigade

to again turn his right intending to bring up Preston Smith on the other flank, but a desperate attempt on the part of the enemy to crush Churchill caused the action to commence before the arrival of Smith's division, and so this gallant brigade (Colonel McCray's) of Texans and Arkansians had to fight the battle alone. Although the odds opposed to them were fearful, yet by reserving their own fire under the deafening roar of the enemy's guns, and by a well-timed and dashing charge upon the advancing line they completely routed and put to flight the hosts of the enemy just as the cheers of Smith's division announced their arrival in the field. The loss of the enemy here was very great, including one piece of artillery; ours almost nothing.



GEN. E. KIRBY
SMITH.

Scott's cavalry having been sent around to our left by another road to get in the rear of Richmond, I felt during the whole day much need of cavalry to follow up our different successes. It was then that in this second repulse of the enemy I ordered Captain Nelson, commanding a company of Partisan Rangers, to charge the retreating masses of the enemy. This was promptly and admirably obeyed, the result being the capture of numerous prisoners. In passing a deserted camp of the enemy I found from some of the wounded that General Nelson with re-enforcements had arrived after the second battle. A march of two miles brought us within sight of the town, in front of which and on a commanding ridge, with both flanks resting upon woods, Nelson had determined to make a final stand. For the third time Churchill with a brigade (McNair's) was sent off to the left, when a deafening roar of musketry soon announced the raging of a furious combat. In the meanwhile Preston Smith, bringing up his division at a double-quick, formed with wonderful precision and rapidity in front of the enemy's center and left. Almost without waiting for the commands of the officers this division coolly advanced under the murderous fire of a force twice their number and drove them from the field in the greatest confusion and with immense slaughter.

Owing to the open character of the country our loss in the last fight was quite heavy, including some valuable regimental officers. The exhausted condition of my men, together with the closing in of night, prevented the pursuit of the enemy more than a mile beyond Richmond, but the timely arrival of Colonel Scott with his cavalry upon their two lines of retreat enabled him to greatly increase the fruits of the hard labors of the day by capturing large numbers of prisoners, including General Manson and staff, as also eight pieces of artillery and a number of wagons, etc. While my whole force was not more than 5,000, that of the enemy's was more than 10,000. In the last engagement we took prisoners from thirteen regiments.

Our loss, killed and wounded, is about 400; that of the enemy over 1,000, and his prisoners about 5,000. The immediate fruits of the victory were nine pieces of artillery, some 10,000 small arms, and a

large quantity of supplies. These latter were greatly increased by our capture of this place and Frankfort, the whole number of cannons taken being about twenty. I regret that I am unable to forward with this the report of all the different commands of the forces engaged. Those inclosed (General Churchill's and Colonel Scott's) will show you how much cause the Confederacy has to be proud of her sons. I almost fear to particularize lest I do not full justice to all; but I cannot close without expressing my admiration of the promptness and intelligence with which Generals Churchill and Cleburne and Colonel Preston Smith executed the orders given them.

My thanks are due the following members of my staff, who were with me on the field, for their active assistance to me during the day, viz: Colonels (John) Pegram and (W. R.) Boggs, Lieutenant-Colonel (G. W.) Brent; Majors (J. A.) Brown, (H. McD.) McElrath, and Thomas; Captain (John G.) Meem, Jr.; Lieutenants (E.) Cunningham and Pratt; and Captains Walworth and Hammond, and Mr. Freret, volunteer aides. Too much praise cannot be given to the medical director, Sergeant S. A. Smith, and to his assistants, for their untiring devotion in the arduous labors that devolved upon them.

As regards the intrepid behavior of the true patriots (the men in ranks) I can only say that as long as the destinies of the South remain in such hands we need never fear Northern subjugation. But even more than their noble courage before the enemy are we called upon to admire that higher courage which enabled them to undergo without murmur the fatigues and privations of one of the most difficult marches of the war. For several days and parts of the nights, through a country almost entirely without water, over stony roads, with their almost bare feet, and with green corn and beef without salt as their only food, did these gallant men trudge along, inspired only with the desire of being led against the invaders of their homes and the oppressors of their liberties.

I refer you to the reports of the division and brigade commanders, only a part of which I am now able to forward, for notices of special cases of good behavior.

I remain, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

E. KIRBY SMITH,
Major-General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,
A and I G., Richmond, Va.

CONGRATULATORY ORDERS.

Headquarters Army of Kentucky,
Richmond, Ky., August 30, 1862.

(Received at Richmond, Va., Sept. 6, 1862.)

General Orders, {
No. 10. }

The Major-General commanding returns his heartfelt thanks to the troops of this command (officers and men) for their exceeding gallantry in the several actions of this day, their patient and unmurmuring endurance of fatigue during two days' and nights' forced

marches, and fighting three battles in twelve hours. The country shall know of your sufferings on the march, as well as the bold, pressing charges of this day.

Tomorrow being Sunday, the general desires that the troops shall assemble and, under their several chaplains, shall return thanks to Almighty God, to whose mercy and goodness these victories are due. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL E. KIRBY SMITH.

JNO. PEGRAM,
Chief of Staff.

Headquarters Department No. 2.
Sparta, Tenn., September 5, 1862.

General Orders, }
No. 128. }

1. The signal triumph of our arms in Virginia over the combined forces of McClellan and Pope had hardly been announced to the whole of this command before we are again called upon to rejoice and give thanks to God for a victory as brilliant and complete achieved in our own campaign by the troops under Major-General E. Kirby Smith at Richmond, Ky., on the 30th ultimo. The enemy under Major-General Nelson was completely routed, with the commander wounded, one general killed, and one captured, with 3,000 other prisoners. Not the least important of the fruits secured was the whole of the enemy's artillery, small-arms, and transportation.

II. Comrades, our campaign opens most auspiciously and promises complete success. Your general is happy and proud to witness the tone and conduct of his army. Contented and cheerful under privations and strictly regardful of the rights of citizens, you have achieved a victory over yourselves which assures success against every foe. The enemy is in full retreat, with consternation and demoralization devastating his ranks. To secure the full fruits of this condition we must press on vigorously and unceasingly. You will be called on to make greater sacrifices still, to suffer other, perhaps greater privations, but your generals will share them and a grateful people will reward you. Alabamians, your State is redeemed. An arrogant foe no longer treads her soil. Tennesseans, the restorations of your capital and State government is almost accomplished without firing a gun. You return to your invaded homes conquerors and heroes. Kentuckians, the first great blow has been struck for your freedom. The manacles will soon fall from your limbs, when we know you will arise and strike for your freedom, your homes and your altars. Soldiers, from the Gulf, South Carolina, Georgia, and Arkansas, we share the happiness of our more fortunate brothers, and will press on with them, rejoicing in the hope that a brighter future is in store for the fruitful fields, happy homes, and fair daughters of our sunny South.

BRAXTON BRAGG,
General Commanding.

GENERAL BRAGG'S REPORT OF THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN

INVOLVING THE BATTLES OF MUNFORDVILLE, RICHMOND AND
PERRYVILLE.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee.

May 20, 1863.

Sir: Constant occupation and the absence of my records during the active service in this quarter have prevented until now a full narrative of the events incident to the campaign of this army last autumn in Tennessee and Kentucky.

Early in July 1862, under instructions, a division of troops under Major-General McCown was sent from my headquarters at Tupelo, Miss., to the department of East Tennessee. In the latter part of that month it became evident we were being pressed there by a heavy corps of the enemy sent from Corinth under Major-General Buell. This movement threatened the very heart of our country, and was destined, unless checked immediately, to sever our main line of connection between the East and West. At this time the army in Mississippi had much improved in health and strength, and had progressed rapidly in discipline, organization and instruction. Leaving a sufficient force, I determined to move to Chattanooga, oppose this dangerous combination of the enemy, and, if practicable, drive him from our important provision country in Western Alabama, Middle Tennessee, and Kentucky.

Early in August the infantry force for this purpose, (four divisions) was concentrated near Chattanooga and awaited the arrival of the artillery, cavalry, and baggage train, which necessarily moved across the country by land. Major-General E. Kirby Smith, commanding the Department of East Tennessee, met me by invitation in Chattanooga, and most generously placed his whole command at my disposal. It was soon determined, upon his suggestion, that all his force should be used to operate upon the enemy's left at Cumberland Gap, and he was requested to confer with Brigadier-General Humphrey Marshall, commanding in Southwestern Virginia, with whom he was already in correspondence, to secure his co-operation also in the movement. After returning to Knoxville General Smith asked for further assistance, and two fine brigades, under Brigadier-General P. R. Cleburne and Colonel Preston Smith, were sent to him in addition to the division which had gone from Tupelo. The balance

of my immediate command, the Army of the Mississippi, divided between Major-Generals Polk and Hardee, made every preparation and awaited only its baggage train and artillery to cross the Tennessee river and enter upon its arduous and perilous campaign over the mountains dividing East and Middle Tennessee. The movement of the artillery and wagons across the mountain region of North Alabama having been successfully accomplished, late in August we commenced crossing the river at Chattanooga with very limited means. The enemy with a largely superior force occupied the lines of the railroad from Decatur to Bridgeport, Alabama, from Decatur to Nashville, and from Nashville to Stevenson, with large detached commands at McMinnville and Cumberland Gap.

Having crossed the river at Chattanooga the column took up its march on August 28th over Walden's ridge and the Cumberland mountains for Middle Tennessee. Major-General Smith had already successfully passed through Northeastern Tennessee and gained the rear of Cumberland Gap, held by the enemy in strong force, well fortified. Leaving a strong force to hold the enemy in observation, his dislodgement being considered impracticable, he moved, as authorized, with the balance of his command on Lexington, Ky. This rich country, full of supplies so necessary to us, was represented to be occupied by a force which could make but feeble resistance. How well and successfully that duty was performed has already been reported by General Smith. His complete victory over the enemy at Richmond, Ky., and his occupation of Lexington rendered it necessary for me to intercept General Buell, now rapidly moving toward Nashville, or to move toward the right, so as to secure a junction with General Smith when necessary.

On reaching Middle Tennessee it was found that the enemy's main force, by use of railroads and good turnpikes, had concentrated in Nashville and was strongly fortified. With a heavy demonstration against this position my force was thrown rapidly to Glasgow, Ky., and to my great satisfaction reached that point September 13th, before any portion of the enemy passed Bowling Green. As soon as my object was discovered they moved in haste by railroad and turnpike, but reached Bowling Green only in time to find we had seized and now held both roads near Cave City. An assault on the enemy's superior force, well fortified at Nashville, gave no promise of success, while any movement for that purpose would have enabled him to throw his whole force to his rear rapidly, thus rendering certain the capture or destruction of General Smith's small command at Lexington, whereas by the flank movement adopted, the enemy's communications were severed and his forces separated, while my own communications were secured. Without firing a gun we had also compelled the evacuation of Northern Alabama and Middle Tennessee south of the Cumberland. Prepared to assail Buell's forces should he attempt to pass north, I determined to rest my jaded troops at Glasgow, where some subsistence was to be had. While thus engaged I learned that the commander of my outpost brigade at Cave City had advanced upon and assailed the enemy's fortified position at Munford-

ville (the railroad and pike crossing the Green river,) and after a gallant fight against largely superior numbers had been repulsed with considerable loss. Unwilling to allow the impression of a disaster to rest on the minds of my men, the force was rapidly prepared and our march renewed on the evening of the 15th, with a very scanty supply of provisions. Hardee's wing moved by Cave City direct upon Munfordville, and Polk, by the Bear Wallow road, crossed the river some miles to the right and gained the enemy's rear in the afternoon of the 16th. An immediate demand for the surrender of the garrison was made, and after a few hours' negotiation an unconditional submission was obtained. We secured 4,267 prisoners, ten pieces of artillery, 5,000 small arms, and a proportional quantity of ammunition, horses, mules, and military stores.

This surrender having been received and completed on September 17th dispositions were made for an attack from General Buell's main force, supposed to be advancing on our rear from Bowling Green. Efforts were made to draw him to an attack by maneuvering a division in his front, while our main force held position south of the intrenchments on Green river. I failed to accomplish this object. With my effective force present, reduced by sickness, exhaustion, and the recent affair before the intrenchments at Munfordville, to half that of the enemy, I could not prudently afford to attack him there in his selected position. Should I pursue him farther toward Bowling Green he might fall back to that place and behind his fortifications. Reduced at the end of four days to three days rations, and in a hostile country, utterly destitute of supplies, a serious engagement brought on anywhere in that direction could not fail (whatever its results) to materially cripple me. The loss of a battle would be eminently disastrous. I was well aware also that he had a practicable route by way of Morgantown or Brownsville to the Ohio river and thence to Louisville. We were therefore compelled to give up the object and seek for subsistence. Orders were sent for a supply train from our depot at Lexington to meet us in Bardstown, and the march was commenced for the latter place. Instructions had been given General Smith for a simultaneous movement of his column at Lexington to Shelbyville, that combined operations might be immediately undertaken against Louisville. Orders had also been given for a close observation on the enemy at Cumberland Gap, and that he should be intercepted in any attempt to escape.

On my arrival at Bardstown I learned from Major-General Smith, then at Lexington, that the enemy was moving from Cumberland Gap, endeavoring to escape by the valley of Sandy river, in Eastern Kentucky, and that he had sent his whole available force in pursuit. A sufficient force to prevent this escape and to hold the enemy in check there and compel his surrender had been ordered and was confidently expected from another quarter to have followed General Smith's movement in time for this purpose. Circumstances unknown to me in our then isolated position, and over which I could not exercise control, had prevented this communication so confidently relied on and so necessary to our success. The delay necessarily resulting from

this pursuit of the enemy by General Smith prevented a junction of our forces, and enabled General Buell to reach Louisville before the assault could be made upon that city.

The troops at Bardstown, much jaded and footsore from the long and arduous march, were placed in position for rest and recuperation during the absence of the column from Lexington. Having made all needful arrangements for them, I ordered our supplies at Lexington transferred to a position selected as a general depot near Bryantsville, and provided for opening a line of communication through Cumberland Gap. I left Bardstown on the 28th for Lexington to confer with General Smith and inform myself fully as to our condition and the resources of the country. Major-General Polk, left at Bardstown in command, was directed, if pressed by a force too large to justify his giving battle, to fall back in the direction of the new depot near Bryantsville, in front of which I proposed to concentrate for action.

Arriving in Lexington on October 1st, I met the Provisional Governor of the State, who had previously been invited to accompany me, and arranged for his installation at the Capital on the 4th. The available forces of General Smith, just returned to Lexington, were ordered immediately to Frankfort.

Finding but little progress had been made in the transfer of our accumulated stores from Lexington, and learning of a heavy movement of the enemy from Louisville, I ordered Major-General Polk in writing, dated Lexington, 1 p. m. October 2nd, and sent it by two routes, to move from Bardstown with his whole available force by way of Bloomfield toward Frankfort, to strike the enemy in flank and rear, and informed him that Major-General Smith would attack in front. When received at Bardstown on the 3rd the General submitted this order, which is not mentioned in his report (see exhibit 1,) to a council of wing and division commanders, and determined to move as originally instructed by me on leaving Bardstown. Fortunately notice of this determination reached me at Frankfort in time to prevent the movement against the enemy's front by General Smith, but it necessitated an entire change in my plans, the abandonment of the capital, and the partial uncovering and ultimate loss of our stores at Lexington. Not doubting but that some imperative necessity unknown to me existed with the General for this departure from instructions, I conformed at once to his movements and put General Smith's command in motion to form the junction farther South, still covering the supplies at Lexington as far as practicable.

Proceeding rapidly to Harrodsburg myself, I was met there by Major-General Polk on October 6th with the head of the column, which had marched from Bardstown on the third. After a full and free conference with the General, my first views remained unchanged, and as he reported to me at midnight October 6th, when enclosing a written report from Major-General Hardee that he did not regard the enemy in large strength near there (see exhibit 2) I renewed early in the morning of the 7th the orders to concentrate all the forces in front of the depot at Lexington (see exhibit 3). But before this order was put in full operation information was received that the enemy in

limited force was pressing upon General Hardee at Perryville; that he was nowhere concentrated against us, but was moving by separate columns; his right (see map herewith marked A) was near Lebanon, a corps in front of Perryville, and his left (two entire corps) extending by way of Mackville to Frankfort, a line of at least sixty miles. This presented an opportunity which I promptly seized of striking him in detail. Accordingly written orders were given to Major-General Polk, dated Harrodsburg, Oct. 7th, 5:40 p. m. (see exhibit 4,) to move Cheatham's division now at Harrodsburg back to Perryville, and to proceed to that point himself, attack the enemy immediately, rout him, and then move rapidly to join Major-General Smith as before ordered, and it was added no time should be lost in this movement.

Meanwhile during the same day, I received repeated and urgent applications from General Smith (near Frankfort) by express, representing the enemy to be in strong force in his immediate front and earnestly asked for re-enforcements. Accordingly Wither's division had been detached and sent to him (before receipt by me of the information from Perryville,) and was already far on the way thither at the time when the movement to Perryville was ordered, and this will account for my being without the benefit of this division in the battle which ensued next day at the latter place. Major-General Polk arrived at Perryville with Cheatham's division before midnight of the 7th, and the troops were placed by General Hardee in the line of battle previously established.

Our forces now in this position consisted of three divisions of infantry (about 14,500) and two small brigades of cavalry (about 1,500). To this the enemy opposed one corps (Gilbert's,) about 18,000 strong. Information reached me during the evening and night of the 7th at Harrodsburg which indicated that no attack could be made on General Smith's command the next day, and I immediately changed my purpose to join him and determined to go to Perryville. From unofficial sources I was led to fear the existence of serious misapprehension in regard to the position and strength of the enemy's forces near Perryville as well as to the location of our supplies, supposed to be at Bryantstown, when in truth but two days rations for the army had yet reached that point.

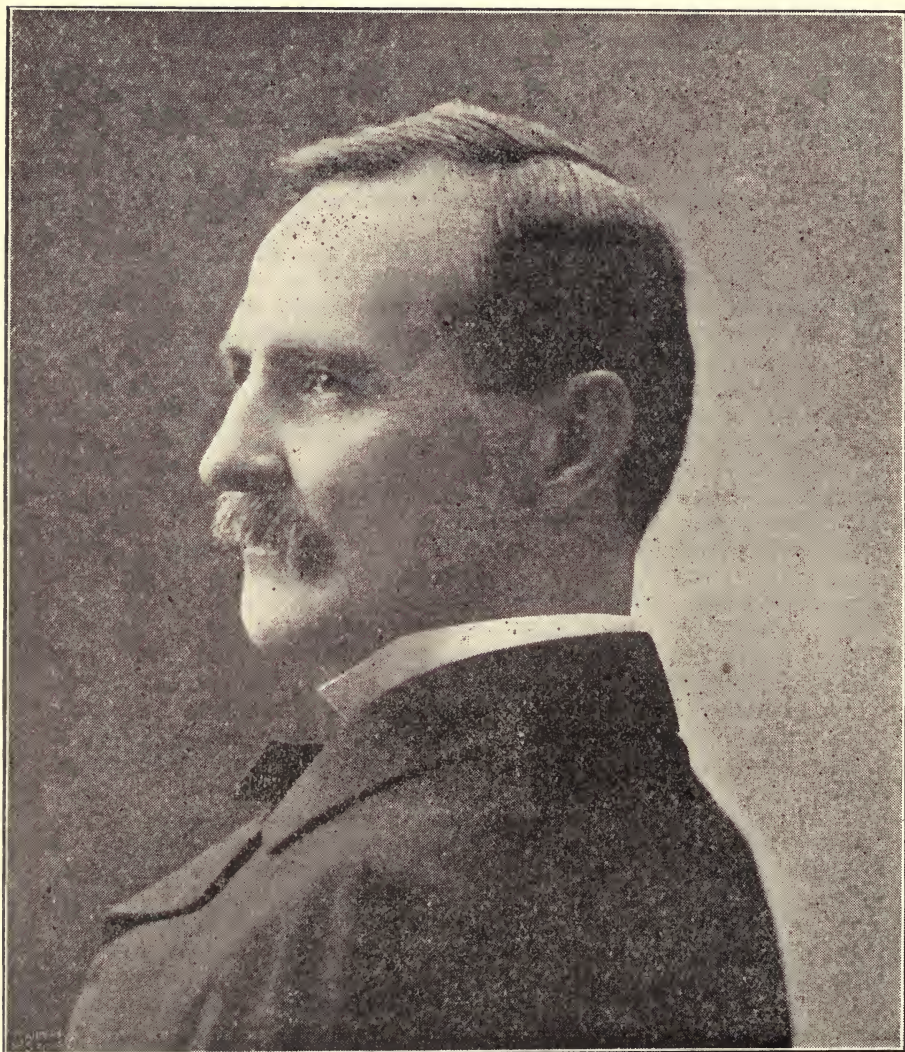
Having ordered the attack and that no time should be lost, I was concerned at not hearing the commencement of the engagement early in the morning, but was much relieved for the time by receiving from General Polk a note dated Perryville, 6 a. m., October 8th, informing me that the enemy's pickets commenced firing at daybreak and that he should bring on the engagement vigorously (see exhibit 5). To my surprise, however, no gun was heard, and on my arrival, about 10 a. m., I was informed that it was determined not to attack, but to assume the "defensive-offensive". After a hasty reconnaissance and consultation orders were given for some changes deemed necessary in the line of battle, a portion of it being withdrawn was restored, and Major-General Polk was ordered to bring on the engagement. Impatient at the delay after this order I dispatched a staff officer to

repeat it to the general, and soon thereafter I followed in person and put the troops in motion.

Major-General Buell, commanding the forces there in our immediate front, in his official report says, "I have somewhat expected an attack early in the morning on Gilbert's corps while it was isolated". These delays had postponed the action until it was now past noon and a second corps of the enemy (18,000) had reached the field. The general officers at the meeting about daylight (see General Polk's report) who resolved on this delay must have acted without correct information and in ignorance that my orders were urgent and imperative for the attack; moreover I was within one hours' ride and was not consulted or informed.

The action having at length commenced, was fought by our troops with a gallantry and persistent determination to conquer which the enemy could not resist; and though he was largely more than two to our one he was driven from the field with terrible loss. Night closed the operations just as a third corps of the enemy threw the head of its column against our left flank. We had entire possession of the battlefield, with thousands of the enemy's killed and wounded, several batteries of artillery, and 600 prisoners. For the details of this action, so creditable to our arms, I refer to the reports of subordinate commanders, herewith forwarded. In the progress of the engagement we had advanced so far as to expose our left flank to the third corps, just arrived from the direction of Lebanon. I therefore caused our line, which rested upon the field until midnight, to fall back to its original position. Assured that the enemy had concentrated his three corps against us, and finding that our loss had already been quite heavy in the unequal contest against two, I gave the orders to fall back at daylight on Harrodsburg, and sent instructions to Major-General Smith to move his command to form a junction with me at that place. There I again offered the enemy battle, which he declined, and moved to possess himself of my line toward Cumberland Gap.

My whole force was accordingly retired on the 11th upon Bryantsville. Here the enemy again declined to advance upon me, but occupied himself in the destruction of the numerous mills and other sources from which we drew our supply of bread-stuffs. There was no accumulation of this essential article at any point except Lexington which had been now lost, though the country afforded an immensity of grain. The necessary concentration of my forces rendered accumulation from the small country mills impracticable, and our supply was reduced to only four day's rations. To attack and route an enemy largely superior in numbers (for simply to cripple him would not suffice) or to evacuate the country in which he could no longer subsist became now an imperative necessity. Moreover I was informed that still another force was moving on my right flank from Cincinnati in addition to the overwhelming one with which I was already contending. The season of autumnal rains was approaching; the rough and uneven roads leading over the stupendous mountains of eastern Tennessee and Kentucky to and through Cumberland Gap would then become utterly



W. D. BEARD, STAFF OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. STEWART. NOW CHIEF
JUSTICE SUPREME COURT OF TENNESSEE.

impassable to an army. Should I remain until then and meet with a reverse the army would be lost. Had the foregoing considerations permitted a doubt to remain in my mind as to the course of duty it would have been entirely removed upon the receipt of the intelligence of our disasters in north Mississippi, by which the whole country in our rear was left open to the enemy's victorious forces there.

Accordingly all necessary arrangements were made and the troops put in motion by two columns, under Major-Generals Polk and Smith; on October 13, for Cumberland Gap. After a rapid march, with some privations in the absence of the baggage trains, which had been sent ahead, we passed the Gap with immaterial loss, from October 19 to 24. The column of Major-General Polk was vigorously pursued by the enemy for several days, but was so successfully protected by the cavalry, under the admirable management of Colonels Wheeler and Wharton, that but little annoyance was felt.

Though compelled to yield to largely superior numbers and fortuitous circumstances, a portion of the valuable territory from which we had driven the enemy, the fruits of the campaign were very large and have had a most important bearing upon our subsequent military operations here and elsewhere. With a force enabling us at no time to put more than 40,000 men of all arms and in all places in battle we had redeemed North Alabama and Middle Tennessee and recovered possession of Cumberland Gap, the gateway to the heart of the Confederacy. We had killed, wounded and captured no less than 25,000 of the enemy; taken over thirty pieces of artillery, 17,000 small arms, some 2,000,000 cartridges for the same; destroyed some hundreds of wagons and brought off several hundred more with their teams and harness complete; replaced our jaded horses by a fine mount; lived two months on supplies wrested from the enemy's possession; secured material to clothe the army, and finally secured subsistence from the redeemed country to support not only the army but also a large force of the Confederacy to the present time.

In four weeks after passing Cumberland Gap on this memorable and arduous campaign, jaded, hungry and ragged (as necessarily incidental to that service), this noble army was found with serried ranks in front of the enemy at Nashville better organized, better disciplined, better clothed and fed, in better health and tone, and in larger numbers than when it entered on the campaign, though it had made a march at least three times as long as that of the enemy in reaching the same point, and was moreover, entirely self-sustained. Too high an estimate cannot be placed upon officers and men capable of such fortitude, resolution, courage, and self-denial. Nothing short of the patriotism which pervaded our ranks, and the intelligence, zeal, and gallantry displayed on all occasions and by all grades, can account for such results.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

BRAXTON BRAGG,

General Commanding.

GENERAL S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector General.

INDORSEMENT.

Respectfully submitted to the President:

I see very little objection to this report, and believe the effect will be on the whole to vindicate rather than diminish the reputation of the Commander in the Confederate campaign

J. A. SEDDON,

Secretary of War.

The consensus of opinion among the Federals was that General Bragg marched into Kentucky with not exceeding 30,000, and the Federal General Halleck unwittingly pays General Bragg the following compliment: "History of military campaigns affords no parallel to this of an army throwing aside its transportation, paying no regard to its supplies, but cutting loose from its base, marching 200 miles in the face of and really victorious, over an army double its size."

GENERAL BRAGG'S ORDERS TO GENERAL MORGAN FOR SPECIAL DUTY.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 1, 1862.

Brigadier-General John H. Morgan,

Commanding Cavalry at Baird's Mills;

General: The general commanding directs me to say that, when relieved from your present duties, you will proceed with your whole command, by the most practicable route and with the least delay, to operate on the enemy's lines of communications in rear of Nashville. You will assail his guards where your relative force will justify it; capture and destroy his trains; burn his bridges, depots, trestle-work, etc. In fine, harass him in every conceivable way in your power. When practicable, send all prisoners to the rear, so as to conceal your operations. When it is necessary, parole them, sending lists by first mail to these headquarters. You are authorized to extend your command to the extent of your captured arms and horses, assigning the men to your old regiments. Do everything to prevent the enemy from foraging north of the Cumberland river, and especially towards Clarksville. If practicable, communicate and co-operate with Brigadier-General (N. B.) Forrest. You are not limited in the extent of your operations, sending with each a return of your command. It is reported that the enemy is obstructing the fords of the Cumberland.

Brigadier-General J. Wheeler has been ordered to relieve you as soon as Brigadier-General J. Pegram can be placed in position with a sufficient command.

I am, general, very respectfully, yours,

GEORGE WM. BRENT,
Assistant-Adjutant General.

THE BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE.

Report of Brigadier-General John H. Morgan, C. S. Army, commanding expedition.

Morgan's Headquarters,
Cross-Roads, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec, 9, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to lay before you, for the information of the general commanding, a report of the expedition against the Federal force at Hartsville.

I left these headquarters at 10 a. m. on the 6th instant, with 1,400 men of my own command, under the orders of Colonel Duke; the Second and Ninth Kentucky infantry, commanded by Colonel T. H. Hunt; Captain Robert Cobb's battery of artillery; two small howitzers, and two rifled Ellsworth guns belonging to my own command. At Lebanon I received information that no change had been made in the number of the Federals at Hartsville, their number being still about 900 infantry and 400 cavalry, with two pieces of artillery. I found afterwards that their force had been considerably underrated. I proceeded with the infantry and artillery to Purier's ferry, on the Cumberland river, sending the cavalry, under the orders of Colonel Duke, to pass at a ford some seven miles below the point where we were to rendezvous. I passed my troops with great difficulty, there being but one boat, and about 5:30 on the morning of the 7th I arrived at Hager's shop, two miles from the Federal camp. I found that Colonel Duke with his cavalry, had only just marched up, having crossed the ford with difficulty, and that one regiment of his command, 500 strong, (Colonel R. M. Gano's,) had not yet reported. Major R. G. Stoner's battallion had been left on the other side of the Cumberland, with the two mountain howitzers, to prevent the escape of the enemy by the Lebanon road, and Colonel J. D. Bennett's Ninth Tennessee cavalry regiment had been ordered to proceed to Hartsville to picket the road leading to Gallatin, and to attack any of the Federals they might find in that town, to take possession of the Castalian springs, Lafayette and Carthage roads, so as to prevent the escape of the enemy. This reduced my force considerably, but I determined to attack, and that at once. There was no time to be lost; day was breaking, and the enemy might expect strong re-enforcements from Castalian springs should my arrival be known. Advancing, therefore, with the cavalry, closely followed by the artillery and infantry, I approached the enemy's position. The pickets were found and shot down. The Yankee bivouac fires appeared to cover a long line

of ground, and gave me to suppose that their numbers were much greater than I anticipated. On nearing the camp the alarm was sounded, and I could distinctly hear and see the officers ordering their men to fall in, preparing for resistance. Colonel Duke then dismounted Colonels Cluke's and Chenault's regiments (in all about 450 men) drawing them up in line in a large field in front and a little to the right of the enemy's line, which was then forming, and seeing that the artillery and infantry were in position, he ordered his men to advance at a double quick and directed Colonel Chenault, who was on the left, to oblique, so as to march on the enemy's flank. His men then passed forward, driving the Federals for nearly half a mile, without a check, before them, until their right wing was forced back upon their own left wing and center. Colonel Duke then ordered a halt until the infantry had commenced their attack on the Federal left wing, which caused a retreat of the whole line. At this juncture, Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Huffman and Major Theophilus Steele, of Gano's regiment, came up with about 100 men of that regiment, who had succeeded in crossing the ford, and threw their small force into the fight. My dismounted cavalry, under Colonel Duke, had only been skirmishing previously to this for about twenty minutes; but seeing that Colonel Hunt, with the infantry, was pressing hard upon the Federal left, he ordered an advance upon the right wing and flank of their new line. It gave way and ceased firing, and soon after surrendered.

Colonel Duke reports that his men fought with a courage and coolness which could not be surpassed.

Colonels Cluke and Chenault led on their men with the most determined bravery, encouraging them by voice and example.

The timely arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Huffman and Major Steele, and the gallant manner in which they threw themselves into the fight, had a very decided effect upon the battle at the point at which they entered.

The artillery under Captain Cobb did most excellent service, and suffered severely from the enemy's battery which fired with great precision, blowing up one of his caissons and inflicting a severe loss on that arm.

The infantry conducted themselves most gallantly, the Second Kentucky suffering most severely.

Colonel Bennett's regiment, as I said before, was not in the fight, having been sent on a special service, which was most efficiently performed, 450 prisoners having been taken by them and twelve Federals killed.

Thus, sir, in one hour and a half the troops under my command, consisting of 500 cavalry (Colonel Gano's and Colonel Bennett's regiments and Major Stoner's command not participating in the fight,) 700 infantry, with a battery of artillery, (in all about 1,300 strong) defeated and captured three well disciplined and well formed regiments of infantry, with a regiment of cavalry, and took two rifled cannons—the whole encamped on their own ground and in a very strong position—taking about 1,800 prisoners, 1,800 stand of arms, a quantity

of ammunition, clothing, quartermasters stores, and sixteen wagons.

The battle was now won. The result exceeded my own expectations, but still I felt that my position was a most perilous one, being within four miles in a direct line, and only eight by the main Gallatin road, of an enemy's force of at least 8,000 men, consisting of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, who would naturally march to the aid of their comrades on hearing the report of our guns. I therefore, with the assistance of my staff, got together all the empty wagons left by the enemy, loaded them with arms, ammunition and stores, and directed them immediately to Hart's ferry. There was no time to be lost. The pickets placed by my assistant adjutant-general on the Castalian springs road sent to report the advance of a strong body of Federals, estimated at 5,000 men. I sent Colonel Cluke's regiment to make a show of resistance, ordering Colonel Gano's regiment, which had arrived, in support. In the meantime I pressed the passage of the ford to the utmost. This show of force caused a delay in the advance of the enemy, who had no idea of the number of my men, and probably greatly overrated my strength, and gave me time to pass the ford with infantry, artillery, and baggage wagons, the horses of my cavalry having been sent back from the other side of the Cumberland river to carry over the infantry regiments.

It was time to retreat. The enemy attacked our rear, but was kept at bay by the two regiments before specified, aided by four guns I had previously ordered to be placed in position on the south side of the Cumberland, looking forward to what was now taking place. The banks of the river on both sides are precipitous, and the stream breast-deep, but our retreat was effected in excellent order. We lost not a man, except three, badly wounded, that I was reluctantly forced to leave behind. Cavalry, infantry, guard, guns and baggage-train safely crossed, with the exception of four wagons, which had been sent by another route, and which are still safely hidden in the woods, according to accounts received to-day.

In justice to my brave command I would respectfully bring to the notice of the general commanding, the names of those officers who contributed, by their undaunted bravery and soldier-like conduct, to the brilliant success which crowned the efforts of the Confederate arms; to Colonel Hunt, of the Ninth Kentucky, commanding the infantry, I am deeply indebted for his valuable assistance; his conduct and that of his brave regiment was perfect; their steadiness under fire remarkable. The Second Kentucky also behaved most gallantly and suffered severely; sixty-two men killed and wounded, three regimental officers left dead on the field sufficiently testified to their share in the fight and the resistance they had to encounter. Colonel Cluke's regiment paid also a high price for its devotion. It went into the field 230 strong; had six officers, with twenty-one non-commissioned officers and privates, killed and wounded, besides six missing. Colonel Duke, commanding the cavalry, was, as he has always been, "the right man in the right place". Wise in counsel, gallant in the field, his services have ever been valuable to me. I was informed by my adjutant-general that Colonel Bennett, in the execution of the special service

confided to him, and in which he so entirely succeeded, gave proof of great personal gallantry and contempt of danger. I owe much to my personal staff: Major D. H. Llewellyn, Captains Charlton H. Morgan, Rufus K. Williams, and Lieutenant Robert Tyler, acting as my aid-de-camp, gave proof of great devotion, being everywhere in the hottest fire.

Major Llewellyn received the sword of Colonel Robert R. Stewart and the surrender of his regiment. Captain Morgan's and Captain Williams' horses were killed under them, and Lieutenant Tyler was severely wounded. My orderly sergeant, Craven Peyton, received a shot in his hip and had his horse killed by my side. I must crave forgiveness if I add, with a soldier's pride, that the conduct of my whole command deserved my highest gratitude and commendation.

Three Federal regimental standards and five cavalry guidons fluttered over my brave column on their return from this expedition. With such troops, victory is enchained to our banners, and the issue of a contest with our Northern opponents, even when they are double our force, no longer doubtful.

I have the honor to be, sir, with the highest respect, your most obedient servant,

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Brigadier-General.

COLONEL GEORGE WILLIAM BRENT,
Chief of Staff.

Congratulatory Orders—Thanks of the General Commanding, to
Brigadier-General Morgan, Colonel Hunt and Commands.

Headquarters Department No. 2.,
Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 12, 1862.

General Orders }
No. 155. }

With pride and pleasure, mingled with gratitude to the Supreme source of all our victories, the General commanding has the satisfaction of announcing to his troops the signal triumph of our arms at Hartsville, Tennessee, on the 7th instant. This brilliant exploit was achieved by a portion of Morgan's cavalry brigade, together with detachments from the Second and Ninth Kentucky regiments of infantry, under Colonel Hunt, the whole under Brigadier-General Morgan. After a very remarkable march of more than forty miles through snow and ice, they forded the Cumberland under cover of darkness, and at daylight precipitated themselves upon the enemy. Our success was complete. With a force of not more than 1,200 men in action, we inflicted a loss upon the enemy of 500 killed and wounded, and captured 1,800 prisoners, with all their arms, munitions and other stores. Our own loss was small compared with the result, not exceeding 125 in killed and wounded. The memory of the gallant men who fell to rise no more will be revered by their comrades, and forever honored by their country. To Brigadier-General Morgan and to Colonel Hunt the general tenders his thanks, and assures them of the admiration of his army. The intelligence, zeal and gallantry dis-

played by them will serve as an example and an incentive to still more honorable deeds. To the other brave men and officers composing the expedition the general tenders his cordial thanks and congratulations. He is proud of them and hails the success achieved by their valor as but the precursor of still greater victories. Each corps engaged in the action will in future bear upon its colors the name of the memorable field. By command of

GENERAL BRAGG.

GEO. E. GARNER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

ECHOES FROM THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

FEDERALS DESIGNATED IT STONE'S RIVER.

The memory of incidents in boyhood is rarely incorrect, because impressions first made are most lasting. I was seventeen when the great battle of Murfreesboro (Stone's river) was fought between the Army of the Cumberland (Rosecrans) and the Army of Tennessee (Bragg). It was midway of the war between the States, and it was one of the most hotly contested battles in the whole conflict.



MAJOR JOHN W. THOMAS,
PRES. N. C. & ST. L. R. R.
—AT THE BATTLE OF
MURFREESBORO, MASTER
OF TRANSPORTATION
OF SAID ROAD.

Bragg had concentrated his forces at Murfreesboro, after the famous battle of Perryville, and Rosecrans massed his forces in Nashville, thirty-one miles north.

My home was between the two armies at Old Jefferson, twelve miles from Murfreesboro, on a pike intersecting the Nashville and Murfreesboro pike near Lavergne. The battle ground was six miles from my home, southwest the home, on a road that could flank Murfreesboro, or intersect with the Murfreesboro and Lebanon pike and afford a fine route for the left wing of a pursuing army.

The location in the disputed territory, gave me a better opportunity for taking in the situation, than to one who was in the front or rear. I had brothers in Morgan's cavalry, stationed at Black's shop, the intersection of the Murfreesboro and Lebanon and Jefferson and Milton pikes, and a brother in Bragg's army, and my father's home was, of course, the rendezvous of many on our side. Wharton's cavalry was near Triune, in front of Hardee. Wheeler was below Lavergne, while John Morgan was at Black's shop watching approaches from Lebanon. Pegram was on the flank, in front of our infantry at Readyville.

Scouting parties making petty fights and movements, and foraging parties of both sides made things lively, and an occasional gathering of the young folks between the lines, then "kissing games and chasing

the glowing hours with flying feet" lent a lively pastime to some of our soldiers.

It was before the "cradle and grave act" of our Congress, enlisting persons eligible to soldiers from sixteen to fifty, and as one of what was known as the "Seed Corn of the South," too young to be called on for service, the limit being eighteen, I would go along with the soldier boys "bearded like the pard, jealous in honor, seeking bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," and join in the revelry—raids in progress about the State insane asylum, dashes on the chicken road, also about Nolensville, the Hermitage, around Nashville, Lebanon, Gallatin, and other places

On December 8, 1862, among the flying "ondits," we received the news that General John Morgan had taken his own command and Hanson's Kentucky brigade and captured 2,000 prisoners at Hartsville. Morgan returned a lion, and my young heart leaped with joy when I went up to Black's shop and saw the 2,000 blue coats filing by. Every tongue was in his praise, and the Confederate congress congratulated the brilliant achievement. In the midst of this rejoicing, it was secretly whispered that one of Murfreesboro's fair women, Miss Hattie Ready, had "captured" John Morgan. "The voice of the bridegroom and the bride" was soon to be heard, and from out the exuberance over military glory, on December 14, at the home of the bride's father, Colonel Ready, in Murfreesboro, Lieutenant-General Polk (Bishop Polk) in full uniform, performed the ceremony, and Generals Bragg, Hardee, Cheatham, and Duke stood by them as best men. Even Colonel St. Ledger Grenfel, the Moor, whose rigid enforcement of military discipline was causing a reign of terror among the cavalry, was there, wreathed in smiles, and, while he was fearful that the marriage might lessen Morgan's usefulness, yet he thought it grand, that his chief was honored by such guests. About this time Stevenson's infantry division had been sent off to Baton Rouge, while Rosecrans was re-inforcing. Then General Forrest had to look after hostile forces in West Tennessee, and, in order to divert Rosecrans, Morgan was started on another raid to Kentucky.

Some of our infantry was sent near the front as supports to cavalry, and dashes and fights became more frequent. On the night of December 28, at a party of young folks at Smyrna depot, it was said that the Federal army was moving upon us; that McCook's corps had taken the Nashville-Triune pike, Thomas the Franklin to the intersection of the Wilson pike, leading to Nolensville, and that Crittenden and Rosecrans were advancing on the pike from Nashville towards Murfreesboro, and had reached Lavergne. The soldiers at the party took leave of their friends and sweethearts. Among them was Lieutenant F. B. Crosthwait, who went to his command (the Twentieth Tennessee) while the "Seed Corn Contingent" returned to their respective homes awaiting developments.

On December 29, there was heard the rumbling of artillery toward Lavergne. It was more distinct and gradually came closer and closer, until about nightfall on all the pikes could be seen the stubborn falling back of the cavalry. At Nolensville, Thomas came

in the rear of McCook, who was at Triune fighting Hardee's front (Bragg's left wing), which also was falling back towards Murfreesboro. At Lavergne, Crittenden's division broke off at the intersection and took the Jefferson pike and camped that night at Espey's church, throwing their vanguard to the north side of the bridge, on the west fork of Stone's river. There was a calm that night preceeding the storm, that even a boy in bewilderment noticed. About daybreak Wheeler's cavalry from Murfreesboro moved out to strike the Federal rear. Meandering paths were taken to the Sharp Springs ford opposite Espey's church, and in a short time, the "zip-zip" of minnies, and the basso interlude of the shells, beat upon the air.

It was my first sight of a battle. It sounded like the breaking of millions of sticks, and the cannons boomed like a trip hammer sounds over a stubborn piece of heated iron. Then followed the woo-oo-oo-ing of the solid shot, the w-h-i-z-z-i-n-g, w-h-i-n-i-n-g howl of a shell, as with a shuck tied to it. Wheeler had engaged them for a while with a brigade, and continued to the rear towards Lavergne, where he struck the wagon train, and destroyed hundreds.

One of the diverting incidents of the Espey's church battle was the conduct of a neighboring physician. He was of a nervous turn, but, like Weelam McClure in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," he was highly respected as "the doctor" of the glen. When the shells crashed through his house he broke through the woods urging his wife to follow. She said: "Hold on; let me get the baby." The doctor said, "LET THE BABY GO," and off he ran to get away from danger.

In a short time after the fight, this flanking column was all marching via Smyrna depot, called back to the Murfreesboro pike, and then the rattling and rumbling of firearms everywhere all day and at rapid intervals was kept up at Stone's river and in the rear. The flank movement via the Jefferson pike having been withdrawn, when perhaps they found that the bridges above and below Jefferson, in the fork of the junction of the river, had been burned, it left us high and dry from the invader, and their "round up" made the west fork of Stone river their line of defense. And so it was that Rosecrans had concentrated his army near Murfreesboro.

From the memoranda issued by General Bragg for general and staff officers the line of battle of the Army of Tennessee was formed for the coming onslaught:

"1. The line of battle will be in front of Murfreesboro, half of the army (left wing) in front of Stone river, right wing in rear of the river.

"2. Polk's corps will form left wing, Hardee's corps right wing.

"3. Wither's division will form first line in Polk's corps, Cheatham's the second line. Breckinridge's division forms first line, Hardee's corps; Cleburne's division, second line, Hardee's corps.

"4. McCown's division to form reserve opposite center on high ground, in the rear of Cheatham's present quarters.

"5 Jackson's brigade reserved to the right flank, to report to Lieutenant-General Hardee.

"6. Two lines to be formed from 800 to 1,000 yards apart, according to ground.

"7. Chiefs of artillery to pay especial attention to posting of batteries and supervise their work, seeing that they do not causelessly waste their ammunition.

"8. Cavalry to fall back gradually before the enemy, reporting by couriers every hour, when near our lines. Wheeler will move to the right and Wharton to the left to cover and protect our flanks and report movements of the enemy. Pegram to fall to the rear and report to commanding general as a reserve.

"9. To-night, if the enemy has gained his position in our front ready for action, Wheeler and Wharton, with their whole commands, will make a night march to the right and left, turn the enemy's flank, gain the rear, and vigorously assault his trains and rear guard, blocking the roads and impeding his movements in every way, holding themselves ready to assail his retreating forces.

"10. All quartermasters, commissaries, and ordinance officers will remain at their proper posts, discharging their duties. Supplies and baggage should be ready, packed for a move forward or backward, as the results of the day may require, and the trains should be in position out of danger, teamsters all present, and quartermasters in charge.

"Should we be compelled to retire, Polk's corps will move on Shelbyville, and Hardee on the Manchester pike. Trains in front, cavalry in the rear."

BRAXTON BRAGG.

And so was Bragg's disposition of his army.

Our cavalry was so persistent that it took Rosecrans four days to move twenty miles to confront Bragg. Rosecrans was all day Tuesday, the 30th, locating his artillery and extending his left so as to flank Bragg's right from the McFadden ford. When nightfall came, McCook commanded Rosecrans' right, Thomas the center, and Crittenden the left.

General Rosecrans reported: "My plan of battle was to open on the right and engage the enemy sufficiently to hold him firmly and cross with my left (at McFadden's ford), consisting of three divisions, to oppose which they had only two divisions. But the enemy attacked the whole front of our right wing; massing his force on its right flank, which was partially surprised, thrown into confusion and driven back"

General Bragg says that it became apparent that the object was to flank on his right, and he determined to assail him on our left Wednesday, the 31st. For this purpose he moved Cleburne's division, Hardee's corps, from the second line of the right to the left, having previously moved McCown to the first line on Triune road left, and General Hardee was ordered to that point, and assigned to the command of that of McCown's division.

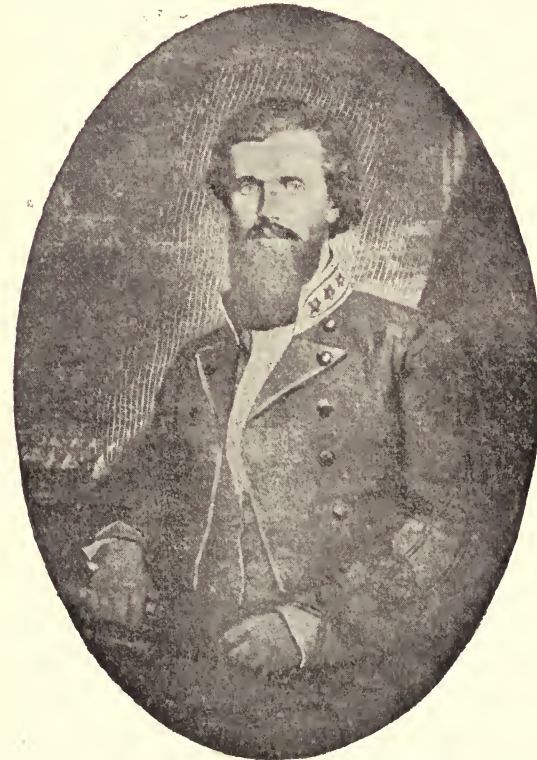
The movement was made on the evening of December 30th, and before 7 o'clock the next morning, the anticipated time for Rosecrans

to begin his flank movement on his left. The result of this was the entire route of the Federal right wing, and it would have been of Rosecrans's army had it been vigorously followed up. To show that this was so, those of us in the rear picked up stragglers fleeing in every direction. A number of us near Old Jefferson got over 200 during the battle and marched them to our pickets at Black's shop, four miles on the Lebanon pike crossing, and turned them over as prisoners. They came down the west side of the river in squads, and when we would halloo "halt!" up would go a white handkerchief.

The flush of Wednesday's battle, together with the information from these stragglers that we had run them back north of the pike, and corralled the whole Federal army, from the turnpike north at what is now the cemetery, to the McFadden ford, coupled with

Wheeler's and Wharton's burning 800 wagons from Overall creek to the asylum, led all to believe, that the retreat or Rosecrans was inevitable, and the destruction of his army certain.

By way of parenthesis, let me give you a pointer of the prowess of our southern cavalry inadvertently praised by General Rosecrans himself, in the shape of a beautiful tribute to one of his officers, who evidently saved the ammunition train of the Federal army from the holocaust of Wednesday's fight. Captain G. P. Thurston met Captain Thompson of General Rosecrans' staff and told him to inform the general that the ammunition train of the right wing, 75 wagons, had been brought by him across the country



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAS. E. RAINS.

in safety and was at the command of the army then and there.

The staff officer, excited by the unexpected news, hastened to tell the commander, for all at headquarters had until then, given up the ammunition as lost to the army in the disaster to the right wing Wednesday, believing it to have been gobbled up by the hordes of Confederate riders in the rear. General Rosecrans with staff dashed

down to where the captain stood with the query: "Where is the man who said that the ammunition train was saved?" Thruston said: "I am the man." "Who are you?" "G. P. Thruston, 1st Ohio Volunteer Infantry." "Had you charge of the train and guard?" "I had, sir." "What is your rank?" "Captain." "Well sir, consider yourself promoted for gallantry to the rank of Major." General McCook, it seemed, was so impressed at G. P. Thruston's rescue of his ordnance train twice from our cavalry, that he had him made his chief of staff of the Twentieth army corps, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and Thruston, it is said, was showered from the War Department with praise from his army and with two commissions in one day. With this high honor crowning his military efforts, the former captain Thruston grew to be a Brigadier-General.



GENERAL G. P. THRUSTON.

Whilst in our midst, although faithful to his cause, he became enraptured with Southern ways, and settled down after the war in the city of Nashville, soon married a Southern belle, and after her death married another, who is now the solace of his earthly sojourn.

Ever since the 60's his demeanor as a mild mannered man, prudent and polite, has enlisted the respect of those who know him, and in social life he enjoyed the fruits of civil as well as military honors.

Among these stragglers that the "Seed Corn Contingent" was picking up appeared a lieutenant-colonel with his eagles and epaulets. He was on a good horse and had a pair

of fine holsters. Two of us, anxious for big game, commanded him to surrender, but that fellow went for his navies, and, fearing that our little six shooters were too small, we "withdrew," for better guns and after picking up a few more boys, followed on and took him in seven miles this side of Lebanon. He said that "he was not going to let two boys with pocket pistols capture him." That colonel was six miles from the battlefield, and a Federal officer told me after the war that he was cashiered for cowardice.

Notwithstanding the apparent confusion in the enemy's rear on Thursday, the roaring of artillery continued at Murfreesboro, and about three o'clock on Friday the firing of artillery and small arms was more terrific than usual. A fearful battle was evidently in progress. It turned out to be Breckinridge's fatal charge, where he is said to have been repulsed with a loss of 1,500 privates and 300 officers killed and wounded. It is the history of that event that he was driv-

ing one or two lines into the river at McFadden's ford, when fifty-two pieces of artillery opened up and almost decimated his ranks. On that Friday, my dear mother made her way to Murfreesboro through the Confederate pickets to look after husband and sons, and reached there, after passing through long lines of cavalry mounted, and ready for the conflict.

I quote from a letter she wrote of this trip: "On entering town what a sight met my eyes! Prisoners entering every street, ambulances bringing in the wounded, every place crowded with the dying, the Federal general, Sill, lying dead in the courthouse—killed Wednesday—Frank Crosthwait's (Twentieth Tennessee) lifeless corpse stretched on a counter. He had been visiting my house and was killed on Wednesday. The churches were full of wounded where the doctors were amputating legs and arms. I found my own safe,

and being informed that another battle was expected to begin, I set off on my way home, and passed through our cavalry all drawn up in line. I had only gone a mile when the first cannon boomed, but I was safe. I think of that trip now with wonder that I had no fear, but my anxiety was so intense it seemed at the time that it was no more than a visit."

In all these days from the 26th to the 29th, Wheeler, Wharton, and Pegram seemed busy, and then from the 30th to the 4th of January they made three rounds of the Federal army, and rushed back to Murfreesboro at times to protect the flanks. The movement was wonderful, and it was there that General Wheeler properly won the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe."



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROGER HANSON,
Killed in Friday's battle.

Undoubtedly up to the time that Breckinridge made his fatal charge the Confederates had the battle, and the Federal commander was expecting to retreat. It is said, whether true or not, that in the Federal conference after the rout of December 31, the commander was bewildered.

The papers captured on the field out of McCook's headquarters wagon placed the Federal army there between sixty and seventy thousand, and with Bragg's force of 30,000 effectives, besides 5,000 cavalry, undoubtedly his battle as aggressor in an open fight was one of the most masterful efforts of the Army of Tennessee. Bragg out-generaled his adversary in the outset, and on Wednesday evening, had he thrown Breckinridge's division—although heavily drawn from—

against Crittenden at McFadden's ford, as he says he ordered, the fruits of the victory of Hardee and Polk on Wednesday would have been realized.

There were incidents in that battle that made wonderful impressions on me. For eight long hours McCown's, Cleburne's, Wither's and Cheatham's divisions were mowing down line after line of McCook and Thomas, and even parts of Crittenden until they were driven from the Triune road across the Wilkerson to the Nashville pike, two and one-half miles back, until the enemy was formed into a north and south instead of a former east and west line.

The backward run of the enemy's right and center became a whirlpool of disorder, until the railroad embankment was their only salvation. Men, although mortally wounded, continued the pursuit

until they fell fainting from loss of blood. Colonel Burke, of a Texas regiment, they say, slapped his hands over the wound in his breast to stop the blood, and halloed, "Charge 'em boys," and followed on until he fell. Major Douglass, of artillery fame, captured a battery from the enemy. In the twinkling of an eye, and with grape and shrapnel, at the critical moment he cut swaths in the lines of blue, appalling and stampeding them. They also say that Sergeant A. Simms, flag-bearer of the Tenth Texas, seeing in one of the charges a Federal flag-bearer with his colors waving his regiment forward, sprang at him and



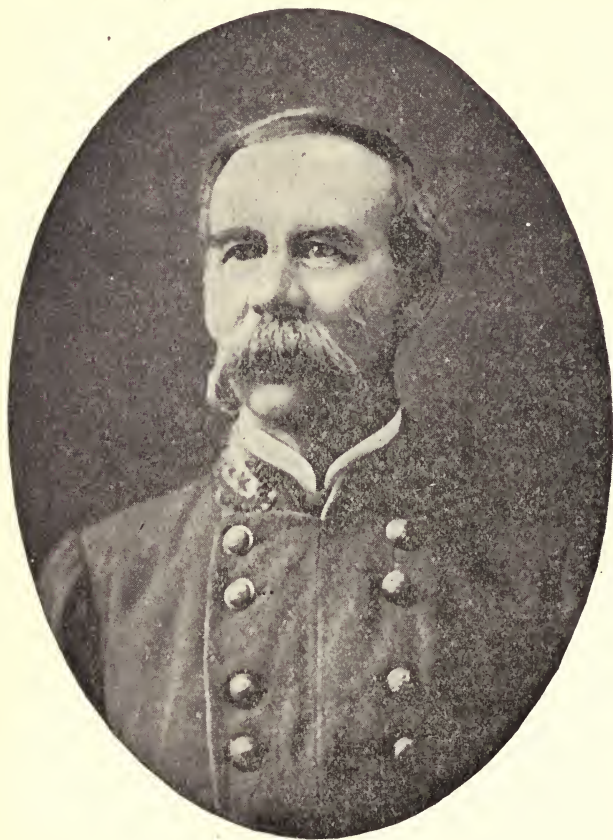
GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

seized it, and while struggling both fell and died clutching their banners to their last breath. It is said that Lieutenant Fred James, volun-

teer on Cheatham's staff, alawyer from Murfreesboro, was killed near his mother's farm in the battle. The Allen boys, Orville Ewing, Nat

Gooch, J. B. Johns, Colonel Don McGregor (First Arkansas who formerly lived here), were wounded or killed, and the death knell throughout the army was awful.

Captain Semple of Semple's battery, located on the left, saw a fine looking officer dashing up the pike in the direction of the center. He thought him a general, and asked one of the gunners to pick him off. The gunner loaded a solid shot, took careful aim with his cannon, and at her belch the officer fell down dead from his horse. It turned out to be the



GENERAL J. B. PALMER.

adjutant-general of the Federal army, Colonel Garesche, reported killed by a solid shot.

In the meantime the "Seed Corn Contingent" was picking up stragglers, in a hard rain, and delivered them to our pickets at Black's shop. As the blue lines rose and fell, the Federal General Sill (we heard) was killed, and our General Raines was pierced through the heart. The fearful destruction of color-bearers, some regiments losing six to eight, will give an idea of the fierceness of the struggle. Two Federal brigadiers were captured; Generals Wood and Vanclève were wounded. The seven days' fight about Murfreesboro recalls that of the same name around Richmond. It was forty years ago, but the memory is as vivid as if it were yesterday.

But after Wednesday the aggressive work stopped. Cleburne said that the enemy were entrenched, and while he could defend, yet

it was unsafe to pursue again with worn out troops. So Thursday came and every moment's delay was death to the ultimate success of Southern arms. The suspense made us restless about the result. Wagons and bodies of troops were moving back toward Nashville and stragglers from the Federal lines did not diminish. But the charge of Breckinridge came on the 2d, causing that awful slaughter. It fell upon us like a thunder bolt. Our neighbors and relatives and friends were there. The gallant Hanson of Kentucky was killed. Colonel Palmer, afterwards General Palmer, of our town was wounded, and our dead and dying lay before fifty-two pieces of the enemy's guns, massed by Mendenhall, Crittenden's chief of artillery, at McFadden's ford.

It was a sudden shock to the flushed spirits of the Army of Tennessee. Friday night in the lull, my father, who had been watching the battle, returned to us and said that our army would retire. And thus ended the great battle. Polk withdrew on the Shelbyville pike and Hardee on the Manchester pike.

We boys went through the form of paroling our prisoners. After the war we received a letter from one of those Yanks, wanting a certificate of parole, having mislaid the one we gave him. They were accusing him up North of desertion in a race for the legislature. But we could not help him, as we were not empowered to issue paroles.

And now, when summing up the battle of Murfreesboro (Stone river) we assert that for fierceness and the display of military skill it was not surpassed.

In the official reports, Union and Confederate armies (Vol. XIV, Series I, page 1,097) the list of ordnance and other articles captured and of men wounded and taken prisoners by General Bragg's army at Murfreesboro are as follows: Artillery, 40 pieces; muskets, 6,000; wagons, 800; mules, 4,000; killed, 5,000; wounded, 16,000; prisoners, 6,103. This report, though, does not agree with the returns of casualties in the Union forces, which places the aggregate of losses in killed, wounded, and missing at 13,249. The returns of casualties in Confederate forces, killed, wounded and missing, 9,865. Of these, 7,706 were killed and wounded, and only 888 missing, showing a game fight on the part of our army from start to finish. (See Series I, Vol. 20, page 681, Rebellion Records.)

The battle was never a victory to Rosecrans. His overwhelming numbers in pursuit were defenders in the conflict. It was a victory to Southern arms, for the lion dared not pursue us. We retired at will, and retained the larger part of Tennessee for ten months that we had been forced before to give up, affording supplies to our people. Our outposts retired only twelve to fifteen miles.

On the night of January 3, 1863, after burying valuables for loved ones, and saying goodbye, those of Jeff Davis's "Seed Corn" that had been so active at Old Jefferson during the battle, retired with the grand old Army of Tennessee "to pick their flints and come again".

The result of the battle, with some, tended to impair General Bragg's usefulness, for all felt sure that the battle was won. Bragg's

conception of it was grand, his execution praiseworthy, and he had ordered the right to advance on Wednesday and complete the route, and but for the unfortunate information to Breckinridge that the enemy was flanking, the order would have been carried out. That was the turning point in the battle, and no commander could foresee it. Information as to increased re-enforcements to the enemy induced Bragg's generals to advise retreat.

Bragg's conception of every battle displayed generalship. The more the passions subside, and reason sits enthroned upon the heart, the more history will take the part of the private soldier, and do General Bragg's memory justice, and the world will commend the Confederate government for retaining him among her faithful generals.

It was not Northern generalship that brought mishap in some of our battles, nor want of Southern skill that caused the overthrow of the Confederacy—it was God.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF "FIGHTING JOE" WHEELER IN THE SIXTIES.

At the February meeting of the J. P. Palmer Bivouac of Confederate Veterans in Murfreesboro, Tenn., the following interesting paper on Wheeler's cavalry was read by Captain B. L. Ridley:

Major M. H. Clift, a lawyer in Chattanooga, had an eventful history in the sixties. He bears the distinction of having captured his own father—says it was done by his men. Major Clift was on General Dibrell's staff and his father was a colonel in the Federal army, from Hamilton County, Tenn. At the time of his capture he was on General Rosecrans's staff and bearing dispatches from General Rosecrans to General Burnside. The capture was effected near Washington, Rhea county, Tenn., soon after the battle of Chickamauga. When the scouting party came in with Colonel Clift and delivered him among other Federal prisoners to General Dibrell, Major Clift insisted on having him paroled, pledging his honor that Colonel Clift when he gave his word would observe it. This instance is referred to simply to show the sentiment of those days that divided families, and the courtesy extended from one to the other. Both of these gentlemen were true to their respective sides.

A short time since I drew Major Clift out upon his old cavalry exploits, and more especially with Wheeler's cavalry. He is rather reticent in regard to his own achievements and thinks that Forrest, under whom he served much of the time, was the greatest military genius of the war.

Concerning General Wheeler, with whom he served also a portion, of the time, he regretted that "The Veteran" did not contain more accounts of "Little Joe's" feats.

EYES AND EARS OF ARMY.

Said Major Clift: "Did you know that Fighting Joe was the eyes and ears of the Army of Tennessee; and in all the wanderings of that army was never caught napping; that he proved himself so efficient in hugging an army and keeping the commanders posted that Generals Bragg and Jos. E. Johnston would never give him up; that he was the finest scout and obtainer of information an army ever had was a recognized fact?

"Did you remember his 'swinging around the circle' at the battle of Murfreesboro (Stone's river,) after Rosecrans had concentrated his forces for the fight? General Wheeler on the first night of the fight

went out on the Lebanon pike on our right, intersected the Jefferson pike, took down that, and at Old Jefferson made a detour, took the Sharp Springs ford at Laverne, and almost used up his transportation, while General Wharton marched around to the left on the Franklin road and swept everything before him. I don't believe there could have been a grander achievement than an attack on Rosecrans' rear with their united forces. Wheeler did this three times during the week's battle, and all the time watched the right and left wing of Bragg's army. That swing around the circle was a cavalry feat that is unprecedented, and just after our retreat, on January 8th, he turned up below Nashville, forty miles on the Cumberland river, burning gun boats and transports. Jeb Stuart's dash in the East, so much commented upon, did not surpass this, and in the Tullahoma campaign the Federal forces were so harassed by Wheeler's and Van Dorn's cavalry that Rosecrans had to equip a large portion of his army as mounted infantry to keep them off of him. It seemed like "Little Joe" never slept, and the work he put on his scouts caused more horses to be killed and more endurance on the part of his men than those who never tried it can imagine".



GENERAL JOE WHEELER.

CONFRONTING SHERMAN.

"That Dalton-Atlanta campaign was one that tried the souls of the cavalry branch, and when it had to take the place of our withdrawing infantry lines, it was one of the most remarkable things in

the annals of war that General Wheeler, in the hundred days of fighting, never allowed the Army of Tennessee to be surprised. When Hood's army left us and went into Tennessee from Jonesboro, Ga., Wheeler's cavalry was deputized, and given the honor to confront Sherman in his march to the sea. When you number the exploits of Confederate cavalry commanders, as our boys used to say, 'Wheeler is no sardine; he's a whale'.

"Think of taking care of an army of 45,000 when 125,000 are after them, as was the case from Dalton to Atlanta, and the action of Wheeler grows upon you. He had orders on the retreat to the sea, to destroy all support in front of Sherman's army, to prevent his getting supplies. In consequence of these orders our citizens were very much down on us, but we never destroyed anything that did not afford subsistence to Sherman's army, while he (Sherman) burned cities and looted everything in his path".

An amusing incident is said to have occurred at Tunnel Hill, the winter our army was quartered at Dalton. General Kilpatrick, who had been a schoolmate at West Point of General Wheeler, sent a note to him by a citizen. The note read in substance as follows:

"Dear Wheeler: I came day before yesterday and drove you back, I will come to-morrow and whip out your minions". To which Wheeler replied: "I have received your note. Come on, I will be at the whipping". Kilpatrick tried it and with his command was sent back badly demoralized.

Says Major Clift: "You may take Wheeler's command in the records of the rebellion, and it cuts a figure in the Western army that the Southland points to with pride".

When the Government commissioned and sent Joe Wheeler to Cuba or Santiago, the world knew that he would hold to his spurs and leave a deathless name as a soldier, and sure enough, El Caney added a crown to his already won glory.

Continuing, Major Clift said: "I followed Fighting Joe long enough in the sixties to become convinced of his generalship, and am glad that President McKinley, acting for the Government, recognized his merits and gave him an easy berth for the rest of his days as a reward for his service to his country".



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEO. G.
DIBRELL, C. S. A.

LENGTHENED THE WAR.

“It used to be common for the infantry to call the cavalry “Buttermilk Rangers,” and our “Webfeet” would sometimes belittle their dashing fights, but I’ll tell you, that if our cavalry in the East and the West had not kept thumping those big armies in the sides, the confederacy would not have lingered four years.

“Think of how many men Morgan drew away from the Federal army in his raids into Kentucky, and the property destroyed, of how



COLONEL, AFTERWARD BRIGADIER-GENERAL JNO. A.
WHARTON, COMMANDING THE FAMOUS TEXAS
CAVALRY IN ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

Forrest kept away reinforcements and inflicted punishment upon the Federals, and how Little Joe Wheeler was so active against the enemy, and how Shelby kept them on the qui vive out West, and of how Jeb Stuart’s raids in the East were so frequent and successful, and you will see that their achievements were phenomenal. The cavalry branches of the Confederacy proved a wonderful source of the South-

land's success. The result of Wheeler's expedition into Tennessee alone from the time Hood took command, July 17, 1864, until he was put in front of the troops in front of Sherman's army will give you a true idea of his generalship.

"First, he caused the enemy to send to their rear to reinforce their garrisons troops several times as strong as his.

"Second, they destroyed the enemy's lines of communication for a longer period of time than that of any other cavalry expedition.

"Third, the capture and destruction of stores to an enormous amount.

"Fourth, breaking up depots and fortified posts in Tennessee and Georgia.

"Fifth, the capture of more than 2,000 horses and mules, 500 wagons, of more than 1,000 prisoners, and more than 1,700 head of beef cattle in his raid through Middle Tennessee from Chattanooga after the battle of Chickamauga.

"Sixth, the capture and destruction of a large number of trains and cars loaded with supplies for the Federal army."

RAID INTO TENNESSEE.

"Seventh, bringing into the service of the Confederate States on this raid over 3,000 recruits and only lost 150 men wounded and missing. Traveling twenty-five miles a day from Atlanta to Franklin, in Tennessee, and back, swimming and fording during the time twenty-seven rivers; and capturing and killing in said raid three times more men than his effective strength ever carried into action, besides capturing and turning over to the government an amount of property of more value than the entire expense his command had been to the Confederate government in the four years of service.

"Generals Hume, Kelly, Allen, Dibrell, Robertson and Anderson and Colonels Breckinridge, McLemore, Wheeler, Harrison, Crews, Hagan and Thompson were the commanders that did this. General Kelley was killed at Franklin in August, 1864.

"So the way I put it up is, not to say that one cavalry commander was greater than another in the war between the States, but as a whole there is enough glory for all, and history will point to this arm of the service as one of the wonderful effectives in helping to hold at bay 2,700,000 Federal troops for four long years.

"I repeat to you," Major Cliff emphasized "that Little Joe Wheeler was no cavalry pigmy; he was a stem winder as the boys used to say—a recognized military success, and all of us join in letting him enjoy the triumph of his virtues in the conscious security of a people's gratitude".

In speaking to General Stewart once, of the attack made on him in the rear of Bentonville, North Carolina in 1865, General Stewart said "that General Johnston was informed by his cavalry commander (whose name need not be mentioned) that there was no road leading round Johnston's left to his rear. But there was such a road, a Federal division found it, and came very near getting into our rear, which would have led to the capture or utter route of Johnston's little

army. Cumming's small infantry brigade and Dibrell's small cavalry force (the latter being led by Major M. H. Clift,) made a bold charge—one in front—the other in the flank—of this Federal division, threw it into a panic and routed it. This alone saved the day. General Johnston told me afterwards that such a thing could not have happened if Wheeler had been in command of his cavalry". He had the utmost confidence in Wheeler, who he said, would have known every road and path and every regimental flag in the opposing army.

WHEN WHEELER WAS IN THE SADDLE.

(BY WILL T. HALE.)

The heroes the present has given—their glory we would not mar,
 But what have they known of hardships, and what have they seen of
 wars?
 In the stern old fight of secession we fought for our homes indeed,
 In the shadow of danger ever, handicapped by the direst need.
 And again through the haze of the seasons the days come back to our
 view
 When Wheeler was in the saddle, and men were valiant and true.
 There were raids to be made in the darkness, there were raids to be
 made in the day.
 And we dared death often with laughter, as we cantered along the
 way.
 What mattered that few was our number—that we were with poverty
 cursed,
 We talked of the glory of freedom, and regarded our liberty first.
 And we said it was glory to perish, as we strove with the troopers in
 blue,
 When Wheeler was in the saddle, and men were valiant and true.
 Oh, the tears down our old cheeks trickle, recalling the chiefs that
 are gone—
 The weapons laid by forever—the saber so long now undrawn.
 While thinking of by-gone battles and sacrifices in vain,
 We often times long to experience the strifes and the dangers again;
 But we know that the ones that we fought for will render those days
 their due.
 When Wheeler was in the saddle, and the men were valiant and true.

THE BATTLE OF MILTON OR VAUGHT'S HILL, MARCH 20th, 1863.

Lawrence Sterne's old soldier, Uncle Toby, in "Tristram Shandy," had a hobbyhorse; the siege of Namur and the Army of Flanders. Many of us old soldiers are now hobbyhorsical on battles and incidents in the war between the States. History not only repeats itself, but incidents are parodied by soldiers of today with those of yesterday. My great hobbyhorse is my first battle. You recall, no doubt, how you felt in your first regular engagement.

My baptism was at Milton, March 20, 1863, fourteen miles from Murfreesboro and fifteen miles from Liberty. Morgan's cavalry was stationed at Liberty, twenty-nine miles east of Murfreesboro, to guard the right wing of the Army of Tennessee, my regiment, Ward's Ninth Tennessee among them. Rosecrans, with brigades of infantry and cavalry, almost every week, from his base at Murfreesboro, would disturb the pleasure of our dreams—sometimes raiding for forage; often trying to intercept, and then receding, at times driving us and then being driven. The cavalry was "eyes and ears of an army." Just back of Liberty was Snow Hill, our retreat when raiding parties were too heavy, and afterwards made famous because of Morgan's "Snow Hill stampede." After our post had been driven back to within a few miles of Liberty, General Morgan came from his headquarters at McMinnville on the afternoon of March 19, and ordered us to be in readiness to move against the enemy next morning. Quirk's Scouts, in front, took the Liberty-Milton-Murfreesboro pike—Duke, Johnson, Grigsby, Martin Smith, part of Ward's, Gano's, Breckinridge's, and all of Morgan's cavalry, except Cluke and Chenault, detached. The distance from Liberty to Auburn was ten miles; from Auburn to Milton five miles.

The Federal commander, Colonel Hall, in charge of raiders, soon saw that Morgan's "beehive" was stirred up. He about-faced and beat a retreat, his infantry in double-quick, his cavalry confused and agitated. The pursuit was exciting, Quirk trying to force him to battle before he could get help from his base, Murfreesboro. The pike from Liberty was crowded with horsemen. At first they moved in a trot, next a gallop, and then a run. After the speed of ten miles, resulting in the falling out of jaded horses and weakly mounts, we passed Auburn amid waving of handkerchiefs, yells of soldiers, the pop, pop, pop, of small arms, and the booming of cannon in the distance. Wounded horses were passing to the rear, Quirk's mare

among them, bleeding from three or four balls; wounded men bespattered with mud, bareheaded women and children, urging us on in the flurry and excitement of hot pursuit. Occasionally the order passed down the lines: "Close up! Colonel A. or General B. to the front! Open ranks! Morgan and staff forged through. The pursuit was eager.

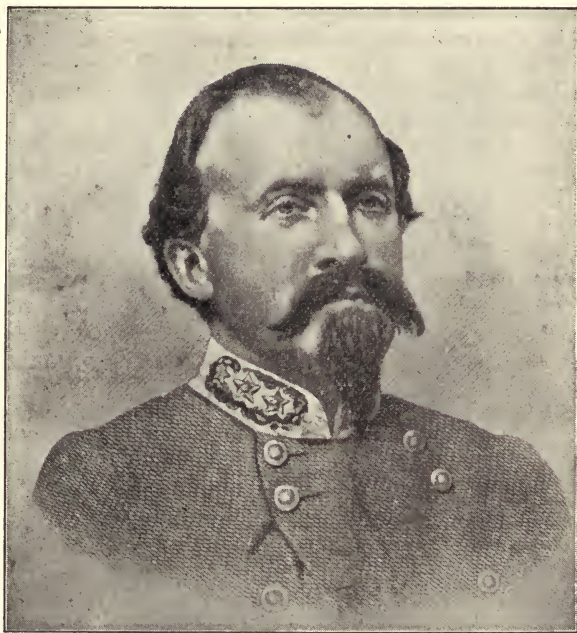
That morning was full of incident. We pursued the raiding party so closely that they'd stop and check us. A mile west of Milton we forced a fight with about two thousand infantry and five hundred



COL. W. W. WARD.
AS HE APPEARED AT FT. DELAWARE,
JUNE 1864. LATER CHANCEL-
LOR OF TENNESSEE.

cavalry, including Stoke's Tennessee cavalry, made up around Liberty, and commanded by Blackburn. The enemy was then fourteen miles from his base, and we had run him fifteen from ours. Our work was to be done quickly for fear of reinforcements. When we had passed Milton we counted off four, held horses, and formed line of battle. A hill selected by the enemy could not have been better; it seemed impregnable. The gradual slope was heavily covered with woodland, including cedar bushes so thick that one could not see a soldier. The line advanced, its flanks barricaded by nature with rugged boulders

and undulations ending in sudden gorges. In the distance could be seen a few blue-coats on the pike at the crest, along which was evidently the line of battle. When we got to the base a volley belched forth from the enemy, and at the first fire Lieutenant Cates, of Carthage, immediately on my right, had his fingers shot off. On the right of the pike General Morgan was running up his artillery right into the mouth of the crest. A little orderly (I believe it was Jimmie



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

Wintersmith), on his pony, rushed up with orders from General Morgan directing Ward's regiment to support the battery. Boom! boom! came from the enemy's guns on the crest. Onward we went, our pieces unlimbered, the little "bull pup" howitzers were gotten ready, and, like Captain White at Hartsville in protecting Morgan's retreat at the river, the order was given, "Cannoneers, to your post! Fire!" and the battle was on. In the lull while forming into line and until we got to the foot of the hill I had a thousand thoughts. Morgan was in the zenith of his fame. I was inoculated with the idea that his judgment was unerring, and that the "king could do no wrong." In the moral apprehension I never for once thought of trusting in God for safety, but wholly relied on the wisdom and skill of John Morgan.

On the battery advanced, and on the regiment moved parallel, into the ambuscade pushed the cavalry. Colonel Breckinridge commanded the brigade on the right; Grigsby, Smith, and others, commanded by Gano, were on the left of the pike. The fight became ter-

rific, the enemy, in his lair, keeping up a vigorous fire until we were in close quarters, about one hundred steps apart. Another little orderly, Jack Brown, mounted on a pony, rode up and encouraged us, saying: "Give it to 'em, boys! they burned my father's house." He was about fifteen years old, and the bravest boy I ever saw. The whole line was then ordered to take trees. All got behind trees but my captain, Charley Cossett, and me; we secured protection behind a stump. I remarked to him that he was an officer and I a private; he could give me part of the stump if he wished. The poor fellow got up to share it with me, when a ball struck him just above the heart and lodged in his lung. It popped like hitting a tree. I asked if I should take him off the field. The reply was "The firing is too hot." I placed his head behind the stump, and used his gun after getting mine clogged. The cedars were so thick that I could see no enemy in front, and fired at random, enfilade, although shots were coming from my front. After firing about forty-five rounds Breckinridge gave way on the right—out of ammunition. It became evident that our line was giving too. Captain Cossett was bleeding inwardly, and begged me not to leave him. He threw his arm around my shoulder, and the trial of my life was to stay by him. He could not get out of a walk, and the whole Yankee line seemed to take us for a target; yet I clung to him and brought him off. He was mortally wounded and died that night.

The fight lasted three hours and was hotly contested. Our loss was three hundred. We went there to win; the enemy stood there to keep us at bay, and cavalry fight as it was on our part against infantry, there was no stage in Chickamauga or Murfreesboro or Gain's Mill severer for the time it lasted. Just about the time of this break Grigsby gave way on the left, having shot away all of his ammunition. His men were near the battery in an effort to capture it. Heavens! the cry for cartridges for the carbines! Ah, it lost us the battle. Morgan's passion went off like gunpowder at the failure of ordnance. The clatter of couriers after it could not quiet the impatience of the commander. In a few moments more the artillery would have been captured and the enemy made prisoners. After the lines were withdrawn and we reached Milton, our long looked for ammunition and four pieces of artillery, under Lieutenant Lawrence, arrived from McMinnville, after killing two horses. Morgan turned to attack again. Lawrence opened up the attack with his artillery, and the enemy, whose ammunition was evidently getting scant responded at intervals. In a short time Captain Quirk whose scouts were sent to the enemy's rear on vidette, reported reinforcements from Murfreesboro. This was confirmed by tremendous yells from the top of the hill, and our hope for bagging twenty-five hundred raiders was gone.

Notwithstanding his reinforcements, when we retired the enemy did not pursue. Both sides had enough for the day. My regiment in that fight was commanded by Captain John D. Kirkpatrick, afterwards the Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick, of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, now deceased, Colonel Ward being off on detached duty. Had our ammunition lasted until the ordnance from McMinnville

arrived, the results at Hartsville would have been repeated, a brigade of infantry and a regiment of cavalry captured, and another wreath of victory added to Morgan's military career. General Morgan's clothes were torn with balls in that battle, and Grigsby and others were wounded. Captains Cossett, Cooper, Sale and Marr, are of the officers buried there. The enemy went back to Murfreesboro that afternoon, and Morgan with his two thousand cavalry, to Liberty—the former rejoicing over escape, the latter in chagrin over the disappointment.

Among the bravest deeds of that day were those of the little orderlies. They were the pets of Morgan's cavalry. He had four of



JIMMY WINTERSMITH,
ONE OF JOHN MORGAN'S ORDERLYS.

these orderlies in his career; William Craven Peyton, Jack Brown, Jimmie Wintersmith, and Henry Hogan. The heedless dashes of these Lilliputian soldiers were regarded with much admiration. Billie Peyton was killed at Hartsville, Withersmith died ten or twelve years ago. He was once sergeant-at-arms of the lower house of Congress. Brown also died at Gallatin. Hogan is living at Lexington, Ky.

The happiest recollection of my soldier life is that I stayed by my captain in that trying hour.

Taken from National Tribune, and written by J. B. Quinn, 123d Illinois mounted infantry, Wilder's brigade, U. S. A.:

Under Colonel Hall, 105th Ohio, the brigade went to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, by intermediate points. I was now under Gilbert as corps commander. February and March were spent in drill and scouting. On one occasion, March 8, ten miles from Murfreesboro, the regiment was attacked while at rest on Breed's Hill by Morgan's men, but soon found itself in line and repulsed the rebels, then made for the ford at Stone river, where we had crossed in the morning. We found it heavily guarded by a large mounted force whom we did not care to attack. We marched down the river and found that Morgan was surrounding us. So we plunged through the river, the small men hanging each to a large one, and made it all right, in spite of the icy water and swift current. By ten o'clock p. m. we arrived at Murfreesboro and went into camp.

MORGAN GETS A BEATING.

On March 20, the brigade, composed of the 123d, the 8th Ill., 105 Ohio. and 101st Ind., with two pieces of Captain Harris's battery, about 1,500 men in all, was attacked by Morgan's cavalry, about 5,000 strong, and six pieces of artillery, near Milton, about 12 miles from Murfreesboro. This was shortly after Morgan had captured a brigade at Hartsville, Tennessee. In the engagement at Milton, Morgan was wounded and his force driven from the field, leaving dead and wounded and two pieces. Van Buskirk, Captain Co. H. was killed, and Lieutenant J. R. Hardin, Co. E. was wounded. We got to Murfreesboro next afternoon pretty well fagged out, for we had been on three days' scout. We were met by the rest of the army with cheer after cheer, for Morgan had been in the habit of taking in all small squads he could catch away from the army.

CAPTURE OF STREIGHT.

General A. P. Stewart read at the Louisiana Soldiers' Home the other day a very interesting account of Forrest's famous pursuit and capture of Streight. The account was written at the request of General Stewart, by Major M. H. Clift, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, who participated in the action.

The account is as follows:

"On the 23d of April, about 11 o'clock p. m., 1863, General Forrest, then encamped at Spring Hill, Tenn., received an order from General Braxton Bragg, commanding the Army of Tennessee, directing him to make a forced march in pursuit of the Federal Colonel Streight, with his old brigade, then consisting of Starnes' Fourth, Dibrell's Eighth, Biffle's Ninth, Cox's Tenth, Edmondson's Eleventh Tennessee regiments, and Morton's battery. Soon after this order was received, the Eleventh moved out for Bainbridge on the Tennessee river, with instructions to cross there and unite with Roddey's brigade as soon as possible. The balance of the brigade moved about 3 o'clock in the morning of the 24th. Dibrell, with the Eighth, was ordered to take one gun and move down on the north side of the Tennessee river, in the direction of Florence, to divert the enemy and make them think there was a force there intending to cross the river, in order to compel General Dodge, who was in command of the Federal forces on the south side of the river at Eastport, and moving in the direction of Tusculumbia, to fall back. The Tenth, having been previously sent off on other duties, took no part in this raid. General N. B. Forrest accompanied the Fourth and Ninth Tennessee regiments with Morton's battery. Colonel Starnes being sick at the time, Captain McLemore commanded the Fourth in this raid, and afterwards became Colonel of it.

FIGHT DODGE'S COMMAND.

"The march from Spring Hill, Tenn., to Decatur, or Brown's ferry, on the Tennessee river, was made in the thirty-six hours; the river was crossed on the 26th. On the 27th the command moved to Town creek, where on the 28th we had a stubborn fight with Dodge's command. On the evening of the 28th General Forrest received information of the movement of Streight with his command, east of us, and in the direction of Moulton, and divining his purpose, he directed Colonel Roddey to take his command, the Eleventh Tennessee regiment (Edmondson's) and Julian's battalion, throw them between Dodge and Streight, and follow directly after the raiders, General

Forrest placing himself at the head of Starnes's and Biffle's regiments, and two pieces of Morton's battery, and Ferrell's six pieces started in pursuit of Streight and his command by way of Courtland, Ala.

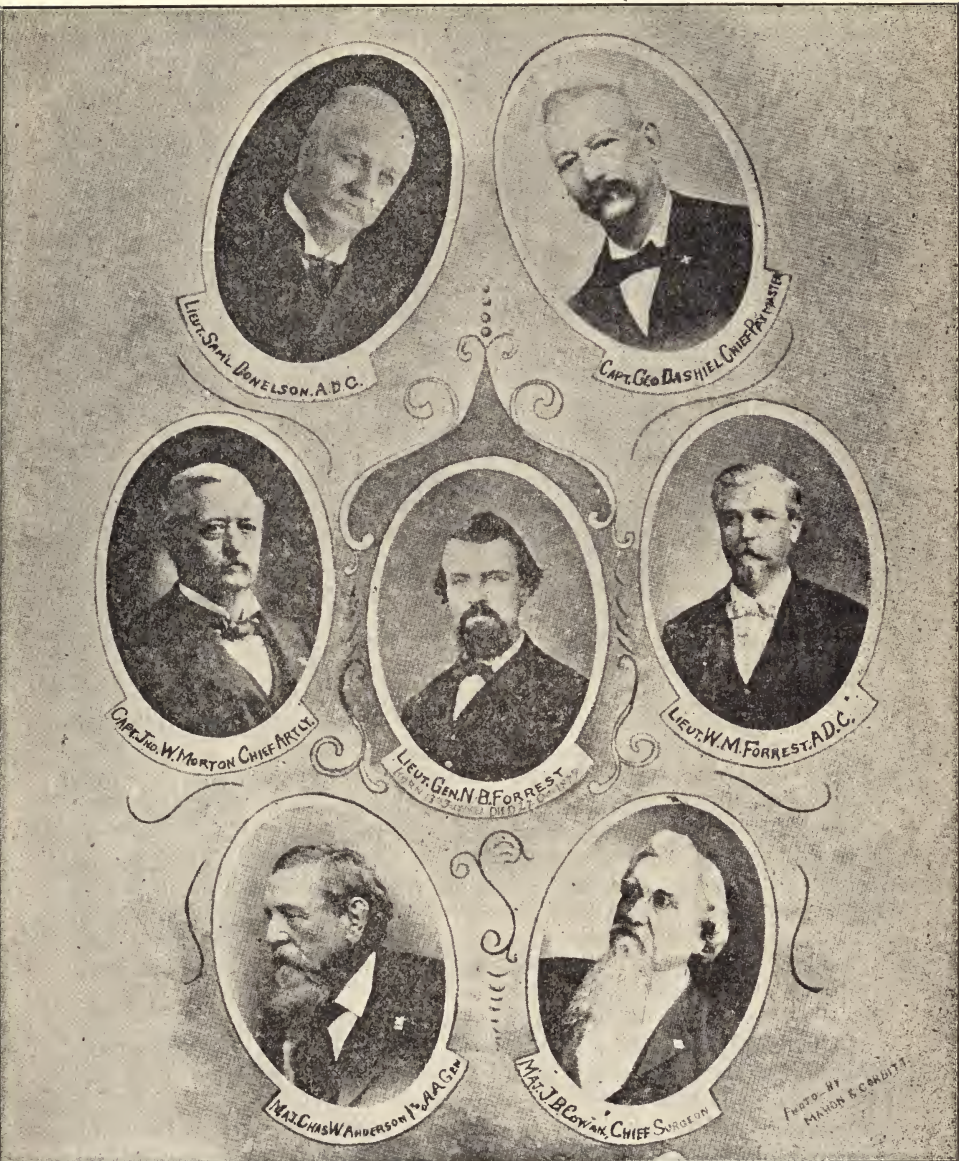
"We reached Courtland about 11 o'clock on the night of the 28th, halted long enough to feed, and moved out for Moulton as soon as the horses had time to eat. Soon after leaving Moulton, Biffle was ordered to take his own regiment and the Fourth to a point some miles northeast of what is known as Day's gap, at the foot of Sand mountain, where a road came down off of the mountain, in order to prevent Streight from taking this road and returning to Dodge's command. On reaching this point Biffle was to wait further instructions from General Forrest. Before reaching the point we heard the firing at Day's gap and knew that Forrest, with Roddey's brigade and Edmondson's regiment, had come upon Streight's command and the fight was on.

"We, with impatience, waited for Streight's men to come down the road, or for an order from General Forrest to join in the fray. However, we did not have long to wait, as the firing ceased and soon after General Forrest rode up to these two regiments in quite a passion, stating that his brother had been wounded, two pieces of his artillery captured, and that by——he was going to take those two regiments and whip and capture Streight's command.

"The writer, M. H. Clift, was ordered to mount the men, and to report to him as one of his staff for the time being, which he did. Forrest placing himself at the head of these two regiments, Starnes' Fourth being in the front, ordered the men to move out at double quick, which they did, and from the time we commenced the movement until we struck the rear of Streight's column, our command had been moving at a gallop wherever the roads permitted. When the head of the column struck or came up with the enemy the order was to charge, not waiting for lines to be formed, but to charge in column. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when these two regiments, that is the advance of them, came upon the rear of Streight's command, and Forrest at their head charged with those that were up and drove the rear guard of the enemy, and then it was a running fight until about dusk of the 29th, when Streight with his entire command made a stand on a considerable hill with every advantage in his favor.

CHARGED IN COLUMN.

"When Forrest discovered that the Federal forces had made a stand he did not halt his command to form in line of battle, but charged in column, the Fourth Tennessee leading, and before Biffle's regiment had reached the ground, night had set in. He directed me to go back and form Biffle's regiment in line of battle, and then instruct Biffle to take his command around on our right, the enemy's left, and attack them in the rear. This I did, reporting at once to Forrest of Biffle's movements. General Forrest sent his escort on our left, and the enemy's right to co-operate with Biffle in this night attack in the rear. It was not long after Biffle started for the rear until I recognized that he was already in the rear of the enemy by a



SURVIVING MEMBERS OF LIEUT.-GEN. N. B. FORREST'S STAFF, FEB. 14, 1905.

SERVED TEMPORARILY ON GEN. FORREST'S STAFF.

Dr. G. G. Wood, } Acting Chief
 Dr. Sam Frierson } Surgeons.
 Col. Chas. M. Carroll, I. G.
 Maj. R. M. Mason, Chief Q. M.
 Capt. Henry Pointer, A. D. C.
 Maj. T. F. P. Allen, A. D. C.

DEAD MEMBERS.

Maj. J. P. Strange, A. A. Genl.
 Maj. G. V. Rambaut, Chief Comsy
 Capt. Jno. G. Mann, Chief Eng.
 Capt. Chas. F. Hill,
 Chief of Ordnance.
 Col. Mat. F. Gallaway, A. D. G.
 Maj. C. S. Stevenson,
 Chief Com.

SERVED TEMPORARILY ON GEN. FORREST'S STAFF.

Capt. — Russell, Chief Ord.
 Tom Roberts, } Clerks in A. G.
 Neut. Davis, } Office.
 Joe Nelson, Clerk H. Q.
 W. H. Bland, Assistant Adj.
 G. W. Mercer Otey,
 Acting Adj. Gen.

PHOTO BY
 HANSON & COMPANY

signal agreed upon, and so stated to General Forrest, at about which time we heard the musketry from Biffle's brave men, and we knew then that it would only be a short while until Streight with his command would leave the field, or he was ours.

"Forrest pressed forward with Starnes' gallant soldiers to such close quarters that we could see the officers of Streight's command beating their men over the heads with their sabres, and hear them swearing at them to keep them in line. This was a glorious fight, one that did the soldiers' hearts good to look upon, made there in the mountains in the darkness of the night, almost hand to hand, with only the light from the vivid flash of the artillery and small arms to show the position of each to the other, and how to take advantage of the situation. However, it did not last a great while after Biffle reached the rear, as soon thereafter Streight and his command left the field, leaving their dead and wounded, together with the two guns captured by them in the morning at Day's gap, in our possession.

"General Forrest, however, throwing Biffle's regiment in front now, at once took up the pursuit and followed the raiders so closely that a running fight was kept up until 1 o'clock in the night, when Streight, selecting another advantageous position, made another attempt to check General Forrest and his command. He dismounted Colonel Hathaway with his regiment, and formed them in line on a commanding position, with the balance of his troops on the flanks, hoping to ambuscade General Forrest, but Streight had not yet learned the wily nature of the man he had to deal with. General Forrest at once discovered the attempt at ambuscade, and ordered up two of his guns and opened fire upon the ambuscaders, the first fire killing eighteen of them. This was between 2 and 3 a. m., on May 1st. The enemy breaking ranks and mounting their horses or mules as soon thereafter as possible made off in the direction of Blountville. Biffle with his regiment, was now again thrown in front, and the pursuit was again taken up and continued until about 4 o'clock in the morning, when a halt was called and all ordered to dismount, unsaddle and feed their horses, and lie down for two hours' sleep, which was so much needed by both horse and man. Promptly at the end of the two hours, Forrest and his men were in the saddle and moving forward after Streight and his men.

ENEMY AGAIN OVERTAKEN.

"The enemy was not again overtaken until we had passed through Blountville, which took place about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 1st of May, and from there on to the Black Warrior river, it was a running fight. When Forrest and his men reached the river Streight and all his men except the rear guard had already crossed, and he had posted his command with his artillery in a commanding position, and contested with gallantry our crossing the river at this point. This was about 10 o'clock on the night of the 1st of May. Forrest, seeing the situation, and not desiring to sacrifice any of his gallant band unnecessarily, ordered Biffle to take command and keep up a constant fire on the enemy, and the writer to accompany him in search of another ford or crossing place. The two galloped off up the river,

and after traveling about a mile struck a road leading in the direction of the river, and taking this road for the river soon ran upon a company of raiders stationed on the west bank of the river. Without a moment's hesitation General Forrest ordered a charge, and we two alone there in the night, a mile at least from any others of our command, charged and drove these men across the river and took position at the house where they had been stationed, which was on the bank of the river.

"As soon as they had crossed General Forrest ordered me to go back to the command and bring up Starnes' regiment, which I did as soon as possible, and when they came up General Forrest, placing himself at the head of this regiment, moved forward with the same, crossing the river in front of the enemy firing on us from the opposite side. The enemy broke before we had much more than entered the river, and Streight with his command left the main ford, when Biffle with his regiment and artillery crossed. Pressing forward after the raiders for some two or three miles, another halt was made, and horses ordered to be fed, that the men might have a short rest. In about an hour afterwards the march was again resumed. About 9 o'clock the next morning, May 2d, Streight, with his command on the east bank of Black creek, he having crossed said creek and destroyed the bridge, was found formed in line to contest Forrest's men's crossing the stream. It was here that Forrest, at the head of his column, came dashing down the road close on the fleeing Federals, the rear guard of which crossed the bridge just as the same was set on fire, when he rode up to a house standing on the side of the road, there meeting a young girl of about sixteen years of age, who told him the bridge was destroyed, and there was no other bridge nearer than two miles, but there was nearby, a ford she had seen their cattle wading across in very low water. This young girl was Miss Emma Sanson, now Mrs. C. B. Johnson of Calloway, Tex. Forrest asked her to show him this ford, when she asked to have a saddle put on a horse that she might do so. The General replied, 'no time for saddling horses now; get up here behind me,' and took her behind him and she showed him the ford.

OPENED FIRE ON RAIDERS.

"At once he formed his men in position, opened fire on the raiders with both artillery and musketry, soon driving them from the bank of the river, when a crossing was effected, and the onward march resumed. A running fight followed through the balance of the day and on late into the night of the second. During one of the night attacks of the second, Colonel Hathaway was killed, and Streight's command captured a young boy belonging to our command by the name of Haynes, who was very closely interrogated by Colonel Streight, which, together with the death of Colonel Hathaway, so worked upon Streight and his men that when we came upon them in the morning of the third at or near Lawrence, a short distance beyond Cedar Bluff, Forrest conceived the idea that Streight and his command were ready to surrender. After maneuvering his men and making as great a show of the forces present as possible, he sent Captain Henry

Pointer of his staff, the only one of his regular staff with him, with a flag of truce to the Federal commander, demanding the surrender of himself and command. This demand was finally acceded to. The number of men and officers surrendering was 1,640, whereas General Forrest had by actual number only 420 up and present at the time the surrender took place.

“After the terms of surrender had been agreed upon, Forrest ordered Biffle’s regiment, together with some imaginary command, to go into camp and feed, while Captain McLemore was ordered with Starnes’ regiment to act as guard to the prisoners. This regiment numbered 240 men at this time present. The Federal troops were marched at least a mile after they had surrendered to an open field before they were ordered to stack their guns. On reaching this field they were formed in line, the guns stacked, and they moved off on the march to Rome, stopping for the night about ten miles southeast of Rome, where they were guarded, fed and cared for just as the soldiers of Forrest’s command. Reaching Rome on the fourth, about 11 o’clock, our troops were received with great demonstration and rejoicing by the citizens.

“It will be observed from the foregoing that Forrest and his faithful soldiers were almost constantly in the saddle from the morning of the 24th of April until the 4th of May, 1863, but with little sleep or rest, and but little to eat. Everything taken into consideration, this, perhaps, is not only one, but the greatest military achievement ever accomplished in the annals of war, and it was this campaign that gave to General Forrest the true appellation of ‘the wizard of the saddle’”.

CHAT WITH COL. W. S. McLEMORE.

Comrades, do you recall the Commander of Starne's Fourth Tennessee cavalry, Colonel William S. McLemore? Although in feeble health, Colonel McLemore is as genial as in days of yore. He wears the scars of battle, and bears the prestige of manipulating his men at times under Forrest and Wheeler, with credit to himself and the delight of his people. After Colonel Starne was killed, near Tullahoma in 1863, Colonel McLemore commanded this gallant regiment until six months before the surrender, when he commanded Dobbins's brigade, and had the honor of escorting President Davis from Raleigh, N. C., to Washington, Ga., where the brigade surrendered.

Tennessee had two cavalry regiments numbered the Fourth. They are designated now as Colonel Paul Anderson's Fourth and the Starne-McLemore Fourth. They were both crack regiments. In 1863, upon going to Tullahoma to report to General Stewart as aide, I spied an ambulance passing the streets, followed by a funeral cortege of soldiery, and learned it was the body of J. W. Starne, who had been shot at the head of his command in a hot skirmish a few miles out.

After the war McLemore was elected circuit judge of the Ninth Tennessee circuit, and in honor of his worth to his countrymen served fourteen years. When he left the bench he came from Franklin to Murfreesboro, and as one of the law firm of McLemore & Richardson has been in full practice. The old war worn Colonel being now recovered from a slight stroke of paralysis, I concluded to draw him out on the achievements of his old regiment. Says he:

"I can't tell you where we went in four years, nor can the records of the rebellion tell of half of our skirmishes and battles. We ever paid fond tribute to a heroine at Thompson's Station, whose name and deed should be foremost recorded. I refer to Miss Alice Thompson. She was seventeen at the time of the battle there, March 4, 1863. Van Dorn and Forrest fought Colburn's Indiana brigade and captured it. Miss Alice was at the residence of Lieutenant Banks. The Third Arkansas, advancing through the yard, lost their Colonel (Earle) and color bearer, and the regiment was thrown into disorder. Miss Alice Thompson rushed out, raised the flag and led the regiment to victory. The enemy lauded her action. Our commands who know of it desire her deserved prominence in history. (Major Aiken, of Spring Hill,

sends her picture.) She deserves record along with Emma Sanson and other heroines.

“I have another incident worth relating that took place at Sacramento, Ky. It was the only time I ever saw a hand-to-hand contest with sabers. Bill Terry, of my regiment, was killed by a saber thrust while he was warding off other blows. I recollect in connection with the Streight raid that there were but two regiments up when Streight surrendered. These, with parts of Forrest’s escort and Ferrell’s



COL. PAUL ANDERSON, 4TH TENNESSEE CAVALRY,
C. S. A.

artillery, were the only troops in seventy miles of us. The two regiments were Biffle’s and ours. The Biffle’s Fourth cavalry regiment was known as both the Ninth and Nineteenth. These, with the escort and artillery, numbered in all about five hundred effectives. Colonel Streight captured a soldier of my command (William Haynes) and asked him how many troops Forrest had. Haynes knowing Forrest’s game of bluff, replied, ‘Roddy’s brigade, Biffle’s, McLemore’s, Buford, Bell, Lyon, and others.’ Upon Haynes’ representa-

tion, Straight turned to his staff and said, 'Gentlemen, we are gone up.' Forrest, you know, had scattered his troops, not knowing where Straight would strike. When we got upon Straight's heels a flag of truce was sent to him by some of Forrest's escort, demanding a surrender. The reply was: 'I will not surrender unless you have more



MISS ALICE THOMPSON,
AT THE BATTLE OF THOMPSON STATION.

men than I.' In an interview that followed, as Forrest's officers came up for instructions, he disposed of their commands so as to leave an impression of great force. I tell you, this capture of seventeen hundred men by five hundred men of us was one of the shrewdest tricks of the war, and was played to success.

"On the advance from Chickamauga, the day after we routed them, my command reached the foot of Lookout Mountain, the farthest point to the left, and, but for orders, I believe now we could have pushed them into the river. At Richmond, Ky., a hundred men of my regiment captured four hundred, including the Federal General Manson and staff, on the Tate's creek pike. I witnessed the scene of John Trotwood Moore's poem on Emma Sanson."

Judge McLemore's wife was the sister of the late Professor Wharton, who, together with the gallant Captain Isaac Newton Brown ran the famous Arkansas ram through a Federal fleet at Vicksburg, one of the boldest naval exploits on record.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee,
Tullahoma, Tenn., March 31, 1863.

General Orders }
No. 68. }

The general commanding announces with pride and gratification to the troops of his command two brilliant and successful affairs, recently achieved by the forces of the cavalry of Major-General Van Dorn. On the 5th instant, Major-General Van Dorn made a gallant charge upon a large force of the enemy at Thompson's Station. He utterly routed them, killing and wounding a large number, capturing 1,221 prisoners, including seventy-three commissioned officers, and many arms.

On the 25th Brigadier-General Forrest, with troops of his command daringly assailed the enemy at Brentwood, who could not withstand the vigor and energy of the attack, and surrendered. The results of his successful expedition were the capture of 750 privates and thirty-five commissioned officers, with all their arms, accoutrements, ammunition, and sixteen wagons and teams. The troops here captured the remainder of the brigade so successfully attacked by Major-General Van Dorn on the 5th instant.

The skillful manner in which these Generals achieved their success exhibits clearly the judgment and gallantry which animated them, and the discipline and good conduct of the brave troops of their commands. Such signal examples of duty the general commanding takes pleasure in commending. They are worthy of imitation by all commands, and deserve the applause and gratitude of their comrades in arms and their country.

By command of
GENERAL BRAGG.

GEORGE W. BRENT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL VAN DORN.

Headquarters First Cavalry Corps,
Spring Hill, Tenn., May 7, 1863.

General Orders, }
No. 3. }

It becomes the sad duty of the Brigadier-General commanding to announce to this corps the death of its late beloved and gallant commander, Major-General Earl Van Dorn. He departed this life at 1 p. m. today. The sorrow with which his death is announced will be deeply felt by the country and by this corps, for to it his loss is an irreparable one. His career has been eventful. An educated soldier, he has served with distinction in the armies of his country for nearly a quarter of a century with varied success, at times shrouded and enveloped in the gloom of defeat, at other times his career made resplendent with the most glorious victories, but in the midst of all he has presented the same calm, intrepid front. Self-sustaining, self-reliant, he bared his breast to every shock with the

true, genuine nobleness and courage which he so eminently possessed. At the commencement of the present war he occupied a very high position in the Army of the United States, which he had won for himself by his own valor and military skill unaided by any influence of powerful friends. Upon the dismemberment of the Federal Union he was among the first to resign his position and espouse the cause of his native state, Mississippi, by whose authority he was placed in command of the forces, second only to Jefferson Davis. Probably more interest has gathered around him than any other general officer on this continent, for amidst the glory that his deeds had won for himself a storm of obloquy burst upon him at one time, and his friends trembled for his safety; but with his wonted calmness steadily and bravely, he met his relentless enemies and hurled every charge triumphantly and proudly back upon them, making for himself a complete and magnificent vindication. It stands upon record, it is enrolled in the archives of the nation. Upon the battlefield he was the personification of courage and chivalry. No knight of the olden time ever advanced to the contest more eagerly, and after the fury of the conflict had passed away none were ever more generous and humane to the sufferers than he. As a commander he was warmly beloved and highly respected; as a gentleman his social qualities were of the rarest order; for goodness of heart he had no equal. His deeds have rendered his name worthy to be enrolled by the side of the proudest in the Capital of the Confederacy; as it is, and long will be, sacredly and proudly cherished in the hearts of the command.

By command of
BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. H. JACKSON.

GEO. MOORMAN,
Captain, and Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CITIZEN AFTER THE DIFFICULTY.

The death of General Van Dorn at Spring Hill, Tennessee, in May, 1863, was brought about in a private difficulty with Dr. George B. Peters, an influential citizen of the town. The place was about two miles from the enemies lines and up to within a short distance General Van Dorn had established a continual chain line of pickets. So soon as the shooting took place, Dr. Peters mounted the horse that he had ridden to the (Chears' House) headquarters of General Van Dorn and rapidly moved in the direction of the enemy. As these pickets were reached, "A passport to go at will" previously given Dr. Peters by General Van Dorn, was presented, until the guard lines were cleared and he was safely landed in the Federal lines. Of the causes which led to this, we have not sufficient information to detail. The incident was a notable one in the Army of Tennessee and created quite a flutter in army circles. The South at a critical time in Confederate history, lost an experienced and valiant commander, whose place it was thought, could be hardly supplied, yet, from out of the gloom of misfortune, the star of General N. B. Forrest rose more clearly and shone with more resplendent beauty and grandeur, in our Western sky, as a worthy successor.

THE BATTLES OF HOOVER'S GAP AND LIBERTY GAP.

On June 23, 1863, General W. S. Rosecrans, after having ordered up several small commands that were guarding out-posts, moved his army out from Murfreesboro, he knowing that Bragg was well entrenched at Shelbyville, determined with his superior force to flank him out of his position; so Rosecrans made a feint on Bragg's left by moving General Mitchell's cavalry division up from Triune to Salem and Eagleville in the direction of Shelbyville, and on the same day, Gordon Granger's corps of three divisions and Brannon's division of Thomas' corps moved out the Shelbyville pike some distance, then filed to the left and attacked Hardee on the Wartrace road at Liberty Gap, where the hardest fight of this campaign was done, except at Hoover's Gap.

Thomas' corps moved out the Manchester pike, and Crittenden with the Twenty-first corps moved out to Readyville and awaited orders. He left Van Cleve with his division to garrison Murfreesboro for a time. General Rosecrans knowing that the least resistance was out the Manchester pike, which ran through a long canyon that is called Matt's Hollow, and also through Hoover's Gap in the direction of Manchester, a little village which lies east and somewhat in the rear of Bragg's position, moved out on this pike with Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry, as the advance of Thomas' corps, with orders when they struck the Confederate cavalry to follow them closely through the Gap and take possession of the southern mouth of it before the Confederates would have time to re-enforce, which, with a force of about ten to one, they did.

I will here submit the official report of Brigadier-General Bate who was in immediate command of the Confederates here.

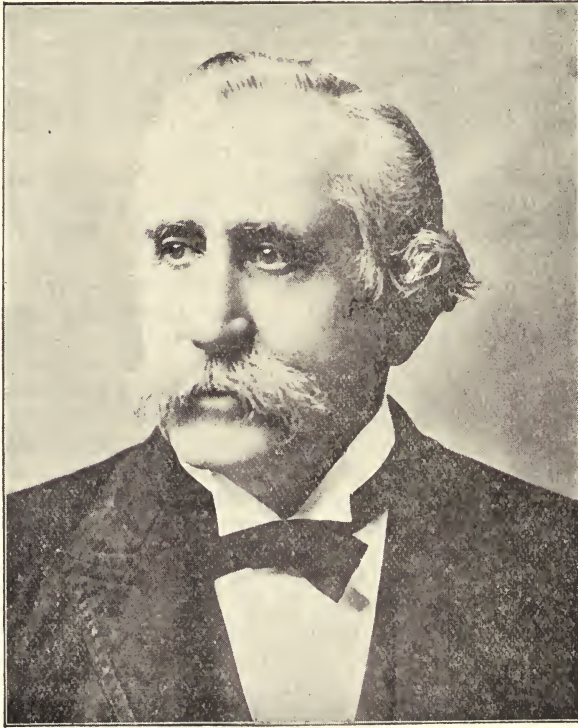
Report of Brigadier-General William B. Bate, C. S. Army commanding Brigade, Stewart's Division.

Camp Near Tyner's Station, July 15, 1863.

Major: I have the honor to submit the following report of the battle of Hoover's Gap, fought on the evening of June 23rd last by a part of my brigade:

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, while encamped one mile from Fairfield, and four miles from Hoover's Gap, a courier arrived from Major-General Stewart, directing me to send one regiment and a battery up Garrison's Fork toward Beech Grove. In a few moments a second courier arrived, directing me to send two

regiments. The Twentieth Tennessee and Thirty-seventh Georgia regiments and the Eufaula light artillery were designated for the expedition, and at once started through a drenching rain in fulfillment of the order. T. C. Caswell's battalion of sharpshooters (Fourth Georgia battalion) was directed to follow, and the remainder of my command ordered under arms, and to hold itself in readiness to move.



MAJOR
~~LIEUTENANT~~ GENERAL (SENATOR) WM. B. BATE.

Though the order was to send the force, I took the liberty of commanding it in person, believing it would meet the approbation of the Major-General commanding.

The command had not passed the confines of my camp before meeting in scattered remnants a part of the First (Third) Kentucky cavalry in hot haste, stating that while on picket they had been scattered and driven from beyond Hoover's Gap by the advancing columns of the enemy. I had proceeded one mile when I met their Colonel (J. R. Butler) with some eight or ten of his men. He at once volunteered to return with me, and did so. I learned from him that three regiments of the enemy's cavalry had passed down the Manchester pike. I also about the same time heard from a citizen that some scouts of the enemy had already passed from the Manchester

pike down Noah's Fork as far as A. B. Robertson's mill, which was on the main road leading to my right and rear. I thereupon immediately sent a staff officer to camp, with instructions to Colonel R. C. Tyler to move his command (the Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee regiments consolidated) to some eligible and defensible position on the road up Noah's Fork, to prevent the enemy from turning our right and rear. Through same channel I ordered Colonel Bush Jones to take his command (Ninth Alabama battalion) one mile in front of our encampment, where the Dismal Hollow road diverges from its main direction and is intersected by a road leading to Garrison's Fork, to resist any attempt made by the enemy to pass in that direction, which was to my left, and to hold himself ready to re-enforce our advance should occasion require.

These dispositions having been ordered, I hastily communicated them to Major-General Stewart, at Fairfield, and moved on briskly to original destination. When about a mile from Beech Grove (which is near the entrance to Hoover's Gap,) I threw out a company of skirmishers to my right, and sent forward with a few scouts at his own instance, Major William Clare, of General Bragg's staff, to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. His fire was soon drawn and his position developed. I immediately prepared to give him battle, and advanced two companies of skirmishers at double quick to gain and occupy a skirt of woods before the enemy could do so, and to which he was advancing. Major Fred Claybrooke of the Twentieth Tennessee pushed forward the skirmishers and effected the object, driving the enemy back after a sharp contest, in which Major Claybrooke, while gallantly pressing forward, received his death wound.

Our line of battle composed of the Twentieth Tennessee and Thirty-seventh Georgia regiments, extended at right angles across the main road leading from Fairfield to Hoover's Gap, its left resting on the east bank of Garrison Fork. This line, with skirmishers well advanced, was moved forward until the enemy was driven back about a mile from where we first met him, into Hoover's Gap. One section of the Eufaula light artillery, under command of Lieutenant W. H. Woods, was in the meantime placed in position on an eminence on my right, just previously occupied by the enemy's advance. This section (3-inch rifles,) opened briskly and with telling effect so as to prevent the enemy's farther advance in that direction. It, in conjunction with our advanced skirmishers, completely commanded the exit from the gap on the east.

Having thus checked his advance on the Manchester pike, and learning that the mounted men who had been near Robertson's mill had returned to the gap before we arrived in sight of the same, believing my right and rear free from attack, I ordered, through a staff officer, Colonel Tyler, to bring his command up Garrison's Fork to the position we then occupied, and Colonel Jones to bring his to my left. Finding the enemy in force, and knowing he could without obstruction turn my left and gain a series of hills which commanded our then line of battle, and then relieve the Manchester pike, I at once moved Caswell's battalion of sharpshooters which had just

arrived, the Twentieth Tennessee and the remaining section of the Eufaula light artillery under command of W. J. McKenzie, to the left and across Garrison's Fork; ordered them to advance and drive the enemy before he could get a lodgment on the hills. My suspicion as to his probable movement was correct. He was advancing in force to gain the hills and turn our left.

The enemy was met with such spirit and resolution by these little commands, each playing its part most handsomely, that he gave way under the fierce attack until pressed back upon his second line. The engagement here became general and sanguinary.

Finding no disposition on the part of the foe to press my right to regain the ground from which he had been driven and relieve the Manchester pike, I ordered Colonel A. F. Rudler, with the Thirty-seventh Georgia regiment, to move his command across the creek up the steep acclivity of its left bank, form line parallel to the same, and give an enfilading fire to the force then heavily engaging my left. The order was obeyed with alacrity and in good style. The enemy, anticipating the move, met it with a line of battle fronting the woods which skirted the bank of the creek. A bloody engagement here ensued with great odds against us, and after a futile but most persistent and gallant effort to dislodge him, Colonel Rudler properly withdrew his command under cover of the bank. At this juncture every gun and piece in that portion of my command which had arrived on the field was engaged in a spirited and deadly contest.

In this position we fought for nearly an hour, when, by his excess of numbers, the enemy turned our already extended left flank, giving an enfilading fire to the Twentieth Tennessee. It recoiled from the shock, was rallied, and formed in good time on a fence running a short distance from and perpendicular to our line of battle. Caswell's battalion of sharpshooters still held the right of the woods from which the enemy had been driven. Seeing, by his vastly superior force, that he could again turn my left without resistance, as every gun and piece of mine present were engaged, and Tyler and Jones not yet possibly within supporting distance, I removed the artillery then engaged on the left to a line of hills immediately in our rear and in front of William Johnson's house, which admirably overlooked the entire battleground, as well as a considerable space to the right and left.

The artillery being placed in position on these commanding heights, my entire force present, excepting that guarding the east exit from the gap and the Manchester pike, was quickly and advantageously placed in such position as gave protection to both flanks, and ability to successfully repel any assault from the front. This position being secure, we held the enemy at bay with little effort and comparative security.

At this juncture, an hour before sunset, Lieutenant-Colonel Bush Jones, with the Ninth Alabama battalion, arrived upon the field, under a heavy artillery fire, and was placed in position on the extreme left. Soon thereafter Colonel Tyler, with the Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee consolidated, arrived and occupied the ground from

which the enemy had been driven in the early part of the action. Major-General Stewart arrived with re-enforcements about sundown, and assumed command.

My command having lost in killed and wounded nearly twenty-five per cent. of the number engaged, being wet from drenching rain, and exhausted from the fight, was relieved by re-enforcements, except the Twentieth Tennessee and the Eufaula light artillery, which remained without intermission in line of battle.

Thus closed with the day a most spirited and sanguinary conflict, in which less than seven hundred men (about one-half of my brigade,) successfully fought and drove back into Hoover's Gap and held at bay until nightfall Wilder's brigade of mounted infantry and two brigades of Reynold's division of Thomas' corps, at least five to one. It was a bright day for the glory of our arms, but a sad one when we consider the loss of the many gallant spirits who sealed with their blood their devotion to our cause.

Among the officers who fell in this day's action we have to lament that of Major Fred Claybrooke, of the Twentieth Tennessee, one of the youngest but most gallant field officers known to the service. Captain J. A. Pettigrew and Adjutant J. W. Thomas, of the same regiment, were dangerously wounded and have not yet recovered. Captain W. M. Carter and Adjutant John R. Yourie, of Major Caswell's battalion, were severely wounded early in the action. Also Captain W. A. Quinn, Lieutenant William Hutchison, and Lieutenant John W. Humphrey, of the Thirty-seventh Georgia.

Our list of the killed and wounded of the six hundred and fifty engaged was one hundred and forty-six, which list has been previously transmitted to you.

Colonel T. B. Smith, commanding the Twentieth Tennessee regiment; Colonel A. F. Rudler, commanding the Thirty-seventh Georgia, and his Lieutenant-Colonel J. T. Smith; Major T. D. Caswell, commanding battalion of sharpshooters, and Second-Lieutenant McKenzie, commanding Eufaula light artillery, together with the officers and men under their commands have interwoven with new laurels the wreaths they have won on other battlefields.

I am pleased to make my acknowledgments to Colonels Tyler and Jones for the prompt manner with which they obeyed every order given them, and for the rapidity with which they brought their commands to the field when relieved from the posts assigned them. My acknowledgements are likewise due and most cordially rendered for their gallant bearing and efficiency to Major G. W. Winchester, Captain W. C. Yancey, Lieutenant Thomas E. Blanchard, Lieutenant James H. Bate, members of my staff, and Captain J. E. Rice, ordnance officer, who brought up and supervised the distribution of ammunition under the severest fire. Lieutenant Aaron S. Bate, a young man of seventeen years of age, and my volunteer aid, did well his part. I regret his death, which resulted from the exposure and exhaustion of that day.

Major William Clare, Assistant Inspector-General, on General Bragg's staff, was making an inspection of my brigade when the

order from General Stewart was received. He volunteered to accompany and serve me during the fight. His gallantry was marked, and his services of such an efficient character as to merit my special and most favorable comment.

The morrow renewed our association with the line of battle, under the leadership of Major-General Stewart. The Twentieth Tennessee and Maney's battery, under command of Lieutenant H. M. McAdoo which had previously been held in reserve, were transferred by order of General Stewart, and placed under command of Brigadier-General Bushrod Johnson.

The Eufaula light artillery was retained on the heights it had occupied the evening previous, and was under command of Brigadier-General Johnson. The Thirty-seventh Georgia and Caswell's battalion of sharpshooters were held in reserve during the 25th, except two companies of the former, commanded by Captain D. L. Gholston and Lieutenant James A. Sanders, which were ordered to report to Brigadier-General Clayton as skirmishers. Colonel Tyler and Lieutenant Colonel Jones, with their commands, were held in line on our center, subject to severe shelling during the entire day.

The next day's retreat was conducted in fine style, free from undue excitement and straggling. My brigade was handsomely covered by Caswell's sharpshooters and two companies of skirmishers from Colonel Tyler's command. At one time they concealed themselves in a skirt of woods until the enemy's skirmishers had passed their right; they then opened such a deadly fire upon their flank as to precipitate them back in great confusion. This incident had much to do with the caution which afterwards characterized our pursuit.

I am, Major, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. B. BATE,

Brigadier-General.

MAJOR R. A. HATCHER,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Stewart's Division.

On the next day the division under General Stewart held the enemy in check for several hours, and retired in "fine style," only after an overwhelming force of the enemy had passed the gap, General Stewart himself, covering the retreat and bringing up the rear.

WILLIAM ORTON WILLIAMS AND LIEUTENANT PETER—
SPIES.

Franklin, Tenn., June 8, 1863.

Brigadier-General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

Is there any such inspector general as Lawrence Orton, colonel U. S. Army, and assistant, Major Dunlop? If so, please describe their personal appearance, and answer immediately.

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel, Commanding Post.

Headquarters Department of the Cumberland,

June 8, 1863, 10:15 p. m.

Colonel J. P. Baird, Franklin:

There are no such men as Inspector General Lawrence Orton, colonel U. S. Army, and assistant, Major Dunlop, in this army, nor in any army, so far as we know. Why do you ask?

J. A. GARFIELD,
Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

Franklin, June 8, 1863, 11:30 p. m.

Brigadier-General Garfield:

Two men came in camp about dark, dressed in our uniform, with horses and equipment to correspond, saying that they were Colonel Orton, inspector-general, and Major Dunlop, assistant, having an order from Adjutant-General Townsend and your order to inspect all posts, but their conduct was so singular that we have arrested them, and they insisted that it was important to go to Nashville tonight. The one representing himself as Colonel Orton (W. Orton Williams) is probably a regular officer of old army, but Colonel Watkins, commanding cavalry here, in whom I have the utmost confidence, is of opinion that they are spies, who have either forged or captured their orders. They can give no consistent account of their conduct.

I want you to answer immediately my last dispatch. It takes so long to get an answer from General Gordon Granger, at Triune, by signal, that I telegraphed General R. S. Granger, at Nashville for information. I also signalled General Gordon Granger. If these men are spies, it seems to me that it is important that I should know it, because Forrest must be awaiting their progress.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel, Commanding Post.

Headquarters Department of the Cumberland,
Murfreesboro, June 8, 1863, 12:00 p. m.

Colonel J. P. Baird, Franklin:

The two men are no doubt spies. Call a drum-head court martial tonight, and if they are found to be spies, hang them before morning, without fail. No such men have been accredited from these headquarters.

J. A. GARFIELD,
Brigadier-General and Chief of Staff.

Franklin, June 8, 1863.

General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

I have just sent you an explanation of my first dispatch when I received your dispatch. When your dispatch came, they owned up as being a rebel colonel and lieutenant in the rebel army. Colonel Orton, by name, but in fact Williams, first on General Scott's staff, of Second cavalry, regular army. Their ruse was nearly successful on me, as I did not know the handwriting of my commanding officer, and am much indebted to Colonel Watkins Sixth Kentucky cavalry for their detention, and Lieutenant Wharton, of Granger's staff for the detection of forgery of papers. As these men don't deny their guilt, what shall I do with them? My bile is stirred and some hanging would do me good.

I communicate with you, because I could get an answer so much sooner than by signal, but I will keep General Granger posted. I will telegraph you again in a short time, as we are trying to find out, and believe there is an attack contemplated in the morning. If Watson gets anything out of Orton, I will let you know.

I am, General, your obedient servant,
J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel, Commanding.

Headquarters Department of the Cumberland,
Murfreesboro, June 12, 1863.

Brigadier-General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General U. S. Army:

General: I have the honor to forward herewith the record of the proceedings held at Franklin, Tennessee, in the cases of the two Confederate officers taken as spies at that place on the 9th instant; also the forged orders and other papers found on their persons. I transmit also copies of the telegraphic correspondence between Colonel Baird and myself in reference to the matter.

I am, sir very respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General, Commanding.

(Inclosure.)

"Record of the Military Commission."

Headquarters Post,

Franklin June 9, 1863.

Before a Court of Commission assembled by virtue of the following order:

Headquarters Post of Franklin,

June 9, 3:00 a. m.

A Court of Commission is hereby called, in pursuance of orders from Major-General Rosecrans, to try Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peter, of rebel forces, on charge of being spies, the court to sit immediately, at headquarters of the post.

Detail of Court: Colonel Jordon, Ninth Pennsylvania cavalry, President; Lieutenant-Colonel Van Vleck, Seventy-eighth Illinois infantry; Lieutenant-Colonel Hoblitzel, Fifth Kentucky cavalry; Captain Crawford, Eighty-fifth Indiana infantry, and Lieutenant Wharton, Judge-Advocate.

By order of

J. P. BAIRD,

Colonel Commanding Post.

The Court and judge-advocate having been duly sworn according to military law, the prisoners were arraigned upon the following charges:

CHARGES AND SPECIFICATIONS AGAINST COLONEL LAWRENCE ORTON, ALIAS WILLIAMS, AND LIEUTENANT WALTER G. PETER, OFFICERS IN REBEL FORCES. CHARGES:—BEING SPIES.

Specifications:—In this, the said Colonel Lawrence Orton, alias Williams, and Lieutenant Walter G. Peter, officers in the so called Confederate States of America, did, on the 8th day of June, 1863, come inside the lines of the Army of the United States, at Franklin, Tennessee, wearing the uniform of Federal officers, with a pass purporting to be signed by Major-General Rosecrans, Commanding Department of the Cumberland, and represented to Colonel J. P. Baird, commanding post of Franklin, that they were in the service of the United States, all this for the purpose of getting information of the strength of the United States forces and conveying it to the enemy of the United States now in arms against the United States Government.

E. C. DAVIS,

Captain Company G, Eighty-fifth Indiana Infantry.

Some evidence having been heard in support of the charges and specifications, the prisoners made the following statement:

“That they came inside of the lines of the United States Army, at Franklin, Tenn., about dark on the 8th day of June, 1863, wearing the uniform they then had on their persons, which was that of Federal officers; that they went to the headquarters of Colonel J. P. Baird, commanding forces at Franklin, and represented to him that they were Colonel Orton, inspector, just sent from Washington City to overlook the inspection of the several departments of the West, and Major Dunlop, his assistant, and exhibited to him an order from Adjutant-General Townsend assigning him to that duty, an order from Major-General Rosecrans, countersigned by Brigadier-General Garfield, chief of staff, asking him to inspect his outposts, and a pass through all lines from General Rosecrans; that he told Colonel Baird he had missed the road from Murfreesboro to this point, got too near

Eagleville and run into rebel pickets, and had his orderly shot, and lost his coat containing his money; that he wanted some money and a pass to Nashville; that, when arrested by Colonel Watkins, Sixth Kentucky cavalry, after examination they admitted that they were in the Rebel army, and that his (the colonel's) true name was Lawrence Orton Williams; that he had been in the Second regular cavalry, Army of the United States, once on General Scott's staff in Mexico, and was now a colonel in the Rebel army, and Lieutenant Peter was his adjutant; that he came in our lines knowing his fate, if taken, but asking mercy for his adjutant."

The court having maturely considered the case, after having all the evidence, together with the statements of the prisoners, do find them, viz.: Colonel Lawrence Orton Williams and Lieutenant Walter G. Peter, officers of the Confederate army, guilty of the charges of being spies found within the lines of the United States Army at Franklin, Tenn., on the 8th day of June, 1863.

THOMAS J. JORDON,
Colonel Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry,
President of the Commission.

HENRY C. WHARTON,
Lieutenant of Engineers, Judge-Advocate.

(Indorsement No. 1.)

The finding is approved, and, by order of Major-General Rosecrans, the prisoners will be executed immediately by hanging by the neck till they are dead.

Captain Alexander, provost-marshal, will carry the sentence into execution.

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel, Commanding Post.

(Indorsement No. 2.)

Headquarters Post,
Franklin, Tenn., June 9, 1863.

Captain J. H. Alexander, Seventh Kentucky regiment, cavalry, provost-marshal of Franklin, Tennessee, by virtue of the above proceedings and order carried the sentence into execution by hanging said prisoners by the neck until they were dead.

J. H. ALEXANDER,
Captain and Provost-Marshal.

The above report was made out by the provost-marshal, and returned to me as the report of his proceedings in executing the sentence of the court, and I order the same to be attached to the record of said Court.

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel, Commanding Post.

APPENDIX.

War Department, Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, May 25, 1863.

Special Orders, }
No. 140. }

* * * * * *

IV. Colonel Lawrence W. Orton, cavalry United States Army, and acting special inspector-general, is hereby relieved from duty along the "Line of the Potomac." He will immediately proceed to the West, and minutely inspect the Department of the Ohio and the Department of the Cumberland, in accordance with special instructions Nos. 140-162 and 185, furnished him from this office and that of the paymaster-general.

V. Major George Dunlop, assistant quartermaster, is hereby relieved from duty in this city. He will report immediately to Colonel Orton for duty.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

COLONEL LAWRENCE W. ORTON, U. S. A.,
Special Inspector-General.

War Department, Adjutant-General's Office,
Washington, May 25, 1863.

Special Orders, }
No. 140. }

* * * *

V. Major George Dunlop, assistant-quartermaster, is hereby relieved from duty in this city. He will report immediately to Colonel Orton, special inspector-general, for duty.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

MAJOR GEORGE DUNLOP,
Assistant Quartermaster, on Special Duty.

Headquarters Department of the Cumberland,
Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 30, 1863.

Colonel L. W. Orton, Cavalry, Special Inspector-General:

Colonel: The major-general commanding desires me to say to you that he desires that, if you can spare the time at present, that you will inspect his outposts before drawing up your report for the War Department at Washington City. All commanding officers of outposts will aid you in the matter to the best of their ability. The general desires me to give his respects to you.

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. A. GARFIELD,
Brigadier-General of Volunteers, Chief of Staff
and Assistant Adjutant-General.

(Indorsements.)

Headquarters Department of the Cumberland,

Murfreesboro, May 30, 1863.

All guards and outposts will immediately pass without delay
Colonel Orton and his assistant, Major Dunlop.

By command of Major-General Rosecrans.

J. A. GARFIELD,

Volunteer Chief of Staff and Assistant Adjutant-General.

Headquarters United States Forces,

Nashville, Tenn., June 5, 1863.

All officers in command of troops belonging to these forces will
give every assistance in their power to Colonel L. W. Orton, special
inspector-general, under direct orders from the Secretary of War.

By command of General Morgan.

JOHN PRATT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

(THE FOLLOWING ORDER IDENTIFIES WILLIAM ORTON WILLIAMS.)

Headquarters Second Brigade Martin's Cavalry Division,

Unionville, Tenn., April 30, 1863, 6:00 a. m.

Lieutenant-General Polk's Chief of Staff, C. S. A.:

I have the honor to report all quiet along my lines this morning.
I would respectfully ask that the order to report every six hours be
modified, as there is no place between here and Shelbyville where a
courier station can be kept up, for want of forage. Should any move-
ment of the enemy take place, I will report every two hours, or even
at shorter intervals.

I think that the enemy will send out to-morrow morning a heavy
foraging party from Triune toward College Grove. Such I infer
from the large number of wagons concentrating about the former
place.

Brigadier-General (Major-General) Scofield commanded the expedi-
tion we drove back yesterday. It consisted of about 500 men and
some artillery. The latter was not brought into action, but fell
back almost immediately to Triune.

If the lieutenant-general commanding will send me two regiments
of infantry, with two day's rations, to report here as soon as possible,
I will be able to concentrate my command on the (upper) pike, and,
leaving the infantry to guard this road, where the enemy will come
to forage, I can get into his rear and capture his wagons. My line of
vedettes is too long to concentrate my command for an offensive move-
ment, as it will leave one or other of the pikes with a weak guard.
The enemy will bring, as he generally does, about one regiment of
infantry with his cavalry, and, perhaps, a section of the artillery.

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LAWRENCE W. ORTON,

Colonel Commanding Second Brigade, Martin's Division of Cavalry.

WHO WAS WILLIAM ORTON WILLIAMS?

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM MAJOR JOSEPH VAULX, GENERAL CHEATHAM'S STAFF.

Nashville, April 2, 1890.

Governor James D. Porter,

My Dear Sir:

I have before me the article in "The United States Service Magazine" giving an account of the capture and execution of Colonel Orton Williams and Lieutenant Peter of the C. S. Army by the Federal forces at Franklin, Tenn., on the 8th of June, 1863; in which article is a statement from Colonel W. F. Prosser of his conclusions why Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peter came within the Federal lines at Franklin with counterfeit orders from the War Department (U. S.) and General Rosecrans, etc. Colonel Prosser here asserts that on the night of the 8th of June General Cheatham had marched with his corps from Shelbyville and had it encamped within less than six miles of Franklin. If there is any foundation for this assertion at all, General Cheatham and his troops got to that point by riding on Colonel Prosser's night-mare. No less a power could have placed General Cheatham with his corps (?) at that point at that time than some supernatural one, and the most likely one would have been a nightmare. The Colonel is far wide of the facts in his "demonstrated conclusion" for these reasons: At that time General Cheatham was commanding a division, and Lieutenant-General Polk was in command of the corps.

Therefore Cheatham had no corps under his command. Next, Cheatham did not have his division near Franklin—neither was he there. Cheatham as far as I know, and as far as I can learn from members of his command moved out from Shelbyville but once while we occupied that place. Then he went with one brigade on the Murfreesboro road to support the small cavalry outpost on that road against an anticipated reconnaissance of Federal cavalry. (At this time a large part of the regular cavalry force had been sent elsewhere). The movement was devoid of notable incident; the brigade was posted on a ridge in the rear of the cavalry posts and the next day moved back to camp north of Shelbyville. I was with him and this was so trivial and so uneventful an affair that I had nearly forgotten it, until reminded of some personal incidents by yourself. Of course you know my position as Inspector General required me to accompany

General Cheatham in all field movements with troops, and this movement with Strahl's one brigade out on the Murfreesboro pike was the only one made while at Shelbyville. Hence, the whole of Colonel Prosser's statement and conclusion is a romance without a single fact to base it upon.

There was no military or personal intercourse between General Cheatham and Colonel Williams. Colonel Williams had not been with the army since I joined it in 1862. The only time I ever saw him was when I was sick at Columbus, Miss., after the battle of Shiloh. He belonged to the "regular army" of the C. S. by virtue of coming from the regular army of the U. S., and how he was employed from that time in 1862 until June, 1863, I do not know. He was (so reputed) very full of exaggerated, personal and military conceit, and had been an aide to General Winfield Scott. In his bearing and dress he was at all times ultra military, spectacular and erratic. No doubt you remember the small offense for which he ran a soldier through with his sword at Columbus, Ky. I have frequently heard repeated the last sentence of the written statement he made with reference to the killing of this soldier for refusing to salute him the second time he passed him in his morning visit to the stable; it will give some idea of the man's mental and moral organization. He concluded his statement of the killing thus: "For his ignorance, I pitied him; for his insolence, I forgave him; for his insubordination, I slew him". He was away from the Army of Tennessee after that occurrence till in the spring of 1863 he turned up, by reason of some influence at Richmond, with a cavalry colonel's commission, accompanied by Lieutenant Peter (regular C. S. A.) with orders to report to General Bragg for assignment to a command. At that time there were being organized some new cavalry regiments at Columbia by General Van Dorn. These regiments were formed by consolidating the battalions which had previously been independent organizations. General Bragg sent Colonel Williams with his adjutant, Peter, to General Van Dorn with orders to be assigned to one of these regiments. In compliance, General Van Dorn issued the order assigning him to a Tennessee regiment, in which was Major Richard McCann's splendid old battalion. Colonel Williams went out to the camp to take command, when he was informed that no officer or soldier of the regiment would obey his orders. The officers believed they had a right to have one of their own number appointed to the command, and neither Tennessees or volunteer officers nor men would serve under the overbearing man who had killed the soldier at Columbus. The regimental and company officers reported this to Van Dorn, who wisely suspended the order and reported the case to General Bragg who also wisely acquiesced in Van Dorn's action, and Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peter were left in that anomalous position, termed, "unassigned". Williams was much mortified by this state of affairs, and after staying in and about Columbia for a short time set out on this journey without orders to do so, or without confiding to anyone in Van Dorn's command his intentions, as I and the army generally understood at the time we heard of his capture and execution. If I recollect further rightly, he passed

through the Confederate pickets secretly. The general belief about the man was that he was out of balance, erratic, full of conceit, personal vanity and distorted views of his military importance and dignity. To sum up—he was not entirely sane. In this mood, after being repudiated by soldiers and generals, he set out to do something sensational. Whether some brilliant and daring exploit to return to Van Dorn's camp, or whether he intended to go through the United States on a survey, or whether, as was published in some Northern papers at that time, he desired to pass on through the army, reach his friends at home and get money to go out of the country, possibly to England or Canada. I read that he made such a statement before his execution. I never heard at any time in our army a single man express the opinion that Williams' actions in this matter was known to any officer in authority over him, nor could anyone imagine any special service he could have been to the Confederate army by visiting either Franklin or Nashville, for he was a stranger to that section of the country and its inhabitants, and we had many capable and proven men well acquainted with both who could have been far more efficient in such a service than Williams. I think Williams was well on his way from Franklin to Nashville when the Commandant of Franklin had him captured—if so he was not going towards the point Colonel Prosser dreamed Cheatham to be with a part of his "2500 men" who possibly (?) was to brush through Franklin and gobble up Nashville, with Rosecrans placed between a fire in front and a fire in rear from the balance of Bragg's army. All this was not quite so. Simply for the reason that Colonel Prosser's night-mare was not capable of transporting all these forces into the positions he assigned them; to say nothing about how General Bragg would have liked his plan.

No, there was no cause for the Colonel's surmise and its demonstration in fact, " 'Tis baseless as the fabric of a dream". Williams' character and quality was appreciated by the army at large in the matter of killing the soldier and in the statement by which he attempted to justify himself. Neither the army nor its generals wanted him; his commission and orders were procured by some influences at Richmond; he was chagrined, and reckless—he was not a sound man, and there is no accounting for the freaks such an one will take. I am sure no Confederate authority was responsible for or cognizant of his intentions in that affair. It was his own misfortune to which was added the greater one involving Lieutenant Peter's death with his own.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH VAULX.

McLEMORE'S COVE, SEPTEMBER, 10-11, 1863.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS C. HINDMAN, C. S. ARMY, COMMANDING DIVISION.

Atlanta, Ga., October 22, 1863.

Lieutenant-Colonel George William Brent,
Assistant Adjutant General:

Colonel: The report of my operations in McLemore's Cove on September 10 and 11 is forwarded herewith. Many calumnies have been circulated against me in connection with that affair. It has been my habit heretofore to disregard such misrepresentations, but in this country silence is taken for a confession of misconduct, and an officer's reputation suffers accordingly. I therefore ask leave to publish the report at this time. As no injury to the service can result, I indulge the hope that this request will be granted without delay.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. C. HINDMAN,
Major-General.

Atlanta, Ga., October 25, 1863.

Colonel: Between 1 and 2 o'clock on the morning of September 10, I moved with Anderson's, Deas' and Manigault's brigades from Lee and Gordon's Mills to Dr. Anderson's house, on LaFayette road, and thence through Wortham's Gap, of Pigeon Mountain, toward Davis' cross-roads, in McLemore's Cove.

The instructions given me by the chief of staff at army headquarters were to unite at Davis' with Cleburne's division, of Hill's corps, and attack a force of the enemy (thought to be 4,000 or 5,000 strong) "at the foot of Lookout Mountain at Stephen's Gap." I was advised that General Hill was to open communication with me before I should reach Davis'.

Shortly after sunrise, hearing nothing from General Hill, I ordered a halt at Morgan's four or five miles from Davis'; threw out pickets and sent scouting parties toward Davis' and Lookout Mountain. This was in consequence of information received from citizens and from cavalry detachments, of which I assumed command, that a Federal division was at Davis' and another at Stephen's Gap; and also that Dug and Catlett's Gaps, of Pigeon Mountain, through one of which Hill's troops must march to join me, were, and had been for several days, so heavily blocked as to be impassable. This intelli-

gence which was confirmed by my scouts, was communicated to General Hill, and to army headquarters, and instructions asked.

The troops being now rested and having obtained water from Chickamauga, which bends close to the road at Morgan's, I moved forward one mile to Colney's where there is a spring, the last convenient water before reaching Davis'. The several roads leading to



GEN. T. C. HINDMAN AND FAMILY.

Lookout mountain remained in front of this position, except one diverging at Morgan's, on which I left a strong picket. The road leading through Catlett's Gap and thence to La Fayette was immediately at hand, affording an easy way of retirement, if cleared of obstructions as promptly as I anticipated. I could not perform this labor, having with me no engineer company or working tools.

During the day I learned from scouts and citizens that a large Federal force had moved within the preceding twenty-four hours from Stephen's Gap toward Davis', and that a considerable force yet remained at the foot of Lookout Mountain. Late in the afternoon I received from army headquarters a copy of a communication of Brigadier-General Wood, of Hill's corps, dated Dug's Gap, 12:20 p. m., stating that the enemy, with infantry, artillery, and cavalry, were three-quarters of a mile in his front, advancing, and had charged and had broken his cavalry; that he thought it a movement in force, and needed support. With this was a copy of a note from General Hill, dated 1:30 p. m., stating that he had ordered Cleburne's division to Dug's Gap, and that if the enemy was attacking there it would be a good time for me to attack in the rear. It was endorsed on these copies that they were referred to me for my information and guidance. In the absence of more definite instructions, I supposed this to mean that I was to advance and to attack the enemy when General Hill would engage him, but no such contingency happened. Shortly afterward the

enemy advanced upon the cavalry in my front, under Colonel John T. Morgan, which retired skirmishing, and I formed line of battle, expecting an attack.

At 4:45 p. m., General Buckner reached Morgan's with his corps, and reported to me for orders. I directed him to bivouac there, because the water at Colney's was insufficient for the whole force, and because holding that position secured my retirement through Wortham's Gap, should it become necessary.

Brigadier-General Anderson was now put in command of my division.

Previous to General Buckner's arrival I received from army headquarters a communication, dated 8 a. m., addressed to me at Davis' cross-roads, informing me of the instructions to him, and inclosing a letter from General Hill, dated 4:25 a. m., stating his inability to co-operate with me because of the weakness of Cleburne's division and the obstructions in the passes of Pigeon Mountain.

At 8 p. m. I assembled the general officers of the command, laid before them my instructions and the information obtained, and asked their advice. Pending this conference a dispatch from army headquarters, dated 6 p. m., notified me that Crittenden's corps, of the Federal army, marched southward from Chattanooga that morning, and that it was highly important to finish my operations in the Cove as rapidly as possible. Another, dated 7.30 p. m., informed me that our force at and near La Fayette was superior to the enemy, and that it was important to move vigorously and crush him.

I was informed, (by whom I do not now recollect) that the baggage train of my division had been ordered from Lee and Gordon's Mills to La Fayette, and that Cheatham's division of Polk's corps was at Dr. Anderson's, to resist Crittenden and protect my rear.

According to my information, the distance from Chattanooga to Morgan's, by way of Crawfish Spring, did not much, if any, exceed twenty miles. Crittenden might take the route, entirely avoiding Cheatham, and fall on our rear while engaged at Davis'. There was, besides an unknown force of the enemy within striking distance on our right and another force in our front probably equal to our own. In every direction, unless we should retire through Wortham's Gap, we were hemmed in by Pigeon Mountain, and every way of retirement or receiving support closed against us by the blockade of Dug's and Catlett's Gaps. General Hill's failure to attack during the afternoon justified the belief that these passes remained obstructed. Our conclusion, which was unanimous, was that we ought not to advance without more definite information as to the force at Stephens' Gap, nor until assured that General Hill could move through Dug's Gap and force a juncture with us at Davis' cross-roads; and if General Hill could not do this, or if the enemy on our flank proved to be so strong that an advance would be hazardous, our best course would be to turn upon Crittenden, Cheatham co-operating, and Hill if possible, and thus crush that corps of the enemy. This last operation would destroy one-third of the enemy's force and leave all our own united to contend against the balance on his line of communication. I addressed a

letter to General Hill, inquiring what was to be expected of him, and sent a copy of the same to army headquarters, with a letter stating the opinion as above expressed, of the general officers of my command. These communications, both to army headquarters and to General Hill, were borne by Major Nocquet, of General Buckner's staff, who undertook that service at my request.

At 9:10, before the conference had reached any conclusion, I had written a letter to army headquarters, stating the information gained, with my impression as to the enemy's purpose and the course I ought to adopt.

During the night as fast as reliable guides could be obtained, I sent out small scouting parties to the rear, right, and front to get information of the enemy.

At 4:20 a. m. on the 11th, I received from army headquarters the following dispatch:

"La Fayette, September 10, 1863, 12 p. m.

General: Headquarters are here and the following is the information: Crittenden's corps is advancing on us from Chattanooga. A large force from the South has advanced within seven miles of this. Polk is left at Anderson's to cover your rear. General Bragg orders you to attack and force your way through the enemy to this point at the earliest hour that you can see him in the morning. Cleburne will attack in front the moment your guns are heard.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. WM. BRENT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

My construction of the above-quoted dispatch was that the general commanding considered my position a perilous one, and therefore expected me not to capture the enemy, but to prevent the capture of my own troops, forcing my way through to La Fayette, and thus saving my command and enabling him to resist the forces that seemed about to envelop him. This idea only was conveyed by the language used. Keeping it in view, I delayed issuing the order of march until the scouting parties sent toward Lookout Mountain should report, and in the hope, also, of hearing from army headquarters and from General Hill in answer to the important letters sent by Major Nocquet, or the one of 9:10 p. m. of the 10th sent by courier.

Between four and five o'clock the scouting party sent toward Davis' cross-roads reported a large force of the enemy still in that vicinity, and the parties sent out on the Crawfish Spring road and between it and Lookout Mountain reported no indications of an enemy.

At 5:30 o'clock the scouts sent towards Stephen's Gap returned bringing no information, having been detained all night at a cavalry outpost and the detention not made known to me. I immediately sent another party in the same direction, instructed to report by 7 a. m., and at the same time issued the order of march, fixing that hour for starting.

At 6:30 o'clock Major Nocquet returned, reporting that General Hill expected me to make the attack, and would co-operate, and that

the general commanding directed him to say that I should execute my own plans and he would sustain me.

The command moved at 7. Marching, necessarily, on a single road, its progress was very slow. There were various stoppages and detentions as commonly happens under like circumstances, and much time was thereby lost. After proceeding about two miles skirmishing began with the cavalry in front. Afterwards, the country being broken and densely wooded and the position and strength of the enemy unknown, frequent reconnaissances were necessary, consuming considerable time. In all this I endeavored, as far as practicable, to prevent needless delays, and I have no complaint to make of any officer under me, nor against any portion of the command.

While on the march the last scouting party sent toward Steven's Gap reported that a heavy force of the enemy had been passing thence toward Davis' all the previous night and up to 6 o'clock that morning. A party sent out by General Buckner reported to the same effect, and that the enemy had continued moving in the same direction up to 9 a. m.

About 10 o'clock General Buckner's engineer corps, which had been ordered to Catlett's Gap to clear it of obstructions, reported that it would be open by 12.

At 11:10 infantry skirmishers of the enemy appeared about two and one-half miles from Davis', and General Buckner made his deployment, his left resting on the spurs of Pigeon Mountain, his right extending across the Cove road. Before his line was fully established the enemy was reported moving in force upon his left, and I ordered Anderson to that flank, that my connection with Hill's troops might be secured. Upon further information, Anderson was directed to deploy, so as to support the right of Buckner's line.

The enemy's skirmishers were now driven in and my whole line about to advance, when I received from army headquarters the following communication.

“Five miles on the road from La Fayette to Steven's Gap,
September 11, 1863, 11 a. m.

General Hindman:

If you find the enemy in such force as to make an attack imprudent, fall back at once on La Fayette by Catlett's Gap, from which obstructions have now been moved. Send your determination at once and act as promptly.

W. W. MACKALL,

Chief of Staff.”

The substance of my answer to the chief of staff, of which no copy was retained, was, that I was not yet sufficiently advised finally upon my course, but that I would act as circumstances might dictate, retiring if necessary. An hour, or thereabouts, after the receipt of this dispatch a staff officer from army headquarters came to me on behalf of General Mackall, inquiring whether or not I felt certain I could make my way out through Catlett's Gap. I replied that there was no doubt of my ability to do so should I decide to retire, but that I had just given the order to advance. Shortly after-

wards I received the following dispatch:

“Headquarters,
Dugout Pass (Dug Gap)—half past—

General Hindman:

The enemy, estimated 12,000 or 15,000, is forming line in front of this place. Nothing heard of you since Captain Presstman, engineer, was with you. The general is most anxious and wishes to hear from you by couriers once an hour. A line is now established from your headquarters to ours. The enemy are advancing from Graysville to La Fayette. Dispatch is necessary to us.

Yours respectfully,

W. W. MACKALL.

Chief of Staff.”

This information from army headquarters showing so large a force forming line of battle before Dug's Gag, in addition, as I supposed, to that in my immediate front, caused me to stop the forward movement, order a more careful reconnaissance than had yet been made, and consult Generals Buckner and Anderson as to the best course to pursue. They concurred with me in the opinion that with the lights before us it would be imprudent to advance farther. The order to retire through Catlett's Gap was given, but before its execution the reports of scouts satisfied me that the enemy was retiring toward Stevens' Gap. I at once ordered my line advanced as rapidly as possible, Anderson on Buckner's right, and that every effort be made to intercept the retreating column. While pursuing the enemy an officer notified me that General Hill desired to see me at the left of my line. Informing Generals Buckner and Anderson of the fact, and authorizing the former to give any orders that might seem necessary, I proceeded to the point indicated, but did not meet General Hill. Returning toward the center, I found Deshler's brigade, of Hill's corps, without special instructions, and ordered it to conform to Buckner's movements.

About dark our ineffectual pursuit of the enemy ceased, under orders given to General Buckner direct by the general commanding, to whom I then reported in person at Davis' cross-roads. The enemy had retired to Stevens' Gap, the place at which I was originally ordered to make the attack, and Hill's troops had now united with me at Davis', the place prescribed for the junction, Buckner being with me in addition; but as soon as I reported to the general commanding he remarked, “We can't stay here,” and ordered the command marched that night, and with the least possible delay to La Fayette. This was accordingly done, Buckner's corps moving by Dug's Gap and my division through Catlett's Gap.

It is due the officers and men to say that they evinced the utmost anxiety to meet the enemy and an admirable alacrity in obeying all orders.

Generals Buckner and Anderson are especially entitled to my thanks. Their reports are forwarded herewith.

Having now stated my operations and the various causes of delay, I beg, for greater clearness, to recapitulate the latter:

1. There was a loss of one or two hours before daylight on the 10th, caused by my being instructed to march around by Dr. Anderson's instead of going direct to Crawfish Spring.

2. An entire day (the 10th) was lost, because the general commanding did not know the obstruction of Dug's and Catlett's Gaps, rendered it impracticable for Hill's troops to unite with mine.

3. Allowing an hour and a half as fair time for transmitting the order of march and putting a column of 15,000 troops in motion, with their artillery, ordnance and ambulance trains, there was a delay on the morning of the 11th of one hour, for which I am accountable, and the reasons for which are hereinbefore fully explained. If, without so delaying, I had marched at 5:50, the earliest hour practicable, the result would have been the same, as Major Nocquot returned at 6:30—before I could possibly have attacked—bringing the message from the general commanding to carry out my own plans, which conceded to me the discretion I had already exercised.

4. There were the usual stoppages, detentions, etc. while marching in column on a single road, all of which were unavoidable so far as I know.

5. Time was necessarily lost when near the enemy in trying to ascertain his position and strength, and in deploying.

6. There was a loss of one or two hours considering the communications of the chief of staff of the general commanding and making additional reconnaissances in consequence of their reception.

7. Considerable time was afterwards unavoidably lost while pursuing the enemy over ground of very broken character, rendered almost impenetrable by the thick undergrowth.

I deem it proper to say that in my opinion, the delays of the 11th did not effect the result. From Lookout mountain, three or four miles distant, the enemy could count every regiment of my command marching from Wortham's Gap to Morgan's, and thence along open fields to Conley's, and this in ample time to re-enforce at Davis' cross-roads or retire from that position, at his discretion.

The following letter of General Hill, received by me on the afternoon of the 10th, is submitted in this connection:

September 10, 1863, 11 a. m.

General: General Bragg's order did not reach me until 5 o'clock this morning. I directed Cleburne's division to co-operate with you. That officer was sick, and four of his best regiments were absent and could not be got up. The road across Dug's Gap is strongly blockaded, and if Cleburne had started he could not have gotten to you until after night. Under the discretionary orders received from General Bragg, I therefore decided not to move Cleburne. I immediately wrote to him to that effect, but have heard nothing as yet. General Wheeler reports that the Yankees are moving on Summersville in force. If that be so, this division of Negley's is sent out as a bait to draw us off from below. When it is pressed, (unless he has a strong supporting force) he will fall back in the gap, and there the matter will end.

Very respectfully,

D. H. HILL,
Lieutenant-General.

If I had marched from Lee and Gordon's mills early on the evening of the 9th, and Dug's Gap had been then open, so as to enable Hill to unite with me, and both to attack the enemy at Davis' cross roads at daylight on the 10th; an advantage might possibly have been gained. I think that was the only chance.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee.

Missionary Ridge, September 29, 1863.

Special Orders }
No. 249 }

11. Major-General T. C. Hindman, for not obeying his orders for the attack on the enemy in McLemore's Cove on the 11th instant, is suspended from his command. He will proceed with his personal staff to Atlanta, and await further orders.

By Command of

GENERAL BRAGG.

GEORGE WM. BRENT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

On the 2d instant, I requested a court of inquiry, and also asked if it was still my duty to make a report of my operations in McLemore's Cove and the causes of the delay in attacking the enemy, as directed on September 14, but which I had been unable to do in consequence of sickness and injuries received in the battle at Chickamauga on September 20th. The answer returned was that there now rested on me no obligations to make such report. But on reflection I have concluded that in justice to all parties the report ought to be made. It is therefore respectfully submitted.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

T. C. HINDMAN,

Major-General.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE WILLIAM BRENT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE SOUTHERN SIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Chattanooga was the Southern base of the Army of Tennessee (Bragg's) in early September, 1863; Stevenson and Bridgeport, the Northern base of the Army of the Cumberland (Rosecrans). September 7th and 8th found the Army of Tennessee moving. It was a grand strategic move to blind Rosecrans, who was scheming for Bragg's rear, and the conception of the plan would have made General Bragg a greater hero had it not been thwarted in the execution.

From Stevenson and Bridgeport, the Federal army was also in motion, McCook's and Thomas' corps crossing the Tennessee at Caperton's Ferry and striking for Bragg's rear and communications at Dalton, equally distant from Chattanooga—the one penetrating Mc-Lemore's Cove, the other going across Sand Mountain to Wills' Valley—while Crittenden's corps was marching on Chattanooga from Wauhatchie. Lookout Mountain was the cover under which Bragg (on the South) was paralleling and Rosecrans (on the North) pursuing the scheme to be carried out.

Burnside was expected to march against Buckner in East Tennessee with twenty thousand men below Chattanooga. At one grasp General Bragg saw the Federal corps would be far apart—about sixty miles—and to throw a crumb of comfort, Chattanooga, to a whale, would divert them from his object in pouncing upon Rosecrans in detail and crushing him before a concentration. Fighting Joe Wheeler was on the qui vive with Southern cavalry on the left. He had ninety miles to guard, from Lookout to Decatur, Ala., and his vigilance was one of the phenomenal triumphs of the times. The "Wizard of the Saddle," Bedford Forrest, was equally watchful and persistent in fighting back the hordes of the Northern right from Dalton; while Crittenden, flushed with the capture of Chattanooga, was turning loose the dogs of war and pressing on Ringgold. Thus it will be seen, a repetition of Napoleon's first campaign in Italy—beginning with Montenotte and ending with Mondovi, crushing out Beaulieu's three corps—was sought, and the result would have been a counterpart had the plans been carried out. General Bragg on the 10th of September ordered Hindman to co-operate with Buckner at Davis' Cross Roads and crush out Thomas in the Cove, then light on McCook. The attack was to be at daylight on the 11th, but for some mismanagement on the part of subordinates it was delayed until 4 p. m. When we offered battle Thomas had

fled and the Southern wolves had lost their supper. General McCook, near Alpine, captured a few of Breckinridge's division. The idea dawned that he had struck Bragg's army. He beat a hasty retreat and rapidly fell back to Thomas in the Cove. This having failed, General Bragg turned his eyes on Crittenden, near Ringgold, but for some reason not explained this failed; and so it was, with LaFayette,



GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

Ga., south of Pigeon Mountain, as the base, the disappointed Army of Tennessee lingered far from home, itching to check the hordes that were gradually nearing us to the sea. O, in what fighting trim the Army of Tennessee was, when on the 16th of September, 1863, they received the famous battle order No. 180. Soldiers of Bragg's army, do you recollect it?

“Headquarters Army of Tennessee, in the Field,
LaFayette, Ga., September 16th, 1863.

The troops will be held for an immediate move against the enemy. His demonstration on our flank has been thwarted and twice he has retired before us when offered battle. We must now

force him to the issue. Soldiers, you are largely re-inforced; you must now seek the contest. In so doing I know you will be content to suffer privations and encounter hardships. Heretofore you have never failed to respond to your general when he has asked sacrifice at your hands. Relying on your gallantry and patriotism, he asks you to add the crowning glory to the wreath you wear. Our cause is in



REED'S BRIDGE, CHICKAMAUGA CREEK - THE FIRST GUN AT CHICKAMAUGA.

your keeping. Your enemy boasts that you are demoralized and retreating before him. Having accomplished your object in driving back his flank movement, let us now turn on his main force and crush it in its fancied security. Your generals will lead you. You have but to respond to assure us a glorious victory over an insolent foe. I know what your response will be. Trusting in God and the justice of our cause, and nerved by the love of the dear ones at home, failure is impossible and victory must be ours.

BRAXTON BRAGG,
Commanding General."

Just before receiving this order of the 16th, my journal says that Captain Humphreys, commanding the First Arkansas battery of Eldridge's battalion, reported to us and told us to-day at Major Hatcher's tent that he the night before dreamed that he would soon battle with Rosecrans and a brilliant victory would follow.

On the 17th Buckner's corps—Stewart's and Preston's divisions—commenced the march at sunrise and bivouacked for the night on Peavine Creek. Early on the 18th the following circular reached our quarters:

Headquarters Army of Tennessee, Leet's Tanyard,
September 18th, 1863.

"I. Bushrod Johnson's column (Hood's), on crossing at or near Reed's bridge, will turn to the left by the most practicable route and sweep up the Chickamauga toward Lee and Gordon's mill. 2: Walker crossing at Alexander's bridge, will unite in this move and push



GEN. A. P. STEWART.

vigorously on the enemy's flank and rear in the same direction. 3: Buckner crossing at Thedford's Ford, will join the movement to the left and press the enemy up the stream from Polk's front at Lee and Gordon's mill. 4: Polk will press his force to the front of Lee and Gordon's mill, and if met by too much resistance to cross, will bear to the right and cross at Dalton's Ford or at Thedford's, as may be necessary; and join in the attack wherever the enemy may be. 5: Hill will cover our left flank from an advance of the enemy from the Cove and, by pressing the cavalry in front, ascertain if the enemy is re-inforcing at Lee and Gordon's mill, in which event he will attack them in flank. 6: Wheeler's cavalry will hold the gap in Pigeon Mountain, cover our left and rear and bring up stragglers. 7: All trains not with troops should go toward Ringgold and Taylor's ridge. All cooking should be done at trains. Rations when cooked will be forwarded to troops. 8: The above movements will be executed with the utmost promptness, vigor and persistence.

By command of
GENERAL BRAGG.

GEORGE W. BRENT,
A. A. General."

And now under said direction the army moved—Buckner's corps, Stewart and Preston resumed the march early on the 18th—Stewart, with Bate in front, Clayton following and Brown in the rear, taking the direction of Thedford's Ford on the West Chickamauga. The booming of cannon in the distance told us that the struggle was nearly on. Forrest's cavalry was on the right, Pegram in the center, and Wheeler on the left. The marching column that day told too well what was in every mind. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching"—no guying of each other and no frivolous flings at passing horsemen. The rapid step toward the scene of the conflict indicated

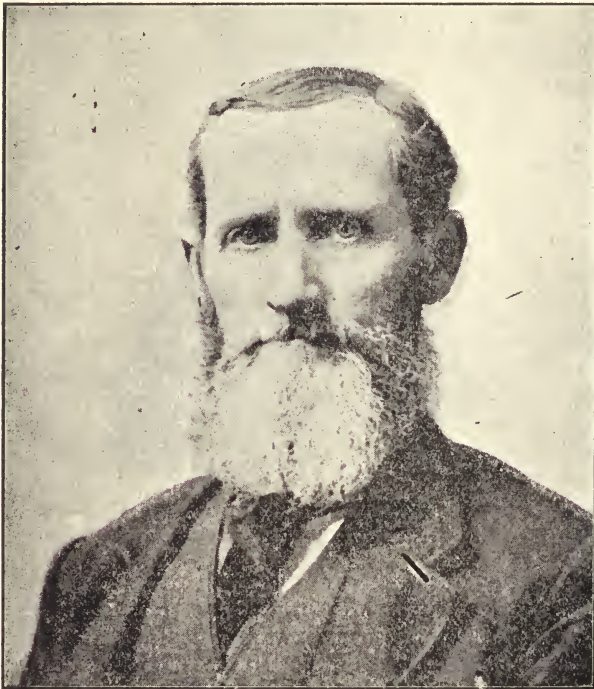
the determination that was written on every brow and remarks to each other such as, "Boys, we have retreated far enough; we will whip 'em this time or die," were figured in every tongue. The closer the music of the guns the more rapid the stride. We arrived during the afternoon (Friday) within a mile of the ford. General Buckner directed General Stewart to proceed to the support of Pegram's cav-



MRS. THEDFORD, OF THEDFORD'S
FORD.

alry and to occupy the high ground in the vicinity of the ford commanding approaches, but not to bring on a general engagement with the enemy that afternoon unless it was necessary. Preston's division was ordered to Hunt's or Dalton's Ford. Major Noequet, engineer, placed Bate's brigade in position above the ford and Clayton's below. Whilst in movement, a cannon ball of the enemy struck within about five steps of Stewart and Pegram, ricocheted and came near striking Captain Hamp Cheney, of Brown's staff. Several solid shot struck in Clayton's line killing and wounding two men while going into position. We feared the bad effect of this on Clayton's men as this was to be their first battle. Bate advanced about 5 p. m. with Caswell's sharpshooters. His battery (the Eufaula) opened in the direction of Alexander's bridge causing the enemy to retire. (General Bate in his report claims for this battery the honor of opening and closing the Chickamauga battle.) Three companies from Clayton's brigade went across and occupied a wooded hill, afterwards his entire brigade. On our right, in the direction of Reed's and Alexander's bridges, a salvo of musketry and artillery indicated a struggle. General Forrest with one hundred picked men from Bushrod Johnson's and his detachment of General John H. Morgan's men, led a charge on Reed's bridge. From the representation it was similar to that of

Lanes at Lodi. The dispute of the crossing everywhere seemed general. Finding that it had to be fought for, Walthall of Liddell's division, with the electrical courage of Ney, rushed and got Alexander's. In the meantime Wheeler was demonstrating on the left at Glass' Mills, with Breckinridge at his back, Cleburne and Hindman close by. The Federal Army extended its main force from Lee and



JAMES M. LEE, OF LEE & GORDON'S MILLS,
CHICKAMAUGA.

Gordon's Mill on the west side of the river. Its right extended up the valley of the Chickamauga.

About 5 p. m. it was whispered in our army that Major-General Hood of Longstreet's corps, had arrived and that Longstreet was enroute. He was placed in command on our right and Bushrod Johnson was put in command of an improvised division composed of Johnson's, Gregg's, McNair's brigades, with Robertson's in reserve. This command was to first cross the stream and one of our troops were to go over at any point until Johnson's column had swept the west bank in front of their respective places of crossing. It turned out, however, that Generals Hood and Johnson, the next morning, had passed Jay's sawmill and found that their skirmishers were in one hundred and fifty yards of Preston's division of Buck-

ner's corps, which had crossed at Dalton's Ford during the night that their line was perpendicular to Preston, and that most of our right had crossed at points lower down, placing Hood (his other brigades under Law having come up) and Johnson near the left of our army, Hood now commanding both improvised divisions. That night Walker crossed at Byrom's Ford—ordered to Hood. On the

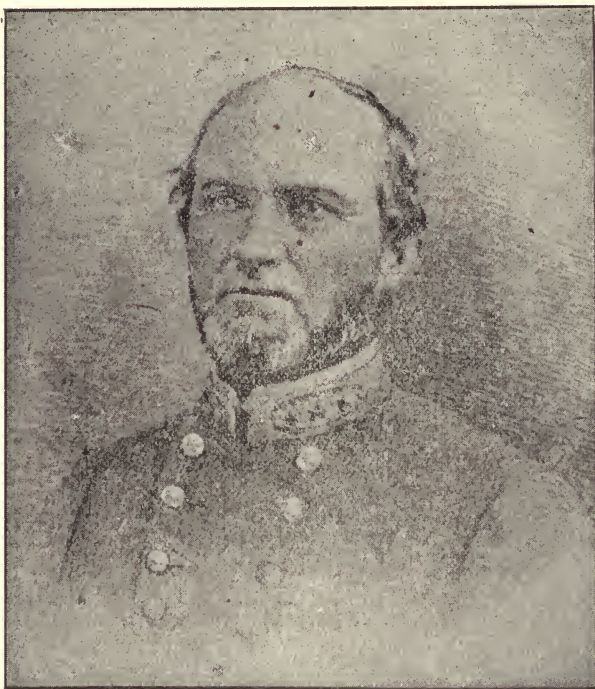


MRS. JAMES LEE, OF LEE & GORDON'S MILLS,
CHICKAMAUGA.

night of the 18th the right of our army was near Reed's Bridge, the left at Glass's mills, two miles from Crawfish Springs, where Rosecrans, on our left, had his headquarters.

On the night of the 18th Rosecrans began shifting his army. Thomas by daybreak on the 19th was on the Federal left, Crittenden to close on his right, McCook on Crittenden's right, Gordon Granger to be withdrawn in reserve, so that, on the night of the 18th the antagonizing armies were forming for the greatest of battles, the Army of Tennessee pressing for an onset, with the Army of the Cumberland gloating in once having taken laurels from us at Murfreesboro. O, how we all felt when we bitterly thought of the morrow and of the blood to flow in crushing such a foe in his fancied security! The resignation of giving up so much territory, and waiting for the word

to be given for a fighting chance, was one of the wonderful virtues of the Army of Tennessee. When they saw sorrow rising in their way, they tried to flee from the approaching ill, and made the most of cheery moments created by diversion. One of these, with Stewart's division, was the apparent delight of old Mrs. Thedford at the ford, in having her own boys there. They made a raid that night



GENERAL H. D. CLAYTON, OF ALABAMA. STEWART'S
DIVISION AT CHICKAMAUGA.

on her potato patch and on being ordered out she said: "Hold on, Mr. Officer! They are my potatoes, and my boys; let 'em take 'em." She was an uncompromising Southerner. We learned that she was formerly a Miss Debbie Simmons, of Bradley's Creek, Rutherford county, Tennessee, and it was a coincidence that mostly a Tennessee division was about her house, going into a terrible battle. Another coincidence was that two of Mrs. Thedford's boys had come in with Longstreet's corps, both wounded, and she never knew that they were there until they were both brought on litters to her house. Thedford's Ford became memorable not only as the headquarters of General Bragg but as the home of a Southern heroine who made her house a hospital and fearlessly ministered to many a soul shot in battle. Buckner's corps christened her "The Mother of Chickamauga" and many a maimed soldier has gone and will go to his grave

with the tenderest recollections of that blessed spirit who nursed him with a mother's care.

From Reed's Bridge up the Chickamauga to Glass's Mills, with flanks guarded by cavalry, was the position of the Southern army on the night of the 18th. From the McAfee Springs on the left to Pond Springs on the right, the Army of the Cumberland was guarded



CAPTAIN W. W. CARNES.

by cavalry ready to parry their deadly thrusts.

Bragg slept sweetly that night confident of the result as for once the forces were nearly equal; Rosecrans on the other hand, was restless and perturbed, fearful of his left being turned so that Burnside, with twenty thousand men, would not be able to swoop in from Jonesboro or Athens and lend a helping hand. Fearful visions of Joe Johnston, of paroled prisoners, of Longstreet, even of Ewell re-enforcing Bragg, were agitating him. Instead of a demoralized army he found confronting him bristling bayonets and belching Confederate Napoleons. The increase of anxiety even permeated the brain of C. A. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, as the dawn of the conflict approached. On the 17th from Crawfish Springs he telegraphed to Stanton, Secretary of War, "Nothing positive from

Burnside; his forces needed here;" and on the 18th at 12 m., "nothing from Burnside."

"By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."



GENERAL JOHN C. BROWN.
GOVERNOR 1871-75.
GRAND MASTER TENNESSEE, 1870.

ARTICLE II.

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Near sixty thousand strong."

The morning of the 19th (Saturday) opened cloudy but the sun soon lifted the veil to look down upon the awful scenes in progress—of man's inhumanity to man—the country now up and down, and about the West Chickamauga was comparatively level with a heavy woodland of dense undergrowth interspersed with occasional fields and habitations. It extended four miles square. This was grand for the soldier, for a tree and even a twig was often invaluable, to turn the course of a well directed bullet. Reed's Bridge, Alexander's and Glass's Mills, the fords where the Southern army crossed, Crawfish Springs, the widow Glenn's house, Lee and Gordon's Mill, the Kelley and Dyer fields, the McAfee church and Lafayette and other roads of Federal position, although obscure now, were soon to be as memorable in American history as Namur and Ligny and Quatre Bras and Wave at Waterloo.

General Bragg gives a condensed statement of the disposition of his army. "The movement," says he, "was resumed at daylight on the 19th; and Buckner's corps, with Cheatham's division of Polk's, had crossed and formed when a brisk engagement commenced with our cavalry under Forrest on the extreme right, about nine o'clock. A brigade from Walker (Wilson) was ordered to Forrest's support



S. B. DYER, OF DYERFIELD—CHICKAMAUGA.

and soon after, Walker was ordered to attack with his whole force. Our line was now formed with Buckner's left resting on the Chickamauga, about one mile below Lee and Gordon's Mills. On his right came Hood with his own and Bushrod Johnson's divisions, with Walker on his extreme right, Cheatham's division being in reserve—the general direction being a little east of north. The attack ordered by our right, was made by General Walker in his usual gallant style, and soon developed a largely superior force opposed. He drove them handsomely, however, and captured several batteries in most gallant charges. Before Cheatham's division, ordered to his support, could reach him he (Walker) had been forced back to his first

position by the extended lines of the enemy assailing him on both flanks. The two commands united, were soon enabled to force the enemy back again and recover our advantage though we were yet greatly outnumbered. These movements on our right were in a direction to leave an opening in our line between Cheatham and Hood. Stewart's division forming Buckner's second line, was thrown to the



HIRAM VITTITOE.

right to fill this, and it soon became hotly engaged as did Hood's whole front. The enemy whose left was at Lee and Gordon's Mill when our movement commenced, had rapidly transferred forces from his extreme right, changing his entire line, and seemed disposed to dispute with all his ability our effort to gain the main road to Chattanooga, in his rear. Lieutenant-General Polk was ordered to remove his remaining division across at the nearest ford and assume command in person. On our right, Hill's corps was also ordered to cross below Lee and Gordon's Mill, and join the line on the right. While these movements were being made our right and center were heavily and almost constantly engaged. Stewart by a vigorous assault, broke the enemy's center and penetrated far into his lines but was obliged to retire in the face of heavy re-enforcements confronting, that threatened his flank and rear for want of sufficient force to meet the heavy

enfilade fire which he encountered from the right. Hood later engaged, advanced from the first fire, with Stewart, and continued to drive the forces in his front until night. Cleburne's division of Hill's corps, which first reached the right, was ordered to attack immediately in conjunction with the force already engaged. This veteran command under its gallant chief, moved to its work after sunset taking



MRS. HIRAM VITTITOE, FAMOUS CHARACTER,
CHICKAMAUGA.

the enemy completely by surprise and driving him in great disorder for nearly a mile and inflicting a very heavy loss. Night found us masters of the ground after a series of very obstinate contests with largely superior numbers. The remaining forces on our extreme left east of the Chickamauga, had been ordered up early in the afternoon but reached the field too late to participate in the engagement of that day. They were however, put into line for a renewal of the battle of the 20th. Information was received from Lieutenant-General Longstreet of his arrival at Ringgold and departure for the field. Five small brigades of his corps (about five thousand effective infantry, no artillery) reached us in time to participate in the action—three of them on the 19th and two more on the 20th.”

This much of the report gives the general movement on the 19th,

and explains the shifting of Bragg's army which was facing to the west to encounter Rosecrans's change. Thomas brought on the battle in an endeavor to use up a lone brigade that had been sent to support Forrest (Wilson). The volcano was fairly bursting when Liddell with Govan and Walthall went also to Forrest's support. Walker's whole force then opened up and the onslaught continued



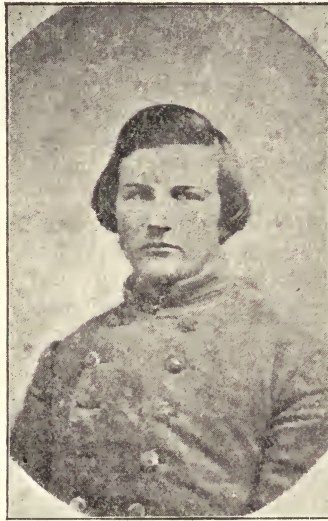
MR. AND MRS. SNODGRASS AT THEIR HOME ON
SNODGRASS HILL.

in detail, each side overlapping until the whole army of Rosecrans from left to right became engaged. Thomas was mystified when he discovered that Walker was in his flank, and Rosecrans was dismayed when, instead of turning Bragg's right, the tide of battle swept with demonical energy from his left to his right, and his stubborn charges were met by reflux surges from the lines of gray. Brannon, Palmer, Baird, Reynolds, and Johnson went in and like the swaying of the waves, pushed on and receded with the onslaught of repellant forces, led by Walker, Cheatham, Stewart and Cleburne.

At 10:45 Thomas said to Crittenden: "If another division can be spared send it without delay." At 3:30 p. m. the enemy was pressing Palmer with very hard fighting and he asked for Vancleve to come to his assistance. At 7:10 (sunset) an attack on Johnson threw him into great confusion and he wanted re-inforcements to support his left. Thomas then had Baird, Brannon, Reynolds, Palmer, Johnson and Vancleve, and was restless even with Gordon Granger's reserve to support him. In the meantime Bragg's line, now two miles long, was forcing the battle. Like meeting clouds in the darkness of the storm, the smoke from the firearms in that dense woodland almost concealed the combatants. Thunderbolts shot forth in flashes from the lines like forked lightning from the clouds and seemed to sweep death and destruction before them. When Stewart was sent to fill up the gap between Cheatham and Hood, in the center, with

unabated fury "the death shot was rattling and the dark thunder clouds did burst."

From Thedford's ford, from west brigade front, directly to the right, east of north, the march of Stewart began. Wounded men and mangled horses were soon met. Field surgeons and litter forces were becoming busy; but the spirit of none flagged but increased



ADJUTANT JAMES D. RICHARDSON
AT SEVENTEEN. LATER MEM-
OF CONGRESS FROM TENNESSEE.

with the raging torrents of shot and shell. One man, as he was borne off on a litter, passed us with bowels protruding yet with animated fervor waved his hat and cried: "Boys, when I left we were driving 'em!" Cheatham's left was being flanked, the sweep of the battle was becoming more terrific, limbs were falling and the sound was like the roar of the river and the roll of the thunder. The column hurriedly increased into a quick-step until there and ready, and rushing with the shouts of onset, the division went in only to encounter walls emitting lava of bullets and sulphurous flames and forcing from victims the shriek of agony. At the south of Brotherton's field our line was going in beautifully. On the right banners and guidons were flying, borne by Cheatham's reserve, marching to the music. A young staff officer of Wright's (Harris) met us with the statement that Wright's brigade was much cut up by an enfilade fire; that Carnes' battery had been lost, and help was wanted. As quick as told, Clayton forming Stewart's first line, was obliqued to the left and vigorously rushed to the rescue.

Did you ever notice the thickness of rain drops in a tempest? Did you ever see the destruction of hail stones to a growing corn-

field? Did you ever witness driftwood in a squall? Such was the havoc upon Clavton. Four hundred of his little band were mown down like grain before the reaper. It was his first baptism of fire but he stayed there until out of ammunition. General J. C. Brown then went in and was greeted like Clavton. The booming of the cannon, the thinning of the ranks, the thickness of dead men, the groaning of the dying—all were overcome to recapture that battery. Forty-eight horses of Carnes' had been shot down, and amid their writhings the close quarters had set the woods on fire. The shot and shell were raging in the tempest and ramrods flew by us, but Brown drove back the hordes and got Carnes' battery out of the cyclone. Another surging wave after a while brought him back upon the reef. Then Bate came into the arena and with his crack brigade and prompt movement vied with his compeers in deeds of valor. He rescued the colors of the Fifty-first Tennessee regiment and captured several pieces of artillery. Tennessee and Georgia and Alabama tried themselves and from 2 o'clock until dark beat and battered the walls of blue, buffeting the storm clouds, charge meeting charge with sanguinary success, until nothing would stand before them.

If you want a proper conception of the battle visit the cyclorama of Gettysburg, and Pickett's charge will only impersonate that of both armies for two entire days at Chickamauga.

Stewart here penetrated the enemy's center, threatening to cut that army in two and drove Vanleve beyond the Lafayette road to the tanyard and the Poe house and carried dismay to Rosecrans, at the widow Glenn's. Later, Hood and Johnson on our left followed it up until from the Brotherton to the Poe field we pierced his line. Added to the horror of the galling fire, the generals and staffs encountered a number of yellow jackets' nests and the kicking of the horses and their ungovernable actions came near breaking up one of the lines. Blue jackets in front of us, yellow jackets upon us, and death missiles around and about us—oh, the fury of the battle, the fierceness of the struggle over Carnes' battery! From 2 o'clock until an hour after dark "it was *war to the knife and a fight to the finish.*"

About sunset General Pat Cleburne, the Augereau of the Army of Tennessee, came gliding up behind us. He was told that Brown's and Bate's brigades were in front of him and not to fire upon them. Cleburne right obliqued his division to get into line and drove Johnson's Federal division for nearly a mile. The pencil has yet to paint the scenes of that afternoon. Thomas became overawed and Rosecrans dumfounded. In the meantime Hood and Johnson, to our left, were driving Davis and Sheridan and when night came on Rosecrans found himself driven out of position and absolutely whipped. Here is what he says: "On the night of the 19th, at the close of the day we had present but two brigades which had not been opportunely and squarely in action, which assured us that we were greatly outnumbered, and that the battle next day must be for the safety of the army and the possession of Chattanooga." In the consultation at the

widow Glenn's house that night, it developed that Thomas had drawn in his attenuated lines, that the center had been penetrated and the right driven, and a realignment was necessary; that the casualties were fearful, Thomas asking for more re-enforcements to take care of his left. C. A. Dana wired to Stanton, Federal Secretary of War, at 5:20: "It now appears an undecided contest. The firing did not cease until an hour after dark. The enemy's attempt was furious and obstinate. The ground fought over was left with Bragg's army." From the time his center was penetrated, Rosecrans became fevered with apprehension and panicked with horror at the adverse tidal wave, Here are the pointers: "Lafayette Road, September 19.—General Burnside: Johnston is with Bragg with a large portion of his force, and re-enforcements have arrived from Virginia. We need all we can concentrate to oppose them. Let me hear from you." Again he dispatched: "It is of the utmost importance that you close down this way to cover our left flank. We have not force to cover our flank against Forrest now; we may want all the help we can get promptly."

While Rosecrans is thus harassed our army is drawn back and put in position for tomorrow's onslaught. No fires allowed; the night cold and chilly; the moon, although shining, sends a meager light through the dense woodland. Dead and wounded all around us, friend and foe writhing in pain; litter bearers worked to exhaustion for their comfort; cries for water from the wounded rending the air, and yet a threatened night battle. A Federal officer rides into our immediate lines—Colonel Vonschrader, of Thomas' staff. Soon it is whispered that our General Preston Smith is dead, and Hegg and Baldwin (Federals) killed. The work now begins of throwing up log breastworks; at the same time the sound of the ax indicates that the enemy is doing likewise. We find a few nubbins in Brotherton's field for horses, yet nothing for the hungry man. A comrade turns over a dead man and gets some crackers out of his haversack, his life blood sprinkled upon them; this is chipped off, and to the hungry palate they are delicious. A cavalryman, unaccustomed to infantry, in the battle to-day saw a whole line fall to reload. Every hair stood on end and his exclamation, "Great heavens! have they killed all of them and left me here?" was one of the amusing incidents. An old soldier said that he had been out there watching a human vampire overlooking a victim who was going to die. The man had on a fine watch. To the doomed man he gave a drink of water, but when the life blood ebbed away the fellow ran his hand into his pocket, relieved him of his watch and disappeared. Such is the history of all battlefields; stragglers and ghouls ready to rob the dead.

And now the death of dear ones is whispered to us, the fearful mortality in our ranks—the death, they say, of honor, on the field of glory. The moral effect wrought by such a picture makes my feelings revolt with the idea of depravity in the human heart that must be curbed, so that humanity will brand the infamy of "man's shooting his fellows." O, that unhappy night of the 19th at Chickamauga!

Sleep is overcome with the fear that to-morrow might be the last on earth. Longstreet has come and the army is to be divided into two wings, Polk to command the right and Longstreet the left. The enemy is in a state of unrest—Crittenden confused because Thomas has his command also, McCook palsied because his corps is scattered. The agitation together with magnified reports of Bragg's re-enforcements swelling his forces to one hundred and twenty thousand, put the Army of the Cumberland in a state of fermentation and bewildered Rosecrans, whose blushing honors up to this had not seen a frost, but who from the moment finds his full-blown pride breaking under him and a serious threatening of a long farewell to all his military fame.

ARTICLE III.

"Great God of heaven, say amen to all."

And now comes the 20th—Sunday—the weather clear but crisp. Every arm in readiness for a "hand all round" battle. The enemy sheltered behind his breastworks; Bragg still to force the fighting. The attack to commence on the right and to be followed in quick succession on the left. Breckinridge, Liddell, Gist, Walker and Cleburne with Cheatham in reserve, forming Lieutenant-General Polk's command, with Forrest's cavalry; whilst Stewart, Bushrod Johnson, Hood, McLaws (under Kershaw), and Hindman, with Preston in reserve, with Wheeler's cavalry forming the left wing.

At daybreak the troops are under order, ready. A lone horseman without staff or escort approaches from the rear—shakes hands with Stewart in the center; his overcoat hides his stars and wreath. Soldiers wonder who the stranger can be! It is Longstreet, meeting his old West Point roommate. He had come to say that Stewart would form the right of the left wing and be under his command to-day. Just behind him came some of his troops—McLaw's two brigades, just gotten up, dressed in new clothes (something new to Bragg's army) and guying us with such remarks as: "Boys, the Army of Virginia will show you how to fight to-day." It is to be "hilt to hilt" and "breast to breast" now, with Western Yankees, never met them before, and soon taught them as we had learned, that we were of the same blood and meeting foemen worthy of our steel.

Six o'clock came, then seven—no movement of our army; eight, even nine, and Bragg and staff were dashing restlessly along the lines. Major Pollock B. Lee rode by in search of General D. H. Hill and General Polk. Soon he came back having found General Polk, whose heart overflowed with anxiety for the battle to commence but a message had just reached him from General Hill that he was rationing his troops. In the meantime Longstreet's message to General Bragg, "Had I not better make my attack," drew forth the command from Bragg, through Major Pollock B. Lee to "go to every division and brigade commander and tell him to throw his force at once

against the enemy." O, fatal hour! that so often blights brilliant prospects in battle and turns them to blasted hopes. The heart grew sick at the delay which was death to hundreds that would be living to-day had orders been obeyed and the enemy routed sooner. It came near losing to Bragg the battle. Rosecrans says, in substance, that he rode his lines at 6:40, and to his astonishment found in many places gaps, that threatened destruction to his army. C. A. Dana, Federal Assistant Secretary of War, says that "Rosecrans was frantic with the disposition of McCook's elongated lines." Had our attack been made at dawn, these gaps would have been penetrated, the enemy's army dismembered, and Bull Run repeated by Southern arms.

But now about 10:30 o'clock the battle opens—it is a charge of breastworks for four long miles. The din of musketry is like the unintermitted sound of packs of lighted firecrackers, the terrific cannonading so deafening that the eyewitness stands aghast at the idea that he is living through it; the Northman and the Southman standing to the racket like gladiators, forgetful of everything but the mastery; the Army of the Cumberland, trying to parry a foe whose dogged persistence rumor has told their bewildered commander is now one hundred and twenty thousand, but who, from the records, show his army about seventeen thousand superior and on the defensive.

When I read of the "Old Guard," generated by Cambronne, at Waterloo, and see the charges of the entire army of Bragg, from 10:30 a. m. until the rout after 5 p. m., the picture is not overdrawn with a parallel at Chickamauga. When breastworks were not carried, or commands disconcerted, it was a rally, reform and charge again without a murmur. No panic amongst the troops, no shrinking from duty nor falling out of line; no stragglers, but a reorganization to administer the final stroke.

About 10:30 o'clock Thomas finds Breckinridge and Forrest threatening his rear on the left. Again he asks for another division. The Federal management have been impressed that the left must be protected if it takes the whole army and yet Rosecrans wonders how he is to do it. While this is going on, Longstreet is thundering on the enemy's right, Hindman popping it to Sheridan, Hood sprinkling Davis, McLaw's command peppering Vancleve, Johnson chugging Brannan, and Stewart driving Reynolds, leaving the right wing to pound and batter the massed minions confronting them. General Pat Cleburne forming the left of Polk's right, is fighting by our side to-day; one of his generals, Deshler, killed, and Lucius Polk's brigade struggling to rescue the body. Farther on we hear of Helm's death, and the wounding of Adams of Breckinridge's division. To our left, Major-General Hood is wounded and worlds of subordinates submerged in the fiery vortex. In front of us the Federal General Lytle, Colonel King and others fall and the dance of death goes bravely on. Thomas is now heard from again and the same old entreaty comes: "Send me more re-enforcements without delay." He has

already two-thirds of his army yet Rosecrans withdraws Sheridan and starts him. Longstreet seems moved by a kind of intuition with the necessities of the moment. He has been battling over the burnt house (Poe's) and the vineyard, and gradually wheeling with Johnson and Hood and Hindman on his left, the alignment being kept up with Stewart. Like the breaking of a levee and the rushing in of the tide, they penetrate a line that runs into Sheridan and the crevasse widens until a confused mass of fleeing bluecoats threaten their army's complete overthrow.

I quote from C. A. Dana again to give you the condition at this time: "Never in any battle I had witnessed was there such a discharge of cannon and musketry. I sat upon the grass and the first thing I saw was General Rosecrans crossing himself—he was a very pious Catholic. 'Hello!' I said to myself; 'if the General is crossing himself we are in a desperate situation.' I was on my horse in a moment. I had no sooner collected my thoughts and looked around towards the front where all of this din came from than I saw our lines break and melt away like leaves before the wind. Then the headquarters around me disappeared—the graybacks came through with a rush and soon the musket balls and cannon shots began to reach the place where we stood. The whole right of the army had apparently been routed." Mr. Dana reports further that the night before General McCook, after the council of war at Rosecrans' headquarters, regaled them with the song of the "Hebrew Maiden"—but now, with Hindman at the vineyard, and Longstreet's whole command in conjunction, the "Hebrew Maiden" is forgotten in the sound of Dixie's whistling tunes of shot and shell—one of which in the medley, on the part of Rosecrans' right wing, is the never-to-be-forgotten air of "H—'s broke loose in Georgia." Rosecrans left his army and did not stop short of Chattanooga, thirteen miles; Crittenden following; then McCook, and even the Assistant Secretary of War, who, upon arrival, telegraphs to Stanton that the name of Chickamauga is "as fatal to Northern arms as was Bull Run."

At the opening of the Chickamauga Park it was highly amusing to me to hear some of our Northern visitors slightly allude to "withdrawing" from Chickamauga, and wind up with exaggerated accounts of the famous battle above the clouds, which at most, viewed by us from Mission Ridge, from base to summit, was a lightning (fire) bug skirmish, and then go wild over the grand charge of Missionary Ridge, which was nothing more than a stampede of our army, confronted by four or five times its number, on a flying report that the enemy were getting in our rear. All the world knows that an old soldier will fight an enemy to the finish in front, but get in his rear and, like the panicked herd on the prairie, he'll run from fear of capture.

Look at the mortality reports of commands amongst Federals and the history of Northern valor at Missionary Ridge is nipped in the bud. When Rosecrans left the field he thought his entire army

was routed. As Wellington, at Waterloo, clamoring for Blucher—Rosecrans was longing at Chattanooga for Burnside or for night. Dispatch after dispatch was sent him. Two and one-half hours from the attack the commanding general and two of his corps were gone.

Had we commenced at daybreak on the elongated lines of McCook, we would have crushed and broken up the Army of the Cumberland. But now, in the desperate charges whilst we are driving on the left, about 12 o'clock our lines give way on the right, and the confusion continues until stopped by Stewart.

An incident touching our present Congressman, James D. Richardson (adjutant Forty-fifth Tennessee) comes upon me as an illustration of composure amongst all troops. He was coming back slowly in this break. His remark to me, "This is hot, isn't it?" impressed me as very cool and deliberate.

Near one of the trees, behind which several were sheltered, a soldier came up. Richardson and S. H. Mitchell passing asked his command. The soldier uttered, "Thirty-eighth Ala—," and before completing the word Alabama, a cannon ball took half of his head off, the blood spattering them.

During the reformation of lines, Bate, Brown, Clayton, Stewart and staff nearly all received contusions from spent grape and canister.

Longstreet now directs Stewart to go no farther until he can whip around with the left of his wing. And now comes the tug! Hindman and Law (in Hood's place, Hood wounded) and Johnson and Kershaw put on the war paint in earnest and conjure up the most masterly fight of the day. The reports graphically detail it—charge after charge is made and brigade after brigade is sent them, until through Dyer and Kelly fields the famous "Snodgrass Hill" looms up a frowning fortress almost impregnable to attack. Every pass is guarded, and the hill, the grand Federal rally for the final struggle. Manigault and Deas, Gregg and Fulton drive the enemy beyond and rush into the Vittetoe house. Ere the fleeing foe leave it, the planks of the floor, as if moved by some unaccountable cause, begin to fly up. It was the Vittetoe young ladies emerging from their cellar, where they had been for two days, while the battle was raging around and about them. On the impulse of the moment, when our boys appeared, they shouted, "Glory halleluiah!" and asked for guns to help us.

Hindman, Law, Kershaw and Johnson are now whacking away at Snodgrass Hill. Nature has fortunately intervened to protect our foe from the severe castigation. Forrest on the right, had for hours been holding Gordon Granger's reserve at bay, and had been fighting his cavalry as infantry, but now Granger's corps of Federals wade through Rebel bullets to save his army. Like Dessaix, at Marengo, he hoped to hurl in ten thousand fresh troops and turn the tide of the battle but disappointment overcame him. Longstreet has in reserve a division (Preston's) that had never seen a general battle up to this time. They are crazy to go in. The order comes, and in con-

junction with Johnson and Hindman's other forces, the struggle is the most unprecedented in the annals of war. Colonel Bollin Hall's color bearer, Second Alabama battalion, Robert A. W. Hiatt, got eighty-three balls through his battle flag. He planted his colors on the hill, was three times wounded, his flagstaff shot away, yet he carried his charge to the end. They gave us the bayonet but every thrust is parried and every inch of ground disputed in the desperate struggle. The climbing of King's Mountain, the storming of Chepultepec, even of Sebastopol were pigmies now to the stubborn charges up Snodgrass Hill. In the meantime the fearful mortality is overcome with a flush of victory. The object now is to dislodge the enemy from that hill. Thomas has his lines in a horseshoe, and O! what desperation to hold us back till he can escape under cover of night. Polk, on the right, has made five successive charges to-day, the enemy massed in his front behind breastworks, and Longstreet can get no help there. Two of Longstreet's staff, Colonels Sorel and Manning, make to him a suggestion that is at once set in motion: "Let the whole left wing attack, and Stewart will flank them out of Snodgrass' Hill." The idea is communicated to Bragg, who enlarges it to the whole army, and the hour set for 5 o'clock. It was whispered that we would rout them this time, and victory for Southern arms seemed intuitively to permeate every mind. The order "Forward!" finally came, and, like the restless racer chafing for the "Go!" the Army of Tennessee leaped the breastworks, climbed the hill, and frantically sealed the fatal name of Chickamauga to Northern arms. Longstreet says: "Preston dashed gallantly at the hill; Stewart flanked a re-enforcing column and captured a large portion of it. At the same time the fire from twelve cannon, established by General Buckner, struck terror to the force under it, Johnson, Hindman, Kershaw, and Law acting in conjunction. Preston's assault, although not a complete success at the onset, yet taken in connection with the other operations, crippled the enemy so that his ranks were badly broken, and by a flank movement and another advance the heights were gained. About the same time of my advance the right wing made a gallant dash and gained the line that had been held so long and obstinately against it. A simultaneous and continuous shout from the two wings announced our complete success."

Every command did its duty, and can point to its episodes in the great battle. The laboring oar was on all to win the victory. Seventeen charges were made up Snodgrass Hill before we got it. The Confederate loss in the battle was about sixteen thousand; Federal loss, about seventeen thousand. Reports conflict. As a member of Stewart's division I find a notable fact recorded. General Bragg reports that Stewart penetrated the center and broke the first general lines at Chickamauga. Longstreet witnesses that the movement of Stewart's division on the last charge resulted in the beginning of the general break through the enemy's lines. Bate attests that the Eu-

faulx battery of Stewart fired the opening and closing shots of the general battle.

And now, since the United States Government has made a park of the battlefield and marked the spot of Northern prowess for coming ages to look upon, we employ General Bate's tribute in dropping a silent tear over Southern valor: "While I recount the services of the living I cannot pass unremembered the heroic dead; the cypress must be interwoven with the laurel. The bloody field attested the sacrifice of many a noble spirit in the final struggle, the private soldier vying with the officer in deeds of high daring and distinguished courage. While the 'river of death' shall float its sluggish current to the beautiful Tennessee, and the night wind chant its solemn dirges over their soldiers' graves, their names, enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen, will be held in grateful remembrance as the champions and defenders of their country, who had sealed their devotion with their blood on one of the most glorious battlefields of our revolution."

On the 21st of September Generals Forrest and Wheeler having gone in pursuit of the fleeing Federal army to Chattanooga, our jaded troops made a forward movement and were halted at and along the line of Rossville. From thence our forces crossed Chattanooga creek, the main body of the Army of Tennessee occupying the foot of Mission Ridge and around and on top of Lookout Mountain until from the latter part of September to the 25th of November, when General Grant, who had been placed in command of the Federal forces and re-enforced heavily with three armies, marched upon and routed our army. Whilst General Grant strengthened his forces, General Bragg had to weaken his, by detaching General Longstreet's corps and General Forrest's command.

At Mission Ridge our ranks became so thinned that a reorganization was made. The battle of Chickamauga created a shuffle amongst the officers. Generals Polk, Hill and Hindman on the Confederate side were relieved from duty, (the latter) under charges touching McLemore's Cove, which was afterwards settled. And Generals Rosecrans, Crittenden and others were superseded on the Federal side. The Confederates established on Lookout Point a casemated fort and every day for two months entertained the Federal army, a notable target in this time being the famous Federal star fort just in the outskirts of Chattanooga. The grandest spectacle ever witnessed from Lookout Point in this time was General Grant's three armies—the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of the Ohio, and the Confederate Army of Tennessee. After Grant commenced his forward movement the following reports will give an idea of future movements.

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, NOV. 24, 1863.

Report of Brigadier-General John K. Jackson, C. S. Army, Commanding Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps.

Headquarters Cheatham's Division,
Near Dalton, Ga., December 21, 1863.

Major:—My report of the unfortunate disaster on Lookout Mountain on the 24th ultimo has been somewhat delayed in consequence of the delay of the brigade commanders in sending their reports to me, the last of which (that of Brigadier-General Moore) was received this day. The result of that day's operations and the character of the reports of brigade commanders which are herewith inclosed, require of me a report more in detail than I would otherwise make it and will excuse the personal cast which it assumes.

On November 9th, in conformity with orders from army headquarters, being temporarily in command of Cheatham's division, I reported to Major-General W. H. T. Walker. A reorganization of the army having just taken place, I had with me to report to General Walker but one brigade of the division, Wright's brigade having been left at Charleston, Tennessee, under orders, and Moore's and Walthall's brigades having not then reported to me under the new organization. My headquarters were located on the west side of Chattanooga creek, at a point advised by General Walker, and my brigade was placed where he directed. On the same day I was invited by General Walker to accompany him and Lieutenant-General Hardee to the Cravens house, which I did. The ground in that neighborhood was passed over, viewed, and discussed but no line to fight on was recommended by any one present. Indeed, it was agreed on all hands that the position was one extremely difficult of defense against a strong force of the enemy advancing under cover of a heavy artillery fire. General Walker's opinion was expressed to the effect that at a certain point to which we had walked, which was a narrow pass, artillery should be placed in position extending to the left for a short distance toward the top of the mountain; that this would prevent any surprise by forces approaching in that direction and at the same time they would answer the guns from the hills on the opposite side of Lookout creek; also to have artillery near the Cravens house to answer the Moccasin battery guns. By the first arrangement he said the artillery could have retreated by the road and the infantry, which was put there to defend the artillery and pass, would have felt

strong and been better satisfied and better able to hold their position. He said his experience was that infantry care but little for artillery if they have artillery to respond with, and that they are soon demoralized when they have quietly to sit and receive artillery fire without having some of their own to reply with. I ventured to express my own opinion to Lieutenant-General Hardee subsequently, and in it I



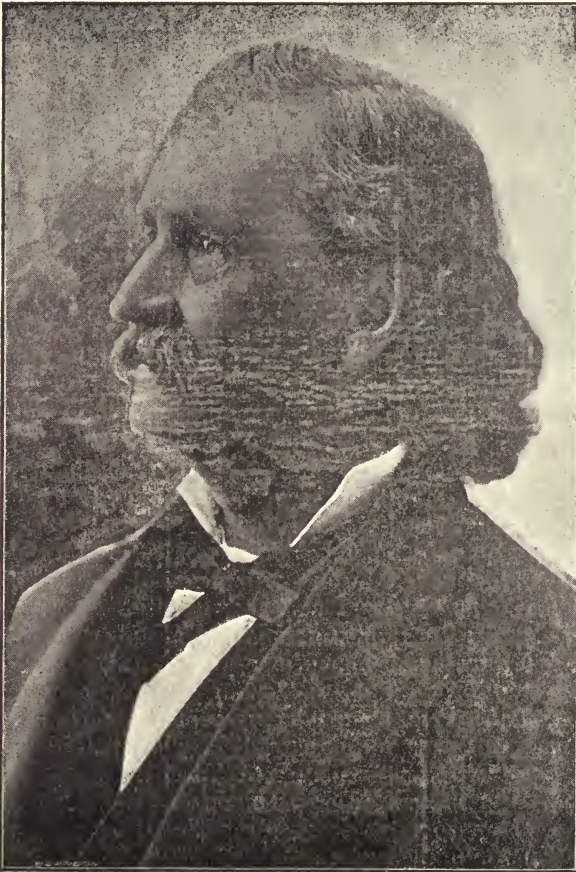
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

differed somewhat (not without great presumption, but with equal diffidence) from that of so experienced a soldier as General Walker. If we were defeated on the slope, the guns, as I thought, must inevitably be lost from the impossibility of removing them under fire from their positions. My plan of defense was to place a gun in every available position on Lookout Point and to sink the wheels or elevate the trails so as to command the slope of the mountain. In addition to which I respectfully suggested that on the point a sharpshooter should be placed wherever a man could stand, so as to annoy the flank of the enemy. In my judgment there was no point northwest of the Cravens house at which our infantry force could be held on the slope of the mountain, and in consequence of this firm conviction I gave orders to Brigadier-General Walthall which are hereinafter mentioned.

Upon my return to the foot of the mountain on November 9, I found Brigadier-General Walthall and his brigade in camp there. Brigadier-General Moore's brigade was then at the Cravens house, where it had been for a time—how long I am not informed. General Walker directed that Brigadier-General Gist, commanding his division, and I, with my own and Walthall's brigades of Cheatham's division, should defend the line from Chattanooga creek to the foot of the mountain and permitted us to divide the line according to our respective strengths as we wished.

After riding along the line with General Gist we made the apportionment of it and gave orders to our respective commands. At that time I had no command over the mountain slope although one of the brigades (Moore's) of the division was then on duty at or near

the Cravens house. General Moore was in command of that portion of the line under General Walker's orders, from November 10 to 14. The command I found General Walker exercising, extended over all the troops west of Chattanooga creek under the general supervision of Lieutenant-General Hardee, and upon General Walker's going away on a short leave on November 12, which he informed me



GENERAL E. C. WALTHALL, OF MISSISSIPPI.

he had some weeks before applied for, and upon the assurance of General Bragg, that he would telegraph him when Sherman came up, before which time he anticipated no trouble, this command devolved on me. I at once asked for written instructions from the corps commander as to the mode of defense of the line but received none. The command was a unit and was doubtless intended to be handled as such. I continued to exercise it and gave orders subject to the approval of Lieutenant-General Hardee, until his headquarters were

removed from the extreme right of the army to a point a little east of Chattanooga creek. This was about November 14.

About this time I went to the top of the mountain with Lieutenant-General Hardee. We there met General Bragg and after a view from Lookout Point General Bragg indicated a line on the slope of the mountain, which from that standpoint he thought ought to be the fighting line. As we descended the mountain I again rode out with Lieutenant-General Hardee to the Cravens house, and again looked over the ground. The line indicated by General Bragg was found to present quite a different appearance upon a close view from the same as seen from the mountain top. This line as I understood it, passed from Lookout Point a little in rear of the Cravens house and down to a point not far from the junction of the Kelley's ferry and Cravens house roads, and thence to the precipitous rocks near the mouth of Chattanooga creek. The engineers were put to work under some one's orders—whose I do not know—and fatigue parties furnished to them from my command at their request.

On November 14, a new disposition of the command was made. Major-General Stevenson was assigned to the command of the troops and defenses on the top of Lookout Mountain. The ranking officer of Cheatham's division was directed to assume command of all troops and defenses at and near the Cravens house. The ranking officer of Walker's division was charged with the line from the base of Lookout Mountain east to Chattanooga creek and with all the troops not at the points above named. This order emanated from Headquarters Hardee's corps, and in conformity with it, as the ranking officer of Cheatham's division, I assumed command of the troops and defenses at and near the Cravens house, and on the following day (November 15) established my headquarters at the junction of the Summertown road with the mountain-side road leading to the Cravens house, with the approval of Lieutenant-General Hardee. On the same day Brigadier-General Walthall's brigade relieved that of Brigadier-General Pettus near the Cravens house.

On the night of the 16th and 17th, a fatigue party was ordered to report to Lieutenant Steels of the engineers to commence work on the new line below the Cravens house. By direction of Lieutenant-General Hardee, I went out in person to see that the work was progressing; found that there was a misunderstanding as to the place of reporting; walked down the road a considerable distance along the contemplated line, then went to the Cravens house and ordered the detail to be reassembled and to report to Lieutenant Steele immediately.

This was at night. The work was directed to be done at night as the working party would be under fire of the Moccasin Point batteries. General Walthall's troops were some distance in advance of the proposed line, and exposed to the enemy's artillery fire. I ordered him on the 18th, with the approval of Lieutenant-General Hardee, to shorten his picket line as he proposed, and notice of which I

promptly gave to General Stevenson, and to bring back his troops in the rear (south) of the Cravens house, leaving his pickets where they were, supported by one regiment. Upon inspection of the ground, General Walthall reported to me, as General Moore's troops were also in the rear of the Cravens house, there would not be room enough for his brigade between General Moore's and my headquarters, and said that as he supposed the order I had given him was permissive rather than directory, if I had no objections, he would keep his troops where they were. To this I assented, giving him at the same time instructions, if attacked by the enemy in heavy force to fall back fighting over the rocks. I expected by the time his troops reached the Cravens house to be with them and form line of battle with Walthall's left against the cliff and his right at or near the Cravens house, and Moore prolonging this line to the right. This was the general line pointed out by General Bragg although it had not been defined by the engineers, nor had any work been done on it between the cliff and the Cravens house. Beyond the Cravens house there was no practicable line which was not enfiladed by the enemy's batteries except the covered way prepared by General Jenkins and the flank of that was exposed to the infantry attack.

On the afternoon of the 20th (I believe) I visited the works below the Cravens house in company with Captain Henry of the division staff and spent some time in their inspection. These works, being a mere rifle-pit, would be of no service when the enemy were once in possession of the Cravens house, as they would thence be taken in flank—almost in reverse.

On November 22nd, my brigade was ordered to report to me and was moved from the top of the mountain to the slope and placed in the position which I had desired General Walthall to take.

On the 23rd, it was ordered to the foot of the mountain, out of my command, to take with Cumming's brigade the place on the line which had been occupied by Walker's division. My position and that of General Stevenson were thus each weakened by a brigade.

On the same day a brisk fire of artillery and small-arms was heard coming from the extreme right. It was supposed to be a struggle for wood.

Late in the afternoon of the 23rd, General Stevenson was placed in command of the forces west of Chattanooga creek, Lieutenant-General Hardee having been removed to the extreme right, and on the same night orders were received and distributed to prepare three days' cooked rations and to hold the troops in readiness to move at a moment's notice. In order to avoid anything like a surprise along the line, at about 7:30 p. m. I ordered Captain Henry of the division staff, to visit the chiefs of pickets and direct them to be unusually vigilant in watching the movements of the enemy and to guard against surprise.

About 9 a. m. on the 24th, I received a note from General Walthall to the effect that the enemy were moving in heavy force toward

our left; that their tents had nearly all disappeared and their pontoon bridges been cut away. Shortly afterwards I received another note from him to the effect that he was mistaken as to the number of tents that had disappeared, but that many of those which could be seen on previous days were not then visible. The originals of both these notes were immediately dispatched to General Bragg and copies to General Stevenson. I also sent a staff officer to order Generals Moore and Walthall to hold their commands under arms ready for action. I walked out on the road toward the Cravens house to a favorable point and could distinguish the enemy's troops on the plain in front of Chattanooga—all quiet, no massing, no movement of any kind. From this point I sent another staff officer to the Cravens house to report to me immediately anything of interest, and returned myself to my position at the fork of the road. The demonstrations of the enemy did not, down to this time, indicate the point of attack—whether upon my portion of the line or farther to the left. General Stevenson inquired of me about this time if I needed re-enforcements, to which I replied that I could not tell until there were further developments. I sent orders by a staff officer to Generals Moore and Walthall to place their troops in line as soon as the skirmishing commenced, but not unnecessarily to expose them to the fire of the enemy's artillery. I expected, from the rugged nature of the ground and the fact that the enemy had to ascend the mountain, that the picket fighting would continue for some time before the main body would be engaged.

About this time I received a message from General Moore that he did not know where the line was. I sent back immediately an order that General Walthall would occupy the left, and that he (General Moore) would form on General Walthall's right, prolonging the line in the earth-works below the Cravens house as far as his troops would extend.

About 12 M. I received a note from General Moore that the enemy had formed line and commenced skirmishing with our pickets near the railroad bridge crossing Lookout creek; that he could not then tell their object, and inquiring where he should place his brigade. I sent to General Stevenson to ask for the offered re-enforcements. Information came to me from General Walthall about the same time that the pickets had commenced firing, and a message from General Stevenson by Major Pickett that the enemy was making an attack on my line. I now asked in writing for a brigade from General Stevenson to be sent down at once and ordered Major John Ingram, assistant adjutant-general, to direct General Walthall to fight back the enemy with his pickets and reserve as long as possible, and finally to take position with his left against the cliff and his right at or in direction of the Cravens house, and to direct General Moore to advance and form on the right of General Walthall and prolong the line in the earth-works below the Cravens house. Major Ingram reported to me that he rode rapidly forward to a point some two hundred yards

from the Cravens house, passing General Moore's brigade moving up to their position and to support General Walthall's brigade which was being rapidly driven back by overwhelming numbers. The substance of my order was delivered by Major Ingram to Generals Moore and Walthall. The latter stated that, although the order did not reach him in time, he had carried it out in his efforts to defend the position. General Moore expressing a desire to have a full supply of ammunition, was informed by Major Ingram that Captain Clark division ordinance officer, had been ordered to furnish him from the division train. Within a few minutes after Major Ingram left as bearer of the above order to Generals Moore and Walthall, I proceeded in person, accompanied by Major Vaulx of the division staff, to superintend the execution.

Passing a great many stragglers (officers and men) along the road, I was met at some short distance from the Cravens house by an officer from General Walthall, who brought the information that his brigade had been driven back in considerable confusion, and that the Cravens house was in possession of the enemy. I immediately dispatched a staff officer to speed the re-enforcement and endeavored to rally the men who were coming to the rear in large numbers, and to form a line where I was, selecting what I considered the most favorable position for a line among rocks, where no regular line was practicable and where the battle could be but a general skirmish. Failing in this I rode back to the junction of the roads and there met Brigadier-General Pettus with three regiments of his brigade. He informed me that he had been ordered by General Stevenson to report to me. I directed him to proceed on the road and form line to re-enforce Generals Moore and Walthall. I at the same time sent for a piece of artillery from the battalion of the division and upon its arrival, directed the officer in command to select the most favorable position on the Cravens house road and check the enemy. He soon after reported that he could find no position in which he could use his guns to advantage, and for not more than one or two shots at all.

I remained generally at the junction of the two roads, because I considered it most accessible from all points. General Stevenson was communicating with me by the road down the mountains, General Moore by the same road up the mountain, and Generals Pettus and Walthall by the cross-road. General Pettus informed me by an officer of the disposition made of the troops, and asked for orders. Having placed his regiments on the left of the cross-road with their left against the cliff, and with extended intervals, so as to connect with General Moore on the right of the road, I had no orders to give him except to hold that position against the enemy. His dispositions were satisfactory and I did not wish to change them. I subsequently received a message from him that the enemy was pressing his left and asking for re-enforcements. About the same time I was informed by one of the division staff that General Walthall had sent the fragment of two regiments to that point and that there was no danger

to be apprehended there. I replied to General Pettus that I had no re-enforcements to send him; that no more could be obtained from General Stevenson, and that he must hold his position.

The enemy being held in check, matters so continued not materially changed until quite late in the afternoon when I received a report by an officer of General Moore's brigade that unless he was re-enforced his right would be turned. Receiving intelligence also from officers of pickets who had escaped that way that the Kelley's ferry road was entirely open, I knew that the enemy had only to press forward on it to obtain control of our road from the mountain, and expecting that they certainly would do so, I rode to the top of the mountain to confer with General Stevenson, my immediate superior upon the subject. We agreed that if the enemy did get possession of the road at or near the base of the mountain, I should withdraw the troops of my command at dark and join him on the top of the mountain, and he so directed. Availing myself of General Stevenson's writing material, I addressed written orders to the division quartermaster, commissary of subsistence, ordnance officer, and chief of artillery who were in the plain below, to retire beyond Chattanooga creek and then look for orders from corps headquarters as I expected to be cut off from them.

After this short absence I returned to my position on the mountain side and there remained until near dark, having sent orders to the brigade commanders that if we were cut off or overpowered we would retire by the top of the mountain, but to hold their positions if possible until dark, and to await further orders. When it was near dark and when the firing had become rather desultory, I again went to General Stevenson's headquarters for final orders as to withdrawing the troops. I was there informed that General Bragg ordered us to retire down the mountain, the road being still open, and that we must assemble at the Gillespie house to make final arrangements. A guard having been detailed from my command for some subsistence stores on the top of the mountain, I went to relieve them, but found that it had already been done. Proceeding to the Gillespie house, at the base of the mountain, I received orders from General Bragg, through General Cheatham, as to the time and mode of withdrawing the troops, and immediately dispatched them to the brigade commanders by the assistant and adjutant-general and the acting inspector-general of the division. In conformity with these orders, the troops retired south of Chattanooga creek, and the bridge was destroyed.

On November 20th, the date of the report nearest to the day of the battle, Moore's brigade had a total effective of 1,205, and Wal-thall's brigade a total effective of 1,489 men. The casualties in the first were four killed, forty-eight wounded, and 199 missing. In the second the casualties were eight killed, ninety-one wounded, and 845 captured. In Pettus' brigade there were nine killed, thirty-eight wounded, and nine missing.

General Moore ventures the opinion that if I had given proper orders a different result would have been accomplished. I beg leave to differ. The whole effective force at my command at the beginning was 2,694 men. Of these 1,044 had been captured, some had been wounded and a few killed. The enemy's force was (as reported) a division and two brigades. They were in possession of the high grounds around the Cravens house, from which, by General Moore's own statement, his left was completely enfiladed. Under these circumstances I was unwilling to hazard an advance movement with my shattered command, even aided by the three regiments under General Pettus, who was himself pressed by the enemy.

General Moore adds a report of the battle the next day on Missionary Ridge, when he was not under my command, and goes out of his way to say that he did not see me during the engagement. I did not think it necessary for me to show myself to him. If he had desired to see me he could have found me at all times during the engagement near the right of my line, which was on the top of the ridge, while the left was down the hill. If General Moore means to reflect upon the conduct of my brigade, I am glad to say that there are other witnesses who bear different testimony.

General Walthall must have misapprehended the remark made to him as I descended the mountain. I expected to receive orders from General Bragg, but not to see him in person. These orders were to come through General Cheatham.

It may be remarked that there were two 6-pounder guns at the Cravens house under the command of Lieutenant Gibson, but they were without horses and could not be moved. In their position they could not be fired without endangering the troops of General Walthall. Lieutenant Gibson's report accompanies this. He never reported to me, although subject to my orders, and his two guns were all the artillery that I could command for purposes of defense, although I took the responsibility of ordering up a piece from the battalion of Cheatham's division. General Walthall's communication in relation to a piece of artillery to be placed in position was sent by me immediately on its receipt to General Stevenson. Captain Henry of the division staff, was the bearer of it.

The movements of the enemy were very rapid. An impenetrable fog hung around the mountain all day.

I am, major, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

JOHN K. JACKSON,
Brigadier-General.

BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE, NOVEMBER 24-25, 1863.

REPORT OF MAJOR-GENERAL PATRICK R. CLEBURNE, C. S. ARMY, COMMANDING DIVISION, ETC., WITH THANKS TO THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

Headquarters Cleburne's Division.

Colonel:—On the morning of the 23rd of November, 1863, I was with my division at Chickamauga Station on the Western & Atlantic railroad, attending to the transportation of Buckner's and my own division by rail to Loudon, East Tennessee, where with both divisions, I was ordered to report to Lieutenant-General Longstreet, then besieging Knoxville.

I had sent off all of Buckner's division except Reynolds' brigade when I received the following order from my headquarters, viz.:

The general commanding desires that you will halt such portions of your command as have not yet left Chickamauga; such as may have left, halt at Charleston. Do not, however, separate brigades; if parts of brigades have gone, let the remaining portion of brigade go, but halt at Charleston.

In compliance with the above, I sent forward the remainder of Johnson's brigade but took a portion of Reynolds' brigade off the cars as it was about to start. I also telegraphed to Brigadier-General Bushrod Johnson, commanding Buckner's division, directing him to halt the division at Charleston.

I immediately after received the following dispatch from army headquarters, viz.:

Order Johnson's troops at Charleston back here. Move up rapidly with your whole force.

I dispatched General Johnson accordingly.

In a few minutes after I received the following, viz.:

"We are heavily engaged. Move up rapidly to these headquarters.

BRAXTON BRAGG."

Instructing Brigadier-General Polk to bring up the division, I galloped forward to headquarters for further instructions. I was ordered to rest for the night immediately behind Missionary Ridge and placed my division accordingly. Returning to General Bragg's headquarters, he informed me that my division would act as a reserve for the army and would report directly to him. I ordered Reynolds' brigade, which I brought back with me from Chickamauga,

to be reported directly to General Bragg, and had no further control of it.

During the night our line along the western front of Missionary Ridge was abandoned, and at early dawn I commenced to construct a new line of defense along the top of the ridge from the Shallow Ford road to General Bragg's headquarters. Before this was completed General Bragg informed me that the enemy had crossed the Tennessee river, both above and below the mouth of the Chickamauga, and directed me to send a brigade and battery to the East Tennessee & Georgia railroad bridge over the Chickamauga to guard that point. I sent Brigadier-General Polk's command and Semple's battery.

About 2 p. m. on the 24th of November, I received orders to proceed with the remaining three brigades and the batteries of my division to the right of Missionary Ridge, near the point where the tunnel of the East Tennessee & Georgia railroad passes through Missionary Ridge, where I would find an officer of General Hardee's staff who would show me my position. At the same time General Bragg informed me that the enemy had already a division in line opposite the position I was intended to occupy; that he was rapidly crossing another and had nearly completed a pontoon bridge over the Tennessee opposite my position. He also told me I must preserve the railroad bridge in my rear, where Brigadier-General Polk was stationed, at all hazards. Galloping forward ahead of my command, I found Major Poole of General Hardee's staff, at the tunnel, who informed me that he had been left by General Hardee to show me my position.

I will attempt here a description of the ground. The right of Missionary Ridge, to which I was ordered, runs nearly north and south and parallel to the Tennessee river that is about one and one-half miles west of it. From the tunnel north along the ridge it is about a mile to the Chickamauga river which bounds the ridge on the north, flowing thence westwardly into the Tennessee river. To simplify the description, the two rivers and the ridge may be said to form three sides to a square. The Tennessee valley, between the rivers and the ridge is mostly level with a continuation of cleared fields bordering the ridge, but immediately in front of the center of my position, about 1,200 yards north and 600 yards west of the railroad tunnel, was a high detached ridge which in a military point of view dominated over every point within cannon range.

After passing through the tunnel the railroad runs in a northeasterly direction to the Chickamauga, which it crossed on the bridge Brigadier-General Polk was guarding. From the east side of the main ridge there projected two spurs, one on the north boundary with its precipitous north side washed by the Chickamauga; the other jutting out just north of the tunnel, did not run directly back, but northeasterly for 1,000 yards, forming an acute angle with the parent ridge. Opposite the right of this spur the main ridge was intersected

by a little valley through which came a road from the Tennessee valley where the enemy now was. The highest point on my line and the point of chief interest in the battle on the right and which I shall designate in the report as Tunnel Hill, was situated on the main ridge 250 yards north of the tunnel. The position pointed out for my command of Major Poole, was to occupy with one brigade, the detached ridge in the Tennessee valley and with the remainder of my command to stretch from the top of Tunnel Hill to the right of Walker's division, three-quarters of a mile south of the tunnel.

I sent Major Poole to inform General Hardee that I had but three brigades and could not cover so long a line. The head of my division (Smith's Texas) brigade, was now at hand, and at the same moment reported to me from the detached ridge. Private Henry Smith of the signal corps of my division informed me he was just from that point; that the enemy was advancing on it in line of battle. I ordered Smith to move his brigade rapidly and try to get possession of it before the enemy had gained a foothold but if he found the enemy in possession to fall back on the main ridge. General Smith moved into the valley but was fired on from the top of the detached ridge as he approached its foot. Smith was too late. The enemy had crowned the ridge. He therefore marched by his right flank on to the main of Missionary Ridge and formed on its top—his two left regiments facing the detached ridge, and his right regiment thrown back in an easterly direction to protect his flanks. Smith had scarcely thrown out skirmishers before he was briskly attacked by the skirmishers of the enemy.

In the meantime I had placed Lowry's brigade in position south of the tunnel and was about placing Govan's brigade on his left so as to complete my connection with Walker's division when my attention was attracted to the fighting on my right. It was evident the enemy was endeavoring to turn my right flank and get possession of the main ridge between my right and the Chickamauga. If he succeeded, my connection with Brigadier-General Polk and my line of retreat by the bridge he was guarding was cut and the safety of the whole army was endangered. Instead of placing Govan's brigade on the main ridge, I placed him on the spur in rear of it, which jutted out just north of the tunnel and covered the valley and road before described, that led over the main ridge from the direction of the enemy. Govan rapidly threw skirmishers across this road and between it and the Chickamauga.

Lieutenant-General Hardee was soon on the ground in person. He approved my dispositions, directed the destruction of a bridge which crossed the Chickamauga close in rear of my right flank and ordered two regiments of Lowry's brigade and some artillery into position in rear of my right flank. Between the left of Smith's brigade and Walker's division, a distance of near a mile, there was now but two regiments of Lowry's brigade and it so remained all night and until 7 a. m. next day.



N. C. EST. L.

CLEBURNE'S REPULSE OF SHERMAN AT MISSIONARY RIDGE.

It was now dark; the fighting had ceased in front of Smith; he had maintained his position. Hearing of the disaster at Lookout, I supposed our army would fall back beyond the Chickamauga and accordingly had sent my ordinance and artillery across that river, with the exception of two pieces of cannon planted beyond my right flank. I sent Captain Buck, my assistant adjutant-general, to headquarters of the army so as to receive any orders that might be given as quickly as possible. About midnight he returned with the information that it was determined to await the enemy's attack on Missionary Ridge. I now ordered my artillery and ordnance to join me at daylight, sent to my train for the axes belonging to the division in order to throw up some defenses and rode out myself to make a moonlight survey of the ground and line of retreat. I found a hill on the north bank of the Chickamauga between my right and the railroad bridge, guarded by General Polk, which completely commanded my line of retreat.

I ordered Brigadier-General Polk to occupy this hill at once with two regiments of infantry and a section of artillery. Discovering the facility which it afforded for turning me on the extreme right, I determined to immediately throw a line across the other east spur of Missionary Ridge which jutted out from the north point of the ridge, and was washed by the Chickamauga. I placed the two regiments of Lowry's brigade left near the tunnel on this line. In the meantime Smith had thrown up some defenses in his front but at my suggestion he now abandoned them and took up position as follows: his left resting on the crest of the main ridge about 150 yards north of the main tunnel and running north along the crest for the length of one regiment, the Sixth, Tenth and Fifteenth Texas (consolidated), Colonel R. Q. Mills commanding. The right of this regiment rested close under the crest of Tunnel Hill. On the top of Tunnel Hill a space was left clear of infantry, and Swett's battery of four Napoleon guns commanded by Lieutenant H. Shannon, was placed on it so as to sweep north in the direction of Shannon's old position. Northwest of the detached ridge or west into the Tennessee valley as occasion might require, at a point about sixty yards northeast of the right of Mills' regiment, Smith's line recommenced but instead of continuing north it now ran but slightly north of east down the side of the hill for the length of two regiments, the Seventh Texas, Colonel H. B. Cranberry commanding, and the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Dismounted cavalry (consolidated), Major W. A. Taylor commanding. This formation made the angle on the apex of Tunnel Hill where Swett's battery was planted, the weak point in Smith's line but it secured Smith's flank by throwing his extreme right back within 200 yards of Govan's left, bringing the latter officer's line nearly at right angles to his north front, thus enabling each line to assist the other if attacked. At a favorable point on Govan's line, selected by General Hardee, I placed Douglas' battery commanded by Lieutenant John H. Bingham, so as to enfilade any line

attempting to charge Smith's north front. Lowry's position across the spur before mentioned, was en echelon about 200 paces in front of Govan. I ordered the whole of the brigade to occupy this position and completed my line from Tunnel Hill to Chickamauga. Lowry had no artillery, the spur being too steep to admit of its being brought up. Calvert's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Thomas J. Key, I placed directly over the tunnel, and between the tunnel and left of Smith's brigade were placed three regiments of Brown's brigade of Stevenson's division. I was determined to construct a slight work in front of my line but I was prevented for some time by an eclipse of the moon which rendered the morning very dark. At length, distributing our few axes we went to work.

The day broke hazy, so that it was some time before the enemy could discover our operations. As soon as he did, he commenced a heavy fire on General Smith's working party and prevented us from erecting any work whatever in front of the battery on the top of Tunnel Hill. Up to 10:30 a. m. the enemy contented himself with severe skirmishing and a heavy artillery fire from batteries erected by him during the night on the detached hill. About this hour he drove in Smith's skirmishers and possessed himself of the breastworks which Smith had abandoned that morning. A heavy attack on the tunnel and on Smith's line was now imminent. General Hardee sent me directions to take my position at the tunnel and to take charge of everything in that quarter and to the right of it. The enemy was now in sight, advancing in two long lines of battle, the right stretching far beyond my left, the left stretching beyond Smith's right where farther view of it was prevented by the woods that covered and bordered the detached hill. For the full understanding of the fierce conflict that followed, it would be proper for me in this place to give a statement of the force of the enemy opposite my position as ascertained at a later hour from prisoners and other sources. It consisted of the divisions of Major-General Jeff. C. Davis, three divisions of the army brought by Sherman from Vicksburg, and Howard's (Eleventh) corps, of the Army of the Potomac, all under the command of Major-General Sherman.

At 11 a. m. the first serious fight of the day commenced. It was heavy along Smith's whole line and extended some distance south of the tunnel. The right of the enemy's line, exposed to the fire of several pieces of artillery planted over the tunnel, and met by a brigade sent by General Hardee to the foot of the ridge, swayed backward and forward for some time, but did not dare to advance further than 400 yards, and finally lay down, contenting itself with sending forward a large body of skirmishers and sending to the rear a much larger number of stragglers. The enemy's left however, under shelter of Smith's abandoned work of the night before and protected by the woods on that flank and by the precipitous, heavily wooded sides of Tunnel Hill, advanced rapidly on Smith's line and finally made a heavy charge on Swett's battery on the apex of the hill. The artillerymen

stood bravely to their guns under a terrible cross-fire and replied with canister at short range but still the enemy advanced. When he had reached within fifty steps of the battery, Brigadier-General Smith charged him with the right of Mills' regiment and the left of the Seventh Texas, Smith's north front pouring into him from the breast-works a close volley at the same time. The enemy was routed and driven back to his cover behind the hillside and abandoned work.

In this charge Brigadier-General Smith and Colonel Mills were both severely wounded at the head of their men. Colonel H. B. Granbury, Seventh Texas, now assumed command of Smith's brigade. In less than half an hour the enemy made another desperate charge. He was met by the Texas men and artillery in front. Douglas' battery enfiladed him from Govan's hill, and Lowry's extreme left regiment got a long range volley on his flank. He was driven back in confusion as before.

In these attacks Lieutenant H. Shannon commanding Swett's battery, was wounded. The command devolved upon Lieutenant Joseph Ashton; in a few minutes he was mortally wounded. The command then fell on Corporal F. M. Williams. So many non-commissioned officers and men had been killed and disabled in the battery, Colonel Granbury was forced to make a detail from the infantry to work the guns. There was now a short lull in the battle during which, at the request of Colonel Granbury, I detailed the Second, Fifteenth, and Twenty-fourth Arkansas (consolidated) under Lieutenant-Colonel Warfield, from Govan's left, and posted them immediately in rear of the battery on top of the Tunnel Hill. I sent two of Swett's 12-pounders to report to Colonel Govan as Douglas' guns were too light to be effective in their present position. I ordered Key's battery of four light field pieces to move up and replace the guns sent off and put Lieutenant Key in command of all the artillery on Tunnel Hill.

About 1 p. m. it was evident that another grand attack was soon to be made on my division. In a few minutes after it commenced. The enemy again lined Smith's abandoned works and from them kept up a close incessant fire on Smith's north front and particularly on the artillery on top of the hill. Simultaneously a charge was made on the west face of Tunnel Hill. Warfield's regiment was thrown forward outside of the work to the crest of the hill looking into the Tennessee valley to meet this charge. Key fired rapidly into the charging line as it crossed the open ground at the west foot of the ridge but it was soon under shelter. At the steep of the hill the enemy's line now seemed to form into a heavy column on the march and rush up the hill in the direction of the batteries. Warfield's fire stopped the head of the charging column just under the crest. Here the enemy lay down behind trees, logs and projecting rocks, their first line not twenty-five yards from the guns and opened fire. Tier after tier of the enemy, to the foot of the hill and in the valley beyond, supplied this fire and concentrated the whole on a space not more than forty

yards until it seemed like one continued sheet of hissing, flying lead. This terrific fire prevented Warfield's men from moving sufficiently forward to fire with effect down the hill, but otherwise it only swept over our heads. The cross-fire from Smith's abandoned works was however, more fatal. It took Warfield in flank and was constantly disabling men near the top of the hill.

This desperate attack had now lasted more than half an hour. Key was depressing his gnus to the utmost and firing shell and canister down the hill in the face of the enemy's fire. Discovering the impossibility of reaching the enemy by a direct fire, the officers of Warfield's regiment were pitching down heavy stones, apparently with effect.

General Hardee, from a hill south of the tunnel, seeing the stubbornness of the fight, had placed some pieces of artillery in position and was endeavoring to dislodge the enemy with a flank fire, but his right flank was protected by an intervening projection of the hill he was on, and his fire was not effective. General Hardee also sent a brigade to move north along the west face of the ridge to strike the enemy in flank but this brigade returned without accomplishing anything. At this point of the fight Colonel McConnell, commanding a Georgia regiment of Cumming's brigade, came up to the threatened point and moved his regiment forward to where Warfield's men were fighting. McConnell was shot through the head, and his regiment fell back and was withdrawn. Brigadier-General Cumming of Stevenson's division, now reported to me with his brigade and was placed in rear of the threatened post. Brigadier-General Maney of Walker's division also reported to me with his brigade and was posted in rear of Smith's line and parallel to it, with instructions to support the Texas brigade behind the works and the artillery at the angle.

The fight had lasted unceasingly for an hour and a half and the enemy seemed to be constantly re-enforcing. The First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee, of Maney's brigade, Colonel Field commanding, was moved in front of the work and placed on Warfield's right, the latter officer and his gallant regiment, still nobly holding their exposed position, although the regiment was diminished in numbers and almost out of ammunition. It was at this critical period of the day that Lieutenant-Colonel Warfield suggested to me that our men were wasting ammunition and were becoming disheartened at the persistency of the enemy, and proposed a charge down upon them with the bayonet. Brigadier-General Cumming gallantly proposed to lead the charge with two of his regiments. I immediately consented and directed General Cumming to prepare for the charge and went to the left to see that a simultaneous charge was made on the enemy's right flank. I now ordered the left of Mills (Texas) regiment, being the extreme left of my division, to make the charge on the enemy's flank the moment that Cumming charged them in front and I remained at the breastwork myself to see the execution of the order.

In the meantime, General Cumming having placed the Fifty-sixth Georgia in line for the charge and supported it by placing the

Thirty-sixth Georgia ten paces in rear, moved forward to the charge; twice he was checked and had to reform. Warfield's (Arkansas) regiment with empty guns, and the gallant First and Twenty-seventh Tennessee prepared to share his next effort. At the command the whole rushed forward with a cheer. Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders simultaneously leading the left of Mills' (Texas) regiment on the enemy's flank. The enemy completely surprised, fled down the foot of the hill, the Texas troops on the left pursuing him beyond the foot of the hill and nearly across the open ground in front. Our charging column returned with many prisoners and stands of colors; a fresh force of the enemy attempted to follow as we returned from this charge but was quickly met and routed by the Fiftieth Tennessee and with troops of my division. Immediately on his last repulse the enemy opened a rapid and revengeful artillery fire on Tunnel Hill from his batteries on the detached hill and under cover of this fire he went to work felling trees and fortifying his position.

It is but just for me to state that the brunt of this long day's fight was borne by Smith's (Texas) brigade and the Second, Fifteenth and Twenty-fourth Arkansas (consolidated) of Govan's brigade, together with Swett's and Key's batteries. The remainder of my division was only engaged in heavy skirmishing. The final charge was participated in and successful through the timely appearance and gallant assistance of the regiments of Cumming's and Maney's brigades before mentioned.

Out of the eight stand of colors shown by me to have been captured, four were presented to me by Mills' (Texas) regiment, two were presented by the Fifty-sixth and Thirty-sixth Georgia regiments of Cumming's brigade; one flag was presented by the First Tennessee of Maney's brigade, and one by the Second, Fifteenth, and Twenty-fourth Arkansas (consolidated) of Govan's brigade; in all eight colors, six of which I herewith transmit. Among them are the flags of the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania and Ninety-third Illinois. About 500 prisoners were captured. At a critical moment of the battle I lost two of the bravest officers of my division—Brigadier-General J. A. Smith, commanding the Texas brigade, and Colonel R. Q. Mills, the same officer who commanded it in the battle of Chickamauga after General Deshler fell. Besides these gallant officers were other noble officers and men, some of whose names are handed down to history in the reports of brigade and regimental commanders.

I suffered the following losses in the three brigades of my division engaged, viz: forty-two killed, 178 wounded and two missing.

Colonel Sugg of the Fiftieth Tennessee regiment, Maney's brigade, was dangerously wounded in the last charge. Colonel McConnell of Cumming's brigade, and other gallant soldiers who fell in front of my works, I can but lament. I did not personally know them but I saw and can bear witness to their gallant bearing and noble deaths.

The enemy must have suffered severely, for the hill-side and the valley were thickly strewn with the dead. I we may credit his published reports of casualties in this fight, he lost one major-general, John E. Smith, wounded; three brigadier-generals, Corse, Matthies, and Giles Smith, the latter mortally, and one colonel commanding brigade, Colonel Raum, mortally wounded.

Soon after the final defeat of the enemy in front of Smith's position, I received a dispatch from General Hardee to send to the center all the troops I could spare as the enemy were pressing us in that quarter. I immediately ordered Generals Cumming and Maney with their respective brigades, to report accordingly, and went myself to push them forward. Before I had gone far a dispatch from General Hardee reached me with the appalling news that the enemy had pierced our center and were on Missionary Ridge and directing me to take command of my own, Walker's and Stevenson's divisions and form a line across the ridge so as to meet an attack upon my flank, and take all other necessary measures for the safety of the right wing. I ordered Brigadier-General Gist commanding Walker's division, to form it across the ridge; ordered all vehicles which could be spared, to cross the Chickamauga. Sent Brigadier-General Polk orders to dispatch a force to the Shallow Ford bridge and hold it at all hazards and sent Govan's brigade to dispute the enemy's advance on the Shallow Ford road.

Soon after, night was upon us and General Hardee ordered an immediate retreat across the Chickamauga and that Smith's (Texas) brigade should remain in position and bring up the rear. General Lowry attacked and drove back the enemy's skirmishers in his front and then retreated. By 9 p. m. everything was across except the dead and a few stragglers lingering here and there under the shadow of the trees for the purpose of being captured: faint-hearted patriots succumbing to the hardships of the war and the imagined hopelessness of the hour. I now ordered Smith's brigade to move in retreat. Sadly, but not fearfully this band of heroes left the hill they had held so well and followed the army across the Chickamauga.

To Brigadier-Generals Smith, Cumming and Maney, and to Colonel Granbury, I return my thanks for the able manner in which they managed their commands. My thanks are also due to Brigadier-Generals Polk and Lowry, and to Colonel Govan, commanding brigade; although not actively engaged, they were rendering good service in holding important positions.

Swett's battery under command of Lieutenant H. Shannon, and Calvert's battery commanded by Lieutenant Thomas J. Key, were bravely fought and did great execution. Swett's battery under command of Lieutenant Isaiah Lightner, in position where the road crosses the hill, did much toward driving back the right of the enemy's line in its attempted advance across the open fields.

Brigadier-General John C. Brown's brigade on my left flank, was engaged in heavy skirmishing most of the day.

The following officers of my staff—Major Calhoun Benham, assistant adjutant-general; Major J. K. Dixon, assistant inspector-general; Captain Irving A. Buck, assistant adjutant-general; Captain Charles S. Hill, ordnance officer (whose horse was shot under him); Surgeon D. A. Linthicum, Lieutenants L. H. Mangum, and S. P. Hanley, aides-de-camp, and Captain C. H. Byrne, volunteer aide-de-camp (whose horse was shot under him), acted with their usual gallantry and discharged their duties with zeal and intelligence. Messrs. Henry Smith and William Rucker of the signal corps, volunteered on my staff for the battle and were very efficient.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. R. CLEBURNE,

Brigadier-General, Provisional Army, C. S.

COLONEL KINLOCH FALCONER,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

ON RETREAT FROM MISSIONARY RIDGE—BATTLE OF
RINGGOLD, NOVEMBER 26, 1863.

Headquarters Cleburne's Division,
Tunnel Hill, Ga., December 9, 1863.

Colonel:—On the retreat of the Army of Tennessee from Missionary Ridge, Tennessee, to Ringgold, Georgia, my division covered the retreat of Hardee's corps, arriving safely on the west bank of the East Chickamauga river at 10 p. m. on November 26th. At this point the river had to be forded. It was nearly waist deep and the night was freezing cold. I therefore determined to postpone crossing until the morning and bivouacked on the hills near by.

At 3 a. m. on the 12th I received the following order, viz:

"General:—The General desires that you will take strong position in the gorge of the mountain and attempt to check pursuit of the enemy. He must be punished until the trains and the rear of our troops get well advanced. The reports from the rear are meagre and the General is not thoroughly advised of the state of things there. Will you be good enough to report fully?"

Respectfully,

GEORGE M. BRENT,
Assistant Adjutant-General."

Leaving staff officer to conduct the troops across the river to the position designated, I went forward myself to examine the ground and form a plan for its defense.

The town of Ringgold, a place of 2,000 or 3,000 inhabitants, stands on a plain between the East Chickamauga and the range of hills known as Taylor's Ridge. It is on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, about twenty miles southeast of Chattanooga. Taylor's Ridge which rises up immediately back of the town runs in a northerly and southerly direction. Opposite the town the ridge is intersected by a narrow gap which admits the railroad, a wagon road and a good sized creek, a tributary of the Chickamauga. The creek hugs the southernmost or left-hand hill as you face Ringgold. The wagon and railroad run close to the creek. At its western mouth next to Ringgold, the gap widens out to a breadth of over 100 yards, leaving room for a patch of level wooded land on each side of the roads. The gap is about half a mile through but the plain immediately in front of its east, or rear mouth is so cut up by the windings of the creek that three bridges or three fords have to be crossed in the first half mile of road, leading from the gap to Dalton. It will be perceived

at once that this was a most dangerous position to be caught in if the enemy should succeed in turning either flank.

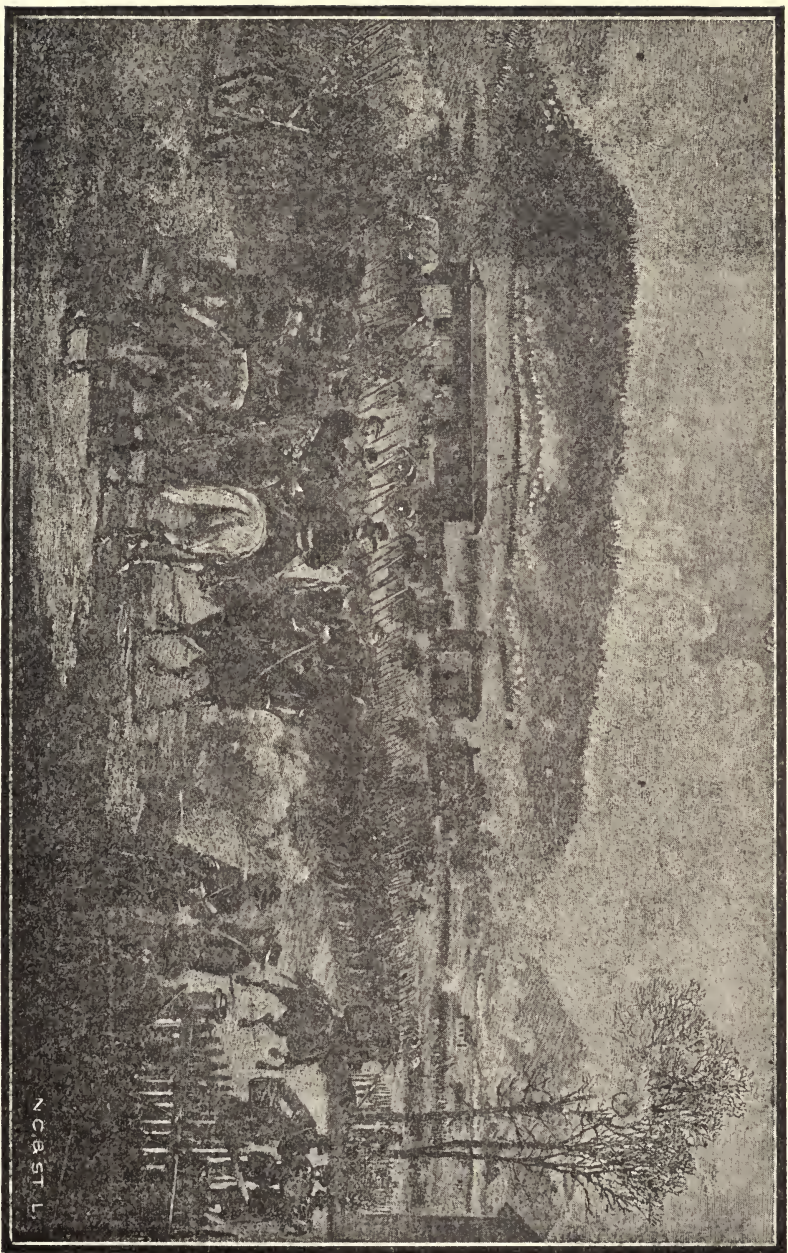
The gap and hills on either side are thinly wooded, except the base of the right hand hill, along which, next to the town, a heavy fringe of young timber extends from the gap northward for 300 or 400 yards. Behind this fringe of trees I placed two regiments of Smith's (Texas) brigade, Colonel H. B. Granbury Seventh Texas, commanding; the Sixth, Tenth, and Fifteenth Texas (consolidated), Captain John R. Kennard commanding, on the left; the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-fourth, and Twenty-fifth Texas dismounted cavalry (consolidated), Major W. A. Taylor commanding, on the right; the remaining regiment of the brigade, the Seventh Texas, Captain C. E. Talley commanding, I sent to the top of the right hand hill, with instructions to keep out of view, but watch well the right flank of its brigade at the foot. On the precipitous hill to the left of the gap and creek I placed the Sixteenth Alabama, Major F. A. Ashford commanding, of Lowery's (Alabama and Mississippi) brigade, with instructions to conceal itself and guard well the left flank. I also sent on the face of this hill fronting Ringgold three companies of the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas (consolidated) of Liddell's (Arkansas) brigade, under charge of Lieutenant Dulin, of General Liddell's staff. For the defenses of the gap itself, I disposed the rest of the Arkansas brigade under command of Colonel D. C. Govan. The Fifth and Thirteenth Arkansas (consolidated), Colonel John E. Murray commanding, I placed in a small ravine running across the mouth of the gap from the right hand hill to the railroad embankment; the Eighth and Nineteenth Arkansas (consolidated), under command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Hutchison, fifty paces in rear and parallel to the former regiment; the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas (consolidated), under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Snyder, and the Second, Fifteenth and Twenty-fourth Arkansas regiments (consolidated), under Lieutenant-Colonel E. Warfield, at suitable distances in rear and covered as well as the nature of the ground would permit, thus giving me four short lines across the gap. From these regiments I had sent a body of skirmishers to occupy the patch of woods at the mouth of the gap and left of the railroad and that portion of the bank of the creek close to the mouth of the gap. In front of the mouth of the gap, supported by Govan's foremost regiment in the ravine, I placed a section of Semple's battery, two Napoleon guns, commanded by Lieutenant Goldthwaite. I had screens of withered branches built up in front of these, so as to effectually conceal them from view, and made the artillerymen shelter themselves in the ravine close by. The remaining three regiments of Lowery's brigade—consisting of the Thirty-second and Forty-fifth Mississippi regiments (consolidated), under command of Colonel A. B. Hardcastle; the Thirty-third Alabama, under command of Colonel Samuel Adams, and the Forty-fifth Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Lampley commanding, I placed in reserve in

the center of the gap. The portion of Polk's (Tennessee and Arkansas) brigade with me—consisting of the First Arkansas, Colonel J. W. Colquitt commanding; the Second Tennessee, Colonel W. D. Robinson commanding, and the Third and Fifth Confederate regiments (consolidated), under Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Cole, I ordered to take position temporarily near the mouth of the gap with directions to observe my right flank and prevent the enemy from turning me in that quarter.

I had scarcely half an hour to make these dispositions when I was informed that the enemy's skirmishers were crossing the Chickamauga and driving our cavalry before them. Immediately after the cavalry retreated through the gap at a trot and the valley in front was clear of our troops, but close in rear of the ridge our immense train was still in full view, struggling through the fords of the creek and the deeply cut up roads leading to Dalton, and my division silent but cool and ready was the only barrier between it and the flushed and eager advance of the pursuing Federal army.

Shortly after 8 a. m. the enemy's skirmishers were in view, advancing. He opened fire and, under cover, his lines of battle were placed and moved with the utmost decision and celerity against the ridge on the right of the gap. So quick and confident was this attack, the enemy must have been acting on a concerted plan, and must have had guides who knew well the nature of the country. As the first line moved toward the ridge its right flank became exposed at canister range to my artillery in the mouth of the gap. Five or six rapid discharges broke the right of the line to pieces, and caused them to run for shelter under the railroad embankment. Farther to his left however he continued to advance and made a heavy attack on the right hand ridge. He continued to advance in the face of a deadly fire from Major Taylor's regiment, with the determination to turn the right flank of the Texas brigade. Major Taylor deployed skirmishers up the hill at right angles to his line of battle and held him in check while he informed Colonel Granbury of the state of affairs. Colonel Granbury sent two companies of his left regiment to re-enforce his right. With three companies of his own regiment Major Taylor charged down the hill upon the force attempting to turn him and routed it, capturing between sixty and 100 prisoners and the colors of the Twenty-ninth Missouri regiment.

In the meantime I had ascertained that the enemy was moving another line of battle some distance beyond my present right with the view of ascending the ridge in that quarter. I instantly notified Brigadier-General Polk, stationed in the rear of the gap, to ascend the ridge and meet this attempt of the enemy. Luckily General Polk had already heard of this movement from a breathless straggler of our army who was fleeing before the enemy, and anticipating my order, sent the First Arkansas up the hill and met the enemy's skirmishers within a few yards of the top. With the assistance of the Seventh Texas, after an obstinate fight, the enemy was driven down



BATTLE OF RINGGOLD, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 27, 1863.

the hill. By this time large bodies of the enemy had crossed the Chickamauga and it was evident that the main attack was about to be made on the right. I ordered General Lowery to move his command up the hill and assist General Polk in defending that position. Moving rapidly ahead of his command, General Lowery found the First Arkansas again heavily engaged but heroically holding its ground against great odds. Assuring the regiment that support was at hand he brought up the Thirty-second and Forty-fifth Mississippi in double time and threw them into the fight at the critical moment. The enemy gave way and went down the ridge in great confusion. Lowrey now brought up the two remaining regiments of his brigade, and Polk, and the other two regiments of his command. The enemy constantly re-enforcing, made another powerful effort to crown the ridge still farther to the right.

A peculiarity of Taylor's Ridge is the wavy conformation of its north side. The enemy moving up in a long line of battle, suddenly concentrated opposite one of the depressions in the wavy surface and rushed up in a heavy column. General Polk with the assistance of General Lowrey, as quickly concentrated a double line opposite this point, at the same time placing the Second Tennessee in such a position as to command the flank of any force emerging from it. The attack was again defeated and the enemy hurled down the hill with the loss of many killed on the spot, several prisoners and the colors of the Seventy-sixth Ohio regiment. The colors and most of the prisoners were captured by the First Arkansas.

In a fight where all fought nobly I feel it my duty to particularly compliment this regiment for its courage and constancy. In the battle the officers fought with pistols and with rocks, and so close was the fight that some of the enemy were knocked down with the latter missiles and captured. Apprehending another attack, General Polk rapidly threw up some slight defenses in his front.

But I must now return to the extreme left, which the enemy attempted to turn. He sent what appeared to be a brigade of three regiments to the creek upon my left and crossed over some companies of skirmishers. These were promptly met and stopped by a detachment from the Sixteenth Alabama posted on the left hand hill, and the main body was for some time held in check by Dulin's skirmishers, on the face of the left hand hill, and the other skirmisher's of Govan's brigade, on the creek bank and in the patch of woods to the left of the railroad. He got possession, however, of some houses and barns opposite this point from which he annoyed me with a constant and well-directed fire of sharpshooters. At length collecting in large numbers behind these houses, he made a charge on Govan's skirmishers on the left of the railroad. Lieutenant Goldthwaite quickly trained round his guns and swept them at quarter range with a load of canister and a solid shot. They ran back leaving several dead and a stand of colors on the ground. Lieutenant Goldthwaite then shelled the houses, and greatly relieved us from the firing from

that quarter. The stand of colors lay temptingly within sixty yards of my line and some the officers wanted to charge and get it but as it promised no solid advantage to compensate for the loss of brave soldiers, I would not permit it.

About 12 m. I received a dispatch from Lieutenant-General Hardee to the effect that the train was now well advanced and I might safely withdraw. On consultation with Generals Breckinridge and Wheeler, both of whom were present lending me their personal assistance, I determined to withdraw from Taylor's Ridge and take up a new position on some wooded hills one mile in rear.

About 1 p. m. I rebuilt the screen in front of the artillery which had been partially blown away, and then withdrew both pieces by hand without loss. By this time the enemy had concentrated a large portion of his army at Ringgold and was doubtless preparing to throw an overwhelming force on my flanks. He opened a rapid artillery fire down the gap and on the crest of the ridge but showed no disposition to advance in front. I now simultaneously withdrew the brigades leaving a few skirmishers to hold the front, which they did without difficulty.

Soon after 2 p. m. I withdrew my skirmishers, fired the bridges in my rear and proceeded to form line of battle in my new position. The enemy was visible on the ridge in about half an hour after I had withdrawn my skirmishers. He saw my new dispositions for defense, but showed no further inclination to attack and ceased from all farther pursuit of our army.

I took into the fight: in Polk's brigade, 545; Lowery's brigade, 1,330; Smith's (Texas) brigade, 1,266; Liddell's brigade, 1,016 effective men, making a total of 4,157 bayonets.

My loss was twenty killed, 190 wounded, and eleven missing. I am confident the enemy's loss was out of all proportion greater than mine.

The conduct of officers and men in this fight needs no comment; every man, as far as I know, did his whole duty.

To Brigadier-Generals Polk and Lowery and to Colonels Govan and Granbury, I must return my thanks. Four better officers are not in the service of the Confederacy.

Lieutenant Goldthwaite of the artillery, proved himself a brave and skillful officer.

The following officers of my staff have my thanks for the efficient manner in which they discharged their responsible and dangerous duties; Major Calhoun Benham, assistant adjutant-general; Major J. K. Dixon, assistant inspector-general; Captain Irving A. Buck, assistant adjutant-general; Captain C. S. Hill, ordnance officer; Surgeon D. A. Linthicum; Lieutenants L. H. Mangum and S. P. Hanly, aides-de-camp; Captain C. H. Byrne, volunteer aide-de-camp; also Messrs. Henry Smith and William Rucker of the signal corps, who volunteered their services and whom I found very efficient and useful.

I forward herewith the reports of the brigade, regimental and battery commanders. General Liddell was absent on leave but hearing of the fight returned and rendered me all the assistance in his power. He selected and reformed the new line after we withdrew from our first position.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. R. CLEBURNE,

Major-General.

COLONEL GEORGE WILLIAM BRENT,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Army of Tennessee.

Joint resolution of thanks to Major-General Patrick R. Cleburne and the officers and men under his command, for distinguished services at Ringgold Gap, in the State of Georgia, November 27, 1863:

RESOLVED, That the thanks of Congress are due and are hereby tendered to Major-General Patrick R. Cleburne and to the officers and men under his command, for the victory obtained by them over superior forces of the enemy at Ringgold Gap, in the State of Georgia, on the 27th day of November, 1863, by which the advance of the enemy was impeded, our wagon train and most of our artillery saved, and a large number of the enemy killed and wounded.

RESOLVED, That the President be requested to communicate the foregoing resolution to Major-General Cleburne and his command.

Approved February 9th, 1864.

Some of the camp fire incidents touching Ringgold battle went the rounds of the army. General Lucius Polk's brigade was attracted in the fight by the movement of a large Newfoundland dog in the fore front, with his master. He moved forward with the Federal line and then went back as they were repulsed. The dog seemed as active in the fight as the line he followed. He at last in another forward movement, furiously pushed ahead apparently bent on our line. Some one hallooed, "Shoot the dog." Only a moment and he was a victim to "Confederate Springfields."

Another scene, so says Colonel Hale: The Second Tennessee regiment was ordered to burn the bridge after the retiring division was over Chickamauga creek, to impede pursuit until our fleeing wagon train could get away. A fine looking officer crossed the bridge, dressed in Confederate uniform. Nothing was thought of this until after awhile when about seventy-five wagons were turning back. This officer, evidently a spy, had caused these wagons to turn back in the direction of the gap, hoping that the pursuing Federal army would effect their capture.

The spy disappeared as mysteriously as he maneuvered. A check of further pursuit was all that saved them.

DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE MISSIONARY RIDGE CAMPAIGN.

Report of General Braxton Bragg, C. S. Army, Commanding Army of Tennessee, With Field Dispatches, Etc.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee,

Dalton, Ga., November 30, 1863.

Sir:—On Monday, the 23rd, the enemy advanced in heavy force and drove in our picket line in front of Missionary Ridge but made no further effort.

On Tuesday morning early they threw over the river a heavy force opposite the north end of the ridge and just below the mouth of the Chickamauga, at the same time displaying a heavy force in our immediate front. After visiting the right and making dispositions there for the new development in that direction, I returned toward the left to find a heavy cannonading going on from the enemy's batteries on our force occupying the slope of Lookout Mountain between the crest and the river. A very heavy force soon advanced to the assault and was met by one brigade only (Walthall's) which made a desperate resistance but was finally compelled to yield ground. Why this command was not sustained is yet unexplained. The commander on that part of the field (Major-General Stevenson) had six brigades at his disposal. Upon his urgent appeal another brigade was dispatched in the afternoon to his support, though it appeared that his own forces had not been brought into action. I proceeded to the scene. Arriving just before sunset I found we had lost all advantage of the position. Orders were immediately given for the ground to be disputed until we could withdraw our forces across Chattanooga creek, and the movement was commenced. This having been successfully accomplished, our whole forces were concentrated on the ridge and extended to the right to meet the movement in that direction.

On Wednesday the 25th I again visited the extreme right now under Lieutenant-General Hardee, and threatened by a heavy force, while strong columns could be seen marching in that direction. A very heavy force in line of battle confronted our left and center.

On my return to this point about 11 a. m. the enemy's forces were being moved in heavy masses, from Lookout and beyond, to our front, while those in front extended to our right. They formed their lines with great deliberation just beyond the range of our guns and in plain view of our position. Though greatly outnumbered,

such was the strength of our position that no doubt was entertained of our ability to hold it and every disposition was made for that purpose. During this time they had made several attempts on our extreme right, and had been handsomely repulsed with very heavy loss by Major-General Cleburne's command, under the immediate direction of Lieutenant-General Hardee. By the road across the ridge at Rossville, far to our left, a route was open to our rear. Major-General Breckinridge commanding on the left, had occupied this with two regiments and a battery. It being reported to me that a force of the enemy had moved in that direction, the general was ordered to have it reconnoitered and to make every disposition necessary to secure his flank, which he proceeded to do.

About 3:30 p. m. the immense force in the front of our left and center advanced in three lines preceded by heavy skirmishers. Our batteries opened with fine effect and much confusion was produced before they reached musket range.

In a short time the roar of musketry became very heavy and it was soon apparent that the enemy had been repulsed in my immediate front. While riding along the crest congratulating the troops, intelligence reached me that our line was broken on my right and the enemy had crossed the bridge. Assistance was promptly dispatched to that point under Brigadier-General Bate who had so successfully maintained the ground in my front, while I proceeded to the rear of our broken line to rally our retiring troops and return them to the crest to drive the enemy back. General Bate found the disaster so great that his small force could not repair it.

About this time I learned that our extreme left had also given way, and that my position was almost surrounded. Bate was immediately directed to form a second line in the rear, where, by the efforts of my staff, a nucleus of stragglers had been formed upon which to rally. Lieutenant-General Hardee leaving Major-General Cleburne in command on the extreme right, moved toward the left when he heard the heavy firing in that direction. He reached the right of Anderson's division just in time to find it had nearly all fallen back, commencing on its left where the enemy had first crowned the ridge. By prompt and judicious movement he threw a portion of Cheatham's division directly across the ridge facing the enemy who was now moving a strong force immediately on his left flank. By a decided stand here, the enemy was entirely checked and that portion of our force to the right remained intact.

All to the left however except a portion of Bate's division, was entirely routed and in rapid flight, nearly all the artillery having been shamefully abandoned by its infantry support. Every effort which could be made by myself and staff and by many other mounted officers availed but little. A panic which I had never before witnessed seemed to have seized upon officers and men, and each appeared to be struggling for his personal safety regardless of his duty or his character. In this distressing and alarming state of affairs, General

Bate was ordered to hold his position covering the road for the retreat of Breckinridge's command and orders were immediately sent to Generals Hardee and Breckinridge to retire their forces upon the depot at Chickamauga.

Fortunately it was now near nightfall and the country and roads in our rear were fully known to us but equally unknown to the enemy. The routed left made its way back in great disorder, effectually covered however by Bate's small command which had a sharp conflict with the enemy's advance and drove it back. After night all being quiet. Bate retired in good order, the enemy attempting no pursuit.

Lieutenant-General Hardee's command, under his judicious management, retired in good order and unmolested.

As soon as all troops had crossed, the bridges over the Chickamauga were destroyed to impede the enemy, though the stream was fordable at several places.

No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of the troops on the left in allowing their line to be penetrated. The position was one which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column, and wherever resistance was made the enemy fled in disorder after suffering heavy loss. Those who reached the ridge did so in a condition of exhaustion from the great physical exertion in climbing, which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them. Having secured much of our artillery, they soon availed themselves of our panic, and, turning our guns upon us, enfiladed the lines, both right and left, rendering them entirely untenable.

Had all parts of the line been maintained with equal gallantry and persistence, no enemy could, ever have dislodged us, and but one possible reason presents itself to my mind in explanation of this bad conduct in veteran troops who had never before failed in any duty assigned them, however difficult and hazardous. They had for two days confronted the enemy, marshalling his immense forces in plain view, and exhibiting to their sight such a superiority of numbers as may have intimidated weak-minded and untried soldiers; but our veterans had so often encountered similar hosts when the strength of position was against us, and with perfect success, that not a doubt crossed my mind. As yet I am not fully informed as to the commands which first fled and brought this great disaster and disgrace upon our arms. Investigation will bring out the truth, however, and full justice shall be done to the good and the bad.

After arriving at Chickamauga and informing myself of the full condition of affairs, it was decided to put the army in motion for a point farther removed from a powerful and victorious army, that we might have some little time to replenish and recuperate for another struggle. The enemy made pursuit as far as Ringgold but was so handsomely checked by Major-General Cleburne and Brigadier-General Gist in command of their respective divisions, that he gave us but little annoyance.

Lieutenant-General Hardee as usual, is entitled to my warmest thanks and highest commendation for his gallant and judicious conduct during the whole of the trying scenes through which we passed.

Major-General Cleburne, whose command defeated the enemy in every assault on the 25th and who eventually charged and routed him on that day, capturing several stand of colors and several hundred prisoners and who afterwards brought up our rear with great success, again charging and routing the pursuing column at Ringgold on the 27th, is commended to the special notice of the Government.

Brigadier-Generals Gist and Bate, commanding divisions; Cumming, Walthall, and Polk, commanding brigades, were distinguished for coolness, gallantry and successful conduct throughout the engagements and in the rear guard on the retreat.

To my staff, personal and general, my thanks are especially due for their gallant and zealous efforts under fire to rally the broken troops and restore order and for their laborious services in conducting successfully the many and arduous duties of the retreat.

Our losses are not yet ascertained, but in killed and wounded it is known to have been very small. In prisoners and stragglers I fear it is much larger. The chief of artillery reports the loss of forty pieces.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

BRAXTON BRAGG,

General Commanding.

GENERAL S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector-General, C. S. Army, Richmond.

Dalton, December 3, 1863.

(Received at Meridian, 3rd.)

General Joseph E. Johnston:—The enemy pursued us to Ringgold where we punished him very severely. He then retreated, destroying all behind him, and will not press us again immediately. We are in good condition, with plenty of artillery. I am superseded in command at my own request by Hardee. The future is pregnant with great events but I believe our destiny is safe with prompt and united action.

BRAXTON BRAGG.

HEROIC DEATH OF SAMUEL DAVIS.

Joshua Brown, now of New York City, who belonged to the Second Kentucky cavalry of the Confederate Army, and was a fellow scout with Samuel Davis, tells the thrilling and awful story of his fate:

As you have requested it, I will give you my personal recollections of the capture, imprisonment and execution of Samuel Davis, one of the greatest and noblest patriots who ever died for his country. Other patriots have died---Nathan Hale of the Revolution, and Captain W. Orton Williams and Lieutenant Peters who were hanged at Franklin by the Federals. They knew that death was inevitable and died like brave soldiers. But Davis had continuance of life and liberty offered him, a full pardon and a pass through the lines if he would only reveal where he got the information and the papers that were found upon his person and in his saddle seat, but he knew that the man who gave them to him was at that moment in jail with him. That man was Colonel Shaw, chief of General Bragg's scouts, who had charge of the secret service of the Army of Tennessee.

General Bragg had sent us a few men who knew the country, into Middle Tennessee to get all the information possible concerning the movements of the Federal army; to find out if it was moving from Nashville and Corinth to re-enforce Chattanooga. We were to report to Colonel Shaw or Captain Coleman, who commanded Coleman's scouts. We were to go south to Decatur and send our reports by a courier line to General Bragg at Missionary Ridge. When we received our orders we were told that the duty was very dangerous and that they did not expect but few of us to return; that we would probably be captured or killed and we were cautioned against exposing ourselves unnecessarily.

After we had been in Tennessee about ten days we watched the Sixteenth Army Corps commanded by General Dodge, move up from Corinth to Pulaski. We agreed that we would leave for the South on Friday, the 19th of November, 1863. A number had been captured and several killed. We were to start that night each man for himself; each of us had his own information but I did not write it down or make any memorandum of it for fear of being captured. I had counted almost every regiment and all the artillery in the Sixteenth corps and had found out that they were moving on Chattanooga. Late in the afternoon we started out and ran into the Seventh Kansas cavalry, known as the "Kansas Jay Hawkers," and when

we were told what regiment had captured us, we thought our time had come. We were taken to Pulaski about fifteen miles away, and put into jail where several other prisoners had been sent, among whom was Sam Davis. I talked with him over our prospects of imprisonment and escape which were very gloomy. Davis said they had searched him that day and found some papers upon him and that



SAMUEL DAVIS.

he had been taken to General Dodge's headquarters. They had also found in his saddle seat maps and descriptions of the fortifications at Nashville and other points and an exact report of the Federal army in Tennessee. They found in his boot this letter with other papers, which were intended for General Bragg:

"Giles County, Tenn., Thursday Morning, Nov. 18, 1863.

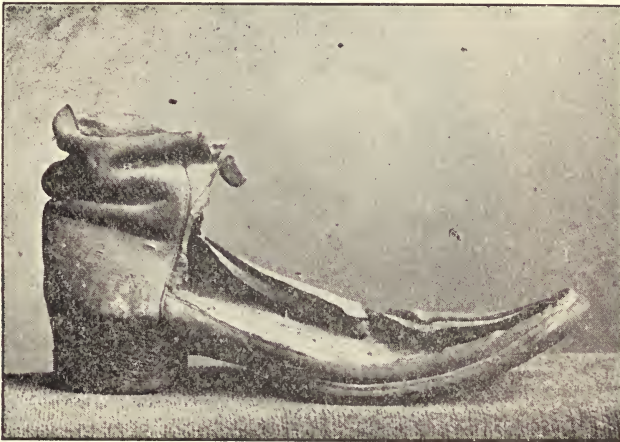
Colonel A. McKinstry, Provost Marshal-General, the Army of Tennessee, Chattanooga.

Dear Sir:—I send you seven Nashville and three Louisville papers and one Cincinnati, with dates to the 17th—in all eleven. I also send for General Bragg, three wash-balls of soap, three tooth brushes and two blank books. I could not get a larger size diary for him. I will send a pair of shoes and slippers, some more soap, gloves and socks soon.

"The Yankees are still camped on the line of the Tennessee & Alabama Railroad. (He evidently meant Nashville & Decatur) General Dodge's headquarters are at Pulaski; his main force is camped from that place to Lynnville; some at Elk river, and two regiments at Athens. General Dodge has issued an order to the people in those countries on the road to report all stock, grain and forage to him and he says he will pay or give vouchers for it. Upon refusal to report he will take it without pay. They are now taking all they can find. Dodge says he knows the people are all Southern and does not ask them to swear to a lie. All the spare forces around Nashville and vicinity are being sent to McMinnville. Six batteries and twelve parrott guns were sent forward on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. It is understood that there is hot work in front somewhere. Telegrams suppressed.

"Davis has returned; Gregg has gone below. Everything is beginning to work better. I send Roberts with things for you and

General Bragg with dispatches. I do not think the Federals mean to stay; they are not repairing the main points on the road. I understand part of Sherman's forces have reached Shelbyville. I think a part of some other than Dodge's division came to Lynnville from the direction of Fayetteville. I hope to be able to post you soon. I sent Billy Moore over in that country and am sorry to say he was



THE SHOE SAM DAVIS WORE WHEN HE WAS
ARRAIGNED AS A SPY.

captured. One of my men has just returned from there. The general impression of the citizens is that they will move forward some way. Their wagon trains have returned from Nashville. Davis tells me that the line is in order to Summerville. I send this by one of my men to that place. The dispatches sent you on the 9th with papers of the 7th, reached Decatur on the 10th at 9 p. m. Citizens were reading the papers the next morning after breakfast. I do not think the Mayor will do to forward them with reports. I am with high regard,

E. COLEMAN,
Captain Commanding Scouts."

Here is his pass:

"Headquarters General Bragg's Scouts, Middle Tennessee, Sept. 25th, 1863. Samuel Davis has permission to pass on scouting duty anywhere in Middle Tennessee or south of the Tennessee river as he may think proper. By order of General Bragg; E. Coleman, Captain Commanding Company of Scouts."

The next morning Davis was again taken to General Dodge's headquarters, and this is what took place between them which General Dodge told me recently.

"I took him into my private office," said General Dodge, "and I told him that it was a very serious charge brought against him; that he was a spy and from what I found upon his person he had accurate

information in regard to my army and I must know where he obtained it. I told him that he was a young man and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. Up to that time he had said nothing but then he replied in the most respectful and dignified manner:

“General Dodge, I know the danger of my situation, and I am willing to take the consequences.’



MRS. LEWIS DAVIS, THE MOTHER
OF SAM DAVIS.

“I asked him then to give me the name of the person from whom he got the information; that I knew it must be some one near headquarters or who had the confidence of the officers of my staff, and I repeated that I must know the source from which it came. I insisted that he should tell me but he firmly declined to do so. I told him that I would have to call a court-martial and have him tried for his life and from the proofs we had they would be compelled to condemn him; that there was no chance for him unless he gave the source of his information. He replied:

“I know that I will have to die but I will not tell where I got the information and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier and I am doing mine. If I have to die I will do so feeling that I am doing my duty to God and my country.’

“I plead with and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow with the highest character and strictest integrity. He then said: ‘It is useless to talk to me. I do not intend to do it. You can court-martial me or do anything else you like but I will not betray the trust imposed in me.’

“He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court-martial to try him.’

The following is the action of the commission, which has been furnished me by General Dodge:

Proceedings of a Military Commission which convened at Pulaski, Tennessee, by virtue of the following general order:

Headquarters Left Wing 16th A. C., Pulaski, Tennessee, November 20, 1863. General Orders No. 72.—A Military Commission is hereby appointed to meet at Pulaski, Tennessee, on the 23rd inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable for the trial of Samuel Davis and



LEWIS DAVIS, FATHER OF SAM DAVIS.

such other persons as may be brought before it.

Details for the Commission: 1, Colonel Madison Miller, Eighteenth Missouri infantry volunteers; 2, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas W. Gains, Fiftieth Missouri infantry volunteers; 3, Major Lathrop, Thirty-ninth Iowa infantry volunteers, judge advocate. The commission will sit without regard to hours. By order of Brigadier-General G. M. Dodge; J. W. Barnes, Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant-General.

Report of Commission.

"The Commission do therefore sentence him, the said Samuel Davis of Coleman's scouts in the service of the so-called Confederate States, to be hanged by the neck until dead at such time and place as the commanding general shall direct, two-thirds of the Commission concurring in the sentence.

"Finding the sentence of the Commission approved. The sentence will be carried into effect on Friday, November 27th, 1863, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

"Brigadier-General T. W. Sweeney commanding the Second division, will cause the necessary arrangements to be made to carry out this order in the proper manner."

Captain Armstrong the Provost Marshall, informed Davis of

the sentence of the court-martial. He was surprised at the severe punishment—expecting to be shot not thinking they would hang him—but he showed no fear and resigned himself to his fate as only brave men can. That night he wrote the following letter to his mother:

“Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1863.

“Dear Mother:—Oh, how painful it is to write to you! I have got to die tomorrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you goodbye forevermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

Your son,

SAMUEL DAVIS.

“Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more but I never will any more.

“Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things too, with the hotel-keeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles county, Tenn., south of Columbia. S. D.”

After his sentence he was put into a cell in the jail and we did not see anything of him until on Thursday morning, the day before the execution. We were ordered to get ready, as we were going to be removed to the court house in the public square, about one hundred feet from the jail. Davis was handcuffed and was brought in just as we were eating breakfast. I gave him a piece of meat that

had been cooking and he, being handcuffed, was compelled to eat it with both hands. He thanked me and we all bade him goodbye and were sent to the court house and the guard was doubled around the jail.

The next morning, Friday, November 27th, at 10 o'clock, we heard the drums and a regiment of infantry marching down to the jail. A wagon with a coffin in it was driven up, and the Provost Marshal went into the jail and brought Davis out. He got into the wagon and stood up and looked around at the court house and seeing us at the windows, bowed to us his last farewell. He was dressed in a dark brown overcoat with a cape to it which had been a blue Federal coat, such as many of us had captured and then dyed brown. I note this, because it has been stated that he was dressed in citizens' clothes. I do not remember exactly but I think he had on a gray jacket underneath. He then sat down upon his coffin and the regiment moved off to the suburbs of the town where the gallows was built.

Upon reaching the gallows, he got out of the wagon and took his seat on a bench under a tree. He asked Captain Armstrong how long he had to live. He replied, “Fifteen minutes.” He then asked Captain Armstrong the news. He told him of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and that our army had been defeated. He expressed much regret, and said:

"The boys will have to fight the battles without me." Armstrong said: "I regret very much having to do this; I feel that I would almost rather die myself than to do what I have to do." Davis replied:

"I do not think hard of you; you are doing your duty." General Dodge still had hopes that Davis would recant when he saw that death was staring him in the face and that he would reveal the name



JOSH BROWN.

of the traitor in his camp. He sent Captain Chickasaw of his staff to Davis. He rapidly approached the scaffold, jumped from his horse and went directly to Davis and asked if it would not be better for him to speak the name of the one from whom he received the contents of the document found upon him, adding: "It is not too late yet." And then in his last extremity, Davis turned upon him and said:

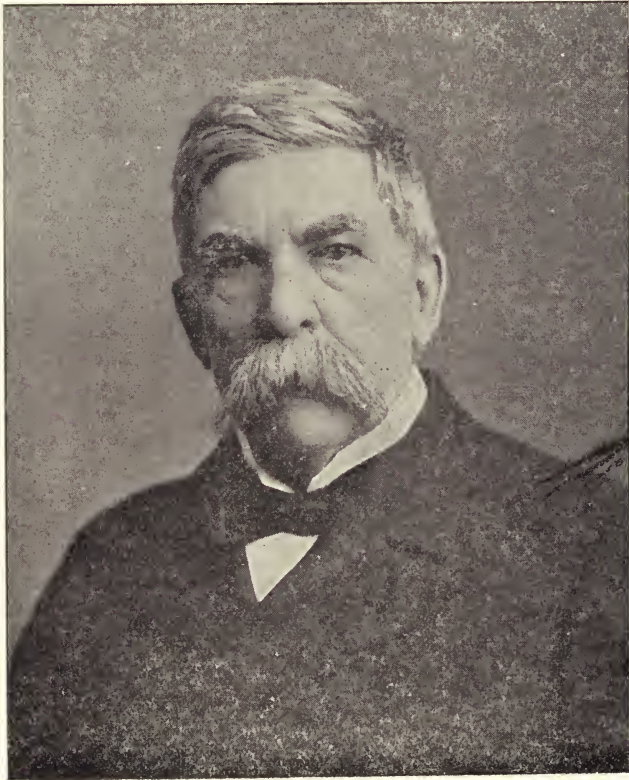
"If I had a thousand lives I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

He then requested him to thank General Dodge for his efforts to save him but to repeat that he could not accept the terms. Turning to the chaplain, he gave him a few keep-sakes to send to his mother.

He then said to the Provost Marshal, "I am ready," ascended the scaffold and stepped upon the trap.

Thus passed away one of the sublimest and noblest characters known in history, and in future ages will be pointed to as an act worthy of emulation.

In a private letter with the sketch, Comrade Brown writes: I



GENERAL DODGE, WHO EXECUTED SAM DAVIS.

wish to say further that General Dodge has been very kind and given me every assistance in getting the reports from the War Department and he hopes they will build a monument to him and place it in the Capitol Square at Nashville. I think it ought to be of bronze, representing Davis as a Confederate soldier.

The twenty large and six small buttons that he had cut from his coat for his mother have been preserved.

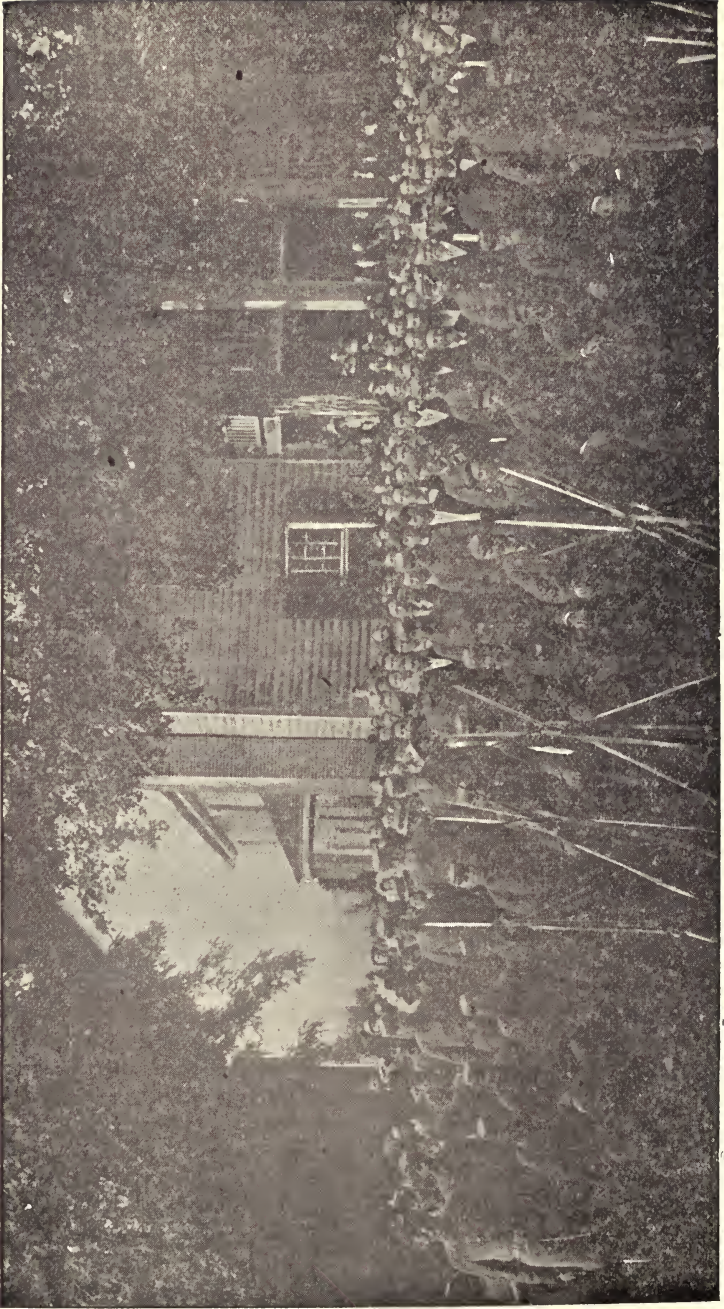
Mr. Brown, who formerly lived in Nashville, is widely known. Thousands will ever feel grateful to him for putting on record this vivid tribute to as noble a man as ever gave up his life for any cause.

AT SAM DAVIS' GRAVE.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., May 24th, 1896 (Special to the Nashville American by E. D. Hancock, Attorney-at-Law).

The patriotic outpouring this afternoon of Confederate veterans and their families to spread fragrant flowers over the grave of Samuel Davis was a touching tribute to one of the highest of human virtues and emphasized the fact that there lives an admiration in the Southern hearts for that exalted sentiment that "A man's word should be his bond." Long before the train from Nashville brought the members of Cheatham Bivouas to the beautiful old ante-bellum home where young Davis imbibed his high sense of honor, citizens from the neighborhood—many of whom knew the daring young scout when a strippling—and hundreds from Murfreesboro had gathered beneath the thick shade of the tall oaks that proudly stand sentinel over the boyhood playground of the hero, whose deed of bravery and fidelity finds few counterparts in the world's voluminous scroll of heroes. While awaiting for the arrival of the Nashville contingent, the American correspondent examined the spot where young Davis sleeps, and reflected upon the atmosphere in which he grew to young manhood, to discover if there were not forces at work upon his youthful mind to develop the character so vividly and with such melancholy heroism, exhibited to the world on that fateful day at Pulaski.

His paternal home is like many an old Southern house, a large two-storied frame building with broad verandas on the sides and a typical front porch with massive columns. To the west flows the blue waters of Stewart's creek, which a mile or so further down empties into Stone's river. The history of the village of old Jefferson is pregnant with events associated with the lives of men who afterwards attained national prominence in war and affairs of state. No doubt young Davis, when a boy, heard the deeds and actions of those recounted at the village stores and then determined that life to him should not move in the narrow circle of rural quietude and inaction. When a mere boy he was sent to Nashville to be educated, but before he had turned his nineteenth year, he enlisted in Captain Dock Ledbetter's company, First Tennessee regiment, and from that time to his cruel death his history is too well known to need repetition here. Davis was not an uninformed, careless country boy, he was a youth of ambition, intelligence, honor and unflinching integrity, kind and gentle as a woman, but brave as a lion when aroused. The formative period of his life, like that of the immortal bard who chased the nimble deer in the forbidden forest of Warwickshire was nitched in



AT SAM DAVIS' GRAVE.

a veritable wall of historical associations and was shaped and impressed by a long line of events closely connected with extraordinary personages. No wonder then, he faced death without a tremor, when his honor must be sacrificed to let the current of life flow on. The spot where he is buried is some fifty yards to the rear of the house and the grave is marked by a shaft of white marble about twelve feet high resting on a granite pedestal. It is inclosed with an iron fence, and a lovely plat of blue grass brings the bright gleam of the marble and brown tinge of the iron inclosure into bold relief. The shaft is plain and unostentatious in design and a casual observer in passing by would never dream that underneath its base was sleeping the immortal dust of the hero whose name future generations will use as a symbol for the grandest and noblest of human virtues.

A modest inscription briefly tells his name, age and reads as follows:

*In Memory of Samuel Davis,
A Member of the First Tennessee Regiment of Volunteers,
Born October 6th, 1842,
Died November 27th, 1863.
Age 21 Years 1 Month and 21 Days."*

"He laid down his life for his country. A truer soldier, a purer patriot, a braver man never lived, who suffered death on the gibbet rather than betray his friends and his country."

It seems a pretty place for his remains resting safe beyond the reach of Federal cruelty under the smile of a Southern sun, almost at the doorstep of his boyhood home, where friends after a lapse of over thirty years, with hundreds of comrades, seem to gather spontaneously today and make amends for their long neglect.

Soon after the train halted at Smyrna the crowd alighted and the members of the Cheatham Bivouac fell into line and to the rattling clatter of kettle drum marched to the Davis homestead.

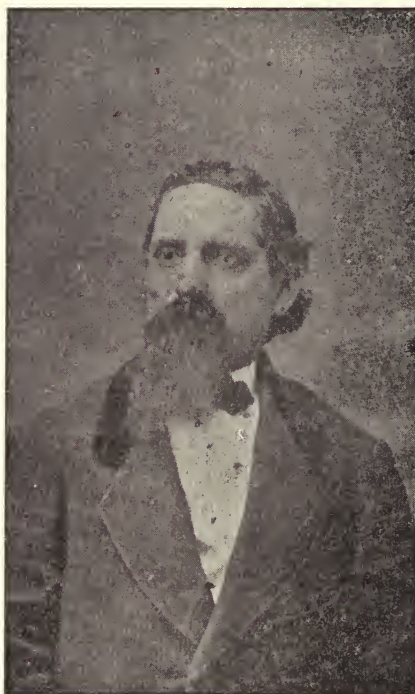
The ladies and citizens followed in carriages and as the soldiers leading the way with tremulous steps trudged up the blue grass hill—the lawn in front of the residence. The youths of today saw a remnant of the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war, and no doubt felt the peculiar tremor that rises with the "ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum." All assembled around the speaker's stand—chairs and benches having been plentifully supplied—but proving totally inadequate for the immense crowd that numbered at least a thousand and throbbled with Southern beauty and gallantry.

The exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. R. Lin Cave of Nashville. Miss Omaugh Armstrong sang a beautiful song with the tenderest pathos of her enviable voice, and Rev. Dr. Barbee was then introduced by Sumner A. Cunningham, who suggested that memorial service, and whose untiring and intelligent efforts through his excellent magazine, the Confederate Veteran, have done much to bring to Davis' deed its proper recognition.

Dr. Barbee spoke in glowing terms of the heroism of Sam

Davis. He was thoroughly imbued with his theme and held his listeners in rapt attention for nearly an hour.

Then followed the Rev. R. Lin Cave of Nashville, who said in part: Friends and Comrades:—It is not my purpose to speak at length, I come to show our high regard for our heroic brother and unite with you all in this generous and worthy memorial. If Sam



CAPTAIN LEDBETTER, WHO COMMANDED
COMPANY OF FIRST TENNESSEE IN
WHICH SAM DAVIS WAS A MEMBER.

Davis were my son I would indeed be proud of him and his record. I am glad to learn that he believed in the Christ and was sustained by noble principles. Flowers too rich and rare cannot be placed on his grave, and no monument can be erected to his memory with shaft too polished or lifting its apex too high towards yonder sun. His example will live and tell for good, not only in Tennessee and our entire country, but throughout the world wherever manly virtue is regarded. History furnishes us some fine examples of heroism, but none so striking as that of the hero whose deed we commemorate here today, and who stood alone, friendless and in the midst of enemies. His was indeed the highest type of virtuous action and moral courage. Let me read you his last words to his mother. He loved her

and longed to see her, and this desire may seem to some a strong temptation to recant, but it was a mother's training and love that made him brave to die.

"Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., Nov. 26th, 1863.

"Dear Mother:—Oh, how painful it is to write you! I've got to die tomorrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-bye forevermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

"Your son,

"SAMUEL DAVIS.

"Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more. Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me; it will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains, if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel-keeper for you. Pulaski is Giles county, Tenn., south of Columbia. S. D."

"I suspect when he wrote dear mother the tear drops soiled the paper, for he must have heard again a mother's prayer for her precious boy, and it may be ministering angels came that night, that last and trying night, and gave him strength. The fatal morning came and I see him with calm eye and open brow, lip firm and look steady, ready to be offered up. True virtue waits not for another's help; alone and single-handed, deserted and derided by the multitude, the virtuous man has an eye as clear, a brow just as calm, a look just as steady, and a step just as firm in the path of duty as when the way is trodden by thousands by his side.

"What others may say or think or do is nothing to him. Sustained by his own conscious worthiness and the clear conviction of what that demands, he disdains that another should lead or drive him without his own firm conviction of the righteousness of his course.

"General Dodge hoped to the last to get him to recant and reveal the name of his treacherous informant and so when about to ascend the scaffold he sent Captain Chickasaw of his staff to him. He came hurriedly and went directly to Davis and said: 'Not too late yet. Speak the name and go free.' It was then he said: 'If I had a thousand lives I would lose them all before I would betray my friend or the confidence of my informer.'

The following words are most fitting and with them I close, praying the blessings of God upon us all:

'The hills smiled back a farewell smile,
The breeze sobbed o'er his bier awhile,
The birds broke out in glad refrain,
The sunbeams kissed his cheeks again;
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

'O stars, that now his brothers are,
 O sun, his sire, in truth and light,
 Go tell the listening worlds afar
 Of him who died for truth and right;
 For martyrs of all martyrs he
 Who died to save an enemy.'

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE."

Captain B. L. Ridley of Murfreesboro followed in a feeling strain. He was a playmate of Davis, and a schoolmate also. He said: "We are with you, our friends of Nashville as neighbors and boyhood companions of Sam Davis, not to partake of a common grief, but to join you in showing reverence over his course and to point to him with pride as a Southern soldier who died the death of honor in the arms of glory. There may have been soldiers who would have done as he did, yet we know that under the most trying circumstances he sealed his faith with his blood and offered up his life on the altar of duty rather than betray his friends and country. The respect that we show his memory today is the outpouring of a sentiment that actuates every Southern heart. The coming ages will place his character forward as a typical Confederate soldier and as an American—it will enlist the admiration of the world. I knew him as a schoolmate, as a friend and neighbor, as a soldier, and as is written on his tombstone, I emphasize the epitaph in which I performed a humble part under the guidance of his father and brother, 'A truer soldier, a purer patriot, a braver man never lived. He suffered death on the gibbet rather than betray his friends and country.'

The Cheatham Bivouac of Nashville, through Mr. Cunningham, in inaugurating this step and in having the Palmer Bivouac of Murfreesboro and Captain Ledbetter's company of the First Tennessee (of which Davis was originally a member), and also in inviting the old neighborhood to join in with them, deserve the thanks of the South for this beautiful tribute to his memory. All of us in recollection of what he did, cover his grave with sweet flowers and cherish in our hearts his noble death. He is sleeping on the old homestead grounds with mother and father and relatives, near the lovely Stewart's creek waters, into which he often plunged, and on which, with his neighbors, he shot the wild duck and took from the waters trout and sun perch. Its rolling current seems to slowly murmur a lullaby over his grave and the ripples chime in with a chanting requiem over his blessed memory. The old woodlands, the scene of his happy hunting days, are near, and around us I see gray hairs on those who were his companions and friends.

"Our pride is dashed with sorrow over his tragic end, yet we lift our hats and sing our songs in praises to Heaven over the grandeur, the glory, the sublimity attending it. In this old neighborhood he was baptized in the spirit of patriotism which made him bare his breast and nerve his arm against the invaders of his home. When Old Jefferson was once the county site of Rutherford, this was the stamping

ground of Andrew Jackson, Thomas Benton, Felix Grundy, General Coffee and the Buchanans. The mother of the last-named moulded the bullets for the protection of the old fort. Their instillations descended from sire to son. In this day the country teachers, under whose tutorage he was brought up, proved the faith that was taught him. Captain Samuel Freeman, commanding a battery in Forrest's cavalry, killed in battle; Major Rufus McClain, a tried soldier, now a lawyer in Lebanon; Mr. George Bell, Mr. Alfred Sharpe, and Mr. John Lintner, who as a private soldier in the Twentieth Tennessee, and amongst us today, were as true to their colors as the needle to the pole—all in the struggle for which Sam Davis died. To add to his literary pursuit, he became a student of the University of Nashville, from which Generals E. Kirby Smith and Bushrod Johnson afterwards became famous.

"The incident touching Sam Davis' death is so thrilling, that while on a visit to St. Paul, Minn., last May, I told it to my poet friend, A. S. Morton, auditor of the Northern Pacific railroad. It affected him so that he gave me a poem touching it. It was published in the Veteran of last June and will tell of his martyrdom better than I

DAVIS WAS TOO BRAVE TO DIE.

"A fitful gleam of dying light,
The herald of a gloomy night
Illumed the thrilling scene—
A silent group of men-at-arms,
A guard inured to war's alarms,
A captive scout between.

"Your life I give," the leader said,
"For traitor's name, to honor dead,
Who gave you this design?"
A flush o'erspread the captive's cheek;
"My life is yours, your vengeance wreak,
But honor still is mine.

"A soldier I, this dress of gray
Proclaims the truth of that I say:
This life I hate to yield,
But you have asked too great a price;
Dishonor ne'er was the device
Emblazoned on my shield."

"He chooses death, your orders, men,"
The captor grimly said, and then
The fateful noose was brought.
"Again I offer, soldier, free,
Your life if but you name to me
The traitor you have bought."

“The loop of death was 'round his throat;
The captive smiled, nor seemed to note
The moments' fleeting speed.
“I scorn to buy the life you take
At price of faith,” 'twas thus he spake;
“It were a coward's deed.”

“With curling lips and flashing eye,
His knightly head uplifted high,
As tho' 'twould death defy,
He spoke the noblest words e'er penned—
“Before these lips betray a friend,
I tell you I will die.”

“From flashing eye the tears now start—
Those tears for mother's broken heart.
He tears his buttons loose:
“I pray you these my mother bear.”
A moment spared for silent prayer,
He dangles at the noose.

“That fatal noose is glorified,
For thro' its port the deified,
Heroic soul did fly.
His proudest epitaph, the vain
Remorse of him who judged the slain:
“Too brave, too brave to die.”

General George Maney was then called for and responded in an eloquent manner. Miss Omagh Armstrong then sang “In the Christian's Home in Glory” and “In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye.” Dr. Winchester of Nashville delivered the benediction and the crowd went to the grave, where great masses of flowers literally hid it from view. The floral designs were elaborate and beautiful and the reverent spreading of them over the sacred spot was a fitting climax to the day's event.

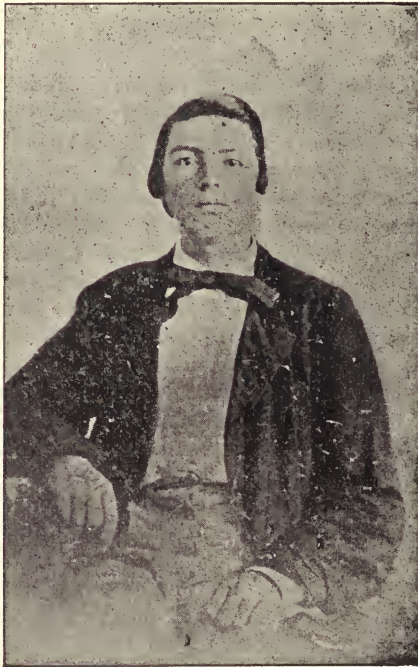
ANOTHER HERO WHOSE HONOR WAS WITHOUT PRICE.

Mrs. J. K. Brantly, formerly Miss Mary Swindle, of Little Rock, Ark., was intimately acquainted with the young hero martyr, David O. Dodd, and was escorted by him to an informal dancing party on the evening preceding his capture. She also saw him being carried to his execution, the cortege passing her father's house. At the request of Dr. S. S. Stewart, of Little Rock, she dictated the following sketch:

"David O. Dodd, son of Andrew and Lydia Owen Dodd, was born in Texas, but reared in Little Rock, Ark., and educated in St. John's Masonic College in Little Rock. At the time of his execution he was not yet eighteen years old and rather small for his age, but was an unusually handsome and manly, though extremely modest, little fellow. In September, 1863, the Federal troops, about thirty thousand strong, under General Steel, occupied Little Rock, all the male citizens capable of serving in the army withdrawing under General Fagan to the vicinity of Camden and leaving the city occupied only by the old men, women and children. Among the refugees were all the members of David O. Dodd's family, he and his father joining General Fagan, his mother and sisters going farther South. David was sent back into Little Rock on some private business for his family and with instructions to find out what he could about the Yankees, their location, etc., and remained here several weeks. Having possessed himself with information concerning the enemy's strength and movements, he started South again, and safely passed all the pickets, but was overtaken by a party of Federals, scouts perhaps, who searched him and found secreted on his person documents in telegraphic code, maps of the fortifications, etc. He was imprisoned but was offered his liberty if he would disclose the name of the parties from whom he had received his messages. This he steadfastly refused to do, declaring that he had assumed a man's duties and would abide the consequences. Every possible effort in his behalf was made by the citizens of Little Rock, but in vain, and on January 8, 1864, he was executed. He asked that he might be shot to death, but this request was refused, and he was hanged on one of the trees of the campus of St. John's College, where he had gone to school. The execution took place in the presence of a full regiment of Federal soldiers, one of whom fainted dead away at the sight, and another, in speaking of it afterwards to my father, wept and declared that he would have refused to be present had he known that a mere boy and not a man was to be hanged. The remains were taken with the rope still about his neck

to the residence of Mr. Barney Knighton and were interred in the presence of only the members of Blank's family (David Dodd's cousins) and of Rev. Colburn, the Methodist minister. No prayers or funeral services of any kind were permitted."

During the "Reconstruction Days" the people of Little Rock, impoverished as they were, erected in Mt. Holly cemetery a modest



DAVID O. DODD, SEVENTEEN YEAR
OLD BOY HUNG AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK.,
BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT CONFESS.

stone column that bears the following inscription:

*"Here Lie the Remains of
David O. Dodd,
Born in Lavaca County, Texas,
November 10, 1846,
Died January 8, 1864."*

A poem has been recently penned at the instance of the author, by Will T. Hale "one of Tennessee's poets," which reflects great credit upon the writer and beautifully portrays David O. Dodd's character. I commend it to the consideration of the reader.

DAVID O. DODD—MARTYR.

War rules declare that a man shall die
 An odious death if taken a spy;
 But when for duty and right he dies,
 He even the gallows glorifies.

I have in memory an humble lad,
 Buoyant with hope, in sweet dreams glad,
 Who heeded his country's call to dare,
 Defying the worst, awake and aware.

A few months passed, and he stood unswerved
 To forfeit his life for the cause he served:
 "Do thus," was offered, "and we will save;
 Refuse, and there is the noisome grave."

Christ knoweth the appeals to hopes and fears
 This choice must make to seventeen years:
 Yet no temptation before him thrust
 Could bring betrayal of any trust!

His life was short, but his fame is long,
 Worthy of story, inspiring of song:
 For when for duty and right one dies,
 He even the gallows glorifies.

Dr. S. Smith Stewart, after searching a good many hours among the old files of the Little Rock National Democrat, found the following article, written for said paper by V. C. Meador, editor, and published January 9, 1864, under the caption:

EXECUTION OF DAVID O. DODD, A REBEL SPY.

"In another column will be seen the findings of the military commission convened by special order for the trial of David O. Dodd, charged with being a Rebel spy. The sentence was executed yesterday at three and a half o'clock p. m. in front of St. John's College, in the presence of six thousand persons. We were there, not because it is pleasant to witness a scene so revolting to human nature, but to sketch the event and to get pencillings of the prospect presented. The painful though imperative duty was assigned to the Provost Marshal General, under whose personal directions the whole thing was conducted:

"The college building in the rear, covered with gazing spectators, and the surrounding yard trees into which men had climbed to look on, presented an imposing view from the front. The young man had received his education in those college walls and rambled with merry playmates in the grove. It seemed indeed a strange destiny that brought him there to expiate the highest crime known to military law.

Colonel Ritter's cavalry brigade, five lines deep, formed the front of the square, while infantry of the second and third division formed to the right and left and in the rear, while a vast throng of citizens and soldiers, not in arms, crowded the open space outside. The scaffold in the center of the square was under the supervision of Lieutenant Dekay, assistant provost marshal and chief of army police, who in discharge of a military duty happily combined a cool, determined purpose with charity and human kindness.

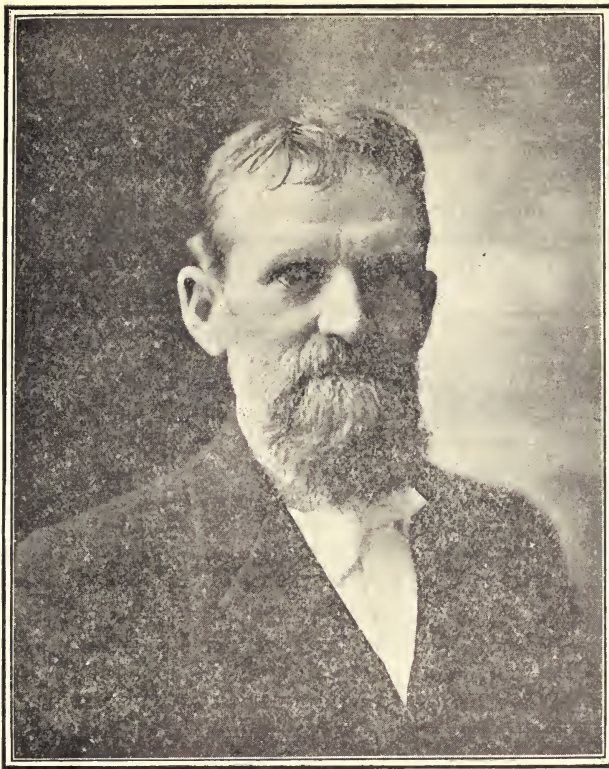
"The Rev. Dr. Colburn had been summoned by the young man to attend as a spiritual adviser, but (owing to ill health) had abandoned him a short time before the execution, without giving notice to the authorities. Hence the Rev. Dr. Peck was requested to attend with the promises and consolations of divine mercy, and the young man met his doom with seeming calmness and composure. The death struggle lasted but a few moments and all was over.

"David O. Dodd, according to a certificate of his father's found on his person, was in his eighteenth year, was born of the most respectable parentage and good family. Since the occupancy of Little Rock by the Union army, until within six weeks past, he had been clerking in a suttler's store on Markham street. His father, about that time having obtained permission from General Steel, went South with his family. Dodd returned the day before Christmas, pretendingly upon a business transaction.

"He obtained a pass from the Provost Marshal to go a few miles in the country two days before he left the city. Passed the inside chain guard on the Benton road on the 31st of December and was arrested by an officer of General Davidson's cavalry on a road leading to Hot Springs. On his person were found contraband letters and a blank book containing telegraphic characters, indicating in part the strength and position of the garrison of Little Rock. Also a pass from a Rebel officer to go in and out of their lines at pleasure. His trial before the commission, of which General Thayer was president, lasted four days and every opportunity was afforded to give him a chance to prove his innocence.

"Pending the trial and until sentence was passed he plead not guilty. But yesterday morning he confessed that he was sent by General Fagan to obtain information; that he desired to visit Little Rock and that Fagan would not allow him a pass except upon that condition. He was a promising young man, misguided and sacrificed to Southern devotion. It is a pity and should be a warning to others. The people of Arkansas must recognize the fact that there is a conquering army permanent amongst them, with a commander whose generous nature is only equaled by a firm adherence to military duty. Those who would trespass upon the kindness of such an officer the more deserve to suffer.

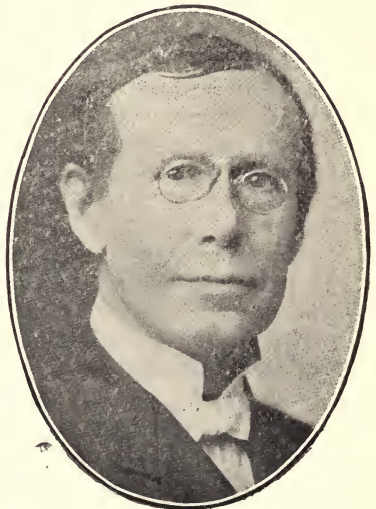
"There may be those who think Dodd's youth should have excused him. It is true that it makes it the more to be regretted, but the responsibility rests with those who engaged him for such service. The



MAJOR E. C. LEWIS, CHAIRMAN.



HON. JOHN. W. CHILDRESS.



HON. G. H. BASKETTE.

MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE UNDER RESOLUTION ON TENNESSEE
LEGISLATURE FOR LOCATING SAM DAVIS' MONUMENT.

executor of the law, as well as a vast circle of friends, have the warmest sympathy for the family who will learn his sad fate.

"The following letter was written by the young man to his parents. It shows the resignation with which he met his fate, and will be forwarded through the lines by the Provost Marshal General.

" 'Military Prison, Little Rock,

" 'January 8, 10 o'clock a. m., 1864.

" 'My Dear Parents and Sisters:—I was arrested as a spy and tried and was sentenced to be hung today at 3 o'clock. The time is fast approaching, but, thank God! I am prepared to die. I expect to meet you all in Heaven. Do not weep for me, for I will be better off in Heaven. I will soon be out of this world of sorrow and trouble. I would like to see you all before I die, but let God's will be done, not ours. I pray to God to give you strength to bear your troubles while in this world. I hope God will receive you in Heaven; there I will meet you.

" 'Mother, I know it will be hard for you to give up your only son, but you must remember it is God's will. Goodbye! God will give you strength to bear your troubles. I pray that we may meet in Heaven. Goodbye! God will bless you all.

" 'Your son and brother,

" 'DAVID O. DODD.' "

Tennessee proposes to honor her dead hero, as shown from the following joint resolution of the Fifty-first General Assembly:

WHEREAS, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the Confederate Veteran, undertook some time ago to perpetuate the memory of Sam Davis, the Confederate hero and scout, by opening a popular subscription through the columns of his magazine for a fund to erect a shaft or monument to stand as a continual example to future generation of the people's appreciation of self sacrifice and loyalty to country and duty. About \$2,100 has already been subscribed and now in his hands, and Mr. Cunningham is desirous that the fund be turned over to a committee appointed by the General Assembly, who shall be empowered to receive said sums and any other amount that may be hereafter contributed and proceed at their discretion to select a site on Capitol Hill and to erect such shaft or monument as contemplated by the contributors of this fund, and place thereon a suitable inscription commemorative of the valor and deeds of this Tennessean:

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED, That S. A. Cunningham, John M. Lea, Joseph W. Allen, John W. Thomas, R. H. Dudley, G. H. Baskette, John W. Childress, E. C. Lewis, and John C. Kennedy be, and they are, hereby authorized and empowered to receive such funds now on hand, or that may be hereafter contributed, and carry into effect, in such manner as their judgment may dictate, the object and purpose

of this resolution.

“Adopted April 22, 1899.

“SEID WADDELL,

“Speaker of the Senate.

“JOSEPH W. BYRNS,

“Speaker of the House of Representatives.

“Approved April 22, 1899.

BENTON McMILLAN, Governor.”

This committee met in the Veteran office in Nashville and organized by making E. C. Lewis chairman, and in a body selected a site on Capitol Hill on which to erect a handsome monument to the memory of Sam Davis, whenever \$5,000 was contributed.

Since David O. Dodd died in the same way, and for the same cause, will not the great State of Arkansas in a similar way commemorate his memory?

CAMP SCENES AROUND DALTON.

I verily believe that almost every soldier who followed our fortunes and misfortunes from 1861 to 1865 could write a book of incidents and accidents out of the usual routine, original in their conception and unique in their development. Everything seemed new to those of us who had never known of hardship nor experienced the trials and vicissitudes of life, and there was never monotony in camp.

One day at Dalton I spied several men in a regiment with their heads and arms in "stocks," a form of punishment said to have been used in England away back in 1350, and inflicted as a punishment for offenses of less heinous crimes in the days of Charles I. and II. It seems that Georgia had kept up the old plan, and in this Georgia regiment, instead of the guard houses or other punishments more modern, this was adopted. Our Tennessee boys could not understand it, and pronounced it cruel and made a raid on that regiment and took the soldiers out of the stocks. Inquiry led me to find out that this generally obsolete mode of punishment was yet common in some parts of the South. Shortly after this I chanced to visit a large slaveholder's home. One of his negroes (they called him "Chunkie") had run away. The negro foreman came in one afternoon and said that they had found "Chunkie's" hiding place. I was granted permission that night to accompany the foreman in the hunt. We wandered over fields, gullies and thickets, until we came to a dense piney woods, on either side of which the indentation gradually descended until away down in the bottom a little fire was seen and some one lying by it. The foreman said: "That's 'Chunkie.'" Without noise, and in a creep, without the break of a stick or the sound of a footstep, we stealthily stole in and got up with "Chunkie," who was snoring the hours peacefully away. We took him to his master, who placed him in "stocks" till morning. In the "stocks" securing "Chunkie," his ankles were so placed as to prevent his feet from getting through. In those in Dalton the soldier's head was inserted, his arms akimbo, hands secured, and he stood so that afterwards, in reading of the "Blue Laws of Connecticut," the idea more vividly came upon me when I came to the saying: "Set him down in the stocks or stand him in the pillory." Did you ever see a soldier bucked and gagged? They would take a piece of sackcloth, wrap it around a bayonet, open the soldier's mouth and put it in there to stay until the cruelty became brutal. The man's neck would turn black sometimes before he would give up. Did you ever see a soldier "swung up

by the thumbs?" These were some of the most rigid punishments for insubordination.

There was another scene at Dalton—the product, they say, of the South. They probably got it from Judge Longstreet in his "Georgia Scenes"—*a real gander pulling*. One day I noticed a crowd of cavalry in the highest glee. After the hat went around for the shin



GANDER PULLING.

plasters for the winner they would start from a given point under whip and spur, run between two trees, along which was stretched a line, and from which hung a gander with a greased head, and try to pull it off. By each tree stood a soldier with whip to strike the horses when the rider was in the act of grabbing for the gander's head. To one who has never tried it the difficulty is hard to realize. The gander is tied by the feet, head greased, and his dodging puts your skill to the test. Should you catch the head it is so slick it is almost impossible to hold it.

That snow-balling at Dalton, the Army of Tennessee I will never forget. It was the biggest fight—for fun—I ever saw and there was so much rivalry between the troops that a number of soldiers had their eyes put out.

The review of the army there on the occasion of President Davis' visit was a notable event. One of the saddest spectacles at Dalton was the falling of a dead tree one Saturday night in a congregation of soldiers. It resulted in the outright killing of ten and the death of one other the next day. Drs. C. D. Elliott, John B. McFerrin and DeWitt conducted services. The sermon was finished and comrades as well as chaplains were praying with the penitent when a dead tree, having burned at the roots, fell across the altar place. But the scene above all that impressed me was the shooting of fifteen deserters from the army—two from Stewart's division, eight from Stevenson's and five



SNOW BALL BATTLE.

from other commands of infantry and cavalry. Early in the morning a detail from the provost guard marched to General Stewart's headquarters, stacked their arms and left. Staff officers were ordered to load the guns for the execution in their divisions, half with blank cartridges and the other half with buck and ball. After this was done the guns were so changed that those who had loaded them



REV. DR. DE WITT.

could not tell the loaded from those with blank cartridges. The detail then returned and took them. This done, Colonel Robert Henderson commanding the gallant Georgians sought our general to ask him assistance in getting a young soldier of his regiment reprieved. The father of the condemned soldier was with him, and the pitiful, anxious look of the old gentleman so impressed us as to excite heart-felt sympathy. The young fellow had deserted to the enemy, and was condemned together with another of his command to die. Colonel Henderson impressed General Stewart that the soldier was a half-witted fellow, partially devoid of reason, and almost bordering on idiocy. He ordered his horse and together with Colonel Henderson and the old father, left for General Johnston's headquarters. The suspense of that hour and the breathless anxiety for their return was great to us all. It was then 9 o'clock, and about 11 he was to be shot. Ten o'clock came. Stewart's division was forming into line in a semi-square to witness the death scene. About half past ten o'clock the officers and the old father were seen on their return, and from the smile on their faces and the apparent delight upon the countenances of the others, we knew that they had favorable promise of saving a human life. The doomed men were brought out, and to the tune of the "Dead March" were conducted around the square, an ambulance following with their coffins. When the provost guard filed to their

places and the men were being blindfolded a courier came under whip and spur from General Johnston's headquarters with an order staying the execution of the old father's boy. The other poor fellows knelt at the foot of the graves dug for them, and the guards fired. To this good day I thank my stars that those who loaded them and those who fired them were left in comforting ignorance as to which guns were loaded. A short time after this the half-witted soldier who so narrowly escaped is said to have again deserted to the enemy, showing persistent method in his madness. In some of the commands the guard made a "botch" of their work, and had to shoot the doomed men twice.

The executions recall to me several pathetic memories. Just after the battle of Chickamauga a man from Colonel Lillard's East Tennessee regiment, Brown's brigade, was tried by drum-head court-martial and shot, in the face of the enemy fronting Missionary Ridge. He had deserted before the battle, joined the enemy and was captured by his own regiment during the battle in a uniform of blue, and paid the penalty. But the most affecting execution was just before the battle of Murfreesboro (Stone's River). A Kentuckian had disappeared from his regiment and gone home. A scout captured him in the Federal lines. He claimed to be returning; that he had gone hence on a plea from his wife and children of being in want; that on supplying them he was en route to join his command. A court-martial was demanded. General Breckinridge, it is said, urged the prisoner to wait until after the battle, then in contemplation, before being tried. The soldier declined, saying that he was no deserter and that the trial must come. The court-martial sat and the prisoner was condemned and shot. It created a profound sensation in the Army of Tennessee and incensed Hanson's Kentucky brigade beyond measure.

"Rash, fruitless war, from wanton glory waged!

'Tis only splendid murder!"

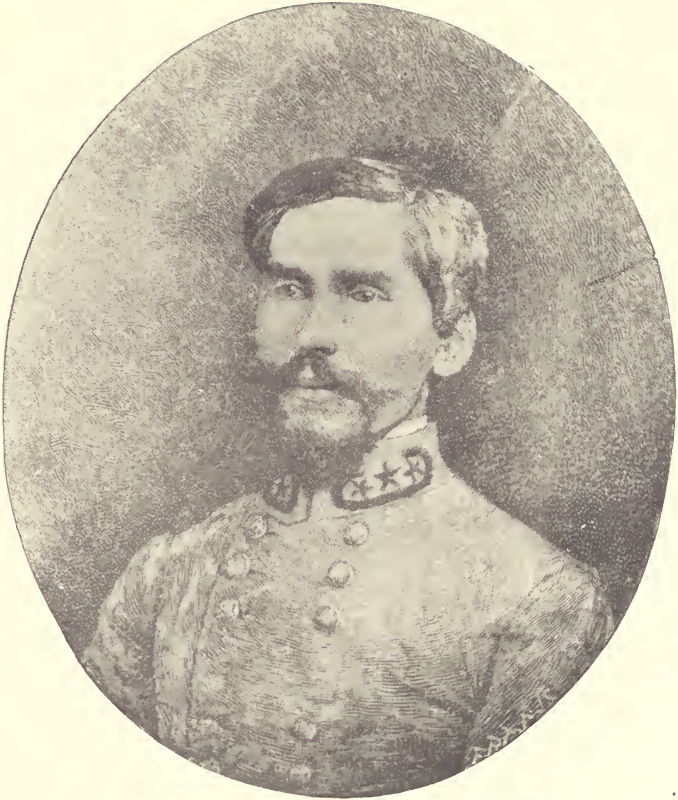
MRS. DAVIS' INFLUENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT.

I read a touching incident of General Lee pardoning a soldier who showed that the cause of his leaving his command was only temporary absence to look after the immediate wants of his family, which revives the story told by my fellow staff officer, Lieutenant Isnarde, under General A. P. Stewart, while we were in winter quarters near Dalton, in 1863-1864. Lieutenant Isnarde was an assistant ordnance officer under Captain J. W. Stewart, of Stewart's staff. He was scrupulously exact in all his doings and a man whose veracity, with those who knew him, was never brought into question. They sent him to Richmond on business connected with his department. He noticed while en route a well dressed woman in his car, with sorrow depicted on her brow; occasionally she was in tears. Traveling companions became sensationally bewildered about her trouble. Isnarde, a polite, affable Frenchman of the most delicate sensibilities, had his sympathies so moved that involuntarily, in the suave manner so characteristic of French civility, he approached the woman and asked the cause of her heavy sorrow. She said that she was en route for Richmond to see the last of her husband, who was condemned to be shot under the charge of desertion; that she and children were on the verge of starvation. She informed her husband, and he went home for one week, made provision for them and was arrested on his way back. Isnarde asked her if her husband belonged to any of the secret fraternities. She replied: "Yes; Odd Fellows." Isnarde claimed to be a Mason, but he told her that he would, although a stranger in Richmond, do everything he could for her.

Upon arriving in Richmond he accompanied the woman to the President's mansion. President Davis was too busy to see them. Isnarde said that having failed in this it occurred to him that the "winning card to play" was to call on Mrs. Davis and get her interested. So he sent in his card with an urgent request. Isnarde and the lady were ushered into the reception room. They unfolded to Mrs. Davis the mission and circumstances under which they had met. He very earnestly besought her interference for the doomed man and the woman pleaded pitifully for her husband's reprieve, exciting Mrs. Davis' deepest sympathies. The happy result of that visit was that Mrs. Davis remarked on parting: "If I can influence Mr. Davis, I'll stop that execution." The next morning an order came from the President pardoning the doomed man.

On the next day the soldier and his wife sought Lieutenant

Isnarde at his hotel to thank him, and he was the happiest man when he returned to the Army of Tennessee, in having been instrumental in saving the life of that soldier. I have forgotten his name, and poor Isnarde is not living to tell me. This I do know: The story of the incident impressed me deeply, and from the character Lieutenant Isnarde bore with us, Stewart and his staff, and those who knew him, believed what he said.



GENERAL PATRICK CLEBURNE,
THE AUGEREAU OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

GENERAL P. R. CLEBURNE CALLS THE OFFICERS AT
DALTON TOGETHER TO HEAR A PAPER PRO-
POSING TO FREE THE SLAVES.

On January 2, 1864, at Dalton, Ga., the general officers were summoned to General Johnston's headquarters to hear a paper prepared by General P. R. Cleburne proposing to emancipate our slaves and put muskets in their hands, thereby insuring an equality, if not superiority of numbers over our enemies. As one of the intensely interesting camp scenes in military circles I will introduce Major-General W. H. T. Walker's letter to the President, the President's answer to a memorial of General Cleburne, the circular of General J. E. Johnston, and General Johnston's letter to the Secretary of War. Whilst none of the officer's favored the scheme, yet some thought that the total disintegration of the army would follow any proposition to arm the slaves. A Federal officer in high position told me that if this had been done it would have prolonged the struggle. Had General Cleburne's idea been carried out, it perhaps would not have brought about the disintegration thought of, and would have counteracted the Federal idea of enlisting them in their ranks.

Headquarters Division,
Near Dalton, January 12, 1864.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States:

I feel it my duty as an officer of the army to lay before the Chief Magistrate of the Southern Confederacy the within document, which was read on the night of the 2nd of January, 1864, at a meeting which I attended in obedience to the following order:

"Headquarters Hardee's Corps,
Dalton, Ga., January 2, 1864.

"Major-General Walker, Commanding Division:

"General:—Lieutenant-General Hardee desires that you will meet him at General Johnston's headquarters this evening at 7 o'clock.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. H. POOLE,

"Assistant Adjutant-General."

Having after the meeting adjourned expressed my determination to apply to General Cleburne for a copy of the document to for-

ward to the War Department, some of the gentlemen who were present at that meeting insisted upon their sentiments on so grave a subject being known to the Executive. I informed them that I would address a letter to each of the gentlemen present at the meeting, which I did. I addressed a note to General Cleburne asking him for a copy of the document, and informing him that I felt it my duty to forward it to the War Department; that should he do so I would of course give him a copy of the endorsement I made on it. He furnished me with a copy and avowed himself the author. I applied to the commanding general for permission to send it to the War Department through the proper official channel, which for reasons satisfactory to himself he declined to do; hence the reason for it not reaching you through the official channel. The gravity of the subject, the magnitude of the issues involved, and my strong convictions that the further agitation of such sentiments and propositions would ruin the efficiency of our army and involve our cause in ruin and disgrace, constitute my reasons for bringing the document before the Executive.

W. H. T. WALKER,
Major-General.

—————
PRESIDENT DAVIS REPLIES.

Richmond, Va., January 13, 1864.

General W. H. T. Walker, Army of Tennessee, Dalton, Ga.

General:—I have received your letter with its enclosure informing me of the propositions submitted to a meeting of the general officers on the 2nd instant, and thank you for the information. Deeming it to be injurious to the public service that such subject should be mooted or even known to be entertained by persons possessed of confidence and respect of the people, I have concluded that the best policy under the circumstances will be to avoid all publicity, and the Secretary of War has therefore written to General Johnston requesting him to convey to those concerned my desire that it should be kept private. If it be kept out of the public journals its ill effect will be much lessened.

Very respectfully and truly yours,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

—————
GENERAL PATTON ANDERSON EXERCISED.

Dalton, Ga., January 14, 1864.

(Confidential.)

Lieutenant-General L. Polk, Enterprise, Miss.

General:—After you have read what I am about to disclose to you, I hope you will not think I have assumed any unwarrantable intimacy in marking this communication as confidential.

My thoughts for ten days past have been so oppressed with the weight of the subject as to arouse in my mind the most painful apprehensions of future results, and has caused me to cast about for a

friend of clear head, ripe judgment and pure patriotism with whom to confer and take counsel. My choice has fallen upon you, sir, and I proceed at once to lay the matter before you. On the 2nd of January I received a circular order from the headquarters, Hindman's corps, informing me that the commanding general of the army desired division commanders to meet him at his quarters at 7 o'clock that evening. At the hour designated I was at the appointed place. I met in the room General Johnston, Lieutenant-General Hardee, Major-Generals Walker, Stewart and Stevenson, and in a moment afterwards Major-Generals Hindman and Cleburne entered, Brigadier-General Bate coming in a few moments later—the whole, with the general commanding, embracing all the corps and division commanders (infantry) of this army except Major-General Cheatham, who was not present. In a few minutes General Johnston requested Lieutenant-General Hardee to explain the object of the meeting, which he did by stating that Major-General Cleburne had prepared with great care a paper on an important subject addressed to the officers of this army, and he proposed that it now be read. General Cleburne proceeded to read an elaborate article on the subject of our past disasters, present condition, and inevitable future ruin unless an entire change of policy might avert it. That change he boldly and proudly proposed to effect by emancipating our slaves and putting muskets in the hands of all of them capable of bearing arms, thus securing them to us as allies and equals, and insuring a superiority of numbers over our enemies, etc.

Yes, sir; this plain, but in my view monstrous proposition, was calmly submitted to the generals of this army for their sanction and adoption, with the avowed purpose of carrying it to the rank and file. I will not attempt to describe my feelings by being confronted by a project so startling in its character—may I say revolting to Southern sentiment, Southern pride and Southern honor? And not the least painful of the emotions awakened by it was the consciousness which forced itself upon me that it met with favor by others besides the author in high station then present. You have a place, general, in the Southern heart perhaps not less exalted than that you occupy in her army. No one knows better than yourself all the hidden powers and secret springs which move the great moral machinery of the South. You know whence she derived that force which three years ago impelled her to the separation and has since that time to the present hour enabled her to lay all she has, even the blood of her best sons, upon the altar of independence. And do you believe that that South will now listen to the voices of those who would ask her to stultify herself by entertaining a proposition which heretofore our insolent foes themselves have not even dared to make in terms so bold and undisguised? What are we to do? If this thing is once openly proposed to the army the total disintegration of that army will follow in a fortnight, and yet to speak and work in opposition to it, is an agitation of the question scarcely less to be dreaded at this time, and brings

down the universal indignation of the Southern people and the Southern soldiers upon the head of at least one of our bravest and most accomplished officers.

Then, I repeat, what is to be done? What relief would it afford me to talk to you about this matter! But as that may not be, do I go too far in asking you to write to me? I start in a few days to my home in Monticello, Fla., where I expect to spend twenty days with my family, and I assure you, general, it would add much to the enjoyment of my visit if you would favor me by mail with some of the many thoughts which this subject will arouse in your mind.

Believe me, general, very truly your friend,
PATTON ANDERSON."

Dalton, January 31st, 1864.

(Circular.)

Lieutenant-General Hardee, Major-Generals Cheatham, Hindman, Cleburne, Stewart, Walker, Brigadier-Generals Bate and P. Anderson.

General:—I have just received a letter from the Secretary of War in reference to Major-General Cleburne's memoir read in my quarters about the 2nd instant. In this letter the honorable Secretary expresses the earnest conviction of the President "that the dissemination or even promulgation of such opinions under the present circumstances of the Confederacy, whether in the army or among the people, can be productive of only discouragement, destruction and dissension. The agitation and controversy which must spring from the presentation of such views by officers high in the public confidence are to be deeply deprecated, and while no doubt or mistrust is for a moment entertained of the patriotic intents of the gallant author of the memorial and such of his brother officers as may have favored his opinions, it is requested that you communicate to them as well as to all others present on the occasion, the opinions herein expressed, of the President, and urge on them the suppression, not only of the memorial itself, but likewise of all discussion and controversy respecting or growing out of it. I would add that the measures advocated in the memorial are considered to be little appropriate for consideration in military circles and indeed in their scope pass beyond the bounds of Confederate action, and could under our constitutional system neither be recognized or recommended by the Executive to Congress nor be entertained by that body. Such views can only jeopard among the States and people unity and harmony, when for successful cooperation and the achievement of independence both are essential."

Most respectfully your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

Dalton, February 2, 1864.

Hon. Jas. A. Seddon, Secretary of War.

Sir:—I had the honor to receive the letter in which you express the views of the President in relation to the memorial of Major-General Cleburne on the 31st ultimo, and immediately transmitted his instructions in your own language to the officers concerned. None of the officers to whom the memorial was read favored the scheme; and Major-General Cleburne, as soon as that appeared, voluntarily announced that he would be governed by the opinion of those officers, and put away his paper. The manner of strengthening our armies by using negroes was discussed, and no other thought practicable than that which I immediately proposed to the President. I regarded this discussion as confidential and understood it to be so agreed before the party separated. This and General Cleburne's voluntary promise prevented any apprehension in my mind of the agitation of the subject of the memorial. I have had no reason since to suppose that it made any impression.

Most respectfully your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

War Department, C. S. A.,
Richmond, Va., January 24, 1864.

General Joseph E. Johnston, Dalton, Ga.

General:—Major-General Walker has communicated directly to the President copies of a memorial prepared by Major-General Cleburne, lately the subject of consultation among the generals of division in your command, as also of a letter subsequently addressed by himself to the generals present asking the avowal of the opinions entertained by them in relation to such memorials, with their replies. I am instructed by the President to communicate with you on the subject. He is gratified to infer from your declining to forward officially General Walker's communication of the memorial, that you neither approved the views advocated in it nor deemed it expedient that after meeting as they happily did the disapproval of the council, they should have further dissemination or publicity. The motives of zeal and patriotism which have prompted General Walker's action are, however, fully appreciated and that action is probably fortunate, as it affords an appropriate occasion to express the earnest conviction of the President that the dissemination or even promulgation of such opinions under the present circumstances of the Confederacy, whether in the army or among the people, can be productive only of discouragement, distraction and dissension. The agitation and controversy which must spring from the presentation of such views by officers high in public confidence are to be deeply deprecated, and while no doubt or mistrust is for a moment entertained of the patriotic intents of the gallant author of the memorial and such of his brother officers as may have favored his opinions, it is requested that you will

communicate to them, as well as to all others present on the occasion, the opinions, as herein expressed, of the President, and urge on them the suppression, not only of the memorial itself, but likewise of all discussion and controversy respecting or growing out of it. I would add that the measures advocated in the memorial are considered to be little appropriate for consideration in military circles, and, indeed in their scope, pass beyond the bounds of Confederate action, and could under our constitutional system neither be recommended by the Executive to Congress nor be entertained by that body. Such views can only jeopard among the States and people unity and harmony, when for successful co-operation and achievement of independence both are essential.

With much respect, very truly yours,

JAMES A. SEDDON,
Secretary of War.

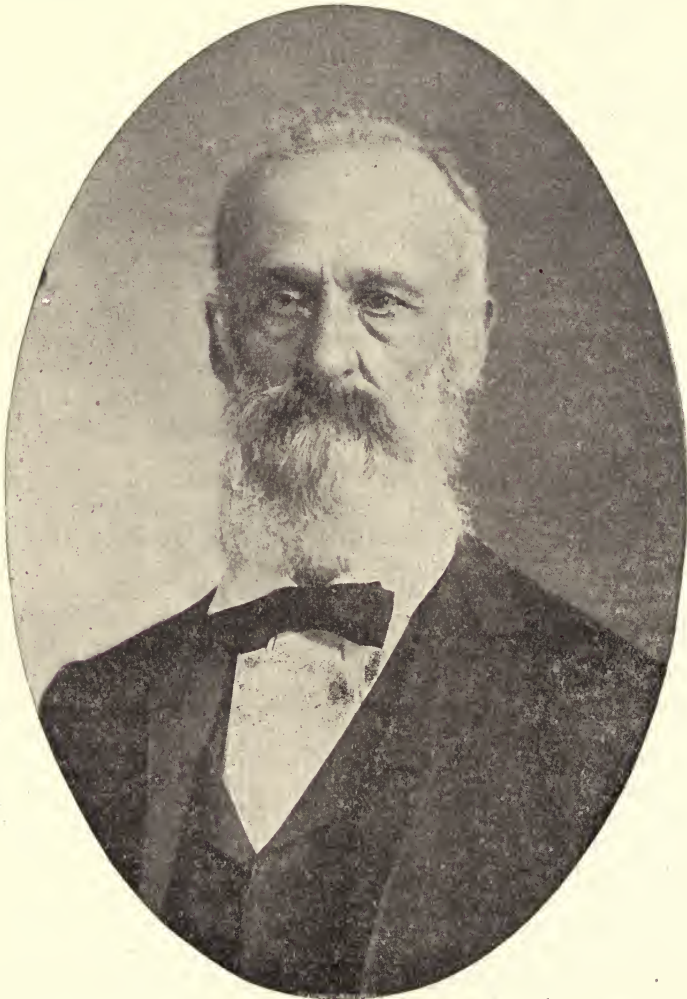
THE BATTLE OF RASACA, MAY 15, 1864.

The Dalton-Atlanta campaign displayed more military strategy than any in the war between the States. With the three armies—the Tennesse, the Ohio and the Cumberland, all under Sherman—and confronting General Joseph E. Johnston, and aggregating two or three times that of his army, there was not a more skillful game upon the military chess board. Being so greatly outnumbered, his only policy was to strike in detail. Vigilance and boldness attended with great risk had to be employed promptly to baffle his gigantic foe. It was wonderful to see our lines stretched out in skirmish style to confront the enemy's solid ranks, and even then a withdrawal of the troops from right to left to meet the flank movements with success, at the same time to be ready for Sherman's dashes on our weak points. It was the cleanest retreat on record, with comparatively small loss of men and stores.

The Federal general, Joseph Hooker, pronounced it the greatest campaign of the war, and the finesse used as establishing the great generalship of General Johnston, and General Woolsey, of English fame, says 'twas the most brilliant on record. The result was a loss of 40,000 to Federal arms to about 10,000 to the Confederates in the Hundred Days Fight. There was one place, though, where Sherman, had he been the able general many supposed, would have taken some of Johnston's glory from him. The only time he ever got Johnston apparently in "a nine hole" was at Resaca, on May 15, 1864. Stewart's division at that time was composed of Gibson's Louisiana, Clayton's and Baker's Alabama, Stovall's Georgia, and Maney's Tennessee brigades, and Holman's Tennessee cavalry. That part of Stewart's report touching on the battle will give our position more fully, and veterans of the Army of Tennessee will more vividly recall the trial of that terrible day.

"On Sunday morning, the 15th," General Stewart says, "my line was advanced, the right of it a half a mile and passing in front of Mr. Green's house, the left only a few hundred yards, and the new position was soon entrenched. About 3 p. m. I received directions to advance the right of it half a mile and attack the enemy in my front at 4 o'clock, provided I had not myself been attacked by that time. Shortly previous to 4, information came to me of a heavy movement of the enemy to my front, which information was transmitted to the Lieutenant-General (Hood) commanding corps. My instructions were, in advancing to gradually wheel towards the left,

and I was notified that General Stevenson, on my left, would also advance at 4 precisely. Clayton, on the left, and Stovall, on the right of the front line, were caused to make a half wheel to the left to place them in the proper direction, and were also instructed to continue inclining by a slight wheel to the left in advancing. This, it will be perceived, placed them en echelon—the object being to prevent my



COLONEL HUME R. FIELD.

right toward the river from being turned. Maney's brigade, which had reported to me, also a small body of cavalry under Colonel Holman, were directed to move out on the right, outflanking and covering Stovall's right. Gibson and Baker were brought forward and



BATTLE OF PASACA, MAY 15, 1864.

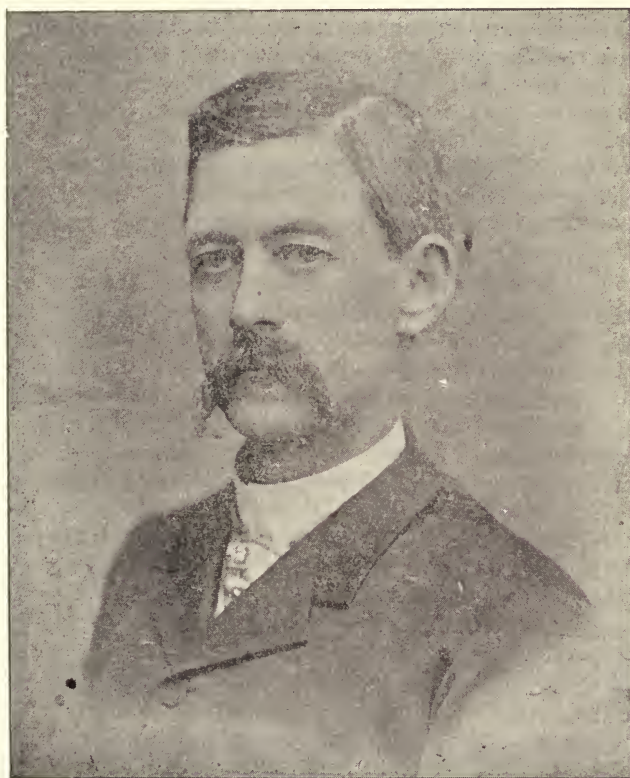
placed in position as supports to Clayton and Stovall, and the order to advance given. The men moved forward with great spirit and determination, and soon engaged the enemy. At this moment an order came from General Hood, by Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham, not to make the attack, which, however, had already commenced. We encountered the enemy in heavy force protected by breastworks



and logs. The ground over which Stovall's brigade passed was covered with dense undergrowth and brush. Regiments in consequence became separated and the brigade soon began to fall back. Hastening to it and finding it impossible to reform the brigade on the ground it occupied, it was suffered to fall back to its intrenched position, Baker's brigade retiring with it. Clayton being thus supported on the right, and Stevenson's division not having advanced, also retired, and Gibson fell back by my order, as did Maney also."

This famous order countermanding the former order of attack at Resaca, was ever a matter of contention between Generals Johnston and Hood, the former saying that he had countermanded, and the latter asserting that he had not time to execute it. Be that as it may,

when Colonel Cunningham brought the order our first line was charging on the breastworks; but it was only Stewart's division doing this; the other two divisions of Hood's corps had received the countermand order. The execution of this order with our lines in close quarters and fully engaged was the trying thing for staff officers on duty. General Stewart sent Lieutenant Scott, volunteer aide, to Clayton,



CAPT. L. B. MCFARLAND.

and Lieutenant Cahal to Stovall then he called on the writer to go to General Maney. I felt as if that parallel ride from left to right of over half a mile, taking the fire by Clayton's and Stovall's brigades, would be my last. Hooker and Schofield and McPherson, massed, were pouring the shot and shell nigh on to a tempest. I spurred my horse to a run; the balls were so terrific that I checked up a little fearing that my horse might get shot and turn a somersault in falling. The checking process didn't suit for it seemed like death to tarry. I spurred up again and (how any human being lived through it I can't imagine) came up with some litter bearers who hugged the trees closely and would not talk. Moments seemed hours. I rode through brush and

sorpse into an open field and finally struck the left of Maney's brigade lying down behind the railroad, hotly engaged. Just in rear of them I spied a staff officer of General Maney, Lieutenant L. B. McFarland, now of Memphis, Tenn., riding as coolly and unconcernedly as if no battle were raging. I accosted him with the query, "Where's General Maney?" He said, "On the right of the brigade," and that Maney had placed him to look after the left. I told him that the brigades on his left were falling back, that if a charge should be made his brigade would be lost, and to pass the order from General Stewart down the line to retire rapidly. In the meantime I started to the right through an open field to find the brigade commander. Talk about thunder and lightning, accompanied by a storm of rain and hail! My experience with bullets through that field was like to it, for "h—l seemed to answer h—l in the cannon's roar." Intermingled with musketry, it created an unintermittent roar of the most deafening and appalling thunder.

General Maney was working to keep the cavalry connected with his line. His horse having been shot he was dismounted but he had taken that of Lieutenant James Keeble, his aide. By this time the brigade was retiring as ordered.

When this order to retire was communicated to Colonel Field, commanding the First Tennessee infantry on the extreme right, the Federal cavalry were pressing, yet his regiment was formed into a hollow square under the galling fire and thus retired with a palisade of bristling bayonets confronting. It was like to Napoleon's battle of the pyramids in squares on the march to Cairo, deterring the intrepid Marmeluke cavalry, and also to the English squares at Waterloo.

But the problem of getting back confronted me. General Maney urged me to stay with him—that it was death to try the open field again. With a detour, however, I hurried back through the storm neither I nor my light bay getting a scratch. In this short time three horses had been shot under General Stewart and nearly all the staff were dismounted. Terry Cahal had come back horseless; Lieutenant Scott's horse had been shot and had fallen on him, almost paralyzing him; Captain Stanford of Stanford's battery, killed, yet Private John S. McMath was fighting his guns like a madman, and Oliver's and Fenner's batteries dealing the death shots rapidly. A Virginia regiment, the Fifty-fourth, of Stevenson's division, the only one that failed to get the countermand orders, lost a hundred men in a few minutes. The dead and dying of our first line was heartrending.

Had Sherman made a charge on us then there would have been no escape. In this trough, the position was critical—the Connessuaga to the right, the Oostanaula in the rear, and both non-fordable. Whilst General Sherman showed a want of generalship in not following, old Joe displayed wonderful skill in getting us out. I will never forget Resaca. Ofttimes it occurs to me that our boldness in making the attack saved the army—for Sherman, massed, had given orders

to pounce on us, which was postponed when he saw that we were preparing as aggressors.

The playing upon the bridges by the enemy's artillery all that night when our army was crossing added to the horror of the event. Visions of Forrest's charge over the bridge at Chickamauga, and of Napoleon's contest over Lodi, came upon me, but old Joe stood there on the Oostanaula until all had safely passed.

The closing of General Stewart's report gives vivid conception of it: "During the retreat of the army at night, the division remained in line of battle, crossing the railroad and the Dalton and Resaca road, until the entire army had crossed the bridges. The situation was all the while perilous and calculated to try the endurance of our men. They stood firm however and remained in position until about 3 o'clock in the morning when we retired in obedience to orders."

To confirm the accuracy of his memory, Captain Ridley submitted the manuscript of his article to Generals Stewart and Maney and to Lieutenant McFarland. The former refers to it as a very creditable production, McFarland mentions it as a graphic portraiture and makes the additional statement that when he conveyed General Stewart's orders through Ridley to Colonel Field on the extreme right, he formed his regiment into a hollow square under fire to resist the Federal cavalry, and thus executed the command to retire. "This was the more noticeable to me because it was the only instance in four years of war that I ever saw this maneuver executed during an engagement." General George Maney replied:

My Dear Captain:—Upon return home, I found your very kind letter advising of your article on Resaca and its having been submitted to General Stewart who approved with compliments upon its merits. With the compliment feature I am most fully in accord. You are, however, in immaterial error in stating that I took Lieutenant Keeble's horse after mine was shot. Keeble's services at the moment were far too important for this and so continued until my command had been withdrawn. It was an orderly's horse I used after my own was shot.

Of course I am greatly gratified at your article's favorable mention of the ever-reliable McFarland and the intrepid Field with his distinguished regiment, and this being only one of many like affairs of the memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta which do not appear in official reports, it may be but proper I should say you only saw them as they were upon all such occasions. It was their way.

As to yourself, with memory revived of the stormy hour by your very vivid narrative, it remains but little less than a wonder that you are living to write of the event.

ONE OF THE NOTABLE INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF RESACA, GA.

It was at the battle of Resaca, Ga., on May 15th, 1864, that the Second Tennessee regiment was ordered to protect the bridge at that point, and upon arriving at the point the Federal batteries began a



PRIVATE BENJAMIN R. COSBY, FROM SHILOH TO THE
SURRENDER, IN EVERY BATTLE OF ARMY OF
TENN., A TYPICAL CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

furious and continuous cannonading upon the regiment. One shell came through the temporary works thrown up, and wounded one officer. Lieutenant Blakemore of Co. K, called for some one to throw the shell out of the works, as it was likely to explode, the fuse still burning.

Sergeant Benjamin R. Cosby who was near the shell, caught it up in his hands and threw it out of the works. The fuse in the shell was burning at the time he caught it up and threw it out of the works. It can be truthfully said of him that he was one of the brave men in the Confederate Army; a patriot who loved his country and a soldier who did every duty devolving upon him in the camp, on the march and on the battle field.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH, MAY 25, 1864.

It was the beautiful afternoon of May 25, 1864, when the noted battle of New Hope Church in the famous Dalton-Atlanta campaign was fought. The memory of it is peculiarly interesting to me because it marks an epoch in the history of Stewart's division that is pointed to as a memorial of heroic valor just as Cleburne's men point to Ringgold and Cheatham's to near Kennesaw.

General Thomas, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, was moving from Burnt Hickory for Dallas on three roads, his object being to flank Johnston from Allatoona Hills. Sherman ordered Hooker's corps to advance, three divisions strong, to make a bold push to secure the strategic point known as New Hope Church, where three roads met from Acworth, Marietta and Dallas. Sherman says: "Here a hard battle was fought. General Hooker was unable to drive the enemy from these roads but he did drive them to New Hope Church." The latter sentence in General Sherman's report is calculated to mislead, as only a force of skirmishers was driven to our lines. Stewart's division never gave back an inch but stood there from 5 p. m. for three hours and whipped Hooker's entire corps, three lines deep. As the advancing line would break we could only greet their departure with a yell before another line would come. Our division had just reached New Hope and was resting when General Johnston rode up and called for General Stewart. He told us that the enemy were "out there" just three or four hundred yards, to "throw out skirmishers and put the division in line," and to tell General Stewart that if the line should break we would lose Stevenson's division back of us on that road. As quick as it could be done, the division composed of Stovall's Georgia brigade, Clayton's and Baker's Alabamians, Gibson's Louisianians, Brown's Tennesseans, a brigade of Stevenson's division just arrived, were placed in line. Soon General Hooker rushed upon us. He must have lost heavily, for the mortality from our view was frightful. He reported his total loss that evening of killed and wounded at sixteen hundred and sixty-five and that he had not been able to recover the dead between the lines. General Stewart's report taken from the "Rebellion Records" states: "On Wednesday evening, May 25, being in line of battle near New Hope Church—Baker's brigade on the right, Clayton's in the center, Stovall's on the left and Gibson's in reserve, except Austin's battalion and the Sixteenth Louisiana under Colonel Lewis, who were in front as skirmish-

ers—the enemy after firing a few shells advanced and attacked along our entire front. Baker's and Clayton's men had piled up a few logs; Stovall's Georgians were without any defense. The entire line received the attack with great steadiness and firmness—every man standing at his post. The force opposed to us was reported by prisoners to be Hooker's corps of three divisions, and their loss was stated at from three to five thousand. Eldridge's battalion of artillery, consisting of Stanford's, Oliver's and Fenner's batteries—sixteen guns—was admirably posted, well served and did great execution. They had forty-three men and forty-four horses killed and wounded. Our position was such that the enemy's fire, which was very heavy, passed over the line to a great extent and that is why our loss was not greater. The calm determination of the men during this engagement of two and one-half or three hours deserves all praise. The enemy's advance seemed to be three lines of division front without artillery. No more persistent attack or determined resistance was anywhere made. Not being allowed to advance and charge, we did not get possession of the ground occupied by the enemy who intrenched and during the two following days kept up a severe galling skirmish fire, from which we suffered considerably, especially losing a number of valuable officers."

Eldridge's battalion of artillery is said to have fired fifteen hundred and sixty rounds in that three hours fight; but Hooker was more disastrously worsted by us than our General Breckinridge could have been in his fatal charge against fifty-one pieces of artillery at Murfreesboro. When the division found that New Hope was the key to the movement and that their break would cause the loss of Stevenson's division it was the grandest spectacle to see their heroism. The spirit of chivalry displayed by that impregnable line furnished an example for Southern manhood to point to. Like surging waves against the beach, line after line vanished when "our angry rifles spat their fire and hungry cannon belched their flame."

Stewart's old roan was seen all along the line. His quiet way enlisted the love of the division. They begged him to get back fearing he might be killed but he rode along as unconcerned as ever. General Johnston sent to know if re-enforcements were wanted. The reply was: "My own troops will hold the position." And they did.

An episode connected with the battle of New Hope brought sorrow and tears to the old division and sympathy from the Army of Tennessee after the fight. In Fenner's Louisiana battery three brothers handled one gun. The oldest was rammer. He was shot down and the second brother took his place. In a short time he too was shot down and the third brother took his place when shortly he was shot, but stood there until a comrade came to relieve him. A beautiful poem was written concerning this in war times. I wish so much that it could be reproduced. The Yanks said that we carried our breast-works with us.

On Friday evening the 27th, at New Hope after our fight of the 25th, when the enemy tried to flank us on the right, another heartrend-

ing scene of death and destruction took place. Granberry and Lowery, of Cleburne's division, met the flank movement and in one volley left seven hundred and seventy Yankees to be buried in one pit. Had a Tamerlane been there, a pyramid of human skulls could have been erected at New Hope. Lieutenant R. C. Stewart and I went the next evening to see the dead in front of Granberry and Lowery's line. Had Ahmed the Turkish butcher seen it, he would have been appalled at the sacrifice. Sherman himself winced when he said it was "all a failure" while the name of Joe Johnston still loomed up a tower of strength to his army. This was a part of the fourteen hundred that General O. O. Howard says Wood's division alone lost.

I have so often thought of two little boys that we saw among the dead Federals. They appeared to be about fourteen years old, and were exactly alike. Their hands were clasped in death with "feet to the guns and face to the sky." Although they were enemies, my heart melted at the idea that the little boys must have been twin brothers, and in death's embrace their spirits had taken flight away from the mother and home in the forefront of battle.

The grape-vine in our army on the evening of the 25th, after the battle, was that Stewart had annihilated "Fighting Joe" Hooker, once the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and on the 27th Pat Cleburne had hardly left any of Wood's division to tell the tale, and that old Joe Johnston was still happy over his game of chess with Sherman. The staff moved up and down Stovall's line during the fight cheering the men, when Lieutenant Mathis, volunteer aide, received a shot in the left wrist. Strange to say, we found that night that Dr. Thornton had taken out the ball just under the armpit. It had struck the bone and followed up to the shoulder.

On returning home after the surrender I came through New Hope battle field and when I saw the trees literally imbedded with shot and shell I wondered how it was possible for any human being to get out of that battle alive. Between the dead lines I recalled the seething mass of quivering flesh, the dead piled upon each other and the groans of the dying. And now, after thirty-three years, when I recall the experience of the Dalton-Atlanta campaign, the sudden and unlooked for attack upon us at New Hope and the determination with which General Stewart's command so successfully met it, I can see "Old Joe" and the Army of Tennessee happy, Stevenson's division saved, the strategic point held, Sherman baffled, Hooker's corps of three divisions whipped in a square fight by the artillery and three brigades who bore the brunt, and Alexander P. Stewart the genius of the battle of the 25th, and Patrick Cleburne and Frank Cheatham, the heroes of the 27th.

STEWART'S DIVISION—DALTON-ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

Report of Major-General Alexander P. Stewart, C. S. Army, Commanding Division, of Operations May 7-27.

Headquarters Stewart's Division.

Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

In the Field, Paulding County, Ga., June 5, 1864.

Sir:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this division during the present campaign:

On the morning of Saturday, May 7th, the enemy being reported advancing from Ringgold on Dalton, my command was placed under arms, and with Eldridge's battalion of artillery took position on the ridges in front of Mill Creek Gap and on the right of the railroad, Bate's division prolonging the line on the left of the railroad. The cavalry fell back and the enemy appeared on Tunnel Hill Ridge in heavy force. After nightfall in obedience to orders from Lieutenant-General Hood, the division retired to the line we had intrenched on the south of Dalton side of the gap. On Monday the 9th, the troops were disposed as follows: Clayton's brigade on the main mountain (Rocky Face) on the right, Baker's and Stovall's on the ridge to the right of the creek and railroad, Gibson's on the advance of ridge on left of the railroad, Bate's division on the left of Gibson's occupying the main mountain to Trail Gap. Sunday evening (8th) the enemy's skirmishers occupied the line we abandoned Saturday night—the front line of the gap—and from that time until Thursday night (12th) a constant and heavy skirmishing continued. In fortifying the gap I had caused lines of breast heights for skirmishers to be constructed in front of the main lines of battle, artillery proof. The enemy repeatedly charged them and were as often repused with severe loss. It is believed the skirmishers occupying these advanced works could have held them successfully against any force that could have been brought against them. During these affairs my own loss was not trifling. Gibson's line was occasionally enfiladed by the enemy's artillery from which he suffered though not heavily.

It is proper here to say that the defenses of the gap were constructed by my division, Lieutenant John W. Glenn being the engineer officer superintending. I desire to bear testimony to his zeal, skill and energy. Mill Creek had been dammed at two railroad bridges by the division pioneer company aided by the pioneers of Stevenson's division.

Captain J. R. Oliver, Forty-fourth Tennessee volunteers, com-

manding my pioneers, deserves special mention as a most capable and efficient officer. His company is not surpassed by any in the army. Captain John A. Avirett also of Fifty-eighth Alabama, is entitled to the same distinction for the energy and skill displayed by him in fortifying Rocky Face on north side of the gap and constructing practicable roads to the top of the mountain and along its summit.

Thursday night (12th) we brought up the rear of the corps in retiring to Tilton. Friday night (13th) we bivouacked along railroad some three miles in advance of Resaca and on Saturday morning (14th) took position in a line crossing the railroad forming the right of the army—my right resting on the Connesauga. About 5 p. m. in compliance with the orders of the Lieutenant-General commanding corps, I moved out along the railroad formed in two lines parallel to the road and advanced to attack the enemy's left. We moved forward a distance of one and a half or two miles, getting sight of the enemy's line near Union Church which, however, hastily retired. By this time, owing to the eagerness of the men, the lines had become somewhat separated and I halted to reform. In the meantime we were subjected to a heavy fire of artillery which, however, caused but little or no loss. By the time the lines were reformed night had come on and I deemed it imprudent to advance farther. Toward midnight, under orders, we retired to our position in line.

On Sunday morning (15th) my line was advanced, the right of it half a mile and passing in front of Mr. Green's house, the left only a few hundred yards and the new position was soon intrenched. About 3 p. m. I received directions to advance and attack the enemy in my front at 4 o'clock, provided I had not myself been attacked by that time. Shortly previous to 4, information came to me of a heavy movement of the enemy to my front, which information was transmitted to the lieutenant-general commanding corps. My instructions were in advancing to gradually wheel to the left and I was notified that Stevenson on my left, would also advance. At 4 precisely Clayton on the left and Stovall on the right of the front line were caused each to make a half wheel to the left to place them in the proper direction and were also instructed to continue inclining by a slight wheel to the left in advancing. This it will be perceived, placed them en echelon, the object being to prevent my right toward the river from being turned. Maney's brigade which had reported to me and a small body of cavalry under Colonel Holman were directed to move out on the right, outflanking and covering Stovall's right. Gibson and Baker were brought forward and placed in position as supports to Clayton and Stovall and the order to advance given. The men moved forward with great spirit and determination and soon engaged the enemy. At this moment an order came by Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham not to make the attack which however had already commenced. We encountered the enemy in heavy force and protected by breastworks of logs. The ground over which a portion of Stovall's brigade passed was covered with a dense undergrowth and brush. Regiments in con-

sequence became separated and the brigades soon began to fall back. Hastening to it and finding it impossible to reform it on the ground it occupied, it was suffered to fall back to intrenched position—Baker's brigade retiring with it. Clayton being thus unsupported on the right, and Stevenson's division on the left not having advanced, also retired and Gibson fell back by my order, as did Maney also. The attack would have been renewed but for the order received at the last moment countermanding it. During the advance Stanford's battery on the left was of material assistance and I deeply regret the loss of the skillful and brave officer, Captain T. J. Stanford, with whom it has been my good fortune to be associated with little interruption since March, 1862. Attention is called to the statement of Brigadier-General Clayton as to the praiseworthy conduct of Private John S. McMath, of the same battery and also to his report of the conduct of his several regiments and of Colonel Lankford, Thirty-eighth Alabama, and others. Also to General Baker's statements in regard to the color-bearer, Sergeant Gilder, Fortieth Alabama, and to the aged missionary, Rev. J. P. McMullin, and others. General Baker had his horse severely wounded.

During the retreat of the army at night the division remained in line of battle, crossing the railroad and Dalton and Resaca road, until the entire army had crossed the bridges. The situation was perilous and calculated to try the endurance of the men as the enemy threatened an attack. They stood firm however and remained in position until about 3 o'clock in the morning when we retired in obedience to the orders of the lieutenant-general commanding corps.

On the skirmish line in front of Cassville on Thursday, May 19th, I regret to say that a number of men belonging to the Eighteenth Alabama regiment unnecessarily and disgracefully surrendered. Reference is made to the report of Major Austin commanding at the time the skirmishers of Gibson's brigade, for the facts.

On Wednesday evening, May 25th, being in line of battle near New Hope Church—Baker's brigade on the right, Clayton's in the center, Stovall's on the left, Gibson's in reserve, except Austin's battalion, and the Sixteenth Louisiana, under Colonel Lewis who were in front as skirmishers—the enemy after firing a few shells advanced and attacked along my entire front. Baker's and Clayton's men had piled up a few logs and Stovall's Georgians were without any defense. The entire line received the attack with great steadiness and firmness, every man standing at his post. The fight began toward 5 o'clock and continued with great fury until after night. The enemy were repulsed at all points and it is believed with heavy loss. The force opposed to us was reported by prisoners taken to be Hooker's corps of three divisions and their loss was stated at from 3,000 to 5,000.

Eldridge's battalion of artillery, of Stanford's, Oliver's, and Fenner's batteries, was admirably posted, well served and did great execution. They had forty-three men and forty-four horses killed and wounded. Our position was such that the enemy's fire which was

very heavy, passed over the line to a great extent which accounts for the fact that while so heavy a punishment was inflicted on the enemy, our own loss, between 300 and 400 was not greater. The calm determination of the men during this engagement of two and a half or three hours was beyond all praise. The enemy's advance seemed to be in three lines of division front without artillery. No more persistent attack or determined resistance has anywhere been made. Not being allowed to advance and charge the enemy we did not get possession of the ground occupied by the enemy who intrenched and during the two following days kept up a severe and galling skirmish fire, from which we suffered considerably especially losing a number of valuable officers.

During the 27th, the Thirty seventh Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel Greene commanding, suffered severely from the fire of a battery, and with the Fifty-fourth Alabama, who re-enforced it (both of Baker's brigade), is entitled to special mention for the fortitude with which they endured the ordeal.

ALEX. P. STEWART,
Major-General.

MAJOR RATCHFORD,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Hood's Corps.

THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL POLK,
PINE MOUNTAIN, GA.

Marietta, June 14th, 1864.

To His Excellency Jefferson Davis:

The army and the country this morning had the calamity to lose Lieutenant-General Polk, who fell by a cannon shot directed at one of our batteries.

J. E. JOHNSTON.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee,

In the Field, June 14, 1864.

(General Field Orders No. 2.)

Comrades:—You are called to mourn your first captain, your oldest companion in arms. Lieutenant-General Polk fell today at the outpost of this army; the army he raised and commanded, in all of whose trials he shared, to all of whose victories he contributed. In this distinguished leader we have lost the most courteous of gentlemen, the most gallant of soldiers. The Christian patriot soldier has neither lived nor died in vain. His example is before you, his mantle is with you.

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

After the death of General Polk the signal corps at different stations grew busy for the signal service had become an important branch to our armies, imparting information not in any other way to be obtained. The idea evidently sprung from the Indians' smoke signals and the telegraphy which the Federals even followed. The Federals used it on battle fields, notably at Chickamauga in the west, Gettysburg in the east. The alphabet was easily learned by friends and just as easily deciphered by enemies. To keep the code from being found out changes had often to be made. The staff used to be taught the mode of signalling. When we were instructed, one right wave of the flag meant A, one left B, two right C, two left D, right-left E, etc. The end of a word was one thrust forward, of a sentence two thrusts forward, of a message three thrusts. The following is an account of some signal service messages on the Southern side deciphered by the Federals:

General Hood:

"Enemy has fortified their position on their left."

P. B. LEE.

General Hood:

The lines that were advancing on General Hardee have halted and are fortifying.

G. A. HENRY

General Oel:

Was Lieutenant-General Polk killed; let me know?
Hood, General.

General Hood:

The remains of Lieutenant-General Polk passed in direction of Marietta Station.

88.

To show the accuracy with which our messages were deciphered, I quote from the chief signal officer of the Federal Department of the Tennessee, commanded by General McPherson, in the Dalton-Atlanta campaign.

No. 445.

Office of the Chief Signal Officer,
Department of the Tennessee,

In the Field, Near Big Shanty, Ga., June 23rd, 1864.

Captain:—I have the honor to transmit herewith copy of Rebel signal messages deciphered by the officers of my detachment between the 10th and 20th instant. They were sent in a code adopted by them since we closed with the enemy in this position, and which was deciphered by the officers of this detachment. Lieutenant Bellinger is chief signal officer of the Rebel army in our front. Major Pollock B. Lee and Colonel Gus. A. Henry are assistant inspectors-general detailed to watch our movements from Kennesaw Mountain and to report by signals. It seems that they do not intrust this duty to their field officers. The first intimation of General Polk's death was received by Rebel signals. It is since verified by deserters. Colonel Henry and Major Lee kept us constantly informed of the movements of the Armies of the Cumberland and Ohio; their dispatches being always received by General McPherson before he obtained information from any other source. We use every endeavor to keep the facts of our knowledge of their code from unauthorized persons.

I have the honor to be captain, very respectfully your obedient servant,

O. H. HOWARD,
Captain and Signal Officer.

Captain H. O. Taft, Washington, D. C.

As senior division commander, General Loring immediately took command of Polk's corps and so continued until superseded by the following order:

Richmond, Va., July 3rd, 1864.

General J. E. Johnston:

Major-General Stewart has this day been appointed Lieutenant-

General to command the corps recently commanded by Lieutenant-General Polk.

S. COOPER,
Adjutant-General.

BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

— — — — —
CALLED ALONG CHEATHAM'S LINE THE DEAD ANGLE, JUNE 27, 1864.
— — — — —

I quote by permission from General French's journal to give a proper idea of General Johnston's army where the battle of Kennesaw Mountain and all along the line near Marietta took place.

June 19th—The position of our army today is Hood's (corps) on our right, covering Marietta on the northwest. From his left, Polk's corps (now Loring's) extend over both Big and Little Kennesaw Mountains with the left on the road from Gilgal Church to Marietta. From this road Hardee extends the line nearly south, covering Marietta on the west. The left of my division was established on the Marietta road, thence it ran up the spur or incline of the Mountain called Little or West Kennesaw and thence to the top of the same; thence on up to the top of Big Kennesaw when it connected with General Walthall's troops. Featherstone was on the right of Walthall and joined General Hood. Walker of Hardee's corps was on my left. Then in order, Bate, Cleburne and Cheatham came.

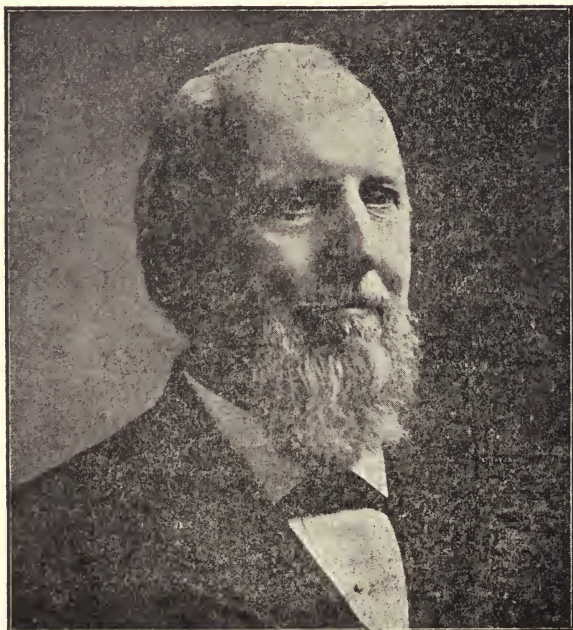
Kennesaw Mountain is about four miles northwest of Marietta. It is over two and a half miles in length and rises abruptly from the plain solitary and alone to the height of perhaps seven hundred feet. Its northwestern side is rocky and abrupt but on the northernly and southernly extremities it can be gained on horseback. Little Kennesaw being bold and destitute of timber, affords a commanding view of all the surrounding country as far as the eye can reach except where the view is hidden by the higher peak. The view from the elevation embraces Lost Mountain, Pine Mountain and all the beautiful cultivated plain dotted here and there with farm houses and extending to the Allatoona Mountain, a spur of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina."

The two armies confronted each other without incident until the 27th, when General French reports that:

"This morning there appeared great activity among the Federal staff officers and generals all along and up and down the lines. The better to observe what it portended, I and my staff seated ourselves on the brow of the mountain sheltered by a large rock that rested between our guns and those of the enemy while my infantry line was farther in front but low down the mountain sides. Artillery firing was common at all times on the line but now it swelled in volume and extended down to the extreme left. And then from fifty guns the firing burst out simultaneously in my front while battery after battery fol-

lowing on the right, disclosed a general attack on our entire line. Presently and as if by magic there sprang from the earth a host of men and in one long waving line of blue, the infantry advanced and the battle of Kennesaw Mountain began.

'I could see no infantry of the enemy on my immediate front, owing to the woods at the base of the mountain and therefore directed



GENERAL F. M. COCKRELL.

the guns from their elevated position to enfilade the blue line that was advancing on Walker's front in full view. In a short time this flank fire down their line drove them back and Walker was relieved from the attack.

"We sat there perhaps an hour enjoying a bird's-eye view of one of the most magnificent sights ever allotted to man—a hundred and fifty thousand men arrayed in the strife of battle below. 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, one glance at their array.

"Better an hour on this mountain top

"Than an age on a peaceful plain."

'As the infantry closed in, the blue smoke of the musket marked out the line of battle while over it rose in cumuli clouds, the white smoke of the artillery. So many were the guns concentrated to silence those three guns of ours on the mountain brow behind us, so incessant was the roar of the cannon and explosion of shells passing our heads or crashing on the rocks around us, that naught else could

be heard; and so with a roar as constant as Niagara and as sharp as the crash of thunder with lightning yet in the eye, we sat in silence watching the changing scenes of this great panorama.

"Through the rifts of smoke, or as it was wafted aside by the wind, we could see the assault made on Cheatham. There the struggle was hard and there it lasted longest. From the fact that I had



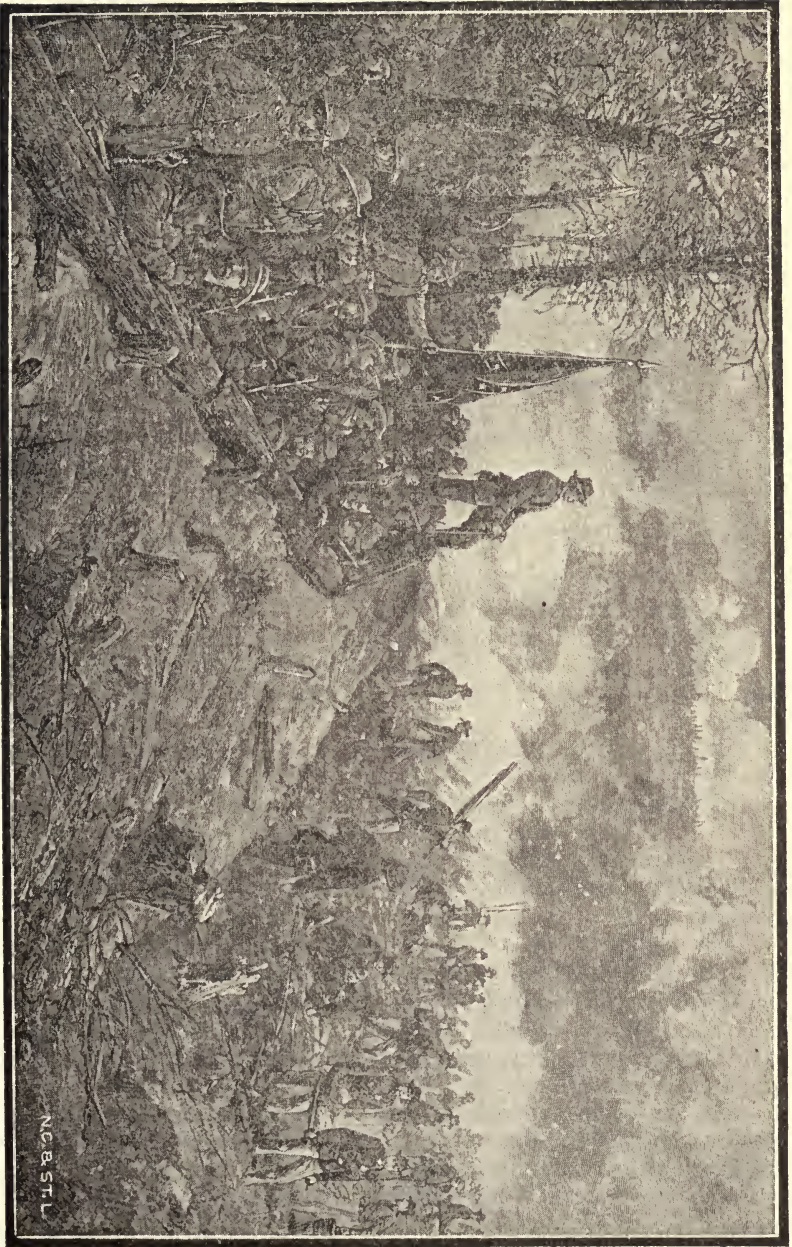
CAPTAIN P. H. GRIFFIN, "SONS OF ERIN," 10th
TENNESSEE INFANTRY (IRISH) C. S. A. NOW
LIEUTENANT COMPANY B, U. C. V. OF NASHVILLE,
TENNESSEE.

seen no infantry in my front and heard no musketry near, I thought I was exempted from the general infantry attack. I was therefore surprised and awakened from my dream when a courier came to me about 9 o'clock and said that General Cockrell wanted assistance, that his line had been attacked in force. General Ector was at once directed to send two regiments to report to him. Soon after a second courier came and reported an assault made on the left of my line. I went immediately with the remainder of Ector's brigade to Cockrell's



N.C. 457 L

BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.



N. C. B. ST. L.

TRUCE SCENE IN BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

assistance, but on reaching him I found the Federal assault had been repulsed. The assaulting column had struck Cockrell's works near the center, recoiled under the fire, then swung around into a steep valley, where exposed to the fire of the Missourians in the front and right and of Sears' Mississippians on their left, it seemed to melt away or sink to the earth to rise no more.

The assault on my line repulsed, I returned to the mountain top. The intensity of the fire had slackened and no movement of troops was visible. Although the din of arms yet resounded far and near the battle was virtually ended.

"From prisoners and from papers and diaries found in their possession, I learned that my line, from its position, had been selected for assault by General McPherson, as that of Cheatham's and Cleburne's had by General Thomas.

"General McPherson was a distinguished officer and it would be a reflection on his judgment and skill as a general to infer that he did not, under the eye of his commander and with ample men and means, make what he deemed adequate preparations for its accomplishment; but owing to the ground and the determined resistance encountered, his men by intuitive perception awakened by action, realized that the contest was hopeless and where persistence was only death, very properly abandoned the field.

"General Cheatham's loss was 195; mine (French's) 186; all other Confederate losses 141. Being a total of 522. What the Federal loss was I do not know but it was estimated at from five to eight thousand."

The following orders of General Sherman will explain the attack clearly; and the telegrams the result of the battle.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi,

In the Field, Near Kennesaw Mountain, June 24, 1864.

The army commanders will make full reconnoissances and preparations to attack the enemy in force on the 27th inst., at 8 a. m. precisely.

The commanding general will be on Signal Hill and will have telegraphic communication with all the army commanders.

1. Major-General Thomas will assault the enemy at any front near his center to be selected by himself and will make any changes in his troops necessary, by night, so as not to attract the attention of the enemy.

2. Major-General McPherson will feign, by a movement of his cavalry and one division of his infantry on his extreme left, approaching Marietta from the north and using artillery freely but will make his real attack at a point south and west of Kennesaw.

3. Major-General Schofield will feel to his extreme right and threaten that flank of the enemy, etc.

4. Each attacking column will endeavor to break a single point of the enemy's line and make secure lodgment beyond and be pre-

pared for following it up toward Marietta and the railroad in case of success.

By order of
Major-General W. T. SHERMAN.

L. M. DAYTON,
Aide-de-Camp.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi,
In the Field, June 27, 1864, 11:45 a. m.

General Schofield:—Neither McPherson nor Thomas has succeeded in breaking through but each has made substantial progress at some cost. Push your operations on the flank and keep me advised.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding,

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi,
In the Field, Near Kennesaw, June 27, 1864, 11:45 a. m.

General Thomas:—McPherson's column marched near the top of the hill through very tangled brush but was repulsed. It is found impossible to deploy but they hold their ground. I wish you to study well the positions and if possible to break through the lines to do it. It is easier now than it will be hereafter. I hear Leggett's guns well behind the mountain.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

As nothing decisive was obtained by Sherman's attack, the fire slackened except on skirmish line. After dark the enemy withdrew to their main trenches, the roar of guns died gradually away and the morning of the 28th dawned on both armies in their former positions. The battle of Kennesaw then was a display of force and an attack on the entire length of our line by artillery and infantry under cover of which two grand attacks were made by assaulting columns, the one on my line and the other on Cheatham's.

This fight along Cheatham's line was what was called the "Dead Angle." On the right of Cheatham was Stewart who was highly entertained by a number of the enemy's batteries turning on one of his, trying to silence it.

It was during this battle that one of the noblest deeds of humanity was performed. Colonel W. H. Martin of the First Arkansas of Cleburne's division seeing the woods in front of him on fire and burning the wounded Federals, tied a handkerchief to a ramrod and amidst the danger of battle mounted the parapet and shouted to the enemy: "We wont fire a gun till you get them away. Be quick." And with his own men he leaped over our works and helped to remove them. When this was done, a Federal major was so impressed by such magnanimity that he pulled from his belt a brace of fine pistols and presented them to Colonel Martin with the remark, "Accept them with my appreciation of the nobility of this deed."

The noble Colonel Martin lived until the war was over. His wife died leaving an only child. He went to Honduras and one day when

sailing in a small boat on the _____ River the boom struck him on the head knocking him overboard and he was drowned. Such is the irony of fate. So says Joseph N. Brown of Marietta.

After these famous battles events passed without notable incident, until a telegram came from Richmond on July 17th, which cast a gloom over the Army of Tennessee. It was never overcome. The substance as shown in the following chapter will ever be pointed to as a stupendous blunder upon the part of our parties in power.

GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON RELIEVED FROM DUTY.

Richmond, July 17th, 1864.

General J. E. Johnston:

Lieutenant-General J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of general under the late law of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far into the interior of Georgia, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him. You are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood.

S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector-General.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee, July 17, 1864.

(General Orders No. 4.)

In obedience to orders of the War Department, I turn over to General Hood the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee. I cannot leave this noble army without expressing my admiration of the high military qualities it has displayed. A long and arduous campaign has made conspicuous every soldierly virtue, endurance of toil, obedience to orders and brilliant courage. The enemy has never attacked but to be repulsed and severely punished. You, soldiers, have never argued but from your courage and never counted your foes. No longer your leader, I will still watch your career and will rejoice in your victories. To one and all I offer assurances of my friendship and bid an affectionate farewell.

J. E. JOHNSTON,

General.

Atlanta, July 18, 1864.

President Jefferson Davis:

The enemy being now in our immediate front and making as we suppose a general advance, we deem it dangerous to change commanders now especially as this would necessitate other important changes. A few days will probably decide the fate of Atlanta when the campaign may be expected to close for a time, allowing a new commander opportunity to get his army in hand and make the necessary changes. For these reasons we would respectfully urge the order requiring a

change of commanders be suspended until the fate of Atlanta shall be decided.

J. B. HOOD,
General.

W. J. HARDEE,
Lieutenant-General.

ALEX. P. STEWART,
Lieutenant-General.

Richmond, July 18, 1864.

General Hood:

Your telegram of this date received. A change of commanders under existing circumstances was regarded as so objectionable that I only accepted it as the alternative of continuing in a policy which had proved so disastrous. Reluctance to make the change induced me to send a telegram of inquiry to the commanding-general on the 16th inst. His reply but confirmed previous apprehensions. There can be but one question which you and I can entertain—that is, what will best promote the public good; and to each of you I confidently look for the sacrifice of every personal consideration in conflict with that object. The order has been executed and I cannot suspend it without making the case worse than it was before the order was issued.

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

(Same to Generals Hardee and Stewart.)

Atlanta, July 18, 1864.

General S. Cooper:

General:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of my appointment as general of the Army of Tennessee. There is now heavy skirmishing and indications of a general advance. I deem it dangerous to change the commander of this army at this particular time, and it will be to the interest of the service that no change should be made until the fate of Atlanta is decided.

Respectfully,
J. B. HOOD,
General.

Near Atlanta, July 18, 1864.

General S. Cooper, Richmond:

Your dispatch of yesterday received and obeyed. Command of the Army and Department of Tennessee has been transferred to General Hood. As to the alleged cause of my removal, I assert that Sherman's army is much stronger compared with that of Tennessee than Grant's compared with that of Northern Virginia. Yet the enemy has been compelled to advance much more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta than to that of Richmond and Petersburg and has penetrated much deeper into Virginia than into Georgia. Confident language

by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of competency.

J. E. JOHNSTON.

Atlanta, July 28, 1864.

Hon. J. A. Seddon, Richmond:

The enemy commenced extending his right about 8 this morning, driving in our cavalry. Lieutenant-Generals Stewart and Lee were directed to hold the Lick Skillet road for the day with a portion of their commands. About 1:30 o'clock a sharp engagement ensued with no decided advantage to either side. We still occupy the Lick Skillett road. I regret to say that Lieutenant-General Stewart and Major-General Loring were wounded. In my dispatch of yesterday I should have mentioned that Brigadier-General Ector was severely wounded during the day.

J. B. HOOD,
General.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 26, 1864.

THE DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. MCPHERSON, BY CAPTAIN RICHARD
BEARD OF MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Taken from the Nashville Union and American.

I notice in your paper also in the Banner of the 24th, a letter from a correspondent at Shelbyville, Tenn., connecting my name and that of my company with the killing of Major-General McPherson, on the 22d of July, before Atlanta. Both letters are substantially correct with the exception of one important particular. The impression is made by your correspondent that we were detached at the time and in ambuscade which is erroneous for we were in line of battle with our regiments the Fifth Confederate, together with Polk's brigade of Cleburne's division, to which we belonged.

After my return from prison at the close of the war, I heard that it had been charged by the Northern press that General McPherson had been murdered. I have been frequently asked to write a letter of vindication and to give an exact statement of the facts connected with his death but owing to my ignorance of localities and the general arrangements of the battle of the 22nd of July I have up to this time, failed to do so.

On the 7th of May, 1864, commenced that memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta which lasted for a hundred days and during which time the sound of the enemy's guns never were beyond the reach of our ears and which ended in the capture of the latter important city, on the 28th of July. It was in the last but one of the engagements in this campaign that the unfortunate occurrence took place which I am about to relate. The simple unvarnished facts in regard to the killing of the Federal general are as follows:

For a day or two previous to the battle I had been in command of a brigade line of skirmishers and early on the morning of July 22nd, was ordered to join my regiment and division which were moving out from Atlanta on the Decatur road, in order to strike the left flank of General Sherman's army under the command of General McPherson, which stretched across the Augusta railroad. It will be remembered that but a few days before this General Hood had relieved General Johnston in command of the Army of Tennessee and this was his second tussle with the enemy. While halting on the road to the battleground, we were furnished with sixty additional rounds of ammunition and were told that there was a hard day's work before us.

We were placed in line of battle about 12 or 1 o'clock in the day,

and the last order given by General Pat Cleburne to us, was to move forward turn neither to the right hand nor to the left until we were within the enemy's breastworks. Shortly afterwards a heavy and rapid cannonading commenced from what we supposed to be General Bate's division which announced too clearly that the ball was about to open in good earnest. Under the excitement aroused by it, we commenced a double-quick through a forest covered with dense underbrush. Here we ran through a line of skirmishers and took them in without the firing of a gun. Suddenly came up to the edge of a little wagon road running parallel with our line of march and down which General McPherson came thundering at the head of his staff and according to the best of my recollection followed by his body guard. As he swept down that lonely road in that black jack forest, he was little aware of the fate that awaited him. He had evidently just left the last conference he ever had with General Sherman near the Howard House and was on his way to see what the sudden and rapid firing on his left all meant. General Sherman is certainly mistaken in his memoirs when he says that he was almost, if not entirely alone, for I estimated his rank not only by his personal appearance but by the size of his retinue and in that estimate I fixed his rank at nothing less than a corps commander. He had a considerable staff with him and according to the best of my recollection, a body guard followed him.

He was certainly surprised to find himself suddenly face to face with the Rebel line. My own company and possibly others of the regiment had reached the verge of the road when he discovered for the first time, that he was within a few feet of where we stood. I threw up my sword to him as a signal to surrender. Not a word was spoken. He checked his horse slightly, raised his hat as politely as if he were saluting a lady, wheeled his horse's head directly to the right and dashed off to the rear in a full gallop. Young Corporal Coleman who was standing near me, was ordered to fire on him. He did so and it was his ball that brought General McPherson down. He was shot as he was passing under the thick branches of a tree while bending over his horse's neck either to avoid coming in contact with the limbs or more probably, to escape the death dealing bullet of the enemy that he knew was sure to follow him. He was shot in the back and as General Sherman says in his Memoirs, "the ball ranged upwards across the body and passed through his heart."

A number of shots were fired into his retreating staff.

I ran immediately up to where the general lay, just as he had fallen upon his knees and face. There was not a quiver of his body to be seen, not a sign of life perceptible. The fatal bullet had done its work too well. He had been killed instantly. Even as he lay there in his major-general's uniform with his face in the dust, he was as magnificent a specimen of manhood as I ever saw.

Right by his side lay a man who if hurt at all was but slightly wounded but whose horse had been shot from under him. From his appearance I took him to be the adjutant or inspector-general of the

staff. Pointing to the dead man I asked him, "Who is this lying here?" He answered with tears in his eyes, "Sir, it is General McPherson. You have killed the best man in our army." This was the first intimation we had as to who the officer was and as to his rank.

There was a touch of pathos connected with the death of this great soldier of the Federal army. He seemed to be about thirty-five years of age and it was said at the time that he was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl in Baltimore, that a short time before this, he had asked for a leave of absence from General Sherman, to visit her but owing to the exigencies of the times and the stirring scenes through which the two armies were passing, his application was denied.

General Sherman alleges in his book that General McPherson's pocketbook and papers were found in the haversack of a prisoner afterwards. That may be so but that prisoner did not belong to our party. Captain W. A. Brown of Mississippi picked up his hat that had caught in the branches of the tree under which he had fallen and that was the only piece of McPherson's property disturbed by any of us. That hat Captain Brown wore through all of our prison experience and at the close of the war when the last Confederate flag was furled when we separated at Hamilton, Ohio, he going to his home in Grenada, Miss., and I to mine at Lebanon, Tenn., he still wore it. As I stood over the body, the bullets were beginning to whistle rapidly around that locality. Soon after an order was sent commanding the division to move by the right flank, but Major Richard Person a gallant officer, who commanded the regiment, was on the extreme left and in front of it and did not hear the order but pushed on to the Federal intrenchments which were before and in sight of us. I was satisfied then that detached as we were, the movement would only result in our death or capture; but feeling it my duty to stick to the colors of my regiment and share its fate no matter what it might be, I did so and the result was as I anticipated—we were all taken prisoners.

After our capture we had several conversations with Federal officers in regard to the killing of McPherson and I had myself one, with an officer of his staff, who had been fortunate enough to escape our bullets when McPherson fell.

The next day we started on our way to Northern prisons—the officers to Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio. On the route we spent one night in the Chattanooga jail—an old building that now stands on Market street in that city; a day in the Nashville penitentiary, and one Sunday in jail at Indianapolis. A short distance this side of Sandusky we passed through the little city of Clyde, the birthplace and the home of General McPherson. We noticed that the flag was at half mast and asked some of the crowd around the depot what it meant and were told that they had just buried General McPherson whom the "damned Rebels had murdered" and that the flag was at half mast for him. Within three hours after this I was in a prison guarded by high palisades on which was a walkway where sentries paced their beat night

and day, by the 128th Ohio regiment, one thousand strong, by the gun-boat Michigan and by the waters of Lake Erie and Sandusky Bay. Here for nearly eleven months I heard the wild waves beat against the shores of the island and the wild sea birds cry. On the morning of June 1st, 1865, I passed out of the gate of the prison a free man and no one who has not experienced a prison life can realize the sensations that I underwent. The morning was as beautiful as the sun ever rose on. There was not a cloud in the sky; the "air was silent as the ocean," and the dew sparkled like jewels on the grass. Taking a mint julep with Captain Collins one of the officers of the 128th Ohio, who had been guarding us, we "shook hands across the bloody chasm" and turned my face toward my home in Tennessee—a home that I had not seen for more than four years.

I have somewhat digressed, but I will say that the tragedy I have described above was the last one that I ever took part in during the war and it is as vividly pictured on my mind as if it all had occurred yesterday. The circumstances under which General McPherson met his death were perfectly justifiable. He had every opportunity on earth to surrender but refused to do so and preferred to take the chances of flight. Although he was considered a host in himself against us, his untimely end was mourned even by the Confederate army, for he was universally esteemed as a soldier and a gentleman.

Some others have rendered and had published different versions of this death and some have even claimed that they fired the shot that brought him down but this credit—if there can be any credit attached to it—I have never claimed. His blood is not on my hands. The only claim I make is that I saw him fall and I believe that I was about the first party that reached his body.

On this same day our Major General W. H. T. Walker, commanding a division in our (Hardee's) corps was killed.

MAJOR-GENERALS LORING, WALTHALL AND FRENCH'S
DIVISION, STEWART'S CORPS.

Report of Lieutenant-General Alexander P. Stewart, C. S. Army,
Commanding Corps (formerly Polk's) of Operations July 18 to Sep-
tember 29, 1864.

Headquarters Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee,
Near Tupelo, Miss., January 12, 1865.

Sir:—In compliance with the wishes of the commanding general I respectfully submit the following brief report of the operations of this corps from July 18, 1864, the day upon which General Hood assumed command of the Army of Tennessee, to September 29, 1864, the day on which we crossed the Chattahoochee:

On the 18th of July we lay in bivouac on the south side of Peach Tree creek between the Marietta and Pace's ferry roads. On that or the following day we commenced intrenching, the enemy having crossed the Chattahoochee and advanced on Sunday, the 17th, to the vicinity of Peach Tree creek. This corps was on the left, Hardee's in the center, Cheatham's (formerly Hood's) on the right of the army.

On the morning of the 20th it was decided at army headquarters that at 1 p. m. that day an attack should be made on the enemy by this corps and Hardee's. The plan was for the divisions (commencing on Hardee's right) to move forward successively en echelon at intervals of some 200 yards to attack the enemy, drive him back to the creek and then press down the creek to the left. Should the enemy be found intrenched, his works were to be carried, everything on our side of the creek was to be taken and our crossing to the other side of the creek was to depend on our success. Such were the instructions of the commanding general to General Hardee and myself. I was to hold a division in reserve. It seems a division had been drawn from our lines on the right of Hardee's corps. This corps and mine was to close to the right far enough to cover the space vacated by this division the space to be divided between the two corps. This would have shifted my line a half division front to the right—perhaps at most a half mile. The division and brigade commanders were notified of the work to be done and directed to reconnoiter the ground in front of their lines as far as practicable. At 1 o'clock I found the left of Hardee's corps just beginning to shift to the right. Feeling that this change was not important and that not a moment should be lost in making the attack contemplated, a staff officer was dispatched to the commanding general to inform him of the fact and requesting an order to stop the movement

to the right and commence the forward movement. The result was, however, that to keep up connection with the other corps, my line moved fully a mile and a half or two miles to the right and my right division (Loring's) did not move forward following the one on its right in the prescribed order until near 4 o'clock. My instructions to division commanders of brigades and regiments were: to move forward and attack the enemy; if found entrenched to fix bayonets and carry his works; to drive him back to the creek and then press down the creek; that we were to carry everything in our front on our side of the creek. Loring's division was on the right, Walthall's in the center and French's the reserve division, on the left. The instructions given were obeyed promptly and with alacrity. Loring's division moved forward and carried the works in their front but were compelled to fall back by an enfilade fire from the right because the left division of the other corps had not moved up to the attack. Walthall's division also engaged the enemy with great spirit while French's was moved so as to cover the left and be in supporting distance. Learning the cause of the check to Loring's and Walthall's divisions, an officer was dispatched to request General Hardee to allow his left division to cooperate with Loring in carrying the line in its front. Before an answer was received, a staff officer from the commanding general brought me an order to retire to the entrenched line from which we had advanced and the conflict terminated.

The loss in Loring's and Walthall's divisions especially the former, was heavy. These commanders, their subordinates and men behaved entirely to my satisfaction and I cannot but think had the plan of the battle as I understood it, been carried out fully, we would have achieved a great success.

I beg leave to refer to subordinate reports for the names of those who distinguished themselves by acts of special gallantry and of the brave officers and men whose blood was so freely and it would seem so uselessly shed on the occasion, as well as for those details it is impossible to embrace in this sketch.

Thursday night, July 21st, the army fell back to the line around Atlanta, this corps occupying the space from Peach Tree street to a redoubt on a hill to the left of the Turner's Ferry road, being still the left of the army. On the 22nd we were ordered to be in readiness to attack the enemy again, following the corps on our right; but for reasons unknown to me the battle of that day did not become general. By the 28th the enemy by extending to his right had nearly gained the Lick Skillet road. Loring's and Walthall's divisions had been relieved at the trenches and it was expected that French's would be that night. As I understood the instructions, General Lee, commanding corps, was to move out on the Lick Skillet road, attack the enemy's right flank and drive him from that road and the one leading from it by Mount Ezra Church. My own orders were to move with the divisions named to the point where our line of works crossed the Lick Skillet road. French's division (when relieved) and one from some

other corps were to join us and at an early hour the next morning we were to move out on that road, turn to the right, pass in rear of the enemy and attack. On reaching the point indicated, Lee's corps was found to be engaged and in need of assistance. Accordingly, Walthall's division was moved out, Loring's following as support and formed on Lee's left. It attacked the enemy strongly posted on a hill, and failing after a desperate fight and heavy loss to dislodge him, Loring's division was placed in position along the Lick Skillet road and Walthall directed to withdraw his in rear of Loring's. A short time previous to this, General Loring was wounded leaving his division under command of Brigadier-General Featherston. While his division was taking its position I was myself disabled and did not return to duty until the 15th of August. At this time the corps occupied the line from Marietta road to a short distance west of the Lick Skillet road. Nothing of special interest occurred beyond the constant skirmishing along the picket-lines until toward the end of August, when the enemy withdrew from our front and moved upon Jonesboro.

This corps remained in position around Atlanta until it became necessary to evacuate the place, where it remained until September 18. On that day we marched for Palmetto on the Atlanta & West Point Railroad and on the 20th took position on the left of the army between the railroad and the Chattahoochee where we remained undisturbed until the 29th, when we recrossed the river at Pumpkintown near Cross Anchor.

It is due them to express my high appreciation of the conduct and services of the several members of my staff, viz: Lieutenant-Colonel T. F. Sevier assistant inspector-general and his assistants, Lieutenants Cahal and Hopkins, and Private Williams of the Orleans Light Horse; Doctors Voorhies and Darby, at different times acting as medical directors; Major Douglas West and Captain W. D. Gale of Adjutant-General's Department; Major Foster, Captain Porter, Lieutenants DeSaulles and McFall of the engineers; Lieutenants Ridley and Stewart, aides; Captain Vanderford, ordnance officer; Major Mason, quartermaster, and Major Murphy, commissary of subsistence.

To Captain Greenleaf and his company (the Orleans Light Horse) I acknowledge my obligations for valuable services.

Very respectfully, colonel, your obedient servant,

ALEX. P. STEWART,

Lieutenant-General.

Colonel A. P. MASON,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

BATTLES AROUND JONESBOROUGH, LOVEJOY STATION AND ATLANTA.

Report of Lieutenant-General William J. Hardee, C. S. Army, Commanding Corps.

Jonesborough, August 31, 1864.

Fought the enemy at Jonesborough today, but without decisive results. Cleburne commanding my corps, carried the enemy's intrenchments on the left and holds them. Lieutenant-General Lee carried a part of the enemy's works, but was in the end badly repulsed. No loss in material. Generals Anderson and Cumming badly wounded. Telegraph communication with Atlanta broken. I can hold this place unless the enemy cross Flint river below me. My aim will be to keep my command between the enemy and Macon.

W. J. HARDEE,
Lieutenant-General.

His Excellency President Davis.

Lovejoy Station, September 2, 1864.

The enemy attacked my whole line fiercely at Jonesborough yesterday, turning my right flank at the same time. The assault was everywhere repulsed except upon Lewis' and Govan's brigades which gave way but reformed about 150 yards in rear of their original line and maintained their position steadily. I was occupying in single rank the line of both Lee's corps and my own of the day previous. My only reserves had to be thrown on my right flank to prevent the enemy from turning my position. I lost a few prisoners including Brigadier-General Govan and eight pieces of artillery. My loss not heavy in killed or wounded. The loss of the enemy believed to be greater than in any previous engagement of the campaign. Prisoners report that General Sherman commanded in person and that there were six corps in my front. The enemy reached the Decatur road before dark compelling me to retire to this place, four miles and a half in rear of my position of yesterday.

W. J. HARDEE,
Lieutenant-General.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va.

Near Lovejoy's Station, September 3rd, 1864.

The enemy approached my position cautiously from Jonesborough yesterday and about sunset attacked a portion of Cleburne's

line. The attack was easily repulsed and with considerable loss to the enemy.

W. J. HARDEE,
Lieutenant-General.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va.

Headquarters, Camp Near Smithfield, N. C., April 5, 1865.

Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, Richmond:

General:—I have just concluded and will today forward to General Cooper a report of the operations of my corps about Atlanta and intended merely as an answer to the misrepresentations contained in General Hood's report respecting myself. You will oblige me by authorizing its publication which I consider due alike to the truth of history and to my own reputation.

With high respect, your obedient servant,

W. J. HARDEE,
Lieutenant-General.

Headquarters Hardee's Corps,
Camp Near Smithfield, N. C., April 5, 1865.

General:—The want of subordinate reports has heretofore prevented me from making an official report of the operations of my corps of the Army of Tennessee, from the opening of the campaign at Dalton to the time of my transfer from that army on the 28th of September, 1864. Many of the general officers in that corps were killed, wounded or captured in the recent Tennessee campaign without having made up their reports and this obstacle therefore still exists; but the publication of General Hood's official report makes it a duty to place at once upon record a correction of the misrepresentations which he has made in that report with respect to myself and the corps which I commanded. It is well known that I felt unwilling to serve under General Hood upon his succession to the command of the Army of Tennessee because I believed him, though a tried and gallant officer, to be unequal in both experience and natural ability to so important a command and soon afterward with the knowledge and approval of General Hood, I applied to his Excellency the President to be relieved from duty with that army. The President replied that it was my duty to remain where I was. I accepted the decision and gave to the commanding general an honest and cordial support. That in the operations about Atlanta I failed to accomplish all that General Hood thinks might have been accomplished is a matter of regret. That I committed errors is very possible but that I failed in any instance to carry out in good faith his orders I utterly deny; nor during our official connection did General Hood ever evince a belief that I had in any respect failed in the execution of such parts of his military plans as were intrusted to me. On the contrary, by frequent and exclusive consultation of my opinions, by the selection of my corps for important operations and by assign-

ing me on several occasions to the command of two-thirds of his army, he gave every proof of implicit confidence in me. The publication of his official report with its astonishing statements and insinuations was the first intimation of his dissatisfaction with my official conduct. Referring to the attack of the 20th of July at Peach Tree creek, he says:

“Owing to the demonstrations of the enemy on the right, it became necessary to extend Cheatham a division front to the right. To do this Hardee and Stewart were each ordered to extend a half division front to close the interval. Foreseeing that some confusion and delay might result, I was careful to call General Hardee’s attention to the importance of having a staff officer on his left to see that his left did not take more than half a division front. This unfortunately was not attended to and the line closed to the right, causing Stewart to move two or three times the proper distance. In consequence of this the attack was delayed until nearly 4 p. m. At this hour the attack began as ordered, Stewart’s corps carrying the temporary works on its front. Hardee failed to push the attack as ordered and thus the enemy remaining in possession of his works on Stewart’s right, compelled Stewart by an enfilade fire to abandon the position he had carried. I have every reason to believe that our attack would have been successful had my orders been executed.”

I was ordered as above stated to move half a division length to the right but was directed at the same time to connect with the left of Cheatham’s corps. The delay referred to by General Hood was not caused by my failure to post a staff officer to prevent my command from moving more than half a division length to the right, for Major Black of my staff, was sent to the proper point for that purpose; but it arose from the fact that Cheatham’s corps with which I was to connect was nearly two miles to my right instead of a division length. Had General Hood been on the field the alternative of delaying the attack or leaving an interval between Cheatham’s command and my own could have been submitted to him for decision. He was in Atlanta and in his absence the hazard of leaving an interval of one mile and a half in a line intended to be continuous and at a point in front of which the enemy was in force and might at any time attack, seemed to me too great to be assumed. The attack thus delayed was therefore made at 4 instead of 1 p. m. My troops were formed as follows: Bate’s division on the right, Walker’s in the center, Cheatham’s (commanded by Brigadier-General Maney) on the left, and Cleburne’s in reserve. The command moved to the attack in echelon of division from the right. Walker’s division in consequence of the circular formation of the enemy’s fortifications, encountered them first and was repulsed and driven back. Bate finding no enemy in his immediate front, was directed to find and if practicable, to turn their flank, but his advance through an almost impenetrable thicket was necessarily slow. Expecting but not hearing Bate’s guns I ordered Maney and Cleburne whose division had been substituted for Walker’s

beaten troops, to attack. At the moment when the troops were advancing to the assault I received information from General Hood that the enemy were passing and overlapping the extreme right of the army, accompanied by an imperative order to send him a division at once. In obedience to this order I immediately withdrew and sent to him Cleburne's division. The withdrawal of a division at the mo-



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL W. J. HARDEE.

ment when but two were available compelled me to countermand the assault and the lateness of the hour which made it impossible to get Bate in position to attack before dark, left no alternative but to give up the attack altogether.

These movements and their causes were fully explained to General Hood at the time and seemingly to his entire satisfaction. No mention is made in General Hood's report of the fight made by Cleburne on the 21st, which he described as the "bitterest of his life;" but it was the well-known and often expressed opinion of that noble and lamented officer that but for the withdrawal of his division which prevented the assault on the 20th and its timely arrival on the right,

the enemy would on the morning of the 21st have succeeded in gaining the inner works of Atlanta.

On the 21st of July, General Hood decided to attempt on the following day to turn the enemy's left flank. The original plan was to send my corps by a detour to Decatur to turn the enemy's position, but my troops had been marching, fighting and working the night and day previous and had had little rest for thirty-six hours so it was deemed impracticable to make a long march in time to attack on the following day. This plan was therefore abandoned and General Hood decided to strike the enemy in flank. General Hood says:

"Hardee failed to entirely turn the enemy's flank as directed; took position and attacked his flank."

In proof that General Hood's instructions were obeyed, I have only to mention that when my dispatch informing him of the position I had taken and the dispositions I had made for the attack was received, he exclaimed to Brigadier-General Mackall his chief of staff, with his finger on the map, "Hardee is just where I wanted him."

I will not in this report enter into the details of the engagement of the 22nd of July, one of the most desperate and bloody of the war and which won the only decided success achieved by the army of Tennessee in front of Atlanta.

Atlanta.

In the afternoon of the 28th of July, when the corps of Stewart and Lee on the left, had been badly repulsed in an attack upon the enemy's right and were attacked in turn, a serious disaster was apprehended. General Hood sent several couriers in quick succession and great haste to summon me to his headquarters which were between my own and the then battle-field, and a mile and a half nearer to it. He then directed me to proceed to the field and if necessary to assume command of the troops engaged.

If I failed of my duty in any respect on the 20th and 22nd of July, it is a little singular that on the 28th General Hood, remaining at his headquarters in Atlanta, should have sent me to take command on a field where there was no portion of my own corps and where nearly two-thirds of his army were engaged. Upon my arrival on the field the fighting had nearly ceased and I found it unnecessary to take command. This fight of the 28th is mentioned by General Hood in terms to leave an impression of its success but it was well known throughout the army that so great was the loss in men, organization and morale in that engagement, that no action of the campaign, probably, did so much to demoralize and dishearten the troops engaged in it. It was necessary, in order to cast upon me the onus of the general failure at Atlanta, to cover up any want of success on the part of the others. But it is strange that General Hood should have placed me in command of two-thirds of his army on the 28th, after my failure of the 20th and 22nd, it is not less remarkable that in the following month, remaining himself at Atlanta nearly thirty miles from the scene of action with one corps of his army, he should have sent me

in command of the other two corps to make an attack at Jonesborough upon which he says so much depended.

On the 26th of August the enemy drew in his left on the north front of Atlanta in pursuance of a plan to turn our position and move upon our railroad communications. Wheeler had cut the railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga and General Hood believed the enemy to be retreating for want of supplies. He even ordered General W. H. Jackson then commanding the cavalry of the army, to harass the rear of the retreating enemy. General Jackson endeavored to convince him of his error but to no purpose. The opportunity to strike the flank of the enemy exposed during the five days occupied in the movement from Atlanta to Jonesborough, was neglected and lost. It was not until the 30th of August in the evening of which day the enemy actually reached the vicinity of Jonesborough, that General Hood was convinced by information sent him by myself from Rough and Ready, that the enemy were moving upon that place. He then determined to attack what he believed to be only two corps of the enemy at Jonesborough. The enemy had reached Jonesborough before the order was given to move against him. I was telegraphed at Rough and Ready in the evening of August 30th to come to Atlanta and an engine was sent for me. I arrived in the night. General Hood ordered me to move with Lee's corps and my own commanded by Major-General Cleburne, to Jonesborough to attack the enemy and drive him if possible, across Flint river. The troops were in the vicinity of East Point and were put in motion at once. I left Atlanta by rail and reached Jonesborough before daylight, expecting to find Lee and Cleburne there. To my disappointment I learned that Cleburne who was in advance, had encountered the enemy in force on the road he had been instructed to take and had been compelled to open another road. This occasioned great delay. Cleburne got into position about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 31st, and Lee who was in rear, about 11 o'clock. Three brigades of Lee's corps which had been left on picket did not get up until 1:30 p. m. Foreseeing that the attack could not be made before the afternoon and that the enemy would have time by intrenching himself to add strength of position to superiority of numbers, I telegraphed these facts to General Hood early in the day and urged him to come to Jonesborough and take command. Communication with Atlanta by rail was then still open but he did not come. As soon as the lines could be adjusted I ordered the attack. Lee's corps was on the right and Cleburne's on the left. Cleburne had orders to turn the enemy's right flank and Lee to begin the attack on our right when he heard Cleburne's guns. Lee mistaking the guns of Cleburne's skirmishers for the main attack began the movement before Cleburne became seriously engaged. He encountered formidable breastworks which he was unable to carry and after considerable loss was driven back in confusion. Cleburne had carried the temporary works of the enemy and a portion of his command had crossed

Flint river and captured two pieces of artillery which he was unable, however, to bring over the river. He was now moving up the enemy's main works. I sent my chief of staff (Colonel Roy) to Lieutenant-General Lee to ascertain whether his troops were in condition to renew the attack. General Lee expressed the decided opinion that they were not. Immediately after this I was informed by another staff officer (Colonel Pickett) that the enemy were preparing to attack Lee. In view of the demoralized condition of Lee's troops as reported by the same officer, I withdrew a division from Cleburne to support Lee.

It now became necessary for me to act on the defensive and I ordered Cleburne to make no further attempt on the enemy's works. It is proper to state that the enemy were strongly intrenched and had one flank resting on Flint river and both well protected. Their fortifications were erected during the day and night preceding the attack and were formidable. Two corps were in position with a third corps in reserve. Three other corps were in supporting distance between Jonesborough and Rough and Ready. The Twentieth corps alone of Sherman's army, had been left in front of Atlanta. These facts were obtained from Captain Buel, a captured officer of Major-General Howard's staff. On the night of the 31st the following dispatch was received in duplicate from General Hood:

"Headquarters Army of Tennessee,
"Office Chief of Staff,
"August 31, 1864, 6 p. m.

"Lieutenant-General Hardee, Commanding, etc.

"General Hood directs that you return Lee's corps to this place. Let it march by 2 o'clock tomorrow morning. Remain with your corps and the cavalry and so dispose your force as best to protect Macon and communications in rear. Retain provision and ordnance trains. Please return Reynolds' brigade and if you think you can do so and still accomplish your object, send back a brigade or so of your corps also. There are some indications that the enemy may make an attempt upon Atlanta tomorrow.

"Very respectfully, etc.,

"F. A. SHOUP,
Chief of Staff."

Lee's corps proceeded to Atlanta in obedience to this order and I remained at Jonesborough with my own corps and a body of cavalry under Brigadier-General Jackson.

It will be seen from the above order that Lee's corps was not recalled as General Hood states, with a view of attacking the enemy in flank but to protect Atlanta from an apprehended attack by Sherman's army which General Hood with a marvelous want of information, evidently still believed to be in front of Atlanta.

On the morning of September 1st the situation was as follows:

General Hood was at Atlanta with Stewart's corps and the Georgia militia; my corps was at Jonesborough thirty miles distant and Lee's corps on the road from Jonesborough to Atlanta, fifteen miles from each place, and in supporting distance of neither. The Federal commander on the other hand, had concentrated his whole army upon my corps at Jonesborough, except the one corps left in front of Atlanta and was not in position to crush in detail the scattered corps of his unwary antagonist. My position at Jonesborough had been taken up on the failure of the attack on the day previous. It was not strong naturally and there had been little time to strengthen it by art; but it was absolutely necessary to hold the position through the day to secure the evacuation of Atlanta which had now become a necessity. To add to my embarrassment, I was encumbered by the immense subsistence and ordnance trains of the army which had been sent for safety from Atlanta to Jonesborough and could not now be sent farther to the rear because the superiority of the enemy in cavalry made it undisputable to their safety that they should remain under the protection of the infantry. It is difficult to imagine a more perplexing or perilous situation; yet it is this engagement, fought under such circumstances which General Hood disposes of in two contemptuous sentences; an engagement in which my corps was attacked by six corps commanded by General Sherman in person and where upon my ability to hold the position through the day depended the very existence of the remainder of the army, for it is not too much to say that if the enemy had crushed my corps or even driven it from its position at Jonesborough on the 1st of September, no organized body of the other two corps could have escaped destruction. Through the splendid gallantry of the troops the position was held against fierce and repeated assaults of the enemy. At night the object of the stand (which was to secure the successful retreat of the two corps in Atlanta) having been gained, I retired about four miles and took up a position in front of Lovejoy's station which was maintained against a renewal of the attack on the following day and until the remainder of the army formed a junction with my corps and Sherman withdrew to Atlanta.

General Hood sums up the total losses of his entire army from the date of his assuming command, on the 18th of July, to the Jonesborough fight inclusive, at 5,247. The casualties in my corps alone during that time considerably exceeded 7,000 in killed, wounded and captured.

General Hood says: "The vigor of the attack (on the 31st of August) may be in some sort imagined when only 1,400 were killed and wounded out of the two corps engaged."

This attack was made principally by Lee's corps and the loss was chiefly in that corps. It is true that the attack could scarcely have been called a vigorous one, nor is it surprising that troops who had for two months been hurled against the breastworks only to be repulsed or to gain dear-bought and fruitless victories, should now

have moved against the enemy's works with reluctance and distrust. But dispositions were made to renew the attack with both corps which would probably have resulted bloodily enough to satisfy even the sanguinary expectations of the commanding general but for developments of the enemy's movements and forces which made it necessary for me to assume the defensive. I now consider this a fortunate circumstance, for success against such odds could at best only have been partial and bloody while defeat would have been almost inevitable destruction to the army.

The fall of Atlanta does not date from the result of the battle of Jonesborough but from General Hood's misconception of his adversary's plans.

After the 30th of August General Hood's whole plan of operations was based upon the hypothesis that Sherman was moving only a detachment to Jonesborough whereas in reality he was moving his army. He divided his forces to attack a concentrated enemy. He (Hood) in effect sent a detachment of his army to attack an enemy who was superior in numbers to his whole army.

Had it been possible with two corps to dislodge three corps of the enemy from the chosen position on the 31st, I should still have had to meet three fresh corps on the following morning with my own corps alone, for be it remembered that Lee's corps was withdrawn by General Hood before he knew the result of the fight on the 31st.

The fate of Atlanta was sealed from the moment when General Hood allowed an enemy superior in numbers to pass unmolested around his flank and plant himself firmly upon his only line of railroad. If, after the enemy reached Jonesborough, General Hood had attacked him with his whole army instead of with a part of it he could not reasonably have expected to drive from that position an army before which his own had been four months retiring in the open field.

I have the honor to be, general, very respectfully your obedient servant,

W. J. HARDEE,
Lieutenant-General.

General C. S. Cooper, Adjutant-General and Inspector-General,
Richmond, Va.

“THE MASTER OF THE SCIENCE OF WAR.”

Report of General Joseph E. Johnston, C. S. Army, Commanding Army of Tennessee, of Operations December 27, 1863—July 17, 1864.

Vineville, Ga., October 20, 1864.

Sir:—I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of the Army of Tennessee while it was under my command. Want of the reports of the lieutenant-generals, for which I have waited until now, prevents me from being circumstantial.

In obedience to the orders of the President, received by telegraph at Clinton, Miss., December 18th, 1863, I assumed command of the Army of Tennessee at Dalton on the 27th of that month.

Letters from the President and Secretary of War, dated, respectively, December 23rd and 20, impressed upon me the importance of soon commencing active operations against the enemy. The relative forces including the moral effect of the affair of Missionary Ridge, condition of the artillery horses and most of those of the cavalry and want of field transportation, made it impracticable to effect the wishes of the Executive.

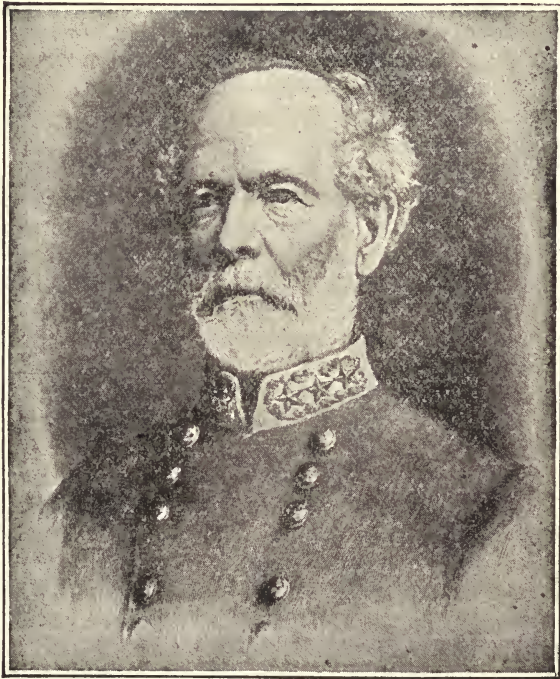
On December 31 the effective total of the infantry and artillery of the army including two brigades belonging to the Department of Mississippi, was 36,826. The effective total of the cavalry including Roddey's command at Tuscumbia, was 5,613. The Federal force in our front exclusive of cavalry, and the Ninth and Twenty-third corps at Knoxville, was estimated at 80,000. The winter was mainly employed in improving the discipline and equipment of the army and bringing back absentees to the ranks. At the end of April more than 5,000 had rejoined their regiments.

The horses of the cavalry and the artillery had been much reduced in condition by the previous campaign. As full supplies of forage could not be furnished them at Dalton, it was necessary to send about half of each of these arms of the service far to the rear where the country could furnish food. On that account Brigadier-General Roddey was ordered with about three-fourths of his troops from Tuscumbia to Dalton and arrived at the end of February. On April 2, however, he was sent back to his former position by the Secretary of War.

On January 15 and 16th Baldwin's and Quarles' brigades returned to the Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana, to which they belonged. His Excellency Joseph E. Brown added to the

army two regiments of State troops which were used to guard the railroad bridges between Dalton and Atlanta.

On February 17th the President ordered me by telegraph to detach Lieutenant-General Hardee with the infantry of his corps, except Stevenson's division, to aid Lieutenant-General Polk against Sherman in Mississippi. This order was obeyed as promptly as our



GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON.

means of transportation permitted. The force detached was probably exaggerated to Major-General Thomas, for on the 23rd the Federal army advanced to Ringgold, on the 24th drove in our outposts, and on the 25th skirmished at Mill Creek Gap and in Crow's Valley, east of the Rocky Face Mountain. We were successful at both places. At the latter, Clayton's brigade after a sharp action of half an hour, defeated double its number. At night it was reported that a U. S. brigade was occupying Dug Gap, from which it had driven our troops. Granbury's (Texas) brigade returning from Mississippi, had just arrived. It was ordered to march to the foot of the mountain immediately and to retake the gap at sunrise the next morning which was done. In the night of the 26th the enemy retired. On February 27th I suggested to the Executive by letter through

General Bragg, that all preparations for a forward movement should be made without further delay.

In a letter dated 4th of March General Bragg desired me "to have all things ready at the earliest practicable moment for the movement indicated." In replying on the 12th, I reminded him that the regulations of the War Department do not leave such preparations to commanders of troops but to officers who receive their orders from Richmond. On the 18th a letter was received from General Bragg sketching a plan of offensive operations and enumerating the troops to be used in them under me. I was invited to express my views on the subject. In doing so both by telegraph and mail, I suggested modifications and urged that the additional troops named should be sent immediately to enable us, should the enemy advance, to beat him and then move forward; or should he not advance, do so ourselves. General Bragg replied by telegraph on the 21st:

"Your dispatch of the 19th does not indicate acceptance of plan proposed. Troops can only be drawn from other points for advance. Upon your decision of that point further action must depend."

I replied by telegraph on the 22nd:

"In my dispatch of 19th I expressly accept taking offensive. Only differ with you as to details. I assume that the enemy will be prepared for advance before we will and will make it to our advantage. Therefore I propose both for offensive and defensive, to assemble our troops here immediately."

This was not noticed. Therefore, on the 25th I again urged the necessity of re-enforcing the Army of Tennessee because the enemy was collecting a larger force than that of the last campaign while ours was less than it had been.

On the 3rd of April Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Cole arrived at Dalton to direct the procuring of artillery horses and field transportation to enable the army to advance. On the 4th, under orders No. 32, 1864, I applied to the chief of the conscript service for 1,000 negro teamsters. None were received. On the 8th of April Colonel B. S. Ewell assistant adjutant-general, was sent to Richmond to represent to the President my wish to take the offensive with proper means and to learn his views. A few days after Brigadier-General Pendleton arrived from Richmond to explain to me the President's wishes on the subject. I explained to him the modification of the plan communicated by General Bragg (that seemed to me essential), which required that the intended re-enforcements should be sent to Dalton. I urged that this should be done without delay because our present force was not sufficient even for defense, and to enable us to take the offensive if the enemy did not.

On the 1st of May I reported the enemy about to advance. On the 2nd Brigadier-General Mercer's command arrived—about 1,400 effective infantry. On the 4th I expressed myself satisfied that the enemy was about to attack with his united forces and again urged that a part of Lieutenant-General Polk's troops should be put at my dis-

posal. I was informed by General Bragg that orders to that effect were given. Major-General Martin, whose division of cavalry coming from East Tennessee had been hailed on the Etowah to recruit his horses, was ordered with it to observe the Oostenaula from Resaca to Rome; and Brigadier-General Kelley was ordered, with his command from the neighborhood of Resaca, to report to Major-General Wheeler. The effective artillery and infantry of the Army of Tennessee after the arrival of Mercer's brigade amounted to about 4,000. Major-General Sherman's army was composed of that of Missionary Ridge (about 80,000) increased by several thousand recruits; 5,000 men under Hovey; the Twenty-third corps (Schofield's) from Knoxville and two divisions of the Sixteenth, from North Alabama. Major-General Wheeler estimated the cavalry of the army at 15,000. On the 5th of May his army was in line between Ringgold and Tunnel Hill and after skirmishing on that and the following day, on the 7th pressed back our advanced troops to Mill Creek Gap. On the same day Brigadier-General Canteley reached Resaca with his brigade and was halted there. On the 8th, at 4 p. m., a division of Hooker's corps assaulted Dug Gap which was bravely held by two regiments of Reynolds' (Arkansas) brigade and Grigsby's brigade of Kentucky cavalry fighting on foot, until the arrival of Lieutenant-General Hardee with Granbury's brigade, when the enemy was put to flight. On the 9th five assaults were made on Lieutenant-General Hood's troops on Rocky Face Mountain. All were repulsed. In the afternoon a report was received that Logan's and Dodge's corps were in Snake Creek Gap. Three divisions under Lieutenant-General Hood were therefore sent to Resaca. On the 10th Lieutenant-General Hood reported the enemy retiring. Skirmishing to our advantage continued all day near Dalton. Major-General Bate repulsed a vigorous attack at night. On the 11th Brigadier-General Canteley reported that the enemy was again approaching Resaca. Lieutenant-General Polk arrived there in the evening with Loring's division and was instructed to defend the place with those troops and Canteley's. The usual skirmishing continued near Dalton. Rocky Face Mountain and Snake Creek Gap at its south end completely covered for the enemy the operation of turning Dalton. On the 12th the Federal army covered by the mountain, moved by Snake Creek Gap toward Resaca. Major-General Wheeler with 2,200 of ours, attacked and defeated more than double that number of Federal cavalry near Varnell's Station. At night our infantry and artillery marched for Resaca. The cavalry following on the 13th. On that day the enemy approaching on the Snake Creek Gap road, was checked by Loring's troops which gave time for the formation of Hardee's and Hood's corps, just arriving. As the army was formed, the left of Polk's corps was on the Oostenaula and the right of Hood's on the Connesauga. There was brisk skirmishing during the afternoon on Polk's front and Hardee's left. On the 14th the enemy made several attacks, the most vigorous on Hindman's division, Hood's, left. All were handsome-

ly repulsed. At 6 p. m. Hood advanced with Stevenson's and Stewart's divisions, supported by two of Walker's brigades, driving the enemy from his ground before night. He was instructed to be ready to continue the offensive next morning. At 9 p. m. I learned that Lieutenant-General Polk's troops had lost a position commanding our bridges and received from Major-General Martin a report that Federal infantry was crossing the Oostenaula near Calhoun, on a pontoon bridge. The instructions to Lieutenant-General Hood were revoked and Walker's division sent to the point named by Major-General Martin. On the 15th there was severe skirmishing on the whole front. Major-General Walker reported no movement near Calhoun. Lieutenant-General Hood was directed to prepare to move forward, his right leading, supported by two brigades from Polk's and Hardee's corps. When he was about to move information came from Major-General Walker that the Federal right was crossing the river. To meet this movement Lieutenant-General Hood's attack was countermanded. Stewart's division not receiving the order from corps headquarters in time attacked unsuccessfully. The army was ordered to cross the Oostenaula that night, destroying the bridges behind it. On the 16th the enemy crossed the Oostenaula. Lieutenant-General Hardee's division of Polk's troops were still in the rear and the great numerical superiority of the Federal army, made it expedient to risk battle only when position or some blunder on the part of the enemy might give us counterbalancing advantages. I therefore determined to fall back slowly until circumstances should put the chances of battle in our favor, keeping so near the U. S. army as to prevent its sending re-enforcements to Grant and hoping by taking advantage of positions and opportunities, to reduce the odds against us by partial engagements. I also expected it to be materially reduced before the end of June by the expiration of the terms of service of many of the regiments which had not re-enlisted. In this way we fell back to Cassville in two marches.

At Adairsville (about midway), on the 17th, Polk's cavalry under Brigadier-General Jackson, met the army and Hardee after severe skirmishing checked the enemy. At this point, on the 18th, Polk's and Hood's corps took the direct road to Cassville and Hardee's that by Kingston. About half the Federal army took each road. French's division having joined Polk's corps on the 18th, on the morning of the 19th, when half the Federal army was near Kingston, the two corps at Cassville were ordered to advance against the troops that had followed them from Adairsville, Hood's leading on the right. When this corps had advanced some two miles, one of his staff officers reported to Lieutenant-General Hood that the enemy was approaching on the Canton road in rear of the right of our original position. He drew back his troops and formed them across the road. When it was discovered that the officer was mistaken, the opportunity had passed by the near approach of the two portions of the

Federal army. Expecting to be attacked I drew up the troops in what seemed to me an excellent position—a bold ridge immediately in rear of Cassville with an open valley before it. The fire of the enemy's artillery commenced soon after the troops were formed, and continued until night. Soon after dark Lieutenant-Generals Polk and Hood together expressed to me decidedly the opinion formed upon the observation of the afternoon, that the Federal artillery would render their positions untenable the next day and urged me to abandon the ground immediately and cross the Etowah. Lieutenant-General Hardee whose position I thought the weakest, was confident that he could hold it. The other two officers were so earnest, however, and so unwilling to depend upon the ability of their corps to defend the ground, that I yielded and the army crossed the Etowah on the 20th, a step which I have regretted ever since. Wheeler's cavalry was placed in observation above and Jackson's below the railroad. On the 22nd, Major-General Wheeler was sent with all his troops not required for observation to the enemy's rear, and on the 24th, beat a brigade at Cassville and took or burned 250 loaded wagons. In the meantime the enemy was reported by Jackson's troops moving down the Etowah as if to cross it near Stilesborough, and crossing on the 23rd. On the 24th Polk's and Hardee's corps reached the road from Stilesborough to Atlanta, a few miles south of Dallas, and Hood's four miles from New Hope Church, on the road from Allatoona. On the 25th the enemy was found to be intrenched near and east of Dallas, Hood's corps was placed with its center near New Hope Church, and Polk's and Hardee's ordered between it and the Atlanta road which Hardee's left was to cover. An hour before sunset Stewart's division at New Hope Church was fiercely attacked by Hooker's corps which it repulsed after a hot engagement of two hours. Skirmishing was kept up on the 26th and 27th. At 5:30 p. m. on the 27th Howard's corps assailed Cleburne's division and was driven back about dark with great slaughter. In these two actions our troops were not intrenched. Our loss in each was about 450 killed and wounded. On the 27th the enemy's dead except those borne off, were counted 600. We therefore estimated the whole loss at 3,000 at least. It was probably greater on the 25th, as we had a larger force engaged then both of infantry and artillery. The usual skirmishing was kept up on the 28th. Lieutenant-General Hood was instructed to put his corps in position during the night to attack the enemy's left flank at dawn next morning and the rest of the army to join in the action successively from right to left. On the 29th Lieutenant-General Hood finding the Federal left covered by a division which had intrenched itself in the night, thought it expedient to attack; so reported and asked for instructions. As the resulting delay made the attack expedient even if it had not been so before, by preventing the surprise upon which success in a great degree depended, he was recalled.

Skirmishing continued until the 4th of June, the enemy gradu-

ally extending his intrenched lines toward the railroad at Acworth. On the morning of the 5th the army was formed with its left at Lost Mountain, its center near Gilgal Church and its right near the railroad. On the 7th the right covered by Noonday creek, was extended across the Acworth and Marietta road, the enemy approached under cover of successive lines of intrenchments. There was brisk and incessant skirmishing until the 18th. On the 14th the brave lieutenant-General Polk distinguished in every battle in which this army had fought, fell by a cannon shot at an advanced post. Major General Loring succeeded to the command which he held until the 7th of July with great efficiency.

On the 4th of June a letter from Governor Brown informed me that he had organized a division of infantry and placed it under my orders. These troops when ready for service—about the middle of the month, under Major-General G. W. Smith—were employed to defend the crossing of the Chattahoochee to prevent the surprise of Atlanta by the Federal cavalry. On the 19th a new line was taken by the army, Hood's corps with its right on the Marietta and Canton road. Loring's on the Kennesaw Mountain, and Hardee's with its left extending across the Lost Mountain and Marietta road. The enemy approached as usual under cover of intrenchments. In his position there was incessant fighting and skirmishing until July 3, the enemy gradually extending his intrenched right toward Atlanta.

On the 20th of June Wheeler with 1,000 men routed Garrard's division of Federal cavalry on the right. On the 21st Hood's corps was transferred from right to left, Wheeler's cavalry taking charge of the position which it left. On the 22nd Lieutenant-General Hood reported that Hindman's and Stevenson's divisions of his corps being attacked, drove back the enemy, taking a line of his breastworks but were compelled to withdraw by the fire of fortified artillery. On the 24th Hardee's skirmishers repulsed a line of battle as did Stevenson's of Hood's corps, on the 25th. On the 27th after a furious cannonade of several hours, the enemy made a general advance but was everywhere repulsed with heavy loss. The assaults were most vigorous on Cheatham's and Cleburne's divisions of Hardee's corps, and French's and Featherston's of Loring's. Lieutenant-General Hardee reports that Cheatham's division lost in killed and wounded and missing 195; the enemy opposed it by the statement of a staff officer subsequently captured, 2,000. The loss of Cleburne's division, 11; that of the enemy in his front, 1,000 missing and the loss of the enemy by their own estimates at between 2,500, and 3,000, which he thinks very small.

On the first of July Major-General Smith's division was ordered to support the cavalry on our left. Their effective total was about 1,500. On the 2nd the enemy's right being nearer to Atlanta by several miles than our left, the army fell back during the night to Smyrna Church. On the 4th Major-General Smith reported that he should be compelled to withdraw on the morning of the 5th to the line of

intrenchments covering the railroad bridge and Turner's Ferry. The army was therefore ordered to retire at the same time to that line to secure our bridges. The cavalry crossed the Chattahoochee, Wheeler observing it for some twenty miles above and Jackson as far below. The enemy advanced as usual covered by intrenchments. Skirmishing continued until the 9th. Our infantry and artillery were brought to the southeast side of the river that night because two Federal corps had crossed it above Power's Ferry on the 8th and intrenched. Lieutenant-General Stewart took command of his corps on the 7th.

The character of Peach Tree creek and the numerous fords on the Chattahoochee above its mouth prevented my attempting to defend that part of the river. The broad and muddy channel of the creek would have separated the two parts of the army. It and the river below it were therefore taken as our line. A position on the high ground south of the creek was selected for the army from which to attack the enemy while crossing. The engineer officers with a large force of negroes were set to work to strengthen the fortifications of Atlanta and mount on them seven heavy rifles borrowed from Major-General Maury. The chief engineer was instructed to devote his attention first to the works between the Decatur and Marietta roads; to put them in such position that they might be held by the State troops so that the army might attack the enemy in flank when he approached the town. This in the event we should be unsuccessful in attacking the Federal army in its passage of Peach Tree creek. After the armies were separated by the Chattahoochee skirmishing became less severe.

On the 14th a division of Federal cavalry crossed the river by Moore's bridge near Newman but was driven back by Armstrong's brigade sent by Brigadier-General Jackson to meet it. On the 15th Governor Brown informed me orally that he hoped to re-enforce the army before the end of the month with near 10,000 State troops. On the 17th the main body of the Federal army crossed the Chattahoochee between Roswell and Powers' Ferry. At 10 p. m. while I was giving Lieutenant-Colonel Pressman chief engineer, instructions in regard to his work of next day on the fortifications of Atlanta, a telegram was received from General Cooper informing me by direction of the Secretary of War, that as I had failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta and expressed no confidence that I could defeat or repel him, I was relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee which would be immediately turned over to General Hood. This was done at once. On the morning of the 18th the enemy was reported to be advancing and at General Hood's request I continued to give orders until afternoon, placing the troops in the position selected near Peach Tree creek.

In transferring the command to General Hood I explained my plans to him: First to attack the Federal army while crossing Peach Tree creek. If we were successful great results might be hoped for as the enemy would have both the creek and the river to intercept his

retreat. Second, if unsuccessful to keep back the enemy by intrenching to give time for the assembling of the State troops promised by Governor Brown; to garrison Atlanta with those troops and when the Federal army approached the town attack it on its most exposed flank with all the Confederate troops. These troops who had been for seventy-four days in immediate presence of the enemy—laboring and fighting daily, enduring toil, exposure and danger with equal cheerfulness, more confident and high spirited than when the Federal army presented itself near Dalton—were then inferior to none who ever served the Confederacy.

Under the excellent administration of Brigadier-General Mackall, chief of staff, the troops were well equipped and abundantly supplied. The draft animals of the artillery and quartermaster's department were in better condition on the 18th of July, than on the 5th of May. We lost no material in the retreat except the four field pieces mentioned in the accompanying report of General Hood.

I commenced the campaign with General Bragg's army of Missionary Ridge with one brigade added (Mercer's) and two taken away (Baldwin's and Quarles'). That opposed to us was Grant's army of Missionary Ridge then estimated at 80,000 by our principal officers, increased as I have stated, by two corps, a division and several thousand recruits—in all, at least 30,000 men. The cavalry of that army was estimated by Major-General Wheeler at 1,500. The reinforcements which joined our army amounted to 15,000 infantry and artillery and 4,000 cavalry. Our scouts reported much greater numbers joining the U. S. Army, garrisons and bridge guards from Tennessee and Kentucky, relieved by 100-days' men and the Seventeenth corps, with 2,000 cavalry.

The loss of our infantry and artillery from the 5th of May had been about 10,000 killed and wounded and 4,700 from all other causes, mainly slight sickness produced by heavy cold rains, which prevailed in the latter half of June. These and the slightly wounded were beginning to rejoin their regiments.

For want of reports I am unable to give the loss or the services of the cavalry which was less under my eye than the rest of the army. Its effective strength was increased by about 2,000 during the campaign. The effective force transferred to General Hood was about 41,000 infantry and artillery and 10,000 cavalry.

According to the opinions of our most experienced officers, daily reports of prisoners and statements of Northern papers, the enemy's loss in action could not have been less than five times as great as ours. In the cases in which we had the means of estimating it, it ranged from 7 to 1 to 91 to 1, compared with ours and averaged 13 to 1. The Federal prisoners concurred in saying that their heaviest loss occurred in the daily attacks made in line of battle upon our skirmishers in their rifle-pits whether they succeeded in dislodging our skirmishers or not, their loss was heavy and ours almost nothing.

At Dalton the great numerical superiority of the enemy made

the chances of battle much against us and even if beaten they had a safe refuge behind the fortified pass of Ringgold and in the fortress of Chattanooga. Our refuge in case of defeat was in Atlanta—100 miles off with three rivers intervening. Therefore victory for us could not have been decisive, while defeat would have been utterly disastrous. Between Dalton and the Chattahoochee we could have given battle only by attacking the enemy intrenched or so near intrenchments that the only result of success to us would have been his falling back into them while defeat would have been our ruin. In the course pursued, our troops always fighting under cover, had very trifling losses compared with those they inflicted, so that the enemy's numerical superiority was reduced daily and rapidly and we could reasonably have expected to cope with the Federal army on equal ground by the time the Chattahoochee was passed. Defeat on this side of that river would have been its destruction. We if beaten, had a place of refuge in Atlanta too strong to be assaulted and too extensive to be invested. I had also hoped that by the breaking of the railroad in its rear the Federal army might be compelled to attack us in a position of our own choosing or to a retreat easily converted into a rout. After we crossed the Etowah, five detachments of cavalry were successively sent with instructions to destroy as much as they could of the railroad between Dalton and the Etowah. All failed because too weak. We could never spare a sufficient body of cavalry for this service as its assistance was absolutely necessary in the defense of every position we occupied. Captain Harvey, an officer of great courage and sagacity, was detached on this service with 100 men on the 11th of June and remained for several weeks near the railroad, frequently interrupting (although not strong enough to prevent) its use.

Early in the campaign the statements of the strength of the cavalry in the Department of the Mississippi and East Louisiana given me by Lieutenant-General Polk, just from the command of that department, and my telegraphic correspondence with his successor, Lieutenant-General S. D. Lee, gave me reason to hope that a competent force could be sent from Mississippi and Alabama to prevent the use of the railroad by the U. S. army. I therefore suggested it to the President directly on the 13th of June and 16th of July and through General Bragg on the 3d, 12th, 13th, 16th and 26th of June, and also to Lieutenant-General Lee on the 10th of May and 3d and 11th and 16th of June. I did so in the belief that this cavalry would serve the Confederacy better by causing the defeat of Major-General Sherman's army than by repelling a raid in Mississippi.

Besides the causes of my removal alleged in the telegram announcing it, various other accusations have been made against me, some published in newspapers in such a manner as to appear to have official authority and others circulated orally in Georgia and Alabama and imputed to General Bragg. The principal accusations are—that I persistently disregarded the instructions of the President; that I would not fight the enemy; that I refused to defend Atlanta; that I

refused to communicate with General Bragg in relation to the operations of the army; that I disregarded his entreaties to change my course and attack the enemy and the gross exaggerations of the losses of the army. I had not the advantage of receiving the President's instructions in relation to the manner of conducting the campaign, but as the conduct of my predecessors in retreating before odds less than those confronting me had apparently been approved, and as General Lee, in keeping of the defensive and retreating towards Grant's objective point under circumstances like mine, was adding to his great fame, both in the estimation of the administration and people, I supposed that my course would not be censured. I believed then as I do now, that it was the only one at my command which promised success.

I think that the foregoing narrative shows that the army of Tennessee did fight and with at least as much effect as it had ever done before. The proofs that I intended to hold Atlanta are—the fact that under my orders the work of strengthening its defenses was going on vigorously, the communication on the subject made by me to General Hood, and the fact that my family was in town. That the public workshops were removed and no large supplies deposited in town, as alleged by General Bragg, were measures of common prudence and no more indicated an intention to abandon the place than the sending the wagons of an army to the rear on a day of battle proves a foregone determination to abandon the field.

While General Bragg was at Atlanta about the middle of July, we had no other conversation concerning the army there than such as I introduced. He asked me no questions regarding its operations past or future; made no comments upon them nor suggestions, and had not the slightest reason to suppose that Atlanta would not be defended. He told me that the object of his journey was to confer with Lieutenant-General Lee and communicate with General E. K. Smith in relation to re-enforcements for me. He talked much more of affairs in Virginia than in Georgia, asserting what I believed, that General Sherman's army outnumbered Grant's and impressed me with the belief that his visits to me were unofficial.

A copy of a brief report by General Hood accompanies this.

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON,
General.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

BY GENERAL DUKE, IN 1867.

On the 28th or 29th of August, General Morgan left Abingdon, and taking command of the troops at Jonesborough on the 31st, immediately prepared to move against the enemy. Our forces had again been driven away from their position at Bull's Gap and Rogersville, and had fallen back to Jonesborough. After two or three days' delay for refitment, etc., General Morgan marched from Jonesborough with the intention of attacking the enemy at Bull's Gap. If he could drive them from that position, by a sudden and rapidly executed movement, he would, in all probability, cut off that force at Rogersville and either force it to surrender or compel it to retreat into Kentucky. In the latter event, the enemy's strength would be so much reduced that all of East Tennessee, as far down as Knoxville, would be for some time in the possession of the Confederates. General Morgan's strength, including the portion of General Vaughan's brigade, was about sixteen hundred, and two pieces of artillery. The men were badly armed and equipped and had been much discouraged by their late reverses, but reanimated by the presence of their leader, whom they loved all the more as misfortune befell them, they were anxious for battle.

A small frame house on the left side of the road leading from Jonesborough to Greenville, was often pointed out to me subsequently, as the spot where General Morgan received (as he rode past the column), the last cheer ever given him by his men. Reaching Greenville about 4 p. m. on the 3rd of September, he determined to encamp there for the night and move on Bull's Gap the next day. The troops were stationed on all sides of the place, and he made his headquarters in town, at the house of Mrs. Williams. The younger Mrs. Williams left Greenville, riding in the direction of Bull's Gap at the first rumors of the approach of our forces, to give, we have always believed, the alarm to the enemy.

The Tennesseans of Vaughan's brigade (under Colonel Bradford), were encamped on the Bull's Gap road, and were instructed to picket that road and the roads to the left. Clark's battalion of Colonel Smith's brigade and the artillery were encamped on the Jonesborough road, about five hundred yards from the town. The remainder of Colonel Smith's brigade were encamped on the Rogersville road. Colonel Giltner's command was also stationed in this quarter, and the two picketed all the roads to the front and right flank. The town, had all instructions been obeyed and the pickets

judiciously placed, would have been perfectly protected. It has been stated, I know not how correctly, that the enemy gained admittance to the town, unchallenged, through an unaccountable error in the picketing of the roads on the left. According to this account, the enemy, who left Bull's Gap before midnight, quitted the main road at Blue Springs, equi-distant from Greenville and Bull's Gap, and



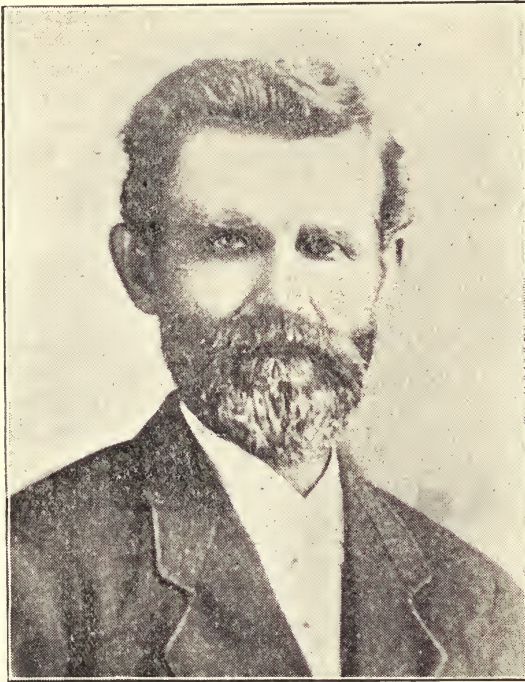
BRIG.-GENL. BASIL W.
DUKE, JOHN H. MORGAN'S
RIGHT ARM C. S. A.

marched by the Warrensburg road, until within one mile and a half of the town.

At this point a by-road leads from Warrensburg to the Newport road. The pickets on the Warrensburg road were not stationed in sight at this point, while on the Newport road the base of the pickets was beyond the point where the by-road enters, and there were no rear videttes between the base and town. The enemy (it is stated) took this little by-road, and turning off in front of one picket, came in behind the other. At any rate about daylight, a body perhaps of one hundred cavalry dashed into Greenville and were followed in a short time by Gillem's whole force. It was the party which came first that killed General Morgan. His fate, however, is still involved in mystery. Major Gassett, of the staff, states that they left the house together and sought to escape, but found every street guarded. They took refuge once in the open cellar of a house, expecting that some change in the disposition of the Federal forces would leave an avenue of escape, or that they would be rescued by a charge from some of the troops at the camps. They were discovered and pointed out by a Union woman. Gassett succeeded in effecting his escape. General Morgan made his way back to the garden of Mrs. Williams' house. Lieutenant X. Hawkins, a fearless young officer, charged into the town with fifteen men and strove to reach the point where he supposed the general to be, but he was forced back. General Morgan was

killed in the garden—shot through the heart. It is not known whether he surrendered or was offering resistance.

His friends have always believed that he was murdered after his surrender. Certain representations by the parties who killed him, their ruffianly character, and the brutality with which they treated his body, induced the belief; and it was notorious that his death, if



COLONEL HENRY L. GILTNER, 4TH KENTUCKY
CAVALRY, GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN'S COM-
MAND.

again captured, had been sworn. His slayers broke down the paling around the garden, dragged him through, and while he was tossing his arms in his dying agonies, threw him across a mule, and paraded his body about the town shouting and screaming in savage exultation. No effort was made by anyone except Lieutenant Hawkins to accomplish his rescue. The three commands demoralized by General Morgan's death, became separated and were easily driven away. The men of his old command declared their desire to fight and avenge him on the spot, but a retreat was insisted upon.

Thus, on the 4th of September, 1864, in the little village of East Tennessee, fell the greatest partisan leader the world ever saw, unless it were the Irishman, Sarsfield. But not only was the light of genius

extinguished then, and a heroic spirit lost to earth, as kindly and as noble a heart as was ever warmed by the constant presence of generous emotions was stilled by a ruffian's bullet.

As the event is described, the feelings it excited come back almost as fresh and poignant as at the time. How hard it was to realize that his time, too, had come—that so much life had been quenched. Every trait of the man was almost worshipped, recollections of incidents which showed his superb nature, crowd now, as they crowded then, upon the mind.

When he died the glory and chivalry seemed gone from the struggle, and it became a tedious routine enjoined by duty, and sustained only by sentiments of pride and hatred. Surely men never grieved for a leader as Morgan's men sorrowed for him. The tears which scalded the cheeks of hardy and rugged veterans, who had witnessed all the terrible scenes of four years of war, attested it, and the sad faces told of the aching hearts within.

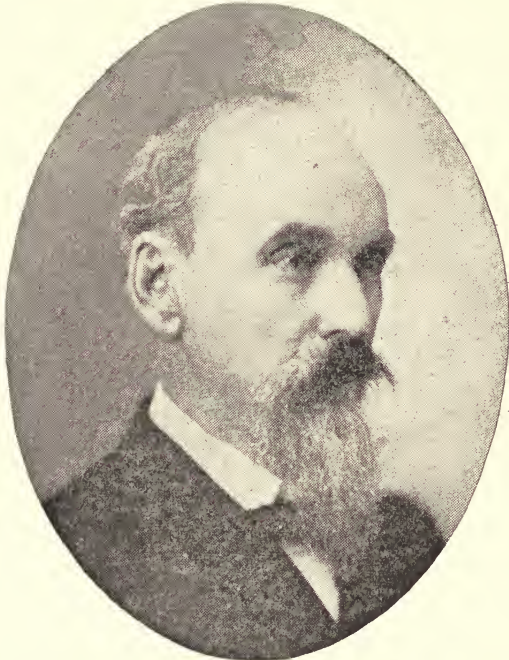
His body was taken from the hands which defiled it by General Gillam as soon as that officer arrived at Greenville, and sent to our lines, under flag of truce. It was buried first at Abingdon then removed to the cemetery at Richmond, where it lies now surrounded by kindred heroic ashes awaiting the time when it can be brought to his own beloved Kentucky—the hour when there is no longer fear that the storm, which living rebels are sworn to suppress, shall burst out with the presence of the dead chieftain.

The troops again returned to Jonesborough, the enemy returning after a short pursuit to Bull's Gap.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN,
BY THE HON. A. B. WILSON, OF GREENVILLE, TENN.

In the early fall of 1864, East Tennessee between Knoxville and Bristol was disputed territory subject to raids from both the contending forces. The distance between Knoxville and Bristol is 131 miles and between these points are two rivers—the Holston and the Watauga. The road leads over hills and through valleys, some of it being almost mountainous. The Federal headquarters were at Knoxville and a Federal force had been thrown out as far as Bull's Gap, about sixty miles east of Knoxville. This force was under the command of Brigadier-General Alvin Gillam and consisted of his brigade composed of the Eighth, Ninth and Thirteenth Federal Tennessee cavalry, one light battery and perhaps some scattered forces of other commands. Bull's Gap was directly on the line of railroad leading from Knoxville to Bristol and also on the wagon road which was the main road between these points before the railroad was built. It was only a little over a mile from Rogersville Junction where a branch road leads to Rogersville. This point was evidently selected because it was easy to defend—the roads being through a mountainous pass of Bays Mountain. While actually a strong position there were other

passes through the mountain through which an attacking force might have passed and reached the rear of this force. At the same time General John H. Morgan was in the neighborhood of Bristol about seventy-five miles distant with a command superior in numbers to that under General Gillam. General Morgan determined to make a hasty march and surprise the forces under General Gillam and probably



HON. A. B. WILSON, GREENVILLE, TENN.

to flank them and cut them off from their base at Knoxville. In addition to his cavalry force General Morgan had under his command one battery of light field artillery consisting of seven pieces. The march to Greenville was made by General Morgan with his command in less than two days and early in the afternoon of September the 3rd he arrived and established his headquarters at the residence of Mrs. Catherine D. Williams. This house was nearly in the center of the town. He had with him a body guard which was used in establishing pickets around the building and in front. His command as they arrived went into camp about a quarter of a mile east of Greenville except one regiment or a portion of a brigade commanded by Colonel Vaughan, which was sent down the Knoxville road and went into camp near the residence of James Park, two miles west of Greenville. The distance from Greenville to Bull's Gap was about fourteen miles and the purpose of General Morgan was to push on the next day and attack General Gillam's forces and probably to send

some of his forces to Gillam's rear to cut off his retreat. In the afternoon of the day on which General Morgan arrived in Greenville there was a very hard rain. When it commenced a portion of his command had not yet arrived at their camping place while some were going into camp. The rain continued almost unabated during the night with much thunder and lightning.

In relation to the defeat and death of General Morgan many sensational and improbable stories have been published. The principle of these may be given under the following heads:

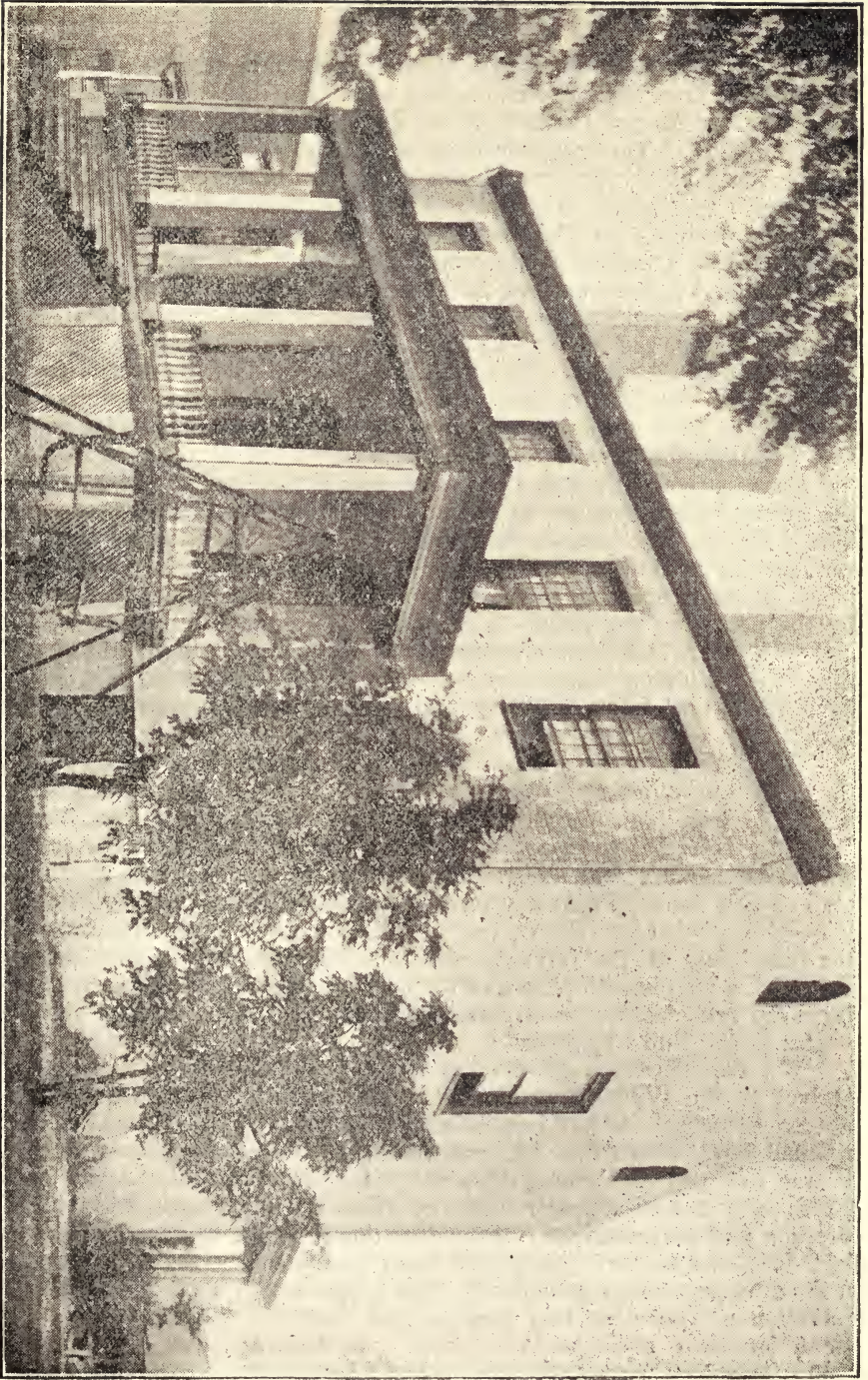
First. That he was betrayed by Mrs. Lucy Williams, a daughter-in-law of Mrs. Catherine D. Williams, who left the house after the arrival of General Morgan and proceeding to the Federal camp informed General Gillam as to the position of General Morgan and the disposition of his forces.

Second. That General Morgan was murdered, having been shot wilfully after he had surrendered.

Third. That after being killed, and as some writers have stated, before he was in fact dead the body of General Morgan was placed on a horse before a Federal soldier and was paraded up and down the streets of the town. As to all these matters the true facts as evidenced by eye-witnesses will be given.

Mrs. Catherine D. Williams of Greenville was an aged lady, the widow of Dr. Alexander Williams who was a brother of Senator John Williams and Chancellor Thomas L. Williams men of prominence in the earlier history of the State. Mrs. Williams was herself the only daughter of William Dickson one of the earlier settlers of Greenville who in the mercantile business amassed a handsome fortune, all of which was given to Mrs. Williams, his child. The family of Mrs. Williams consisted originally of Mrs. Sneed, the mother of Judge Joseph W. Sneed of Knoxville, William D. Williams, Thomas L. Williams and Joseph A. Williams. Thomas L. Williams who has since died was a captain in the Confederate army. William D. Williams who is still living, although old and very feeble, was a volunteer member of General Morgan's command and came with him and his command to Greenville. At that time Joseph A. Williams, differing from his brothers, adhered to the Union cause and was then probably at Knoxville. Mrs. Lucy Williams, wife of Joseph A. Williams, was living with Mrs. Catherine D. Williams, her husband's mother. She was previous to her marriage a Rumbough of a prominent Virginia family and she had one brother, a captain in the Confederate army and another, probably a major in the quartermaster's service of the Confederacy. It was generally understood that she strongly sympathized with the Confederate cause in which her brothers were serving. She and Joseph A. Williams are still living though after the war they were divorced and both remarried.

The Williams residence was situated in almost the central part of the town. It was a very large brick building standing near Irish street and the grounds embraced more than three-fourths of an entire



WILLIAMS HOUSE WHERE GENERAL MORGAN WAS KILLED.

square bounded by Irish, Depot, Church and Main streets. On this square and fronting on Main street were two old hotel buildings known as the Mason House and the Fry Hotel separated by one old store building. The grounds once occupied by these buildings are now covered by the present Mason House and Grand Central Hotel buildings. In addition to these buildings an Episcopal church stood on the lot fronting on Church street. A small house stood on Depot street used as a tenement house and other small houses including an ice house and negro quarters stood near the corner of Irish and Depot streets. Around the house was a grove of shade trees and from the door facing the lawn a walk led through the grounds to a gate opening on Main street. This walk was bordered by boxwoods and shade trees. Much of the grounds was devoted to flowers, especially roses of the finest varieties. On the side next to Church street a portion of the grounds was devoted to vegetables, but on the side fronting Depot street there was a vineyard with a great variety of grapes, the most of them confined to stakes but some of them running on arbors. At one place on the walk leading to Main street there was a summer house covered with vines and furnished with rustic seats. These grounds previous to the civil war were a great place of resort by the people of the town. The stable was situated on another lot and to reach which it was necessary to cross Depot street. At that time the Williams family at home consisted of the old lady, her daughter-in-law Lucy Williams and a sister of the latter—a Miss Rumbough, who was a visitor.

Mrs. Williams was the owner of a very large farm situated about three or four miles south of Greenville, containing more than 1,000 acres. It was known as "the College farm" and acquired this name from the fact that the Greenville College, the first college chartered by the Legislature for the territory south of the Ohio river, was situated on this farm. From this farm Mrs. Williams drew her supplies; it being occupied by renters, one of whom named Bartley resided in the best house on the farm. Adjoining this farm was that of Isaac Brannon, a well-known citizen of the county. The road leading to this farm did not lead in the direction of Bull's Gap but led off at right angles to the Bull's Gap road.

On the afternoon of the day when General Morgan and staff arrived at the Williams mansion Mrs. Lucy Williams left the house not on horseback as has been often stated but in a buggy and with a small boy. From this fact and perhaps from other circumstances it was assumed that young Mrs. Williams proceeded all the way to Bull's Gap and as a traitor informed General Gillam as to Morgan's position and surroundings. Instead of doing so she went to the College farm and to the home of Mr. Isaac Brannon where she procured a lot of watermelons and placed them in the buggy with the evident intention of returning that evening and furnishing the melons as a treat for their distinguished guests. As before shown there was that afternoon a very hard rain and on account of the rain she could

not return but spent the night at the farm house occupied by Bartley, returned to the town the next morning and was conducted in by the Federal pickets which added to the suspicion that she was the traitor. It is undoubtedly true that she encouraged this belief and in her conduct sought to ingratiate herself with the Federal officers to a degree that subjected her to serious censure. But the facts here stated have been substantiated by the witnesses who saw her and as to these facts there can be no question. Besides, a dispatch was sent by General Gillam to Secretary Stanton stating that he did not receive from Mrs. Williams or any other woman any information which in any way led to the defeat and death of General John H. Morgan. This dispatch may have been called for by a claim on her part for consideration based on a pretence that she had rendered the Federals a valuable service.

A large majority of the people of Greenville were "Union" in sentiment and General Morgan could not move his cavalry and artillery fast enough to prevent the fact of his approach being heralded ahead of him. Although there were few if any men in the town subject to military duty this led to some zealous Union people leaving through fear of injury or bad treatment. One of these was Edmond B. Miller a man of intelligence and high standing who previously had been a colonel of the militia. He did not wait for General Morgan's arrival but left on learning of the approach of Morgan's force. His intimate knowledge of every place and every road was a great aid to General Gillam, and his widow has heretofore attempted, but without success, to secure a pension based on his valuable services. The person who actually did give the information as to the position of General Morgan's forces and where he was quartered, was a boy named James Leady whose father resided in Greenville. The following account is given as to his adventures and escape but they are not vouched for as being absolutely authentic. He started down the road on an old gray horse after General Morgan's arrival and being halted by the pickets and asked where he was going, said he was going to mill. It appears that he had a sack under him on the horse. There was a mill on the road as was known to the pickets and he was permitted to pass but was watched until he was seen to go beyond the mill. He was followed and asked further about where he was going and said that he had to go to the house of his uncle near Blue Spring more than half way to Bull's Gap. He was near that point and was informed that he must be placed under arrest but begged that at least he be permitted to go to his uncle's house. The guards agreed to go with him and await his coming out of the house, keeping charge of his horse. It was then growing dark and he hastily went into the house of his uncle but passed immediately through the house into a corn field in which he made his escape and went on foot from there to Bull's Gap. From what he told and explained by Colonel Edwin B. Miller, General Gillam and his officers, several of whom were perfectly well acquainted with Greenville and

its surroundings, a good idea was easily formed as to the position of General Morgan and his forces.

To the Federals it appeared that the time had come for action. It is claimed by some that General Gillam opposed the move on account of the condition of the weather as it was then raining quite hard and that he was induced to consent to it by the urgent demand of his colonels. It should have been stated that as a reward for his services, the boy Leady was afterwards sent to school as the protege of General Gillam.

It was well in the night when General Gillam broke camp and started on his daring expedition. Those who were along say that the night was extremely dark and that it rained all the way with much thunder and lightning and but for the constant flashes of lightning they could scarcely have found their way. From Greenville to Bull's Gap the direction is nearly due west and consequently they were marching nearly due east. In the edge of the town the road forks and from the Knoxville road to the Warrensburg road turns off in a southwest direction extending for several miles at no great distance. It was anticipated that the main road leading to Bull's Gap and to Knoxville would be strongly guarded, consequently at a point probably six miles from Greenville, a detachment consisting of scarcely more than one hundred men was sent across to reach and approach Greenville by the Warrensburg road and to make a dash into Greenville. This plan was successful as on that road there were but few guards and they being tired and worn out were easily captured without making any alarm. This detachment dashed into Greenville just after daylight when General Morgan and the members of his staff were in bed at the Williams residence.

It is stated that during the night Lieutenant Wilbur Carter reported to General A. A. Withen at headquarters that the Federals were advancing on the Warrensburg road. This appeared so improbable that it was not believed. It was remarked by one of the officers that no force would advance on such a night as that was; that General Morgan was tired and needed rest and there was no use in disturbing him with such an improbable tale. In the morning when the firing commenced on the streets it was believed by some of General Morgan's staff that it was only the soldiers firing off their guns on account of the rain the previous day, for the purposes of reloading that they might be sure that their charges were all right.

It seems that it was Miss Rumbough that first informed General Morgan that the Federals were in the town and all around the square. He immediately got up and hastily putting on his pants, socks and his pistol belt with his pistols but without his other clothing he went out of the door leading into the garden. He went in the direction of Main street hoping to escape that way, but about this time the Federals appeared on Main street and he turned back. According to the best traditions some woman on the porch of the Fry Hotel hallooed apparently to the Federals, "There he goes." This is supposed to

have been Mrs. Fry the wife of Colonel David Fry who kept the hotel in the absence of her husband. Colonel David Fry had organized a regiment of what was called "hundred days men," many of whom were deserters from the Confederate army. They did not stand well even among the regular Federal soldiers and many of them were guilty of acts which were strongly condemned by the regular Tennessee soldiers of the Federal army.

General Morgan then turned back in the direction of the vineyard apparently with the idea that after the passage of the forces along that street he could cross the street and secure his horse, then in the Williams stable, and escape. He was in the vineyard about fifty yards from Depot street when another squad came along and seeing him the firing commenced, he also shooting with his pistols. He was shot and instantly killed by one James Campbell a member of the Thirteenth Tennessee cavalry, a soldier of fortune who had deserted from the Confederate army and who it appears knew General Morgan personally. At the time he was killed General Morgan had two pistols on his person and of one four chambers were empty. He evidently fired these from the place where he was killed and those in the party with Campbell saw him shooting at them. Previous to this Captain Clay came down from his room and meeting Miss Rumbough she handed him General Morgan's jacket, asking him to give it to the owner but seeing that he could not safely go in that direction he turned to a negro house where one of the slaves promising to protect him, hid him in a potato hole where he was afterwards captured. One or two members of General Morgan's staff made their escape but the others were captured. William D. Williams being at home and knowing the premises found a place of concealment in the basement and escaped capture.

Up to this time no Federal troops had entered Greeneville except the detachment referred to. The main body of General Gillam's forces was advancing slowly on the Knoxville road. About this time the head of this column had reached Park's Gap about two and a half miles from Greeneville. There they came in view of a Confederate force that had been thrown out in that direction under Colonel Vaughn. One or two of the guns in the Federal battery were hastily placed in position and a few shots were fired. At the same time the Confederate forces heard the firing in their rear in Greeneville and made a hasty retreat, passing not in the direction of Greenville but on the north side. The main force continued to advance until they were within one mile of Greeneville when they were rejoined by the detachment that had raided the town. Campbell after killing General Morgan threw his body on a horse in front of him and carried it back with him to the main force where it was thrown or laid off on the ground. This was certainly an unjustified and unwarranted indignity but he did not parade the body up and down the street on his horse as stated by some writers, and in fact had no time to do so, for they were close to the main force of the Confederates and it was

necessary for them to retreat as soon as possible. It seems that the object of Campbell was to let it be known certainly that he was the man that killed General Morgan in the hope of a reward by promotion. He was given a lieutenancy in the Federal army.

While this small force of Federals was in Greeneville the Confederate forces were hastily prepared for action and the battery commenced to shell the town but the captain or commander was notified that this would not do as they would kill their own men and for this reason it appears the shelling was stopped.

When the body of General Morgan was identified after delivery at the main force of the Federals it was ordered to be placed in an ambulance and returned to Greeneville where by order of General Gillam it was washed and dressed and a burial case was ordered to be made for it which was done by J. J. Mitchell after which it was turned over under a flag of truce to his friends.

Ascertaining that their leader had been killed the Confederate forces prepared to retreat. They were attacked by the main force of General Gillam's command but only showed resistance long enough to secure a safe retreat. They were pursued ten or twelve miles and lost one piece of artillery shot down two miles east of Greeneville and some caissons. A flanking movement was planned to cut off the retreat of Morgan's forces but was not executed in time to accomplish that purpose.

DRIVING THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OUT OF ATLANTA.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi,
In the Field, Atlanta, Ga., September 7, 1864.

General Hood, Commanding the Confederate Army.

General:—I have deemed it to the interest of the United States that the citizens now residing in Atlanta should remove, those who prefer it to go South and the rest North. For the latter I can provide food and transportation to points of their election in Tennessee, Kentucky and farther North. For the former I can provide transportation by cars as far as Rough and Ready and also wagons; but that their removal may be made with as little discomfort as possible it will be necessary for you to help the families from Rough and Ready to the cars at Lovejoy's. If you consent I will undertake to remove all families in Atlanta who prefer to go South to Rough and Ready, with all their movable effects viz., clothing, trunks, reasonable furniture, bedding, etc., with their servants, white and black, with the proviso that no force shall be used toward the blacks one way or the other. If they want to go with their masters and mistresses they may do so, otherwise they will be sent away unless they be men, when they may be employed by our quartermaster. Atlanta is no place for families or non-combatants and I have no desire to send them North if you will assist in conveying them South. If this proposition meets your views I will consent to a truce in the neighborhood of Rough and Ready, stipulating that any wagons, horses or animals or persons sent there for the purposes herein stated shall in no manner be harmed or molested, you in your turn agreeing that any cars, wagons, carriages, persons or animals sent to the same point shall not be interfered with. Each of us might send a guard of say 100 men to maintain order and limit the truce to say two days after a certain time appointed. I have authorized the mayor to choose two citizens to convey to you this letter and such documents as the mayor may forward in explanation and shall await your reply.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

Sent by Messrs. Ball and Crew.

REPORT OF MAJOR WILLIAM CLARE, ASSISTANT INSPECTOR-GENERAL, UPON THE REMOVAL OF CITIZENS FROM ATLANTA,
Inspector-General's Office, Army of Tennessee,

September 22nd, 1864.

Colonel:—I have the honor to make the following report in refer-

ence to the removal of the families from Atlanta under Major-General Sherman's (Federal army) order of expulsion:

Receiving verbal orders from General Hood on the evening of the 11th to conduct the truce agreed upon between himself and Major-General Sherman, I started as soon as possible reaching Rough and Ready at 7:30 on the morning of the 12th of September. Shortly after reaching there I met the commanding officer of the Federal guard and soon afterward Colonel Warner of General Sherman's staff, the Federal truce officer. Having established with these officers the preliminaries of the truce and the manner in which it should be carried out and made arrangements in regard to the guards, I awaited the arrival of the trains from Atlanta. (The inclosed report of the names of the families arriving, their number and the date of their arrival will give all the information on these points.) Some delays and irregularities in regard to the arrival of the trains having occurred I demanded of the Federal officer in charge the reason thereof and their correction. He informed me that every means of transportation were placed at the disposal of the citizens for the purpose of removing their families and effects. On sending for Major Calhoun and the committee of citizens charged with removing the people of Atlanta, I ascertained that his statement was correct. I had then only to urge upon the people through the mayor, to come during the early days of the truce to guard against the accident of having too little transportation when the truce was about to close. This advice they disregarded and the consequence was suffering and inconvenience. This was, however, to no great extent. From Rough and Ready to Lovejoy Station, I think I can safely say under my orders, were moved as comfortably and safely as possible the unfortunate people who were driven from their homes.

Receiving information from you that the Government was being embarrassed by the heavy demands made upon the acting commissary of subsistence at Lovejoy's, I arranged with the Federal authorities to supply the exiles with five days' rations on their application to Colonel LeDuc, quartermaster Twentieth Army corps, at Atlanta. This I was informed was done. The apportionment of transportation among the different corps was made as you directed. On receiving your orders I sent for Major Mason, the quartermaster in charge of the transportation reporting to me and read the first as well as the supplemental order to him and directed him to carry it out literally. This he, as well as Captain John McLaughlin his assistant, informed me had been done.

Having been informed that six teamsters belonging to Captain Clark's train had deserted while the train was at Rough and Ready I made a formal demand for them of the Federal flag of truce officer. He assured me that they should be returned if found at the same time stating to me that thirteen of the Federal guard and teamsters had deserted to our lines.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Colonel Armstrong

in command of the guard from our army on duty at Rough and Ready,
for the rigid discipline he at all times maintained.

W. CLARE,

Major and Assistant Inspector General.

Colonel E. J. Harvie, Inspector-General.

GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN'S REPORT OF THE DALTON-ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi.

Atlanta, Ga., September 15th, 1864.

General:—I have heretofore from day to day by telegraph kept the War Department and General-in-Chief advised of the progress of events, but now it becomes necessary to review the whole campaign which has resulted in the capture and occupation of the city of Atlanta.

On the 14th day of March, 1864, at Memphis, Tenn., I received notice from General Grant at Nashville, that he had been commissioned Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States which would compel him to go East and that I had been appointed to succeed him as Commander of the Division of the Mississippi. He summoned me to Nashville for a conference and I took my departure the same day and reached Nashville via Cairo on the 17th, and accompanied him on his journey eastward as far as Cincinnati. We had a full and complete understanding of the policy and plans of the ensuing campaign covering a vast area of country, my part of which extended from Chattanooga to Vicksburg. I returned to Nashville and on the 25th began a tour of inspection visiting Athens, Decatur, Huntsville and Larkin's Ferry, Ala.; Chattanooga, Loudon and Knoxville, Tenn. During this visit I had interviews with General McPherson, commanding the Army of the Tennessee at Huntsville, Major-General Thomas, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, at Chattanooga, and General Schofield, commanding the Army of the Ohio, at Knoxville. We arranged in general terms the lines of communication to be guarded, the strength of the several columns and garrisons and fixed the first day of May as the time when all things should be ready.

Leaving these officers to complete the details of organization and preparation, I returned again to Nashville on the 2nd of April and gave my personal attention to the question of supplies. I found the depots at Nashville abundantly supplied and the railroads in very fair order and that steps had already been taken to supply cars and locomotives to fill the new increased demand of the service but the impoverished condition of the inhabitants of East Tennessee more especially in the region around about Chattanooga, had forced the commanding officers of the posts to issue food to the people. I was compelled to stop this for a simple calculation showed that a single railroad could not feed the armies and the people too, and of course the army had the preference, but I endeavored to point the people to new channels of supply.

At first my orders operated very hard but the prolific soil soon afforded early vegetables and ox-wagons hauled meat and bread from Kentucky so that no actual suffering resulted and I trust that those who clamored at the cruelty and hardships of the day have already seen in the results a perfect justification of my course. At once the store houses at Chattanooga began to fill so that by the 1st of May a very



MAJOR-GENERAL WM. T. SHERMAN, U. S. A.

respectable quantity of food and forage had been accumulated there, and from that day to this stores have been brought forward in wonderful abundance, with a surplus that has enabled me to feed the army well during the whole period of time, although the enemy has succeeded more than once in breaking our road for many miles at different points.

During the month of April I received from Lieutenant-General Grant a map with a letter of instructions which is now at Nashville but a copy will be procured and made a part of this report. Subsequently I received from him notice that he would move from his camp

about Culpepper, Va., on the 5th of May, and he wanted me to do the same from Chattanooga. My troops were still dispersed and the cavalry so necessary to our success, was yet collecting horses at Nicholasville, Ky., and at Columbia, Tenn.

On the 27th of April I put all the troops in motion toward Chattanooga and on the next day went there in person. My aim and purpose was to make the Army of the Cumberland 50,000 men, that of the Tennessee 35,000, and that of the Ohio 15,000. These figures were approximated but never reached, the Army of the Tennessee failing to receive certain divisions that were still kept on the Mississippi river, resulting from the unfavorable issues of the Red river expedition. But on the 1st of May the effective strength of the several armies for offensive purposes was about as follows:

Army of the Cumberland, Major-General Thomas commanding: Infantry, 22,437; artillery, 1,404; cavalry, 624; total, 24,465. Guns, 96.

Army of the Ohio, Major-General Schofield commanding: Infantry, 11,183; artillery, 679; cavalry, 1,697; total, 13,559. Guns, 28.

Grand aggregate: Troops, 98,797; guns, 254.

About these figures have been maintained during the campaign, the number of men joining from furlough and hospitals about compensating for the loss in battle and from sickness.

These armies were grouped on the morning of May the 6th as follows:

That of the Cumberland at and near Ringgold; that of the Tennessee at Gordon's Mills on the Chickamauga; and that of the Ohio near Red Clay on the Georgia line north of Dalton. The enemy lay in and about Dalton, superior to me in cavalry (Wheeler's), and with three corps of infantry and artillery, viz: Hardee's, Hood's and Polk's, the whole commanded by General Joe Johnston of the Confederate Army. I estimated the cavalry under Wheeler at about 10,000 and the infantry and artillery about 45,000 to 50,000 men. To strike Dalton in front was impracticable as it was covered by an inaccessible ridge known as the Rocky Face, through which was a pass between Tunnel Hill and Dalton known as the Buzzard Roost, through which lay the railroad and wagon road. It was narrow, well obstructed by abattis and flooded by water caused by dams across Mill Creek. Batteries also commanded it in its whole length from the spurs on either side, and more especially from a ridge at the farther end like a traverse directly across its debouche. It was therefore necessary to turn it. On its north front the enemy had a strong line of works behind Mill Creek so that my attention was at once directed to the south. In that direction I found Snake Creek Gap afforded me a good practical way to reach Resaca, a point of the enemy's railroad line of communication eighteen miles below Dalton. Accordingly I ordered General McPherson to move rapidly from the position at Gordon's Mill via Ship's Gap, Villanow and Snake Creek Gap directly on Resaca or the railroad at any point below Dalton and to make a bold attack. After

breaking the railroad well he was ordered to fall back to a strong defensive position near Snake Creek and stand ready to fall on the enemy's flank when he retreated, as I judged he would. During the movement General Thomas was to make a strong feint of attack in front while General Schofield pressed down from the north. General Thomas moved from Ringgold on the 7th, occupying Tunnel Hill facing the Buzzard Roost Gap, meeting with little opposition and pushing the enemy's cavalry well through the Gap. General McPherson reached Snake Creek Gap on the 8th, completely surprising a brigade of cavalry which was coming to watch and hold it, and on the 9th General Schofield pushed down close on Dalton from the north while General Thomas renewed his demonstration against Buzzard Roost and Rocky Face Ridge, pushing it almost to a battle. One division (General Newton's) of the Fourth corps (General Howard's) carried the ridge and turning south toward Dalton found the crest too narrow and too well protected by rock epaulets to enable him to reach the gorge or pass. Another division (General Geary's) of the Twentieth corps (General Hooker's) also made a bold push for the summit to the south of the pass but the narrow road as it approached the summit was too strongly held by the enemy to be carried. This however was only designed as a demonstration and worked well for General McPherson was thereby enabled to march within a mile of Resaca almost unopposed. He found Resaca too strong to be carried by assault; and although there were many good roads leading from north to south endangering his left flank from the direction of Dalton, he could find no road by which he could rapidly cross over to the railroad, and accordingly he fell back and took strong position near the east end of Snake Creek Gap. I was somewhat disappointed at the result still appreciated the advantage gained, and on the 10th ordered General Thomas to send General Hooker's corps to Snake Creek Gap in support of General McPherson and to follow with another corps, the Fourteenth (General Palmer's), leaving General Howard with the Fourth corps to continue to threaten Dalton in front while the rest of the army moved rapidly through Snake Creek Gap.

On the same day General Schofield was ordered to follow by the same route, and on the 11th the whole army excepting General Howard's corps and some cavalry left to watch Dalton was in motion on the west side of Rocky Face Ridge for Snake Creek Gap and Resaca. The next day we moved against Resaca, General McPherson on the direct road, preceded by General Kilpatrick's cavalry, General Thomas to come up on his left, and General Schofield on his. General Kilpatrick met and drove the enemy's cavalry from a cross-road within two miles of Resaca but received a wound which disabled him and gave the command of his brigade to Colonel Murray who according to his orders, wheeled out of the road leaving General McPherson to pass. General McPherson struck the enemy's infantry pickets near Resaca, drove them within their fortified lines and occupied a ridge of bald hills, his right on the Oostenaula about two miles below the

railroad bridge, and his left abreast the town. General Thomas came up on his left facing Camp creek, and General Schofield broke his way through the dense forest to General Thomas' left. Johnston had left Dalton and General Howard entered it and passed his rear. Nothing saved Johnston's army at Resaca but the impracticable nature of the country which made the passage of troops across the valley almost impossible. This fact enabled his army to reach Resaca from Dalton along the comparatively good road constructed beforehand partly from the topographical nature of the country and partly from the foresight of the Rebel chief. At all events, on the 14th of May we found the Rebel army in a strong position behind Camp creek occupying the forts at Resaca with his right on some high chestnut hills to the north of the town. I at once ordered a pontoon bridge to be laid across the Oostenaula at Lay's Ferry in the direction of Calhoun; a division of the Sixteenth corps commanded by General Sweeney, to cross and threaten Calhoun; also the cavalry division of General Garrard to move from its position at Villanow down toward Rome to cross the Oostenaula and break the railroad below Calhoun and above Kingston if possible, and with the main army I pressed against Resaca at all points. General McPherson got across Camp creek near its mouth, and made a lodgement close up to the enemy's works on hills that commanded with short range artillery, the railroad and trestle bridge. General Thomas pressing close along Camp creek valley threw General Hooker's corps across the head of the creek to the main Dalton road and down it close to Resaca. General Schofield came up close on his left and a heavy battle ensued the afternoon and evening of the 15th, during which General Hooker drove the enemy from several strong hills and captured a four-gun battery and many prisoners.

That night Johnston escaped, retreating south across the Oostenaula, and the next morning we entered the town in time to save the road bridge but the railroad bridge was burned. The whole army started in pursuit, General Thomas directly on his heels, General McPherson by Lay's Ferry and General Schofield by obscure roads to the left. We found in Resaca another four-gun battery and a good lot of stores.

General McPherson during the 16th got across at Lay's Ferry. General Thomas had to make some additional bridges at Resaca but General Schofield had more trouble and made a wide circuit to the left by Fite's and Field's Ferries across the Conesauga and Coosawattee rivers which form the Oostenaula.

On the 17th all the armies moved south by as many different roads as we could find, and General Thomas had sent by my orders a division (General Jeff C. Davis) along the west bank of the Oostenaula to Rome. Near Adairsville we again found signs of the Rebel army and of a purpose to fight, and about sunset of that day General Newton's division in the advance had a pretty sharp encounter with his rear guard but the next morning he was gone and we pushed on

through Kingston to a point four miles beyond where we found him again in force on ground comparatively open and well adapted to a grand battle. We made the proper dispositions, General Schofield approaching Cassville from the north, to which point General Thomas had also directed General Hooker's corps, and I had drawn General McPherson's army from Woodland to Kingston to be in close support.

On the 19th the enemy was in force about Cassville with strong forts but as our troops converged on him he again retreated in the night time across the Etowah river burning the road and railroad bridges near Cartersville but leaving us in complete possession of the most valuable country above the Etowah river. Holding General Thomas' army about Cassville, General McPherson's about Kingston, and General Schofield's at Cassville Depot and toward the Etowah bridge, I gave the army a few days' rest and also time to bring forward supplies for the next stage of the campaign.

In the meantime General Jeff. C. Davis had got possession of Rome with his forts some eight or ten guns of heavy caliber, and its valuable mills and foundries. We also secured possession of two good bridges across the Etowah river near Kingston, giving us the means of crossing toward the south. Satisfied that the enemy could and would hold us in check at the Allatoona Pass, I resolved without even attempting it in front, to turn it by a circuit to the right and having supplied our wagons for twenty days' absence from our railroad, I left a garrison at Rome and Kingston and on the 23rd put the army into motion for Dallas. General McPherson crossed the Etowah at the mouth of Connasene creek near Kingston, and moved from his position to the south of Dallas via Van Wert. General Davis's division moved directly from Rome for Dallas via Van Wert. General Thomas took the road via Euharlee and Burnt Hickory, while General Schofield moved up the other roads more to the east, aiming to come upon General Thomas' left. General Thomas' head of column skirmished with the enemy's cavalry about Burnt Hickory and captured a courier with a letter of General Johnston's showing he had directed the movement and was preparing to meet us about Dallas. The country was very rugged, mountainous and densely wooded, with few and obscure roads.

On the 25th of May General Thomas was moving from Burnt Hickory for Dallas, his troops on three roads, General Hooker having the advance. When he approached the Pumpkin Vine creek on the main Dallas road, he found a respectable force of the enemy's cavalry at a bridge to his left. He rapidly pushed them across the creek, saving the bridge, though on fire, and followed out eastward about two miles where he first encountered infantry whose pickets he drove some distance until he encountered the enemy's line of battle, and his leading division, General Geary's, had a severe encounter. General Hooker's two other divisions were on other roads and he ordered them in, although the road he was then following by reason of the presence of the enemy, led him north of Dallas about four miles.

It was near 4 p. m. before General Hooker got his whole corps well in hand when he deployed two divisions, and by my order made a bold push to secure possession of a point known as the New Hope Church, where three roads met from Acworth, Marietta and Dallas. Here a hard battle was fought and the enemy was driven back to New Hope Church, but having hastily thrown up some parapets and a stormy, dark night having set in, General Hooker was unable to drive the enemy from these roads. By the next morning we found the enemy well intrenched substantially in front of the road leading from Dallas to Marietta. We were consequently compelled to make dispositions on a larger scale. General McPherson was moved up to Dallas, General Thomas was deployed against New Hope Church, and General Schofield was directed toward our left so as to strike and turn the enemy's right. General Garrard's cavalry operated with General McPherson and General Stoneman with General Schofield. General Cook looked to our rear. Owing to the difficult nature of the ground and dense forests it took us several days to deploy close to the enemy, when I resolved gradually to work toward our left, and when all things were ready to push forward for the railroad east of Allatoona. In making our developments before the enemy at New Hope Church many severe, sharp encounters occurred between parts of the army, details of which will be given at length in the reports of subordinate commanders.

On the 28th General McPherson was on the point of closing to his left on General Thomas in front of New Hope Church, to enable me with the rest of the army to extend still more to the left and to envelop the enemy's right, when suddenly the enemy made a bold and daring assault on him at Dallas. Fortunately our men had erected good breastworks and gave the enemy a terrible and bloody repulse. After a few days' delay for effect, I renewed my orders to General McPherson to move to his left about five miles and occupy General Thomas' position in front of New Hope Church, and Generals Thomas and Schofield were ordered to move corresponding distance to their left. This move was effected with ease and safety on the 1st of June and by pushing our left well around we occupied the roads leading back to Allatoona and Acworth, after which I pushed General Stoneman's cavalry rapidly into Allatoona at the east end of the pass and General Garrard's cavalry around by the rear of the west end of the pass. Both of these commands reached the points designated without trouble and we thereby accomplished our real purpose of turning the Allatoona Pass. Ordering the railroad bridge across the Etowah to be at once rebuilt, I continued working by the left, and on the 4th of June had resolved to leave Johnston in his intrenched position at New Hope Church and move to the railroad about Acworth, when he abandoned his intrenchments, after which we moved rapidly to Acworth and reached the railroad on the 6th of June. I at once examined in person the Allatoona Pass and found it admirably adapted to our use as a secondary base and gave the necessary orders for its

defense and garrison and as soon as the railroad bridge was finished across the Etowah, our stores came forward to our camp by rail.

At Acworth, General Blair overtook us on the 8th of June with two divisions of the Seventeenth corps that had been on furlough and one brigade of cavalry, Colonel Long's of Garrard's division, which had been awaiting horses at Columbia. This accession of force about compensated for our losses in battle and the detachments left at Resaca, Rome, Kingston and Allatoona. On the 9th of June our communications to the rear being secure and supplies ample we moved forward to Big Shanty. Kennesaw and the bold and striking twin mountain lay before us with a high range of chestnut hills trending off to the northeast terminating to our view in another peak called Brush mountain. To our right was a smaller hill called Pine Mountain and beyond it in the distance Lost Mountain. All these though linked in a continuous chain, present a sharp conical appearance prominent in the vast landscape that presents itself from any of the hills that abound in that region. Kennesaw, Pine Mountain and Lost Mountain form a triangle. Pine Mountain the apex, and Kennesaw and Lost Mountain the base covering perfectly the town of Marietta and the railroad back to the Chattahoochee. On each of these peaks the enemy had his signal stations. The summits were crowned with batteries and the spurs were alive with men busy felling trees, digging pits and preparing for the grand struggle impending. The scene was enchanting; too beautiful to be disturbed by the harsh clamor of war; but the Chattahoochee lay beyond and I had to reach it. On approaching close to the enemy, I found him occupying a line full twelve miles long, more than he could hold with his force. General McPherson was ordered to move toward Marietta, his right on the railroad, General Thomas on Kennesaw and Pine Mountain and General Schofield off toward Lost Mountain; General Garrard's cavalry on the left and General Stoneman on the right and General McCook looking to our rear and communications. Our depot was at Big Shanty.

By the 11th of June our lines were close up and we made dispositions to break the lines between Kennesaw and Pine Mountains. General Hooker was on its right and front, General Howard on its left and front, and General Palmer between it and the railroad. During a sharp cannonading from General Howard's right or General Hooker's left, General Polk was killed on the 14th, and on the morning of the 15th Pine Mountain was found abandoned by the enemy. Generals Thomas and Schofield advanced and found him again strongly entrenched and along the line of rugged hills connecting Kennesaw and Lost Mountain. At the same time General McPherson advanced his line, gaining a substantial advantage on the left. Pushing our operations on the center as vigorously as the nature of the ground would permit, I had again ordered an assault on the center when on the 17th, the enemy abandoned Lost Mountain and the long line of admirable breastworks connecting it with Kennesaw. We

continued to press at all points, skirmishing in dense forests of timber and across most difficult ravines, until we found him again strongly posted and intrenched with Kennesaw as his salient, his right wing thrown back so as to cover Marietta and his left behind Noyes' creek, covering his railroad back to the Chattahoochee. This enabled him to contract his lines and strengthen them accordingly. From Kennesaw he could look down upon our camps and observe every movement and his batteries thundered away but did us but little harm on account of their extreme height—the shot and shell passing harmlessly over our heads as we lay close up against this mountain town. During our operations about Kennesaw the weather was villainously bad, the rain fell almost continuously for three weeks rendering our narrow wooded roads mere mud gullies so that a general movement would have been impossible, but our men daily worked closer and closer to the intrenched foe and kept up an incessant picket firing galling to him. Every opportunity was taken to advance our general lines closer and closer to the enemy—General McPherson watching the enemy on Kennesaw and working his left forward; General Thoma swinging as it were on a grand left wheel, his left on Kennesaw connecting with General McPherson, and General Schofield all the time working to the south and east, along the Sandtown road.

On the 22nd, as General Hooker had advanced his line with General Schofield on his right, the enemy (Hood's corps with detachments from the others) suddenly sallied and attacked. The blow fell mostly on General Williams' division, General Hooker's corps and a brigade of General Hascall's division of General Schofield's army. The ground was comparatively open, and although the enemy drove in the skirmish line and an advanced regiment of General Schofield sent out purposely to hold him in check until some preparations could be completed for his reception, yet when he reached our line of battle he received a terrible repulse leaving his dead, wounded and many prisoners in our hands. This is known as the affair of the Kolb house. Although inviting the enemy at all times to commit such mistakes I could not hope for him to repeat them after the example of Dallas and the Kolb House, and upon studying the ground I had no alternative in my turn but to assault his lines or turn his position. Either course had its difficulties and dangers and I perceived that the enemy and our own officers had settled down into a conviction that I would not assault fortified lines. All looked to me to outflank.

An army to be successful must not look to a single mode of offense but must be prepared to execute any plan which promises success. I wanted therefore for the moral effect to make a successful assault against the enemy behind his breastworks and resolved to attempt it at that point where success would give the largest fruits of victory. The general point selected was the left center because if I could thrust a strong head of column at that point by pushing it rapidly two and one-half miles, it would reach the railroad below Marietta, cut off the enemy's right and center from its line of retreat and then

by turning on either part of it could be overwhelmed and destroyed. Therefore on the 24th of June, I ordered that an assault be made at two points south of Kennesaw on the 27th, giving three days' notice for preparation and reconnaissance, one to be made near Little Kennesaw by General McPherson's troops and the other about a mile farther south by General Thomas' troops. The hour was fixed and all the details given in field orders No. 28, of June 24.

On the 27th of June the two assaults were made at the time and in the manner prescribed and both failed, costing us many valuable lives, among them those of Generals Harker and McCook, Colonel Rice and others badly wounded, our aggregate loss being nearly 3,000, while we inflicted comparatively little loss to the enemy who lay behind his well-formed breastworks. Failure as it was, and for which I assume the entire responsibility, I yet claim it produced good fruits, as it demonstrated to General Johnston that I would assault and that boldly. And we also gained and held ground so close to the enemy's parapets that he could not show a head above them. It would not do to rest long under the influence of a mistake or a failure and accordingly General Schofield was working strong on the enemy's left and on the 1st of July I ordered General McPherson to be relieved by General Garrard's cavalry in front of Kennesaw and rapidly to throw his whole army by the right down to and threaten Nickajack Creek and Turner's Ferry across the Chattahoochee, and I also pushed General Stoneman's cavalry to the river below Turner's.

General McPherson commenced his movement on the night of July 2nd, and the effect was instaneous. The next morning Kennesaw was abandoned and with the first dawn of day I saw our skirmishers appear on the mountain top. General Thomas' whole line was then moved forward to the railroad and turned south in pursuit toward the Chattahoochee. In person I entered Marietta at 8:30 in the morning just as the enemy's cavalry vacated the place. General Logan's corps of General McPherson's army, which had moved far, was ordered back into Marietta by the main road and General McPherson and Schofield were instructed to cross Nickajack and attack the enemy in flank and rear, and if possible to catch him in the confusion of crossing the Chattahoochee. But Johnston had foreseen and provided against all this and had covered his movements well. He had entrenched a strong tete-de-pont at the Chattahoochee with an advanced entrenched line across the road at Smyrna Camp-Meeting Ground, five miles below Marietta. Here General Thomas found him, in front covered by a good parapet and his flanks behind the Nickajack and Rottenwood Creeks. Ordering a garrison for Marietta and General Logan to join his own army near the mouth of the Nickajack, I overtook General Thomas at Smyrna.

On the 4th of July we pushed a strong skirmish line down the main road capturing the entire line of the enemy's pits and made strong demonstrations along Nickajack creek and about Turner's Ferry. This had the desired effect and the next morning the enemy was gone

and the army moved to the Chattahoochee. General Thomas' left flank resting on it near Pace's Ferry, General McPherson's right at the mouth of the Nickajack and General Schofield in reserve. The enemy lay behind a line of unusual strength covering the railroad and pontoon bridges and beyond the Chattahoochee.

Heavy skirmishing along our whole front during the 5th demonstrated the strength of the enemy's position which could alone be turned by crossing the main Chattahoochee river a rapid and deep stream only passable at that stage by means of bridges, except at one or two very difficult fords. To accomplish this result I judged it would be more easy of execution before the enemy had made more thorough preparation or regained full confidence, and accordingly I ordered General Schofield across from his position on the Sandtown road to Smyrna Camp Ground and next to the Chattahoochee near the mouth of Soap creek, and to effect a lodgment on the east bank. This was most successfully and skillfully accomplished on the 7th of July, General Schofield capturing a gun completely surprising the guard, laying a good pontoon bridge and a trestle bridge, and effecting a strong lodgment on high and commanding ground with good roads leading to the east.

At the same time General Garrard moved rapidly on Roswell and destroyed the factories which had supplied the Rebel armies with cloth for years. Over one of these, the woolen factory, the nominal owner displayed the French flag which was not respected of course. A neutral surely is no better than one of our own citizens and we do not permit our own citizens to fabricate cloth for hostile uses.

General Garrard was then ordered to secure the shallow ford at Roswell and hold it until he could be relieved by infantry, and as I contemplated transferring the Army of the Tennessee from the extreme right to the left, I ordered General Thomas to send a division of his infantry that was nearest up to Roswell to hold the ford until General McPherson could send up a corps from the neighborhood of Nickajack. General Newton's division was sent and held the ford until the arrival of General Dodge's corps, which was soon followed by General McPherson's whole army. About the same time General Howard had also built a bridge at Powers' Ferry two miles below. General Schofield had crossed over and taken position on his right. Thus during the ninth we had secured three good and safe points of passage over the Chattahoochee above the enemy with good roads leading to Atlanta, and Johnston abandoned his tete-de-pont, burned his bridge and left us undisputed masters north and west of the Chattahoochee at daylight of the 10th of July. This was one if not the chief, object of the campaign, viz: the advancement of our lines from the Tennessee to the Chattahoochee; but Atlanta lay before us only eight miles distant and was too important a place in the hands of the enemy to be left undisturbed, with its magazines, stores, arsenals, workshops, foundries, etc., and more especially its railroads which converged there from the four great cardinal points, but the men had

worked hard and needed rest and we accordingly took a short spell. But in anticipation of this contingency I had collected a well appointed force of cavalry about 2,000 strong, at Decatur, Ala., with orders on receiving notice by telegraph to push rapidly south, cross the Coosa at the railroad bridge or the Ten Islands and thence by the most direct route to Opelika.

There had been one stem finished railroad connecting the channels of trade and travel between Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, which runs from Montgomery to Opelika, and my purpose was to break up effectually and thereby cut off Johnston's army from that source of supply and re-enforcements. General Rousseau commanding the district of Tennessee, asked permission to command the expedition and received it. As soon as Johnston was well across the Chattahoochee, and as I had begun to maneuver on Atlanta, I gave the requisite notice and General Rousseau started punctually to the very letter whipping the Rebel General Clanton en route. He passed through Talladega and reached the railroad on the 16th, about twenty-five miles west of Opelika, and broke it well up to that place, also three miles of the branch up toward Columbus and two toward West Point. He then turned north and brought his command safely to Marietta, arriving on the 22nd, having sustained a trifling loss not to exceed thirty men.

The main armies remained quiet in their camps on the Chattahoochee until the 16th of July, but the time was employed in collecting stores at Allatoona, Marietta and Vining's Station, strengthening the railroad guards and garrisons and in improving the pier bridges and roads leading across the river. Generals Stoneman's and McCooks cavalry had scouted well down the river to draw attention in that direction, and all things being ready for a general advance, I ordered it to commence on the 17th, General Thomas to cross at Powers' and Pace's Ferry bridges, and to march by Buck Head. General Schofield was already across at the mouth of Soap Creek and was to march by Cross Keys; and General McPherson to direct his course from Roswell straight against the Augusta road at some point east of Decatur near Stone Mountain. General Garrard's cavalry acted with General McPherson, and General Stoneman and McCook watched the river and roads below the railroads.

On the 17th the whole army advanced from their camps and formed a general line along the old Peach Tree road. Continuing on a general right wheel, General McPherson reached the Augusta railroad on the 18th, at a point seven miles east of Decatur, and with General Garrard's cavalry and General Morgan L. Smith's infantry division of the Fifteenth corps, broke up a section of about four miles, and General Schofield reached the town of Decatur.

On the 19th General McPherson turned along the railroad into Decatur and General Schofield followed a road toward Atlanta, leading off by Colonel Howard's house and the distillery, and General Thomas crossed Peach Tree Creek in force by numerous bridges in

the face of the enemy's intrenched line; all found the enemy in more or less force and skirmished heavily.

On the 20th all the armies had closed in, converging toward Atlanta, but as a gap existed between Generals Schofield and Thomas, two divisions of General Howard's corps of General Thomas' army was moved to the left to connect with General Schofield, leaving General Newton's division of the same corps on the Buck Head road. During the afternoon of the 20th about 4 p. m. the enemy sallied from his works in force and fell in line of battle against our right center composed of General Newton's division of General Howard's corps on the Main Buck Head road, of General Hooker's corps next south, and General Johnston's division of General Palmer's corps. The blow was sudden and somewhat unexpected but General Newton had hastily covered his front by a line of rail piles which enabled him to meet and repulse the attack on him. General Hooker's whole corps was uncovered and had to fight on comparatively open ground, and it too after a very severe battle, drove the enemy back to his intrenchments, and the action in front of General Johnston was comparatively light, the division being well intrenched. The enemy left on the field over 500 dead, about 1,000 wounded, seven stand of colors and many prisoners. His loss could not have fallen short of 5,000, whereas ours was covered by 1,500, killed, wounded, and missing. The greater loss fell on General Hooker's corps from its exposed condition.

On the 21st we felt the enemy in his intrenched position which was found to crown the heights overlooking the comparatively open ground of the valley of Peach Tree creek, his right beyond the Augusta road to the east, and his left well toward Turner's Ferry on the Chattahoochee, at a general distance from Atlanta of about four miles. On the morning of the 22nd somewhat to my surprise this whole line was found abandoned and I confess I thought the enemy had resolved to give us Atlanta without further contest, but General Johnston had been relieved of his command and General Hood substituted. A new policy seemed resolved on, of which the bold attack on our right was the index. Our advancing ranks swept across the strong and well finished parapets of the enemy and closed in upon Atlanta until we occupied a line in the form of a general circle of about two miles radius, when we again found him occupying in force a line of finished redoubts which had been prepared for more than a year, covering all the roads that lead into Atlanta, and we found him busy also in connecting those redoubts with curtains strengthened by rifle-trench abattis and chevaux-de-frise.

General McPherson who had advanced from Decatur, continued to follow substantially the railroad with the Fifteenth corps, General Logan; the Seventeenth, General Blair on its left; and the Sixteenth, General Dodge on its right, but as the general advance of all the armies contracted the circle, the Sixteenth corps, General Dodge, was thrown out of line by the Fifteenth connecting on its right with Gen-

eral Schofield, near the Howard House. General McPherson the night before had gained a high hill to the south and east of the railroad, where the Seventeenth corps had, after a severe fight, driven the enemy and it gave him a most commanding position within easy view of the very heart of the city. He had thrown out working parties to it and was making preparations to occupy it in strength with batteries. The Sixteenth corps General Dodge's, was ordered from right to left to occupy this position and make it a strong general left flank. General Dodge was moving by a diagonal path or wagon track leading from the Decatur road in the direction of General Blair's left flank. About 10 a. m. I was in person with General Schofield, examining the appearance of the enemy's line opposite the distillery where we attracted enough of the enemy's fire of artillery and musketry to satisfy me the enemy was in Atlanta in force and meant to fight, and had gone to a large dwelling close by, known as the Howard House, where General McPherson joined me. He described the condition of things on his flank and the disposition of his troops. I explained to him that if we met serious resistance in Atlanta, as present appearances indicated, instead of operating against it by the left, I would extend to the right, and that I did not want him to gain much distance to the left. He then described the hill occupied by General Liggett's division of General Blair's corps, as essential to the occupation of any ground to the east and south of the Augusta railroad on account of its commanding nature. I therefore ratified his disposition of troops and modified a previous order I had sent him in writing to use General Dodge's corps thrown somewhat in reserve by the closing up of our line to break up railroad, and I sanctioned its going, as already ordered by General McPherson, to his left to hold and fortify that position. The General remained with me until near noon when some reports reached us that indicated a movement of the enemy on that flank and he mounted and rode away with his staff.

I must here also state that the day before, I had detached General Garrard's cavalry to get to Covington on the Augusta road, forty-two miles east of Atlanta, and from that point to send detachments to break the two important bridges across the Yellow and Ulfouhachee rivers, tributaries of the Ocmulgee, and General McPherson had also left his wagon train at Decatur, under a guard of three regiments, commanded by Colonel (now General) Sprague. Soon after General McPherson had left me at the Howard home as before described, I heard the sound of musketry to our left rear, at first mere pattering shots but soon they grew into volume, accompanied with artillery, and about the same time the sound of guns was heard in the direction of Decatur. No doubt could longer be entertained of the enemy's plan of action which was to throw a superior force on our left flank while he held us with his forts in front, the only question being as to the amount of force he could employ at that point. I hastily transmitted orders to all points of our center and right to press forward and give full employment to all the enemy in his lines, and for General Scho-

field to give as large a force in reserve as possible, awaiting developments.

Not more than half an hour after General McPherson had left me, viz., about 12:30 of the 22nd, his adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, rode up and reported that General McPherson was either dead or a prisoner; that he had ridden from me to General Dodge's column moving as heretofore described, and had sent off nearly all of his staff and orderlies on various errands and himself had passed into a narrow path or road that led to the left and rear of General Giles A. Smith's division, which was General Blair's extreme left; that a few minutes after he had entered the woods a sharp volley was heard in that direction and his horse had come out riderless, having two wounds. The suddenness of this terrible calamity, would have overwhelmed me with grief, but the living demanded my whole thoughts. I instantly dispatched a staff officer to General John A. Logan commanding the Fifteenth corps, to tell him what had happened; that he must assume command of the Army of the Tennessee and hold stubbornly the ground already chosen, more especially the hill gained by General Liggett the night before. Already the whole line was engaged in battle. Hardee's corps had sallied from Atlanta and by a wide circuit to the east had struck General Blair's left flank, enveloped it, and his left had swung around until it hit General Dodge in motion. General Blair's line was substantially along the old line of Rebel trenches but it was fashioned to fight outward. A space of wooded ground of near half a mile intervened between the head of General Dodge's column and General Blair's line through which the enemy had poured, but the last order ever given by General McPherson was to hurry a brigade (Colonel Wangelin's) of the Fifteenth corps across from the railroad to occupy the gap. It came across on the double-quick and checked the enemy. While Hardee attacked in flank Stewart's corps was to attack in front directly out from the main works, but fortunately their attacks were not simultaneous. The enemy swept across the hill which our men were then fortifying and captured the pioneer company, its tools, and almost the entire working party and bore down on our left until he encountered General Giles A. Smith's division of the Seventeenth corps, who was somewhat in "air" and forced to fight first from one side of the old rifle parapets and then from the other, gradually withdrawing regiment by regiment so as to form a flank to General Liggett's division, that held the apex of the hill, which was the only point deemed essential to our future plans. General Dodge had caught and held well in check the enemy's right and punished him severely, capturing many prisoners. General Giles A. Smith had gradually given up the extremity of his line and forced a new one whose right connected with General Liggett and his left refused, facing southeast. On this ground and in this order the men fought well and desperately for near four hours, checking and repulsing all the enemy's attacks. The execution of the enemy's ranks at the angle was terrible, and great credit is due both Generals Liggett

and Giles A. Smith and their men for their hard and stubborn fighting. The enemy made no farther progress on that flank, and by 4 p. m. had almost given up the attempt.

In the meantime Wheeler's cavalry, unopposed (for General Garrard was absent at Covington by my order) had reached Decatur and attempted to capture the wagon trains, but Colonel (now General) Sprague covered them with great skill and success, sending them to the rear of General Schofield and Thomas and not drawing back from Decatur until every wagon was safe except three, which the teamsters had left carrying off the mules. On our extreme left the enemy had taken a complete battery of six guns with its horses (Murray's) of the regular army as it was moving along unsupported and unapprehensive of danger in a narrow wooded road in that unguarded space between the head of General Dodge's column and the line of battle on the ridge above, but most of the men escaped to the bushes; he also got two other guns on the extreme left flank that were left on the ground as General Giles A. Smith drew off his men in the manner heretofore described.

About 4 p. m. there was quite a lull during which the enemy fell forward on the railroad and main Decatur road and suddenly assailed a regiment which, with a section of guns, had been thrown forward as a kind of picket and captured the two guns. He then advanced rapidly and broke through our lines at this point, which had been materially weakened by the withdrawal of Colonel Martin's brigade sent by General Logan's order to the extreme left. The other brigade, General Lightburn's, which held this part of the line fell back in some disorder about 400 yards to a position held by it the night before, leaving the enemy for a time in possession of two batteries, one of which a twenty-pounder Parrott battery of four guns was most valuable to us, and separating General Woods' and General Harrow's division of the Fifteenth corps that were on the right and left of the railroad. Being in person close by the spot and appreciating the vast importance of the connection at that point, I ordered certain batteries of General Schofield's to be moved to a position somewhat commanding it by a left flank fire, and ordered an incessant fire of shells on the enemy within sight, and the woods beyond to prevent his re-enforcing. I also sent orders to General Logan which he had already anticipated, to make the Fifteenth corps regain its lost ground at any cost and instructed General Woods supported by General Schofield, to use his division and sweep the parapet down from where he held it until he saved the batteries and regained the lost ground. The whole was executed in superb style, at times our men and the enemy fighting across the narrow parapet; but at last the enemy gave way and the Fifteenth corps regained its position and all the guns excepting the two advanced ones, which were out of view and had been removed by the enemy within his main works.

With this terminated the battle of the 22nd, which cost us 3,722 killed, wounded and prisoners. But among the dead was Major-

General McPherson whose body was recovered and brought to me in the heat of battle and I had sent it in charge of his personal staff back to Marietta on its way to his Northern home. He was a noble youth of striking personal appearance, of the highest professional capacity and with a heart abounding in kindness that drew to him the affection of all men. His sudden death devolved the command of the Army of the Tennessee on the no less brave and gallant General Logan, who nobly sustained his reputation and that of his veteran army and avenged the death of his comrade and commander.

The enemy left on the field his dead and wounded and about a thousand well prisoners. His dead alone are computed by General Logan at 3,240, of which number 2,200 were from actual count and of these he delivered to the enemy under flag of truce sent in by him (the enemy) 800 bodies. I entertain no doubt that in the battle of July 22nd the enemy sustained an aggregate loss of fully 8,000 men.

The next day General Garrard returned from Covington, having succeeded perfectly in his mission, and destroyed the bridge of Ulcofauhachee and Yellow Rivers, besides burning a train of cars, a large quantity of cotton (2,000) bales, the depot of stores at Covington and Conyer's stations and bringing in some 200 prisoners and some good horses, losing but two men one of whom was killed by accident. Having therefore sufficiently crippled the Augusta road and rendered it useless to the enemy, I then addressed myself to the task of reaching the Macon road over which of necessity came the stores and ammunition that alone maintained the rebel army in Atlanta. Generals Schofield and Thomas had closed well up, holding the enemy behind his inner intrenchments. I first ordered the Army of the Tennessee to prepare to vacate the line, and to shift by the right below Proctor's creek, and General Schofield to extend up the Augusta road. About the same time General Rousseau had arrived from the expedition to Opelika bringing me about 2,000 good cavalry but of course fatigued with its long and rapid march. And ordering it to relieve General Stoneman at the river about Sandtown, I shifted General Stoneman to our left flank and ordered all my cavalry to prepare for a blow at the Macon road simultaneously with the movement of the Army of the Tennessee toward East Point. To accomplish this I gave General Stoneman the command of his own and General Garrard's cavalry, making an effective force of full five thousand men and to General McCook I gave his own and the new cavalry brought by General Rousseau which was commanded by Colonel Harrison of the Eighth Indiana cavalry, and in the aggregate about 4,000. These two well appointed bodies were to move in concert, the former by the left around Atlanta to McDonough and the latter by the right to Fayetteville, and on a certain night, viz. July 28th, they were to meet on the Macon road near Lovejoy's and destroy it in the most effectual manner. I estimated this joint cavalry would whip all of Wheeler's cavalry and could otherwise accomplish its task, and I think so still. I had the officers in command to meet me, and

explained the movement perfectly, and they entertained not a doubt of perfect success. At the very moment almost of starting General Stoneman addressed me a note asking permission, after fulfilling his orders and breaking the road, to be allowed with his command proper to proceed to Macon and Andersonville and release our prisoners of war confined at those points. There was something most captivating in this idea and the execution was within the bounds of probability of success. I consented that after the defeat of Wheeler's cavalry which was embraced in his orders, and breaking the road he might attempt it with his cavalry proper sending that of General Garrard back to its proper flank of the army.

Both cavalry expeditions started at the time appointed I have as yet no report from General Stoneman, who is a prisoner of war at Macon, but I know he dispatched General Garrard's cavalry to Flat Rock for the purpose of covering his own movements to McDonough, but for some reason unknown to me he went off toward Covington and did not again communicate with General Garrard at Flat Rock. General Garrard remained there until the 29th, skirmishing heavily with a part of Wheeler's cavalry and occupying their attention, but hearing nothing from General Stoneman he moved back to Conyers where learning that General Stoneman had gone to Covington and south on the east side of the Ocmulgee, he returned and resumed his position on our left. It is known that General Stoneman kept to the east of the Ocmulgee to Clinton, sending detachments off to the east which did a large amount of damage to the railroad, burning the bridges of Walnut creek and Oconee, and destroying a large number of cars and locomotives, and with his main force appeared before Macon. He did not succeed in crossing the Ocmulgee at Macon nor in approaching Andersonville but retired in the direction from whence he came, followed by various detachments of mounted men under a General Iverson. He seems to have become hemmed in and gave consent to two-thirds of his force to escape back while he held the enemy in check with the remainder, about 700 men and a section of light guns. One brigade, Colonel Adams, came in almost intact; another commanded by Colonel Capron, was surprised on the way back and scattered. Many were captured and killed and the balance got in, most of them unarmed and afoot and the general himself surrendered his small command and is now a prisoner at Macon. His mistake was in not making the first concentration with General McCook and Garrard near Lovejoy's, according to his orders, which is yet unexplained.

General McCook in the execution of his part went down the west branch of the Chattahoochee to near Rivertown where he laid a pontoon bridge with which he was provided, crossed his command and moved rapidly on Palmetto Station of the West Point railroad where he tore up a section of track, leaving a regiment to create a diversion toward Campbellton, which regiment fulfilled its duty and returned to camp by way of and escorting back the pontoon bridge

train. General McCook then rapidly moved to Fayetteville where he found a large number of the wagons belonging to the Rebel Army in Atlanta. These he burned to the number of about 500, killing about 800 mules and carrying along others and taking 250 prisoners, mostly quartermasters and men belonging to the trains. He then pushed for the railroad reaching it at Lovejoy's Station at the time appointed. He burned the depot, tore up a section of the road and continued to work until forced to leave off to defend himself against an accumulating force of the enemy. He could hear nothing of General Stoneman, and finding his progress east too strongly opposed he moved south and west and reached Newman on the West Point road, where he encountered an infantry force coming from Mississippi to Atlanta, which had been stopping by the break he made at Palmetto. This force with the pursuing cavalry hemmed him in and forced him to fight. He was compelled to drop his prisoners and captures and cut his way out, losing some 500 officers and men, among them a most valuable officer Colonel Harrison, who when fighting his men as skirmishers on foot was overcome and made prisoner and is now at Macon. He cut his way out, reached the Chattahoochee, crossed and got to Marietta without further loss. General McCook is entitled to much credit for thus saving his command which was endangered by the failure of General Stoneman to reach Lovejoy's. But on the whole the cavalry raid is not deemed a success for the real purpose was to break the enemy's communications which though done was on so limited a scale that I knew the damage would soon be repaired.

Pursuant to the general plan, the Army of the Tennessee drew out of its lines near the Decatur road during the night of July 26th, and on the 27th moved behind the rest of the army to Proctor's creek and south to prolong our line due south and facing east. On that day, by appointment of the President of the United States, Major-General Howard assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee and had the general supervision of the movement which was made en echelon, General Dodge's corps (Sixteenth) on the left nearest the enemy, General Blair's corps (Seventeenth) next to come up on

its right, and General Logan's corps (Fifteenth) to come up on its right and refused as a flank, the whole to gain as much ground due south from the flank already established on Proctor's creek as was consistent with a proper strength. General Dodge's men got into line in the evening of the 27th, and General Blair's came into line on his right early in the morning of the 28th, his right reaching an old meeting house called Ezra Church near some large open fields by the poorhouse on a road known as the Bell's Ferry road or Lick Skillet road. Here the Fifteenth corps (General Logan's) joined on and refused along a ridge well wooded which partially commanded a view over the main fields. About 10 a. m. all the army was in position and the men were busy throwing up the accustomed pile of rails and logs which after a while assumed the form of a parapet. The skill and rapidity with which our men construct these is wonderful and is something new in the art of war. I rode along this entire line about that time and as I approached Ezra Church there was considerable artillery firing, enfilading the road in which I was riding, killing an orderly's horse just behind my staff. I struck across an open field to where General Howard was standing in rear of the Fifteenth corps and walked up to the ridge with General Morgan L. Smith to see if the battery which enfiladed the main road and rail piles could not be disposed of, and I heard General Smith give the necessary orders for the deployment of one regiment forward and another to make a circuit to the right, when I returned to where General Howard was, and remained there until 12 o'clock. During this time there was nothing to indicate serious battle save the shelling by one or at most two batteries from beyond the large field in front of the Fifteenth corps.

Wishing to be well prepared to defeat the enemy if he repeated his game of the 22nd, I had the night before ordered General Davis' division of General Palmer's corps, which by the movement of the Army of the Tennessee had been left as it were in reserve, to move down to Turner's Ferry and thence toward White Hall or East Point aiming to reach the flank of General Howard's new line.

Hoping that in case of an attack this division would in turn catch the attacking force in flank or rear at an unexpected moment, I explained it to General Howard and bade him to expect the arrival of such a force in case of battle. Indeed I expected to hear the fire of its skirmishers by noon. General Davis was sick that day and Brigadier-General Morgan commanded the division which had marched early for Turner's Ferry but many of the roads laid down on our maps did not exist at all and General Morgan was delayed thereby. I rode back to make more particular inquiries as to this division and had just reached General Davis' headquarters at Proctor's creek when I heard musketry open heavily on the right. The enemy had come out of Atlanta by the Bell's Ferry road and formed his masses in the open fields behind a swell of ground and after the artillery firing I have described, advanced in parallel lines directly against the Fifteenth corps, expecting to catch the flank in "air." His advance was mag-

nificent, but founded on an error that cost him sadly for our men coolly and deliberately cut down his men and in spite of the efforts of the Rebel officers his ranks broke and fled. But they were rallied again and again as often as six times at some points, and a few of the Rebel officers and men reached our line of rail piles only to be killed or hauled over as prisoners. These assaults occurred from noon until about 4 p. m., when the enemy disappeared leaving his dead and wounded in our hands. As many as 642 dead were counted and buried and still others are known to have been buried which were not counted by the regularly detailed burial parties. General Logan on this occasion was conspicuous as on the 22nd, his corps being chiefly engaged, but General Howard had drawn from the other corps (Sixteenth and Seventeenth) certain reserves which were near at hand but not used. Our entire loss is reported at less than 600, whereas that of the enemy was in killed and wounded not less than 5,000.

Had General Davis' division come up on the Bell's Ferry road as I calculated at any time before 4 o'clock, what was simply a complete repulse would have been a disastrous rout to the enemy, but I cannot attribute the failure to want of energy or intelligence, and must charge it like many other things in the campaign, to the peculiar tangled nature of the forests and absence of roads that would admit the rapid movement of troops.

This affair terminated all efforts of the enemy to check our extension by the flank which afterward proceeded with comparative ease but he met our extensions to the south by rapid and well constructed forts and rifle pits built between us and the railroad to and below East Point remaining perfectly on the defensive. Finding that the right flank of the Army of the Tennessee did not reach, I was forced to shift General Schofield to that flank also, and afterward General Palmer's corps of General Thomas' army. General Schofield moved from the left on the first of August and General Palmer's corps followed at once taking a line below Utoy creek and General Schofield prolonged it to a point near East Point. The enemy made no offensive opposition but watched our movement and extended his lines and parapets accordingly.

About this time several changes in important commands occurred which should be noted. General Hooker offended that General Howard was preferred to him as the successor of General McPherson, resigned his command of the Twentieth corps, to which General Slocum was appointed; but he was at Vicksburg and until he joined, the command of the corps devolved upon General A. S. Williams who handled it admirably. General Palmer also resigned the command of the Fourteenth corps and General Jeff. C. Davis was appointed to his place. Major-General D. S. Stanley had succeeded General Howard in the command of the Fourth corps.

From the 2nd to the 5th we continued to extend to the right, demonstrating strongly on the left and along our whole line. General Reilly's brigade of General Cox's division, General Schofield's army

on the 5th tried to break through the enemy's lines about a mile below Utoy creek but failed to carry the position losing about 400 men who were caught in the entanglements and abattis. But the next day the position was turned by General Hascall, and General Schofield advanced his whole line close up to and facing the enemy below Utoy creek. Still he did not gain the desired foothold on either the West Point or Macon road. The enemy's line at that time must have been near fifteen miles long, extending from near Decatur to below East Point. This he was enabled to do by the use of a large force of State militia and his position was so masked by the shape of the ground that we were unable to discover the weak parts.

I had become satisfied that to reach the Macon road and thereby control the supplies for Atlanta, I would have to move the whole army. But before beginning I ordered down from Chattanooga four 4½-inch rifled guns to try their effect. These arrived on the 10th and were put to work night and day and did execution on the city, causing frequent fires and creating confusion. Yet the enemy seemed determined to hold his forts even if the city was destroyed.

On the 16th of August I made my Orders No. 57, prescribing the mode and manner of executing the grand movement by the right flank to begin on the 18th. This movement contemplated the withdrawal of the Twentieth corps, General Williams, to the intrenched position at the Chattahoochee bridge and the march of the main army to the West Point railroad near Fairburn, and afterward to the Macon road, at or near Jonesborough, with our wagons loaded with provisions for fifteen days. About the time of the publication of these orders I learned that Wheeler with a large mounted force of the enemy variously estimated from 6,000 to 10,000 men, had passed round by the east and north and had made his appearance on our line of communication near Adairsville and had succeeded in capturing 900 of our beef cattle and had made a break of the railroad near Calhoun. I could not have asked for anything better, for I had provided well against such contingency and this detachment left me superior to the enemy in cavalry. I suspended the execution of my orders for the time being and ordered General Kilpatrick to make up a well appointed force of about 5,000 cavalry and to move from his camp about Sandtown during the night of the 18th to the West Point road and break it good near Fairburn then to proceed across to the Macon road and tear it up thoroughly but to avoid as far as possible the enemy's infantry and to attack any cavalry he could find. I thought this cavalry would save the necessity of moving the main army across, and that in case of his success it would leave me in a better position to take full advantage of the result.

General Kilpatrick got off at the time appointed and broke the West Point road and afterward reached the Macon road at Jonesborough where he whipped Ross' cavalry and got possession of the railroad which he held for five hours, damaging it considerably, but a brigade of the enemy's infantry which had been dispatched below

Jonesborough in cars, was run back and disembarked and with Jackson's Rebel cavalry made it impossible for him to continue his work. He drew off to the east and made a circuit and struck the railroad about Lovejoy's Station, but was again threatened by the enemy who moved on shorter lines, when he charged through their cavalry taking many prisoners of which he brought in seventy and captured a four-gun battery which he destroyed except one gun which he brought in. He estimated the damage done to the road as enough to interrupt its use for ten days, after which he returned by a circuit north and east, reaching Decatur on the 22nd.

After an interview with General Kilpatrick I was satisfied that whatever damage he had done would not produce the result desired and I renewed my orders for the movement of the whole army. This involved the necessity of raising the siege of Atlanta, taking the field with our main force and using it against the communications of Atlanta instead of against its entrenchments. All the army commanders were at once notified to send their surplus wagons, incumbrances of all kinds and sick back to our intrenched position at the bridge, and that the movement would begin during the night of the 25th. Accordingly all things being ready, the Fourth corps (General Stanley) drew out of its lines on our extreme left and marched to a position below Proctor's creek. The Twentieth corps (General Williams) moved back to the Chattahoochee. This movement was made without loss, save a few things left in our camps by thoughtless officers and men. The night of the 26th the movement continued and the Army of the Tennessee drawing out and moving rapidly by a circuit well toward Sandtown and across Camp creek; the Army of the Cumberland below Utoy creek General Schofield, remaining in position. This was effected with the loss of but a single man in the Army of Tennessee wounded by a shell from the enemy. The third move brought the Army of the Tennessee on the West Point railroad above Fairburn, the Army of the Cumberland about Red Oak, and General Schofield close in near Diggs' and Mimms'. I then ordered one day's work to be expended in destroying the road and it was done with a will. Twelve and one-half miles were destroyed, the ties burned and the iron rails heated and twisted by the utmost ingenuity of old hands at the work. Several cuts were filled up by the trunks of trees, logs, rocks and earth, intermingled with loaded shells prepared as torpedoes to explode in case of an attempt to clear them out.

Having personally inspected this work and satisfied with its execution, I ordered the whole army to move the next day eastward by several roads, General Howard on the right toward Jonesborough, General Thomas the center by Shoal creek church to Couch's, on the Decatur and Fayetteville road, and General Schofield on the left, about Morrow's Mills. An inspection of the map will show a strategic advantage of this position. The railroad from Atlanta to Macon follows substantially the ridge, or "divide" between the waters of Flint and Ocmulgee rivers and from East Point to Jonesborough makes

a wide bend to the east. Therefore the position I have described which had been well studied on paper, was my first objective. It gave me "interior lines," something our enemy had enjoyed too long, and I was anxious for once to get the inside track and therefore my haste and desire to secure it. The several columns moved punctually on the morning of the 29th; General Thomas on the center, encountered little opposition or difficulty save what resulted from narrow roads and reached his position at Couch's early in the afternoon. General Schofield being closer to the enemy who still clung to East Point, moved cautiously on a small circle around that point and came into position toward Rough and Ready, and General Howard having the outer circle, had a greater distance to move. He encountered cavalry which he drove rapidly to the crossing of Shoal creek, where the enemy also had artillery. Here a short delay occurred and some cannonading and skirmishing, but General Howard started them again and kept them moving, passed the Renfroe place on the Decatur road which was the point indicated for him in the orders of that day but he wisely and well kept on and pushed on toward Jonesborough, saved the bridge across Flint river and did not halt until darkness compelled him within half a mile of Jonesborough. Here he rested for the night and in the morning of August 31st, finding himself in the presence of a heavy force of the enemy, he deployed the Fifteenth corps and disposed the Sixteenth and Seventeenth on its flanks. The men covered their fronts with the usual parapets and soon prepared to act offensively or defensively as the case called for. I was that night with General Thomas at Couch's, and as soon as I learned that General Howard had passed Renfroe's, I directed General Thomas to send to that place a division of General Jeff. C. Davis' corps, to move General Stanley's corps in connection with General Schofield toward Rough and Ready, and then to send forward due east a strong detachment of General Davis' corps to feel for the railroad. General Schofield was also ordered to move boldly forward and strike the railroad near Rough and Ready.

These movements were progressing during the 31st, when the enemy came out of his works at Jonesborough and attacked General Howard in position, as described. General Howard was admirably situated to receive him and repulsed the attack thoroughly. The enemy attacked with Lee's and Hardee's corps and after a contest of over two hours withdrew, leaving over 400 dead on the ground and his wounded of which about 300 were left in Jonesborough, could not have been much less than 2,500. Hearing the sounds of battle at Jonesborough about noon, orders were renewed to push the other movements on the left and center and about 4 p. m. the reports arrived simultaneously that General Howard had thoroughly repulsed the enemy at Jonesborough; that General Schofield had reached the railroad a mile below Rough and Ready and was working up the road breaking it as he went; that General Stanley of General Thomas' army, had also got the road below General Schofield and was destroy-

ing it, working south, and that General Baird of General Davis' corps, had struck it still further down within four miles of Jonesborough. Orders were at once given for all the army to turn on Jonesborough, General Howard to keep the enemy busy while General Thomas should move down from the north, with General Schofield on the left. I also ordered the troops as they moved down to continue the thorough destruction of the railroad because we had it then, and I did not know but that events might divert our attention. General Garrard's cavalry was directed to watch the roads to our rear and north. General Kilpatrick was sent south down the west bank of the Flint, with instructions to attack or threaten the railroad below Jonesborough. I expected the whole army would close down on Jonesborough by noon of the 1st of September. General Davis' corps having the shortest distance to travel was on time and deployed facing south, his right in connection with General Howard and his left on the railroad. General Stanley and General Schofield were coming down along the Rough and Ready road and along the railroad, breaking it as they came. When General Davis joined to General Howard, General Blair's corps on General Howard's left, was thrown in reserve and was immediately sent well to the right below Jonesborough to act against that flank along with General Kilpatrick's cavalry. About 4 p. m. General Davis was all ready and assaulted the enemy's lines across open fields, carrying them very handsomely and taking as prisoners the greater part of Govan's brigade including its commander, with two four-gun batteries.

Repeated orders were sent to Generals Stanley and Schofield to hurry up but the difficult nature of the country and the absence of roads are the reasons assigned why these troops did not get well into position for attack before night rendered further operations impossible. Of course the next morning the enemy was gone and had retreated south.

About 2 o'clock that night the sounds of heavy explosions were heard in the direction of Atlanta distant about twenty miles, with a succession of minor explosions and what seemed like the rapid firing of cannon and musketry. These continued about an hour, and again about 4 a. m. occurred another series of similar discharges apparently nearer us, and these sounds could be accounted for on no other hypothesis than of a night attack on Atlanta by General Slocum or the blowing up of the enemy's magazines. Nevertheless at daybreak on finding the enemy gone from his lines at Jonesborough, I ordered a general pursuit south, General Thomas following to the left of the railroad, General Howard on its right and General Schofield keeping off about two miles to the east. We overtook the enemy again near Lovejoy's Station in a strong intrenched position, with his flanks well protected behind a branch of Walnut creek to the right and a confluent of the Flint river to his left. We pushed close up and reconnoitered the ground and found he had evidently halted to cover communication with the McDonough and Fayetteville road. Rumors began to

arrive, through prisoners captured, that Atlanta had been abandoned during the night of September 1st; that Hood had blown up his ammunition trains which accounted for the sounds so plainly heard by us and which were yet unexplained; that Stewart's corps was then retreating toward McDonough and that the militia had gone off toward Covington. It was then too late to interpose and prevent their escape and I was satisfied with the substantial success already gained. Accordingly I ordered the work of destroying the railroad to cease and the troops to be held in hand ready for any movement that further information from Atlanta might warrant.

General Jeff. C. Davis' corps had been left above Jonesborough and General Garrard's cavalry was still farther back and the latter was ordered to send back to Atlanta and ascertain the exact truth and the real situation of affairs. But the same night, viz.: September 4, a courier arrived from General Slocum reporting the fact that the enemy had evacuated Atlanta; had blown up seven trains of cars and had retreated on the McDonough road. General Slocum had entered and taken possession on the 2nd of September. The object of my movement against the railroad was therefore already reached and concluded and as it was idle to pursue our enemy in the wooded country with a view to his capture, I gave orders on the 4th for the army to prepare to move back slowly to Atlanta. On the 5th we drew back to the vicinity of Jonesborough five miles where we remained a day. On the 7th we moved to Rough and Ready seven miles and the next day to the camps selected, viz: the Army of the Cumberland grouped around about Atlanta, the Army of the Tennessee about East Point and that of the Ohio at Decatur, where the men now occupy clean and healthy camps.

I have not yet received full or satisfactory accounts of Wheeler's operations to our rear further than that he broke the road about Calhoun and then made his appearance at Dalton where Colonel Laiboldt held him in check until General Steedman arrived from Chattanooga and drove him off. He then passed up into East Tennessee and made quite a stay at Athens but on the first show of pursuit he kept on north across the Little Tennessee and crossing the Holston near Strawberry Plains, reached the Clinch near Clinton and passed over toward Sequatchie and McMinnville. Thence he seems to have gone to Murfreesboro and Lebanon and across to Franklin. He may have committed damage to the property of citizens but has injured us but little, the railroads being repaired about as fast as he broke them. From Franklin he has been pursued toward Florence and out of the State by Generals Rousseau, Steedman and Granger, but what amount of execution they have done to him has not been reported.

Our roads and telegraphs are still repaired and the cars run with regularity and speed.

It is proper to remark in this place that during the operations of this campaign, expeditions were sent out from Memphis and Vicksburg to check any movements of the enemy's forces in Mississippi

upon our communications. The manner in which this object was accomplished reflects credit upon Generals A. J. Smith, Washburn, Slocum, and Mower, and although General Sturgis' expedition was less successful than the others, it assisted in the main object to be accomplished.

I must bear full and liberal testimony to the energetic and successful management of the railroads during the campaign. No matter when or where a break has been made, the repair train seemed on the spot and the damage was repaired generally before I knew of the break. Bridges have been built with surprising rapidity, and the locomotive whistle was heard in our advanced camps almost before the echo of the skirmish fire had ceased. Some of these bridges—those of the Oostenaule, the Etowah and Chattahoochee—are fine substantial structures and were built in an inconceivably short time almost out of material improvised on the spot.

Colonel W. W. Wright, who has charge of the construction and repairs, is not only a most skillful but a wonderfully ingenious, industrious and zealous officer and I can hardly do him justice. In like manner the officers charged with running the trains have succeeded to my entire satisfaction and have worked in perfect harmony with the quartermasters and commissaries, bringing forward abundant supplies with such regularity that at no time have we wanted for provisions, forage, ammunition or stores of any essential kind.

Colonel L. C. Easton chief quartermaster, and Colonel A. Beckwith chief commissary, have also succeeded in a manner surprising to all of us in getting forward supplies. I doubt if ever an army was better supplied than this and I commend them most highly for it because I know that more solicitude was felt by the lieutenant-general commanding and by the military world at large, on this than any other one problem involved in the success of the campaign. Captain T. G. Baylor chief ordnance officer, has in like manner kept the army supplied at all times with every kind of ammunition. To Captain O. M. Poe chief engineer, I am more than ordinarily indebted for keeping me supplied with maps and information of roads and topography as well as in the more important branch of his duties in selecting lines and military positions.

My own personal staff has been small but select. Brigadier-General W. F. Barry, an officer of enlarged capacity and great experience, has filled the office of chief of artillery to perfection, and Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Kittoe chief medical inspector, has done everything possible to give proper aid and direction to the operations of that important department. I have never seen the wounded moved from the fields of battle, cared for and afterwards sent to proper hospitals in the rear with more promptness, system, care and success than during this whole campaign, covering over 100 days of actual battle and skirmish. My aides-de-camp, Major J. C. McCoy, Captain L. M. Dayton and Captain J. C. Audenried have been over zealous and most efficient, carrying my orders day and night to distant parts of

our extended lines with an intelligence and zeal that insured the proper working of machinery covering from ten to twenty-five miles of ground when the least error in the delivery and explanation of an order would have produced confusion; whereas in a great measure owing to the intelligence of these officers, orders have been made so clear that these vast armies have moved side by side, sometimes crossing each other's tracks, through a difficult country of 138 miles in length, without confusion or trouble. Captain Dayton has also filled the duties of my adjutant-general making all orders and carrying on the official correspondence. Three inspectors-general completed my staff: Brigadier-General J. M. Corse who has since been assigned the command of a division of the Sixteenth corps at the request of General Dodge; Lieutenant-Colonel W. Warner of the Seventy-sixth Ohio and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Ewing, inspector-general of the Fifteenth corps and captain Thirteenth U. S. regulars. These officers of singular energy and intelligence have been of immense assistance to me in handling these large armies.

My three armies in the field were commanded by able officers my equals in rank and experience—Major-General George H. Thomas, Major-General J. M. Schofield and Major-General O. O. Howard. With such commanders, I had only to indicate the object desired and they accomplished it. I cannot overestimate their service to the country and must express my deep and heartfelt thanks that coming together from different fields with different interests they have co-operated with a harmony that has been productive of the greatest amount of success and good feeling. A more harmonious army does not exist.

I now enclose their reports and those of the corps, division and brigade commanders, a perusal of which will fill up the sketch which I have endeavored to make. I also submit tabular statements of our losses in battle by wounds and sickness; also a list of prisoners captured, sent to the rear and exchanged; also of the guns and material of war captured, besides the important country towns and arsenals of the enemy that we now occupy and hold.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

Major-General H. W. Halleck,
Chief of Staff, Washington, D. C.

To which should be added the casualties for September 1 to 15 in the Army of the Cumberland, 2,567, making aggregate 37,081.

Reports of the Armies of the Tennessee and the Ohio include the whole campaign.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General, U. S. Army, Commanding.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi.

In the Field, Atlanta, Ga., September 15, 1864.

To which add the prisoners and deserters in the Army of the Cumberland September 1st to 20th, 3,065, making a total aggregate of 12,983.

Reports from the Armies of the Tennessee and the Ohio include the whole campaign.

W. T. SHERMAN,

Major-General, U. S. Army, Commanding.

Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi,

In the Field, Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 15, 1864.

THE BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.

Report of Major-General Samuel G. French, C. S. Army Commanding Division, Stewart's Corps.

Headquarters French's Division,

On the March, October 8th, 1864.

General:—Pursuant to the orders received on the 4th instant I moved with my division from Big Shanty, to fill up the railroad cut at Allatoona. Before leaving Big Shanty, it was reported that the cut at the depot was fortified and held by the enemy with three regiments guarding stores of the enemy accumulated there. I arrived near the cut on the following morning about 3 a. m., left one regiment and one piece of artillery at Allatoona creek to capture the garrison there and to burn the bridge, placed the eleven guns in position, supported by two regiments, and moved on with the remainder of the division to surround the enemy's works. Owing to the darkness and the immense rugged hills, and the guide getting lost, had to halt until daylight. Got the troops in position about 9 a. m. and at 10 commenced the attack. At 12:15 was informed that the enemy's infantry was moving on the railroad and entering Big Shanty at 9 a. m., and that his cavalry was moving up on the east side of the railroad. Ammunition, too, being nearly exhausted, and knowing it could not be supplied under two hours, I resolved to withdraw my forces, knowing the enemy would reach the Dallas and Sandtown road before I could. Before withdrawing I ordered that the stores be burned at the depot. Parties were sent, but all efforts they could make, failed to procure fire. The matches furnished would not ignite and no fire could be procured. The enemy's fire concentrated to protect their stores was heavy and incessant all the time. The troops were withdrawn and formed in a line of battle about 3 p. m. The conduct of the troops was beyond all praise. Works after works were carried by hand-to-hand conflict until the enemy was forced into his strong center redoubt on the west of the railroad. My losses were in Ector's brigade—43 killed; 147 wounded; missing, 11; total, 201. Cockrell's brigade—killed, 42; wounded, 182; missing, 22; total, 246. Sear's brigade—killed, 37; wounded, 114; missing, 200; total, 351. Total loss in division, 798; and one of my staff. The cavalry sent to cut the railroad failed to accomplish their work. The enemy was heavily reinforced on the morning of the 5th without my knowledge, and the prisoners report their force over 2,000. I know they had from seven to ten regiments and were in force about equal to my own. The enemy

lost two flags, one U. S. flag and the banner of the Ninety-third Illinois which we have with us; and his loss in men, including the 206 prisoners brought away, must have been equal to our own. This is a mere preliminary report. A more detailed one will be submitted as soon as practicable.

S. G. FRENCH,
Major-General Commanding.

Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart, Commanding, etc.

Headquarters French's Division,
Tuscumbia, Ala., November 5th, 1864.

General:—Sometime since I had the honor to submit to you a brief preliminary report of the battle of Allatoona. As the reports of the brigade commanders are now in, I have the honor to forward one embracing some of the details of the battle: About noon on the 4th of October, when at Big Shanty, the following order was handed me by Lieutenant-General Stewart, it being a copy of one to him:

“Headquarters Army of Tennessee,
October 4th, 1864, 7:30 a. m.

Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart, Commanding Corps.

General:—General Hood directs that later in the evening you move Stevenson back to Davis' Cross-Roads, and that you bring two of your divisions back to Adams' and between Adams' and Davis' Cross-Roads, placing them in such a way as to cover the position at Adams' now occupied by Stevenson, and that your third division (say French's) shall move up the railroad and fill up the deep cut at Allatoona with logs, brush, rails, dirt, etc. To-morrow morning at daylight, he desires Stevenson to be moved to Lieutenant-General Lee's actual left, and that two of your divisions, at that time at Adams', to draw back, with your left in the neighborhood of Davis' Cross-Roads, and your right in the neighborhood of Lost Mountain, and the division that will have gone to Allatoona, to march thence to New Hope Church and on the position occupied by your other troops—that is, that the division shall rejoin your command by making this march out from the railroad via New Hope. General thinks that it is probable that the guard at the railroad bridge on the Etowah is small, and when General French goes to Allatoona, if he can get such information as would justify him, will, if possible, move to that bridge and destroy it. General Hood considers that its destruction would be of great advantage to the army and the country. Should he be able to destroy the bridge, in coming out he will move as has been heretofore indicated, via New Hope.

Yours respectfully,

A. P. MASON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Soon after an order of which the following is a copy was sent me:

Headquarters Army of Tennessee,

Office of Chief of Staff, October 4th, 1864, 11:30 a. m.

Lieutenant-General Stewart, Commanding.

General:—General Hood directs me to say that it is of the greatest importance to destroy Etowah railroad bridge, if such a thing is



possible. From the best information we now have, he thinks the enemy cannot disturb us before to-morrow, and by that time your main body will be near the remainder of our army. He suggests that if is considered practicable to destroy the bridge when the division goes there and the artillery is placed in position, let the commanding officer call for volunteers to go to the bridge with light wood and other combustible material that can be obtained and set fire to it.

Yours respectfully,

A. P. MASON,

Major and Assistant Adjutant-General,

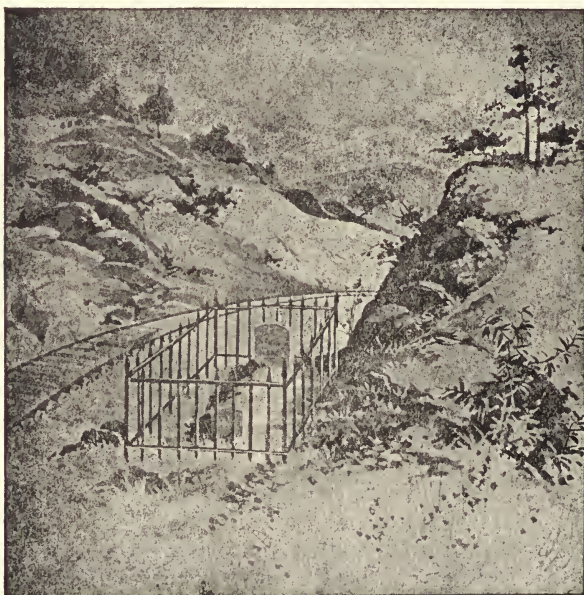
General Stewart's corps had struck the railroad bridge at Big Shanty on the evening of the 3rd, and all three of his divisions had

worked all night in destroying the railroad from near Kennesaw up to Acworth Station. As we had been informed at Big Shanty that the Allatoona Pass or cut was fortified, and that the enemy had there a garrison of three regiments and had accumulated a considerable amount of provisions, it was considered a matter of importance that the place should be captured, and after the orders were handed me

This is the resting place of a Confederate soldier, who was buried on the spot where he fell. A neat marble headstone has been placed over the grave, with the following inscription:

AN
UNKNOWN HERO
He died for the cause
he thought was right.

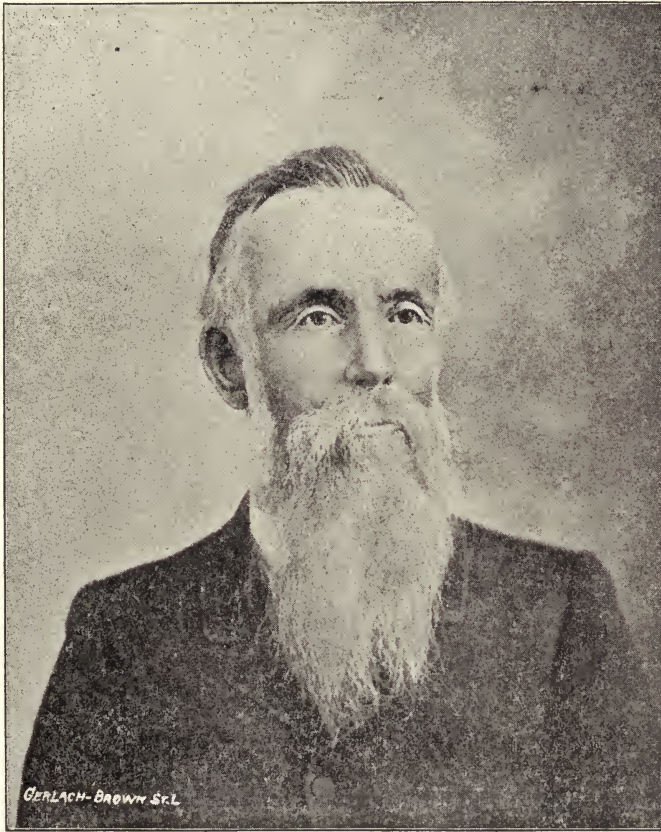
The track hands of the Western & Atlantic R. R. have this grave under their special charge, and have made attention to it a sacred duty.



THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE, ON THE WESTERN & ATLANTIC
R. R., IN ALLATOONA PASS.

General Stewart sent me with Major Myrick, with twelve pieces of artillery. It would appear, however, that the general-in-chief was not aware that the pass was fortified and garrisoned that I was sent to have filled up. Under these orders I left Big Shanty about 3:30

p. m. and I marched to Acworth, a distance of six miles, arriving there before sunset. There I was detained awaiting the arrival of rations, until 11 o'clock at night. As I knew nothing of the roads, the enemy's works, or position, it was important to procure a guide, and at last a young man or rather a boy, was found who knew the roads and had seen the position of the fortifications at Allatoona, he being a member



REV. JAMES BRADLEY.

For four years under Cockrell, of Missouri, and General French, in the Army of Tennessee, as a private soldier he faithfully served his country. Since the war, as a faithful soldier of the cross, he has been equally consistent; residing at Mexico, Mo., where he holds the affection and respect of all who know him.

of a cavalry company. At Acworth, Captain Taylor of Pinson's regiment of cavalry, with twenty-five men, reported to me for duty. He



THE CONFEDERATES STORMING THE FEDERAL OUTER LINE OF WORKS AT BATTLE OF ALLATOONA, GA., OCT. 5, 1864.

was immediately directed to send fifteen men under a trusty officer, to strike the railroad near the Etowah railroad bridge as possible, and to take up rails and hide them so as to prevent trains from reaching Allatoona with re-enforcements, as well as to prevent any trains that might be there from escaping. From an eminence near Acworth the enemy could be seen communicating messages by their night signals from Allatoona with the station at Kennesaw, while to the east of us, were the fires of a large encampment of the Federals apparently opposite Moon's Station. Citizens residing here informed me that there was a block-house with a garrison of about 100 men, at the Allatoona bridge; that at Allatoona, there were two small redoubts with outworks, defended with four pieces of artillery and garrisoned with three and a half regiments of infantry. About 11 p. m. the march was resumed. The night was very dark and the roads bad. After crossing Allatoona creek, Colonel Adair with the Fourth regiment of Mississippi volunteers and one piece of artillery, was left near the block-house with instructions to surround it, capture the garrison, and destroy the bridge over the creek. Continuing the march, the division arrived before Allatoona about 3 a. m. Nothing could be seen but one or two twinkling lights on the opposite heights, and nothing was heard except the occasional interchange of shots between our advanced guards and the pickets of the garrison in the valley below. All was darkness. I had no knowledge of the place, and it was important to attack at the break of day. Taking the guide and lights, I placed the artillery in position on the hills south and east of the railroad, and the Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiment under Colonel Coleman, and the Thirty-second Texas, were left as a supporting force, both under command of Colonel J. A. Andrews, of the latter regiment. This being done, I proceeded with the guide to gain the heights or ridge crowned by works of the enemy. Without roads or paths the head of the line reached the railroad, crossed it and began the ascending and descending of the high, steep and densely-timbered spurs of the mountains, and after about an hour's march it was found we were directly in front of the works, and not on the main ridge. The guide made a second effort to gain the ridge and failed, so dark was it in the woods. I therefore determined to rest where we were and await daylight. With dawn the march was resumed, and by 7:30 o'clock the head of the column was on the ridge about 600 yards west of the fortification, and between those he occupied and an abandoned redoubt on our left. Here, the fortifications for the first time were seen, and instead of two redoubts, there were disclosed to us three redoubts on the west of the railroad cut and a star fort on the east, with outer works and the approaches defended to a great distance by abatis, and near the works by stockades and other obstructions. The railroad emerges from the Allatoona Mountain by crossing this bridge through a cut sixty feet deep. Dispositions for the assault were now made by sending General Sears' brigade to the north side or rear of the works. General F. M. Cockrell's (Missouri)

brigade to rest with center on the ridge, while General W. H. Young, with the four Texas regiments, was formed in rear of General Cockrell. Major Myrick had opened on the works with his artillery and was ordered to continue his fire until the attacking force should interfere, or until he heard the volley of musketry. General Sears was to commence the assault on the rear, and when musketry was heard, General Cockrell was to move down the ridge supported by General Young and carry the works by (as it were) a flank attack. So rugged and abrupt were the hills, that the troops could not be got in position until about 9 a. m., when I sent a summons to surrender. The flag was met by a Federal staff officer, and he was allowed seventeen minutes to return with an answer. The time expired without any answer being received, whereupon Major D. W. Sanders, impatient at the delay, as bearer of the summons broke off the interview and returned. No reply being sent me, the order was given for the assault by directing the advance of Cockrell's brigade. Emerging from the woods and passing over a long distance of abatis formed of felled timber, and under a severe fire of musketry and artillery, nobly did it press forward, followed by the gallant Texans. The enemy's outer line and one redoubt soon fell. Resting, to gather strength and to survey the work before them, again they rushed forward in column, and in murderous hand-to-hand conflict that left the ditches filled with the dead, did they become masters of the second redoubt. The third and main redoubt, now filled with those driven from the captured works on the west side of the railroad, was further crowded by those that were driven out of the fort on the east side of the road, by the attack made by General Sears. They had to cross the deep cut through which our artillery poured a steady and deadly fire. The Federal forces were now confined to one redoubt, and we occupied the ditch and almost silenced their fire and were preparing for the final attack. Pending the progress of these events I had received a note from General F. C. Armstrong, dated 7 a. m., asking me at what time I would move toward New Hope and pass Acworth, informing me also that the enemy had moved up east of the railroad above Kennesaw and encamped there last night. I had observed this movement when at Acworth, but at 12 p. m. I received another dispatch from him, written at 9 a. m. saying:

"My scouts report enemy's infantry advancing up the railroad. They are now entering Big Shanty. They have a force east of the railroad."

On the receipt of this second note from General Armstrong, I took my guide aside and particularly asked him, if after the capture of the place, I could move to New Hope Church by any other route than the one by the block-house at Allatoona creek, and thence by the Sandtown road to the Acworth and Dallas road, and he said I could not. Here, then was General Sherman's whole army close behind me and the advance of his army moving on Acworth, which changed the whole condition of affairs. Ammunition had to be carried from

the wagons a mile distant, at the base of the hills by men and I was satisfied it would take two hours to get it up and distribute it under fire, before the final assault. I had learned from prisoners that before daylight the place had been re-enforced by a brigade under General Corse. I knew the enemy was in Big Shanty at 9 a. m. By noon he could reach Acworth and be within two miles of the road, on which I was to reach New Hope Church. I knew General Stewart had been ordered to near Lost Mountain. My men had marched all day on the 3rd; worked all the night of the 3rd, destroying the railroad; they had worked and marched all day on the 4th; marched to Allatoona on the night of the 4th; had fought up to the afternoon of the 5th; and could they pass the third day and night without rest or sleep, if we remained to assault the remaining works? I did not doubt that the enemy would endeavor to get in my rear to intercept my return. He was in the morning but three miles distant, and had been signaled repeatedly during the battle. Under these circumstances I determined to withdraw, however depressing the idea of not capturing the place after so many had fallen, and when in all probability we could force a surrender before night; yet however desirous I was for remaining before the last work and forcing a capitulation, or of carrying the work by assault, I deemed it of more importance not to permit the enemy to cut my diversion off from the army. After deliberately surveying matters as they presented themselves to me, I sent word to General Sears to withdraw his men at once, moving by the route he went in, and directed General Cockrell to withdraw at 1:30 p. m.

Before the action commenced, it was foreseen that it would be impossible to carry any wounded on litters to the road where the ambulances were placed owing to the steepness of the hills, the ravines and the dense woods. Accordingly, the wounded were brought to the springs near the ridge. All that could be moved without the use of litters were taken to the ambulances. The others were left in charge of surgeons detailed to remain with them.

The troops reformed on the original grounds west of the works and marched back to the south side near the artillery, and at 3:30 p. m. commenced the move toward New Hope. After the troops engaged in the assault had left, I rode on down to Colonel Andre's position in front of the works, and directed him to remain until 5 p. m., and then withdraw and move on in our rear. Before I had determined to withdraw the enemy from the captured works, (but after the guide said I would have to return by the way I came) I sent orders to Major Myrick to send two of his batteries and his caissons to a point beyond the block-house on the Sandtown road, to act in concert with the troops left there. Having been informed by Colonel Adair that the block-house at the Allatoona bridge had not been captured, I directed Captain Kolb with his battery that had remained with Colonel Andrews to move on and report to General Cockrell, for the purpose of taking the block-house. Shortly after 4 p. m., and when not

a person could be seen in or around the forts, I left the command of Colonel Andrews and overtook the division near the block-house. Colonel Adair had burnt the railroad bridge over the Allatoona creek (over 200 feet long) and the duplicate of the bridge, already formed to replace the older structure. Under an increased artillery fire, the garrison of the block-house surrendered.

We captured 250 prisoners, one U. S. flag, and the colors of the Ninety-third Illinois regiment, a number of horses, arms, etc., and killed and wounded 750 of the enemy; being with the garrison of the block-house, over 1,000.

History will record the battle of Allatoona as one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war; and when it is remembered that the enemy fought from within the strong redoubts, the desperate deeds of daring performed by our troops in overcoming so many of the foe, is due a meed of praise to their heroic valor.

The artillery opened about 7 o'clock in the morning, and except when the flag of truce was sent in, continued until 2 p. m. The assault commenced about 10, continued unremittingly till 1:30 p. m., and the rattle of musketry did not cease entirely until near 3 p. m., when it died away and a silence like the pall of death rested over the scene, contrasting so strangely with the din of battle.

I cannot do justice to the gallantry of the troops. No one faltered in his duty, and all withdrew from the place with the regret that General Sherman's movements—closing up behind us—forbid our remaining longer to force a surrender of the last work.

After leaving out the three regiments that formed no part of the assaulting force I had but a little over 2,000 men.

My entire loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 799, as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Captured.
Cockrell's brigade	42	182	22	
Sears' brigade	37	114	200	
Ector's brigade	43	147	11	
Staff				1
	---	---	---	---
Total	122	443	233	1

Among the killed from Sears' brigade is Colonel W. H. Clark, Forty-sixth Mississippi. He fell in the advance, near the enemy's works, with the battle flag in his hands. He was an excellent and gallant officer. Also were killed Captain B. Davidson and Lieutenants G. C. Edwards, J. R. Henry and G. D. Davis.

Colonel F. S. Berry, Thirty-fifth Mississippi, and Major Partin, Thirty-sixth Mississippi, were wounded together with Captains R. G. Yates and A. J. Farmer, and Lieutenants J. N. McCoy, G. H. Bannerman, J. M. Chadwick, J. Coopwood, R. E. Jones, E. W. Brown, G. H. Moore, and Ensigns G. W. Cannon, and A. Scarborough.

Texas will mourn the death of some of her bravest and best men. Captain Sommerville, Thirty-second Texas was killed after vainly

endeavoring to enter the last work, where his conspicuous gallantry had carried him and his little band. Captains Gibson, Tenth Texas; Bates, Ninth Texas; Conley, Twenty-ninth North Carolina, and Adjutant Griffin, Ninth Texas; Lieutenants Alexander, Twenty-ninth North Carolina, and Dixon E. Wetzell, Ninth Texas, were killed gallantly leading their men.

Brigadier-General W. H. Young, commanding brigade, was wounded. Most gallantly he bore his part in action. Colonel Camp, commanding Fourteenth Texas, one of the best officers in the service, was seriously wounded. Also Majors McReynolds, Ninth Texas, and Purdy, Fourteenth Texas.

Of Captains wounded were Wright, Lyles, Russell, Vannoy, and Ridley, and Lieutenants Tunnell, Haynes, Gibbons, Agee, Morris, O'Brien, Irwin, Reeves and Robertson.

In the Missouri brigade were killed or mortally wounded Majors W. F. Carter and O. A. Waddell; Captains A. J. Byrne, A. C. Patton, and John S. Holland; Lieutenants Thomas R. Shelly, Joel F. Yancey, G. R. Elliott, R. J. Lamb, G. T. Duvall, and W. H. Dunnica, and Ensign H. W. DeJarrett—men who had behaved well and nobly during the whole campaign.

Among the wounded are Major R. J. Williams, Captains Thompson Alvord, G. McChristian, G. W. Covell, and A. F. Burns; Lieutenants Joseph Boyce, Silas H. F. Hornback, J. L. Mitchell, A. H. Todd and H. Y. Anderson, and Ensign William A. Byrd.

I have named the killed and wounded officers in this report. The names of the private soldiers who fell or were wounded will also be filed with this as soon as they are received.

It is due to the dead, it is just to the living, that they who have no hopes of being heralded by fame, and who have but little incentive except the love of country and the consciousness of a just cause to impel them to deeds of daring, and who have shed their blood for a just cause, should have this little tribute paid them by me.

For the noble dead the army mourns—a nation mourns. For the living, honor and respect will await them wherever they shall be known as faithful soldiers who have for their dearest rights so often gone through the fires of battle and the baptism of blood. It would perhaps be an individius distinction to name individual officers or men for marked or special services or distinguished gallantry where all behaved so well, for earth never yielded to the tread of nobler soldiers.

I am indebted to Generals Cockrell, Sears, and Young, for their bravery, skill, and unflinching firmness.

To Colonel Earp, on whom the command of the gallant Texans devolved, and to Colonel Andrews, who commanded on the south side, and Major Myrick, commanding the artillery, I return my thanks for services.

Major D. W. Sanders, assistant adjutant-general; Lieutenant Wiley Abercrombe, aide, Captain W. H. Cain, volunteer aide; Captain Porter and Lieutenant Mosby, engineers, were zealous in the perform-

ance of their duties and A. T. Freeman, assistant inspector-general, was conspicuous for his gallant conduct. I commend the last named to government for promotion.

Colonel 5. Gates, First and Third Missouri; Major E. H. Hampton, Twenty-ninth North Carolina, and Adjutant W. J. Sparks, Tenth Texas, and Lieutenant Cahal, of General Stewart's staff, are named for gallant services.

Lieutenant M. W. Armstrong, Tenth Texas, seized the United States standard from the Federals, and after a struggle, brought it and the bearer of it off in triumph.

In the inclosed reports of brigade commanders will be found the names of many officers and soldiers that I know are entitled to commendation and all marks of distinction that the Government can award.

The cavalry officer, who was sent to cut the railroad and failed to perform the duty is, in my opinion, much to blame. Had he taken up the rails—and there was nothing to prevent it—re-enforcements could not have been thrown in the works, and the result would have been different. After events showed that a cavalry force of the enemy arrived at Allatoona, as we were withdrawing.

Very respectfully,
Major-General Commanding.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. STEWART,
Commanding Corps.

“HOLD THE FORT” AND “PULL FOR THE SHORE.”

It will be seen that the noted battle of Allatoona was exceedingly stubborn and bloody. It marks an episode in French's division that is pointed to with pride by not only the Division Commander and his men, but the Corps Commander, Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart. General Sherman's signal dispatches to General Corse from Kennesaw Mountain, "*to hold the fort for I am coming*" were so frequent and persistent that it became a world wide inspiration in the form of a song written by the late Evangelist P. P. Bliss after the account of the battle of Allatoona, had been detailed to him, and after taking in the surrounding scenery looking to Kennesaw. He sung it first at the Tabernacle in Chicago and the divine afflatus through his mellow voice and facile pen electrified the congregation until others took the refrain, and to-day it is a standard Gospel Lyric. It added to P. P. Bliss' fame, and made the battle of Allatoona memorable in the Hood campaign to Nashville.

“Ho! my comrades see the signal
Waving in the sky,
Re-inforcements now appearing
Victory is nigh.

Chorus

Hold the fort, for I am coming
Jesus signals still!
Wave the answer back to heaven
By thy grace we will.”

There was another touching song from his (Bliss') ready pen, suggested by a scene during or just after our Civil War. Said song is almost as popular as “Hold the Fort.” It went hand in hand with “Hold the Fort” and was inspired by Mr. Bliss' reflections upon an unnamed ship which went down in the storm just after the life boat men took off the passengers and struggled to reach the shore. It is:

“PULL FOR THE SHORE.”

“Light in the darkness-Sail-or; day is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows, fair Haven's land,
Drear was the voyage Sail-or! now almost o'er,
Safe within the life boat Sail-or, pull for the shore.

Chorus

Pull for the shore, Sailor, pull for the shore!

Heed not the rolling wave, but bend to the oar,

Safe in the life boat, Sailor, cling to self no more,

Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore."

These songs are living monuments to the memory of '61-'65 and to the Evangelist P. P. Bliss, who lost his life in the famous Ash-tabula, Ohio, wreck in the '70s.

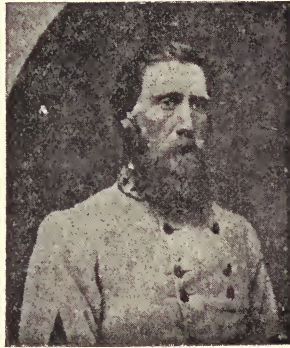
HOOD'S CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

Mrs. W. D. Gale daughter of General and Bishop Leonidas Polk and wife of Colonel W. D. Gale Assistant Adjutant-General of Stewart's Corps permits me to copy the following:

Headquarters Stewart's Corps, near Tupolo, Jan. 14th, 1865.

I wrote you a short account of our battles in Middle Tennessee and our flight from the State. I now give you some of the particulars in detail. After three weeks' preparation at Florence, we finally crossed the Tennessee on the 20th of November and moved forward toward Mt. Pleasant. General Thomas at that time had his army at Pulaski. When we got to Mt. Pleasant he had fallen back to Columbia. We got to Columbia on the 26th, and invested it. On the night of the 27th it was evacuated. On the 28th, this and Cheatham's corps began one of the finest moves of the war—in conception worthy of Stonewall Jackson, and in execution feeble and disgraceful—to cross Duck river above Columbia, and by a forced march over bad roads and through the woods and fields to strike the pike at Spring Hill, and cut Schofield off from Nashville or strike him in the flank. The move was made and all was a success up to the time of striking the enemy. We struck the pike at Spring Hill just as the retreating enemy were moving by, completely surprising them. But strange to say, we remained all night in sound of the voices of the men as they retreated in the greatest haste, and not a blow was struck, though orders were sent by General Hood several times to attack at once. One time Governor Harris himself carried the order to General John B. Hood. General Lee was left in Columbia to cross and attack in the rear. He failed to come up also, and thus Tennessee was lost. General Stewart was ready and anxious to lead his corps to the attack, but was not ordered, as the other was in front. The next morning we pushed forward in pursuit of the flying column, the road strewn everywhere with the wreck of a flying army. Wagons, just set on fire and abandoned, were saved from destruction. When we got near Franklin we found the enemy in line across the road two miles from town. Preparations were made to turn the position by a flank movement, when the force fell back to their entrenchments near the town. Preparations were made at once to assault the town. Franklin is in a bend of the Harpeth, and the enemy's line was a circle, each wing resting upon the river. It was one of the strongest places in the world to defend. Our men went boldly up in the face of 20,000 muskets and at least 70 pieces of artillery, many of the bands

playing our favorite pieces. The enemy was easily driven from the front line and sought safety behind the inner line, where his artillery was. Our line moved forward and closed around the enemy—Loring on the right, French next, then Walthall, then Cleburne, then Brown, then Bate, Johnston's division the only one of Lee's corps that was up—was held in reserve, and afterward was put in



GEN'L. JOHN B. HOOD.

where Bate and Brown were. The fight was furious, and the carnage awful beyond anything I ever saw. Our men were mowed down by what we called an enfilade and reverse fire, i. e. in the side and rear, in addition to that in front. The enemy fought with great desperation. Our men were flushed with hope, pride and ambition as they fought for Tennessee. They felt that the eyes of our men and women all over our country, as well as Tennessee, were upon them, and the Yankee Army which they had followed so long was before them.

Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

The chivalry of the South did charge as bravely as they charged Agincourt or Cressy, and Marathon and Thermopylae were not more grandly fought than Franklin. Charge after charge was made. As fast as one division was shattered and recoiled, another bravely went forward into the very jaws of death, and came back broken and bloody, again rallying quickly with their heroic officers, and again went forward to do what seemed impossible—or die. Such men as Loring, Walthall, Adams, Cockrill, Gates, Featherstone, Shelby, Reynolds, Cleburne, Strahl, Gist, and others, should live in prose and poetry as long as the story of the war is written or read. No pen can do justice to the gallantry of the men. Walthall had two horses shot dead under him. The field was covered with the wounded and the dead. The enemy's line had been crossed in one or two places, but no man who went over was ever known to return. Many hundreds lay all night in the ditch separated from the enemy by the thickness of the embankment. * * * While the officers were collecting the

scattered and broken ranks I went with General Stewart to General Hood's headquarters. He had determined to renew the attack in the morning. The plan was that all our artillery—100 pieces—which had been brought up, was to open on them at daylight, and at 9 the whole army was to assault the works. You may well think it was a bitter prospect for our poor fellows. We rode up to a part of the enemy's line which was still held, to place Strahl's brigade in position, when I was struck by the stillness in the enemy's works, and asked the officer nearest me if the enemy had not gone. He said they had, as some of his men had been down and found no one there. Further examination convinced me of the fact, and I rode back to our camp fire, and just as day was dawning I dismounted, wet, weary, hungry and disheartened, telling General Stewart that Schofield was gone. A half hour's rest, not sleep, on the wet ground and I got up, drank a cup of coffee and went to my daily work. I rode over the field early in the day, before the details which I had ordered, had begun to bury the dead. It was awful! The ditch at the enemy's line—on the right and left of the pike—was literally filled with dead bodies, lying across each other, in all unseemly deformity of violent death. General Adams rode his horse upon the breast-works and both horse and rider fell there. Cleburne was thirty yards in front of his division when he fell, shot through the heart. But I am tired of the sickening details and you all must be, too. You can see our dreadful loss from published accounts.

I have now one more scene to paint, one more story to tell you, and I am done. I wish I had a pen to do justice to the subject, for in all the annals of the war, filled as it is with the great and noble deeds of great and noble men and women, none exceed and few equal in true merit, the noble sympathy of Mrs. John McGavock (Miss Winder). When day dawned we found ourselves near her house—in her lawn—which was in the rear of our line. The house is one of the large old fashioned country houses of the better class in Tennessee, two stories high, with many rooms and every arrangement for comfort. This was taken as a hospital, and the wounded in hundreds were brought to it during the battle, and all the night after. Every room was filled, every bed had two poor bleeding fellows, every spare space niche and corner under the stairs, in the hall, everywhere—but one room for her own family. And when the noble old house could hold no more, the yard was appropriated until the wounded and dead filled that, and all were not yet provided for. Our doctors were deficient in bandages, and she began by giving her old linen, then her towels and napkins, then her sheets and table cloths, then her husband's shirts and her own under-garments. During all this time the surgeons plied their dreadful work amid the sighs and moans and death-rattle. Yet amid it all, this noble woman, the very impersonation of Divine sympathy and tender pity, was active and constantly at work. During all the night neither she nor any one of her household slept, but dispensed tea and coffee and such stimulants as she

had, and that too, with her own hands. Unaffrighted by the sight of blood, unawed by horrid wounds, unblanched by ghastly death she walked from room to room, from man to man, here very skirts stained in blood, the incarnation of pity and mercy. Is it strange that all who were there praise her and call her blessed? About nine in the morning she sent for us—General and Staff—and gave us a nice, warm breakfast, and a warmer welcome. The brother of one of my clerks (McReady) was very badly wounded, and then in her house. I bespoke her kind attention, which she gave till he died.

Many years ago I was in the same house and in the same room, on a visit. On one side of the fire sat the father of Mrs. McGavock, then an old man. He seemed particularly glad to see me, and told me he was a soldier in the war of 1812, and was at the battle of New Orleans. When on his way back the troops marched by the plantation of my grandfather Green, below Natchez, and his regiment was entertained by him and furnished with milk in great quantities. He spoke of the gratitude of the men. There were beeves killed also, and a great treat given them. Is it not strange that after fifty years a descendant of that generous man should receive hospitality on a bloody field of battle from a descendant of the tired and hungry soldier?

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier fired a farewell shot
O'er the graves of the heroes we buried.

The generals were buried at Ashwood cemetery.

CONFEDERATE DISASTER AT NASHVILLE.

Headquarters Stewart's Corps, Tupelo, Miss., January 19, 1865.

I now resume my story and will give you some account of our doings in front of Nashville. We left Franklin on the second day after the fight and move on toward Nashville, our army in mourning. When we got to John Overton's place I saw some ladies by the roadside in high excitement, and on riding up found them to be Mary Bradford, Miss Maxwell, Miss May, Misses Becky Allison, Mary Hadley and Buck Correy. Mary Hadley was married to Major Clare, of the Staff of General Hood, and was left behind after her three days' honeymoon. Our corps then moved across to the Granny White Pike, through Mr. Lea's place, and went to John's house and established headquarters there. Our first line was from the Franklin Pike, near Mr. Vaulx's, along the ridge in front of father's by Montgomery's house (burned some time ago), across to the Hillsboro Pike, near Mr. Rains.' This corps on the left, Lee in center, and Cheatham on the right, extending over toward and near to the Murfreesboro Pike. We remained thus for two days, intrenching and building redoubts on our left. The Yanks were in line, plain in

view along the high ridge just back of Mr. Lawrence's and in front of Mr. Acklin's.

There was a force under Rousseau holding Murfreesboro which General Hood was anxious to capture. He detached the most of Forrest's cavalry and Bate's division to that work, but they failed. Bate was then ordered back, leaving Forrest. Here we remained watching each other and intrenched as hard as we could until the morning of the 15th of December. On that morning about 9 o'clock it was reported to me that the enemy were advancing in heavy force on the Hillsboro Pike and in front of General Loring. Generals French and Walthall had their troops in bivouac along the east side of the Hillsboro Pike ready to move. I informed General Stewart, who mounted and rode to that point, leaving me to keep my office open and send dispatches. I had a signal station and sent dispatches to Generals Hood, Lee and Cheatham, and received others. In a short time the firing began and grew heavier as the enemy advanced. It was soon perceived that his main attack would be here, as his whole army appeared to be in our front. * * * They then stormed and took redoubt 5, our forces being entirely too small to keep them back. The re-inforcements sent to us did not arrive in time. Walthall's troops stationed along the pike in front of these works, were then driven in and the enemy were in the rear of General Loring, which, of course, compelled him to fall back, as did the whole of our line, until dark. I remained in my office until the Yankees advanced to within three hundred yards. I then mounted and made my escape through the back yard, with my clerks, and joined General Stewart in front of Mr. Planter's, where General Sears lost his life very near me. * * * As our men fell back before the advancing Yankees, Mary Bradford ran out under heavy fire and did all she could to induce the men to stop and fight, appealing to them and begging them, but in vain—Dea's brigade was here. General Hood told me yesterday that he intended to mention her courageous conduct in his report, which will immortalize her. The men seemed utterly lethargic and without interest in the battle. I never witnessed such want of enthusiasm and began to fear for to-morrow, hoping that General Hood would retreat during the night, cross Duck river, and then stop and fight, but he would not give it up. However, he sent all his wagons to Franklin, which prepared the men still more for the stampede of the next day. * * * The enemy adapted their line to ours, and about 9 a. m. began the attack on Cheatham, trying all day to turn him and get in his rear. They succeeded about 2 or 3 p. m. in gaining the pike behind the gap, and in crossing, got in the rear of General Stewart's headquarters, which were on the side of the Knob looking toward Nashville. We could see the whole line in our front—every move, advance, attack and retreat. It was magnificent. What a grand sight it was! I could see the Capitol all day, and the churches. The Yanks had three lines of battle everywhere I could see, and the parks of artil-

lery playing upon us and raining shot and shell for eight hours. I could see nearly every piece in our front, even the gunners at work. They made several heavy assaults upon General Lee's line near John Thompson's, and one in front of Mrs. Mullins'. At length having gained our rear, about 4 p. m. they made a vigorous assault upon the whole line right and left. Bate gave way, and they poured over in clouds behind Walthall, which of course, forced him to give way, and then by brigades the whole line from left to right. Lee held on bravely awhile longer than the center and left.

Here was a scene which I shall not attempt to describe, for it is impossible to give you any idea of an army frightened and routed. Some brave effort was made to rally the men and make a stand, but all control over them was gone, and they flatly refused to stop, throwing down their guns and, indeed, everything that impeded their flight, and every man fled for himself.

Reynolds' brigade was ordered to go to the right just before the rout began, and got to where I was when I halted it and got the General to form it in line across the point of the knob just in the path of the flying mass, hoping to rally some men on this and save the rest by gaining time for all to come out of the valley. Not a man would stop! The First Tennessee came by, and its Colonel, House, was the only man who could stop with us, and finding none of his men willing to stand, he, too, went on his way. As soon as I found all was lost, and the enemy closing in around us, I sent a courier to General Stewart, who had gone to General Hood's headquarters in the rear of Lea's house, to inform him of the fact that he might save himself. This courier was mortally wounded, and left at Franklin. Finding the enemy closing in around us, and all indeed gone, I ordered the couriers and clerks who were there to follow me, and we rode as we could to where I thought General Stewart and General Hood were. They were gone and in their places the Yankees. I turned my horse's head toward the steep knobs and spurred away. It was the only chance of escape left. The first place I struck the hill was too steep for my horse to climb, and I skirted along the hills hoping to find some place easier of ascent, but none seemed to exist. Finally I reached a place not too steep, and in the midst of a thousand retreating soldiers I turned my horse's head for the ascent, resolved to try it. The bullets began to come thick and fast. Now, I found my saddle nearly off, and was forced to get down, but on I went on foot. All alone, the poor, frightened fellows were crying out to me, "Let me hold on to your stirrup, for God's sake." "Give me your hand and help me, if you please." Some were wounded and many exhausted from anxiety and over-exertion. On I struggled until I, too, became exhausted and unable to move. By this time the enemy had gotten to the foot of the hill and were firing at us freely. What was I to do? I twisted my hands in my horse's mane and was borne to the top of the hill by the noble animal,

more dead than alive. I was safe, though, and so were my men. We descended the southern slope and entered the deep valley, whose shades were darkened by approaching night. The woods were filled with our retreating men. I joined the crowd and finally made my way to the Franklin Pike, where I found General Stewart, who was much relieved, for I had been reported as certainly killed or captured. All night long we fled. The Harpeth was crossed and a few hours of rest allowed, when we started on for Columbia, then Pulaski, and then Bainbridge, four miles above Florence. Every mind was haunted by the apprehension that we did not have boats enough to make a bridge. On we marched through ice and rain and snow, sleeping on the wet ground at night. Many thousands were bare-footed, actually leaving the prints of blood upon the ground, as the enemy pressed us in the rear. When we left the pike at Pulaski we had an awful road, strewn with dead horses and mules, broken wagons, and worse than all, broken pontoons. We counted as we passed them, one, two, three to fifteen.

Thus we toiled on till Christmas day, cold drizzly and muddy. We camped on the bank of Shoal creek, and our corps formed line of battle to protect the rear and let all cross, if the bridge could be made. Roddy had captured the enemy's pontoons at Decatur, and they were floated down over the shoals. The bridge was made and the crossing began. Then began the fight with the gun-boats, which tried to destroy our bridge. They were driven back and we crossed. "All is well that ends well." Every wagon, every cannon, every horse, every mule, the hogs, beeves, cavalry, infantry, and finally every scout crossed over. The retreat continued to this place, and here we are, daily expecting orders. There were many things in this memorable campaign never to be forgotten. I shall never forget the passage of Duck river—Washington crossing the Delaware was insignificant.

I wish I could send you something, but you know I have no means. I do not despair, but hope to send you and the little fellows a few things some of these days.

Generwal Hood has been relieved and Taylor is in command. What next?

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. STEWART'S TRIBUTE TO GENERAL JOHN ADAMS.

It is well understood that General Hood should not have fought the battle of Franklin, but should have crossed the Harpeth river above Franklin, and interposed his army between the enemy and Nashville. It has been charged that he gave the order to attack at Franklin because of chagrin at his failure at Spring Hill. This supposition does Hood great injustice. A Federal courier had been captured bearing dispatches between Thomas and Schofield of the Federal army. The tenor of the dispatches led Hood to believe that Franklin was not in a defensible position, and that therefore, as he expressed it, he thought his "time to fight had come."

The battle was one of the bloodiest of the war, and developed a vast amount of the loftiest heroism in the Confederate army. When all the acts of real genuine heroism performed on the Confederate side during the war, and the names of the men who performed them, shall have been gathered up by the historian, it will be found that the grand old "Volunteer State" of Tennessee furnished her full quota.

At Franklin there was not a more natural or sublimer display of true heroism than was made by Brigadier-General John Adams, a Tennessean, commanding a brigade in Loring's division, Stewart's corps. It was natural because it emanated spontaneously from one whose very nature was heroic and who, consequently, could not act otherwise than heroically.

The following descriptions are by Federal officers who witnessed his death at Franklin. They need no comment. Notice that General Cox's official report says: "The officers showed the most heroic example and self sacrifice," and what was true of the officers was true of the men.

General Cox's report, made directly after the battle also says: "On reaching the osage hedge in front of Stile's left, they first endeavored to force their way through it. The tough and thorny shrub foiled them, and they attempted to file around the hedge by flank and under terrible withering fire from Stile's and Casement's brigades and the batteries on the flank.

In front of Stile's right and Casement's left, the obstructions being fewer, the enemy advanced rapidly and in fine order up to the breast-works and made desperate efforts to carry them. Their officers showed the most heroic example and self sacrifice, riding up



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN ADAMS.

HORSE AND RIDER KILLED ON BREASTWORKS, IN HIS HEROIC CHARGE AT BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, NOVEMBER 30, 1864, LORING'S DIVISION, STEWART'S CORPS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE, C. S. A.

to our lines in advance of their men, cheering them on. One general officer (Adams) was shot down upon the parapet itself, his horse falling dead across the breast-works."

General Adams' tragic death at Franklin is described in the interesting letters of two Federal officers, written some years ago. He survived only a few minutes, his horse being killed instantly



CAPT. THOMAS GIBSON, A. A. G.
ON STAFF OF BRIG.-GEN'L. JOHN
ADAMS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

while astride the works, making it one of the most striking pictures of heroism ever seen.

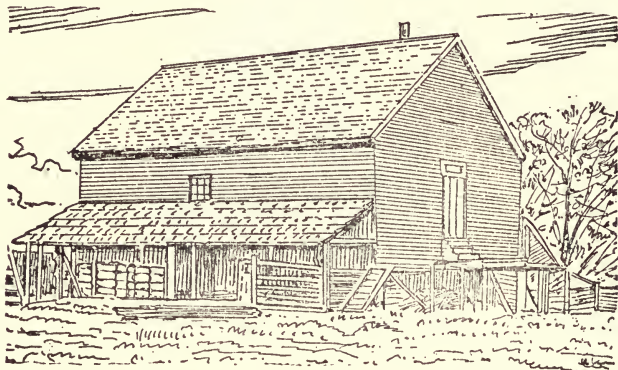
The brigade entered the fight about 4 o'clock from the rear and east of Colonel McGarock's house. General Adams was self-possessed, vigilantly watching and directing the movements of about ten paces in front of his line of battle, and thus led his troops for about half a mile. Captain Thomas Gibson, his cousin and a member of his staff, who was with him, says that he was calm and self-possessed, vigilantly directing and watching the movements of of his men. When about fifty yards from the enemy's works he rode rapidly from near the right of his brigade to near the left, then directed his course toward the enemy, and fell on their works pierced with nine bullets. He was wounded severely in his right arm near the shoulder early in the fight, and was urged to leave the field, but said: "No; I am going to see my men through." The brigade suffered terribly, having over four hundred and fifty killed and wounded, many field and line officers being of the number. After Adams' death General Robert Lowry commanded the brigade—afterward governor of Mississippi.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Adams Baker, of the Sixty-fifth Indiana infantry, in the great battle of Franklin, Tennessee, had an experience with General John Adams, of the Confederate Army, which induced him, years after the war, to publish a desire

for knowledge of his family. Having secured the address of Mrs. Adams in St. Louis, he wrote from Webb City, Missouri, October 25th, 1891:

Mrs. General Adams, St. Louis.

Dear Madam: I am in receipt of your very kind letter of the 21st instant, and hasten to reply. * * * I have often since the great battle of Franklin asked myself the question, who was General



THE FAMOUS GIN HOUSE IN FRANKLIN.

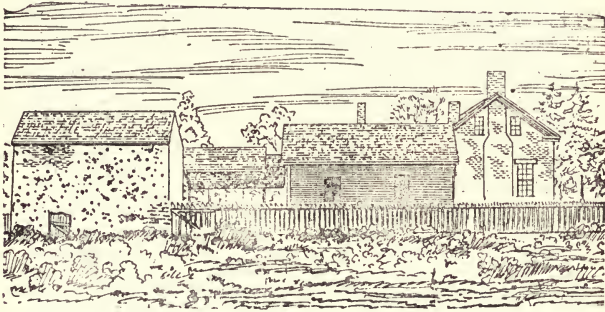
Adams? Has he a wife and children? And if so, how much would they give to know just how he died and all the facts as I know them? * * *

The battle of Franklin was one of the most desperate contests of the war. I was in command of the skirmish line of Cox's division. General Adams' and General Brown's brigades, of the Confederate Army, were massed in front of our division. We had during the forenoon thrown up breast-works of earth some ten feet thick and five feet high, behind which our men stood protected; while the enemy came up in an open field and charged upon us. They had no protection, and were mowed down like grass before the scythe. This will explain to you how desperate was the undertaking to dislodge our army from behind this impenetrable breast-work and the sublime heroism of the men who undertook the perilous task and almost succeeded.

The Confederates came on with bayonets fixed and moving at a steady walk. My skirmishers, who were stationed some hundred yards in front of our breast-works, were brushed out of the way and rapidly fell back to the main line. By this time the enemy was within a few paces and received a terrific volley from our guns. They fell by thousands, and their decimated ranks fell back to reform and come again. In this way nine separate and distinct charges were made, each time men falling in every direction and each time being repulsed. I doubt that if in the history of the world

a single instance of such desperate and undaunted valor can be produced.

In one of these charges, more desperate than any that followed, General Adams rode up to our works and cheering his men, made an attempt to leap his horse over them. The horse fell dead upon the top of the embankment and the General was caught



THE CARTER HOUSE, BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

under him, pierced with bullets. As soon as the charge was repulsed our men sprang upon the works and lifted the horse, while others dragged the General from under him. He was perfectly conscious, and knew his fate. He asked for water, as all dying men do in battle, as the life blood drips from the body. One of my men gave him a canteen of water, while another brought an arm load of cotton from an old gin near by and made him a pillow. The General gallantly thanked them, and, in answer to our expressions of sorrow at his sad fate, he said: "It is the fate of a soldier to die for his country," and expired.

Robert Baker, one of my men, took the saddle from the dead horse and threw it in General Casement's ambulance, who expressed it to his home in Ohio. Some three years ago I received a letter from General Casement, in which he wrote me that he had the saddle labeled and carefully laid away as a trophy of war. I write a letter to-day to the General, asking him to send the saddle to me, that I may forward it to you.

I am also glad to know that you recovered the General's watch, chain and ring, and will say that if your sons—who, you inform me, are connected with the Missouri Pacific Railway—should have business on this branch of the road, I would be glad to have them call at my office. Mr. Wilder, the agent here, knows me, and would no doubt bring them. I hope that my imperfect description may be of some interest to you.

GENERAL CASEMENT WRITES TO MRS. GENERAL ADAMS.

Painesville, O., November 23, 1891.

Mrs. Georgia McD. Adams.

Dear Madam: Major Baker, of Webb City, Mo., informs me that you have expressed a desire to obtain the saddle used by General Adams at Franklin, Tennessee, in his last and fatal ride on the unhappy day that caused so many hearts to bleed on both sides of the line. It was my fortune to stand in our line within a foot of where the General succeeded in getting his horse's forelegs over the line. The poor beast died there, and was in that position when we returned over the same field more than a month after the battle. The saddle was taken off the horse and presented to me before the charge was fairly repulsed; that is why I have kept it all these years. It is the only trophy I have of the great war, and I am only too happy to return it to you. It has never been used since the General used it. It has hung in our attic. The stirrups were of wood, and I fear that my boys in their pony days must have taken them, for I cannot find them. I am very sorry for it.

General Adams fell from his horse from the position in which the horse died, just over the line of the works, which were part breast-works and part ditch. As soon as the charge was repulsed I had him brought on our side of the works, and did what we could to make him comfortable. He was perfectly calm and uncomplaining. He begged me to send him to the Confederate line, assuring me that the men that would take him there would return safe. I told him that we were going to fall back as soon as we could do it safely, and that he would soon be in possession of his friends. It was a busy time with me. Our line was broken from near its center up to where I stood in it, and in restoring it and repulsing other charges I was too busy to again see the General until after his gallant life had passed away. I had his ring and watch taken care of; his pistol I gave to one of the Colonels of my brigade, and do not know what became of it.

These are briefly the facts connected with the death of General Adams. The ring and watch were sent to you through a flag of truce and a receipt taken for them.

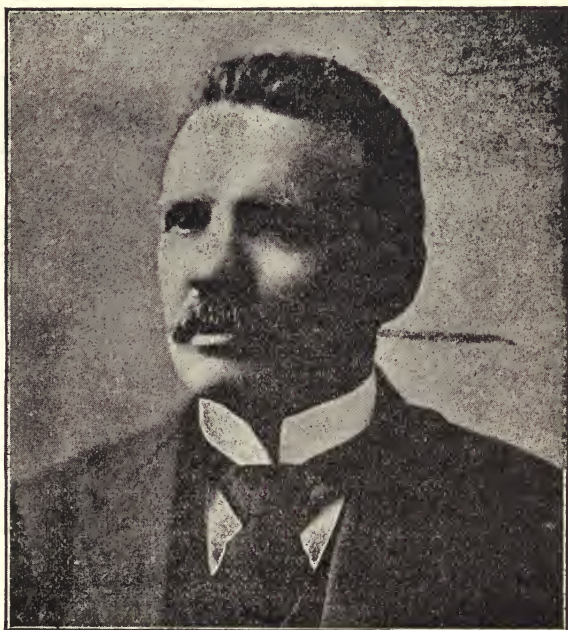
The saddle will be expressed to you to-morrow. Would that I had the power to return the gallant rider! There was not a man in my command that witnessed the gallant ride that did not express his admiration of the rider and wish that he might have lived long to wear the honors that he so gallantly won. Wishing you and his children much happiness, I am yours truly,

J. S. CASEMENT.

GENERAL O. F. STRAHL COMMANDED GENERAL STEWART'S OLD BRIGADE.

(By S. A. Cunningham, Editor Confederate Veteran.)

Otho French Strahl, a native of Ohio, had removed to the South and was practicing law at Dyersburg, Tenn., when the war of '61-'65



COL. S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
EDITOR CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

began. He enlisted promptly in the Confederate Army, was soon promoted to the command of his regiment, the Fourth Tennessee infantry, and then to Brigadier-General, holding that position when killed at Franklin, Nov. 30, 1864.

General Strahl was a model character, and it was said of him that in all the war he was never known to use language unsuited to the presence of ladies.

The editor of the *Veteran* was a boy soldier in his brigade—Forty-first Tennessee—and was so thrilled with his noble record on that last eventful day and night, when his gallant commander gave his life for the Confederate cause, that he went on the sacred pilgrimage, a few years ago, to a Kansas ranch to see a sister, Mrs. Sigler, and tell her of his last hours.

There he procured the photograph herein engraved, and he saw a memorandum and letters from the General's trunk. Mr. Sigler,

although a Northwesterner, manifested much interest, and with pride produced the General's beautiful gray uniform coat, with its collar decorated in wreathed stars.

In reply to a remark of surprise that General Strahl should have been so zealous to his death for the Confederacy, his sister said that both of his grandmothers were Southern women.

The correspondence and further comment will be read with interest, especially by all who were familiar with the awful carnage at Franklin.

Bishop Chas. Todd Quintard, who was Chaplain to the First Tennessee infantry, and has ever been zealous in behalf of Southern people, writes:

I am glad to know that you have a photograph of General Strahl, and pictures of the cotton gin and the Carter House. I have a table made from the wood of the cotton gin.

The day on which the battle of Franklin was fought General Strahl presented me a beautiful mare, named Lady Polk. His inspector, Lieutenant John Marsh, as he bade me adieu, threw his arms about me and gave me a farewell kiss. My intercourse with these two men was of a most sacred character. Marsh had been fearfully wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. I had watched over him on the field and in the hospital. On the 22nd of February I had baptized him in Gilmer Hospital near Marietta; and he was confirmed by Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, on the day following. To both I had broken that bread which came down from heaven. John Marsh was knit to me by the tenderest ties of friendship. There was in him what Shaftesbury calls the "most natural beauty in the world." Honesty and moral truth—honesty that was firm and upright. "He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder."

General Strahl I baptized on the 20th of April, and I presented him for confirmation to the Right Rev. Stephen Elliott. The following is from the report of Bishop Elliott, to his convention in 1864:

On Wednesday, April 20th, services were held in the Methodist Church, Dalton, upon which occasion service was read by Dr. Quintard, and baptism administered to General Strahl, of Tennessee. After service a class was presented by Dr. Quintard, among whom were four Generals of the Army of the Confederate States. These officers were Lieutenant-General Hardee, Brigadier-Generals Strahl, Shoup and Govan.

The Bishop adds: The day of Strahl's death was to me a most pathetic one. He evidently felt that the approaching battle was to be his last—with many tender words he bade me farewell. I kept the mare he gave me through the war. Afterwards I sold her and with the proceeds of the sale I erected a memorial window in St.

James Church, Bolivar, to his dear memory and that of his inspector, John Marsh. I need not say how sacred these memories are.

The editor of the Veteran read the above with moistened eyes. It is a coincidence like special providence that these two faces, Strahl and Marsh, were indelibly impressed upon him in that awful charge at Franklin—his position being right guide to the brigade, he was



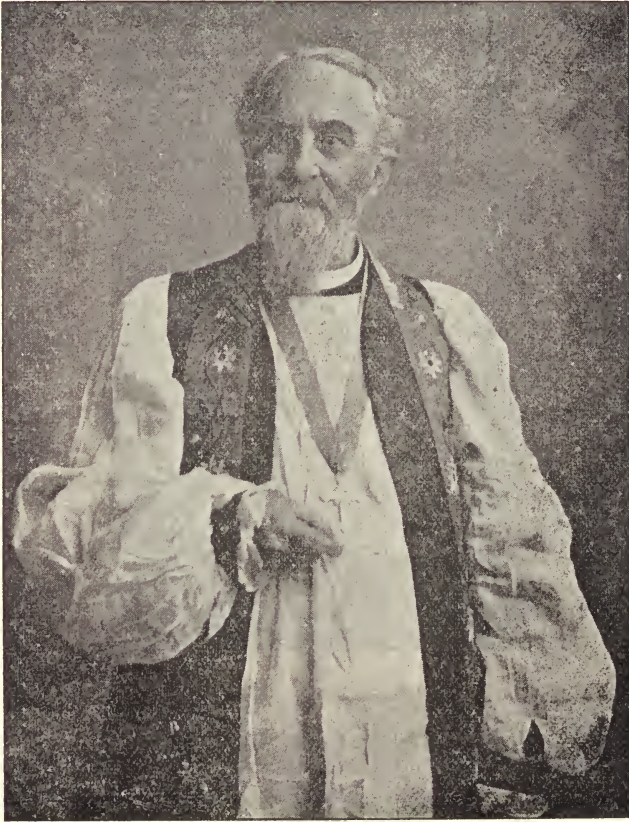
GEN'L. OTHO F. STRAHL.

near Strahl in the fatal advance; and was pained at the extreme sadness in Strahl's face. He was surprised, too, that his General went in the battle on foot. Lieutenant Marsh, who formerly belonged to the artillery, and with a stiff arm from the battle of Chickamauga—he always wore an artillery jacket—was on his white horse in advance of the line of battle up to within about three hundred yards of the breast-works. There was in his face an indescribable expression—while animated and rather playful, there was mingled in its heroic action evidence that he felt he was on the brink of eternity. But he wavered not and rode on and on until rider and horse lay dead before us, terribly mangled with bullets. How strange that these reminiscences come to the writer to be recorded for the entire Southland so many years after the event!

An account of personal experience in the battle of Franklin

went the rounds of the Southern press a few years ago, in which the following occurred:

I was near General Strahl, who stood in the ditch and handed up guns to those posted to fire them. I had passed to him my short Enfield (noted in the regiment) about the sixth time. The man who had been firing, cocked it and was taking deliberate aim, when



BISHOP CHAS. T. QUINTARD.

he was shot and tumbled down dead into the ditch upon those killed before him. When the men so exposed were shot down, their places were supplied by volunteers until these were exhausted, and it was necessary for General Strahl to call for others. He turned to me, and though I was several feet back from the ditch, I rose up immediately, and walking over the wounded and dead, took position with one foot upon the pile of bodies of my dead fellows, and the other upon the embankment, and fired guns which the General himself handed up to me until he, too, was shot down. One other man

had position on my right, and assisted in the firing. The battle lasted until not an efficient man was left between us and the Columbia Pike, some fifty yards to our right, and hardly any behind us to hand up guns. Indeed but few of us were then left alive. It seemed as if we had no choice but to surrender or try to get away; and when I asked General Strahl for counsel, he simply answered, "Keep firing." But just as the man to my right was shot, and fell against me with terrible groans, he, too, was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and I thought him dead, but in asking the dying man, who still lay against my shoulders as he sank forever, how he was wounded, the General, who had not been killed, thinking my question was to him, raised up saying that he was shot in the neck, and called for Colonel Stafford to turn over his command. He crawled over the dead, the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Colonel Stafford was. Staff officers and others started to carry him to the rear, but he received another shot, and directly the third, which killed him instantly. Colonel Stafford was dead in the pile, as the morning light disclosed, with his feet wedged in at the bottom, other dead across and under him after he fell, leaving his body half standing as if ready to give command to the dead!

By that time but a handful of us were left on that part of the line, and as I was sure that our condition was not known, I ran to the rear to report to General John C. Brown, commanding the division. I met Major Hampton of his staff, who told me that General Brown was wounded, and that General Strahl was in command. This assured me that those in command did not know the real situation, so I went on the hunt for General Cheatham. Ah, the loyalty of faithful comrades in such a struggle!

These personal recollections are all that I can give, as the greater part of the battle was fought after nightfall, and once in the midst of it, with but the light of the flashing guns, I could only see what passed directly under my sight. True, the moon was shining; but the dense smoke and dust so filled the air as to weaken its benefits, like a heavy fog before the rising sun, only there was no promise of the fog disappearing. Our spirits were crushed. It was indeed the Valley of Death.

BATTLES OF FRANKLIN AND NASHVILLE.

Reports of Lieutenant General Alexander P. Stewart, C. S. Army, commanding Army corps, of operations November 29, 1864 to January 20, 1865.

Headquarters Stewart's Corps, Army of Tenn.,

Near Tupelo, Miss., Jan. 20, 1865.

Sir: The following brief outlines of the operations of this corps from November 29, 1864, to the close of the campaign is respectfully submitted. It is necessarily an imperfect report, being made at the request of the commanding general, without the aid of the report of subordinate commanders.

On Tuesday, November 29, following Cheatham's corps, we crossed Duck river near Columbia and arrived near sunset at Rutherford creek. Crossing it I moved to the right of Cheatham's corps, then in line near the pike from Columbia to Franklin, and about 11 p. m. bivouacked in rear of his right.

The next morning (30th) we moved at daylight, taking the advance in pursuit of the retreating enemy. About midday we came in sight of his line formed on a commanding ridge some two miles from Franklin. In compliance with the instructions of the commanding general, I moved to the right toward Harpeth river and formed to attack the enemy who fell back to an entrenched line around the town. Loring's division was to the right, Walthall's in the center, French's on the left. Ector's brigade, of the last named division, marched from Florence as guard to the pontoon train and had not rejoined. Buford's division of cavalry covered the space between Loring's right and the river, while another was thrown across to the other bank. In the meantime Cheatham's corps was formed for attack, and the two corps were to move forward simultaneously. I had one battery only, the pieces of which were distributed to the three divisions. About 4 p. m. a staff officer from the commanding general brought me the order to advance, and the word forward was given. A body of the enemy's cavalry in front of Loring and the division on his right was soon routed, and the cavalry division (Buford's) ceased to operate with us. The line moved forward in fine order, the men in high spirits drove the enemy from his outer line and fiercely assailed the second. The ground over which Loring's division advanced was obstructed by a deep railroad cut and an abatis and hedge of osage orange. With these exceptions the space in front of the enemy's position on our side was perfectly open and

swept by a terrible and destructive cross-fire of artillery from the works and from the opposite bank of the narrow stream—the Harpeth. The men, however, pressed forward again and again with dauntless courage, to the ditch around the inner line of the work; which they failed to carry, but where many of them remained, separated from the enemy only by the parapet until the Federal Army withdrew.

A return of casualties has heretofore been made, the number reported amounting to something over 2,000 in killed, wounded, and missing. Among them were many of our best officers and bravest men. Brigadier-General John Adams was killed, his horse being found across the inner line of the enemy's works. Brigadier-General Scott was paralyzed by the explosion near him of a shell. Brigadier-Generals Quarles and Cockrell were wounded severely, the former subsequently becoming a prisoner. Major General Walthall had two horses killed and was himself severely bruised. Many field and staff and company officers were either killed or severely wounded; they deserve special mention; but not yet having received reports from divisions, brigades, and regiments, it is not in my power to give all their names or to do justice to their heroic conduct.

On Friday, December 2, we moved to the vicinity of Nashville, finally taking a position on the left of the army extending across the Granny White (or middle Franklin) pike to a hill near the Hillsborough pike. This line was entrenched, was just a mile in length, and occupied by Loring's division alone. To protect our left flank, works were commenced on four other hills lying along near to and on either side of the Hillsborough pike, the one farthest in rear being some mile and a half distant from the left of the front line. This latter line, to the left of the Hillsborough pike, was prolonged toward Cumberland river by the cavalry, though toward the last of our stay there Ector's brigade, under Colonel Coleman, was placed on picket on the Harding pike, having Chalmer's cavalry on his right and left.

On the morning of December 15th information was received that the enemy was advancing west of the Hillsboro pike. General Walthall, whose troops were in bivouac, excepting the working parties engaged on the flank redoubts, was directed to place his men under arms and man the redoubts. General French having received leave of absence, his division which was small, was attached to General Walthall's. Finding the enemy were advancing in force, and that Ector's brigade and the cavalry were forced to retire, all of Walthall's command not required for the redoubts was placed behind the stone fence along the Hillsborough pike between redoubt numbered 3 and 4 on the accompanying map. This map exhibits the position of Loring's division in the front line of the five hills crowned with unfinished works, and of Walthall's command, including his own and French's divisions. Each redoubt contained a section or battery of artillery, and from 100 to 150 infantry. The enemy appeared

in force along the entire line extending around redoubts 1, 2, and 3, and as far as or beyond 4 and 5. My own line was stretched to its utmost tension, but could not reach far enough toward 4 and 5 without leaving the way open to the enemy between Loring's left and Walthall's right. The commanding general who was notified as soon as practicable of the approach of the enemy, sent me as re-en-



MRS. JOHN MCGAVOCK.

forcements, first, Manigault's and soon after Deas' brigades of Johnson's division, Lee's corps, and later the two remaining brigades of that division, and I was informed that one or more divisions from Cheatham's corps (the extreme right) had been ordered to the left. As the object of the enemy seemed to be to turn our left flank by carrying the redoubts 4 and 5, Manigault's brigade on coming up was moved in line about parallel to the Hillsborough Pike and opposite redoubt 4. Major General Johnson arriving soon afterwards was directed to place Deas' brigade on Manigault's right, so as to connect with Walthall's line. By this time the enemy had carried redoubts 4 and 5 and had captured many of the men and all the

artillery in them, besides killing and wounding many, and were making for the pike. The two brigades named, making but feeble resistance, fled, and the enemy crossed the pike, passing Walthall's left. Loring's line being not yet passed, a battery had been ordered from it, which, arriving just at this moment, was placed on a commanding hill, and these same brigades rallied to its support. They

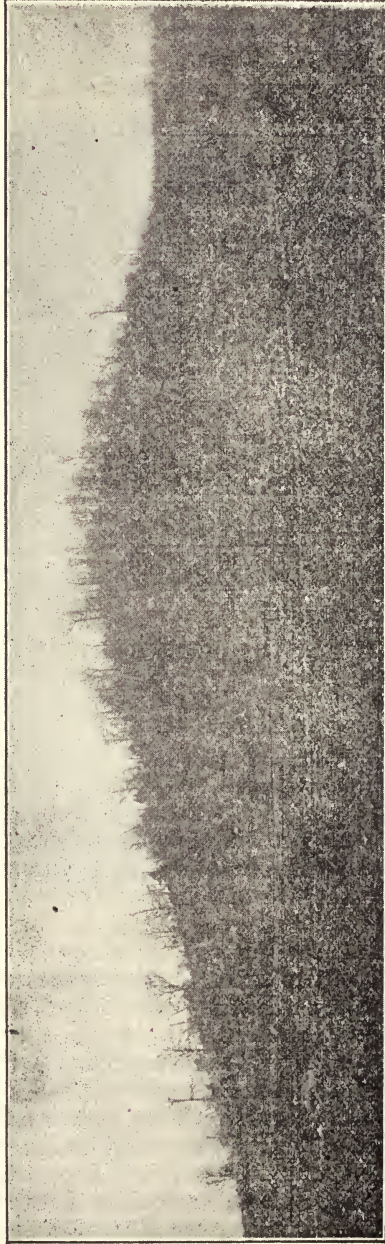


THE OVERTON HOME, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL J. B. HOOD, UNTIL THE OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

again fled, however, on the approach of the enemy abandoning the battery which was captured. By this time the other brigades of Johnson's division had come up, but were unable to check the progress of the enemy who had passed the Hillsborough Pike a full half mile, completely turning our flank and gaining the rear of both Walthall and Loring, whose situation was becoming perilous in the extreme. Their positions were maintained to the last possible moment, in the hope that the expected succor would arrive and restore the flight on the left. Deeming it absolutely necessary for them to fall back, orders were dispatched to that effect, when it was found that Walthall had already ordered his line to retire not a moment too soon, and this of itself made it necessary for Loring to withdraw. The latter was directed also to form along the Granny White Pike (which would place him nearly at right angles to his former position) to check the anticipated rush of the enemy from his and Walthall's fronts. This was gallantly and successfully done by this fine division, the corps retiring to a position between Granny White and Franklin pikes when night put an end to the conflict.

Brigadier-General Sears late in the day lost a leg, and subse-

quently fell into the enemy's hands. All the artillery in the redoubts, the battery above mentioned and another on Loring's line, the horses



SHY'S HILL, WHERE THE CONFEDERATE LINE WAS BROKEN AND THE STAMPEDE BEGAN AT THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

of which were killed or wounded, were captured by the enemy.

In the meantime one or two divisions from Cheatham's corps had come up on the left where the commanding general was in person, but being separated from that part of the field I am unable to state what occurred. Also Ector's brigade, commanded by Colonel Coleman, in falling back from its position on the Harding Pike, was thrown over on the left and beyond my personal observation. The report of Colonel Coleman is, therefore, referred to for account of its operations, which I have been told were characterized by the usual intrepidity of this small but firm and reliable body of men.

During the night of the 15th, the army was placed in position to receive the attack expected at an early hour next morning. The map shows the position of this corps, it being in the center, Lee's corps on the right, Cheatham's on the left, extending from the hill occupied by Bate's division, Cheatham's, corps, along the range of hills on the west side of the Granny White pike. The line of this corps extended from the side of the hill occupied by Bate across the pike, along a stone fence on the east side of the pike. In rear of the line and some half mile or more distant a high ridge lies in a general east and west direction, through the gaps of which run the Franklin, Granny White, and other pikes. It was the order of the commanding general that in case of disaster Lee's corps should hold the Franklin pike, this corps retiring by that pike and taking up position at or beyond Brentwood, so as to permit Lee to withdraw, while Cheatham was to move out on the Granny White pike. Instructions accordingly were given to subordinate commanders.

At an early hour in the morning the enemy approached, placing artillery in position and opening a heavy fire, which continued almost incessantly through the day. They confronted us everywhere with a force double or treble our own. Occasional attacks were made on various parts of our lines and repulsed, through their chief efforts seemed to be directed against our flanks for the purpose of gaining the roads in our rear. Every attack made on the lines occupied by this corps to the last was repulsed with severe loss to the enemy.

In the course of the morning, the commanding general calling on me for a brigade to go to the right flank, Ector's, being in reserve was dispatched. It was finally sent to the hills in our rear and on the east side of the Granny White pike to drive back the enemy who had passed our left, crossed to the east side of the pike, and held this portion of the ridge. Later in the day Reynold's (Arkansas) brigade was withdrawn from Walthall's line and sent to the assistance of Ector's. They were strong enough to check the enemy, but not sufficiently so to drive him back and regain the pass by which this pike crosses the ridge, so that retreat was cut off in that direction and greatly endangered even by the Franklin pike, the only route now left open for the entire army. At one time the enemy gained the spurs on the west side of the Granny White pike and occupied by Cheatham's men, some of whom, falling back, formed

parallel to Bate's line, on the south side of the hill occupied by his division, but a few hundred yards from his line and fronting in the opposite direction.

The situation then, briefly, was this: The left flank completely turned, the enemy crossing to the east side of the Granny White pike in our rear, and holding the ridge on that side and the pass through which this road runs. The ridge was high and steep and extended beyond the Franklin pike to the east, and was but a short distance in rear of our line. It seemed as though in case of disaster escape was impossible. There was no reserve force that could be brought up to restore any break that might occur.

About two or three o'clock in the afternoon, the commanding general sent for me, and while in conversation with him an officer of his staff announced that the line had given way. Not being present at the moment this took place, at least where I could witness it, and not yet being in possession of the official reports of subordinate commanders, I do not deem it proper to decide where the line first yielded. It would seem, however, that when once broken it very soon gave way everywhere, and the whole army made for the Franklin pike. In accordance with the orders of the commanding general before alluded to, I had dispatched Major Foster of the engineers, to find a suitable position beyond Brentwood for holding this road.

On reaching Brentwood, however, about dark I received orders to move on to Franklin, and the next morning to move toward Spring Hill and Columbia. Arriving at the latter place on the morning of the 18th, this corps took position on the north bank of Duck river, covering the passage of the entire army, and crossing about daylight of the 20th; so the following week at Tennessee river, Bainbridge, this corps covered the operations, and was the last to cross, which it did on the morning of December 28th. At Columbia, a rear guard composed of several brigades from this and other corps was organized and placed under the command of Major General Walthall. This force, in connection with the cavalry, covered the retreat from Columbia to Tennessee river.

It is due to the officers and men of this corps that I should bear testimony of their patient endurance of fatigue and privation, their cheerfulness and alacrity in obeying orders, and above all, their heroic valor as displayed on many occasions since I have had the honor to command them, but pre-eminently at Franklin.

My thanks are due to Major Generals Loring, Walthall, and French for their cordial co-operation and skillful management of their respective divisions and to the several members of my staff who have uniformly shown themselves competent, faithful, and zealous in the discharge of their duties.

I have omitted to state in its proper place that a short time after our advance to the vicinity of Nashville, Cockrill's brigade of Mis-

sourians, French's division, was ordered by the commanding general to the mouth of Duck river. It rejoined at Brainbridge where we re-crossed the Tennessee river.

Accompanying this report are maps of the fields of Franklin and Nashville, as accurate as it is possible to make them.

I deem it proper to say that after the fall of Atlanta the condition of the army and other considerations rendered it necessary, in my judgment, that an offensive campaign should be made in the enemy's rear and on his line of communications. It is not my purpose, nor does it pertain to me, to explain the reasons which prompted the campaign, but simply to express my concurrence in the views which determined the operations of the army.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALEX. P. STEWART,

Lieutenant-General.

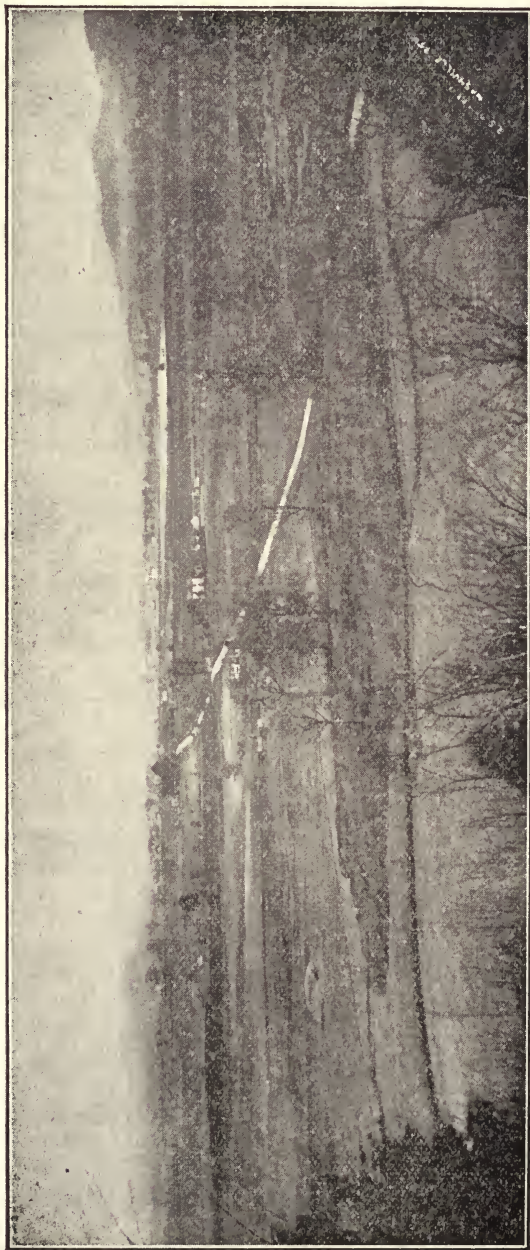
COL. A. P. MASON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Headquarters Army of Tennessee,
Near Smithfield Depot, N. C., April 3, 1865.

Sir: In my report of the operations of my corps during the campaign made by General Hood in Tennessee, I omitted the details of what transpired near Spring Hill during the afternoon and night of the 29th of November, 1864. I respectfully submit the following statement and ask that it be filed as a part of my report.

On the morning of November 29th General Hood moved with Cheatham's corps, and mine and Johnson's division of Lee's corps, (the latter reported to me) Cheatham's corps in advance. We made a forced march to get in rear of the enemy. In the course of the afternoon about 3 o'clock, I reached Rutherford's creek as Cheatham's rear division was crossing. I received orders to halt and form on the south side of the creek, my right to rest on or near the creek so as to move down the creek if necessary. Subsequently I received an order to send a division across the creek, and finally, between sunset and dark, an order was received to cross the creek, leaving a division on the south side. Johnson's division being in rear, was designated to remain. Riding in advance of the column, about dusk, I found General Hood some half mile from the creek and about as far west of the road on which we were marching and which led to Spring Hill. The commanding general gave me a young man of the neighborhood as a guide and told me to move on and place my right across the pike beyond Spring Hill, "your left," he added, "extending down this way." This would have placed my line in rear of Cheatham's, except that my right would have extended beyond his. The guide informed me that at a certain point the road made a sudden turn to the left, going into Spring Hill; that from this bend there used to be a road leading across the pike meeting it at the toll-gate some mile and a half beyond Spring Hill, toward Franklin. I told

him if he could find it, that was the right road. Arriving at the bend of the road we passed through a large gateway, taking what ap-



FRANKLIN, AS VIEWED BY HOOD JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

peared in the darkness to be an indistinct path. Within a short distance I found General Forrest's headquarters and stopped to ascertain the position of his pickets covering Cheatham's right and of the enemy. He informed me that his scouts reported the enemy leaving the direct pike—leading from Spring Hill to Franklin and Nashville—and taking the one down Carter's creek. While in conversation with him I was informed that a staff officer from General Hood had come up and halted the column. It turned out to be a staff (engineer) officer of General Cheatham's, who informed me that General Hood had sent him to place me in position. It striking me as strange that the commanding general should send an officer not of his own staff on this errand, or indeed any one, as he had given directions to me in person, I inquired of the officer if he had seen General Hood since I had. He replied that he had just come from General Hood and that the reason why he was sent was that I was to go in position on General Brown's right (the right of Cheatham's corps) and he and General Brown had been over the ground by daylight. Thinking it possible the commanding general had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do, I concluded it was proper to be governed by the directions of this staff officer, and therefore returned to the road and moved on toward Spring Hill. Arriving near the line of Brown's division, General Brown explained his position, which was oblique to the pike, his right being farther from it than his left. It was evident that if my command were marched up and formed on his right, it being now a late hour, it would require all night to accomplish it, and the line, instead of extending across the pike, would bear away from it. Feeling satisfied there was a mistake, I directed the troops to be bivouacked, while I rode back to find the commanding general to explain my situation, and get further instructions. On arriving at his quarters I inquired of him if he had sent this officer of General Cheatham's staff to place me in position. He replied that he had. I next inquired if he had changed his mind as to what he wished me to do. He replied that he had, "But," said he, "the fact is, General Cheatham has been here and represented that there ought to be somebody on Brown's right." I explained to him that in the uncertainty I was in, I had directed the troops, who had been marching rapidly since daylight, and it was now 11 p. m. to be placed in bivouac, and had come to report. He remarked, in substance, that it was not material; to let the men rest; and directed me to move before daylight in the morning, taking the advance toward Franklin. Subsequently General Hood made to me the statement:

"I wish you and your people to understand that I attach no blame to you for the failure at Spring Hill; on the contrary I know

if I had had you there the attack would have been made."

Very respectfully, general, your obedient servant,
ALEX. P. STEWART,

Lieutenant-General.

GENERAL S. COOPER,

Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.

ADDENDA.

Chester, S. C., April 9, 1865.

My Dear General: Before leaving for Texas I desire to say I am sorry to know that some of your friends thought that I intended some slight reflection on your conduct at Spring Hill. You did all that I could say or claim that I would have done under similar circumstances myself. That great opportunity passed with daylight. Since I have been informed that your friends felt that my report led to uncertainty as to yourself and troops, I regret that I did not make myself more clear in my report by going more into detail about the staff officer of General Cheatham. I only regret, General, that I did not have you with your corps in front on that day. I feel, and have felt, that Tennessee to-day would have been in our possession.

Your friend,

J. B. HOOD.

THE SPRING HILL MYSTERY SOLVED.

The following communication, written by Governor (afterward Senator) Harris of Tennessee, then acting as aide to General Hood, is a valuable contribution to the history of this campaign. It is copied from Drake's "Annals of the Army of Tennessee," for May, 1877. A copy was furnished to General Hood:
Gov. James D. Porter.

Dear Sir: In answer to yours of the 12th instant, I have to say that on the night that the Army of Tennessee, under command of General J. B. Hood, halted at Spring Hill on its march from Columbia to Nashville, General Hood, his adjutant-general Major Mason, and myself occupied the same room at the residence of Captain Thompson, near the village. Late at night we were aroused by a private soldier, who reported to General Hood that on reaching the camp near Spring Hill, he found himself within Federal lines; that the troops were in great confusion, a part of them were marching in the direction of Franklin, others had turned toward Columbia, and that the road was blocked with baggage-wagons and gun carriages, rendering it impossible to move in order in either direction. Upon the receipt of this report, General Hood directed Major Mason to order General Cheatham to move down the road immediately and attack the enemy. General Hood and myself remained in bed. I went to sleep, and I suppose that General Hood did the same.

At daylight on the following morning we learned that the Federal Army had left Spring Hill and was being concentrated at Franklin.

On the march to Franklin, General Hood spoke to me, in the presence of Major Mason, of the failure of General Cheatham to make the night attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for the disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Major Mason, the latter remarked that "General Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. I did not send him the order." I asked if he had communicated the fact to General Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that it is due to General Cheatham that this explanation should be made. Thereupon Major Mason joined General Hood and gave him the information. Afterwards General Hood said to me that he had done injustice to General Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill. And, on the day following the battle of Franklin, I was informed by General Hood that he had addressed a note to General Cheatham, assuring him that he did not censure or charge him with the failure to make the attack.

Very respectfully,

ISHAM G. HARRIS.

Memphis, Tenn., May 20, 1877.

HOOD'S RETREAT.

I quote from Dr. McMurray's History of the 20th Tennessee, giving an account of the retreat from Nashville to Tupelo, and Hood's campaign into Tennessee.

"When the Confederates retreat from Nashville General Stephen D. Lee brought up the rear and retained command of the rear guard until dark, although wounded in the foot. The next day, the 18th of December, the gallant Major General C. L. Stevenson took command of Lee's corps, gradually made his way back to Spring Hill and although nearly surrounded by the enemy, held his command intact, fighting and retreating until he reached Columbia, across Duck river.

"General Forrest, who was in command of all the Confederate cavalry on this campaign, was at Murfreesboro with a portion of his cavalry, two brigades of infantry, when the battle of Nashville was fought; so Hood, when he saw the battle of Nashville was lost, sent a courier at once to General Forrest to abandon Murfreesboro and move his command across the country by way of Shelbyville and join him at Columbia. But Forrest's wagon train with the sick and wounded was at Triune, only twenty-two miles from Nashville, on the Nolensville pike. He ordered these to meet his command at Lillard's Mills, about half way between Columbia and Shelbyville, on Duck river. Here Forrest crossed over a portion of his command when the river, which was rising, became past fording and he was compelled to push his way down the north bank to Columbia, where he arrived on the evening of the 18th, and next morning crossed his command over the river.

It was here that General Hood ordered General Forrest to take charge of the rear guard in connection with Major-General E. C. Walthall of Stewart's corps, who was to organize a division of infantry to assist him. The brigades of Reynolds, Ector, and Quarles were selected from Walthall's own division, Featherston from Loring's division, Maney and Strahl from Cheatham's old division; and Smith from Cleburne's division. These seven brigades it was expected, would make about 3,000 men but they only numbered 1,601. This little band with Forrest's cavalry was firm and undaunted as Hood's rear guard, and did their full duty to the last.

"The army retreated by way of Pulaski, thence to Bainbridge on the Tennessee river, which place they reached on December the 25th (Christmas day) and crossed over on pontoon bridges on the 26th,

after succeeding in an artillery duel with gun boats. This rear guard after they left Columbia, had a battle at Richland creek, near Pulaski, again at Pulaski and south of Pulaski at Sugar creek.

"The Yankees followed with three corps of infantry to Pulaski, and their cavalry pushed on to the Tennessee river where Hood's rear guard finished crossing on the 27th. The 39th North Carolina regiment, under Colonel D. Coleman, was the last of Hood's infantry to cross. To show the spirit, wit and fun there was in the Confederate soldier, while half clad, half starved and bare-footed, and fighting three to one on this retreat, near Pulaski, General Hood and staff were passing, and about to crowd an old soldier out of the road, he struck up this song, where General Hood could hear it,—

"You may talk about your dearest maid,
And sing of Rosalie,
But the gallant Hood of Texas
Played hell in Tennessee."

Dr. McMurray ought to have given the first part of that parody, that the old soldier dwelt on; as follows:

(Tune, "Yellow Rose in Texas.")
"And now I'm going Southward,
For my heart is full of woe,
I'm going back to Georgia
To find my 'Uncle Joe."
You may talk about your dearest maid,
And sing of Rosalie,
But the gallant Hood of Texas
Played hell in Tennessee."

"We sum up the Hood campaign in Tennessee as follows: He crossed the Tennessee river, coming in, November the 21st at Tusculumbia and Florence with an army of about 26,000 of all arms. He assaulted Schofield's works at Franklin with 16,000 of his army, and lost 4,500, then moved on to Nashville with an army of about 21,400. Bate's division of about 1,600 which he sent to Murfreesboro, left Hood only about 21,000 to invest Thomas who had inside the forts of Nashville an army of 30,000 and that army soon re-enforced to 60,000. Before the battle of Nashville General Bate had only three brigades of about 1,500 for he had lost about a hundred at Stewart's creek and the others at Wilkinson pike, hence two other brigades were sent from Hood's army to Murfreesboro to join Bate, this left Hood's army to fight the battle of Nashville of December 15th and 16th with not more than 20,000 infantry, of which in these engagements he lost, killed, wounded, missing, 4,462, leaving him with less than 18,000 infantry to get out of Tennessee in the dead of winter, from an army three times their number, well clothed and fed. The campaign lasted thirty-four days. The army after crossing at Brainbridge

was moved via Tuscumbia and Iuka to Tupelo, Miss., where they could rest and re-organize.

"The official returns made January 20, '65, at Tupelo, showed an effective strength present of 16,913. After 19 regiments mostly raised in west Tennessee had been furloughed, Hood re-crossed the Tennessee river with an army of infantry 18,813 strong. Although



GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.

having lost fifty pieces of artillery, he had fifty-nine pieces left. General Forrest captured and destroyed sixteen block-houses, and stockades, twenty bridges, four locomotives, a hundred cars, ten miles of railroad, took 1,600 prisoners, several hundred heads of horses, mules and cattle.

"On January 25., 1865, at Tupelo, Mississippi, General Hood was relieved of the command of the army of Tennessee and Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor, a son of General Zachary Taylor, was assigned to the command and in a few days the corps of Lee, Stewart and Cheatham in the order named, were sent via Mobile, Montgomery, Macon, Augusta, through South Carolina to intercept Sherman, and during the month of January, the Confederate congress adopted a resolution asking President Davis to appoint General Joseph E. Johnston to the command of the army of Tennessee, to which request, the President did not respond, but General R. E. Lee, after he had been made General in chief of all the forces did on Feb. 22, 1865, appoint General Joseph E. Johnston to the command of the army of Tennessee and all Confederate troops in the states of Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. This appointment revived the hopes of the army of Tennessee to some extent, but their experience with Hood at Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin and Nashville, with all their untold horrors and mistakes, had nearly convinced the rank and file that the cherished hope of their lives, for which they had suffered and borne so much, was unattainable, but if "Old Joe" said, "Halt boys, and give them battle" it was all right.

"Cheatham united with Johnston's army on the 21st at Bentonville, North Carolina and all troops composing the infantry of the army of Tennessee were put in one corps under command of General A. P. Stewart and numbered 8,731 effective men, which said force and some North Carolina troops under Bragg and a force under Lieutenant-General Hardee, numbering in all 15,000 men, was all that General Johnston fought the battle of Bentonville with.

BRIEF OUTLINE AFTER STARTING FOR TENNESSEE.

Headquarters Stewart's Corps, Army of Tenn.

Sir: The following brief outlines of the operations of the corps from September 29th, 1864, to the close of the campaign is respectfully submitted. It is necessarily an imperfect report, being made at the request of the commanding general without the aid of reports of subordinate commanders:

Crossing the Chattahoochee at Pumpkintown, September 29, we camped the night of October 2nd within a few miles of Lost Mountain. The next morning (Monday, the 3d), in obedience to the orders of the commanding general, we marched to strike the railroad at Big Shanty, Armstrong's brigade of cavalry joining us at Lost Mountain, and taking post between Big Shanty and Marietta to cover our work of destroying the railroad. Arriving near Big Shanty in the afternoon, Featherston's brigade of Loring's division, we reformed in line, with skirmishers in front, and moved forward on the village. The small force of the enemy took refuge in the depot which was loop-holed. After the exchange of a few shots and a small loss in killed and wounded they surrendered—some 100 or more. Loring's division then moved direct to Ackworth, where a few hundred prisoners were taken next morning by Adam's brigade. Reynold's brigade of Walthall's division, carried Moore's Station, between Big Shanty and Ackworth, taking some hundred prisoners, and by 3 p. m. of the 4th the railroad was effectually torn up, the ties burned and rails bent for a distance of ten or twelve miles. This work, the capture of some 600 prisoners and a few killed and wounded, was effected with a loss of not more than 12 or 15, mostly wounded.

In compliance with the orders of the commanding general, French's division was started to Allatoona, and with the other two I moved back to Lost Mountain. Reports have already been forwarded of the heroic but fruitless attack made by French's division on the enemy's position at Allatoona.

Moving with the rest of the army at 11 p. m. October 12, after a march that day of nearly 30 miles, this corps reached the railroad some mile and a half or two miles above Resaca, and immediately went to work to destroy the road. By night of the 13th the road was effectually destroyed to within a few miles of Dalton, and with it a vast quantity of cross-ties and bridge timbers. A working party of the enemy, consisting of seventy or eighty men, their tools,

wagons, and work oxen were taken, and block houses at Tilton, with some 300 men, captured. These captures were made by French's division, Selden's battery of Walthall's division, reducing the block-house.

We next encountered the enemy at Decatur, Alabama, toward the end of October, driving in his pickets and skirmishing for a day or two with a loss of some 135 men, but making no serious attack on his strongly entrenched position. Leaving this place, we moved to Tusculumbia, whence after a delay of three weeks, we marched for Tennessee.

I deem it proper to say that after the fall of Atlanta, the condition of the army and other considerations rendered it necessary, in my judgment, that an offensive campaign should be made in the enemy's rear and on his line of communications. It is not my purpose nor does it pertain to me, to explain the reasons which prompted the campaign, but simply to express my concurrence in the views which determined the operations of the army.

I am, colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALEX P. STEWART,

Lieutenant-General.

COL. A. P. MASON,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

MY FIRST AND ONLY SMILE.

My scene is Tupelo, Miss.; time, just a few days after the Christmas of 1864; occasion, the first resting place after the battle of Nashville; position, a set of hungry Confederates who were cheated out of Christmas festivities because of that famous Nashville stampede; headquarters, at the house of the Widow Sample, who suggested that if we wished she would help us and contribute to a big dinner.

The loved ones in Tennessee had given us canned fruits desiccated vegetables, boxes of oysters, sardines and a number of good old Tennessee hams. To us, these things were so rare that gunshots and cannon balls could not make us drop 'em. Even the worn out and weary soldier could not get the ambulance that carried that luscious cargo.

The handsome widow threw in her preserves, jellies, cakes and a couple of big peafowls, and a wonderful preparation began to get up a big dinner in honor of the Christmas of 1864.

All the Christmas we had waded through slush and mud via Franklin, Pulaski, Bainbridge, Tuscumbia, and Iuka; the roads were so fearful that, although corduroyed, a foot or wheel would sink into the mire and swamp until sheer exhaustion and fitful despair had almost overtaken us; homes left behind, army foot-sore and weary, and heartsick at defeat and retreat, what greater diversion could we have had than this anticipated dinner?

The host of the occasion was General A. P. Stewart, the quiet, correct and fearless soldier of high moral character, whose counsels were respected and whose word was the gospel of his command. The handsome widow wanted Generals Beauregard, Hood, Loring and Walthall to grace the occasion as guests of Stewart and his staff.

It is no use to disguise the fact that in those demoralizing times it was not considered shocking to smile in moderation upon a demijohn or partake of the hospitality of a soldier's tent, in the shape of a "jigger." The most delicate sensibility was soon hardened to this. The teetotaler was looked upon as a bird of rare plumage and a straight-jacket who knew not some of the pleasures of life.

I belonged to that class of young bloods, and my General knowing this, took me aside to impart a secret, not to be found out by other members of the staff. Says he: "While I was in Tennessee a friend gave me a demijohn of gin; it is in my headquarters' wagon; take

these flasks, fill them for the occasion of the visiting generals to our dinner, then tightly cork up the demijohn and let no one know where you got it."

I felt complimented at this confidence, and flattered that I was singled out to perform this service because of soberness and temperance. As I sauntered to the wagon, our teamster, an Irishman, was besought to get out a heavy box. Says he: "Lieutenant, I can't lift the weight of a pin." "Why?" says I, "It is only a box containing a demijohn of gin." "Ah! gin," says he, "oh, yes, sir; I can lift anything reasonable, you know." So we got out the gin and were filling the flasks; a brother officer who spied me, just forced me to take a glass. He actually called for two, and was so persuasive together with the teamster, that we all sipped, and smiled, and tasted the gin, until old earth seemed to be tenderfooted when we trod upon her.

Well, the flasks were carried back; the officers came and this young blood and myself took possession of the guests. My brother officer got General Hood in one corner of the room, and told him of more hairbreadth escapes and fearless acts, while I had Pierre Toutant Gustave Beauregard in another corner, feeding him upon food concerning the gallant deeds of Gibson's Louisiana brigade, and Fanner's battery, troops from his native State. I don't know what became of General Stewart and his other guests for a while, as I felt myself upon this occasion a perfect giant in the midst of Lilliputians; but when I looked around all eyes seemed to be concentrated upon us, especially those of General Stewart, who was looking daggers at the young bloods.

It was at that stage when "gentleman tipsy" had me, the elixir having had its effect, and when General Stewart's gin was racking my brain and firing my blood. I sat there taking a birds' eye view of my generals. General Hood I photographed as a big hearted, impetuous man in peace and a fighter of the knock-down-and-drag-out style in war, a West Pointer of scientific and strategic excellence, planned pretty well, but something wanting in the execution; General Beauregard, a polite little Frenchman who could make a fort or plan a redoubt, who did not look to me like the hero of Manassas and Drury's Bluff, nor that he was cut out to command a battle; General Loring, a good hearted, impulsive man, yet defective in cool calculation. The old soldier had lost an arm in Mexico, wounded near Atlanta, of Cheat Mountain fame in this war; General Walthall, who bore the coronet of commanding successfully the retreat from Nashville, and General Stewart, the unobtrusive, stern West Pointer, as the head of my military family. My partiality placed him "a shining star" in the galaxy. No newspaper sought to sound his praise, and many a chivalric deed done by his command, claimed by others without notice, yet, when he shivered his lance, with the

enemy, the army always felt that a Lannes was at the helm, and a Richmond in the field.

Dinner about this time came on as a sequel to the revelries, in the emptying of flasks, and broaching of demijohns; all got seats at the table but the two young bloods. While the room was vacated, said young bloods concluded to examine the contents and find some more of the elixir to fan "the dying embers of the smile." Reader, would you believe it, instead of flasks of gin, we found something else, "not pine top," nor "Confederate pop skull," nor "Jeff Davis bust head," but great heavens! peach brandy twelve years old, just as mellow and ropy as sugared candy. I "smole a smile," and the other young blood "smole a smile," and for a time we both felt "as happy as in twenty seas, if all their sands were pearls, the water nectar and the rocks pure gold."

After the generals got through though, we stealthily retired from the room, when our hilarity suddenly changed from glory to despair. Horrors! we had mixed our drinks. The nausea was fearful. My young friend went out doors and in giving vent to his feelings you could hear him groan a hundred yards. I hallooed out, "Fire and fall back, old boy!" In a short time I followed him, and in expressing my emotions, the emphasis was greater than his. A messenger came ordering us to our tents. It was my first and only snafu.

I will never forget Tupelo, Miss., no that Christmas dinner that I lived in the happy hope of getting, "but never got."

The next morning our cook called us to our breakfast, like Brer Rabbit when the b'ar was in the bee tree, we looked for "a harry-kin," and planned to divert General Stewart, but like Uncle Remus' tar-baby, he wouldn't spon, he sot dar and said nothing. At last, in a mild censurable way, his remark made its impress upon us. "Young men, I was mortified at your action yesterday." This was all the rebuke, and I went off crestfallen, because his confidence was shaken, not only for disobeying his order, but I had let others drink his gin, and had gotten a small potation of it myself.

THE LAST NIGHT OF SIXTY-FOUR.

It is not well to live too much in the past; yet it is not proper to forget it. A lady said to me: "What our times now especially need is to read and ponder more on the incidents of the individual and family history as portrayed in personal reminiscences. In this way the people are understood in their spirit, peculiarities, and characteristics. If the soldier of the sixties would occasionally give 'Young America' some episodic fact connected with his career, it would please as well as interest others, and be the delectation of the generation now seeking for entertainment."

I like thrilling incidents and startling adventures. The most attractive are those told around the camp fire. Let me tell you of my ride on the famous retreat from Nashville to Tupelo, the last night of 1864. Many a soldier boy may recall something of more interest, but it made its impress upon me as a novel experience.

From Bainbridge, on the Tennessee, via Tusculumbia and Barton's Station, our skeleton army plodded its weary way from Nashville, Tennessee, to Iuka, Miss. Through the bleak and chilling blasts of December 31 our ill-clad, bare-footed, hungry soldiers marched in slush and mud, and at nightfall drew their foot-sore and weary bodies into a tentless camp.

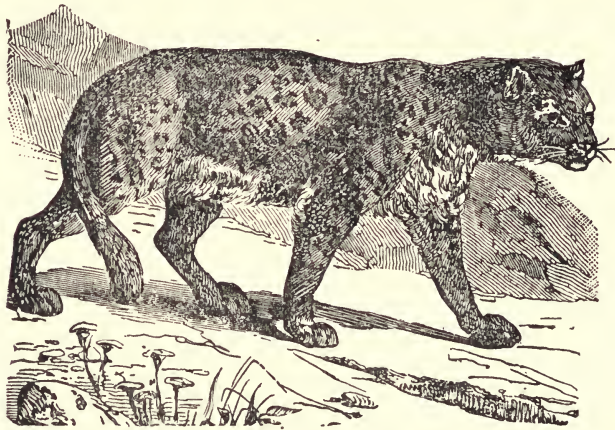
Stewart's troops had bivouacked. He and those of his staff were building fires to warm, when an order came from General Hood to send a staff officer with three couriers back to Barton's Station, twenty miles, and from thence establish communication with General W. H. Jackson, to ascertain whether the enemy had crossed at Bainbridge, and the extent of his pursuit.

It was a cold, cheerless, freezing night. The Bear Creek country through which we had to go was a wild, dreary, wooded section, and the staff were worn out; so that once our general hesitated to particularize. Said he: "Is there a member of my staff who will volunteer to execute this order?"

The old settled members said nothing; the middle-aged were distressingly silent. It was apparent that they were awaiting a response from some of us boys. One besought me to respond; I besought another. The silence was painful until a faint and slow answer, "General, I will go," was involuntarily made by me.

Captain Greenleaf, of the escort, besought three volunteers, couriers to accompany me but no one answered. Finally the detail was made and we started back over the road that was cut up into

mud and mire, but now was frozen, making travel on it dangerous. Our poor horses, jaded from the sore trials of the Nashville campaign, would slide over the icy road and sometimes break in and sink up to their bodies. The whistling wind with its surly, whizzing sound together with its chill, produced the most horrible feelings, and to get through, for over twenty miles, seemed impossible.

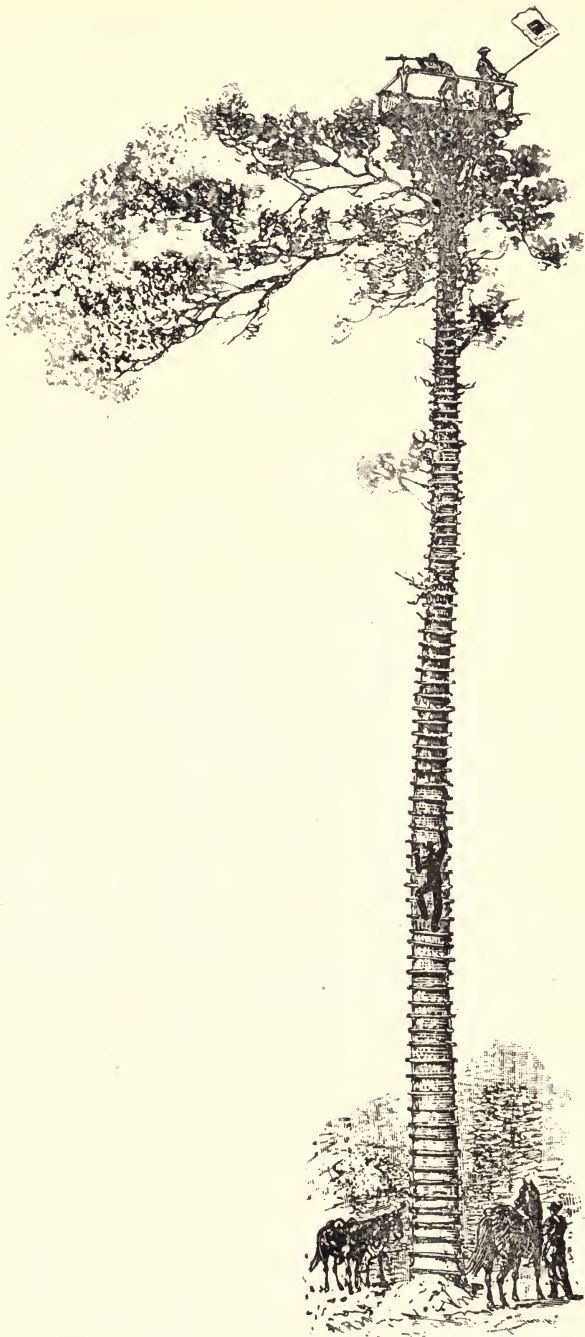


FEARED MORE THAN BULLETS.

Nothing to warm the inner man could be had, and there was no moon to light us on the journey. Instead of pleasant things to cheer our weary way, our night was filled with woes and horrors—of some one whose horse was in a mud hole or whose hands and feet were freezing; something was going wrong continually.

To add to the horror, the Bear creek country was low and marshy, and said to be infested with animals such as bear and panther.

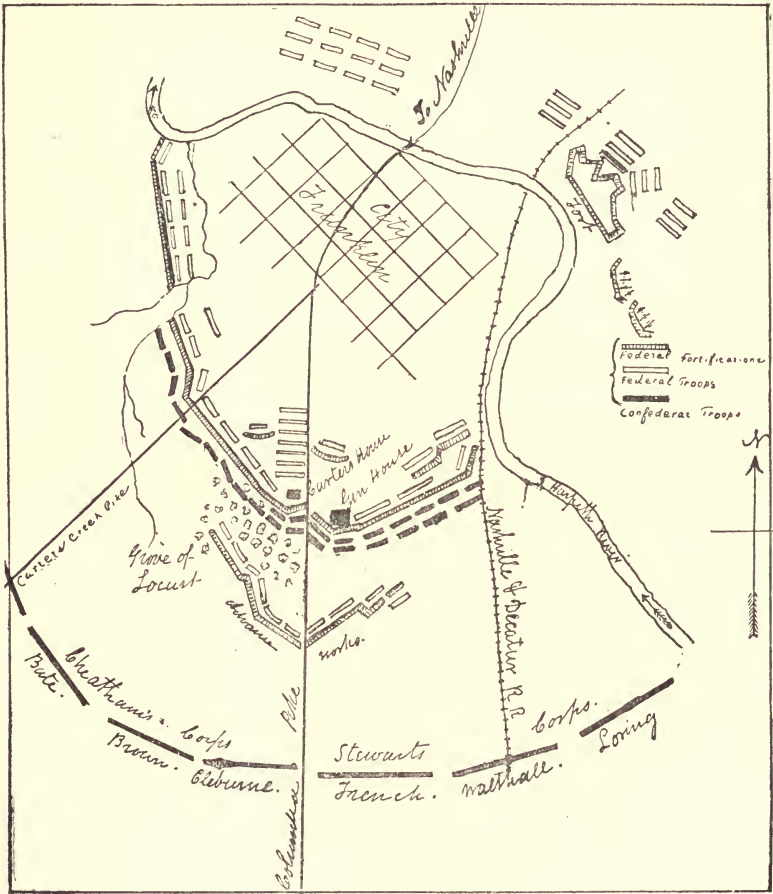
The order, to get to Barton's Station by day, had to be obeyed. Along the route we would find an abandoned wagon or caisson temporarily left in mud and mire, run across a dead horse or something that always kept us on the lookout. After going eight or ten miles, there was just ahead of us the most horrible scream, a frightful shriek, a shrill, piercing noise, more fearful than that of a wild cat or leopard. The sound seemed to be meeting us, so we formed into fours, and, drawing our navies, prepared for action. When the thing saw us it ran across the road and sidled around with the most frightful, rabid snarls. We shot through the woods at the sound, but don't know that we touched him. Suspecting that it was a panther, it frightened us so that the balance of the ride we fancied him "purring at our heels." A native told us next day that our surmise was correct. O, how miserable that long, long night! Perchance we'd strike a burning log, where the soldiers in the day had



THE SIGNAL TREE, AT BATTLE OF FRANKLIN, ALLATOONA.

stopped to warm, and but for that we would have been frost bitten.

Well, about daybreak we crossed the Big Bear creek a short distance from the station. Now came my time, on reaching the destined point, to select one of my couriers to hie on toward Tusculumbia to see General Jackson. I asked who would volunteer. The



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

poor fellows, their horses worn out and weary, selected the plan of allowing them to draw straws—the man getting the longest to go. This being satisfactory, one courier started, but returned in less than an hour reporting that he had met General Jackson at the head of his cavalry command coming that way; that General Hood's information as to the enemy having crossed at Bainbridge was incorrect. I wired General Stewart from the station, and got a reply

to put my horses and men in the only remaining box car at the station, and return to Iuka.

Thus was spent the last night of 1864. I recall it as an incident in my soldier life, more trying to me than the encounters of cavalry and infantry battles in a service of three years.



OLD FORT RIDLEY.

LAST BATTLES OF THE WAR.

I commenced keeping a journal a short time before the surrender. Was quite young and an aide of Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart. Headquarters Army of Tennessee, Smithfield, N. C.

March 16th, 1865. I have just reached camp from Oxford, N. C., where I went on two days' leave of absence to visit my father's mother. Found Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart commanding the Army of Tennessee by order of General J. E. Johnston, who took command yesterday, of the Army of the South—Hardee's, Bragg's and Stewart's (formerly Hood's army) consolidated making the Army of the South.

March 17th: Conducted General Johnston to our headquarters, near Swift creek, found him surprisingly social, and endeavors to conceal his greatness rather than to impress you with it. I expressed to him the joy the Army of Tennessee manifested, on hearing of his restoration to command. He said that he was equally as much gratified to be with them as they were at his coming, but he feared it "too late to make it the same army." * * * He said that never had he in his life seen such generous, free hearted people as the Middle Tennesseans. "Take out that little spot which you know is infested with Union men, and it is the most loyal part of the Confederacy." Received orders this evening to march toward Bentonville, fifteen miles distant, to meet Sherman, who has taken an easterly course from Averysboro to effect a junction with Schofield, at Goldsboro.

March 18th: Struck tents this morning and arrived here at 5 o'clock p. m.—one mile beyond Bentonville where we bivouacked. Enemy camps eight miles on the same road. Our army in high spirits and ready to brave the coming storm.

March 19th: Both armies commence the march. Three miles beyond Bentonville, at Cole's farm, we met and skirmished heavily for a short time. Armies going into position—Bragg commands left wing, Stewart the center, and Hardee the right. At 1 o'clock enemy charges Clayton's division and is repulsed handsomely, leaving fifty dead on the field. Brigadier-General Reynolds of Arkansas, upon entering the field, had his leg so mutilated by a solid shot as to necessitate amputation. His loss is much lamented. He is the idol of his brigade. General Johnston now orders that Stewart and Hardee confer with each other and advance. The hour for attack agreed upon was fifteen minutes to 3 o'clock. General Stew-

art directed me to acquaint the corps commander of this and Loring commanding Stewart's corps—Bate's, Hardee's old corps—and D. H. Hill, Lee's corps, in connection with Hardee's army, all advanced, and with a rebel shout drove the enemy nearly a mile and routed them from two lines of breastworks, capturing eight pieces of artillery and four hundred and seventeen prisoners. The excitement of the occasion and the many ravines we had to cross, broke our line to such an extent that we halted and reformed. While doing this, the enemy rallied, re-enforced and charged repeatedly upon our lines until nightfall but with no effect. The brunt of this battle was on the Army of Tennessee, and the more praise should be accorded them for their quick recuperation from the disaster at Nashville. "Old Joe" drove back Sherman's disciplined veterans with a demoralized army of not exceeding twelve thousand men. In consequence of a flank movement to our left, we were ordered to retire from the position from which we advanced to entrench.

March 20th: General Loring goes to the rear from sickness and Walthall succeeds to command. Enemy seems remarkably quiet in our front, but demonstrating heavily upon General Bragg, evidently trying to find a weak point. One division of Hardee's is sent to support the left. Skirmishers on our side have advanced, to still find a force confronting us.

March 21st: Enemy has made several charges on Bragg this morning. Evening, serious demonstrations being made on our rear, General Johnston sends three brigades of our reserves at double-quick to report to Hardee, near Bentonville. Before their arrival Cumming's brigade, commanded by Colonel Henderson of the Forty-second Georgia, charged the enemy in front. Eighth Texas cavalry strike the two divisions of Seventeenth army corps in flank and rout them. As a precautionary step, Walthall's corp's was sent there and remained until 2 o'clock p. m., when the army retired six miles this side of Bentonville, near Hannak creek.

March 22nd: Retired to Turner's bridge, near Smithfield, and Sherman has gone to Goldsboro.

March 23rd: It is a treat that we are permitted to-day to wash up and put on clean clothes. Reports of casualties of the last five or six days: killed, 102; wounded, 820; missing, 305; total, 1,227. This loss is from the Army of Tennessee only. Have not heard from Bragg nor Hardee.

March 24th: Ordered to go to-day, two miles beyond Smithfield depot, on Lewisburg road. Soldiering in these piney woods is more disagreeable than any I have yet experienced. The smoke tans your skin, soils your clothes, and one presents a spectacle like that of an engineer who has worked sometime on his engine without change.

March 25th: Has been a day of unusual quiet. General Johnston busying himself with the doings of the detailed men. General S. depressed. General Bate made the soldiers a little speech to-night, preparing their minds for the consolidation of companies,

battalions, etc. An episode connected with Bentonville: The Eighteenth and Forty-fifth Tennessee regiments, Colonel Searcy commanding, about nightfall charged through the Yankee lines and we gave them up as captured. Several days afterwards we were surprised to find them report after having wandered for miles in getting back. In Bate's speech to his troops I remember, as a boy, this little piece of humor. Says he: "Fellow soldiers, when I was at Nashville, Govan's brigade chanced to pass my brigade. Govan's men hallooed out: 'Lie down, Mr. Bate, Mr. Govan is gwine to pop a cap.' The other day at Bentonville my brigade chanced to pass Govan. I made my men halloo out: "Lie down, Mr. Govan, Mr. Bate is now gwine to pop a cap."

March 26th: General Bragg has been relieved from duty, it is said, at his own request, and his command, composed of a few North Carolina reserves and Hoke's division have been turned over to Hardee. This gives Hardee now a good command. General Bragg still commands Department of North Carolina and left yesterday for Raleigh. No moving. Orders anxiously awaiting developments of Sherman's movements. Dr. Lowe White tells me that he has just heard of the death of his father, mother, and little brother by some disguised assassin, near Big Springs, Wilson County, Tenn. Oh, the lingering agonies of the war!

March 27th: Generals Cheatham, Clayton, and Walthall visited up this morning and had their minds quieted about the transportation which has created so much anxiety for fear of excessive reduction. Sent out this morning to learn the topography of this vicinity. This afternoon went with General Stewart to the depot, where we found Colonel Allison, a Tennessee cavalryman, on his way westward with the body of his son who was killed a day or two ago near Goldsboro, trying to rescue some ladies from the clutches of the enemy. We saw a squad of forty Yanks and their prisoners. From their brazen looks, they consider us virtually whipped, and that our complete overthrow is only a question of time. Numbers may subdue but cannot conquer. Captain Charles F. Vanderford, ordnance officer is relieved from duty with us, and now an assistant to army ordnance officer. We had a telegram from General R. E. Lee this morning. He says that Gordon took two lines of the enemy's breastworks, but was compelled to give them up before night, and also the eight pieces of artillery they had captured. It was yesterday stated, officially, that Major General Howell Cobb was in command of the Department of Tennessee and North Georgia, lately commanded by General Hood.

March 28th: Visited Raleigh to get an overcoat. No one but a North Carolinian allowed to call upon the State Quartermaster, but soldier-like I called upon Governor Vance—claimed kinship to North Carolina on account of its being my father's birth place. Old Governor Vance was so taken with my cheek that I got the order to his Quartermaster for the smuggled goods.

March 29th: Spent last night at Yarborough House—miserably kept, and board \$55.00 per day. The Capitol is made of imported granite, and excels any in the South, Tennessee Capitol excepted. The population of Raleigh near five thousand. Major Hooper, Quartermaster, was exceedingly kind and permitted me to buy an overcoat and a suit of gray clothes. Returned to camp only to be scolded by Colonels Sevier and Gale, because I neglected them.

March 30th: Lieutenant Terry Cahal returned this evening from a long leave of absence, and brings us the intelligence that our wagons, which were left at Tupelo in February, will be here next week. He speaks of the kind treatment of the South Carolinians toward him. Visited pickets to-day, by order of the General; found them attentive.

To digress. Our troops took trains at Tupelo, Miss., after retreating from Nashville, and went via Mobile, Montgomery, and Augusta; footed it through Edgefield, Newberry, and Chester districts, S. C., thence boarded cars via Salisbury, Greensboro and Raleigh to Smithfield to intercept Sherman, leaving our transportation behind. It was a quick movement to divert Sherman's course, hence we only got to Bentonville with fragments of commands, and made Smithfield the connecting point for the new organization.

March 31st: General Hood's report of operations from the time of taking command at Atlanta until his succession by Johnston, has just been received. He abuses a great many for tardiness and dereliction of duty, and, I think, some unjustly. Lieutenant-General S. D. Lee arrived this evening with some of his troops. The balance rapidly coming—about six thousand. This will swell our ranks greatly, and besides, there are about 2,000 at Augusta, that have collected since he left.

April 1st: Senator Wigfall of Texas, arrived at Johnston's quarters to-day. Major Generals John C. Brown of Tennessee and Patton Anderson of Florida, reached us with a portion of their commands. Both had been absent on account of wounds; Brown's last wound was received at Franklin, on the 30th of November, 1864; Anderson's at Marietta.

April 2nd: Stoneman, it is said, is attempting to reach the railroad, near Salisbury. Young's brigade of cavalry are sent to meet him, and the soldiers that Lee brought from Augusta are halted there. A cordial reception awaits him. Heard to-day that Johnston had preferred charges against Hood for misrepresentations in his report.

April 3rd: To-day, one or two other brigades of cavalry have gone after Stoneman. Hardee reviewed his corps of the army this morning—General Johnston witnessed it. The postoffice of the army arrived yesterday—glad news. Peace rumors rife again but are laughed at here. Fighting supposed to be going on both at Mobile and Richmond. We have been living for some days on shell, caught near Smithfield, excellent to one unaccustomed to them.

April 4th: I witnessed to-day the saddest spectacle of my life, the review of the skeleton Army of Tennessee, that but one year ago was replete with men, and now filed by with tattered garments, worn out shoes, bare-footed and ranks so depleted that each color was supported by only thirty or forty men. Desertion, sickness, deaths, hardships, perils and vicissitudes demonstrated themselves too plainly upon that old army not to recur to its history. Oh, what a contrast between the Dalton review and this one! The march of the remnant was so slow—colors tattered and torn with bullets—that it looked like a funeral procession. The countenance of every spectator who saw both reviews was depressed and dejected, and the solemn, stern look of the soldiery was so impressive—Oh! it is beginning to look dark in the east, gloomy in the west, and like almost a lost hope when we reflect upon the review of to-day!

April 5th: The shades of sorrow are gathering upon us—horrible rumors! We, to-day, have heard of the distressing news that the fall of Richmond took place the first day of the month—understand that all the archives of the State were destroyed, and that in the engagement Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill was killed or captured. Heavens, the gloom and how terrible our feelings! A city that had been protected for four years now to succumb to the world's minions—Lee has to give up and leave the bones of our braves behind. About the three days' fight we have not yet heard. It must be a great relief to Grant to break up Lee's lines about Richmond, "but it is death to the frog." Wigfall's comment upon Hood's report was very severe.

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Smithfield, N. C., April 6th, 1865.

It never rains but it pours, and still the bad news comes—Selma, Alabama, we hear officially, has been given up to a raiding party. 'Tis said, too, that a column of nine thousand Yanks have entered it. We heard to-day from Richmond that Lee lost all his artillery but two battalions, supposed to have been about 500 pieces. Of his loss in men we have not yet heard. General S. takes the death of his little boy at Auburn, Ala., very hard. Notwithstanding his stern military character he is a tender hearted man.

April 7th: I neglected to state that Governor Vance and many ladies from Raleigh came down to the review of Hardee's corps. Everything went off well aside from our decimated ranks. The ladies cheered General Hoke's division of North Carolinians. We hear the report of the Yankees being at Selma contradicted, but the telegrams in yesterday's papers and the reports heretofore are too true. President Davis issues an address to the people of the Confederacy imploring them to stand by him in reverses and to be not disheartened, for he'll steer us safely through.

April 8th: Captain R. C. Stewart, A. D. C., arrived to-day; reports the wagon train in ten miles. He has been on leave of absence and, in fact, all of the staff but Colonels Gale, Sevier and my-

self. Major Lauderdale, Quartermaster-Major and Assistant A. & I. General Minnick Williams also came to-day. Prisoners taken state that Sherman will commence his movement upon us Monday. Lee has had another fight at Amelia Court House since the evacuation of Richmond, in which he was successful. Nothing from the West except the confirmation of the fall of Selma, Alabama.

April 9th: Captain R. C. Stewart and I went near Pikeville to-day to purchase horses. I obtained one. Saw General Dibrell, Dr. McCord, and my brother, Dr. J. L. Ridley, with whom I spent the night.

April 10th: This morning, before day, Dibrell's scouts came in with two or three officers prisoners, who stated that they had just received orders to march, and had gone to a house to bid some ladies goodbye when our scouts captured them. Returned to camp and found the consolidation had taken place and the different corps moving toward Raleigh. The army was divided into three corps, under Stewart, Hardee, and Stephen D. Lee. Stewart's corps is now composed of Loring's division, made up of his old division, Patton Anderson's and Walthall's. Walthall is now commanding McLaw's and Anderson's, what was known as Taliaferro's division. Enemy advancing on us rapidly. Camp to-night west of Beaver Mill bridge.

April 11th: Started about 7 o'clock this morning and pitched tents three miles west of Raleigh on Hillsboro road. Have heard nothing of enemy's progress. As we passed the female seminary in Raleigh the beautiful school girls greeted us warmly. Each one had a pitcher of water and goblet. We drank, took their addresses, and had a big time. It was a terrible task to get Terry Cahal, Caruthers, Stewart, and the other members of the staff away from them. On this march my faithful boy, Hannibal, gladdened us with a rich box of edibles from my old grandmother at Oxford.

April 12th: Started this morning at sunrise and landed this evening one mile east of Durham Depot, eighteen miles from Hillsboro. General Johnston left Raleigh on the cars to meet President Davis at Greensboro, and placed General Stewart in command of two corps, Lee's and his own, until his return. Rumors of Lee's capture in Virginia are rife, but not believed.

April 13th: Camped this evening two miles east of Hillsboro. General Johnston returned from Greensboro. More rumors of Lee's capitulating, and some are led to believe.

April 14th: To-day we passed through Hillsboro. Saw a good many nice looking young ladies. Crossed Eno river this side two miles and Haw's river sixteen miles. Camped near Squire Hoke's in a beautiful grove. Saw a doctor Brown directly from the artillery in Lee's army. He says "that after thirty hours' travel from Farmville about forty pieces of artillery had halted at Appomattox Station to cook and feed. The Yanks overtook them but were repulsed with grape and canister; that during the night General Lawton received a dispatch from Lee stating that he could be of no more use to him

if he could not join him by Sunday morning, and to cut down caissons, bury the guns, divide the men into squads of four or five, and let them make their way out."

April 15th: Our march to-day is only twelve miles in consequence of heavy roads, caused from rains. Have passed old Chapel Hill University, sacred to me as my father's alma mater, and now Graham, and camp to-night at Smith's store. The farther we go the worse the news we get from Lee's army. General S. succeeds in having a barrel of peach brandy and a half box of tobacco given him by a Mr. Vaughn. Yum! yum! ha! ha!—we are taking it along for medical purposes. Dr. Smepton invited the General and staff to his house this morning to partake of a mint-julep. To our surprise, we found he had sugar, coffee and ice, things scarce in these times. Every time we get into a drive of this kind General S. destroys Cahal's, Caruthers' (his sons) and my prospects by telling these fellows that "sometimes the older members of my staff partake of a julep, but the younger members never touch it." We just had to look at that julep and "sigh" for a smile. Dibrell's cavalry had been suddenly transferred to rear. They say he has gone to Greensboro to repel a raid. It turned out that they were to escort Jefferson Davis farther south.

April 16th: March eight miles and camp in four miles of Greensboro. Have just heard of Lee's farewell address, he and his army were captured. He says that greatly outnumbered as he was, contending against such wonderful force, he was bound to yield without further loss of blood. What next?

April 17th: We rest to-day; have been to town, sold ten dollars in greenbacks for one thousand in Confederate. Found all bustle and excitement there. Gloom and sadness pervades the whole land; subjugation stares us in the face. Our Army of Tennessee (so called after the permanent organization at Smithfield), now has to cope with Grant, Sherman, and Thomas. If we pass through the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, we will have no army. What can we do? Oh, the humility attending submission!

April 18th: Beauregard and Breckinridge went up to Hillsboro last night at the request of Johnston. 'Tis supposed that they are negotiating with Sherman for the surrender of this army. Desertion every night is frightful. Ten or twelve trains went to Hillsboro this morning, I suppose for the purpose of bringing the Yanks down to take charge of us. My immediate association with the members of Stewart's staff and command, of two years service in the Army of Tennessee, my acquaintance while I was a private in Ward's regiment—Morgan's cavalry for nearly a year, fills my heart with sorrow as I think of giving them up. The hardships, perils and dangers, that we have undergone together ties the knot of friendship forever.

April 19th: General Stewart just returned from town, states

that Johnston has returned and brings news of the killing of Lincoln and the stabbing of Seward by some unknown persons in a Washington City theatre. In the recklessness of the times, some of the masses rejoice, yet our thinking gentry regard it as most unfortunate. General Johnston gets the information from Sherman, with whom he has been conferring for the last day or two, in which he has secured an indefinite truce. He is negotiating, we all think, upon terms of surrender. Confederate money is worth nothing now—am sorry I let that ten dollar greenback bill go. Our army is getting demoralized. A band of marauding soldiers visited our camp this morning and coolly helped themselves to some leather and goods that we had quietly secured from the Quartermaster's Department. We are in great suspense—may be here a month.

April 20th: General Johnston sent Colonel Mason, A. A. General, to General Stewart this morning with the basis of negotiations.

In the first place an armistice is agreed upon indefinitely, each side agreeing to notify the other forty-eight hours before hostilities shall be resumed. Second. The Army of the Confederate States is to be disbanded; the troops of each State at their respective Capitals. Third. Soldiers and their property are to be respected by the United States authorities. In brief, the two Generals agree for us to return to the Union as we were previous to the war; political officers are recognized that were elected by the State previous to "the rebellion." The submission is entirely upon our part, but it is on much better terms than were expected. Should these terms be agreed upon, the arms of the troops of each State are to be turned over to their State authorities. Generals Stewart and Loring tonight explained the substance of the negotiation and the cause of the armistice to a large assembly of soldiers. After this many members of the Twelfth Louisiana regiment came up and requested explanations. If the terms are agreed upon for peace, we will all soon be headed for our dear old homes, even if they are not what they were four years ago. I once enjoyed a laughable and side splitting farce in which the leading character begun and ended as I will end my notes of this April 20th: "What! O, what will become of us all? For Andy Johnson has about got us in his clutches, and Brownlow has said: 'Greek fire to the masses, but h—l fire to the leaders.'"

April 21st: Lieutenant Stewart, Alphonso, and I went to town this morning. Nothing new stirring. Saw General Hoke, who, upon learning that my father was with me (on a visit), promised to send an ambulance for him. Hoke is our kinsman. Major Lauderdale reports Johnston's operator as telling him that the enemy took Montgomery, Alabama, and Columbus, Ga., before an order of cessation of hostilities reached them. They burned seven hundred wagons that we had left behind on our way from Tupelo. We suppose that when Johnston met President Davis at Greensboro, he told him that nothing was left us but to surrender, hence he left Johnston

to close the book and took General Dibbrell's command with him to try to reach the Trans-Mississippi.

April 22nd: I learn from a staff officer of General Johnston (Major Clare), that orders are being issued to divide with the army all the silver coin in possession of Johnston's paymaster—\$54,000.00. This will give each man \$1.80, a small sum for four years' trials and hardships, and pain, and loss of treasures, blood and life. Just here, by way of parenthesis, I got for my share \$1.15—four quarters, one dime and a five cent piece. I gave my faithful boy, Hannibal, the dime and five cents, and brought my four quarters home, and had them fixed to hand down to posterity as a kind of heirloom. I got a jeweler to send them to New York and to have engraved on them my rank, when, where, and to whom I surrendered, and the basis of negotiation between Johnston and Sherman. The engraving cost me \$30.00. I gave them to a kinswoman to keep for me. One day she wrote me in great distress that a servant on her place had stolen her purse, and in it were the four quarters. The last I ever heard of them after a diligent search. Oh, what would I give to find those four silver coins?

And now I will while away a few hours of armistice by transcribing some of the Nomenclature of our Southern armies:

The North Carolinians are called "Tar Heels;" Georgians, "Goober Grabblers;" Alabamians, "Yaller Hammers;" Texans, "Cow Boys;" Tennesseans, "Hog Drivers;" Louisianians, "Tigers;" Floridians, "Gophers;" Virginians, "Tobacco Worms;" Arkansans, "Tooth-picks;" Missourians, "Border Ruffians;" Kentuckians, "Corn Crackers;" and Mississippians, "Sand Lappers." The cavalry, "Buttermilk Rangers;" infantry, "Webfoot." A regiment of deserters from the Federal Army, kept behind by us to build forts, "Galvanized Rebs." The Federals called us "Johnnies;" we called them "Yanks" and "Blue Bellies."

See a fellow with a Bee Gum hat ride down a line, "He's a gentleman from the States." The soldiers guy him with such remarks as "Come out of that hat. I know you are thar; see your toes wigglin'." If boots are long and big, they will say, "See your head stickin' out." In passing a troop in camp, a number will look up a tree and halloo, "come out of that tree. See you up thar." This attracts, and then the laugh comes. In camp, when all is still, the monotony is broken by some forager making a hog squeal. His fellows cry out, "I'll kill any man's hog that bites me." A cavalryman, passing infantry, is accosted with "Jump off and grab a root." A by-word of the soldiers—"I haven't had a square meal for three days." Soldiers in camp say to soldiers going to the front, "You'd better gim me that hat; you'll lose it out thar."

Cavalry tantalization to Webfoot: "If you want to get buttermilk, jine the cavalry." Old Webfoot replies: "If you want to catch h—l, jine the Webfoot." One of the staff, in drilling a brigade, told them to dress up in the center about half an inch. As he would

pass afterward, they'd begin, "Boys, there goes half-inch." Fun, to be sure, but it worried him shamefully.

I got hold of a silver crescent on the Dalton campaign, placed it on the left side of my hat, put on a biled shirt and a paper collar, and rode down division line. They began on me, "Ahem! Umph! Umph! Biled shirt! Ladies' man! Parlor ornament! Take him to his ma!"

On the march to Tennessee, the officer who would get them out of the sorghum patches caught it. They'd say, "Boys, there goes Old Sarghsun!"

In cavalry Number Four invariably held the horses in battle. It was such a delightful number that when it fell upon a soldier, he would say, "Bully!"

Colonel Paul Anderson changed the mirth by saying, "Boys, Number One will hold horses, and you 'Bullies' will dismount." One night, one of Colonel McLemore's captains formed a line of battle by saying: "Boys, you can't see me, but dress up on my voice." Colonel Anderson would say, "Dress up on my friend Brit." These things got to be by-words in those commands. Instead of "Blow the Bugle," it was "Toot the Dinner Horn." That takes me to some of our greenhorns in the drill. When we first started, a fellow in East Tennessee began drilling his company thus: "Men, tangle in fours! By move forward! Put! Wheel into line! By turn around! Git!" A Middle Tennessee captain, wanting his company to cross a creek on a log, said: "Attention, company! In one rank to walk a log! Walk a log! March!"

It carried you back to old times to hear the guards around a regiment halloo out, "T-w-e-l-v-e o'-c-l-o-c-k and a-l-l's well!" The rude and untrained soldier would play on that and say: "T-w-e-l-v-e o'-c-l-o-c-k, and sleepy as h—l!" When a soldier goes out foraging it is called going on a "lark;" when he goes stealing, it is "impressing it into service;" when a Quartermaster wants to shield his rascality, he has a favorite abstract called "L," which is used, and means "Lost in the service;" when a squad runs from the enemy, it is "Ske-dadling;" the ricochetting of a cannon ball is "Skiugling"—words whose origin began with the war. Let a stranger or soldier enter camp and call for a certain company—say, Company F. Some soldier will say, "Here's Company F!" By the time he can get there, another will cry out at the far part of the regiment, "Here's Company F!" Then the whole command will take up the refrain, until the poor fellow in vexation will sulk away. Let an old soldier recognize a passing friend, and say, "How are you Jim?" a marching division will keep it up, with "How are you, Jim?" until the poor fellow swoons.

In the army we have some of the finest mimics in the world. Let one cackle like a hen, and the monotony of camp is broken by the encore of "S-h-o-o!" Then other cacklers take it up, until it sounds like a poultry yard stirred up over a mink or a weasel. Let

one bray like an ass, others take it up until the whole regiment will personate the sound, seemingly like a fair ground of asses. As mimics they are perfect; as musicians, also. I met one once who said, "If you will give me a jigger, I'll give you some chin music." He put his hands to his chin, and with his teeth made a sound like rattling bones, keeping time to his pat and song. Some of the finest singers I ever heard were soldiers and some of the best acting I ever saw was done by them. In camp it is so delightful to hear the brass band dispensing music in the sweetest strains. Near Atlanta, a Dutch battery entertained us every fifteen minutes, and whilst we kept our eyes open to the music of the shells from far away would beat upon our ears the music of the enemy's brass bands; our bands would tune up and make us oblivious to the roar of that old battery. I tried once in the progress of the battle to assimilate it to music. The sound of the minnie ball—Zip! Zip!—I dubbed the soprano; the roar of the musketry, the alto; the lingering sound of battle, the tenor; the artillery, the basso. Now, intersperse it with the interlude of an old Rebel yell, and you've got it. As to wit and sarcasm you hear in camp, I'd defy the world to beat it. Anyone attempting to be consequential, or unnatural, is the character to work on, and the gravest of the Chaplains cannot look upon their ridicule without smiling. A psalm-singing soldier one day gave out a distich for song, to sing to the long meter hymn of St. Thomas. Some blasphemous fellow changed it to

"The possum am a cunning fowl,
He climbs upon a tree."

The regiment broke out with the chorus.

"Rye-straw! Rye-straw! Rye-straw!"
"And when he wraps his tail 'round a limb,
He turns and looks at me."
"Rye-straw! Rye-straw! Rye-straw! Rye-straw!"

This is shocking to us now, but when you reflect upon the idea that in their daily walk the soldiers had no way of entertainment, it was excusable to find some means of pastime and of keeping cheerful, if sacrilege is pardonable.

Some of the parodies on our Southern songs should be remembered. I copy a verse to the tune of "My Maryland." (If you know the tune, sing it.)

Old Stonewall Jackson's in the field,
Here's your mule, Oh, here's your mule!
And he has the boys that will not yield,
Here's your mule, Oh, here's your mule!
And when you hear the old man pray,

You may be sure that on next day,
The very Devil will be to pay—
Here's your mule, Oh, here's your mule!

And now since my native place is Old Jefferson, Tennessee, within a stone's throw of the battlefield of Murfreesboro (Stone's river), I think of the devastation and desolation created there by war, I will give a verse of my parody that I used to sing, as I rode along in Ward's regiment, Morgan's cavalry.

Also to enjoy it sing it as you read.

The Yankee's heel is on the street,
Jefferson, Old Jefferson!
I hear the tramp of the vandal's feet,
Jefferson, Old Jefferson!
Hark! I hear a rooster squall,
The vandal takes them hen and all.
And makes the men and women bawl,
Jefferson, Old Jefferson!

One more on the Happy Land of Canaan, and I am done. (If you know the tune sing it.)

I will sing you a song, as the ladies pass along,
All about the times we are gaining; aha!
I will sing it in rhymes, and suit it to the times,
And we'll call it the "Happy Land of Canaan."

Chorus.

Oh me! Oh my! The pride of our Southern boys am
coming; aha!
So it's never mind the weather, but get over double trouble,
For I'm bound for the Happy Land of Canaan.

In the Harper's Ferry section, there was an insurrection,
Old John Brown thought the niggers would sustain him, aha!
But old Governor Wise put his specks upon his eyes,
And sent him to the Happy Land of Canaan.

Chorus.

Old John Brown is dead, and the last words he said,
"Don't keep me here a long time remaining;" aha!
So we led him up a slope, and hung him on a rope.
And sent him to the Happy Land of Canaan.

Chorus.

Near Greensboro, N. C., April 23rd, 1865. General Stewart, Alphonso, his son, and I visited Johnston's headquarters, found out that he was expecting to hear from Sherman on day after to-morrow; heard a report that Booth, son of the famous actor on the American stage was Lincoln's assassin. The party who stabbed Lincoln and the particulars concerning Seward's misfortune, still in abeyance.

April 24th: Have received orders from General Johnston that to-morrow hostilities will be resumed. This is sufficient evidence to us of the non-acceptance of the terms on the part of the United States authorities. Every man had his eye turned homeward, and this suddenness of a proposed continuation of the struggle is more saddening than the first news of a probable surrender. My father left me to-day for Charlotte.

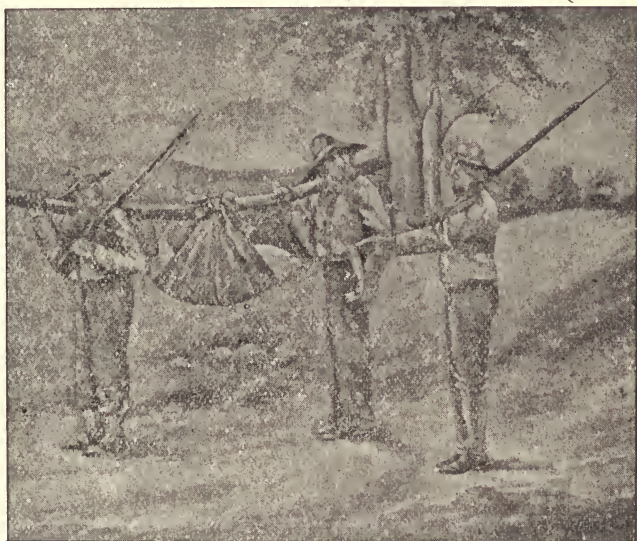
April 25th: Accompanied General Stewart to General Johnston's headquarters and learned that negotiations are asked for again, and the armistice to be resumed. General Stewart made three speeches successively to different troops of the command, explaining to them the reason that General Johnston refuses the acceptance of the terms, the same being that all over a certain rank will be held for treason. The eagerness of the men to get to their homes now is beyond picture. Do believe they would sacrifice everything except honor. Old Joe says continue the fight through, and his orders are the gospel of the Army of Tennessee.

April 26th: We struck tents this morning and marched within one mile of Hill's Point where we pitched tents in consequence of an order from General Johnston, informing us of a continuation or resumption of the armistice for further negotiations. We all think that the army will be disbanded at this place. Our camp this time is near a copper mine. An amusing affair occurred in camp to-night, in relation to Lieutenant Polk McFall's mare. While seated around the camp fire at his tent, our conversation led to her precarious condition. Not many moments elapsed, however, before the accouchment was announced. Lieutenant DeSaulles who was also with McFall was connected with Major Wilbur F. Foster's engineer department, (as was also Lieutenant Buchanan) said it should be named for him. The colt turned out to be a female, and DeSaulles is terribly teased, and it is still bearing his name.

April 27th: To-day we received the order to surrender, and now we are prisoners of war. We will start for our homes in a day or two, just as soon as our paroles can be made out. The war is over. In the terms we pledge ourselves to make no more war and remain quietly at home until released. For preservation and the eye of my old age, I transcribe in my journal the famous general order No. 18, which is the last I am to receive from General Joseph E. Johnston, and the last of the organized army of the Confederacy:

Headquarters, Army of Tennessee, near Greensboro, N. C., April 27th, 1865. General Order No. 18.

By the terms of a military convention made on the 26th inst. by Major-General W. T. Sherman, U. S. A., and General J. E. Johnston, C. S. A., the officers of the army are to bind themselves not to take up arms against the United States until properly relieved



I'LL KILL ANY MAN'S HOG THAT BITES ME.

from the obligation, and shall receive guarantees from the U. S. officers against molestation by the United States authorities so long as they observe that obligation and the laws in force where they reside. For these objects, duplicate muster rolls will be made immediately, and after the distribution of the necessary papers, the troops will march under their officers to their respective States, to be there disbanded, all retaining their personal property. The object of this convention is pacification to the extent of the authority of the commanders who made it. Events in Virginia, which broke every hope of success by war, imposed on its general the duty of sparing the blood of this gallant army and saving our country from further devastation and our people from ruin.

Signed, J. E. Johnston, General; Archer Anderson, Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General; W. D. Gale, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant Bromfield Ridley, Aide de Camp to Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart, Army of Tennessee

And now around the camp fires to-night we are discussing the surrender. All is confusion and unrest, and the stern realization that we are subdued, and ruined, is upon us. The proud spirited

Southern people, all in a state of the veriest, the most sublimated sorrow. Oh! how is it in the Yankee camp to-night? Rejoicing, triumphing and revelling in the idea of glory. Think of it, the big dog has simply got the little dog down. Two million seven hundred thousand have gotten the upper hand of six hundred thousand, who have worn themselves weary after losing half—the giant has put his foot on the Lilliputian and calls it glory! Bosh! Confucius says “our greatest glory is not in the never falling, but in rising every time we fall.” And so let’s philosophize, “what can’t be cured, must be endured.”

Let’s laugh and not sigh,
A silver lining by and by.

Our courage will command respect, and our devotion will enlist admiration. But the question is how to get home. Colonel Gale goes by Asheville for his wife, Terry Cahill by Wilmington, the rest of us will divide up the transportation, load with commissaries, to exchange for forage on our long journey; have fears that there is no organization and that the soldiers will take our teams. Major Wilber F. Foster, corps engineer, and attaches will take one route; Dr. Darby, medical director from South Carolina, won’t have far to go; Major Murphy of Memphis, and attaches, another road, but as Major Lauderdale, our acting Quartermaster, knows where the stores are, we will take his wagon, and also Colonel Sevier’s in our party, and “go as you please” so as to get out of the line of the army. Assistant Adjutant Inspector General Minnick Williams is to strike out with a separate party. ’Tis now eleven o’clock p. m.. Our plan is settled upon. Lieutenant Stewart and I are off to ride all night, leaving our general and Lauderdale to care for the troops and provide for their exit.

Major Smith, our acting ordnance officer, will take charge of the guns after stacked, and deliver them to Uncle Sam. I will keep this journal up until I get home and show it to my children, if I ever have any, in the “sweet by and by.”

April 28th, 1865: After the famous battle order No. 18, Lieutenant R. C. Stewart and I concluded to get ahead of the disbanded army on the way home, so we could find forage for man and beast. We left town last night with three headquarters’ wagons (Stewart’s Lauderdale’s and Sevier’s) and one ambulance. Rode all night and are now in camp, seven miles from Lexington, on the Danville road.

April 29th: Remained here to-day. A great many people visited us to exchange forage for spun thread; that is our currency now. Sent messenger to General Stewart, who waited to see men paroled, to bring our paroles.

April 30th: Made a Sabbath day’s journey across the Yadkin, finding forage scarce. Left a letter for General Stewart and drove

ten miles further before learning that the ferryboat at Brown's Ferry had been removed. Went into camp about five miles from river and sent out Captain Hughes and two others to examine and report a safe place for crossing; also sent courier back to General Stewart. When we cross the Yadkin will await orders for fear of falling in with the "Philistines," who might give us trouble, without our proper papers. Omitted to mention that my father (Chancellor Bromfield Ridley, of Tennessee) joined our company yesterday at Lexington, and will be of our party to Georgia and Tennessee. Camp to-night in Davidson county.

May 1st: This beautiful day augurs pleasant weather for our long journey homeward. The fact of our surrender will occupy a noticeable place in history, that the "Military Convention," as it is called in General Johnston's order, took place near Greensboro, N. C., in the County of Guilford, within five miles of the battle of Guilford, celebrated in the history of the Revolution as one of the bloodiest of that war. It was fought by Generals Greene and Cornwallis, with success to the American arms. Aiken, our courier, just returned 5 p. m., reports that the army is being paroled rapidly but friends will not overtake us before to-morrow or next day.

May 2nd: Forage scarce; strike tents; cross the Yadkin at Haiston's Ferry and wait for our friends; in the meantime have the mules shod and mend the ambulance. Are now on the Knoxville road, near Peter Haiston's elegant residence, and, upon invitation, partake of the hospitality of his home. The lady of the house was Miss Fannie Caldwell, daughter of Judge Caldwell of Salisbury, and a grand-daughter of the celebrated Bailey Henderson, of North Carolina. Her husband is a man of wealth and lives in magnificent style. It is a home for Southern soldiers. This Mr. Haiston is the wealthiest man in North Carolina. He was the owner of seven hundred and fifty negroes, and twenty-five thousand acres of land in North Carolina and Virginia. Stragglers made an effort to get our mules last night, but failed, after a few shots from our Irish guards who are sleeping on this campaign with one eye open.

May 3rd: Major Lauderdale has arrived with tidings from our General, and our paroles. The troops of different States are to be placed under a general of their States, and transportation so divided that soldiers can get home. Enough arms were given to guard duty while en route. General J. B. Palmer takes charge of Tennesseans, and General Stewart hopes to overtake us, whenever everything touching his corps is completed.

May 4th: Our journey of over twelve hundred miles. To-day we traveled over fourteen miles, crossing the south fork of the beautiful Yadkin. Camp on another plantation of Peter W. Haiston's, twelve miles northwest of Salisbury. Have fared well; struck forage, eggs, coffee, onions and fish; found a little oasis in the arid des-

ert. While our hearts are heavy over the recent surrender, we are glad that we are going home.

Oh, that word Peace! Peace is the sweetest word I ever heard, except that other word Home! "Sweet, sweet home." Our march hence is through to Lincolnton, forty-five miles. Start to travel now at the rate of twenty-five miles a day. Captain John Oliver, who dammed Mill creek under General Stewart's supervision, near Rocky Face Ridge, in January, 1864, and changed Sherman's course, came up with me yesterday, and gave me an elegant Colt's pisto'.

May 5th: Stoneman in his last raid through this part of North Carolina burnt the bridges, so while striving to go the nearest way to Lincolnton, we changed our route three or four miles. Have traveled twenty-six or seven miles to-day, and pitched tents twelve miles from Beattie's Ford, on the Catawba river. At this ford live the families of the late Judge Burton and Alfred Burton, first cousins of my paternal grandfather.

May 6th: Crossed the beautiful Catawba at Beattie's Ford, one-fourth mile wide. It is full of historic interest connected with Revolutionary times. Our party called to see, and was warmly received by Robert A. Burton and a number of ladies. Overtook our wagons seven miles from Lincolnton in camp, having traveled twenty-two miles.

May 7th: Started at seven; came to Lincolnton; called to see Mrs. Fannie Hoke, daughter of Judge Robt. Burton and the mother of Major-General Hoke, the hero of the battle of Plymouth. She treated us royally; remembered to have met my father when he was only fifteen. Having lost our coffee pot in camp, she generously provided another. Overtook our wagons at Mr. McGill's, eighteen miles from Lincolnton. Our cook, Jim, made us an excellent pot of coffee in our "Hoke coffee pot." Near camp we found Colonel James E. Bailey, of Clarksville, Tennessee, Hardee's command, who was likewise en route to Tennessee.

May 8th: Left our camp this morning at seven and in a few hours were in the State of South Carolina, Spartanburg district. We passed in view of King's Mountain, N. C., near to which the celebrated battle was fought Oct. 7th, 1780, by General Campbell on the American side, and General Ferguson commanding the British forces. My recollection is that the Americans had a force of 1,500, and the British 800 men only, but they were stationed on the cone shaped mountain almost impregnable; yet, after a hard fought battle, victory perched on the American arms. Colonel T. F. Sevier, our Inspector-General, is of the same ancestral line as our first governor of Tennessee, Colonel John Sevier, who attained great prominence in that battle. (In the Tennessee Historical Society there is a gold mounted sword given to Colonel John Sevier for his achievements at King's Mountain.) We have crossed Broad river at Cherokee iron works, owned partly by Colonel Campbell, of Chester, S. C. Have gone into

camp, having traveled twenty-two miles on the roughest road yet encountered. Near King's Mountain, I saw a woman who was my ideal of a veritable mountain maid. She emerged from a little cabin after a bucket of water, bare-footed, bare-headed, and evidently with but a single garment on. She had the pearliest teeth, "eyes like twin forget-me-nots beneath the moonbeam's glint," lips like the cherry, or art e'er made, hair as glistening as black polished ebony, a nose as beautifully carved as that of any fabled nymph. Gosh! she was a beauty. I approached and with her lily white hand she dipped the bucket in the spring, and gave me a drink. Zounds! she was the top blossom of the mountain, and prettier than any flower in the valley. "And the dimple in her chin was like the flower the bee sits in."

We are getting restless about our stock—no organization—straggling soldiers threaten to take them—they swarm everywhere, some travel fifty miles a day, going to see father and mother, and wife and children and loved ones, and oh, the young bloods going to see "The Girl I Left Behind Me." That old song comes impressively before me now. Have sung "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "Joe Bowers," "Lorena," "Maryland," "Dixie," and "When This Cruel War is Over." But light up the camp fire, boys, tune up the fiddle and the bow, bring in the old tambourine, and listen, oh! listen! to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." As the spirit-stirring strains fall on old Jim's (our cook) ears, he begins to pat, and the soul-inspiring sound attracts servant Hannibal who begins to dance, and the welkin fairly rings when we come to that verse:

"If I ever get through this war,
And Lincoln's chains don't bind me,
I'll make my way to Tennessee—
To the girl I left behind me."

COMING HOME FROM GREENSBORO, N. C.

Tuesday, May 9th, 1865: Have halted here at Cherckee iron works, in Spartanburg district, South Carolina, to have mules shod and clothes washed. Works extensive on Broad river, which, after receiving the Pacolette a few miles below, is navigable for flat boats to Columbia, 110 miles distant. We are fishing and bathing and will our journey pursue to-morrow.

Had the war lasted a few weeks longer, the staff, by special act of Confederate Congress, would have been promoted. Lieutenant, Colonel and Major. Well, Caruthers, Stewart and I have lost the glory. The staff was not in line of promotion, hence Congress, on account of the efficiency of this arm of the service, was endeavoring to recognize it. I often reflect how I got picked up on this staff duty. As a private in Company F, Ward's regiment, Morgan's cavalry, I caught the enemy's fire at and over my line, but horrors! in-

stead of being far enough in the rear to escape minnies, I have found that the staff had to go where the fighting was in a battle and out, and take the fire, cross-fire and enfilades at the whole corps, and was always a target for batteries and sharpshooters. But with the military courtesy of being called a grade higher than our real rank, the staff, (whose loss quadrupled any other branch) had to content itself.

May 10: Left camp this morning at seven, and have traveled twenty miles, having crossed Thickelty creek and Pacolette river. We have passed within a few miles of Cowpens, a notable place in the history of the Revolution as the locality of a bloody battle between General Morgan and Colonel Tarleton; also passed the scene of another battlefield on Pacolette river—believe it was Eutaw Springs, but may be mistaken. We passed through Spartanburg and are now in Union District, ten miles west of Unionville. The road is full of returning soldiers. Feed is scarce, but the people are very kind to us. A Mr. Jones invited Major Lauderdale and my father to breakfast with him a half mile off. Some one tried to steal a mule last night but we were on the alert. A fellow came to our camp and by false pretenses got a spool of spun thread from us, promising to bring corn, but he decamped and we never heard of him again. Our circluating medium, cotton yarns, tobacco, and hams, is about to give out. But as Jacob Faithful in one of Marryatt's novels used to say:

“Life's a river, and a man is a boat,
That over its surface is destined to float;
But joy is a cargo so easily stored,
That he is a fool who takes sorrow on board.”

May 11th: Have traveled twenty-five miles to-day: camped on the east bank of Tiger river. The country is sterile, and the contrast with Tennessee lands is striking. Road jammed with soldiers. Expected to meet General Stewart at Cross Anchor, but found he had passed on with his corps, though our informant said he had disbanded them.

May 12th: Are now in camp at Laurens Court House, South Carolina. Stop at two o'clock to have broken wheel repaired.

May 13th: Have traveled rapidly to-day over a smooth road, and are now seventeen miles from Lauren's Court House at half past one. Write this hasty memorandum on the south bank of the Saluda river, Puckett's Ferry. Whilst we are crossing it, it was rumored at Lawrenceville, and the report is rife all along the way, that Bob Lincoln had killed Andrew Johnson at Washington. A man said he had seen a gentleman who had informed him that it was reported in the Knoxville Whig and the Augusta Chronicle. Don't believe it, yet am “prepared now to believe anything.” Have also heard another rumor that a French fleet is in sight of Wilmington. Don't I wish that President Davis could get on it! Mr. Puckett's ferryman says that President Davis, with his Cabinet, crossed the

river here on Monday, May 1st, also his escort, Dibrell's division together with Vaughan's brigade from East Tennessee. President is in good health. Escort was disbanded at Washington, Ga. The last Cabinet meeting was held there in a bank building. Have found a returning soldier of Vaughn's brigade who says there are forty or fifty Yankees at Abbeville Court House, a few miles ahead of us. If so, we will probably fall in with them to-morrow. Have not seen one since the surrender. We are twenty-two miles from Abbeville. Passed to-day Ninety-Six, a place which has become historical from the fact that it was the station during the Revolution for the British—the surrounding country of Laurens and Abbeville being distinguished for Tories. The British General Cruger commanded it when Greene attempted once unsuccessfully to take it. It was at this place that the brave Kosciusko, who afterward became Dictator of Poland and filled so large a place in European history, directed the siege for General Greene. In camp now after traveling twenty-five miles.

May 14th: Passed through Cokesbury twelve miles from Abbeville, a village distinguished for its excellent schools. Passed Abbeville at half past twelve; the town full of soldiers. Saw my friend, John Young of McMinnville, who came near being hanged by Andrew Johnson in Nashville, charged with being a spy. General Loring's wagon train had stopped one mile south of the town for the purpose of avoiding the crowd en route for Washington, Ga. We have taken a road leading across Savannah river at Barksdale's Ferry. Yankees occupy Washington, hence to avoid them we will go directly after crossing river at Warrenton, to Sparta. General Stewart sent forward a courier to say that he was in the rear, and to wait for him. Courier missed us and went to Washington, we suppose. Have pitched tents four miles south of Abbeville.

May 15th: Have decided to wait; and sent General Stewart's son back to meet him. An accident occurred in camp last night. Mr. Hill, of Tennessee, who is one of our company, lost his mule. Lieutenant Stewart and his brother Alphonso have returned and bring no tidings of the General. We are in trouble, not knowing what to do, but will go on in the morning. I went back to Abbeville last night, and got a supply of commissary stores—bacon, hams, flour, salt, sugar, etc. Camped near Mr. Tolmand's.

May 16th: Returned from the village last night where I saw twelve Yankees who looked scared. Their mission, I hear, is to take charge of the commissary stores there; also heard that the Yankees had captured President Davis on his Mississippi tour. The rumor is pretty well authenticated, therefore I mention it. Our faithful man Jim gave us a poor breakfast this morning. The coffee and biscuit were both badly prepared; but he said he was all the time "thinking of his wife and how she would receive him." He promised next time to put more beans and less water in the coffee pot. And

now as I am about to leave South Carolina, and strike for the Georgia shore, I must give my impression of it. The rivers first attracted me. Their beautiful names, the Saluda, the Enoree, the Congaree, the Wateree, the Pacolette. The people clever, high toned, warm hearted. On going from Augusta through South Carolina to Smithfield, our first headquarters was at the house of a good old farmer near Edgefield, next at the house of Governor Pickens near Newberry. He had a young wife, and said he ordered fired at Sumter the first gun of the war. We then stopped at ex-Governor Gist's after crossing the Enoree. At Chester, we stopped at the house of a prominent lawyer. It was in Chester that we were highly entertained by a party of elegant ladies, and during the evening Major Porter, of Cheatham's staff, entertained us with fine singing. We stop with all classes and they treat us well. If a soldier wants royal treatment, go to the good liver; the rich man's, is not generally the place to get it. I like South Carolina—the land of Rutledge, of Calhoun and of Haynes in the days that are gone, and of the Rhetts, the Pickens, the Gists, the Hamptons, and the Prestons of to-day. When I look over this old land, I wonder at the changes to come. Slavery is dead, and a new system, social and political, is staring us in the face. The complexion as fair as a lily, feet as beautifully moulded as nature system of labor deranged—ole massa and ole missus can not be re-educated. "The little old log cabin in the lane" must give way before the sun of a new idea. The generation of negroes growing up will fall back into a state of laziness and improvidence, and the generation of whites, all on an equality in the poverty line, must meet the crisis of events. No more can we linger with the old love; we must try to gain the respect of the new. So:

"Look forward, toil onward, and when in the end
Well merited honors you've won,
Be proud that your claim to the prize did not lie
In being a somebody's son."

Here are some of the episodes connected with South Carolina: On marching from Augusta and crossing the Enoree, at Jones' Ferry, the river was swollen and rising. Colonel Sevier was crossing with a common ferryboat full of soldiers. They lost their paddles and a most exciting scene took place. It was viewed by the corps with horror. This crazy little craft was approaching the mill dam without rudder or sail, chart or compass, with the water within about two feet of level of dam. Ugh! our hearts sank but they went over safe, and after a journey of four miles down the river made a landing.

The accent of some of the natives is so broad and the outlandish pronunciation of some of the negroes so marked, that the soldiers say, "They have the English language turned clean wrong side outwards."

And now since I am closing my journal for to-day, Jim Raw-

lings and Roulack and Hughes and all our camp are singing the "Bonnie White Flag," to the air of "Bonnie Blue Flag," to appease the sorrow and calm the tempests of surrender. As it was written by Colonel W. S. Hawkins (General S.'s nephew), while a prisoner in Camp Chase, and is so significant and soothing as a lullaby, I'll try to remember this verse:

"Our battle banner furled away
 No more shall greet the eye.
 Nor beat of angry drum be heard,
 Nor bugle's hostile cry.
 The blade no more be raised aloft
 In conflict fierce and wild,
 The bomb shall roll across the sward,
 The plaything of a child.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! for peace and home, hurrah!
 Hurrah for the bonnie white flag, that ends this cruel war."

Brief notes of the military history of my General, Alex. P. Stewart, will be of interest to the reader.

General Stewart is a native Tennessean, born at Rogersville and reared near Winchester. He entered the class of 1838 at West Point (an appointee of Congressman Hopkins L. Turney) was graduated in 1842 and assigned to the Third artillery. In 1843 he was sent back to the military academy as an assistant to the Professor of Mathematics. He resigned in 1845 on account of bad health, and went to Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee. He married Miss Harriett B. Chase in Ohio.

Prof. Henry L. Eustis, of Harvard University, General John Pope, General John Newton, General Wm. S. Rosecrans, General Abner Doubleday, (the foregoing were Federals), General G. W. Smith, General James Longstreet, General R. H. Anderson, General Mansfield Lovell, General LaFayette McLaws and others, were West Point graduates in his class. In the last two years of his cadetship, General Stewart, Generals John Pope and Longstreet roomed together.

At the outbreak of the war, Tennessee first organized an army of her own. The Governor (Isham G. Harris) had an artillery corps, the field officers and captains of which were the West Point graduates found in the State, who were appointed in the order of the dates of their graduation with an exception of two. John P. McCown, was Colonel, Milton Hayes, Lieutenant-Colonel, and A. P. Stewart was Major. After Tennessee voted on the ordinance for "Separa-

tion and Representation," this corps of artillery, with balance of Tennessee army, was transferred to the Confederate service.

In the early summer of 1861 General Stewart was first employed in Middle Tennessee establishing camps, then he was sent to Randolph, on the Mississippi river, and passed the time in drilling troops and constructing batteries, and was the first to occupy Island No. 10 and New Madrid, Missouri. He was afterwards sent to Columbus, Ky., and put in command of the heavy artillery and water batteries.

He held this command when the battle of Belmont was fought, (November 7). A shot from the big gun, the "Lady Polk," which burst a few days afterward, killing eleven men and injuring others, was fired by Major Stewart's orders at Grant's line of troops, then in plain view from the bluff where it was mounted, followed by other shots, causing Grant's forces to face to the left and move off soon at a double quick. This done, our steam boats carried over the troops and field artillery, which pursued them to their gunboats.

Soon after this Major Stewart was appointed a Brigadier-General on the recommendation of Albert Sidney Johnston. He commanded a brigade in Charles Clark's division, Polk's corps, at Shiloh; in Cheatham's division, Polk's corps in Kentucky campaign in the battle of Perryville, and in the battle of Murfreesboro.

After we fell back to Shelbyville he was assigned temporarily, to command the division of John P. McCown. In the summer of 1863 he was appointed Major-General, and took command of a division in Hardee's corps. His division held Hoover's Gap through a hard fight, and resisted the advance of Federal troops at that place. (At Tullahoma I joined him; and followed him through all the battles of the Army of Tennessee until our surrender at Greensboro, N. C.)

Near Marietta he was commissioned Lieutenant-General, and took command of Polk's corps, General Polk having been killed at Pine Mountain. He won his last promotion at New Hope Church. Stewart's division in one line of battle all the evening mowed down fighting Joe Hooker's corps, composed of three division lines, and thereby saved Stevenson's division from capture. His command there comprised Gibson's brigade from Louisiana, Clayton's and Baker's brigades of Alabamians, Stovall's of Georgians, Brown's brigade of Tennesseans with Eldridge's battalion, and Fenner's New Orleans battery of artillery. It was a desperate fight, and General Johnston was so gratified that he said to General Stewart, "If I can make you a Lieutenant-General for your management, you shall have it." In a few weeks Old Joe came out to where General Stewart was superintending a redoubt, bringing his commission. General Stewart's promotions came rapidly. He won his spurs by satisfying his commanders that he was deserving. Quiet, modest, but withal a positive soldier of high moral character, his command was properly managed yet scarcely did he give an order. When other commands found that

Stewart was supporting them, on right or left, all was well; and when he struck the enemy, there were frequently heartrending scenes of carnage and of blood. At Resaca he had three horses shot under him; at Chickamauga he was slightly wounded; on the 28th of July, near Atlanta, he was struck in the middle of the forehead, the ball making a wound in the shape of a V. He had so many boys on his staff that some one asked him the reason. In reply he said: "Because when I send a message it is apt to get there." The only unnatural thing about General Stewart was that he never dodged a bullet—(any natural man was bound to do it). As kind as a father to his command, and possessing their confidence that he would not willingly sacrifice them, whatever he said to do they did, even to leap into the very jaws of death. His counsels were so much looked to that the soldiers nicknamed him "Old Straight," as significant of their respect. This old battle scarred veteran is now one of the Chickamauga Commissioners and is absorbed in arranging that park. In that battle, his command composed of the brigades of Brown and Bate from Tennessee; Clayton, from Alabama; and Eldridge's battalion of artillery comprised of Dawson's, Humphrey's and the Eufala batteries, went in 4,040 strong, and lost 1,733 in killed and wounded. As a corps commander, the three divisions of General Loring, Walthall and French, were his pride.

As one who espoused the Southern cause, history will record General Stewart as a devotee to his people and that he fought the good fight, and kept the faith.

His staff as a Major-General was as follows: R. A. Hatcher, A. A. G., New Madrid, Mo.; John C. Thompson, A. I. G., Nashville; Cross, Commissary, Nashville; Lauderdale, Quartermaster, Hickman, Kentucky; G. B. Thornton, Medical Director, Memphis; Dr. G. W. Burton, Medical Inspector; J. W. Stewart (his brother) Ordnance Officer; William Sykes, Provost Marshal, Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The boys from seventeen to nineteen: Lieutenant Terry Cahal, Tennessee; Scott, Louisiana, (killed in battle); Matthews, East Tennessee, shot at New Hope; R. C. Stewart, and myself. Captain Fowle, commanding escort, was killed at Chickamauga. Afterward Wyatt of Georgia commanded his escort.

May 17th, 1865: As I write this memorandum for the eye of my old age and to recur to when I strike some old soldier who is on this tramp with us, I will take a bird's-eye view and make short pencilings of our party. Major Lauderdale of Kentucky, is our chief of staff on this campaign, a lawyer by profession, a five year practitioner at Hickman, Kentucky, and a partner of our Captain Roulack. He was at the time of surrender Acting Corps Quartermaster—quits the army with high character.

Robert Caruthers Stewart is another of our party, a young man nineteen years old, and my associate as aide-de-camp to his distin-

guished father (Lieutenant-General A. P. Stewart). We have been together in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee, beginning with McLemore's Cove, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge. Then we were in the 100 days' fight from Dalton to Atlanta, the battles around Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville. Alphonso, another son of the General, is with us—a sprightly lad and very agreeable, but too young to have been a soldier. Captain Hughes of Memphis, Tennessee, is the Major-Domo of our party and very popular. He is on his way to meet a lady friend at Memphis, and we expect that he'll lead her soon to the "hymeneal halter." Captain Jim Rawlings is the Chevalier Bayard. He wears the heaviest mustache, the longest beard, and rides the best saddle-horse in the company. He hails from Chattanooga, Tennessee, was clerk in Lauderdale's department for several years, and one of the best book-keepers in America. It is doubtful whether the Captain is more careful of himself or of his horse, Jeff. This protracted war has postponed the nuptials with his lady love, but when he gets home there will he heard the voice "of joy and gladness." We have five Irish teamsters along with us, all useful well-behaved fellows; John Daily, Aiken, "Tennessee," O'Neil and McLaughlin. They mess to themselves—the last named is cook. They can smell pine top whiskey further, and get more onions and eschellots than anybody. O'Neil has a cart and a mule of his own—is greatly attached to this mule, "Jerry." Says he is twenty years old, and has stolen much corn and fodder for him. He wanted to get a furlough for Jerry, and had it in his mind to ask the "General," but feared if he did, he and Jerry would both be sent to the "divil." These Irishmen came from Memphis, Tennessee, with General Polk, and are now returning thither. They speak with great veneration and affection of General Polk. Mr. McKee of Columbus, Ga., is traveling with us. He is a private of some artillery company, and has been a pleasant member of our party. Messrs. Hill and Jones, of Tennessee, and a Mr. Ledford of Texas, are also in our company. This finishes the group, except my father who seemed as cheerful as any soldier, even if he has been a wanderer from the family altar for years, my servant, Hannibal, General Stewart's cook, Jim, and his historic rooster, "Old Dick." This chicken has accompanied the army through Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South and North Carolina. After winning fifty pitched battles, old Jim regards him as the champion cock of Stewart's corps. We have traveled twenty miles to-day. Crossed the Savannah river, and pitched tents one mile from Barksdale Ferry, six miles from Lincolnton. We are "on the heels" of General Stewart. Heard at the crossing that he passed there to-day at ten o'clock with his escort company, Captain Greenleaf's Light Horse from New Orleans, and Colonel Sevier of his staff. Will overtake him to-morrow.

And now we are in the State of Georgia, County of Lincoln,

Passed Lincolnton, a poor village—never could have been a Rome or an Athens in its palmyest days. Have passed from Lincoln into Wilkes county, but avoided Washington, the county seat, the home of Bob Tombs, having heard that Yanks occupied it—don't care to see them. Called at a house to get a drink of water and found a note from General Stewart, saying he would go on ten miles farther, crossing Little river, and wait for us. We have now overtaken the General. He traveled a road parallel to ours.

Have this moment heard that President Davis is certainly captured.

May 18th: We are striking for the residence of Colonel John Bonner, who lives in Hancock county. Have flanked Crawfordsville, leaving it to the left, hearing that the Federals are there. Crawfordsville is a small town, the home of Vice-President Stevens of the Confederacy. Camped at White Plains—hear that Stevens, Governor Jos. E. Brown and President Davis and family have all been arrested, also Bob Tombs and General Cobb.

May 19th: Nothing to-day—have traveled sixteen miles. Will go from here via Sparta and Milledgeville, to Dr. C. L. Ridley's on the Ocmulgee.

May 21st: Arrived at John Bonner's. He is a man of wealth, finely educated, but peculiar. At the breaking out of the war he filled his store room with coffee and sugar, and has had an abundance all through the war. He is not a drinking man, but is possessed of this eccentricity: When he married he put up a cask of wine, and when his son was born, forty years ago, he put up a barrel of peach brandy. As this son (being the only child) had children, he commemorated the birth of each one with putting up wines, and also certain notable events, until he had a store room full of fine liquors. A sip from that forty year old barrel was sweeter to me than the fruits of the Hesperides, the honey of Hymettus, or the nectar of the Gods. This old gentleman had his coffin made out of the lumber of a tree, under whose shade some incident took place, forming an episode in his history. In that beautiful coffin was a jug to be filled with that forty year old brandy, to be drunk up after his death by his pall-bearers. He was a Southern nabob—at one time he defied a regiment. Glittering wealth seemed to be around him—a magnificent plantation, once stocked with Devon cattle, Berkshire hogs, Cockrill sheep and blooded horses. The next morning he called up one of his little grand-daughters, whose heart, he said, was on her right side. We placed our hand over the little girl's heart, on the right side, and it thumped away as naturally as if there were no freak of nature. (By the way I have never heard of but one freak of nature, in the last thirty years, that excelled this: There is said to be a young man, near Sabinal, Texas, who has no ears, nor the sign of ears, and yet he talks to you like other people, and hears like others—sound is imparted through the mouth).

From near Colonel Bonner's, Colonel Sevier and our escort com-

pany, Captain Greenleaf's Light Horse, go via Macon to Columbus. They expect to dispose of the wagon and team assigned them for funds to pay the transportation of the company to their homes in New Orleans, by steamboat down the Chattahoochee to Apalachicola, Fla., and thence by schooner.

The echo of the surrender is still preying upon me, and when I think of the future of the Southland, I am filled with dark forebodings. Had we succeeded, we had been patriots; as we did not, we are called rebels. No monument of marble, nor brass, now to commemorate the sacred principles for which we fought, no shaft to be erected by a nation in our honor, but in our hearts will live the memories and convictions that only force has smothered. The monument to the Southern cause can only be, as we said of Audubon, the naturalist, who died and has no tombstone to mark his grave: "The little wren will only whisper our names and memory about our southern homes, the robin and the red bird will pipe our principles from the meadows, the ring dove will coo it from the dewy depths of our Dixie woods, and our mountain eagles scream it to the stars."

May 21st, 1865: We start from John Bonner's for Eatonton, Putnam county, Ga., crossing the Oconee at Lawrence Ferry; camp to-night at Spivey's during a heavy rain storm; my father and General S. shelter at Spivey's house, the rest of us drenched.

May 22nd: Murder creek full; ran into ambulance and wagon camp six miles from Hillsboro. It has been intimated that a part of our company who left this morning in a sub silentio way, went to the house of a Mr. Turner, editor of a newspaper called "The Countryman," who has a large distillery and a manufactory of hats, and supplied themselves with a canteen of the creature comfort. All have returned, and Captain Roulack says in a thick-lipped, "how come you so" way, that, "he is the most elegant man in Georgia; that his liquor beats pine top, pop skull, or Jeff Davis busthead." Whilst this party are exuberant over their kind treatment, I must not forget the square meal that Jim Rawling's and I struck in their absence. The kind hearted old man said at the table, "Now, men, turn over and take out, and you'ns just help yourselves."

The old woman asked us if we would have sweet potato coffee. Rye, okra seed, parched wheat and meal coffees are our national substitutes for the pure bean, and our sugar is "long sweetening."

May 23rd: Arrived at Cornucopia to-day, near the residence of Dr. Chas. L. Ridley, on the Ocmulgee. The postoffice was formerly called by the uncanny name of Grab-all. That recalls to me some of the names I have met with in my peregrinations and perambulations as a soldier boy: Hard up, Lick Skillet, On Top, Snatch, Stop and Swap, Buzzard Roost, Low Down, Tooth Pick, Frog Level, Possum Trot—names not euphonious, nor aristocratic, but often significant. Names of people have also attracted me, such as Goosefoot,

Shinbone, Swingletree, Goodenough, Hog, Gander, Doosenberry, and Blowhard. We are "Tenting to-night on the Old Camp Ground" at County line meeting house—same occupied by me last summer with General Stewart's stock and wagons during his absence at Savannah, whilst disabled from a wound in the forehead received 28th of July, near Atlanta. Whilst my brigade will dwindle now, I'll gather a few recruits for Tennessee; Dr. James A. Ridley, of the late Colonel Keeble's Twenty-Third Tennessee, and son Granville, of the Fourth Tennessee cavalry. He came out with Hood, and only in time to receive his baptism of fire.

May 24th: Captain Lee S. Stewart arrives from Macon and reports that Mrs. Stewart and little son, who have been refugeeing there, will be at Forsythe to-morrow. She will be escorted here, where she will recruit for ten days preparatory for Tennessee trip.

May 25th: There is a general separation to-day. Lauderdale exchanges for a buggy and goes to Marianna, Fla., for his wife, thence to his home in Kentucky; Mr. McKee goes with him; Captains Hughes and Roulack go to Memphis; Jerry Jones and John Hill to Nashville, Tennessee; O'Neil with his cart and mule, strikes out for Macon, also McLaughlin, leaving in camp with us, Tennessee and Daily and servants Hannibal and Jim.

From May 25th to June 5th: And now we are in the red clay hills of Jones county, Ga., twenty miles from Macon, fifteen from Forsythe, in the land of the goober, the "watermillyun," the kershaw, the muscadine and the scuppernong. We have met North Carolina belles, South Carolina beauties, but hear me! the Georgia girl takes the cake!

I have read the novels that so attracted the army—Micaria, St. Elmo, Les Miserables, but nothing has interested me so much as that old book called Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes." At Dalton one evening, the cavalry brought to our eyes a real Gander Pullin', and now I am itching for a cock fight, a fox hunt, a candy pullin', a quiltin', and Cornucopia is the place to find it.

"Although war's deadly blast has blown,
And gentle peace returning,
With many a sweet babe fatherless,
And many a widow mourning;
I've left the line and tented field,
Where long I've been a lodger;
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor, but honest sodger."

Fun, now, to drive off the stormcloud of defeat, is what we are after. These good people, although made poor by raids and robbery, have thrown open their doors and are gorging us with full eating and a fine time. Whilst the old gentlemen are pondering over the future and grieving over "what I used to was," we young bloods

are delving in boyish hope and dwelling in the bright anticipation of meeting a beautiful blonde or brunette, knowing that "all things change as the years pass by, save love, which is the same forever and aye."

My old uncle took a few of us with him to a secreted spot in one of the corn fields, where he said he would pump from Mother Earth a few gallons of apple-jack for the pleasure of his guests. In a short time the old barrel, that had been hidden from Sherman's cohorts, was pouring forth the exhilarating liquid. We took it to the house, though I knew that the jig was up for the younger members, for that old nightmare, "they never touch it," would ghost-like spring up to destroy the pleasure of our dreams—now there is a time when patience has its perfect work.

My old father attributed these potations to the demoralizations of the times, and related that on a previous occasion, during the war, Hon. R. L. Caruthers, one of the Grand Patriarchs of the Sons of Temperance of Tennessee, had drunk a toast to him as an ex-Patriarch, but he happily retorted by drinking to this gentleman "as his successor." Although we thought it the "breathing time of day for us," yet not a drop was offered to us boys, not a toast asked.

Old Jim took me aside and said, "Mars Ham had a main of fine cocks, and wanted him to bring up old Dick." Here we go—old Jim believing that his old chicken could whip anything in Georgia. What think you? Old Jim looked at dem fine cocks of Perk Hudleston's Tennessee breed, and dem shiny gaffs and den at "Old Dick," and finally said, "dat as old Dick has surrendered wid us, he would have peace de balance ob his days."

Captain Hamilton Ridley had just gotten home. He called up his dogs for a fox hunt. The red fox is the predominating species in Georgia. When the dogs got to the trail, it looked for a moment like "the happy hope was on." But when they got him up' our fox shot off from us through fields and copse.

"Faint and more faint its falling din
Returned from cavern, cliff and linn,
And silence settled wide and still
On the lone wood and mighty hill."

Oh, give me the gray fox of Tennessee, who plays the chase around his sinkhole, and finally takes shelter, after being closely pressed. They have no sinkholes in this part of Georgia, and a pack of dogs, although baying deep and strong, don't interest like a chase of our foxes, where the dogs make music for us close by and excite the huntsman until he screams himself hoarse.

But an entertainment is arranged for the older gentlemen. And a band of negro musicians is called out to enliven the atmosphere with breakdowns and softening strains of negro music on the old plantation. A fire of pine knots built on the grassless, patted red

clay yard, they strike up on "Billy in the Low Ground," change to "Devil's Dream," run off on "Fisher's Hornpipe," and dwell on "Leather Breeches." Some black swains are brought to lend their voices. "Ham' Sweet Ole Ham," "Karve dat Possum," "Sugar in the Gourd," and "De Year of Jubilo" comes. Here's the last chorus:

"Massa run, aha!
 Darky stay, oho!
 It must be now dat de kingdom's comin'
 In de year of Jubilo."

Some one lays down a shin plaster for the best dancer. The little negroes put in and "Juba dis and Juba dat" was nothing to "De ringin' of de hans and de pattin' of de feet, De voice comin' down from heaven so sweet."

Oh! how I enjoy this, conscious that we'll all soon say that there are no times like the old times, no more corn shuckin' songs, no more pattin' Judas, no more plaintiff negro melodies, big camp meetin's over yonder soon to go. Old Aunt Dinah and Uncle Tom will only be heard of in the past, "De old time religion is good 'nough for me." Quiltins will pass like log rollins, and the feelings of the heart be crushed with propriety's restraint. But listen! Tonight Mr. Childes invites us to a candy pullin'. We go. The girls appear in low necks and short sleeves. Gosh! It has been so long since we have seen this display. We employed a two-horse wagon and took some girls, natives, and the Misses Bullock, of Panola county, Miss., refugees here. Some of our young men rushed in, but Lieutenant Stewart and I stood to one side and saw them enter the parlor, all stepping like peacocks in high grass. Games soon began—"Thimble," "Snap," and kissing songs. It used to be "Old Sister Phoebe, how merry were we," but now it's "I'm an old soldier returning from the war, my age is sixty and three." It used to be "Green Grow the Rushes, O," but now it is "Oats, wheat, beans and barley grow." But an evening of song and dance for the guests is announced. As Georgia's beauty came forth, but for the fact of surrender no one would dream of disaster to our people. Here enters a beautiful and cheerful face, once representing 500 negroes and ten thousand broad acres; another with thousands of bales of cotton just confiscated, yet land still in untold amounts on the Ocmulgee. Ah! if we should capture one of them, the negroes being freed, the great question is how one would cultivate the big farms by himself? At the piano, the old Southern sentimental songs, with the banjo and violin accompanying, awaken feelings akin to the imaginary choir in heaven. "Gentle Annie," "Tiperary Town," "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Leesburg March," "Do they Miss Me in the Trenches," to the air of "Do They Miss Me at Home," and "Life on the Vicksburg Bluff," to the air of "Life on the Ocean Wave." Whilst this is going on our teamsters and servants have been busy on the

Ocmulgee, overhauling an eighty-pound sturgeon. The oldest gentlemen, in the meantime, are toasted in every way by our once wealthy kin. At which time the papers are full of gossip about the arrests and escapes and non-return of prominent citizens of the South. Breckenridge, Harris, Reagan, and others have decamped. Someone brought in the Macon Telegraph, containing an invitation from Gov. Brownlow, of Tennessee, to John Bell and Bromfield Ridley to quit their foolishness and come home. Brownlow soon got a reply that said parties were en route, and would soon be there to "smile on his demijohn."

June 5th, 1865: And now after a delightful stay of ten days at Cornucopia, we start for Tennessee. Have taken this circuitous route to avoid the bushwhackers of the mountains. We have the pleasure of Mrs. Stewart's company, her little son Alex., Dr. Jas. A. Ridley and son Granville—one Judge, one General, one Surgeon, one lady and little boy, and four attaches, besides our two Irish teamsters and two servants. Camped to-night five miles east of Jackson. Lieutenant Stewart and I went by Forsyth for news. I pointed out to him, in that hospitable town, the old church where, in 1864 Colonel Cunningham and Lieutenant Smith, of General Hood's staff, Lieutenant Hawkins, of Major-General Smith's staff, and I attended a swell wedding—the occasion being the marriage of Lieutenant Eth B. Wade, one of General Hood's Aides, to Miss Dora Cochran, when in our \$1,500 uniforms of Crenshaw gray, we moved down the isle to the tune of Mendelssohn's march, each swinging one of Forsyth's inimitable beauties. As Scott said of Rebbecca and Rowena in *Ivanhoe*, they were "roses of loveliness, gems of wealth, bundles of frankincense and clusters of camphire."

June 6th: Camped to-night one and a half miles north of McDonough, a journey of twenty-five miles. Saw Andrew Johnson's proclamation and find little encouragement in it.

Understanding from citizens that anyone who wears rebel uniform through Atlanta is liable to have his buttons, bars, stars and lace cut off, we have changed our coats.

Camp to-night near Griffin. It was in Griffin that General John C. Brown, last year, married Miss Bettie Childress, a niece of Mrs. James K. Polk, she being a refugee there from Murfreesboro, Tenn. Immediately after the ceremony was over, a telegram announced the advance of the enemy, and called the General from his bonnie bride to return at once to the front.

June 7th: And now, our Irish teamsters are alarmed about their mules. The two that General Stewart intended for them are branded U. S. It is amusing to see them stop occasionally and put mud on their brands to hide them from the Yanks. They also let a piece of sack hang over their shoulders. We pass Lovejoy, the point from which General Hood had his controversy with Sherman about

driving the women and children out of Atlanta—also the point to which Jefferson Davis came and reviewed the Army of Tennessee before making the campaign to Nashville.

We conclude to shun Atlanta with the wagons and strike for Howell's Ferry on the Chattahoochee; General Stewart and party to go direct; my father to make a detour, Granville Ridley and I go into the city and report news, but all to meet at Howell's Ferry.

It turned out that there were three Howell's Ferries on the Chattahoochee, all wide apart. Each party went to a different one, and we never met again until we got to Tennessee. The country was such a barren waste that we could not follow in Sherman's and Johnston's trail from Atlanta to Dalton, because of nothing for man or beast. All animated nature was so nearly starved that, in crossing the trail, a hungry horse fly popped me on the lip, producing such torturing pain that for a day I thought myself poisoned.

(In the city, the lone chimneys show that arson had held sway, but the old gopher holes in the railroad embankment where citizens had taken shelter during the storming of Atlanta, remained. We passed our headquarters during the siege, and went by our old quarters near Peachtree creek, where General Hood took breakfast with us the morning he took command of the army. Oh! how we were shocked when we heard of that change! Ah! the gloom with which the army was filled! It looked for the time as if the soldiers, who idolized Joe Johnston, would throw down their muskets and quit.)

Granville Ridley and I journeyed along somehow until we struck the railroad at Cartersville; sold our two horses for \$15. We got free transportation, and, on arriving at Chattanooga, went to a hotel room and remained until the train of box cars was ready to take us home. From our windows we could see those who wore the blue promenading the streets with the composure of victors. I thought of the Turkish executioner with his scimitar, of the old Indian chief with his scalps dangling by his side. It did not take us long, though, to size them up as quartermasters, commissaries, and hangers on to an army far enough in the rear to hear no bullets whiz, but to blow and put on airs as if they were the United States Government.

By the way, if you find a fellow North or South, now, fire eating and vindictive, follow his history when the death shot rattled, and I will wager that you will find a black spot in it.

My old father wandered through North Georgia over the Cumberland Mountains on a little mule, General Stewart and party likewise aided by his maps, crossed over via Short Mountain. Here my Journal ends.

AT HOME.

We beat the party home by at least three weeks. (June 12.) My dear old mother threw her arms around me and wept. Old "black

mammy," Eliza, and other darkies who remained at home, rushed up and hugged me, and Old Henry, the faithful servant who had taken care of my mother through the war, with its maelstrom-like swirl of fire and persecution, got a bottle of whiskey and was soon "gloriously" drunk. My faithful dog Carlo, that gave the alarm that kept my mother and sister from burning up, seemed as if he realized the situation and would go crazy with delight. For a moment I forgot the gloom of surrender.

I had reached home in time to join with mother in meeting her absent ones. One by one my brothers came in—Major J. S. Ridley, of Stevenson's division; Captain George C., and Lieutenant Charles L. Ridley, of General Ben Hill's staff, and Dr. J. L. Ridley, Surgeon in Dibrell's cavalry, and then our little sister, a refugee at Lagrange, Ga., returned, and next came my venerable father from across the mountains on his little mule. Last of all, my servant Hannibal to whom I am indebted for bringing home the diary from which this journal was written. Old "black mammy's" joy upon Hannibal's return may be imagined.

General Stewart and family were back home at Lebanon, and we at home at old Jefferson, Tennessee, within a few miles of the battlefield of Murfreesboro. Two dwellings had been laid in ashes by Federals, and my oldest sister had died from fright created by these fires.

"The old home" was not what it used to be, "yet there was no place like the old place." In pondering over these sorrows, I took fresh courage in the sentiment:

"Behold, we live through all things,
Famine, thirst, bereavement, pain,
All grief and misery, all woe and sorrow.
Life inflicts its worst on soul and body,
But we cannot die, though we
Be sick, and tired and faint and worn.
Lo! all things can be borne."

In a short time everybody went to work to drive "the wolf from the door;" all was gone but the wallet and staff. I went off to school to supplement my broken education, interrupted by war's dread alarm. One day in April, 1866, I received from General Stewart a letter that made me so happy—"just as proud as a big sunflower that nods and bends to the breezes." I copy it here as a family heritage. It is a beautiful tribute to the Confederate soldiers who "fought the good fight and kept the faith."

Lebanon, Tenn., April 13, 1866.

My Dear Bromfield: I hope that you have a good school and that you are making the best possible use of your time and opportunities. You have passed creditably through the scenes of the great struggle for constitutional liberty, and I hope you will be prepared



TOP—MAJ. JEROME S. RIDLEY, STAFF OF MAJ.-GEN. C. L. STEVENSON.
LEFT—CAPT. GEORGE C. RIDLEY, A. A. I. G., GEN. B. J. HILL'S STAFF.
RIGHT—LIEUT. CHARLES L. RIDLEY, A. D. C., GEN. B. J. HILL'S STAFF.
BOTTOM—DR. J. L. RIDLEY, SURGEON, GEN. DIBBRELL'S CAVALRY.

to pass with distinction through the still more stirring scenes which are before you.

It is my conviction that events will succeed each other for a few years with much more rapidity than formerly, and you may participate in some of the greatest events of history. Aside from such a consideration, it behooves every young man in the South to do the best that is possible with his time, talents and physical powers. The South needs workers, and she needs men of high moral and religious character, as well as cultivated intellectually, so while improving your mind, do not neglect the body, and remember that the moral education is the most important of all.

I find everywhere our late Confederate soldiers busy at work, and, in my opinion, the men who were with their colors a year ago, are the "salt of the earth." Remember me very kindly to your father and mother, when you write them, and believe me always very sincerely,

Your friend,
ALEX P. STEWART.

It has now been nearly forty years since the events I have written about transpired. When I recur to them, as Ossian said, "There comes a voice that awakes my soul, it is the voice of years that are gone. They roll before me with all their deeds." How many of us are living? Oh! how many will soon be gone?

"Life's shores are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year.
Old places changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.
But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And the morning star climbs higher
Every year,
Earth's hold on us grows slighter
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year."

MARKSMANSHIP IN THE ARMY.

I want to ask old veterans about the best shots they saw or heard in our great war. Let sharp-shooters, musketeers, cannoneers, all, tell of some of the shots worth reading about. Shots that now and then turned the tide of battle perhaps. It is stated that the Texas Ranger could knock out an eye from on or under his horse. Quantrell's men, they say, could cut a ribbon or strike a key-hole on a dead run. They used to entertain themselves shooting at doorknobs on entering a hamlet or town. Champ Ferguson's company of Confederate Bushwhackers could place a ball at any given point, and his antagonist, Tinker Dave Beatty's company, were cracksmen on the mountains equally good. How was it with the old squirrel hunters of the armies? Bogardus is said to be the crack shot of to-day at close distance in civil life, but I want, for the future historian, some examples of the marksmanship of soldiers in action, who had no improved weapons, but who learned to use an old musket with a skill of a "Wild Bill," and the unerring aim of a Boone. Instances speak more forcibly of the perfection attained in this art than anything else. Here is one related of Porter's battery at Fort Donelson. A sharp-shooter, about three-fourth's of a mile off on the Federal side, had climbed mid-way a large tree and was picking off Porter's gunners. A six-pounder was aimed at him and he fell to the ground dead. At Belmont, the famous gun, known on the Southern side as "The Lady Polk," was directed at a column headed by a horseman, who afterwards turned out to be General Grant. These shots turned the tide of that battle, and caused the Federals to retreat to their gunboats.

At Rocky Face Ridge, near Dalton, John King, of the Twentieth Tennessee regiment, raised his telescope to his Whitworth, and dismounted an officer commanding a skirmish line a mile away. Generals Johnston and Stewart estimated the distance for him and saw the shot. It was said that Captain Anderson, of Quantrell's men, would in a charge, take his bridle reins in his mouth and use his pistols in both hands, to perfection. They claim for him such coolness under fire that he could strike any button on a man's coat that he wanted to. At Adairsville, two Yankees behind a tree got one of our skirmishers in a similar position. When his body by his movements would appear out from the center, they would fire and shoot his coat sides, until the garment was in shreds. Notwithstanding this, that old soldier watched his chance, and finally, in an unguarded moment, killed both and coolly said: "Now I reckon you'll quit your

foolishness." At Resaca, Brown's brigade displayed fine marksmanship over a disputed battery that both sides were trying to hold, but neither could get away. The Federals would raise a hat from behind their breast-works on a stick, and the brigade would shoot it into atoms. On the march to Tennessee, a herd of frightened deer rushed through French's division; several were killed while on the



ABBE HILL, SHARP SHOOTER, 20TH
TENNESSEE.

jump and run, although the division was in panic with "Buck Ague." Some of John Morgan's boys could get a bird on the wing with pistols, and this was not uncommon with the Arkansas, Missouri and Texas soldiers.

In the First Tennessee regiment at Shelbyville in 1864, a target in the shape of a man was put up at 800 yards, and a medal was offered for the best five shots; Wm. Beasley, of Ledbetter's company, put three shots out of the five in the target, any one of which would have proved fatal. He not only got the medal, but was detailed as one of the five in his division to sharpshoot with a Whitworth. One of Ward's pickets, in John Morgan's cavalry near Monticello, Kentucky, one dark drizzly night heard an awful rustling in the leaves near him; he was in Tinker Dave Beatty's beat, and this sound raised the hair on his head. He hallooed out, "Who comes there?" There being no answer, he fired and fled. The next morning it was found that at this shot he had fired at the sound, he pierced a hog through the heart killing him "too dead to squeal." At New Hope Church,

a Texas brigade (Granbury's and Lowery's) rushed for a hill on our flank; they poured one volley into a Federal brigade which had just reached the crest, and their unerring aim left seven hundred and seventy bodies on the field.

The secret of marksmanship is not in the practice alone, but in the perception and education as to distance. At Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain we found that we invariably overshot the enemy from high eminences, and that they in the valley overshot us. It takes judgment from position and experience as to the inflection and deflection of a ball from the force that propels it, to perfect one in this science. One day near Kennesaw Mountain, the writer witnessed three Federal batteries playing on one of ours, endeavoring to silence it. They shot down the horses, cut down the wheels of caissons and carriages, and were so expert in marksmanship that every gun but one was dismounted. The killing of General Polk at Pine Mountain was an exhibition of marksmanship on the part of the Federals. At Stevenson, Ala., General Forrest sighted a man on top of a stockade, half a mile off; he seemed to be so defiant, 'tis said that Forrest dismounted, got hold of one of Morton's pieces of artillery and took aim; he cut that man half in two. At Shiloh, the Twenty-third Tennessee, in resisting a charge, poured a volley into the enemy. At this time there was a Major on horseback in hot pursuit some distance ahead; although the whole of Captain J. A. Ridley's company fired on him, yet one of the soliders of said company alone claimed to have killed him. The company challenged his right. The soldier said: "If you find that the ball entered under the right arm pit, he's mine; if not, I'll give it up." On investigation, the shot was found there. Abbe Hill, also a sharpshooter from the Twentieth Tennessee, made a fine shot at Decatur, Alabama, in cutting a soldier down as he walked across a road 800 yards away. Also, Green, of Florida, from behind the same log killed a man 1,200 yards off. In the estimate, he had to consider the speed of his walk as well as distance. At Ringgold Gap, the well directed shots of Cleburne's division beat back and mowed down Sherman's army and saved the Army of Tennessee. That was General Pat Cleburne's great fight the Major-General who was afterwards killed at Franklin, and who died the "death of honor in the arms of glory." At Bainbridge, the gunboats made a desperate attempt to strike Hood's pontoons and impede the crossing of the Army of Tennessee. Our land batteries knocked those gunboats into smithereens. During the siege of Vicksburg, one of the Yankee Signal Corps planted himself on a high stack chimney, and was signaling with his flag. Sam. Reyburne of Montserrat's battery, got permission from the Captain to direct one shot at him, the distance being estimated at one mile. At the crack of his Napoleon, the ball knocked the chimney off eight or ten feet, and down came the Yankee, brickbats and all.

Nor was our Naval Department behind. It is said that in the en-

gagement between the Confederate steamer Alabama and the Federal steamer Kearsarge, that Admiral Semmes directed a shell to be placed in the most vulnerable place in the Kearsarge. It turned out afterwards that his gunner had done as directed, and if the shell had exploded, the Alabama would have added another star to her already brilliant crown of victory. The little Battering Ram Arkansas was the grandest achievement in the way of a gunboat that the world has ever witnessed, absolutely baffling an organized fleet. Neither Decatur in his feat of burning the Philadelphia on Tripolitan shores, in 1804, nor Captain Richard Somers in his dare-devil attempts to blow up the Tripolitan fleet, was more daring than Captain Isaac Newton Brown, Commander of the Ram Arkansas, in his drive out of the mouth of the Yazoo, thirty miles to Vicksburg, to destroy Uncle Sam's Navy.

In a number of the Veteran, an article from some one states how effective the sharpshooters were in Lee's army; but instances attract an old soldier, and a comparison between the old dead shots of the armies and the pretended headlights of to-day in that line, is the most interesting. Veritable facts during the war almost equal Munchausen's myths.

At Harrisburg, Mississippi, just after the battle—Morton's battery sighted a Yankee one and a quarter miles off, ascending a ladder from the road side. Captain Morton directed a gunner to pick him off. At the crack of the gun, the ladder and the fellow came down. It was discovered afterwards that he was prowling around a widow's corn crib. At Paris Landing, before Johnsonville was destroyed—a gunboat approaching, two guns of this same battery opened fire. The boat in motion—guns changing position. Boat overshooting and the guns striking in the broadside all the time until she "handed in her checks."

At Nashville, General Hood, Stephen D. Lee and a group of General Officers were on Ridley Hill, two miles south of Fort Negley. A citizen warned them that they would attract a fire from Negley. By the time they moved down the hill a shell exploded on the spot that they had left.

At Athens, after Campbell surrendered the fort of 1,800 men to Forrest (bluff game), a Dutchman commanding a block-house filled full of negro soldiers refused to surrender to Morton's battery. The first shot struck a port-hole, killing a number. The second shot did likewise—the third brought out the Dutchman with the white flag.

HEROINES OF THE SOUTH.

General Stephen D. Lee who was most loyal to the Stars and Bars, when asked by a Federal officer, after his surrender at Vicksburg, why the Southern people did not give up, is reported to have replied: "Because the women of the South would never agree to it." General A. P. Stewart speaks of them "as a race unsurpassed for heroism, for deeds of charity and loving kindness, for self-sacrificing and patriotic devotion to the cause of their country, for unswerving constancy and perseverance in what they knew to be right, and the uncomplaining fortitude with which they accepted defeat and all its adverse consequences." To show the blood that was in them, from wealth they met the conditions that confronted them and submitted to sacrifices cheerfully, going to the washtub, the spindle and the loom to support the widowed mothers and crippled fathers and kindred, until our Southland blossomed with a heroine in nearly every home.

I have read of the heroines in Napoleon's Court, "Families of Cleopatra's enchantresses who charm posterity, who had but to smile at history to obtain history's smile in return;" Mesdames Tallien, DeStael, Recamier, Charlotte Corday, of the deeds of Joan d'Arc, of Mollie Pitcher and Deborah Sampson of our Revolution, and Florence Nightingale of England, but when I draw the line of comparison, I can point to women, whose names and fame "in the war between the States" will surpass them in acts and deeds that will only die with the echo of time.

The battle of Nashville gave us a heroine whose name General Hood placed on the roll of honor "Miss Mary Bradford," now Mrs. John Johns. When Thomas' army was pouring the musketry into us and Hood's Army was in full retreat, she rushed out into the thickest of the storm cloud and begged the soldiers to stop and fight.

The famous raid of General Streight with two thousand men, near Rome, Ga., resulting in his capture through the intrepidity of a Miss Emma Sansom, was an instance of female prowess long to be remembered. Amidst the flying bullets, thrilled with patriotism, she jumped on behind General Forrest and piloted him across the Black creek. The Legislature of Alabama granted her land and the people lauded her to the skies. When Hood's Army, on the Nashville campaign, passed Gadsden, this young lady stood on her porch and the army went wild with cheers in her honor.

Another heroine in name only, yet in fact a hero in General

Morgan's cavalry tramp, on the line of Kentucky and Tennessee grew to be a terror in that section. The boys, on account of his fine and feminine features and flowing hair, used, to call him "sissy." They dressed him up one day as a lady and introduced him to General Morgan as "Miss Sue Munday." It turned out to be Jerome Clark, a son of Hector Clark of Franklin, Kentucky, but ever afterwards



MISS MARY BRADFORD, NOW MRS. JOHNS.

he was known as "Sue Munday." He was a member of the Old Squadron, and on account of the unbearable insults heaped upon his family, he raised his hand against the blue, and his work of vengeance did not cease until he met his tragic end in Louisville. Many a soldier of Morgan's cavalry thought that Sue Munday was a woman, and worshipped him as one of John Morgan's heroines. He had many encounters and an exceedingly romantic career, was as expert in horsemanship as a Cossack, and handled a gun with the skill of a cracksmán.

At one time in 1863, so says General Coleman of the Indian Territory, a Miss Puss Whitty, aged 19 of Knobnoster, a Federal Post in Johnson county, Missouri, rode from home sixty miles, starting in the night, and carried news to the intrepid Quantrell. At another time when a company of Federals were at her father's house (Capt. William Whitty) in search for contraband goods, she shot a lieutenant, wounded a private and escaped. They outlawed her. Her uncle was shot from ambush, breaking his under jaw, and cutting off his tongue. Miss Whitty went twenty miles at night, found her uncle, carried him home and hid him in an old well until he recovered suf-

ficiently to ride away. The authorities finally captured and banished her from the State.

The old scouts in the West will remember two other heroines through whose aid we were often saved from attack and told when and where to strike. Miss Kate Patterson, now Mrs. Kyle, of Lavergne, Tennessee, and Miss Robbie Woodruff, who lived ten miles



EMMA SANSOM.

from Nashville. They would go into Nashville get what information was needed, and place it in a designated tree, stump or log to be conveyed to us by our secret scouts. I have often wondered if the diagram of works around Nashville found on the person of Sam Davis was not gotten through them, notwithstanding the impression received that it was stolen from General Dodge's table by a negro boy. Miss Woodruff thrilled the scouts by her many perilous achievements.

But I have a heroine of the mountains who developed in war times, yet on account of her obscure habitation and the bitter heart-burnings existing between the two factions, so nearly divided in her section, that history has not yet given her name merited fame. I got her record from the Rev. J. H. Nichols, who lived in her section of Putnam county, three miles from Cookeville, Tennessee. Her name was Miss Marina Gunter, now Mrs. Jos Harris. Her father, Larkin

Gunter, was a Southern man, and some bushwhackers, claiming to belong to the Federal Army, resolved to kill him. One night three of them, Maxwell, Miller and Patton, visited her home and told him, in the presence of his family, that his time had come to die. They took him out from the house and in a short time this maiden of seventeen heard the licks and her old father's groans, when she rushed to the



SUE MUNDAY.

woodpile, got an ax and hurriedly approached the scene. The night was dark and drizzly, and the men were standing by a log, on which they had placed her father and he was pleading for his life. She killed two with the axe and broke the third one's arm. He got away at lightning speed, but afterwards died from the wound. She lifted up her father and helped him home. Soon she sought and obtained protection from the Federal General at Nashville. She said afterwards, that upon hearing her father's groans she grew frantic and does not know, to this good day, how she managed it, nor did she know anything until she had cleaned out the platter. This is the greatest achievement of female heroism of its kind that has ever been recorded, and places Miss Gunter on the pinnacle of glory that belongs not alone to patriotism, but to the grandeur of filial affection "the tie

that stretches from the cradle to the grave, spans the Heavens and is riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high."

They talk about Sheridan's ride but let me tell of one that strips it of its grandeur—the famous run of Miss Antoinette Polk, displaying a heroism worthy of imperishable record. She was on the Hampshire Turnpike, a few miles from Columbia, Tennessee, when some



MRS. KYLE.

one informed her of the Federals' contemplated visit to her father's home on the Mt. Pleasant Pike five miles across—said pikes forming an obtuse angle from Columbia. She knew that some soldier friends at her father's would be captured unless they had notice, and in order to inform them, she had to go across the angle that was barri-



MISS ROBBIE WOODRUFF.

caded many times with high rails and rock fences. There was no more superb equestrienne in the valley of the Tennessee—and she was of magnificent physique. She had a thoroughbred horse trained to her bidding. The young lady started, her horse leaped the fences like a reindeer, and came out on the pike just in front of the troopers, four miles from home. They took after her, but her foaming steed

was so fleet of foot that she got away from them in the twinkling of an eye, and saved her friends from capture.

I recollect another heroine, a Lieutenant Buford of an Arkansas regiment. She stepped and walked the personification of a soldier boy; had won her spurs on the battlefield at Bull Run, Fort Donelson, and Shiloh, and was promoted for gallantry. One evening she came



MRS. MARINA GUNTER-HARRIS.

to General Stewart's headquarters, at Tyner's Station, with an order from Major Kinloch Falconet to report for duty as a scout, but upon his finding that "he" was a woman, she was sent back and the order revoked.' She has written a book.

In point of devotion and of nursing our soldiers in distress, the sick, the wounded, the women of the South, were all "Florence Nightingales." It would be invidious to discriminate, but I will mention some of the other noteworthy deeds. I have another heroine—bless her sweet soul. I have forgotten her name. One day General Morgan sent a squad of us on a scout and we were pursued by Colonel Funkehauser's regiment in Denny's Bend of Cumberland river, near Rome, Tennessee. My heroine, a little girl of fourteen, directed us to Bradley Island for safety—a place of some sixty acres in cultivation, but

on the river side it was encircled by a sandbar with driftwood lodged on an occasional stubby sycamore. This sweet, animated little girl brought us a "square" meal, and watched for our safety like a hawk during the day. Thinking it was a foraging expedition, and that they were gone, we ventured to leave late in the afternoon, but ran into them and a running fire ensued. After eluding pursuit, we



MISS ANTOINETTE POLK.



MISS HELEN PRICE CATO.

concluded to go back. In a short time a company of Federals appeared on the island, evidently having tracked our horses. We left the horses behind the driftwood, without hitching, and took shelter under a big fallen tree. The troopers were in ten steps of us at the time. We could hear them distinctly, and one fellow said: "If we catch em', boys, this is a good place to hang 'em." Another said,

"Let's go down in the driftwood on the sandbar, and bag 'em." Hearts throbbed and legs trembled! We thought we were gone. One of our squad said, "Let's give up," but the rest of us were too badly scared to reply. A frightened rabbit stopped near us, panting, watching and trembling with fear, producing a mimetic effect on our feelings. Ah, if a painter could have pictured that scene, and if a



LIEUT. BUFORD, A FEMALE LIEUTENANT.

pen could describe that occasion. We lay there until nightfall. They did not happen to see our horses and, through a kind Providence, we escaped. Our heroine came to us after nightfall, signaled and we answered. She was so happy over our escape; told us that she saw them leaving, and that they had no prisoners. She mounted her horse, followed on behind them to the toll-gate, two miles away, and learned that they had returned to Lebanon, after which she came to us, brought our supper and put us on a safe road.

Such heroines the Southern soldiers met with often in the disputed territory of contending armies. They evidenced a devotion to country that only might, and not right could subdue.

There was another class more nearly comporting with female character; sock knitters, clothes makers, needle pliers, God servers, revelling in sentiment in touch with the times. From wealth they drank the dregs of poverty's cup, until now, for over forty years, by frugality and dint of perse verance, they have been instrumental in our Southland's blessed resurrection. Female clerks, teachers, "Graphs," phone and type machine operators, and other callings.

From authoresses to cooks, they attest a courage and praiseworthiness that exceeds bellicose valor. To the old stranded Southern craft they have been mariners that make the world pause to see us moving again amid the councils of our common country, resuscitated and disenthralled. Posterity will do them justice, historians, poets, and dramatist will chronicle their praises. Charlotte Corday's epitaph was "Greater than Brutus," but that of the Southern woman will be, "Greater than Jackson, the Johnstons or Lee, greater than Jefferson Davis, greater than any other heroines of time."

SAVED HER FATHER'S LIFE BY KILLING A YANKEE WITH A CORN KNIFE.

The following account of the heroic act of Mary Bedichek in saving the life of her father is contributed by Mr. J. M. Bedichek, brother of the heroine, and now principal of the Eddy Literary and Scientific Institute of Eddy, Texas. Mr. Bedichek was under General Frances M. Cockrell in the First Missouri Brigade; his brother, F. A. Bedichek belonging to Parson's Brigade, thus his father and sister were left home alone, his mother having died before the war.

It was on the night of the 6th of June, 1865, while the most cruel phase of a horrible war was seen nightly, in ghastly murders and lurid flames, that a band of soldiers was seen in father's yard seven miles northwest of Warrensburg, Johnson County, Missouri.

Soon a knock was heard at the door. Sister, Mary Bedichek, then nineteen years old, asked "Who is there." "Friends," said a voice outside. "What do you want?" "We want to come in to warm." "You have Guns?" "Yes." "If you leave your guns outside you may." Oh! well, if that will please you we will." Whereupon the leader came in. No other seemed to care to enter. Sister closed the door and locked it. The soldier asked if there were any Bushwhackers in the house. "There is no one but Father and me." "Your two brothers are in the rebel army eh?" "Yes."

A search of the room was made by the dim light in the fire place. The lamp had been blown out just before the approach of the soldiers as it was time to retire.

When the militiaman was satisfied that none but father and sister were in the house he said, "Old man, I've come to kill you, drawing his pistol at the same instant. "Ah!" As father gave this laconic answer, he grabbed the pistol and a most terrible scuffle ensued. The assailant having the advantage of the hold on the pistol, wrenched it out of Father's hand and began beating him over the head with it.

Sister was not idle. She ran to the kitchen, seized a very large and sharp corn-knife and soon directed an effectual blow at the uplifted arm. The arm fell. She then with strong and rapid blows chopped his head until he hallooed, "help, help, For God's sake let me out." Whereupon one of the party on the outside ran to the North side of the house opened the door, gun in hand, and tried to see which

one to shoot. Sister, hearing the door slam against the wall, turned in time and leaping toward him, caught the gun with her left hand and dealt him a severe stroke on his head with the corn knife. He jerked the gun from her, but on giving him another cut on the arm she rushed him out of the door. Then she shut the door on him and locked it, turning the window shade so he could not see whom to shoot.



MISS MARY BEDICHEK (AFTERWARDS
MRS. SAMUEL CAMPBELL)

Those on the south of the house opened fire into the window and door and with a beam burst the door down. Sister rushed to the door to defend it. No one attempted to come in, but the wounded man staggered to the door and down the steps. His comrades asked him if he was hurt. He replied, "I am a dead man." He fell within ten steps of the door and his comrades carried him off.

Father sent word to Warrensburg that his house had been attacked. Colonel Thomas T. Crittenden, of the Federal Army, later Democratic Governor of Missouri, sent out a scout under Captain Box who soon approached the house and as the company were about to enter our yard he bade them keep back for a minute.

Sister saw them coming. She thought they were coming for revenge, hence, she took a long dagger and holding it in the folds of her dress awaited at the door the approach of the captain.

"Well" said the Captain, "you have had a battle here, I understand. I can well believe it from the looks of the room." There were blood, hair, a cut up hat, gloves, etc., strewn around. "Well, tell me how it happened and all about it." As sister was telling her story the company soon became so interested by an occasional word which came to their ears that they drew nearer and formed a semicircle close

around the door. One said, "I wish she had killed the other one too." Another said, "I wish she had killed the whole outfit."

Sister seeing they meant no harm turned and placed her dagger in the dresser drawer, whereupon one of the soldiers said "Don't you see, she would have fought the whole company."

Colonel Crittenden made sister a present of a fine revolver, not



A. S. MORTON.

only as a mark of his appreciation of her heroism but to emphasize his disapproval of the murder of helpless old men by brutal "soldiers?"

This account is as father and sister told it to me a few months after the terrible tragedy.

J. M. BEDICHEK.

To impress more forcibly my idea of our women, I have a friend who has risen as a poet—Albert Sidney Morton, St. Paul, Minn., who has written, to go with this tribute, a poem on "The Women of the South." It is beautiful, thrilling and true.

 WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

(Albert Sidney Morton, St. Paul, Minn.)
 Not Homer dreamt, nor Milton sung
 Through his heroic verse,
 Nor Prentiss did with wondrous tongue,
 In silver tones rehearse
 The grandest theme that ever yet
 Moved brush or tongue, or pen—
 A theme in radiant glory set
 To stir the souls of men—
 THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Of nascent charms that thrall the gaze,
 On love's most pleasing pain,
 Ten thousand tuneful, lyric lays
 Have sung and sung again;
 But I would sing of souls, of hearts
 Within those forms of clay,
 Of lives whose luster yet imparts
 Fresh radiance to our day—
 THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

When battle's fierce and lurid glare
 Lit up our shady glens;
 When slaughter, agony, despair,
 Or Northern prison pens,
 Were portions of the sturdy son
 Of Southern mother true.
 Who prayed the battle might be won
 Of the gray against the blue?—
 THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Our lads were true, our lads were brave,
 Nor feared the foemen's steel,
 And thousands in a bloody grave
 Did true devotion seal;
 But brightest star upon our shield,
 Undimmed without a stain,
 Is she who still refused to yield
 Refused, alas, in vain—
 THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

No choice was left us but to fight,
 While she was left to grieve;
 We battled for truth and right
 Our freedom to achieve—

Assured that death we could embrace—
 But there is not yet born
 The Southern man who dares to face
 The silent withering scorn
 OF WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Who bade us go with smiling tears?
 Who scorned the renegade?
 Who, silencing their trembling fears,
 Watched, cheered, then wept and prayed?
 Who nursed our wounds with tender care.
 And then when all was lost,
 Who lifted us from our despair
 And counted not the cost?
 THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Then glory to the Lord of Hosts,—
 Yes, glory to the Lord,
 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
 And glory to His Word;
 To us is giv'n creation's prize—
 The masterpiece of Him
 Who made the earth, the stars, the skies,
 The war cloud's golden rim:—
 THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

A. S. Morton, (Disbursing Auditor of the Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.), is becoming eminent in prose as well as poetry. Mr. Morton has just published a novel entitled "Beyond the Paleocrycic Sea," a legend beautifully told of a land beyond "Greenland's Icy Mountains." It is well planned, unique in its presentation and an entertaining book. His poems, which have appeared in public print on "Pelham," "My Southern Home," "Too Brave To Die," and "The Women of the South," are an index to his literary worth.

Mr. Morton was reared in Richmond, Va., and is an ardent Southerner. but went West early.

Since the article on Heroines of the South was written the identity of the "unknown heroine" has been discovered. She was formerly Miss Helen Price; but is now Mrs. Cato, and lives at Rome, Tennessee.

OTHER CONFEDERATE HEROES AND MARTYRS.

History tells us of martyrs and their sacrifices for principle. Among the notable in Reformation days were those of Ridley and Latimer who perished in the flames in 1555. Their words, as devotees to their convictions, are our heritage. At the sight of the flames, Latimer exclaimed, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Ridley replied: "Be of good heart, Brother Latimer, for God will either assuage the flames or else give us strength to endure them." It was just this kind of conviction, although of a political nature, that prompted the soldiers of the South.

Those to whom I refer were private soldiers. Dee S. Jobe was a scout, and of the famous men commanded by "Coleman." Jobe lived near Mechanicsville, Rutherford county, Tennessee. He was only a boy of twenty years. Detailed from the Twentieth Tennessee and ordered into the lines of the Federals from Bragg's army, he had fallen asleep in a thicket and some one telling of his hiding place, he fell into the hands of the enemy. They dubbed him "bush-whacker," but offered to spare his life if he would tell of his comrades and of their proposed meeting place. Jobe declined and they tortured him to death by putting out his eyes and pulling out his tongue. The leader who had him killed became a raving maniac in contemplating his bloody deed. He said that Jobe was the bravest man he ever saw.

Some of his comrades of the Coleman Scouts who survived the war, after a fitting preamble, resolved, "That while we regret, with the sorrow of our inmost souls, D. S. Jobe's cruel fate, we can but recollect with pride how nobly he died—strangled, beaten and abused; yet he defied his persecutors to the end."

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life."

The signatures to that paper are given to show their membership. H. B. Shaw, Captain; Wm. Roberts, Geo. D. Hughes, John G. Davis, James T. Patterson, W. H. Portch, Sam Roberts, Alex Greig, J. T. Brown, A. H. Douglas, T. M. Joplin, L. A. Owen, N. J. Vaughn, W. J. Moore, Richard Anderson, J. M. Shute.

There is a sequel to Jobe's tragic end that in sentiment and devo-

tion is as beautiful as that of Damon and Pythias or of Jonathan and David. Jobe had a kinsman and a brother scout, Dee Smith, a neighbor and friend. When he was told of Job's torture and persecution he grew desperate and his mind became unhinged. He left the Forty-fifth Tennessee regiment near Chattanooga, raised the black flag and declared that henceforth he would never take a



DEE S. JOBE.

prisoner. It is asserted that he slew not less than fifty of his enemies. At last they surrounded him near Nolensville, Tennessee, and shot him. Afterwards they brought him twenty miles from Nolensville to Murfreesboro. Although in excruciating pain when the doctors probed his wounds, he said that he would die before his enemies should see him flinch. Fortunately, he died before noon of the next day, at which time he was to be hanged.

John Bowman, a member of Colonel Paul Anderson's cavalry, was cut off in Hood's retreat and took shelter near Murfreesboro, his home. They caught him near Drennon, a town midway between



COLEMAN SCOUTS;—
WM. ROBERTS.

W. H. PORCH,
SAM ROBERTS.

INO. G. DAVIS,
CAPT. H. B. SHAW.

ROBT. F. COTTON,
J. M. SHUTE, GEO. D. HUGHES.

Murfreesboro and Lebanon, and tied him to a tree. Instead of begging for his life, he defied and heaped epithets upon his captors until they, in frenzied rage, riddled him with bullets.

I had an experience with Bowman in 1864 that stowed his recklessness and want of fear. While Hood was environing Nashville and Forrest was dashing upon Murfreesboro, seventy-five



DEE SMITH.



JOHN BOWMAN.

“Yanks” had been in a block-house near Smyrna depot, guarding the railroad between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Things were getting so “squally” that they left their fortress at Murfreesboro.

Four Rebs had slipped through from Hood's army to see homefolks. John Bowman among them. They looked up the pike and saw it black with blue coats. The idea naturally was that they were so badly frightened a shot or two would stampede them, and that we would get at least their wagons and teams. Knowing every pig path, they rushed through the cedars and ensconced themselves in a thicket



JOHN MASSEY.

on Searcy's farm alongside of the old road. As the seventy-five marched along, each Reb on his horse drew his Navy and fired. Did they run; Well, never in the wide world. I can hear that Yankee officer now cry, "Halt! Right wheel! Fire!"

They peeled the saplings, made shot holes through our clothes and saddles; it looked like demons had turned loose upon us, and it seemed that they would kill us in spite of fate. We got over the hill after a time; they did not pursue—nor did we. Bowman wanted to go back and attack again, but the rest of us demurred. We dubbed that battle "Hardup," for if ever there was a hard time getting out of a thicket, that was one. Did we get wagons? No, did not want them. Capture, "Yanks?" No, we were glad enough to save our scalps. It was John Bowmans' recklessness that induced four of us to attack seventy-five! One of the young men, only fourteen at that time, (Dr. G. W. Crosthwait, of Florence, Tennessee, and who received only this baptism of fire during the great war) often

now speaks of the battle of "Hardup" as one which ought to be recorded. An example of filial affection is portrayed in the character of John Massey who was shot at Fayetteville, Tennessee. He came into the Federal lines to visit his brother. They heard he was a bushwhacker and in attempting his arrest got hold of his brother through mistake. Hearing of this, Massey went to Fayetteville, gave



TOM JOPLIN.

himself up, told the "Yanks" that they had the wrong man, that his brother was a non-combatant of large family, and although he himself was not a bushwhacker but a regular soldier, he was the man they wanted. The enemy released the brother and shot poor Massey in his stead. Oh, how beautiful a sentiment and what a tie of affection, of brotherly love! Fayetteville ought to mark the spot made sacred by his martyrdom.

Such acts as these show the grit out of which the Southern soldier was made. Will not some man favored by fortune immortalize himself and do posterity a service by paying a knightly tribute to the Private's worth? "Some sweet day" will there not be a cenotaph erected, not only to commemorate Southern valor but American bravery, as emphasized by soldiers of the South? Daughters of the Confederacy, will you not undertake it? If so, it will be well done.

Here is another unsung hero. He miraculously escaped the

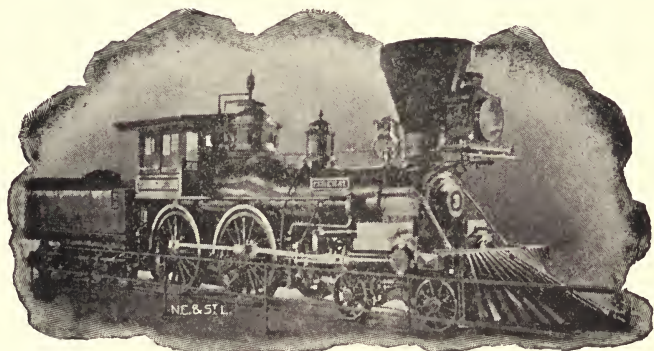
perils of war although shot many times—Tom Joplin, familiarly known in the army as “Jop.” There was no more faithful scout in the service. He is living near Franklin now and in good health. It is a treat to hear him tell of his hairbreadth escapes and perilous missions with Sam Davis, Dee Jobe, Dee Smith and other associate scouts. He was often left for dead, but always turned up when the enemy contemplated a move. Joplin was shot the evening before Sam Davis was captured, near Bainbridge. He had left Davis only a short time; he also had important messages for General Bragg and although he was dangerously wounded he pushed on, at the peril of his life, until they were delivered.

THE "OLD GENERAL" AND THE "LITTLE CORPORAL."

I recollect an incident in war times which impressed me with a conviction that has haunted me to this day. After Fort Donelson fell, in 1862, Albert Sidney Johnston retreated from Nashville via Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, and on to Corinth. The pursuing Federal Army followed. General Mitchell's division marched by way of Old Jefferson, Tenn. His name was riveted on me, because I was told that he was the author of "Mitchell's Geography." As a sixteen-year-old boy then, I was fresh from it; and to meet the man, especially as a general in the army opposing my people, made the event peculiarly interesting. He took dinner that day at my home, as did also his son. As his division was passing, a man dressed in citizen's clothes also came up and asked for dinner. The man's demure taciturn manner attracted me, and his noncommittal action in the presence of General Mitchell and son led me to believe that he was not a Federal, but one of our people traveling incog. In conversation with him he told me that his name was Andrews; that he was a Confederate, stealing stealthily along with the Yankee army, and to be particular while the Federals were there and not mention him I whispered this to my mother, an ardent Southern sympathizer who instinctively recurred to, "Andree," the British spy, but during the dinner hour he was royally treated by us and not a word spoken to or of him. He said that he was on his way South. A few weeks after this the news came that a desperate attempt had been made by five or six Yankees in citizen's dress to capture from the Confederates at Big Shanty, Ga., on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, a railroad engine; that the engine was steamed up when they mounted it, threw open the throttle and fairly flew over the road toward Chattanooga, but they were intercepted near Dalton, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and executed. The leader's name was Andrews, and I have often recalled my mother's glancing suspicion and wondered if he was not the man who dined with General Mitchell and son at my father's home and palmed himself off to us as a non-combatant "Johnnie Reb." The name of the engine was the "General." The railroad management keep it in condition still, and exhibited it at the Chicago Exposition, at the opening of the Chickamauga Park, and had it at the Centennial, with its valves and wheels, rods, pistons, and cylinders, its brazen lungs and throat of fire, on which Andrews and his party of Yankee raiders took their seventy-five-mile journey to death in Dixie. History records the adventure as a most thrilling

incident and one of the most reckless and daring events on record.

But I have heard of a feat that, if true, for boldness and successful execution surpasses it, and it has but few parallels in the chapter of deeds. It is said to have taken place on the Hood campaign into Tennessee, when Forrest environed Murfreesboro, in December, 1864. It was told to me by one of the prisoners as a tale around the camp-



THE "OLD GENERAL."

fire after the escape. The Federal General Rousseau was shut up with ten thousand men in the town, when one day three of Forrest's cavalry—F. A. (Dock) Turner, Alonzo McLean, James Smotherman, of Lytle's company, Holman's regiment—and one of Forrest's scouts—were captured in an attempt to tear up the railroad at Wartrace and placed by Rousseau in a fort at Murfreesboro, together with about one hundred prisoners that were picked up after the battle of Franklin. It soon became noised that these men were to be shot as bushwhackers. General Forrest informed General Rousseau, by flag of truce, that those men were his regular soldiers, and that if he shot them it would be at his peril. The names of his soldiers were sent in, but the scout and Bose Rouss (some called him Malungeon), who had killed a Federal detective, were not mentioned in the list. A pall of sorrow came over the prisoners in the fort when General Rousseau, in withdrawing charges against Forrest's men, left out the scout and Bose Rouss, who had no known identity with any command, but who were known by the prisoners to be true and tried soldiers. A court-martial was ordered to try them. Although before a military court two distinguished lawyers were summoned to defend the prisoners, yet notwithstanding, they were both condemned to die—to be shot the next morning at ten o'clock. In the midst of the dense crowd of soldiers in the judge-advocate's room, the attorneys adroitly informed their clients that unless they could do something for themselves by the morrow at ten o'clock the die was cast. The victims were returned to the fort, where the hundred prisoners were.

It was a dark, freezing night. The one hundred formed a cir-

cle and covered the center from the guards, when the two prisoners went to work to cut out. The noise of the tramping circle drowned the din of the working victims, until Heaven smiled on their effort to escape about three o'clock in the morning. They struck across the railroad and passed the hand-car house. One of them had been a railroader, and he said: "Let's get the corporal hand-car, strike right down the railroad, and run through Rousseau's pickets. It is a desperate game to play, but we must take the risk." The idea was adopted. Rousseau's lines had been doubled in looking for Forrest, and there was no time for parley. They got the car out, when along came two railroad negroes dressed in blue. Those desperate men took them in, placed them at the lever, and told them to pull for dear life, and that if they gave warning by sign or action they would cut their throats from ear to ear. The hand-car was started and the work to throw on muscle power enough for a lightning run was fearful. All parties pulled at the lever as no mortals ever pulled before. Elbow grease was the motor and desperate perseverance the driving wheel. Flying with electric speed, she approached the outpost pickets, who were stationed on a down grade. The singular maneuver as they passed attracted the base picket. Day was breaking, and the outposts, four in number, stood upon the road and hallooed out: "Halt!" The scout waved to them a paper in his hand, and as he came near threw it to them, saying: "These are my orders. The 'Rebs' are about to get a broken-down caisson between the lines, and we are ordered not to stop." The guards picked it up. It worked like a charm. They turned for a moment, as if starting to the camp fire to read it. All at once they discovered the sell. Overcome in confusion, they fired in the distance random shots at the Corporal's pilots, whose trucks were whizzing like a circular saw and flying like an arrow. They were quickly out of range. It beat a shell-road ride at a two-forty gait. The transit was unprecedented. Like Harper's "Ten Broeck," the Corporal ran from "eend to eend," until in a few minutes the Yankee negroes put the prisoners in Forrest's domain, and the ride to death turned out a brilliant and crowning triumph.

In reading the history of the "Old General," as a Federal feat, don't forget the ideal picture of the little "Corporal" as a Confederate triumph, for you can see her momentum increasing with the accelerated propulsion of muscle applied to the see-saw lever, her speed as rapid as a glance of the mind, her wheels almost hidden in the swiftness of the flight, her cargo borne off like a thing of life from certain death. In the desperate attempt they meet death, avoid it, and, the picket lines safely passed, they triumphantly land in the bosom of friends and the presence of Forrest and their comrades.

The Honorable C. A. Sheafe, now of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was provost-marshal of General Rousseau at the time, and, on having the adventure recalled to him, he added that the next morning when he reported the escape of the two prisoners General Rousseau was

morbidly morose and fretful, threw down the report and seemed to censure everybody until he found out that it was not the inattention of the officers, but the negligence of the guards, whose carelessness was palliated only on account of the frigid weather.



THE "LITTLE CORPORAL". (HAND CAR)

THE FIFTH AND SIXTEENTH TENNESSEE.

Did you ever hear of the Lion of Lucerne? It is "hewn out of the living rock" close to Lake Lemon near the beautiful city of Lucerne, Switzerland, to perpetuate the memory of the nine hundred mountaineer Swiss guards who in 1791 defended Louis XVI from the raging mob in the Palace of the Tuilleries. It is carved out of limestone on the side of a perpendicular cliff in the shape of a lion, and the present age considers it the chief attraction of the mountains, as setting before the eye, the spirit, the determination and the valor of the people. Did you ever liken the device to the memory of our mountain soldiers in the Confederate era and note how upon every battlefield their deeds were parodied?

We have a beautiful city in our Cumberland range that I always think of as Lucerne. Instead of a lake, it is environed by the limpid waters of the Collins and Barren Fork rivers and their cascades and sparkling water falls. The beautiful mountain of Ben Lomond overlooks it and its people are big hearted and brave. I often think of the record made by two regiments in that country, and of their comrades coming from that beautiful mountain town; the Fifth Tennessee, commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) Ben J. Hill, and the Sixteenth Tennessee, commanded by Colonel John H. Savage, more familiarly known as the "Old Man of the Mountains." The Fifth Tennessee (changed later to the Thirty fifth) was made up from Warren, Grundy, Van Buren, Cannon, Bledsoe, and Sequatchie counties; and the Sixteenth Tennessee, from Warren, White, DeKalb, Coffee, VanBuren, Putnam and Grundy. Through curiosity take the records of the Federal and Confederate armies in the war of secession and follow the ramifications of those regiments until the surrender, and it will interest you. Colonel Hill had led his regiment in forty-two skirmishes and battles before being made provost marshal general of General Joe Johnston's army at Dalton. Afterwards he became brigadier-general of cavalry. He claimed to his death that his was the last command to surrender, on the east side of the Mississippi. Do you remember of having heard that compliment paid Hill's regiment at Corinth, Miss., in 1862, in the way of a general order issued to the army and read at dress parade to our soldiers throughout? Here it is:

General Orders No. ———. Headquarters Western Department, Corinth, Miss., May 29th, 1862. The General commanding mentions with great pleasure to the army the distinguished conduct

of Colonel B. J. Hill and his regiment, the Fifth Tennessee volunteers, in an affair with the enemy yesterday. This order is issued with the greater satisfaction because the gallant officer and his command have been before conspicuous for their action on the field. By command of General Beauregard, George W. Brent, Acting Chief of Staff.

On May 28th General Cleburne ordered Colonel Hill to storm the Federal position at Shelton hill, in front of Corinth. His regiment charged into a perfect gauntlet of Federal columns concealed behind a ridge covered with plum bushes, and before he was aware that the regiment ordered to support his flanks had failed to charge he rushed to the muzzles of the enemy's cannon and dislodged them. This prompted the order from General Beauregard, and has ever been pointed to as one of the most daring achievements of the war. To have been in that regiment, or even had a relative there, I would have that order written in letters of gold and hung up in my parlor for my family and friends to look upon.

Did you ever read the report of General Daniel S. Donnelson, on the battle of Murfreesboro (Stone's river)? Let me quote you what he says about Colonel Savage's regiment, the Sixteenth. "The regiment, with three companies of Colonel Chester's held in my judgment the critical position of that part of the field (this was the advance on the Cowan house, Wednesday, December 31st, 1862) Colonel Savage finding the line he had to defend was entirely too long for the number of men in his command, finally threw out the greater part of his command as skirmishers to deceive the enemy as to his strength, and he held his position with characteristic and most commendable tenacity for over three hours. The point being held assured the winning of Wednesday evening's battle." Now, if I had such distinguished people to speak of my actions thus, the goal of my military ambition would be filled. After thirty-eight years, when I see the "Old Man of the Mountains" still living—General Hill gone nineteen years ago but his splendid wife in good health—and a few survivors of both the Fifth and Sixteenth Tennessee regiments, I say, like Brother Shandy to Uncle Toby, "Peace and comfort rest forever more upon thy head."

The Tennessee Division of U. C. V.'s are to meet in McMinnville this year, and I am looking forward with so much pleasure to shake hands with those old veterans from the mountains that contributed so much to establish the people of our Southland as among the most valiant people of the world. I cannot forget McMinnville—the times, scenes, places and faces. They roll before me. On the 19th or 20th of April, 1863, General Morgan had his headquarters there, while his command was guarding the right wing of the Army of Tennessee at Liberty. The enemy advanced upon the place with a strong force of infantry, cavalry and artillery. The only cavalry force there was Morgan's escort, about fifty strong, and about ninety

infantry under Major Wyckliffe, Ninth Kentucky. After skirmishing, the enemy dashed into the town eight abreast, driving out General Morgan and several officers who had been there on sick leave. Among them were Colonel Duke, Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, and Major Dick McCann. General Duke says: "McCann's horse was shot in the melee, and fell, bringing him to the ground. He sprang



GENERAL B. J. HILL.

to his feet, and, standing in front of the charging column, shouted, 'You have got the old Chief at last!' seeking to produce the impression that he was General Morgan, and so favor the latter's escape." He was ridden over, severely sabered, and captured; but having been placed in an old stable and allowed a canteen of apple brandy, he got the guard drunk and dug out under the logs during the night, effecting his escape. All the officers escaped uninjured. The infantry retreated in perfect order to the mountain, two or three miles away. "So McMinnville was in the wake of the armies and in the disputed territory of Bragg and Rosecrans. Had the old Fifth and Sixteenth been there that day, instead of a stampede there would have been the rattling of musketry and 'hot times in the old town.'" General Hill who died in the eighties, was in the practice of law there. If you want to see how his memory is revered and Colonel

John H. Savage is respected, strike one of those mountaineers, and he will tell you that Ben Hill was one of the boys and that the Old Man of the Mountains always did his duty. When Ben Hill went into a fight, instead of "Forward!" he always said, "Come on, boys! Recollect the mountains!" He had a smile on his face in battle that made one almost forget to dodge the bullets, and when



COL. JOHN H. SAVAGE.

the Fifth was called upon they always remembered what Beauregard said of them at Shelton Hill and Corinth, and what General Pat Cleburne said of them at Shiloh.

I want to see a monument erected to the memory of the mountaineers of the Cumberland in the sixties, and McMinnville is the proper place. Let the statue of a typical Confederate soldier be placed on the shaft and the Lion of Ben Lomond be sleeping at his feet.

“A monument for the soldiers
 Built of a people’s love,
 And brazened and decked and panoplied
 With the hearts ye build it of,
 And see that ye build it stately,
 In pillar and niche and gate,
 And high in pose as the souls of those
 It would commemorate.”

DARING DEEDS OF STAFF AND ESCORT.

Florence Depot, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, is the home of Major Chas. W. Anderson, an interesting character who was a faithful Aide on the staff of the great "Wizard of the Saddle," Nathan B. Forrest. In times of peace you will find him, like Cincinnatus, following his plow, and like Falstaff, taking his ease in his inn, but in times of war he was the faithful Lieutenant who moved and acted with his great captain.

On a recent visit to Major Anderson, after mentioning that Tennessee had two lieutenant-generals in the Confederacy—mine of the infantry and his of the cavalry—he said: "Tell me of the most impetuous—that you can recall of your staff and escort in battle."

My mind readily reverted to the final scene when we routed the enemy at Chickamauga, forty-two years ago. On Sunday, Sept. 20th, 1863, Stewart's division occupied the right of the left wing, commanded by General Longstreet. A staff officer informed General Stewart that the whole of the left would attack exactly at five o'clock. As the Federals in our front were covered by log breastworks; and although we had been fighting desperately Friday and Saturday, the old division, with Generals Bate, Brown, and Clayton, in conjunction with our detached General Bushrod Johnson commanding a division, responded as precipitately as if just entering the fray. They leaped the barricades, broke the Federal lines into confusion and soon got them muddled. Stewart's staff and escort, animated and flushed with the excitement of the dawning victory, led by Major R. A. Hatcher, Adjutant General and the brigade staff joining in, dashed into the Fourth brigade of regulars, cut them half in two apparently, and in this way we were instrumental in capturing four or five hundred prisoners.

In the excitement a Federal officer shot at Lieutenant Terry Cahal but the pommel of his saddle bow caught it and saved him, and in the twinkling of an eye one of the escort brought his adversary down. Oh! the scene was of thrilling animation, impetuosity, and dash! General Stewart had ordered Major J. W. Eldridge to bring up the reserved Eufaula battery. I can hear Eldridge's stentorian voice now: "Bring up the Eufaula battery! forward! double quick! march!" Here she came a tumbling, and Darden's, in conjunction with Humphrey's and Dawson's batteries already in action, administered, with effect, farewell shots to a badly defeated foe. It was a vividly memorable occasion. The sun of Chickamauga was

setting gloriously; the sable curtain of night was rolling down; "Hallelujah! 'tis done!" permeated the hearts of Bragg's army when that old Rebel yell seemed really to shake the earth, peal over the hill tops, ring through the gorges, and hasten the footsteps of Rosecrans' stampeded army. Then began the concentration of Generals at our point, and hand shakings and congratulations were the or-



LIEUT. TERRY CAHAL.

der of the day. Generals Longstreet, Stewart, McLaws, Buckner, Bushrod Johnson, Bate, Clayton, Brown, and others were present. I felt like thanking God—I did thank Him, not only for the glorious victory, but that I was spared the storm of shot and shell through the long, bloody battle.

Major Anderson, in rejoinder, after a moment's reflection, said: "I witnessed a most blood curdling venture at Paducah, Ky., in March, 1864. We had Bell's and Buford's brigades of cavalry with us and had determined to try to take the city and let the boys get some good clothes and get back, knowing that we could not hold it. By General Forrest's order, a few of the staff took nineteen of the escort and dashed through the city to the wharf. Two gunboats were there, the 'Peosta' and the 'Paw Paw.' The 'Peosta' steamed down to get in range of our command, but the 'Paw Paw' opened on our squad with shot and shell. We took shelter behind and in the

houses, and peppered her deck and penetrated her portholes until she set sail and steamed away,, allowing us to burn ninety bales of cotton. While some of our men were engaged in destroying the cotton, the first thing we knew of being nearly cut off, was a per-emp-tory order from General Forrest to 'Get out of there!' The Federals were coming in different directions scattering our squad. One of



MAJ. R. A. HATCHER.

our staff was cut off entirely and, on entering a street, his only hope was to charge two cavalymen. Like Richard, he had set his life upon a cast and concluded that he would stand the hazard of the die. He did so, and at close quarters, one Sr Knight dropped from his horse, severely wounded. A hard-to-hand encounter followed with the other who at last broke and ran. The officer followed at his heels and threw at him one empty pistol. Thinking the fire exhausted, the Yankee suddenly wheeled on the Rebel, who then fired the reserved cartridges from his other navy, but with no apparent effect. The Yankee also emptied his pistol at the officer. They then drew

sabers; the tug of war had fairly come, swords gleamed in the sunlight and, like trained gladiators, the death struggle between them began. The Yankee must have been a skilled swordsman; the Rebel was not but somehow parried the blows, struck him in the side of the neck, dropped him in the middle of the street and got away."

After detailing this thrilling encounter, Major Anderson grew eloquent over the many hair-breadth escapes and startling adventures of General Forrest who is believed to have been the greatest cavalry commander the world has ever known; he had the dash of a Murat, the determination of a Cambronne. He recurred to the scene the day after the Chickamauga battle, when Forrest fought his way to Missionary Ridge, climbed a tree and saw Chattanooga blocked with retreating soldiers, the streets impacted with wheels, the pontoon bridge broken and everything a tumultuary mass. He directed his Adjutant to dispatch General Bragg for permission to go into Chattanooga for "every hour lost was the loss of a thousand men." The army, however, was allowed to lay in torpor which was derpressing. Had Forrest been permitted to make the dash, Bragg's army would doubtless have captured or annihilated the Army of the Cumberland.

CHAMP FERGUSON.

A typical mountaineer—such was Champ Ferguson. The times in which he lived called forth physical energy, egged on by passion. The acts of his adversaries prompted his course, and raging war made his career in the strife of 1861-'65 one of blood.

Champ was a citizen at his home when the tocsin was sounded, and stayed there until his own precincts were invaded. A rabid fire eater passed his house with a troop of Blues. You ask why he was so desperate. It was told in camp that Champ Ferguson's little three-year-old child came out into the porch waving a Confederate flag. One of the men in blue leveled his gun at Champ and killed the child. O, anguish! how that father's heart bled! His spirit welled up like the indomitable will of the primitive Norseman. In a moment of frenzy he said that the death of his baby would cost the "blue coats" a hundred lives. And it did. One hundred and twenty is believed to be the number he put to death. (Comrade S. H. Mitchell got this from Champ himself).

He took to the woods and for four years, his war upon them was unrelenting, and vengeance was never appeased. It increased like the raging torrent, as his family and friends were vilified and abused. In the Cumberland Mountains, clans formed and terrorized the section by petty warfare, until the caldron of fear and apprehension invaded every home. The hunger for vengeance grew with the years, and Champ became the terror of the Northern side, while Huddleston and Tinker Dave Beatty were the same to the Southern. The acts of the latter, because they belonged to the victorious side, are buried in the tomb, and the government perhaps honors their memory; but the acts of Champ Ferguson, because of the misfortunes of war, are bruited as the most terrible in history.

If the sea could give up its dead, and the secrets of men be made known, Champ Ferguson's actions as bushwhacker, in comparison, would excite only a passive and not an active interest. Champ was a mountaineer; rude and untrained in the refinements of moral life, he had entertained that strict idea of right that belongs to the mountain character. Nature had instilled into him a consuming passion for vengeance for a wrong. His method was indiscreet, his warfare contemptible; but, in palliation, how was it compared to the open murder of starving out our women and children, burning our houses, and pillaging our homes? Champ Ferguson was well to do in this world's goods when the war began. Had he been let alone,

a career of good citizenship would have been his portion. Had he lived in the days of the Scottish Chiefs, the clans would no doubt have crowned his efforts; but now, since his flag has fallen, history marks his career as more awful than that of John A. Murrell, and caps it with a hangman's noose. The times in which he lived must be considered, the provocation, the surroundings, and then let history record Champ's actions.

In his zeal for the South to win, he became hardened; and the more steeped in blood the more his recklessness increased until irritability occasioned by treatment of his home folk drove him to maniacal desperation.

In encountering these mountain bushwhackers, it became the custom with the armies of both sides to help them when called upon to wage the war of extermination. A comrade has given me an account of the killing of Huddleston, the Federal bushwhacker, whose company was afterwards commanded by Tinker Dave Beatty. I mention it to show the madness of these mountaineers toward each other. This soldier friend says, "My recollection is that we traveled around Lebanon, Kentucky, on the night of December 25th, 1862, and the next day we went to Columbia, Kentucky, and it was then that Captain Ferguson went to General Morgan and asked for two companies to scout with him that night, having heard that they were going to bushwhack Morgan's rear the next day. I did not know that Captain Ferguson was with us until we had traveled some hours. We went into a house where they were having a Christmas dance—this was a short distance from Captain Huddleston's house. When we reached it, he was upstairs shooting at us. The house was a new log one and not completed. It had no floor upstairs but a few planks on the joists. I thought that it was an outhouse where no one was living, and that he had gone there for protection. One of my companions got Captain Huddleston's horse after they had run it to the house from a thicket near by. The animal was a splendid bay mare, and could run very fast. While Huddleston was shooting out of the window upstairs, and we were responding, some one ordered the house burned; but I was close behind a small meat house and told him to come down—that we would give him quarter. He replied that he was true blue himself and would not come down. Then the house was set on fire but someone within put it out with water. About this time Captain Huddleston was shot, and fell between the joists to the floor below. He was brought out of the house, and then Captain Ferguson shot him. At the time Huddleston was shot, some one in the house said: 'You killed him.' There was but one other man in the house, and he claimed to be sick. Ferguson killed him. We then went about three or four miles farther to a house where two bitter enemies of Ferguson's were in bed in a room by themselves. Captain Ferguson went in advance to the house and into the room, pulled his dirk out of his boot leg and fell in the bed with them and commenced

cutting them. He killed one in bed and shot one as he went out the door, and our company captured a third man as he came out of the house. One of my companions was guarding the prisoner when some one told him that he would guard him, and took him off. In a few minutes Captain Ferguson came up and asked where the prisoner was, and said that he would have the man shot who turned



CHAMP FERGUSON AND GUARD.

him loose. This seemed to frighten the guard who asked me what to do. He said that he thought Captain Ferguson was the man who took the prisoner from him. I told him I had no doubt of it, and that I thought he had killed him and then was talking for effect. We then went to Creelsboro, on the Cumberland river, reaching there about daylight, after the hardest and coldest night of our lives, and joined the command near Burkesville."

In the "History of Morgan's Cavalry" General Duke says: "The great opponent of Champ Ferguson in the bushwhacking business was Tinker Dave Beatty. The patriarchal old man lived in a cove surrounded by high hills at the back of which was a narrow

path leading to the mountains. Surrounded by his clan, he led a pastoral life which must have been fascinating, for many who entered into the cove never came away again. The relentless ferocity of all that section made that of Bluebeard and the Welch giants, in comparison, sink into insignificance. Sometimes, Champ Ferguson with his band, would enter the cove, carry off old Dave's stock and drive



DAVID BEATTY, KNOWN AS TINKER DAVE
BEATTY,—FERGUSON'S ADVERSARY.

him to his retreat in the mountains, to which no man ever followed him. Then, when he was strong enough, he would lead his henchmen against Champ and slay all who did not escape. He did not confine his hostility to Champ Ferguson. There were not related of Beatty so many stories illustrative of his personal courage as of Ferguson. I heard of the latter, on one occasion, having gone into a room where two of his bitter enemies lay before the fire, both strong men and armed, and throwing himself upon them, he killed both, after a hard struggle, with a knife. Beatty possessed a cunning and subtlety which Ferguson, in a great manner, lacked. Both of the men are known to have spared life on some rare occasions. Champ caused a Union man to be released, saying that he did not believe him to be a bushwhacker. Subsequently, after a fit of silence, Ferguson said: 'I have a good notion to go back and hunt that man. I am afraid I have done wrong, for he is the very best shot in this

part of the country; and if he does turn bushwhacker, he will kill a man at every shot.' ”

Such is the story, in part, of the feats of Champ Ferguson, a bushwhacker of the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. He was hanged by the Federals at Nashville after the war.

Tinker Dave Beatty and Champ Ferguson's men were the terror of either side throughout eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, until the close of the war.

The Republican Banner, published at Nashville, edited by Henry Watterson and Albert Roberts, dated October 21st, 1865, contains the charge against Ferguson read at the gallows. The war had ceased, and Ferguson had been promised his life to surrender; but passions were up, and bad faith led him to his doom.

“Colonel Shafter read aloud the charges, specifications, and findings of the Court. Ferguson listened intently, his head askance and his eyes fixed musingly on his boots. The list was long and bloody, embracing twenty-three separate cases—how the prisoner about to be executed had cut the throats of the wounded soldiers. Again, how he had murdered an old father whilst the arms of his daughter were flung about his neck; how he had pursued a victim and killed him, saying: ‘That’s ninety-seven of the Yankees gone, and I’ll go and kill three more to make it an even hundred;’ how he had mangled wounded men with knives; how he had murdered citizens as well as soldiers, running through four years of desperate cruelty and wrong—were clearly read by Colonel Shafter, embracing over one hundred and twenty human beings. Champ nodded approval to ten of the charges. To one he said: ‘I could tell it better than that.’ Colonel Shafter replied: ‘No doubt you could, for you saw it.’

“When he had finished reading the charges Colonel Shafter said: ‘Well, Champ, you hear what these say, and I am about to carry them out and execute you. I hope you bear me no malice for the discharge of my duty.’ Champ replied: ‘Not the least—none in the world.’ The Colonel then said: ‘Do you want to say anything?’ ‘No,’ replied the prisoner, ‘That is, I can’t say what I want to say here, and maybe it’s no matter anyway.’ ‘Have you no last requests to make?’ ‘Well, I don’t want to be cut up by anybody; and when you’ve done with me I want you to put my body in the coffin and give it to my wife. She’ll take me home to White county, on the Calf Killer. There I wish to be buried—not on such soil as this. There is a little graveyard near my house (she knows it), and I want to lie there. If I had my own way, I’d be there now and not here. I wish you would wipe my face before I go.’

“The Colonel did as requested. The wife and daughter remained near by.

“Almost unconsciously, the daughter said after the execution: ‘I hope they are satisfied, and that now we will be let alone.’ ”

The article thus winds up: “That Champ Ferguson’s career

was an epitome of blood seems evident, but he possessed the nerve, if he did not the magnanimity, of manhood; and the same courage, fortitude, and purpose, directed by education and good intent, might have crowned a noble life instead of a death upon the gallows tree."

Captain S. J. Johnston, of the Confederate Army, in sending me the picture of Ferguson, says: "This picture was taken in Nashville just before Ferguson was hanged. My farm and home were once owned by Champ Ferguson. He is buried near my home, in White county, Tennessee, on the Calf Killer. I can stand on my front piazza and see the tall gray tombstone, that was cut from rock in the mountain not over a mile from his grave."

"The dead should be sacred—in peace let him rest—
Nor trample in scorn o'er the prayer hallowed sod;
The green turf is holy that covers his breast;
Give his faults to the past, leave his soul with his God."

CHAMP FERGUSON SHOTS A FEDERAL PRISONER IN A CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL.

By Dr. L. B. Murfree, Ss., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

During the year 1864 and the early part of 1865 I was stationed at Emory, Virginia, as the Surgeon in charge of the Confederate Hospital located at that place.

In the fall of 1864 a large force of Federal cavalry from Kentucky under command of General Stoneman made a raid through Southwestern Virginia for the purpose of destroying the railroad between Bristol and Lynchburg. They were met by Morgan's command and a fierce and bloody battle was fought near Max Meadow in which the Federals were defeated and driven back into Kentucky. A large number of Federals were taken prisoners, many of them being wounded, some very badly.

The wounded were sent to the General Hospital at Emory and Henry College, of these there were 150 or 200 Federal prisoners. The Hospital was on the railroad, nine miles from Abingdon, beautifully located and in a fine section of country. The college buildings were large and commodious and were occupied by the Confederates as a hospital, containing 350 beds and was under my care as the surgeon in charge. The Federal wounded were placed on the third and fourth floors of the main building which could be only reached by two stairways, one at either end of the building. In order to prevent the escape of any of the Federal prisoners guards were placed at the foot of each of the stairways.

On a cold and bleak Saturday in November, 1864, Champ Ferguson with twelve or fifteen of his men quietly rode up to the hospital, dismounted, hitched their horses and entered the hospital almost unnoticed. They attempted to ascend one of the stairways to the ward

on the third floor where Lieutenant Smith, a wounded Federal prisoner, was confined.

The guard halted them and told them that they could not go up those steps (this guard was an Irishman and as brave as Julius Caesar). Champ Ferguson followed by his men advanced on the guard swearing that they would go up the steps in spite of him.



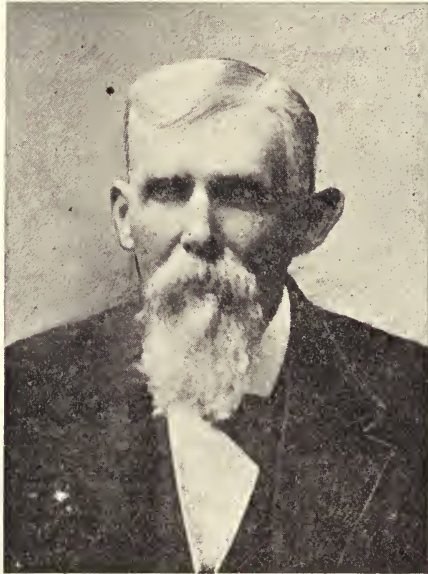
DR. J. W. MURFREE.

But the guard undaunted by their threats, raised his gun and leveling it at Champ Ferguson coolly yet firmly told him that he would shoot him if he came any farther.

Unable to scare this guard they left him and went to the other stairway where they overpowered the guard stationed there and ascended the stairs to the ward where Smith was in bed suffering with a severe wound. Champ Ferguson went directly to Smith, sat down on his bed, and patting his gun with his hand said, "Smith, do you see this? Well, I'm going to kill you" and without another word placed the gun at Smith's head, fired, sending a minnie ball through Smith's head instantly killing him.

I was busily engaged in the office of the hospital when a nurse came rushing in saying a lot of soldiers had killed a man in the hospital. I immediately went to the hospital followed by Major Stringfield of the Army of Virginia (who was visiting in that neighborhood). On reaching the hospital we rapidly ascended the steps to the second floor where we were halted by one of Ferguson's men with a drawn revolver. I promptly told him to go down the stairs, to which he replied that "Captain Ferguson had ordered me to let no one pass up the steps." I pushed by him going on up the steps while Major Stringfield remained behind contending with the guard. On the next flight of steps I met Champ Ferguson and his men, and I said to them, "Gentlemen, you must go down from here, this is a place for the sick and wounded, and you must not disturb them," to which Champ Ferguson said with an oath, "I will shoot you." Standing within a few feet of each other I said to him, "This

is a Confederate hospital, I am in charge of it, I command here, you must go down from here." Champ Ferguson then advanced to within three feet of me, raised his cocked pistol and pointed directly at my breast saying, "I don't care who you are, damn you, I will kill you." Realizing the desperate character I had to deal with and being myself unarmed, yet impelled by a sense of duty, I again said to



COLONEL M. L. GORE,
DIBRELL'S CAVALRY, ARMY OF TEN-
NESSEE, C. S. A.

him, "You must go down from here and out of this hospital." While we were standing in this threatening attitude, face to face with Ferguson's pistol at my breast and swearing he would kill me, Lieutenant Philpot of Ferguson's company stepped in between us at the same time motioning with his hand to Ferguson when they all went down the steps, I, going down with them, Ferguson cursing and swearing as he went. They passed out of the hospital, mounted their horses and as they rode off shouted, "We have killed the man that killed Hamilton."

Afterwards I was told that Lieutenant Smith, whom Champ Ferguson had just killed, had mistreated Ferguson's family; that he made Ferguson's wife undress and marched her before him along the public road in a nude state.

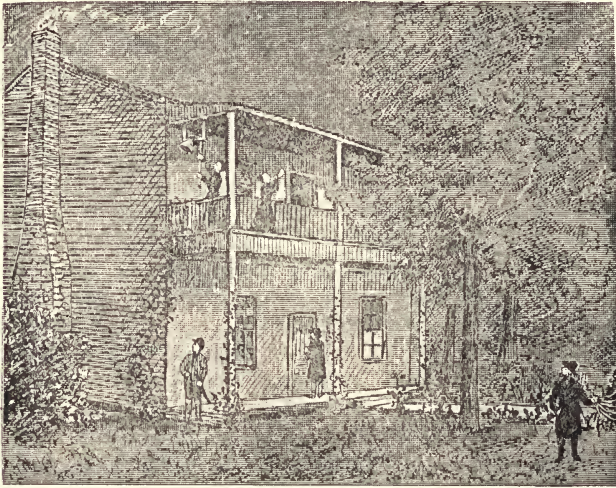
The killing of Smith was promptly reported to General Breckenridge at Abingdon, he being in command of the Department of

Southwestern Virginia. Champ Ferguson was arrested, a court-martial ordered and held, but it was so near the close of the war that nothing more than this was done with him.

ONE OF JOHN MORGAN'S SCOUTS.

Did you ever hear of the battle of "Snatch?" It was described to me once by a scout in John Morgan's cavalry. It was the theme of the cavaliers who regaled us around the campfire, and its novelty interested me. So I will give it to you as I got it. "Snatch" is a hamlet in Williamson county, Tennessee. General Morgan's cavalry was stationed at Liberty, and General Forrest's at Columbia, when Bragg's army was at Tullahoma. The commands of these two generals guarded for a time the left and right outposts of the Army of Tennessee. An order came to a Lieutenant in Morgan's cavalry (George C. Ridley now of Florence, Texas) from the general commanding, to select ten picked men to go via Alexandria, Lebanon and Goodlettsville, and as near to Edgefield as practicable, and send in a messenger sub rosa to Nashville to ascertain the location of the Federals, their force and the approaches. It was but little trouble always to find some woman of Southern blood who was not only willing but glad to do anything to promote the Southern cause; accordingly the scouts pursued their way across the Cumberland, near Payne's Ferry, and found a trusty young lady for the mission. They scattered in the vicinity until her return. In twelve hours she came back with a complete diagram of the Federal works around Nashville, with the location of every regiment and battery, and the exact force. The Lieutenant, upon receiving it, started back post haste for Liberty, but to his astonishment found out that General Wilder, with a large force of Federal cavalry, had marched from Murfreesboro via Lebanon and was then on his way via Alexandria, to meet Morgan at Liberty. He had received private instructions from General Morgan that if he should be cut off after gaining the information, to make his way as rapidly as possible to General Forrest at Columbia, as the two commands contemplated a dash on Nashville. So he changed his course and started for Columbia via Triune. He struck a place called "Snatch," a little hamlet in Williamson county, now changed to Peytonville. It was nearly nightfall when he reigned up at a farm house which was a two-storied frame. The Orderly Sergeant was sent to the house for a guide, making his approach through a lawn. A lady came to the door, and, although the Sergeant had seen a man yet she said there was no one there to pilot them. It was at a time when the citizens did not know who was a Federal or who was a Confederate. His dress did not indicate it. The Confederate capturing the Federal would invariably take his

overcoat, so that they could not with assurance tell friend from foe; besides, the Federals were killing many of those they caught on suspicion, being in an enemy's country. The scout assured the old lady that they were "Rebel Scouts" trying to get to Columbia, but they could get no guide. The Lieutenant went up and, notwithstanding his earnest protestation, met with the same response. Fin-



“RING THE BELL AND BLOW THE HORN”.

ally, he told her that he was lost and must have a guide, that he had seen a man about the house and would have him. She slammed the door in his face, and hallooed to her "girls" who occupied a porch in the second story, to "ring the bell and blow the horn." In an instant a big old farm bell began to ring, sounding like the "bell of doom," and a girl blew that horn with the skill of an old time chicken peddler. In the stillness it could have been heard for miles. The officer said: "Madam, we are not to be frightened in this way, the guide must come." The bell kept ringing, the horn kept blowing, and there sat the scout parleying for a guide, when suddenly a pattering gallop of horsemen was heard, and the sound of approaching footsteps. Horses were mounted and navies were drawn; it was a company charging upon them, and a running fire ensued for miles. They ran the scouts two hours; it looked like surrender, but the sudden thought availed, the night being dark, to sidle off into a woodland and let them pass. This was done, and the pursuers were evaded; but they were out in a strange woodland without food or shelter and lost. They lay there until near daybreak, not knowing "whence they came nor whither they were going." After parleying over the proposed venture they saw across the fields which encir-

cled the woodland a dim burning light in a farm house. Nothing daunted, they all ventured to try again for more light; so as cautiously as possible they approached this house. A few dismounted and ventured to knock at the door. A female voice inside answered in excited tones: "Who's that?" "Madam, we are Rebel soldiers trying to get to Columbia; we are lost and want a guide." "No guide here!



SERGEANT W. L. KEMP, JR.

"Poke your head in that door and I'll blow your brains out!" "Madam, we must have a guide, and if you don't open the door, we will break it down." Said she: "Martha Ann, ring that bell!" O, a big bell again broke forth, aknell-a-clang-a-dole. It was not the quick tap of the fire bell, but

"Its clanging peals announced the doom,
 Lost one! outcast! undone! undone!
 Outcast from grace and life and light! Undone!
 Outcast from love and prayer and heaven! Undone!
 Outcast from hope and God! Undone!"

They mounted their horses, and by the time all hands were in the saddle, a pattering of horses' feet again beat upon the air. In a moment bang! bang! went the carbines, and for two solid hours this party was scattering down the road pursued by a persistent set of devils bent on their capture. The next morning the Lieutenant met an acquaintnace who had been to see his son in the Confederate Army, and was slipping back through the lines home. After being told that they were on the right road to Columbia, some one of the

scouts asked him "what they meant down here at 'Snatch' by ringing bells and blowing horns?" The old gentleman said that it was a warning that the Southern citizens gave to "Cross's bushwhacking company," and that our own men had been firing into us all night. I ventured to submit this to Sergeants Seth Corley and Kemp, W. S. Knapp and to the First Lieutenant of Company F, Ward's regiment, John Morgan's cavalry, to know if what I remembered was substantially correct. They replied, "in the main, your account of it is correct, yet you stop 'in the middle of the road.' After we had reached Columbia and delivered the message to General Forrest, we were making our way back to General Morgan, near McMinnville. On the day following, about sundown, the scouts dispersed to farm houses for something to eat, with a view of afterwards traveling all night. The Lieutenant and Sergeant Corley were waiting on the pike leading from Eagleville to Shelbyville for said scouts to come up when a man dressed in citizen's clothes came up to us through a lane approaching the pike. It being twilight, we halted him, and at once grew suspicious that his accent was not that of a Southern man, his manner uneasy and demeanor strained. We demanded of him to give up. He said that he was a citizen and that he was going about ten miles above there to see some of his people. Sergeants Corley and Kemp began to investigate him, and discovered that he rode a cavalry saddle and bridle, and a horse freshly randed U. S. By this time the other men had gotten their square meals and reported. This would-be citizen we found had a pair of saddle bags and in one side a Confederate Captain's uniform, in the other, a Federal Major's, brand new. We took from him two finely mounted six shooters, and prepared to resume our journey with him to Morgan's camp. The Lieutenant concluded to ride side by side with the captive and pump him a little, the scouts following a distance behind. After riding two or three miles through the country, taking the shortest cuts for our destination, we came into a dark, thick place in a woodland, when bang! went a small derringer pistol seemingly in the Lieutenant's face. The ball penetrated his hat, and, as quick as lightning, the Lieutenant, on the *qui vive*, dropped him, and the scouts riddled him with balls. One of the men appropriated his boots, and, on examination, found concealed in top between the lining and outer leather, some orders from the Commander at Nashville to go to Shelbyville and to Tullahoma, find out the roads across the mountain and the force of the enemy. These papers, together with a fine black mare, were turned over to General Morgan, who, upon finding the Lieutenant's horse worn out, had him keep the mare."

Thus ended a dangerous scout between the Federal Army at Murfreesboro, and Nashville their base of supplies, and would have proven fruitful of results had not Morgan been so quickly thereafter called to look after Burnside near Burkesville and Forrest had been sent to West Tennessee. Both of these gentlemen, the Lieutenant and Sergeant, recollect enough of that escapade to have been im-

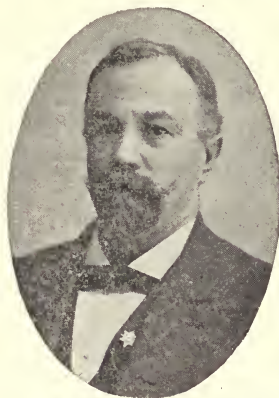
pressed with what became of the spy and of the old woman's earnestness when those girls were made to "ring that bell and blow that horn."

THE TENNESSEE SOLDIERS' HOME.

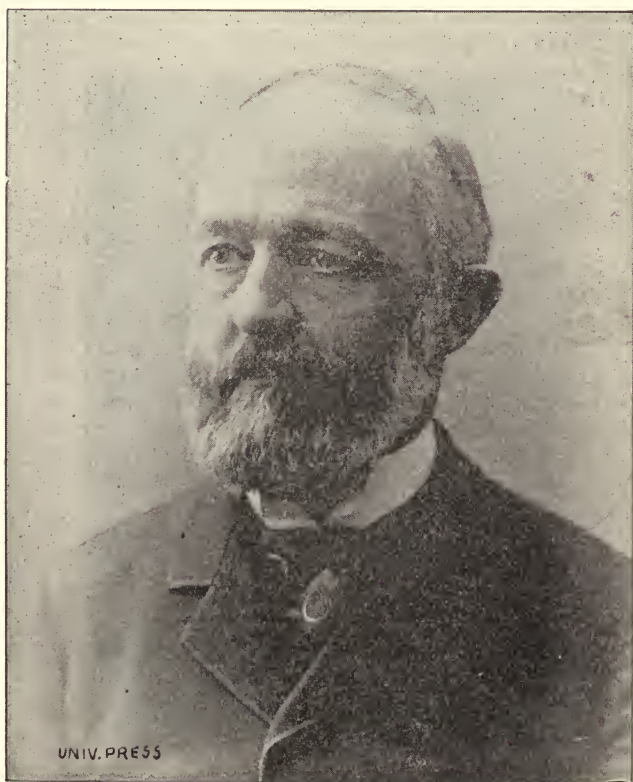
A comrade who had been in hard lines ever since the sixties said to me: "If I can't navigate farther, won't you see that I am sent to the Soldiers' Home?"

This remark has lingered with me, and I have been moved by its meaning to visit the Tennessee Soldiers' Home and see how the decrepit monuments of military valor are being cared for. I now realize the soldier's hope. The place is beautiful, the surroundings lovely. It is eleven miles from Nashville, on the Lebanon Pike, near the historic Stone's river, and is the "dream of ease and comfort" that the old comrade who has been drinking the dregs of The Hermitage, the former home of the greatest character in American history, is now dedicated by his State as the resting place for the weary sons who, in hours of danger, buckled on armor in her defense and yielded only "when the news of the battle was over and the bugle no more called to war." It is also known as "Clover Bottom," and the blue grass region covered with majestic hickories, towering poplars and strong armed oaks, is the place from which spring some of the most notable memories of Tennessee history. And now, to add to its sacredness, comes the Southern Soldiers' Home, where the aged "cease from trouble and the weary may rest." I am reminded of the visits of great characters to the Hermitage—Aaron Burr in his mythical role; Lafayette as a guest of honor; James K. Polk, Felix Grundy, Generals Coffee and Wilkinson, the Bentons, and many others of national fame—all to honor the renowned Andrew Jackson. No grander character ever entered that honored abode than the war worn Southern Soldier. What a knightly courtesy it was for Tennessee to say: "old soldiers—without pensions, comfort or means—enter; and as long as we are worth one dollar to pay the weeder thy path from thy door to thy bowling green shall never grow up."

Nearly every state of the south has come to the rescue of her sons who battled for her in the sixties, and it shows the tie which binds the offspring to the father; while the general government still refuses to recognize their merits, each State will care for and cherish the deeds of her sons. The women of the South are ever regardful of the homes of these Confederate soldiers, and still hover around them like angels of mercy to comfort and bless the inmates. Recently the State's appropriation gave out, and since it is a year before the Legislature meets the Daughters of the Confederacy and



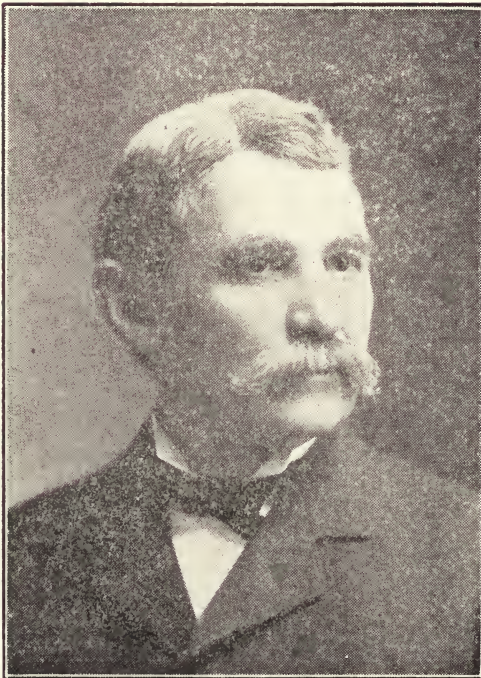
CAPT. MARK COCKRELL,
CHAIRMAN—SOLDIER'S
HOME COMMITTEE.



J. B. O'BRYAN, MEMBER—SOLDIER'S HOME COMMITTEE.



DR. J. W. McMURRAY,
MEMBER—SOLDIER'S HOME
COMMITTEE.



E. R. RICHARDSON OF NASHVILLE, MEMBER—
SOLDIER'S HOME COMMITTEE.

other friends are at work. Fiddlers' Contests, suppers and various kinds of entertainments are given. The money comes so that the old soldier never misses a meal. If I had millions, I would contribute most of it to the Soldiers' Home. Another part of it would be devoted to a monument to the women of the South. On the shaft should be placed an unpretentious Southern matron looking to the base, where lay the sick soldier, with little angels of mercy, like fairies, hovering around him.

The management of this home, in its thorough business system, is like clockwork. You can go to the books and find what has been used and what is on hand at any time, and every employe "knows his place."

The farm contains over four hundred acres, and is so utilized as to contribute largely to the support of the home. The State of Tennessee owns it, and it is in care of a board of trustees chosen from the Bivouacs of the State. The Daughters of the Confederacy help to maintain it. The executive Committee of the Board of Trustees have entire charge of it. These men, without any pay, are looking after it with untiring diligence. Among those "whom love of God hath blest, and in good works leading all the rest," will be found the names of Dr. McMurray, Captain Mark S. Cockrill, Major R. H. Dudley, and the late Joseph B. O'Bryan and G. H. Barkette and E. R. Richardson.

ARTICLE TO SHOW THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE MONUMENTS OF MILITARY VALOR IN 1897.

THE GRAND REUNION AT NASHVILLE.

The reunion of Confederates to be held in Nashville in June is an assured success. Our war-worn veterans whose visages will tell each other of many a bloody campaign, will be there in force. Tennesseans will lift their hats to salute them and in unbosomed hospitality welcome them. Generations of sons and daughters of the battle-scarred sires will come to us, and in profound reverence will look upon the gray-haired monuments of military valor. We are flattered with a promise, too, the realization of which will imprint recollections never to be erased from the memories of those who witnessed it; the presence of living female celebrities of the slumbering cause. They are especially invited to be the guests of the city, and they will accept; they cannot stay away. The dream of the old soldiers who fought for them and for their cherished cause, to see them again before they die, will be realized.

Mrs. President Davis (our mother) and her daughters, Mrs. Hayes and Miss Winnie Davis, will be there. Mrs. Braxton Bragg, General R. E. Lee's daughters, Mesdames Stonewall Jackson, Ben Hardin Helm, Holmes, Longstreet, Buckner, J. E. B. Stuart, A. P. Stewart, Picket, Gordon, A. P. Hill, Heth, S. D. Lee, Fitzhugh Lee (President of the United Daughters), Basil Duke, Newton Brown (whose husband commanded the famous Arkansas ram), the daughter of Admiral Semmes (of Alabama fame), and others distinguished in the great conflict are expected to be present.

The happiest visit of my life was to the Richmond Reunion. My feelings on entering the city that the world tried for four years to take was inexpressible. The names of R. E. Lee, Beauregard, Joe Johnson, Stonewall Jackson, grew upon me as I contemplated their military prowess, and also those of their lieutenant subordinates: Early, Ewell, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Gordon, Hampton, Ashby, Stuart, and others. How must our enemies have felt on entering Richmond, when it cost them so much life, treasure and blood?

When you visit Nashville, you may not be so impressed, yet when you contemplate the military struggles in her vicinage, notably among which are Fort Donelson, Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Richmond, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Franklin, Nashville, and hundreds of minor battles, seeing still lines of breast-

works and frowning fortresses dotting the state, you will find it consecrated also as a fixed western outpost in the stupendous military drama.

Every living General on the Confederate side who can come, will be at Nashville. Its central location will bring them from the East, South, North, and West, and hallowed reminiscences that cluster around her will induce many to come at inconvenience. Recollections of Albert Sidney Johnston, Bragg, Hardee, Buckner, Breckinridge's, Polks, Stewart, Bushrod, Johnson, Pillow Harris, S. D. Lee, Cheatham, Cleburne, Stevenson, Withers, McCown, Bate, Walthall, Loring, Clayton, French, Hanson, Helm, Gist, Adams, Rains, Zoll-coffer, Kirby-Smith, Brown, Hills, Pettus, Ector, Govan, Strahl, Granberry, Cockrell, Reynolds, Palmer, Maney, Carter, Quarles, Sears, Vaughn, McNair, Gregg, Featherston, the Smiths, Gordon, Chalmers, Buford, Harrison, Bell, Morton, Forrest, Wheeler, Jackson, Dibrell, Wharton, Lyon, Duke, and other braves will be recalled by the great occasion. Followers also of Price, Pemberton, Magruder, Dick Taylor, McCullough, Tom Green, Thompson, and Joe Shelby, will be partakers in Tennessee's greeting. In fact, Federal soldiers have also become enlisted in our annual "house warmings," and many of them are expected to be witnesses to our eternal devotion.

The Centennial will be in full blast, and the outpouring will be phenomenal. No extortion in prices need be looked for, and every facility for your comfort, comrades, is promised.

And now a little secret touching the reception to you. It shall be credited to where it belongs: to our women. They are busy in the back ground, busy for your entertainment, and you know it will be thorough. While the citizens, the Centennials Committee, and the bivouac are in the forefront, they are but the tools of the Daughters of the Confederacy and of the Old Revolution, and of the ladies of Tennessee. So, veterans, it will not cost you much. Let's get together a little while and live in the glory of conviction, if not in triumph; let's leave the business and line up for a few days under the spirit stirring and soul-inspiring strains of "Dixie," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Maryland," "Happy Land of Canaan," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "The Girl I left Behind Me."

In encountering the surging masses upon our streets, tip your hats freely, lest you pass an unknown heroine, and don't forget a pleasant greeting to every old fellow you meet, for fear of overlooking an old comrade who shot with you.

The keys of the city will be given you. If you strike "mountain dew" or "old Robertson," sip it; or "old Lincoln," laugh and linger while the game goes on. If a Tennessee damsel makes you feel at home, just kill yourself to please her; if a Kentucky thoroughbred smiles on you, do not forget your raising; or if any Southern belle gets ardent in her devotion and vehement in expression over pleasing you, bow to her if mental apoplexy attacks you. Recollect that you

are in the hot bed of Southern sentiment and among brethren and sisters who swore in their wrath, and confirmed it in their deliberation, that they would seal their faith with their blood before they would do an act or cherish a thought prejudicial to the Southern rights. Do not fail to meet some of our ladies whom you met when the death shot rattled; Mesdames Overton, Nicholson, Goodlett, Williams, Hume, Gaut, Clare, Johns, Battle, Polk, Gale, Cahal, Guild, McMurray, Hickman, Nichol, Rains, Brown, Childress, Ewing, Fall, Thompson, Pilcher, McAlister, Morgan, Berry Cockrell, Ewing, Allen, Armstead, Foster, Lytton, O'Bryan, Porter, Misses Jane Thomas, Sallie Brown, Cahal, and, indeed, all not only of the organized Daughters, but the ladies of Nashville; and not only these, but of the whole State of Tennessee and of the Sunny South, for they will be there looking for you to sweeten your bread with arrack and your milk with honey, and are determined to make this reunion a climatic triumph over all reunions ever held or that may be expected. Veterans of the blue might come down and shake hands with us over the memories. It will be our feast, and in the Christian spirit Confederates would bid you welcome—not as if forced, like Themistocles to court favor with the Persian King; or Napoleon, to sit down to the table of the English people, but through a desire to cement our bonds of American citizenship.

One of our Southern songsters, A. S. Morton, St. Paul, Minn., has invoked the muses over my prosing. The divine afflatus through his facile pen is drawn out in the following beautiful epic:

NASHVILLE INVITATION.

Come, you hoary-headed "gray-backs," though with feeble, halting gait —

Come and warm your age-iced blood at eternal mem'ry's fire,
Swap a lie and crack a joke with any olden-time messmate,
Share our grub, and drain our canteens if a "nip" you should desire;

For the portals of our city open wide to let you pass,
And the latchstrings of the houses dangle outside in the air;
While upon the threshold smiling, matrons staid and rosy lass
Stand with open arms, inviting you to halt and enter there.

Widows, mothers, sisters, daughters, cheer us with your presence rare.

Let the unforgotten glories of the South's undying past
Temper grief, and for the moment smooth away the lines of care.
Since for many you shall smile at, this parade will be the last.

Shades of Jackson, Lee, and Johnston, Stuart, Forrest, Morgan, too.
 Come and mingle with our spirits, lead once more your dwindling
 hosts;
 Let us feel again inspiring, magic force of hearts so true;
 Make of glories past conception something more than shiv'ring
 ghosts.

Chickamauga, Appomattox, roll your battle clouds away;
 Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain, halt before this history page;
 Ribs of sunken "Alabama," from your bed in Cherbourg's Bay,
 Wraiths of war, "eyes front," beholding greatest wonder of this
 age.
 From the Southland's farthest corners come the men who wore the
 gray—
 Come to write again their story on the leaf of history,
 Come to mingle precious mem'ries with the sorrows of to-day,
 And triumph, though defeated, chant the magic name of "Lee."

Here's a welcome for you "blue-coats"—you who faced us in the
 field;
 Come, and in fraternal greetings bury passions of that strife.
 Hearts and hands are open to you—don't refuse us; simply yield.
 Such impulses as this greeting give and feed a nation's life.
 We will welcome you as warmly as we did in sixty-one;
 But instead of whistling bullets and destruction's dealing shell,
 We will spread the festal table underneath our Southern sun.
 Come and hear once more the music of that curdling "Rebel yell."

Come then, "Rebels," "Johnnies," "Gray-backs," "Yanks," and "Blue-
 coats," come along.
 Tears for noble dead and cheering for the heroes with us yet.
 Hearty grips from former foemen, wealth of beauty, bursts of song—
 All combined will make a picture that the coldest can't forget.
 And the sun will shine the brighter, and the rose, in proud array,
 Will give forth a richer fragrance; while the violets in their dells
 Joyous lift their lowly heads upon the memorable day
 When the Tennessean heavens ring once more with "Rebel Yells."

A TENNESSEE STORIETTE.

Living all her young life in one of the numerous coves of the Cumberland Mountains, Lena Paxton was a true child of nature where its moods are fitfullest, strangest, and strongest. She was like the mountain Flora, wild and fair, and in the blue deeps and liquid softness of her eyes were mirrored the cloudless mountain sky and the leaping light of the mountain stream. She was unfamiliar with the outside world; she was as remote from the wiles of men and the arts of women as the rhododendrons of the steeps about the cabin home.

Many a time she had stood on Storm King Rock and gazed upon the vast, varied panorama with its hazy limits, wondering what sort of people lived away down in the green valleys and by the streams whose shimmer streaked with silver the living map of earth, that from the top of the rock was ever open to her study. She wondered if the people down there had such hopes and fears as she. But little indeed did the child-woman know, from what she had seen of the outside world. Almost as alien and strange to her understanding as the fancied inhabitants of the skies, were the denizens of the seemingly limitless lower earth. She apprehended as little of the motives and interests of the real as she did of the ideal creatures. But just now she was beginning to add to the undefined figments of her knowledge, and the acquisition affected her more seriously than all the rest of her experience with the stranger world. The ingenious annals of the cove never until now had suffered a hint of it. It was coming in a stupendous drama, whose fell genius brooded over a dreadful widening domain of hideous shapes, piteous scenes, and infernal confusion; coming to her as it came to many thousands of the simple people of the United States. The girl recoiled from what was ominous of ruin to her one great joy.

It was an evening of May, 1862, that Lena Paxton stood on the big rock, looking long and wistfully toward the wide westward sweep of land and sky, which met in the lurid glow of the setting sun.

The girl's face was like the changeful gloaming sky—an arena for the contending forces of light and darkness. The waning day was ominous of something somberer than the dusk. It was the world-old, world-wide pathos of a young girl's love.

She was thinking of John Gueron, her little mountain kingdom's crown prince; thinking of him with a vague, pained premonition that some dreadful harm was to come to him and to her, out of the

blackening curse of the war. For now the mutterings of the American civil strife grated upon the long peace-embowered nooks of the cove, and its reverberations quivered among the very rocks of Eagle Pass.

Lena had ceased to wonder what it was all about; its portents alone concerned her. The men of her family—her father and two older brothers—wore the gray, and were far away from their home somewhere with the armies of Lee and Bragg. She knew that their enemies were those who wore the blue or who gave sympathy to the Unionists—enemies of her father and brothers—and the great trouble was, as everybody said, that John was one of those enemies. And as she thought of him, a tender witchery played in the red of her lips and the light of her eyes, while her fancy caressed the memory of the fierce clasp of his strong arms, when at their last meeting down by the creek, they had discussed the cruel dangers of separation because of the war; and he had sworn that nothing should part them. Vexatious and incomprehensible to her were politics and war. She knew there was nothing under heaven more glorious than to be loved by him, nothing sweeter than to love him. And now these meddling people, grown crazy over politics and war, meant to part him and her because John stuck to his opinion that it was “wrong to try to break up the Union.” “The Union,” he had said to her, “that your great-grandfather and mine together at Cowpens and King’s Mountain helped to make.”

What must she do? What could she do? Only to-day she had heard his name reviled by the gossips of the cove. They had called him “a homemade Yankee.” She knew better; he was a native-born; he was as much a Southerner and Tennessean as her father and brothers, and she knew that they at least liked and respected the manly, athletic young fellow who brought trophies of the chase and hunt to the girl-pet of their home. And she recalled that, before they went off to the war, they had never any contention with him, as others did, on account of his views. O that they were here, somehow, to take his part!

In the cove and on the mountain were young men who envied and hated John Gueron for the distinct favor he had from the girl. It had been ever since, when, as a strapping lad, he had borne her home, senseless and bleeding, from a fall she had received by climbing after a rhododendron at Storm King Rock. The little girl had said: “The wee flower looked so lonesome away up there by itself.” And she had said, too, long afterwards, when they were debating the more serious problems of life, and he had kissed on her brow the scar left by that fall, saying it was “a white blossom of courage” that he kissed—she had looked at him with frank, wide, trusting eyes and said: “If I’d risk so much for a little wild flower, what wouldn’t I do for John?”

John’s jealous fellows, although none of them had ever donned

a uniform, or ventured other manful avowal of partisanship, omitted no opportunity to magnify his political perverseness. It was clear to Lena that they meant to undermine him and to drive him away, or worse. The mischief was growing. Some even said that he was engaged in secret missions for the Yankees; that he advised those he thought hesitating as to their course, to take the oath to join the enemy; they actually said that when he got through with his devilment in the neighborhood, he would himself go to join the blue coats.

And in Lena's mind kept running the silly jingle with which a pretended friend had sought to plague her with the bruited about of the stories on John:

"First somebody told it;
Then the room couldn't hold it,
And busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside."

All this and more had been brought strenuously to bear upon Lena, even her mother whose heart was with her husband and sons, helping to add to the pressure. But it served only to draw her closer to him—to link her very fate with that of John Gueron. Frequently now, perforce, listening to what the snuff-dipping mountain harpies had to say of the character of her hero, as she lapsed into an inundation of tenderness for him, and then, thinking of his traducers, the arched mouth straightened, and she shook with a fiery tempest of hate.

She had much cause for worry and sadness to-day. John was gone somewhere on the other side of the mountain. He was frequently away of late, and his departures now more than ever depressed her, for they gave fresh license to the malicious tongues of the foes. He had promised to return on the morrow, but Lena knew that he must come back to encounter new perils all around.

At last the girl turned from the rock, and as she made her way homeward in the gathering darkness, she looked over her shoulder at the rising new moon and made a wish, and her bosom shook with sobs. It was that she and John might live and die together.

John Gueron came back the next day, grave and silent. Tenaciously he kept at his simple occupation, reserved and forbearing, although he could not help hearing and seeing how surely his former popularity was giving place to suspicion and ill-concealed enmity. It was to the young man a bitter thing to see the passing, of the time when his prowess, his cleverness, his good looks, and his generous nature held him in that general esteem which was most grateful, because it was the pride of the girl he loved. Yet nobody could get from him a word of approval of the Confederate cause. The common answer to the common question, Why, if he was so opposed to the attitude of the community, he did not go North, or join the enemy, was plain enough to most people in his infatuation for that incor-

rigible, impulsive Lena Paxton. His enemies said he was a fool as well as a would be spy. His friends told him he was indeed a fool to risk his life just because of a sentimental mountain girl, who, on other occasions, had created much trouble among the boys—just because she didn't want him to leave her.

In less than a week a squadron of troopers in gray halted John Gueron in the road that wound into the cove, and sternly warned him, on pain of death, to leave the country.

On horseback, within the limit of the time they had set, he rode away, supposedly for the Union lines. But, whatever affected his discretion, he came back in three days. Fortunately the departure of the Confederates for other fields of action made his return less hazardous. The conspirators against him lacked assurance when the soldiers of the bushwackers were not around.

He had been gone long enough for Lena to have gone well nigh distracted with dread and grief; but now that John was in reach, how she laughed at the lightest thing, and how clear and true rang her voice as she lifted it to try if the echo-spirits of the cove were at home.

Among their acquaintances up the mountain were a few partial to their suit, and who helped it along whenever chance afforded. With the connivance of these loyal friends many a secret meeting was arranged for them. It was even contrived to have John and Lena together at a dancing party of young people up the mountain, at the Widow Martin's, where John had formerly boarded, when he came back from school in the valley and went into the business of buying and selling cattle.

Uncle Billy, the dusky "laughing fiddler of the cove" was on hand, with scores of rosy girls and ruddy boys to "chase the glowing hours with flying feet." Among them, when Uncle Billy called "Podniuh fo' de comtilyom," was John Gueron, straight and lusty, and with black eyes gleaming amid the conscious clumsiness of the throng, and at his side, laughing and beautiful with happiness, was Lena Paxton.

Uncle Billy's "instrument" was "chuned up en put in cir'mstance," as he expressed it, and, because he was especially fond of Miss Lena and Marse John, who, for his faithful carrying of their notes, had contributed liberally of his slender revenues, gave exceptional zest to his performance of the favorite airs of the place and time, such as "Old Zip Coon," "Billy in de Low Ground," "The Devil's Dream," and "Chicken in de Bread Tray." The jocund fiddler chuckled over the bubbling bliss of the twain, and he lent a livelier crescendo than usual to his customary vocal interjections.

The talk of the grove was the Widow Martin's party, and people soon learned all about the dance and the supper, what was said, what was done.

The story was that John Gueron had brought that Rio coffee

from the Yankee camp, and brought with it "white sugar" to sweeten it.

The bushwhackers were advised anew as to John Gueron. They were told that he had the assurance to stay at the pass for the purpose of furnishing important information to the Yankees.

Guided by Tom Sharpe, the boldest and most persistent of John's rivals, they set out to hunt him and to kill him on sight.

Early one morning, through the narrow gorges, up Eagle Creek, came the man hunters looking for John Gueron.

Lena was one of the first to descry the band of armed horsemen moving cautiously along the road down by the creek. Stricken with terror, she sped homeward. A group of neighbors were on the porch with her mother exchanging conjectures as to the purpose of the "cavalry" in the cove. Springing to the door, she snatched from its accustomed peg the old dinner horn, ran to the end of the porch, heaved a long breath, and, facing the pass, she blew a blast that turned all of the cove into pandemonium of echoes, to which was added the howling of startled dogs.

John Gueron heard that wild blast. He was just emerging from Widow Martin's front door, prepared for the worst, but he was too late. Many Confederates were entering the front gate, and some were running around the house. He turned, hoping to escape by the rear, to where his horse was, but a dozen Confederates were in his path and demanded his surrender.

His answer was a cry of defiance: "Take me, if you can."

The clash was short and bloody. The leader of the party was killed and another wounded by two shots—all that came from his navy pistol. John Gueron was riddled by the pistols and carbines of the soldiers. Other troopers ran to the spot. The smoke of the guns had scarcely cleared away from where they bent above their stricken comrades when a wild cry, mingling with the hoof beats of a galloping horse, smote the air. It was a woman's voice.

Straight to the group, with flying, disheveled hair, she dashed. She jerked the foaming horse to his haunches, and, leaping to the ground, flung herself upon the prostrate form of her lover. And there, dabbling her white hands in his blood and uttering strange, heart-curdling cries, Lena Paxton became for a time a maniac.

The hardened troopers looked on in wonder and pity. Suddenly, with an unearthly shriek and with John Gueron's pistol in her hand, she sprang to her feet among the startled men, and before they could recover from the effect of her piercing cry, fired upon them point-blank again and again. Ere the frenzied woman could be disarmed, three more men lay bleeding on the ground. One was fatally and the others badly wounded. The man mortally hit was the first she shot, John Gueron's relentless rival, Tom Sharpe.

The soldiers bound the crazed woman, who begged piteously only to be allowed to kill herself. Delivering the now fainting girl to the

care of Mrs. Martin, into whose house the dead and wounded had been removed, the troopers mounted their horses and rode away. When the awe stricken neighbors, who had been summoned to the scene, had recovered as well as they could from its horrors, they found in John Gueron's pockets a little love note addressed to Lena, a new jeweler's box containing a diamond ring, and another quaint ring of gutta-percha, within its circle, in letters of silver, being just the name "Lena." They gave the things to the poor girl, but she seemed to care for none of them so much as the little black ring with its crude carving. It had been a token of John's boyhood fancy.

One balmy springtide evening, ere the worn spirit of the girl had quit its wasted frame, she lay looking from her window that overlooked the great valley, now flooded with moonlight. Her younger brother stood watching her with sad, wistful eyes. Seeing that she wished to speak, he bent near, asking: "What is it, little sister?"

"I've seen the new moon, and I've made a wish." Then she whispered to him as he bent near. It was a simple wish which the brothers faithfully kept, by which she and John Gueron were buried side by side down by the creek.

ANOTHER STORIETTE.

The following startling adventure is furnished me by J. H. Watts, Clerk and Master at Cookeville, Tennessee. I use it to show that sentiment of love in the human heart that spans from the "cradle to the grave." This simple and unvarnished story has hardly a parallel in the page of fiction. Its strict truth is beyond question:

Near Murfreesboro, June 28, 1864.—To the Editor of the Times: The original of the following letter is in my possession. The events so graphically narrated transpired in Putnam County, Tennessee. I knew Dr. Sadler from a small boy. The men who murdered him were noted guerrillas, and killed him from no personal grudge, but on account of his sentiments. I have no personal acquaintance with the young lady, but have the highest authority for stating that she is a pure, high-minded girl, the daughter of a plain farmer in moderate circumstances. It only remains to state that Poteet was killed January 30, and Gardenhire February 4, 1864, so that the vengeance they invoked has overtaken all three of the murderers of M. G. Sadler.

JOHN W. BOWEN.

Martin's Creek, April 30, 1864.

Major Clift: According to promise I now attempt to give you a statement of the reasons why I killed Turner, and a brief history of the affair. Dr. Sadler had, for two years previous to his death, seemed equally as near and dear to me as a brother, and for several months nearer than any person—my parents not excepted. If he had not, I never would have done what I did—promise to be his.

The men who killed him had threatened his life often be-

cause he was a Union man; they said he should not live, and after taking the oath they arrested him, but Lieutenant Oakley released him at Pa's gate. He stayed at Pa's till bed time, and I warned him of the danger he was in, told him I had heard his life threatened that day, and that I felt confident he would be killed, if he did not leave the neighborhood and stay off until these men became reconciled. He



MISS LIVERNIA WEBB, WHO SLEW THE
MURDERER OF HER LOVER.

promised to go; said he had some business at Carthage, and would leave the neighborhood that night, or by day-light next morning, and we felt assured he had gone. For some unaccountable reason he did not leave. About 3 o'clock p. m. next day news came to me at Mr. Johnson's, where I had gone with my brother, that Dr. Sadler was killed. I had met Poteet, Gardenhire, and Turner on the road, and told my brother there that they were searching for Dr. Sadler to kill him. Sure enough they went to the house where he was, and strange to me, after his warning, he permitted them to come in. They met him apparently perfectly friendly, and said they had come to get some brandy from Mr. Yelton, which they obtained, and immediately after drinking, they all three drew their pistols and commenced firing at Sadler. He drew his, but it was snatched away from him. He then drew his knife, which was also taken away from him. He then

ran round the house, and up a stairway, escaping out of their sight. They followed, however, and searched till they found him, and brought him down and laid him on a bed, mortally wounded. He requested some of his people to send for Dr. Dillin to dress his wounds. It is strange to me why, but Sadler's friends had all left the room, when Turner went up, and put his pistol against his temple, and shot him through the head. They all rejoiced like demons, and stood by till he had made his last struggle. They then pulled his eyes open, and asked him in a loud voice if he was dead. They then took his horse and saddle, and pistols, and robbed him of all his money, and otherwise insulted and abused his remains.

Now, for this, I resolved to have revenge. Potteet and Gardenhire being dead, I determined to kill Turner, and to seek an early opportunity of doing it. But I kept that resolution to myself knowing that I would be prevented. I went prepared, but never could get to see him.

On Thursday before I killed him, I learned that he was preparing to leave for Louisiana, and I determined he should not escape, if I could prevent it. I arose that morning, and fixed my pistols so that they would be sure fire, and determined to hunt him all that day. Then sitting down, I wrote a few lines so that if I fell, my friends might know where to look for my remains. I took my knitting, as if I were going to spend the day with a neighbor living on the road towards Turner's. It rained very severely, making the roads muddy, so that I became fatigued, and concluded to go back and ride the next day, or Saturday. But Ma rode my horse on Saturday, and left me to keep house. We had company Sunday a. m., so that I could not leave; but the company left about noon, and I started again in search of Turner. I went to his house, about two and a half miles from Pa's. I found no one at home, and, therefore, sat down to await his return. After waiting, perhaps, one and a half hours, a man came to see Turner, and not finding him, he said he supposed he and his wife had gone to Mrs. Christian's, his sister-in-law, who lived about one-half mile distant.

I concluded to go there and see, fearing the man would tell him I was waiting for him, and he would escape me. I found him there, and a number of other persons, including his wife, and her father and mother. Most of them left when I entered the house. I asked Mrs. Christian if Turner was gone. She pointed to him at the gate just leaving. I looked at the clock, and it was 4:30 o'clock p. m. I then walked out into the yard, and as Turner was starting, called to him to stop. He turned and saw I was preparing to shoot him; he started to run. I fired at the distance of about twelve paces, and missed. I fired again as quick as possible, and hit him in the back of the head, and he fell on his face and knees. I fired again and hit him in the back, and he fell on his right side. I fired twice more, only one of these shots taking effect. By this time I was within five steps

of him, and stood and watched him till he was dead, and then turned round and walked toward the house, and met Mrs. Christian and her sister, his wife, coming out. They asked me what I did that for. My response was "You know what that man did the 13th of December last—murdered a dear friend of mine. I have been determined to do this deed ever since, and I never shall regret it." They said no more to me, but commenced hallooing and blowing a horn. I got my horse out, and started home, where I shall stay or leave when I choose, going where I please, and saying what I please.

L. J. W.

The picture accompanying this sketch is that of Miss Webb. Perhaps no feature would suggest to the casual observer the undaunted spirit that enabled her to perform an act so foreign to woman's heart. But, we may confidently aver, she was not actuated alone by revenge, and, if this be true, then she was the chosen agency of that Nemesis that avenges every evil deed. Miss Webb's people were on the Southern side in the great struggle—Dr. Sadler an avowed Union man.

THE TENNESSEE ARMY IN 1865.

Colonel J. L. Power, the efficient Secretary of State, of Mississippi, who is thoroughly overhauling that office, has furnished the following valuable data touching the Tennessee Army (Confederate) on April 24, 1865.

“Colonel Kinloch Falconer was Adjutant General of the Tennessee Army. His name was familiar as household words in all this section in war times. He was filling the office of Secretary of State in 1878, and when Holly Springs was threatened with yellow fever, he went to render what service he could, and fell a victim to the epidemic. He left in this office some very valuable military papers, some of which have already been given to the public, and will assist in making up a correct history of the civil war.

“At the windup of the conflict the effective strength of this splendid army was reduced to 20,821. Comparing this with the Federal ‘department of Tennessee,’ embracing fifty-two well equipped regiments, it will be seen how greatly the Confederates were outnumbered.

The report is dated April 26, 1865:

HARDEE'S CORPS.		
	Eff.	Total P.
Cheatham's Division	1,727	2,414
Brown's Division	1,527	2,102
Hoke's Division	2,102	2,760
	5,356	7,279
STEWART'S CORPS.		
	Eff.	Total P.
Loring's Division	1,980	2,627
Walthall's Division	2,102	2,747
Anderson's Division	890	1,276
	4,972	6,650
LEE'S CORPS.		
	Eff.	Total P.
Stephenson's Division	987	1,271
Hill's Division	1,931	2,442
	2,918	3,713
Total Army	13,246	17,639

ARTILLERY.

	Eff.	Total P.
Hardee's Corps	184	194
Stewart's Corps	469	590
Lee's Corps	89	110
Total	742	894

Hardee's corps, Cheatham's division—Palmer's and Gist's brigades.

Brown's division—Govan's and Smith's brigades.

Hoke's division—Kirkland's, Clingman's, Colquitt's and Haygood's brigades.

Stewart's corps, Loring's division—Lowrey's and Shelley's brigades.

Anderson's division—Rhett's and Elliott's brigades.

Walthall's division—Harrison's and Conner's brigades.

Lee's corps, Hill's division—Sharpe's and Brantley's brigades.

Stephenson's division—Pettus' and Henderson's brigades.

Three corps. Eight divisions. Nineteen brigades.

Palmer's brigade—18, 3, 32, 45, 36, 10, 15, 37, 2, 30, and 23rd Tennessee battalions, consolidated, under Colonel A. Searcy; 4, 15, 19, 24, 31, 33, 35, 41, and 35th Tennessee, consolidated, under Colonel Tillman; 11, 12, 13, 20, 47, 51, 52, 54, and 50th Tennessee, consolidated, under Colonel Rice; 1, 6, 8, 9, 16, 27, 28, 34, and 24th Tennessee battalions, under Colonel Field.

Gist's brigade—46 and 65th Georgia, and 21 and 8th Kentucky battalions, consolidated, under Colonel Foster; 16th and 24th, consolidated, under Major B. B. Smith.

Smith's brigade—1, 57, and 63rd, consolidated, under Colonel Almstead; 54, 37, and 4th battalions, S. S., consolidated, under Colonel Caswell.

Arkansas and 3 Conf., consolidated, under Colonel Howell; 6, 7, 10, 15, 17, 18, 24, and 25th Texas, consolidated, under Lieutenant Colonel Ryan.

Kirkland's brigade—17, 42, 50, and 66th North Carolina.

Clingman's brigade—8, 31, 51, 61, 40, and 36th North Carolina.

Colquitt's brigade—6, 19, 23, 27, and 28th Georgia.

Haygood's brigade—7th South Carolina battery, 11, 21, 25, and 27th South Carolina.

Featherston's brigade—1st Arkansas, 1, 2, 4, 9, 25, consolidated, 3 and 22nd Mississippi, and 1st Mississippi batalions.

Lowrey's brigade—12th Louisiana, 14 and 15th Mississippi.

Shelley's brigade—27th Alabama (27, 35, 49, 55, 57), 16, 33, 45th Alabama.

Elliott's brigade—2nd South Carolina artillery, 22nd Georgia battery, Manigault's battery.

Rhett's brigade—1st South Carolina artillery, 1st South Carolina infantry, Lucas' battery.

Harrison's brigade—1, 47, 32, and 5th Georgia, and Bonand's battery.

Conner's brigade—2, 3, and 7th South Carolina.

Sharpe's brigade—8th Mississippi (5, 8, 32nd Miss., 30th Miss. battery), 9th Mississippi (7, 9, 10, 41, 44, and 9th Mississippi batteries S. S.) 24th Alabama (24, 28, 34), 10th South Carolina battery (10, 19th S. C. regiments).

Brantley's brigade—22nd Alabama (22, 25, 39 and 50th Ala.), 37th Alabama (37, 42, and 54th Ala.), 24th Mississippi (24, 27, 29, 30, and 34th Miss.), 58th North Carolina (58 and 60th N. C.)

Henderson's brigade—30th Georgia regiment (34, 39, and 56th Ga.), 42nd Georgia (42, 36, 56, 34, and 36th Ga.), 40th Georgia battalion (40, 41, and 43rd Ga.), Con. Ga. Batt. (- Con., Ga. I Batt., S. S. 66, 39, 29, 25 Ga. regiments).

Artillery—Hardee's corps—Paris' and Atkins' (Manly's battery) brigades, Zimmerman's and Water's batteries.

Stewart's, Anderson's and Brooks' (Anderson's battery), Stewart's Legardeur's Rhett's Barton's Lee's Kanapaux's, Parker's, and Wheaton's.

Starr's battalion—Kelley's Cummings', Ellis', Baddhann's, South-land's, Batten's, Darden detachment.

Palmer's battalion—Yates', Flore's, Moseley's, and Adler's batteries (22), (1) detachment.

The following statement of date a few days later:

April 26, 1865:

HARDEE'S CORPS.

	Eff.	Total P.
Cheatham's Division	1,941	2,513
Brown's Division	1,530	2,124
Hoke's Division	1,548	2,043
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total corps, infantry	5,019	6,680
Artillery, Hardee's	122	133
Escorts	100	126
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Grand total corps	5,241	6,939

STEWART'S CORPS.

	Eff.	Total P.
Loring's Division	1,976	2,725
Walthall's Division	1,937	2,777
Anderson's Division	845	1,396
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total infantry	4,758	6,898

Artillery	444	590
Grand total corps	5,202	7,488

LEE'S CORPS.

	Eff.	Total P.
Hill's Division	2,169	2,722
*Stephenson's Division	994	1,274
Infantry	3,163	3,996
Artillery	91	104
Escorts	47	51

Lee's Corps 3,301 4,151

*Pettus' brigade omitted, detached at Saulsbury on guard.

	Eff.	Total P.
*Starr's Battalion Artillery	315	330
*Palmer's Battalion Artillery	267	302

*Unattached. 582 632

GRAND TOTAL ARMY PRESENT.

	Eff.	Total P.
Infantry	12,940	17,574
Artillery	1,239	1,459
Escorts	147	177
Cavalry	6,495	7,950
	20,821	27,160

TOTAL PRESENT AND ABSENT.

Hardee's (all)	30,982
Stewart's (all)	26,071
Lee's (all)	16,452

Total 71,381

April 10, 1865:

HAMPTON'S CAVALRY.

	Total Eff.	Total Pres.
Wheeler's Corps	4,390	5,473
Butler's Division	1,917	2,251
Cavalry	6,307	7,724
Horse Artillery	188	226

Total Hampton's 6,495 7,950

Correct from record. KINLOCH FALCONER, A. A. Gen.

Colonel Power takes an active and patriotic interest in these things. He suggests that every Southern State should take steps,

without further delay, to compile its civil war history, and adds: "Costly monuments to the great leaders are well enough, but the name and record of every man who enlisted in the Confederate Armies should be rescued from the oblivion into which they are fading."

GENERAL ROBERT LEE'S WAR HORSE "TRAVELER."

One of my friends has kindly permitted me to use the following sent her by her Uncle, Captain J. N. Broun, graphically portraying the history of Robert Lee's War-horse, "Traveler."

Beckley, W. Va., Mch. 9th,

My Dear Martha:

You asked me to give you some facts about General Robert E. Lee's noted war-horse "Traveler," as he wrote the name. This horse was a steel gray gelding, nearly sixteen hands high, having a perfect form, great strength and durability and noble carriage; moving gracefully and rapidly, with ease to himself and his rider. "Traveler" was known and admired by all of Lee's army. The General was a splendid rider, a handsome man, more impressive as "our commander" when mounted, especially on "Traveler." This, his favorite horse, faithfully served General Lee to the close of the war, and was taken to Lexington, Virginia, and used by the General while President of Washington-Lee University till his death, as his saddle horse. The horse afterwards died from lockjaw, caused by treading upon a nail which pierced his foot. He was about six years old when General Lee bought him from me in January or February 1862. This horse was bred in Greenbrier County, Virginia, (now West Virginia) near the Blue Sulphur Springs, by the father of Captain James W. Johnston; the Captain still survives, a prosperous, influential citizen, residing in his native Greenbrier County which is noted for its well bred horses, its blue grass, its White Sulphur and other Springs, etc.

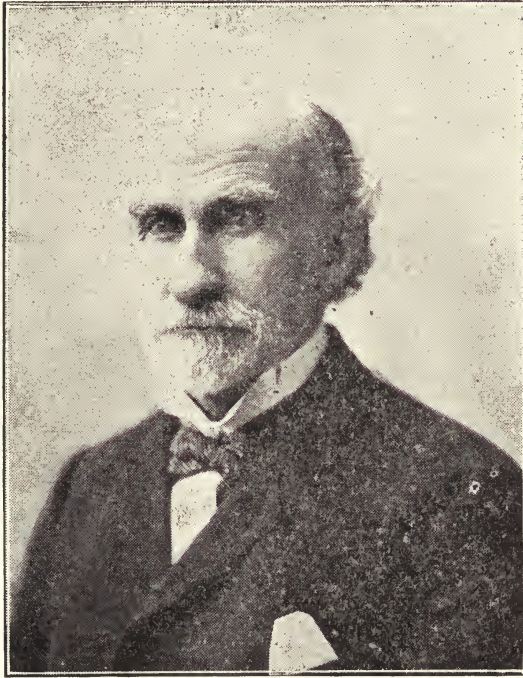
This colt, when Mr. Johnston, Sr., owned him before the war, was known as "Jeff Davis," and took first two premiums at the County Fair at Lawrenceburg, the County seat of Greenbrier, as a two and three year old.

In the fall of 1861, General Robert E. Lee, with the Brigades of Generals Floyd and Wise, and others, were camped on Sewell Mountain in Fayette County, West Virginia.

I had been commissioned Captain and Assistant Quartermaster. James W. Johnston, above mentioned, then a private, was acting as my quarter master sergeant. We belonged (Johnston and I) to the 60th Virginia Regiment of Infantry (previously called the 3rd Regiment of Wise's Legion). Johnston, as forager, went to his father's home and returned with several wagon loads of corn, etc., riding his colt "Jeff," afterwards "Traveler." He sold me "Jeff" for \$175.00 some time in October 1861, and delivered possession, with this under-

standing, that the property and title to the horse should remain with Johnston until I paid him therefor, which I did about December 7th, 1861 (as soon as I drew my pay), in Virginia bank notes.

I well remember the first time General Lee summoned me to his presence. It was upon a raw wet morning in November 1861. General Lee and staff were standing by a fire in front of his tent on the



CAPT. JOSEPH M. BROUN, OF CHARLESTON, W. VA., FROM WHOM GENERAL LEE PURCHASED HIS NOTED WAR-HORSE, "TRAVELER".

North side of the road. A dead mule lay stretched across the road just opposite this group. I, mounted on "Jeff," was riding briskly to my regiment, and must pass this mule obstructing my way, under the very eye of my General. What should I do? What would "Jeff" do? Without halting, or breaking his gait, or unseating me, upon my touching "Jeff," he gracefully leaped over the mule and moved on without fear. Upon reaching my regiment, Captain Glover of General Lee's staff soon appeared, stating that the General desired me and my horse forthwith at his tent. I was somewhat startled at this "invitation" and urged Glover to explain. But he did not know or would not tell (he and I had been fellow students at College). Upon my appearance before General Lee, he was most gracious and

pleasing; commending my horsemanship and praising my horse. Where did I get so beautiful, fearless and useful an animal? He wanted one just like it, and I must get it for him. I was tempted then to offer "Jeff" to him, but concluded that such would be bold and unbecoming.

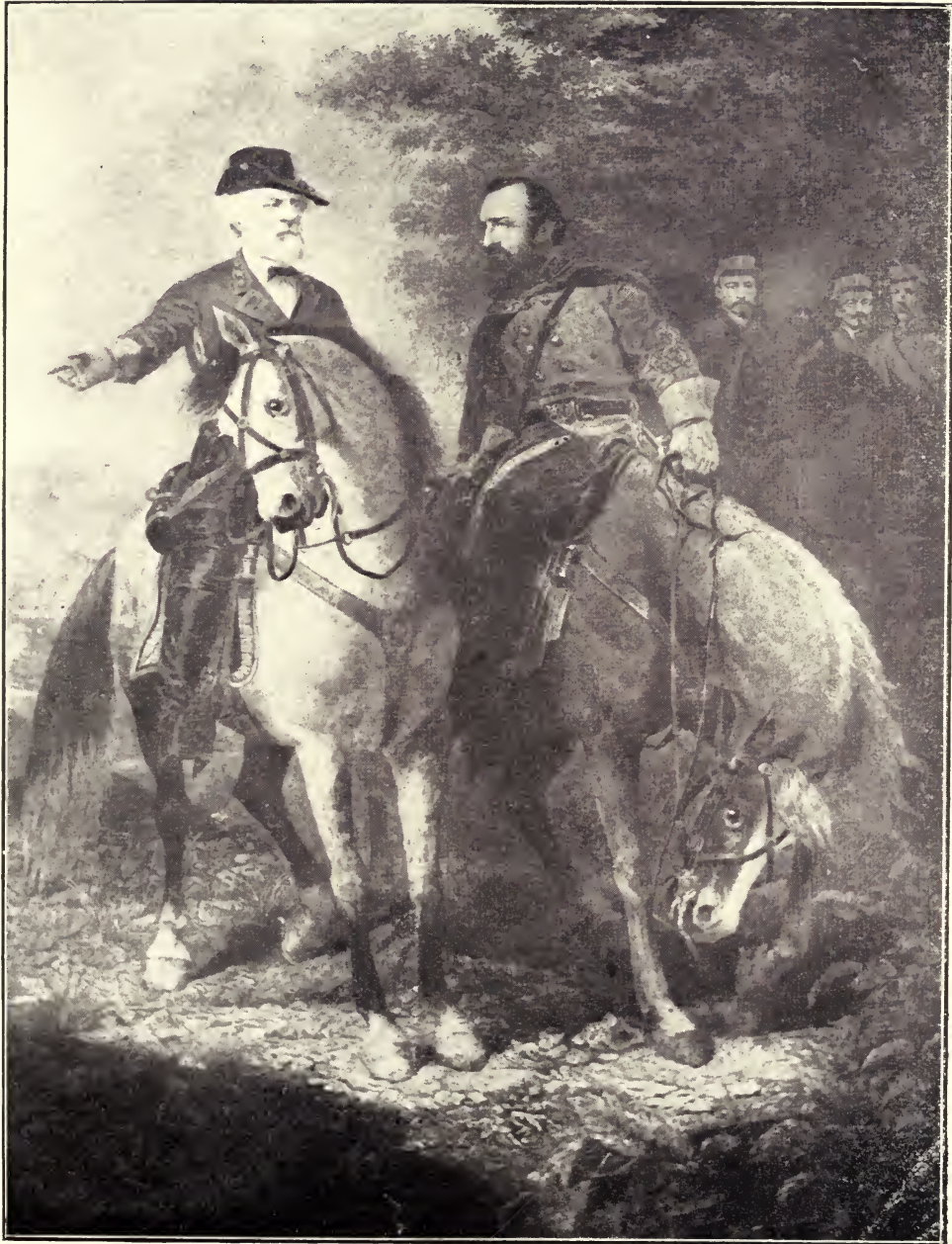
In December, 1861, my regiment (63rd Infantry) went to South Carolina, and again encamped near General R. E. Lee's Headquarters at Coo-saw-hatch-ie, and also at Po-co-tal-i-go, on the railroad about midway between Charleston, S. C. and Savannah, Ga.

While riding "Jeff" near Pocotaligo shortly after my arrival there, I met General Lee in the road. He at once recognized me, probably my horse more impressed him. He spoke to me, calling me Captain Broun; congratulated me upon the safe arrival of "his Virginia regiment," was glad I had brought "his colt" along, and that it had so well stood the trip, etc. Upon returning to camp I left the horse at General Lee's stable in charge of his hostler, with directions to let General Lee know that the horse was at his service so long as he saw fit to keep him; designing thus to give the horse to General Lee. General Lee used the horse for about a fortnight, and then returned him to me, led by a groom, in charge of a staff officer, who delivered to me the horse and a note written and signed in General Lee's hand and addressed to me, thanking me for the use of "Traveler" (this was the first of my knowing Jeff's new name;) further stating that the horse suited him, but that he could not longer keep or use another's property, especially when so valuable, and so exposed in such perilous times. But if I would sell the horse, his Aide would pay me therefor.

I again offered, through the Aide, to give the horse to General Lee; but the Aide replied that the General fully appreciated the offer, and had anticipated it by instructions to decline it with thanks, and to return the horse to me, unless I was willing to sell him. I then stated that General Lee could buy the horse for what he cost me, \$175.00. The reply was that General Lee had previously learned from me that I had paid \$175.00 for the horse; and had sent \$200.00 for his purchase on account of the depreciation in our paper money. The Aide then handed me two Confederate notes of one hundred dollars each, and my "Jeff" became General Lee's "Traveler."

At General Lee's direction, the Aide then required a written receipt and bill of sale signed by me, describing the horse, stating the sale thereof, the payment of the price, my individual ownership of the horse, and my absolute right to sell him.

Afterwards, in 1868, I was teaching at Glendale Academy, a Baptist Institution under General Perry of Alabama, situated on the L. & N. R. R. south of Elizabethtown, Ky. At General Perry's request, I wrote to General Lee (while he was President of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.) asking him to name a suitable



TWO IMMORTALS, WHOSE MEMORY WILL EVER BE LOVED BY CONFEDERATES
AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

young man for a teacher's place in General Perry's Academy; reminding General Lee of my indentivity by inquiry about "Traveler."

General Lee replied to me most pleasantly in his own handwriting; was always glad to hear from any of his former soldiers, commended me for working in my own Southern country; "Traveler" was still his useful saddle-horse; would I furnish the horse's pedigree, etc?

This led to another letter of thanks from General Lee to me about the horse's pedigree. I also received letters from him about the teacher wanted by General Perry. General Lee named young Mr. Brokenborough, of Lexington, Va. whom General Perry employed, and who taught at Glendale with me.

All these letters from General Lee were long since lost, given away or misplaced by me. I wish I now had them, that I might send you at least one of them.

In visiting you and your people in 1897, and again in 1903, I, on the L. & N. R. R., passed by Glendale in near view of the old Academy (still in use), and was much impressed by reminiscences of my year's sojourn there, especially of events herein narrated.

The "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee" by Generals Long and Wright (1886), page 131-133, contains a picture of General Lee mounted on "Traveler," and a description of the horse.

I sent Edward Betts an enlarged copy of this picture last fall, and now send you a copy of this description of "Traveler" attached hereto.

I trust from these "facts," you may be able to cull a satisfactory "tradition."

Your affectionate uncle,

JOSEPH M. BROWN.

To Miss Martha Knott Ordway,
Murfreesboro, Tennessee,
March 9th, 1904.

LONG'S MEMOIRS OF ROBERT E. LEE. PAGES 131-133.

"In connection with this West Virginia company, we may revert to another matter of considerable interest, that relating to Lee's favorite horse "Traveler," a noble animal which attained almost as much celebrity in the Army of Northern Virginia as the gallant form which he bore through as many fields of battle. He was purchased during this campaign, and served his master royally throughout the whole duration of the war and for many years afterwards.

We are fortunately able to give a history and description of this celebrated charger from Lee himself. It was directed to his daughter Agnes, with corrections in his own hand-writing, apparently in response to some artist who had asked for a description of the animal.

The enthusiasm with which the General speaks of his companion

of so many days of peril and hardship, shows the spirit of a true horseman and a nature capable of kindly affection and companionship for every creature with which he came into intimate relations.

If I was an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of "Traveler," representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he has passed. He could dilate upon the sagacity and affection and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night—marches and days of battle through which he had passed.

But I am no artist and can only say he is a *Confederate Gray*.

I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since—to Georgia, the Carolinas, and back to Virginia. He carried me through the seven days battle around Richmond, the Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the Campaign in 1864 at Orange till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the wilderness, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the long line of defense from the Chickahominy north of Richmond and Hatcher's Run south of the Appomatox. In the campaign of 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomatox Courthouse.

You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond, but I think his favorite is the American Saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toil, "Richmond," Brown Roan, Ajax and "Quiet Lucy Long," he is the only one that retained his vigor to the last. The first two expired under their owners burden, and the last two failed.

You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait.

To General Lee's description of his noble horse may be added some few further particulars of his appearance and history. He was sixteen hands high, of a dark iron-gray color, and when purchased about five years old. He was strong and active, but perfectly docile, and as calm as his master under fire. General Lee had always a strong affection for him, which he manifested on many occasions. Six years after the war, "Traveler" had become almost milk-white, having grown hoary with age and honors. He died very soon after the decease of his master, his death arising from lock-jaw caused by his

treading on a nail which penetrated his foot and could not be withdrawn."

Copied from Long's "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," page 131-133, at Beckley, W. Va. March 9, 1904, by Joseph M. Broun for his great-niece, Martha Knott Ordway, of Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

JOSEPH M. BROUN.

March 9th, 1904.

UNSWERVING DEVOTION TO DUTY.

Miss Elizabeth Ryall, the daughter of an Ex-Confederate who has always cherished the cause of the Southern Confederacy and who eagerly sought information or incidents relative to the struggle her native Southland made to gain her independence, remembers a touching scene enacted on the banks of the Potomac as related to her by her father, while that glorious Chieftain, Robert E. Lee was in Virginia:

“On a beautiful autumn day while the two armies were confronting each other and only divided by this historic stream, General Lee accompanied only by a staff officer, was riding along the front, on “Traveler,” and when he had reached an eminence which commanded a view of the country across the river, and which was occupied by the enemy, dismounted from his horse, and with his field-glasses peered long and earnestly, and involuntarily the glasses dropped from his hands—he came down on bended knees with his face turned to heaven and silently sought intercession with his God;—finally arising with tears streaming down his face, his manly form trembling with emotion, his voice choking and almost inaudible—Adjutant, he said, this is the most trying ordeal of my life—In that house on yonder hill I first met my wife, under its roof and on that veranda I wooed and won her love, under the shade of the trees my children have played, the enemy has discovered its commanding view to gain vantage ground and thus imperil the result of our success in the coming conflict—they must be dislodged at any cost, although the dearest spot on earth to me, it must and shall be done. Order those batteries to this point and have them to storm with shot and shell, if necessary, until not one vestige of the house is left.”

Thus giving another instance of unswerving devotion to duty at the cost of personal sacrifice.

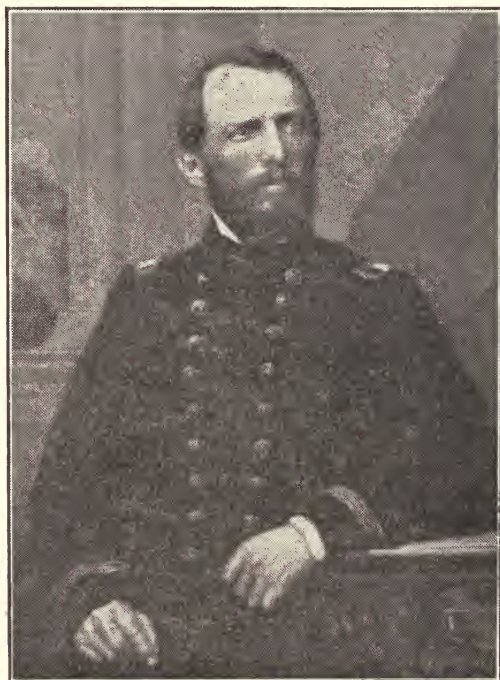
THE CONFEDERATE GUN-BOAT "ARKANSAS".

By her Commander Isaac N. Brown, Captain C. S. N. (Published by permission).

After the Appomatox capitulation, the observance of which, nobly maintained by General Grant, crowns him as the humane man of the age, I took to the plow, as a better implement of reconstruction than the pen; and if I take up the latter now, it is that justice may be done to the men and the memory of the men of the Arkansas.

On the 28th of May, 1862, I received at Vicksburg a telegraphic order from the Navy Department at Richmond to "proceed to Greenwood, Miss., and assume command of the Confederate gun-boat Arkansas, and to finish and equip the vessel without regard to expenditure of men or money." I knew that such a vessel had been under construction at Memphis, but I had not heard until then of her escape from the general wreck of our Mississippi river defenses. Greenwood is at the head of the Yazoo river, 160 miles by river from Yazoo City. It being the season of overflow, I found my command four miles from dry land. Her condition was not encouraging. The vessel was a mere hull, without armor; the engines were apart; guns without carriages were lying about the deck; a portion of the railroad iron intended as armor at the bottom of the river, and the other and far greater part was to be sought for in the interior of the country. Taking a day to fish up the sunken irons, I had the Arkansas towed to Yazoo City, where the hills reach the river. Here, though we were within fifty miles of the Union fleets, there was the possibility of equipment. Within a very short time after reaching Yazoo City we had two hundred men, chiefly from the nearest detachment of the army, at work on the deck's shield and hull, while fourteen blacksmith forges were drawn from the neighboring plantations and placed on the bank to hasten the iron-work. Extemporized drilling machines on the steamer Capitol worked day and night fitting the railway iron for the bolts which were to fasten it as armor. This iron was brought from many points to the nearest railroad station and thence twenty-five miles by wagons. The trees were yet growing from which the gun-carriages had to be made—the most difficult work of all as such vehicles had never been built in Mississippi. I made a contract with two gentlemen of Jackson to pay each his own price for the full number of ten. The executive officer, Mr. Stevens, gave the matter his particular attention, and in time, along with the general equipment, we obtained five good carriages from each con-

tractor. This finishing, armoring, arming, and equipment of the Arkansas, within five weeks working-time, under the hot summer sun from which we were unsheltered, and under the depressing thought that there was a deep channel, of but six hours' steaming between us and the Federal fleet, whose guns were within hearing, was perhaps not inferior under all the circumstances to the renowned effort of



CAPT. I. N. BROWN, COMMANDER--ARKANSAS
RAM, C. S. N.

Oliver Hazard Perry in cutting a fine ship from the forest in ninety days. We were not a day too soon, for the now rapid fall of the river rendered it necessary for us to assume the offensive without waiting for the apparatus to bend the railway iron to the curve of our quarter and stern, and to the angles of the pilot-house.

On Monday a. m., July 14th, 1862, we started from Satartia. Fifteen miles below, at the mouth of Sunflower river, we found that the steam from our imperfect engines and boiler had penetrated our forward magazine and wet our powder so as to render it unfit for use. We were just opposite the site of an old saw-mill, where the opening in the forest, dense everywhere else, admitted the sun's rays. The day was clear and very hot; we made fast to the bank, head down stream, landed our wet powder (expecting the enemy to heave in sight every

moment), spread tarpaulins over the old saw-dust and our powder over these. By constant shaking and turning we got it back to the point of ignition before the sun sank below the trees, when, gathering it up, we crowded all that we could of it into the after magazine and resumed our way, guns cast loose and men at quarters, expecting every moment to meet the enemy. I had some idea of their strength, General Van Dorn, commanding our forces at Vicksburg, having written to me two days before that there were then, I think he said, thirty-seven men-of-war in sight, and more up the river. Near dark we narrowly escaped the destruction of our smoke stack from an immense overhanging tree. From this disaster we were saved by young Grimball, who sprang from the shield to another standing tree, with rope's-end in hand, and made it fast. We anchored near Hayne's Bluff at midnight and rested till 3 a. m., when we got up anchor for the fleet, hoping to be with it at sun rise, but before it was light we ran ashore and lost an hour in getting again afloat. At sunrise we gained Old river—a lake caused by a "cut-off" from the Mississippi; the Yazoo enters this at the north curve, and, mingling its deep waters with the wider expanse of the lake, after a union of ten miles, breaks through a narrow strip of land to lose itself finally in the Mississippi twelve miles above Vicksburg. We were soon to find the fleet midway between these points, but hid from both by the curved and weeded eastern shore. As the sun rose clear and fiery out of the lake on our left, we saw a few miles ahead, under full steam, three Federal vessels in line approaching. These as we afterwards discovered, were the iron-clad Carondelet, Captain Henry Walke, the wooden gun-boat Tyler, Lieutenant William Gwin, and a ram, the Queen of the West, Lieutenant James M. Hunter. Directing our pilot to stand for the iron-clad, the center vessel of the three, I gave the order not to fire our bow guns, lest by doing so we should diminish our speed, relying for the moment upon our broadside guns to keep the ram and the Tyler from gaining our quarters, which they seemed eager to do. I had determined, despite our want of speed, to try the ram or iron prow upon the foe, who were gallantly approaching; but when less than half a mile separated us, the Carondelet fired a wildly aimed bow gun, backed round, and went from the Arkansas at a speed which at once perceptibly increased the space between us. The Tyler and ram followed this movement of the iron-clad, and the stern guns of the Carondelet and the Tyler were briskly served on us. Grimball and Gift, with their splendid sixty-fours, were now busy at their work, while Barbot and Wharton watched for a chance shot abeam. Read chafed in silence at his rifles. The whole crew was under the immediate direction of the first Lieutenant, Henry Stevens, a religious soldier, of the Stonewall Jackson type, who felt equally safe at all times and places. I was on the shield directly over our bow guns, and could see their shot on the way to the Carondelet, and with my glasses I thought that I could see the white wood under her armor. This was satisfactory for I knew that no vessel afloat could long stand rapid raking by

8-inch shot at such short range. We soon began to gain on the chase, yet from time to time I had to steer first to starboard, then to port, to keep the inquistive consorts of the Carondelet from inspecting my boiler plate armor. This gave the nearer antagonist an advantage, but before he could improve it he would be again brought ahead. While our shot seemed always to hit his stern and disappear, his missiles, striking our inclined shields were reflected over my head and lost in air. I received a severe contusion on the head, but this gave me no concern after I had failed to find any brains mixed with the handful of clotted blood which I drew from the wound and examined. A moment later a shot from the Tyler struck at my feet, penetrated the pilot-house, and, cutting off a section of the wheel, mortally hurt Chief Pilot Hodges and disabled our Yazoo river pilot, Shacklett, who was at the moment much needed, our Mississippi pilots knowing nothing of Old river. James Brady, a Missourian of nerve and equal to the duty, took the wheel, and I ordered him to "keep the iron-clad ahead." All was going well, with a near prospect of carrying out my first intention of using the ram, this time at a great advantage, for the stern of the Carondelet was now the objective point, and she seemed to be going slow and unsteady. Unfortunately the Tyler also slowed, so as to keep near his friend, and this brought us within easy range of his small arms. I saw with some concern, as I was the only visible target, outside our shield, that they were firing by volleys. I ought to have told Stevens to hold off Grimbald and Gift from the iron-clad till they could finish the Tyler, but neither in nor out of battle does one always do the right thing. I was near the hatchway at the moment when a minnie-ball, striking over my left temple, tumbled me down among the guns. I awoke as if from sleep, to find kind hands helping me to a place among the killed and wounded. I soon regained my place on the shield. I found the Carondelet still ahead, but much nearer, and both vessels entering the willows, which grew out on the bar at the inner curve of the lake. To have run into the mud, we drawing 13 feet, the Carondelet only 6, would have ended the matter with the Arkansas.

The Carondelet's action could only be accounted for by supposing her steering apparatus destroyed. The deep water was on our starboard bow, where at some distance I saw the Tyler and the ram, as if awaiting our further entanglement. I gave the order "hard a-port and depress port guns." So near were we to the chase that this action of the helm brought us alongside, and our port broadside caused her to heel to port and then roll back so deeply as to take the water over her deck forward of the shield. Our crew, thinking her sinking, gave three hearty cheers. In swinging off we exposed our stern to the Cardondelet's broadside, and Read at the same time got a chance with his rifles. The Carondelet did not return this fire of our broadside and stern guns. Had she fired into our stern when we were so near, it would have destroyed or at least disabled us.

Though I stood within easy pistol shot, in uniform, uncovered,

and evidently the commander of the *Arkansas*, no more notice was taken of me by the *Carondelet* than had been taken of my ship, when, to escape running into the mud, I had exposed the *Arkansas* to being raked. Their ports were closed, no flag was flying, not a man or officer was in view, not a sound or shot was heard. She was apparently "disabled."

We neither saw nor felt the *Carondelet* again, but turned toward the spiteful *Tyler* and the wary ram. As these were no longer a match for the *Arkansas*, they very properly took advantage of a speed double our own to gain shelter of their fleet, the *Tyler* making good practice at us while in range with her pivot gun, and getting some attention in the same way from our bows. Under the ordinary circumstances of war we had just got through with a fair hour's work; but knowing what was ahead of us, we had to regard it in the same light as our Missouri militia did, as "a pretty smart skirmish."

On gaining the Mississippi we saw no vessels but the two we had driven before us. While following these in the direction of Vicksburg I had the opportunity of inspecting engine and fire rooms, where I found engineers and firemen had been suffering under a temperature of 120 degrees to 130 degrees. The executive officer, while attending to every other duty during the recent firing, had organized a relief party from the men at the guns, who went down into the fire room every fifteen minutes, the others coming up or being, in many instances, hauled up, exhausted in that time; in this way, by great care, steam was kept to service gauge, but in the conflict below the fire department broke down. The connection between furnaces and smoke-stack (technically called the breechings) were in this second conflict shot away, destroying the draught and letting the flames come out into the shield, raising the temperature there to 120 degrees, while it had already risen to 130 degrees in the fire-room. It has been asked why the *Arkansas* was not used as a ram. The want of speed and of confidence in the engines answers the question. We went into action in Old river with 120 pounds of steam, and though every effort was made to keep it up, we came out with but 20 pounds, hardly enough to turn the engines.

Aided by the current of the Mississippi, we soon approached the Federal fleet—a forest of masts and smoke-stacks, ships, rams, iron-clads, and other gun-boats on the left side, and ordinary river steamers and bomb-vessels along the right. To any one having a real ram at command the genius of havoc could not have offered a finer view, the panoramic effect of which was intensified by the city of men spread out with innumerable tents opposite on the right bank. We were not yet in sight of Vicksburg, but in every direction, except astern, our eyes rested on enemies. I had long known the most of these as valued friends, and if I now had any doubts of the success of the *Arkansas* they were inspired by this general knowledge rather

from any awe of a particular name. It seemed at a glance as if a whole navy had come to keep me away from the heroic city, six or seven rams, four or five iron-clads, not including one accounted for an hour ago, and the fleet of Farragut generally, behind or inside of this fleet. The rams seemed to have been held in reserve, to come out between the intervals. Seeing this as we neared the head of the line, I said to our pilot, "Brady, shave that line of men-of-war as close as you can, so that the rams will not have room to gather head-way in coming out to strike us." In this way we ran so near to the wooden ships, that each may have expected the blow which, if I could avoid it, I did not intend to deliver to any, and probably the rams running out at slow speed across the line of our advance received in the smoke and fury of the fight more damage from the guns of their own men-of-war than from those of the Arkansas.

As we neared the head of the line our bow guns, trained on the Hartford, began this second fight of the morning (we were yet to have a third one before the day closed), and within a few minutes, as the enemy was brought in range, every gun of the Arkansas was at its work. It was calm, and the smoke settling over the combatants, our men at times directed their guns at the flashes of those of their opponents. As we advanced, the line of fire seemed to grow into a circle constantly closing. The shock of missiles striking our sides was literally continuous, and as we were now surrounded, without room for anything but pushing ahead, and shrapnel shots were coming on our shield deck, twelve pounds at a time, I went below to see how our Missouri Backwoodsmen were handling their 100-pounder Columbiads. At this moment I had the most lively realization of having steamed into a real volcano, the Arkansas from its center firing rapidly to every point of the circumference, without the fear of hitting a friend or missing an enemy. I got below in time to see Read and Scales with their rifled guns blow off the feeble attack of a ram on our stern. Another ram was across our way ahead. As I gave the order, "Go through him, Brady," his steam went into the air, and his crew into the river. A shot from one of our bow guns had gone through his boiler and saved the collision. We passed by and through the brave fellows struggling in the water under a shower of missiles intended for us. It was a little hot that morning all around; the enemy's shot frequently found weak places in our armor, and their shrapnel and minnie balls also came through our port holes. Still, under a temperature of 120 degrees, our people kept to their work, and as each one, acting under the steady eye of Stevens, seemed to think the result depended on himself, I sought a cooler atmosphere on the shield, to find, close ahead and across our way, a large iron-clad, displaying the square flag of an admiral. Though we had but little headway, his beam was exposed, and I ordered the pilot to strike him amidships. He avoided this by steaming ahead, and, passing under his stern, nearly touching, we gave him our starboard broadside, which probably went

through him from rudder to prow. This was our last shot, and we received none in return.

We were now at the end of what had seemed the interminable line, and also past the outer rim of the volcano. I now called the officers up to take a look at what we had just come through and to get the fresh air; and as the little group of heroes closed around me with their friendly words of congratulation, a heavy rifle shot passed close over our heads: it was the parting salutation, and if aimed two feet lower would have been to us the most injurious of the battle. We were not yet in sight of Vicksburg, but if any of the fleet followed us farther on our way I did not perceive it.

The Arkansas continued toward Vicksburg without further trouble. When within sight of the city, we saw another fleet preparing to receive us, or recede from us, below; one vessel was aground and in flames. With our firemen exhausted, our smoke-stack cut to pieces, and a section of our plating torn from the side, we were not in condition just then to begin a third battle; moreover humanity required the landing of our wounded—terribly torn by cannon-shot,—and of our dead. We were received at Vicksburg with enthusiastic cheers. Immediate measures were taken to repair damages and to recruit our crew, diminished to one-half their original number by casualties, and by the expiration of service of those who had volunteered only for the trip to Vicksburg.

THE APPROACHING CHARLESTON REUNION, 1899.

“Charleston is a pretty place, the girls look sweet;
Charleston is a pretty place, the girls dress neat.

Off to Charleston, so early in the morning,
Off to Charleston, 'fore the break of day.
Give my respects to all the pretty Lina Gals,
Off to Charleston, 'fore the break of day.”

When I read General Walker's article that old song rang in my ears and the historic memories of that old city crowded upon me. I thought of Sumter, where the first shot was fired, of Moultrie, of Battery Wagner, and of the battles of the harbor in Confederate times, and of its rich, historic events in revolutionary history.

Old soldiers let us go and see the old city where the ordinance of secession was first passed, and where South Carolina sprung an idea that got us into war, the bloodiest in the annals of American history. I have danced in boyhood to that old song, and now I want to see the city that gave it inspiration.

“Off to Charleston so early in the Morning.”

The fiddlers and banjo pickers brought us up under it, and I know that the people who made it so popular were frolicky and full of fun. The air throughout the Union was permeated with it.

Let's go down and break bread and drink “water” with the people who gave it birth. The scions of the hospitality of those days are few. They are there, though, enough of them to make the embers of Southern hospitality and South Carolina greeting a pleasing recollection. The Rhetts, the Gists, the Hamptons, the Pickenses, et id omne genus, will kindle the flames of the days that are gone and make us feel good.

As a soldier boy, I saw a pretty girl in that State once, and it left such a happy impression upon me that I want to go back and see if the “glowing rose has faded into a lily;” or if she is not living, anything connected with her memory will be worthy of my visit.

She had eyes like the fish pools of Heshbon by the gate of Bath-rabbim, a neck like a tower of ivory—aye, “the dimple in her chin, was like a flower a bee sat in.”

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made her stand;
And quickly Alabama took her by the hand.

These and memories of "coming home from Greensboro," crowd upon me. The men of to-day cannot realize the pleasure of the soldier boys of yesterday. O those nice tobacco bags and little nothings



A TYPICAL SOUTHERN SCENE TO THE TUNE OF "OFF TO CHARLESTON".

for a soldier's comfort, and those ginger cakes for the haversack! The ways of those South Carolina girls were ways of pleasantness, and their paths seemed paths of peace, and so much appreciated by the Tennessean, Kentuckian, and Missourian who were torn away from "the girls they left behind them."

So, boys, wake up and don't miss it, for Charleston will kill her fatted calf. She will chant the festal song and vie with Houston,

Richmond and Nashville in making the reunion visit a pleasant recollection through their reverence for your services in the sixties, by fighting for a cause the truth of which will die only with the last echoes of time.

Off to Charleston, so early in the morning!
Off to Charleston, 'fore the break of day.
Give my respects to all the pretty 'Lina gals,
Off to Charleston, 'fore the break of day.

RIDLEY, THE PIONEER.

(By R. A. Halley.)

It has been said that none but the brave ever started to California in the pioneer days, and that none but the strong ever got there. It is probably true of all pioneers of the days when traveling was not what it is now. Certainly it was true of the men and women who first came to Middle Tennessee by long and perilous voyages, and made their homes in the midst of the wilderness. A few of those hardy ones survived to see what they found, a wilderness transformed into a city of many attractions, and in the first half of the last century there was quite a number of them dwelling in Nashville. Some of them lived to be almost a hundred years old, and a few passed the century mark. It must have been interesting to talk to them of their eventful lives.

One of the old pioneers who lived to a ripe old age was Daniel Ridley, who was a most entertaining character, and who married a second wife when forty years of age. He was a native of Williamsburg, Va., had been a soldier in Braddock's army and became thoroughly inured to toil and fatigue. He emigrated to Tennessee, on marrying for the second time, and establishing himself on the north fork of the Holston, where he and his wife lived ten or twelve years, engaged in constant contests with the Indians. He did not mind this, being by nature very industrious, his first wife having left him eight children to work for. He heard of the Cumberland settlement and joined a large party which made the 800 mile journey down the Holston and Tennessee and up the Cumberland to Nashville. They arrived in 1790.

Selecting a tract of land south of the settlement, four miles from the present city limits, he cleared one acre for his fort and built a strong stockade around it, with a gate, as the Choctaw, Chickasaw and Cherokee Indians, were bitterly contesting this intrusion of their hunting grounds. Within this stockade he built, in the regular pioneer style, a double log house, consisting of two rooms with a spacious passage between them, the whole under a single roof. One of these rooms served to sleep in, and the other for a kitchen, the passageway between convenient to sit in and to eat in. At three corners of his square stockade he erected block houses of the peculiar type that long drew the attention of all who traveled that way.

Within the stockade were also built the other structures necessary for the horses and cattle. It was the general plan adopted by the

settlers, very convenient and efficacious for the purposes sought. They were usually a little over twenty feet square.

The method of construction was simple. Next to the ground were laid six logs, one on the other, for each side, well mortised, which made a log wall higher than a man standing. Then logs twenty-four feet long were placed on top of these, giving a projection on each side, the top even with the floor of the room to be constructed above. On the ends of these logs the building up with mortised logs continued until the required height was attained. Then the gables were constructed and the roof put on. On the roof, pieces of wood were fixed for the garrison to step upon, and to extinguish the flames, should the Indians succeed in setting fire to it. There were loop-holes in the upper story as well as in the projecting floor, so that the settlers could fire down at the Indians.

Mr. Ridley's daughter, Sallie, married a son of John Buchanan; John Buchanan had a fort not far away from Fort Ridley. The Buchanan fort was the scene of an affair memorable in the annals of the early settlement of Nashville. The fort had been surprised by Choctaws and Cherokees, when the Indians rushed into the room where the old pair had taken refuge. butchered the old man in the presence of his wife, who, kneeling with her back to the wall and imploring their mercy, had the muzzles of their guns pushed close to her face to frighten her. She was spared. There was another attack on the fort in 1792, when it was occupied by Ridley's son-in-law, Buchanan, and this is the fight in which Mrs. Buchanan, who was a daughter of Ridley, moulded the bullets for the men who were defending the fort.

Mrs. Buchanan weighed 260 pounds, and she was as courageous as she was large. Trained from her earliest youth amid dangers, she was remarkable for her personal resolution and for her patient endurance of hardships. Her help in 1792 saved the forts which the Indians had planned to attack, one after the other in rapid succession. She cast the bullets while a female relative clipped the necks off of them. She would run out of the kitchen, where they were being made, carrying them still hot, in her apron, and saying to them: "Here boys, here's bullets for you; but mind you don't sarve 'em out till you're sure of knocking some of them screaming devils over." And this fight was kept up until the Indians feared the noise of the firing would bring aid; but before daylight they withdrew.

Ridley was not the first settler in this locality, as Buchanan had preceded him, and Andrew Jackson had been about two years earlier. Four of Ridley's sons went with Jackson against the Creeks in 1813. "The boys would go," said the old man long afterwards; "I couldn't have stopped them if I had wished to; but I did not wish to." "Ay," added his wife, "I told my boys they were as welcome to go with Jackson as they were to sit down to dinner."

A visitor to Tennessee who saw Daniel Ridley in 1834, when he

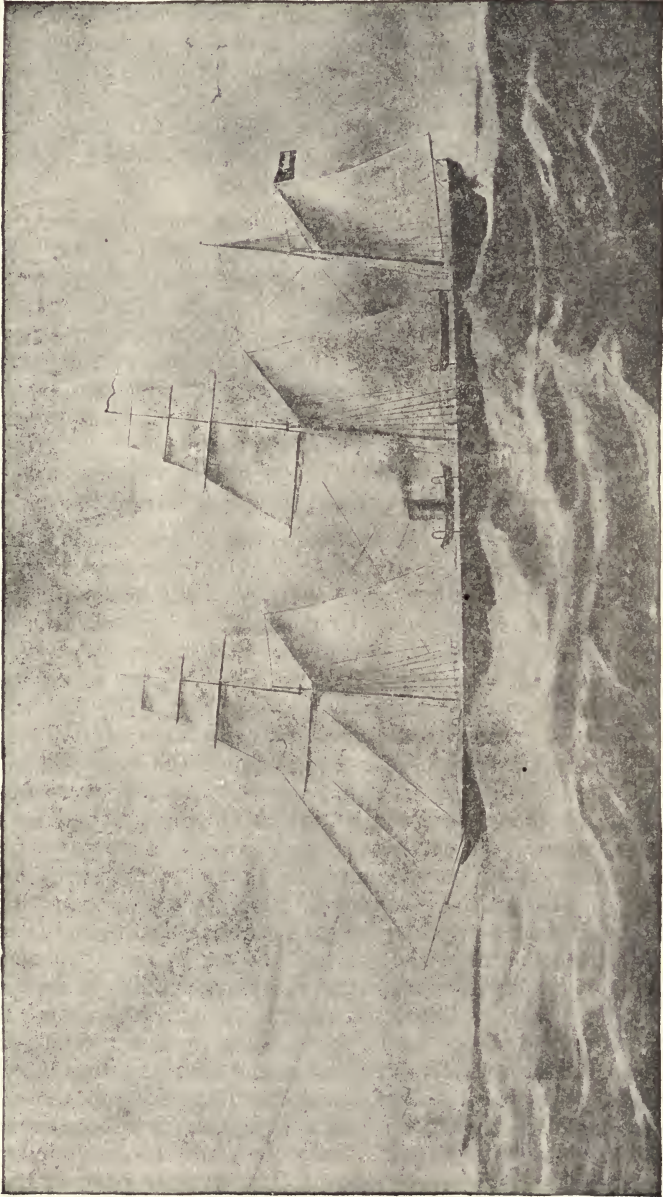
was in his 95th year, mentions that his second wife, a woman of very slender build, still survived at the age of 80, and that a daughter, Miss Betsy, by his first wife, was living with her father, her age being then 62. She called her step-mother "Mammy," as the Tennessee pioneers were given to doing. Though known as "Miss Betsy" by the others on the place, she had been married twice and had great-grand-children of her own. Ridley, of course, had great-great, grand-children, one of whom was married in the following year, 1835. Asked how many descendants he had, he said that he had once begun counting them, but after counting up three hundred of them the task wearied him and he stopped. He had had sixteen children, and all of these were fathers and mothers of some number of children, making his grand-children very numerous.

Fort Ridley, so far as I have heard, was the last one of these structures to remain standing in the vicinity of Nashville, and was an object of great interest to people long after it had ceased to serve its original purpose. To any one passing along the road the antique and strange looking building could but cause wonder, and one of the early visitors to Nashville, Featherstonehaugh, took the trouble to draw it accurately and reproduce it in his book describing travels through this section of country.

THE BATTLE OF SABINE PASS, SEPT. 8, 1863.

The Confederate cruiser Alabama was built by Messrs. Laird of Birkenhead, and it left Liverpool in August, 1862, as an unmanned, defenseless vessel. She was converted into a man-of-war outside of English jurisdiction and armed and manned in Portuguese waters. Under the command of Captain Raphael Semmes, she led a career which Farragut nor Dahlgren nor any other sea-king has ever equaled, nor Nilson, nor Cochrane could have surpassed. She left on one occasion for Galveston, where she expected to find a fleet of transports under General Banks, but before she got there, General Magruder captured the city with his horse marines surprised the blockading fleet, and took the most powerful of its vessels; the rest escaped. To retrieve this disaster, a large naval and military force was sent against Sabine Pass, a fort held by the Davis guards, forty-three Irish men only, under Lieutenant Richard (Dick) W. Dowling, who drove back the fleet, crippled a gun-boat, compelled two others with the commander of the flotilla to surrender, and saved Texas from an invading army of fifteen thousand. It is said that there were so many prisoners captured that Lieutenant Dowling resorted to stratagem to take possession of them for fear that they would find out his small force before they could be disarmed. This exploit and that of Magruder's Texans in Galveston is one of the most dashing and daring in the annals of Confederate history, and soldiers point to it as one of the crowning and most brilliant feats in the chapter of Confederate deeds.

But when the Alabama arrived, she found a small squadron of ships-of-war, all superior to herself, lying off Galveston. Semmes, appreciating the situation, showed himself and endeavored to provoke two or three of the ships to start after him in pursuit. I heard Admiral Semmes say in his lecture on the Alabama, delivered at Murrefreesboro after the war, that he had promised his crew a fight on this occasion and that they had become so clamorous he concluded to get the squadron at Galveston separated and try to sink them all in detail. So several started but the Harriet Lane, a converted Merchantman proved the swiftest in pursuit. Her crew had been trained, but the Alabama's crew were English adventurers who had been but two or three weeks at sea. The Alabama slowed up and then run back "to lure and catch and play her" until the Harriet Lane got beyond reach of speedy help. The Alabama then turned upon her and, after thirteen minutes fight, the Harriet Lane, in a sinking condition, struck



Confederate States Cruiser Alabama (or "290")
IN CHASE

her flag. After rescuing the crew, the enemy's blockading fleet was not further sought nor was there further pursuit, and the Alabama steamed out into broad ocean to play havoc with Northern commerce. Passing by the destruction inflicted by this ship from the time she was first launched, I now quote from the Englishman Percy Gregg's history, giving an account of the great duel between the Alabama and the Kearsarge on the morning of June 19, 1864, off Cherbourg, the great breakwater on the French side of the English Channel.

"After nearly two years of unceasing work and wear with few opportunities of coaling and none of repair, on June 11, 1864, like a 'weary foxhound limping back after a long chase, footsore and longing for rest,' the Alabama entered Cherbourg, discharged a number of prisoners, and applied to the French authorities for permission to refit. On the 14th the U. S. S. Kearsarge, under the command of Captain Winslow, in perfect condition, armed with two 11-inch Dahlgrens against one 8-inch smooth-bore and one 7-inch rifled Blakely, and otherwise fully equal to the Alabama, came round from Flushing to Cherbourg. She asked the French authorities to send on board the Alabama's prisoners, a proposal obviously inadmissible.

The Kearsarge was also protected by chain cables concealed by slight planking, and was, in fact, a partially armoured vessel. Her manner of entering and leaving the port was accepted by the Alabama as a direct challenge. The spirit of the captain, the quality of his crew, above all probably the insults and taunts to which they had been subjected for two years, overcame all regard to obvious disadvantages and all considerations of mere policy. The loss of the Alabama would be greater to the Confederacy than their gain by the destruction of half a dozen Kearsarges, which the enemy could replace at pleasure. But the honor of his ship and his flag were in question, and Captain Semmes resolved to fight. Having patched up as far as possible her worst defects and received a small supply of coal, the Alabama steamed out to encounter her enemy some seven miles from the French coast, on the morning of June 19, 1864. Two things were speedily made apparent. The powder of the Alabama had been spoiled, as powder purchased in the market always is, by lapse of time. A shell which should have sunk the Kearsarge stuck in her stern-post and failed to burst. The latter was so much faster that she could choose her own distance, and the Alabama in vain attempted to close and board. The 11-inch shells of the Kearsarge tore holes as big as a barrel through the Alabama's scantling close to the water-line, and after little more than an hour's firing she was so evidently sinking that her flag was struck. Scarcely were the wounded placed in the boats ere the ship went down. The greater part of the officers and crew were picked up by two French fishing boats and an English steam yacht, the Deerhound, which had watched the battle from a distance. The Kearsarge was so slow in lowering her boats that but

for this aid all but the strongest swimmers would have been drowned. Captain Winslow made no complaint against the French fishing boats, but was most bitter against the *Deerhound* for not handing over the rescued men, who, but for her, would have been left to drown; and declared that had he known her intention, he would have pursued and sunk her. If the vaunt were seriously meant, it is well for himself and his country that no attempt was made to fulfill it.

(Seward claimed it as the right of the *Kearsarge* that "the pirates should drown."—Appendix to U. S. Case, III. 263 and 273).

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT MURFREESBORO.

MURFREESBORO, Tenn., Nov. 7., 1901.—This, perhaps, was the proudest day in the history of this beautiful little Tennessee city—when a handsome monument erected by this loyal people in commemoration of the valor of the Confederate dead, whose dust now mingles in the fields of this section, was unveiled with elaborate and dignified ceremonies. Fully 3,000 persons gathered at the Court Square this morning to witness the dedication of the memorial.

Intermingled in the vast assemblage were hundreds of veterans of the lost cause, many of whom had traveled miles to be present and pay tribute to their fallen comrades. Some of them had not been on the field since the days of the war. Perhaps half a hundred or more were present from distant cities, relatives of the gallant men who were swept down in the defense of principles they believed to be right and just. Here and there over the big audience which surrounded the stately structure were men and women, many of them bent with age, with tears trickling down their cheeks. These tears spoke forcibly the sentiment of the people, or at least their interest in the solemn, but at the same time happy occasion. Some of the old-time Southern melodies, as rendered by a bevy of pretty young ladies from Lebanon, were very striking, and as the sweet strains wafted out over the crowd, heads were bowed in remembrance of the fallen heroes.

By far the audience was the most distinguished that has gathered in Murfreesboro in years, likely in the history of the city. In the assemblage were many prominent sons of Tennessee, including the remnants of the Army of Tennessee. They were there from Major Generals down to the Johnny Reb who carried the musket. One happy feature of the dedication was that all of the comrades stood upon an equal footing; they were all comrades in the strongest sense of the word, engaged in a love feast. Among the more prominent men who were present were: Senator William B. Bate, Governor Benton McMillin, Hon. James B. Frazier, of Chattanooga; Hon. James D. Richardson, Hon. John C. Ferriss, of Nashville; Hon. E. D. Wilson, of Nashville; Judge Frank S. Wilson, Comptroller Theo. King, Hon. N. W. Baptist, Hon. J. N. McKenzie and Dr. J. B. Cowan, of Tullahoma.

WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Nature smiled upon Murfreesboro for the day. The sun was



THE GLEE CLUB OF LEBANON TENN. FAULTLESS MUSICIANS—VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.

shining brightly, a slight breeze afloat, just enough to rustle the Confederate flags and bunting, which were displayed in profusion over the business portion of the town. It was an ideal autumnal day.

In front of the monument Captain Richard Beard, master of ceremonies, had a large speaker's stand erected. Just over this improvised stand in a neat frame resting upon the massive testimonial of love and esteem, was the original Eighteenth Tennessee battle flag, which passed through some of the most terrific battles of the civil strife. With this flag, five color sergeants fell. The last man to carry the historic emblem was T. J. Nelson, who had it in charge on the memorable Friday evening of Breckinridge's charge. Underneath this flag were Confederate streamers, festooned over the inscription, "Lest we forget—1861-65," wrought out in large letters. An arch was also formed across the stand with small United States flags. Directly in front were displayed two large United States and Confederate flags on either side. In the center hung the banner of Joe B. Palmer Bivouac, of Murfreesboro. Upon the side was a large bunch of fragrant flowers.

Before the ceremonies commenced the young ladies of the Lebanon Orchestra took seats upon the stand. There were Mrs. Lillard Thompson, chaperone; Misses Emma and Edna Beard, Mary Barbee, Annie Hearne, Irene Neal, Sammie Carter, Anna May Thompson, Mrs. Harry Freeland, Mrs. A. S. McDowell, and Misses Gertie Fakes, Mary Prewett and Olive Mace. Then came the invited guests, as follows: Governor Benton McMillin, Hon. James D. Richardson, Dr. J. B. Cowan, H. E. Palmer, Hon. James B. Frazier, John C. Ferriss, Gen. William B. Bate, Judge S. F. Wilson, Dr. T. A. Kerley, Mrs. J. B. Murfree, D. P. Perkins, Gen. H. H. Norman, in charge of the unveiling, Miss Julia Ransom and others.

Those to occupy places upon the stand had been seated, when Company B and Troop A, of Nashville, came marching up the wide road leading from the station. They carried their large flags, and as they fluttered in the little breeze the old "Johnny Rebs" were cheered lustily. Approaching the stand, they circled around the structure and during the ceremonies stood "at rest." They were received at the monument with a pretty demonstration, which the old comrades apparently enjoyed.

CEREMONIES COMMENCED.

The master of ceremonies, Captain Beard, stepped to the front of the stand and presented Rev. T. A. Kerley, who delivered the invocation. In his prayer he paid homage to the dead who had sacrificed their lives upon the altar of their country; thanking the Lord for the love burning in the hearts of the people, for the surviving veterans who were present upon the occasion. He asked for the blessing of all soldiers of the past, gathered again to express their devotion and love of those who had fallen in the mighty conflict. He said: "Let thy

blessing rest upon these veterans in the time of peace and help us to be true citizens in everything that pertains to the high citizenship of our people. Help them to be true soldiers to all that is right and oppose everything wrong. May their lives be such as to win all to the higher principles of true manhood." He paid honor to the Confederate wives and sisters who had sacrificed their all in the vicissitudes of war and the dark days following the fall of the Confederacy. He dwelt at length upon their bravery in standing face to face with adversity and poverty during the long years of the struggle. He asked that the hand of God ever be with the noble women and guide them in their future laudable undertakings. "May they be shining lights to the whole land," he concluded.

Here the young ladies of the Lebanon Glee Club struck up a combination of stirring Southern melodies, ending with that soul-inspiring song, "Dixie." The enthusiasm of the assemblage knew no bounds. Their cheers rent the air.

MONUMENT UNVEILED.

Here the unveiling committee, composed of Captain Beard, Judge Richard Ransom and Captain Daniel Perkins, took charge of the exercises, assisted by General H. H. Norman. Miss Julia Ransom, one of Murfreesboro's fair daughters, arose from the center of the stand and pulled a small cord which unveiled one of the prettiest little monuments erected on a Southern battlefield. A thousand hands clapped their approval. Engraved upon the east face was this inscription:

"In commemoration of the valor of Confederate soldiers, who fell in the great battle of Murfreesboro, Dec. 31, 1862, and Jan. 2, 1863, and in minor engagements in this vicinity, this monument is erected."

On the north face is:

"Lest we forget—1861-1865."

On the west face is:

"A monument for our soldiers,
Built of a people's love."

On the south face the inscription reads:

"Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay."

Following the unveiling, the boys of the Tennessee Industrial School band played. Their work was very creditable and well received.

ORATOR OF DAY PRESENTED.

Captain Beard then introduced Colonel Bennett H. Young, a brilliant Kentuckian, the orator of the day. In presenting the speaker Captain Beard made a few remarks, in which he referred to the trials and tribulations of those who raised the monument fund. He said

that the monument should have been erected thirty years ago, telling of the work of the old Monumental Association in the years gone by; how they raised \$800 for the purpose, which was spent in the base. The work was taken up by the Daughters of the Confederacy, who, after years of constant and persistent effort, raised an additional \$800, which was supplemented by \$1,200 raised by the Palmer Bivouac. He said:

“There have been other monuments erected on the battlefields more gorgeous in design, but none on the face of the earth was ever erected for a higher or more noble purpose.”

The master of ceremonies introduced Colonel Young, the orator, as a noble son of the Bluegrass State, which sent thousands of courageous and gallant men to aid the South, which fact, he said, was attested by the presence of their dead upon every battlefield in the West. These soldiers kept the lamps of chivalry in the hearts of many.

COLONEL YOUNG'S ADDRESS.

Colonel Young, the polished orator that he is, was at his best, and though he was at a disadvantage on account of the breeze carrying his voice toward the back of the stand, his delivery was excellent and his effort a masterpiece. He was eloquent and his frequent reference to the hallowed dead aroused the old-time enthusiasm of the Southern people gathered about him. Often his remarks were punctuated with violent outbursts of applause. He said in part:

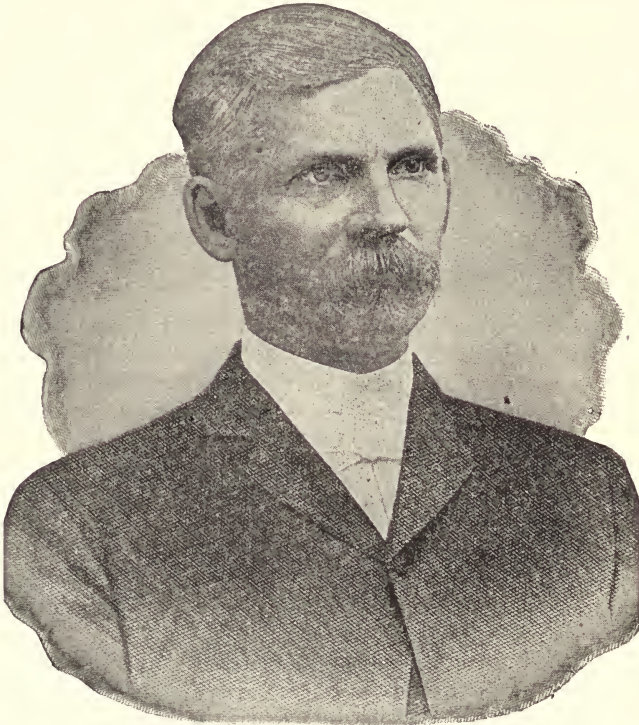
“It is a great distinction to have been a Confederate soldier; it is a greater thing to have been a Confederate woman; it is a noble thing to have been a Tennessee Confederate, a representative of the great “Volunteer State” of the South that did so much to make the contest of the Southern people for liberty illustrious and immortal.

“Of the seventy regiments in the Confederate service which had the highest percentage of mortality, Tennessee had twelve. Four of these badges of honor were won here in the battles of Stone river. At Shiloh, fought on April 4, 6 and 7, 1862, of the ten regiments which experienced the most dreadful mortality, Tennessee had four. At Perryville, fought October 8, 1862, of the eight regiments sustaining the highest loss, Tennessee had seven, the Forty-first Georgia alone having a place alongside that of your state. Of the twenty-nine regiments having the highest percentage of loss at Murfreesboro, Tennessee had seven, and at Chickamauga, that awful holocaust, there were three Tennessee regiments among the sixteen which suffered the heaviest decimation. The infantry regimental number of the Tennessee troops passed the 100½ mark and reach 154.

“In 1860 Tennessee had 160,000 men capable of bearing arms. Of these she put in over 120,000 for the Confederate service. Tennessee gave thirty-six generals, of whom seven died on the battlefield. She brought to the defense of the South two lieutenant generals, Forrest and Stewart, and nine major generals.

FIRST TENNESSEE BATTLE.

“Beginning with the first fight on Tennessee soil on September 29, 1861, at Travisville, down to Germantown, in April, 1865, three years and eight months, 780 engagements were fought in Tennessee, and more than one-third of all the 2,200 skirmishes and battles which



COL. BENNETT YOUNG.

marked the four years of death, havoc and destruction, took place within the limits of this Commonwealth.

DARK HOURS OF '63.

“In the crucial hour of 1861, when the people of the South appealed to the God of battles and placed their cause in his keeping, when millions of voices chanted:

“God save the South, God save the South,
Her altars and her firesides,
God save the South, now that war is nigh,
Chanting her battle cry,
Freedom or death.”

"In that period, so full of all that tested man's nobility and courage, out of Kentucky came thousands who loved right more than they loved their State Government, and followed principle rather than policy, and who left all that was dearest to man, who suffered expatriation, to cast in their lot with the men of the South. Forty thousand Kentuckians heeded this sacred call. Amid all the privations, sacrifices and dangers of that great contest they stood with you, Tennessee Confederates, to resist the invasion of your homes and to defend your firesides. It was not spoils they sought; it was not glory which beckoned them away from their State to yours; it was justice and truth as they saw them which ranged them on your side and impelled them to share your fortunes and all the trials fate should bring. A large percentage of Kentucky Confederate dead rest in your soil, and a common bereavement and burial brings Kentucky and Tennessee close together.

DEATH HAS THINNED RANKS.

"The pitiless hand of death, through thirty-seven years, has thinned the ranks of these Confederates, but they still love you, and, comrade, they glory in all that made you glorious, and with you they claim part of that transcendent renown which has made the name and the fame of the Confederate armies eternal.

"Nearly forty years have passed since the great conflict was fought near to where we stand, and which today you are commemorating by this monument. It takes rank as one of the great battles of the American war. Nine thousand killed or wounded on the Confederate side—one-fourth of the entire force engaged; 8,780 killed and wounded on the Federal side, and 3,500 prisoners, speak in unmistakable tones of the fierceness of the conflict."

Here the speaker unrolled the battle-scarred jacket he wore during the war, and as he exhibited the garment, with the remark that he would rather have it known that he had worn the gray than to be the greatest king on earth, the assemblage again became demonstrative.

"Bragg's army at Murfreesboro was composed in a large measure of Tennesseans, who receded from Tennessee with a sullen and grim courage which boded no good to the foes who sought to dispossess these men of their State and their homes. Of the forty regiments of Tennesseans with him—all were ready, if need be, to die in defense of Tennessee.

A SUPERB MONUMENT.

"This superb monument to our dead would not have been possible had it not been for the patience and zeal, the interest and usefulness of the women, who labored so long to erect this memorial. We call it 'ours' because it belongs justly to the Confederates. I doubt not that many who helped at the inception of the undertaking have

been denied the happiness of witnessing its fulfillment, but we can feel their sweet presence though they passed over the river before success crowned their work. If they are not here we shall at least in gratitude remember them and their devotion to the cause and their absence alone mars the completeness of this occasion.

"The noblest and highest of the war's demands was to be worthy of the faith and trust of the Southern women, and it mitigated the anguish and bitterness of defeat to be able amid manly tears to look down into the tear-dimmed eyes of the women of the South and tell them that in all the conflicts and privations of that weary struggle, there had been nothing done or left undone which rendered the men of the Confederacy unworthy of what was required by its women. And now, after the lapse of long years, we find the same gentle, earnest, brave women with all the enthusiasm of their noble nature, erecting this splendid tribute to our comrades who went down in the storm of war, and thus keeping the record of those heroes who gave their blood as the seal of their fealty to the land of their love. Sincerest benedictions we utter for them. May the angels of blessing and peace hover over them in this life and at its end bring them joyfully to that place where there will be no tears, where monuments are not built, where death and sorrow never come.

ALL READY TO OBEY.

"There were none on that fateful field who were not ready to obey every call, to meet any fate, to respond to every order and to endure all that patriotic duty required at their hands. The battle of Murfreesboro has not received its just place in history. The casualties were as great as those at Shiloh, but Shiloh came in as the initial wave of destruction which was to sweep over the land, and it impressed the public mind and left memories on the public heart which were more lasting than those probably of any battle fought outside of Gettysburg. If it be true that we had at Gettysburg 100,000 men, it will be seen that the percentage of loss was not any greater than at Murfreesboro. There were more men engaged at Shiloh, on the Confederate side, than were engaged at Murfreesboro, and yet the loss in killed and wounded and missing was greater than at Shiloh; so that Murfreesboro stands alongside of Gettysburg, Chickamauga and Antietam. Very few, if any, of the battles of the war showed greater percentage of loss than was experienced on both sides at this battle, the valor of the troops engaged in which, you are this day assembled to commemorate.

NOT ALL TENNESSEANS.

"The majority of those who sleep the sleep of death here are not Tennesseans. They were brought to Tennessee by noble, patriotic impulses and are strangers in a strange land, but they gave up

all for the right as they saw it; they made the most costly sacrifice man can make at the call of duty. The fact that those who loved them most will never come to weep at their sepulchres or place sweet flowers on their graves appeals with tenderest and most pathetic eloquence to the magnanimity of those for whose homes they fought, for whose liberty they died, and the care of their graves, unmarked—in many cases unknown—devolves upon those who are left a sacred trust. Somewhere in the Southland whence these unknown dead came, loving hearts mourn their loss. There are vacant chairs that will never be filled, there are firesides that will never be the same, because these heroes will never return, and there are broken circles where faithful ones will love on to the end, and in silence and tears keep sacred the memory of those who lie hidden in unmarked graves in this valley of Stone's river. They cannot sleep among their kindred and in most cases they do not rest 'neath the parent turf, nor can the 'sunshine of their native sky shine sweetly on them' here, but I am sure that true, gentle, sympathetic hearts will guard these graves and keep the sod over them green until the great call from on high shall bring these dead once again into communion with those from whom war and death have so cruelly and harshly separated them.

"After all, comrades and friends, it was the man in the ranks, the man who carried the musket, who was the true Southern hero. The largest proportion of the courage and chivalry of the South was in the ranks, and the bravest men that died were those of whom history will never speak. Scouts, pickets, the men in the skirmish line, in the rifle pit, on the parapet, in the trench, the men who charged the batteries, who carried the colors, were the men who dared most, endured most and gave the most in that great struggle, the men who experienced the greatest privations, who exhibited the greatest bravery and the truest devotion and the superbest courage, were the men who carried the guns and never reasoned why, but only dared to do and die.

SHOULD BE REMEMBERED.

"It is to this class of men to whom the South owes most, and their memory ought to be imperishable. There is glory enough in the defense which the South made for her liberty, to endow all her people who took part in that struggle with splendid renown. It is glory enough for any man to have worn the gray jacket, and of the thousands who possess that distinction, there are none who would exchange the humble uniform, typical of the grandest devotion to duty and the noblest patriotism, with its faded renown, for the jeweled coronet of any duke of any kingdom, which was inherited or won by manliness and courage.

"All the dead of our Confederacy are our treasure. All the precious blood that was poured out to defend the South is our inheritance. All the memories which gather about the thousands of bat-

tlefields involving innumerable instances of superb courage and splendid manhood—all, all belong to our Southland.

“Words are powerless to depict or paint the glory which lingers around the memories of the Confederate dead. Living, they met the requirements of every duty, they faced fearlessly every danger, they shrank at no sacrifice that patriotism exacted, and they denied their country no service its needs demanded. Two hundred thousand graves contain the dust of our heroes, 200,000 lives were the price we paid for our efforts to be free. Their glory is our glory.

“Magnificent host, superb assemblage of fate’s immortals, we claim a share in your renown, and we count this joint tenancy in your splendid achievements the richest treasure earth can give.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

“I cannot close this address without reference to the magnificent record of the Army of Tennessee, which in many respects was the most gallant host that ever fought under any standard. I could not be induced to utter a single word in depreciation of Confederate valor or any field or in any department. Every courageous act done by any Confederate soldier is the common property of all who followed the Southern flag; but history has not dealt fairly or justly with the Confederates of this department. The reasons for this are so obvious that they need not be mentioned in this intelligent presence. But I do affirm that the army that fought at Perryville and Richmond, Ky., that contended at Shiloh and battled at Murfreesboro, that unflinchingly met the terrific slaughter at Chickamauga, that bore without complaint and defiantly, the destruction and privations of the one hundred days before Atlanta; that captured Streight and Stoneman and won at Hartsville; that practically annihilated its foes at Tishomingo creek, or Brice’s Cross Roads; that rode and fought with Forrest, Morgan and Wheeler, and at the end met substantial annihilation in the heroic, but useless, sacrifice on the bloody field of Franklin, is not unworthy to stand in any company of warriors who ever went forth to conflict, or fought for any cause in any land.

“The Army of Tennessee, never the best equipped of Confederate forces, met more defeats without destruction, endured more hardships without complaint, made longer marches with less straggling, followed more unfortunate leaders with fewer desertions, showed more cheerfulness in distress and exhibited greater fortitude in disaster than any military organization known in history. It was always hopeful in misfortune, brave in action, patient in privation, valiant in conflict, constant in trials, uncomplaining in difficulties and unconquerable in spirit, and no more brilliant display of extraordinary qualities was ever shown by this wonderful army than in the battle to whose slain you this day dedicate this shaft.”

Again the Lebanon Orchestra discoursed sweet music, this time

"Old Kentucky Home." As this followed the speaker from Kentucky, the scene was dramatic.

The exercises were closed with the reading of a poem by E. D. Hancock, entitled, "The Southern Soldier." The poem was one of some length, and in arranging it Mr. Hancock utilized the entire inscription upon the memorial monument.

The benediction was said by Rev. W. L. Logan.

WERE VERY APPROPRIATE.

The ceremonies were brief, that is, shorter than the usual exercises of this character, and the assemblage did not feel wearied at the conclusion as upon occasions when the orators speak for two or three hours. The address of Colonel Young was even shorter than he expected to make. In fact, he did not deliver the full address he had prepared for the occasion. The appropriate length of the programme, along with the smoothness with which it was presented, was frequently commented upon favorably.

After the exercises the visitors were invited to luncheon at the homes of Murfreesboro's hospitable people. Almost every citizen of the little city was a host during the day. Some of them had three and four visitors at their homes.

The afternoon was spent by many of those from distant cities in riding through the town and visiting the various points of interest upon the surrounding battle fields. Many of the old veterans tramped the fields over the entire afternoon in effort to locate a spot they might recognize. Several of those who had not been on the field in almost forty years were successful in locating old landmarks and in all they spent a most enjoyable day. The young ladies of the Labanon Glee Club gave a concert at the armory during the afternoon, while the Tennessee Industrial School band held forth at the public square, rendering several selections.

To-night the Vendome Stock Company, of Nashville, played to a crowded house this being a part of the day's festivities.

Every road in the country led to Murfreesboro this morning. Hundreds came in from the surrounding country, but the largest crowd arrived on the Nashville special. Upon this train came the Confederate cavalry troop under command of Lieutenant W. T. Hardison and the infantry company commanded by Captain Mark S. Cockrill, and the Gaines Rifles, Captain Kramer. On this train were many State officials and citizens of Nashville.

WM. MOFFITT, JR.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

At a meeting of the survivors of the Confederate Navy, during the recent reunion in Nashville, a most interesting paper prepared by Captain W. C. Whittle, of the C. S. Navy, was read by Mr. Dabney M. Scales, who also served on the same vessel as lieutenant with Captain Whittle. The object of the paper was to pay tribute to the courage and many manly virtues of the late John Thompson Mason, of Baltimore, who was past midshipman on the Shenandoah, under Captain Whittle.

John Thompson Mason was a son of Major Isaac S. Rowland, a volunteer officer in the Mexican War, and Catherine Armstead Mason, of Loudon County, Va. He was born in 1844. His father died when he was only five years old, and his maternal grandfather John Thompson Mason, of Virginia, having no son of his own and wishing to perpetuate the distinguished name of Mason, requested that this child should take the name, which was done by act of Court. Young Thompson's friends secured for him an appointment to the United States Naval Academy, but the war came up before he entered, and he joined the Seventeenth Virginia regiment. Shortly after the battle of Manassas he was appointed midshipman in the Confederate Navy and sent to the naval school ship Patrick Henry. He served at Drury's Bluff, and was then sent abroad for service on one of the Confederate cruisers running the blockade at Charleston, S. C. Young Mason went to Abbeville, a quiet town in France, where he applied himself assiduously to the study of his profession and in gaining a thorough knowledge of the French language, succeeding admirably in both.

About this time Captain W. C. Whittle, a son of Commodore Whittle and nephew of Bishop Whittle, of Virginia, met Mason, who had passed his examination and secured his appointment as "passed midshipman." In October, 1864, he was assigned to a cruiser, gotten out from England for the Confederate Navy, and with Commander Waddell and other officers of the prospective cruiser, except Lieutenant Whittle, sailed from Liverpool on the consort steamer Laurel to meet their ship elsewhere. Captain Whittle writes:

"I was assigned to the ship as her first lieutenant and executive officer, and sailed from London on board of her under her merchant name, Sea King. The two vessels, by preconcertion, met at the Madeira Islands and, leaving there in company, sailed to Desertas

Island, where the Sea King was christened and commissioned the Confederate States Cruiser Shenandoah, and the guns, ammunition, and equipment were transferred from the consort Laurel to the cruiser Shenandoah, which promptly started on her memorable cruise. Her officers were Lieutenant-Commander James I. Waddell, of North Carolina; W. C. Whittle, of Virginia, First Lieutenant and Executive Officer; Lieutenants John Grimbald, of South Carolina, S. S. Lee, Jr., Virginia; F. L. Chew, Missouri; Dabney M. Scales, Mississippi; Sailing Master Irvine S. Bullock, of Georgia; Passed Midshipmen Orris A. Brown, Virginia; and John T. Mason, Virginia. Surgeon C. E. Lining, South Carolina; Assistant Surgeon F. J. McNulty, District of Columbia; Paymaster W. B. Smith, Louisiana; Chief Engineer M. O'Brien Law, Louisiana; Assistant Engineers Codd, Maryland; Hutchinson, Scotland; MacGreffery, Ireland; Master Mates John Minor, Virginia, Cotton, Maryland, Hunt, Virginia; Boatswain Harwood, England; Gunner Guy, England; Carpenter O'Shea, Ireland; Sailmaker Allcott, England.

Under these officers and subordinates this gallant ship made one of the most wonderful cruises on record. She was a merchant ship which had not about her construction a single equipment as a vessel of war. Her equipment—such as guns, ammunition, breechings, carriages, etc., were all in boxes on her deck, and these gallant officers and a few volunteer seamen from her crew and that of her consort were to transform and equip her on the high seas, and in all kinds of weather. None but the experienced can appreciate what a Herculean task that was. But it was enthusiastically undertaken and accomplished, and none were more conspicuous or untiring in their efforts to bring order out of chaos than young Mason.

Our gallant little ship spread her broad canvas wings and sailed around the world, using her auxiliary steam power only in calm belts or in chase. We sailed around Cape of Good Hope, thence through the Indian Ocean to Melbourne, Australia, thence through the Islands of Polynesia, passing the Caroline, Gilbert, and other groups, on northward through Kurile Islands into the Okhotsk Sea, until stopped by the ice. We came out of the Okhotsk and went up the coast of Kamchatka into Bering Sea, and through Bering Strait into the Arctic Ocean, until the ice again prevented us from going farther, so we turned, passed again through the Aleutian Islands, into the Pacific Ocean. By this time we had absolutely destroyed or broken up the Federal whaling fleets.

While sweeping down the Pacific coast, looking for more prey, we chased and overhauled a vessel flying the British flag. On boarding her we found it was the British bark Barracoula, bound from San Francisco to Liverpool. This was August 2nd, 1865. From her Captain we learned the war had been over since the previous April. The effects of this crushing intelligence on us can better be imagined than described. We found that much of our work of destruction to

the whaling fleet of the United States had been done after the war closed, unwittingly of course, for from the nature of their work the whalers had been away from communication about as long as we had, and were equally ignorant of results. We promptly declared our mission of war over, disarmed our vessel, and shaped our course for England with well nigh broken hearts. We journeyed around Cape Horn, and on November 6th, 1865, arrived at Liverpool and surrendered to the British Government through their guard ship Donegal by hauling down the last Confederate flag that ever floated in defiance to the United States, after having circumnavigated the globe, cruised in every ocean except the Antarctic, and made more captures than any other Confederate cruiser except the famous Alabama.

After a full investigation of our conduct by the law officer of the crown, it was decided that we had done nothing against the rules of war or the laws of nations to justify us in being held as prisoners, so we were unconditionally released by the nation to which we had surrendered. But the authorities of the United States considered us pirates and in their heated hatred at that time would have treated us as such if we had fallen into their hands, so we had to find homes elsewhere than our native land. Four of us (S. S. Lee, Orris A. Brown, John T. Mason, and myself) selected the Argentine Republic, in South America, and sometime in December 1865, sailed from Liverpool in a steamer for Buenos Ayres, via Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and Montevideo. After prospecting a while, we went to Rosario, on Rio Parana, and near there bought a small place and began farming.

As the animosity of the Federal Government began to soften toward us, Brown and Mason returned home, Lee and myself coming sometime later.

On returning home Mason took a law course at the University of Virginia, graduated, and was brilliantly successful at his profession. He settled in Baltimore, and married Miss Helen Jackson, of New York, a daughter of the late Lieutenant Alonzo C. Jackson, of the U. S. Navy. His wife, two sons, and two daughters survive him.

A RIFLE WITH A RECORD.

Mr. W. T. Love of Murfreesboro, Tenn., has now in possession an old rifle given him by his uncle, Major Charles W. Anderson nearly twenty years ago.

The rifle has a history, as its original owner and his bloody vendetta with every thing that wore the "blue" in 1862-65, is well known to many old citizens of Humphries and Benton Counties, Tenn.

After the war and after the death of its owner, this rifle was presented to Major Anderson by Captain Clint Winfrey of Johnsonville, Tenn., whose letter of presentation was accompanied by certificates identifying it, as the rifle owned and used by Old Jack Hinson in avenging the death of his two sons, who were captured by Colonel Lowe's Federal cavalry, and after being captured were taken out and shot to death charged as Bushwackers.

When the lifeless bodies of his two boys were placed beneath the sod, the old father took down his trusty rifle and swore that as long as he lived he intended to kill every man that wore a blue uniform that came, or could be gotten within the range of his gun. Living, as he did, between the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, with Forts Herman and Johnsonville on one side and Fort Donelson on the other, all garrisoned by Federal troops, he became an outcast from home and neighbors, but an avenging Nemesis on the trail of those he held responsible for the murder of his sons. Acquainted with every road and bridle path in the coaling grounds between these rivers, he would lie in ambush, pick off his man from Federal foraging and scouting parties, and disappear as completely as though the earth had swallowed him. Every effort made by the Federals to entrap and kill him proved unavailing.

When there was sufficient water in the Tennessee for gunboats and transports to ply between Paducah and Johnsonville old Jack Hinson, as he was familiarly called, changed his base. Selecting points on the river where the channel compelled boats to hug the shore, he made temporary blinds of drift-wood and brush, and behind these he awaited his game.

Transport after transport could safely pass him, but if a man in blue appeared upon the guards or on deck then, his unerring rifle was brought into play. Officers and mariners on gunboats were the target he always sought, and judging from the thirty-six distinct and uniform marks upon the barrel of this gun, he lived to reap a terrible vengeance for the execution of his two boys.

Major Anderson, Forrest's Adjutant General, who is yet living and a resident of Murfreesboro, says that "on two of Forrest's campaigns into West Tennessee old man Hinson came to head quarters with valuable information as to the strength and location of Federal troops along the river, but it was on Forrest's last campaign that he joined us at Paris Landing and piloted the way for our guns through



CAPTAIN JACK HINSON (OLD JACK HINSON).

The terror of the Federal gun-boats and transports on the Tennessee river. He has thirty-six marks on his rifle in avenging the murder of his two sons. He piloted General Forrest on his noted Johnsonville Raid.

Cypress creek swamp to the river bank in front of Johnsonville, which place, with fourteen gunboats, transports and barges, we completely destroyed. It was on this trip I learned from the old man himself the great grievance, and his tireless quest for vengeance. Said the old man. "They murdered my boys, and may yet kill me, but the marks on the barrel of my gun will show that I am a long ways ahead in the game now and am not done yet." Hinson's clear gray eyes, compressed

lips, and massive jaws, clearly indicated, that under no circumstances was he a man to be trifled with or aroused, and under the great bereavement inflicted upon him by the wanton slaughter of his sons, he kept his oath, until the close of the war." It was useless to talk to him about the Rules of war. Blood for blood was his motto; an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.



CAPTAIN ALEXANDER DUVAL MCNAIRY,

of Nashville, Tennessee, who commanded a company of independent scouts, between the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, 1862—1865, and was the terror of the Federal armies. His dashes were vigorous and his execution phenomenal.

SEVEN CONFEDERATE KNIGHTS.

There was an order organized in Rock Island Prison, Illinois, known as the Seven Confederate Knights, which deserves a place in history.

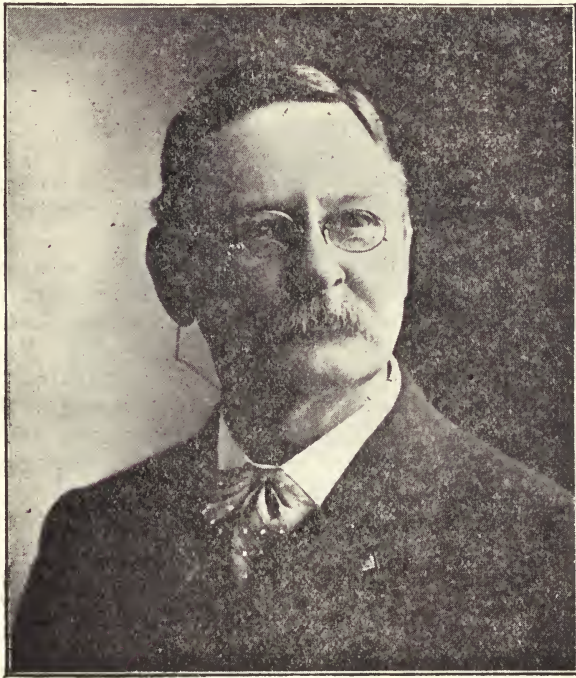
Trying times came to the men in that prison. The winter of 1864 and 65 was a very severe one, the mercury dropping to twenty degrees below zero, and with two stoves to a barrack of one hundred and twenty men, some necessarily suffered from cold. Rations were reduced to a minimum, and all assistance from friends on the outside was cut off, so the prisoners were compelled to subsist on the meager amount of baker's bread and poor beef issued; no vegetables of any kind were given them from June 64 to March 65. Hunger and cold combined made many desperate.

A plan to attack the guards and capture the garrison and liberate the prisoners was betrayed, and the guards were doubled and additional troops were brought to guard the prison. Inducements, in the way of abundant rations, big bounty, and liberal pay together with warm clothing were offered, to have the Confederates enlist in the Federal Army to go to the frontier to fight Indians—not to be sent against the South. Many yielded to the temptation and went over to the enemy. By reason of these and other frightful conditions, some felt the necessity of devising a plan whereby they might know who could be trusted. A few men constituted themselves committees of one to test his fellows and learn how they stood. They would approach an acquaintance or friend and suggest that they together take the oath and leave the prison. The idea of having liberty and good food in abundance with comforts of life were the strongest inducements, for all were suffering in many ways. If the one approached approved the suggestion he was left alone; and only he who scorned the proposition and stood ready to swear eternal allegiance to his beloved South was accounted worthy to become a Seven Confederate Knight.

The recollection of good old times, home cooked meals, appealed to the poor starving fellows with more force than almost any other argument, for where men would pay ten cents a piece for rats and not hesitate to kill an officer's dog, when the rats or dogs were to be had, one can readily understand what a temptation the mention of a savory meal was. Both rats and dogs were eaten in Rock Island Prison.

Men would gather in groups all over the prison and listen with

open mouth to some eloquent speaker, while he drew a word picture of some banquet at which he had feasted in bygone days. One by



W. J. BOHAN, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL "SEVEN CONFEDERATE KNIGHTS".

one he would describe each particular dish, until in fancy they saw a feast before them, but like the Mirage, 'twas beautiful but soon vanished. Not alone would he dwell upon the popping of the champagne cork, nor the more delicious viands such as terrapin, canvasback duck, pheasant, grouse and quail, but never forgot the piece of old ham broiled to a beautiful red, trimmed with brown gravy, the flaky bread and yellow butter and the savory coffee all suggesting Home Sweet Home. Needless to say that the audience were attentive Hunger was no phantom, but stalked about Rock Island Prison day and night, a most hideous reality. All longed to run away from it but some preferred to stay rather than sacrifice honor. So the Order of the Seven Confederate Knights sprang into being.

They were oath bound and solemnly sworn to suffer death no matter how great the torture, before they would take the oath to get out of prison and also swore eternal fidelity to the South and her cause. Their motto was composed of seven Latin words, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"—It is sweet and glorious to die for one's

country. Their badge was a seven pointed star made of shell, each point bearing one of the initial letters of the seven words comprising the motto. In the center of the star was a circle and shield with the letters C. and K., and the figure 7 thus C-7-K., signifying Seven Confederate Knights. They had grips, signs and pass words, and soon the faithful few were known to each other. Not many of them are living, most of them having "Passed over the river and are resting under the shade of the trees."

These facts have been gathered from W. J. Bohon, who was one of the original Seven Confederate Knights. He was born in Monticello, Wayne County, Ky., reared in Harrodsburg, Mercer County, from which place he enlisted in the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, which was a portion of General John H. Morgan's Command, during his career after his escape from the Ohio Prison. Bohon was wounded in the second day's fight at Mt. Sterling, Ky., in June, 1864, where he was captured and sent to Rock Island Prison.

From there he was sent on exchange in the early part of March 1865, reached Richmond, Va., about thirty days before General R. E. Lee's surrender. He made his way from Richmond to his command near Abingdon, Va. and with it returned to Kentucky and surrendered at Mt. Sterling about the 10th of May, 1865. The same point from which he had been wounded, captured and sent to prison. His home for the past thirty years has been and now is Danville, Ky.

TENNESSEE COMMISSIONERS.

Personnel of the gentlemen who constitute the Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commission, each of whom was a participant in the battle of Chickamauga.

JAMES D. PORTER.

Major, Assistant Adjutant General, Cheatham's staff; residence Paris, Tenn.; attorney at law; President Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commission. Alternate, A. J. Vaughn, Colonel, Commanding Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry; upon death of General Preston Smith, he commanded brigade; residence, Memphis, Tenn.; Deputy Criminal Court Clerk. General Vaughn was promoted for gallantry on the field at Chickamauga.

R. B. SNOWDEN.

Assistant Adjutant General, General B. R. Johnson's staff; afterward Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, commanding Twenty-fifth Tennessee Infantry; residence Memphis, Tenn.; capitalist. Alternate, Marcus J. Wright, Brigadier General; residence, Washington, D. C.; War Records Department.

WILLIAM B. BATE.

Major General, commanding division; United States Senator, Washington, D. C. Alternate, J. Minnick Williams, Major and Assistant. Adjutant Inspector General, Lieutenant-General Polk's staff; residence, Nashville; real estate.

CHARLES W. ANDERSON.

Major and Assistant Inspector General, Forrest's staff; residence, Florence Station, Tenn.; farmer. Alternate, B. L. Ridley, Lieutenant and A. D. C., General A. P. Stewart's staff; residence, Murfreesboro; lawyer.

JOHN W. MORTON.

Captain, commanding battery; residence Nashville; President Tennessee Farmer Publishing Company. Alternate, John P. Hickman, private, Wheeler's Cavalry; residence Nashville; lawyer; Secretary Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commission.

W. J. HALE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Second Tennessee regiment; residence, Hartsville, Tenn.; merchant. Alternate, J. Polk Smartt, private, Company C. Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry; residence, Chattanooga, merchant.

M. H. CLIFT.

Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, Dibrell's staff; resi-



GEN W.B. BATE.



COL. R.B. SNOWDEN.



CAPT. J. RUHM.



GEN G.P. THURSTON



CSA ARTILLERY.



CAPT. F.A. MOSES.



CAPT. J.W. MORTON.



MAJ. M.H. CLIFT.



CSA CAVALRY.

ERECTED AT

CHICKAMAUGA PARK.



CSA INFANTRY.



COL. W.J. HALE



MAJ. J.D. PORTER



MAJ. C.W. ANDERSON.



U.S. CAVALRY

CAPT. J. POLK SIMMS



CAPT. W.M. RULE



GEN. M.J. WRIGHT



MAJ. J.M. WILLIAMS.

TENNESSEE
CHICKAMAUGA
PARK.
COMMISSION.



J.P. HICKMAN, SEC.



GEN. A.J. VAUGHN



CAPT. B.L. RIDLEY.



CAPT. D.D. ANDERSON



COL. W.L. EAKIN.



CAPT. S.W. HAWKINS.

dence, Chattanooga; attorney at law. Alternate, W. L. Eakin, Colonel, commanding Fifty-ninth Tennessee; residence, Chattanooga; lawyer.

FRANK A. MOSES.

Ensign, Sixty-third Tennessee (Fulkerson's) regiment; residence, Knoxville; insurance. Alternate, D. D. Anderson, residence, Knoxville; lawyer.

G. P. THRUSTON.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Adjutant General and Chief of the Staff, right wing of the army commanded by General A. D. McCook; promoted to Brigadier General for meritorious conduct on Chickamauga battlefield; residence, Nashville; attorney at law. Alternate, William Rule, Lieutenant and Adjutant, First United States Cavalry; residence, Knoxville; editor, and mayor of the city of Knoxville.

JOHN RUHM.

Private, Battery M, Fourth United States Artillery (Mendenhall's battery); afterward Lieutenant and A. Q. M., Army of the Cumberland; residence, Nashville; attorney at law. Alternate, Samuel W. Hawkins, Lieutenant Hawkins' Regiment Federal Cavalry; residence Huntingdon, Tenn.; lawyer.

Major Jas. D. Porter being introduced by Captain M. H. Clift, spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The State of Tennessee, with the consent of the Board of Commissioners of the United States of which you are the honored chairman, has erected upon this great battlefield monuments and regimental markers intended to commemorate the heroic actions of her sons. The State, like a fond mother, honors their memory, not because they held to a certain faith or followed a particular flag, but she honors them because they were her children, true and constant to the cause they espoused.

The bill for the appropriation of the money to build these monuments was supported by Federal and Confederate soldiers alike, and the Commissioners charged with their erection are representatives of both armies. I am proud to be the accredited representative of the State to tender them to you. I ask for their acceptance, and ask for them your custody and guardianship.

Chickamauga was one of the great battles of modern times, not in results, but as an example of American pluck, courage and powers of endurance. If the combatants had not already learned it, they learned upon this field that educated Americans of every section of the Federal Union were alike brave in action, and that advantages won by either resulted from the character of their leadership. Officers who sent their commands into action "to do the best they could," were conspicuous failures: but the man who directed the movement of his troops with intelligence, and kept in touch with them, rarely failed of success. The men of both sides possessed the brawn and the courage; all they wanted was direction and leadership. The war between the States could not be avoided; the business and conserva-

tive sense of the country could only postpone it. It was a great and terrible struggle, costing millions of treasure. It brought poverty to one section of the Union, and mourning and sorrow to all of the land, but for all these sacrifices it has brought a great compensation; it has made us a united people strong and great. I rejoice that so many of us who were active participants in the battle of Chickamauga are living to congratulate one another that in our time our country has attained this great strength and power, a power adequate for the protection of our territorial possessions, and, when necessary to the vindication of our actions and policy, we can send our arms to the far East and successfully assail an enemy upon his own soil.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I propose, with all the power of condensation that I possess, to recite the actions of the Tennesseans upon this great battlefield, in whose honor a generous State has provided these beautiful memorials.

CAMPAIGN IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

After a delay of six months, General Rosecrans placed his army in motion in June, 1863. His equipments and appointments were as thorough and complete as the unlimited resources of his government could make them, his force was ample, his supplies abundant; but his experience at Murfreesboro seemed to make him timid and hesitating in his advance. General Bragg determined to offer battle in front of Shelbyville, and ordered Lieutenant General Polk to move his army corps to Guy's Gap, on the Murfreesboro road, and to assail the Federal army before Liberty Gap; but, learning that the left of Major General Stewart, stationed with his division between Fairfield and Hoover's Gap, had been turned, he decided to withdraw the Army of Tennessee to Tullahoma. This attack on Stewart was made by the corps commanded by Major General George H. Thomas, and was met by Bushrod Johnson's, Clayton's and Bate's Brigades, of Stewart's Division; and Liddell's and Wood's Brigades, of Cleburne's Division of Hardee's Corps. General Bragg under date of July 3rd, referred to these engagements as "a series of skirmishes," but they were continuous combats from the 24th to the 27th of June, in which Johnson's and Bate's Brigades sustained heavy losses. Among the killed was the gallant Major Fred. Claybrooke of the ewentieth Tennessee, greatly distinguished at Murfreesboro. Major Thomas Kennedy Potter, Acting Chief of Artillery on the staff of Major General Stewart, was among the severely wounded. On the morning of the 27th, the troops retired under orders to Tullahoma where General Bragg concentrated the Army of Tennessee, taking position, and determined to risk a battle; but Rosecrans skillfully pressed back his troops on the Manchester and Hillsboro road, destroying temporarily his communications with his base. General Bragg then abandoned Tullahoma, and on the 30th of June began the retreat, and reached Chattanooga on the 7th of July. Not a gun (or stores of any description) was lost, and Polk's

Corps, largely composed of Middle and West Tennessee troops, was four hundred stronger than when it retired from Shelbyville.

Resting at Chattanooga during the month of July and August, General Bragg having received reinforcements of two small divisions from Mississippi thus increasing the strength of the Army of Tennessee, exclusive of cavalry, to thirty-five thousand, it was determined to attack the advancing army whenever an opportunity was offered. Without ability to garrison Chattanooga, the place was abandoned on the 7th and 8th of September, and the army took position from Lee's and Gordon's Mills to Lafayette, Ga. Rosecrans immediately occupied the place, and pushed forward in pursuit of General Bragg, assuming that he was in retreat to Rome, Ga. On the 10th he discovered that the Confederate army was being concentrated about Lafayette, Ga. His own army was at Gordon's Mills, Bailey's Cross Roads, at the foot of Stevens Gap, and at Alpine, a distance of forty miles from flank to flank. General Bragg had so far conducted his campaign from Chattanooga with skill. He made prompt dispositions to crush McCook's Corps, and failing in that, he determined to assail Crittenden's, but was disappointed in his reasonable expectations by failure of subordinates. He then began a concentration of his army that culminated in the great

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA— TENNESSEANS ENGAGED.

The Eleventh Tennessee, Colonel Geo. W. Gordon; 12th, 22nd and 47th Tennessee, Colonel Wm. M. Watkins, Thirteenth and One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee, Colonel A. J. Vaughn; and Twenty-ninth Tennessee, Colonel Horace Rice, constituted Brigadier-General Preston Smith's brigade. The First and Twenty-Seventh Tennessee, Colonel Hume R. Field; Fourth (Confederate) Tennessee, Colonel James A. McMurray; Sixth and Ninth Tennessee, Colonel Geo. C. Porter; and Tennessee battalion, Major Frank Maney, constituted Brigadier-General George Maney's brigade. The Fourth and Fifth Tennessee, Colonel Jonathan J. Lamb; Nineteenth Tennessee, Colonel Francis M. Walker; Twenty-fourth Tennessee, Colonel John A. Wilson; thirty-first Tennessee, Colonel Egbert E. Tansil; and Thirty-third Tennessee, Colonel Warner P. Jones, constituted Brigadier-General Otho F. Strahl's brigade. The Eighth Tennessee, Colonel John H. Anderson; Sixteenth Tennessee, Colonel D. W. Donnel; Twenty-eighth Tennessee, Col. Sidney S. Stanton; Thirty-eighth Tennessee and Major T. B. Murray's battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel John G. Hall, constituted Brigadier-General M. J. Wright's brigade, and with Brigadier-General John K. Jackson's brigade, composed of three Georgia regiments and two Mississippi regiments, and an artillery battalion, Major Melancthon Smith, composed of Carnes' Tennessee battery, Captain W. W. Carnes; Scoggins Georgia battery, Captain John D. Scroggins; Scott's Tennessee battery, Captain W. L. Scott; Smith's Mississippi battery, Lieutenant W. B. Turner; and

Stanford's Mississippi battery, Captain Thomas J. Stanford, constituted the division commanded by Major-General B. F. Cheatham, of Polk's corps. The Fifth (Confederate) Tennessee, Colonel J. A. Smith's, Second Tennessee, Colonel William D. Robison; Thirty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel B. J. Hill; and Forty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel George H. Nixon, constituted four-fifths of Brigadier-General Lucius E. Polk's brigade, Cleburne's division, Hill's corps. Mebane's Tennessee battery, Captain John W. Mebane, was a part of Graves' battalion, Breckenridge's division, Hill's corps; Clark's Tennessee company, Captain J. W. Clark, was escort to Major-General Simon B. Buckner. The Seventeenth Tennessee, Lieutenant Colonel Watt W. Floyd; Twenty-third Tennessee, Colonel R. H. Keeble, Twenty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel R. B. Snowden, and Forty-fourth Tennessee, Lieutenant Colonel John L. McEwin, Jr., constituted Brigadier-General Bushrod Johnson's brigade, Stewart's division. The Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel R. C. Tyler, and Twentieth Tennessee Colonel Thomas B. Smith, constituted half of Brigadier-General Wm. B. Bate's brigade, Stewart's division, Buckner's corps. The Eighteenth Tennessee, Colonel Joseph B. Palmer; Twenty-sixth Tennessee, Colonel John M. Lillard; Thirty-second Tennessee, Colonel Edmond C. Cook; Forty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel Anderson Searcy, and Twenty-third Tennessee battalion, Major Tazewell W. Newman, constituted Brigadier-General John C. Brown's brigade, Stewart's division. The Thirty-third Tennessee, Lieutenant Colonel Abraham Fulkerson, was in Gracie's brigade, Preston's division, Buckner's corps; Baxter's Tennessee battery, Captain Edmund D. Baxter, was in the battalion of reserve artillery commanded by Major Samuel C. Williams, of the same corps. The Third Tennessee, Colonel Calvin H. Walker; Tenth Tennessee Colonel Wm. Grace; Thirtieth Tennessee, Lieutenant Colonel James J. Turner; Forty-first Tennessee Lieutenant Colonel James D. Tillman; Fiftieth Tennessee, Colonel Cyrus A. Sugg; and First Tennessee battalion, Major Stephen H. Colm's, with the Seventh Texas, constituted Brigadier-General John Gregg's brigade of the provisional division commanded by Brigadier-General Bushrod Johnson, acting under orders from Lieutenant General James Longstreet. The Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Lieutenant Colonel Paul F. Anderson, and White's Tennessee battery Captain B. F. White, Jr., constituted a part of Harrison's brigade, Brigadier-General John A. Wharton's division; Jackson's Tennessee company, Captain J. C. Jackson, was escort to Brigadier-General Nathan B. Forrest. The Sixth Tennessee Cavalry, Lieutenant Colonel James H. Lewis, and Eighteenth Tennessee battalion, Major Charles McDonald, were in the division commanded by Brigadier-General Frank C. Armstrong, Forrest's cavalry. The Fourth Tennessee cavalry, Colonel Wm. S. McLemore; Eighth Tennessee, Captain Hamilton McGinnis; Ninth Tennessee, Colonel Jacob B. Biffle; Tenth Tennessee, Colonel Nicholas N. Cox, Eleventh Tennessee, Colonel Daniel W. Holman; Shaw's battalion, Hamilton's battalion, and Allison's Squa-

dron (consolidated), Major Joseph Shaw; Huggin's Tennessee battery, Captain A. L. Huggins, and Morton's Tennessee battery, Captain John W. Morton, Jr., constituted Colonel George G. Dibrell's brigade, Forrest's cavalry. Rucker's Tennessee legion, Colonel E. W. Rucker, and Huwald's Tennessee battery, Captain Gustave A. Huwald, were in Brigadier-General H. B. Davidson's brigade; Brigadier-General John D. Pegram's division. The Second Tennessee, Colonel H. M. Ashby, and Fifth Tennessee, Colonel George W. McKenzie, were in Colonel John S. Scott's brigade, Pegram's division. So many Tennessee organizations never before united upon the field of battle; the flower of the State was here, resolved upon victory and the redemption of their homes.

General Braxton Bragg commanding the Confederate Army, assigned the right wing to the command of Lieutenant General Polk; the left, to Lieutenant General James Longstreet, who had arrived from Virginia with a part of his army corps. On the night of the 17th of September, 1863, the Commanding General issued orders to his forces to cross the Chickamauga river, commencing the movement at 6 a. m. on the following morning, by the extreme right, at Reed's Bridge. The resistance offered by the enemy's cavalry and the narrow country roads delayed the advance until late in the afternoon. The movement forward was resumed at daylight on the 19th, and Buckner's corps and Cheatham's division crossed and formed. The division of General W. H. T. Walker had crossed at Bryan's Ford after night on the 18th. A sharp engagement commenced on the 19th, with Forrest's cavalry on the extreme right. Wilson's brigade, Walker's division, reinforced Forrest, and soon thereafter his entire division, with Liddell's was ordered to attack the enemy. Forrest judged him to be strong for Pegram's small division, and Wilson's brigade, was reinforced by Ector's brigade, when the enemy was driven back and a battery captured, although not brought off; but the enemy developed a largely superior force and compelled Forrest to retire. Dibrell's Brigade participated in the second advance; was dismounted and moved up in line with the veterans of Ector and Wilson. Rosecrans concluding that his left, held by Thomas' corps, was the chief point of attack, and that Bragg was seeking to turn it and gain possession of the Lafayette road between him and Chattanooga, sent Johnson's division of McCook's corps to his assistance. Crittenden in the meantime, had reinforced him with Palmer's division. Walker attacked this force with his own division and Liddell's with extraordinary vigor, but was forced back for reformation. Cheatham, with five brigades, was ordered to support Walker, but, on coming up in supporting distance, found that he had nothing in his front. Communicating the condition of the field to the Commanding General, he was ordered to advance and attack the enemy. In his report he states that his brigade commanders were notified that he had no support on his right or left. Moving forward, he met the Federals advancing on Walker's retiring troops. Jackson at once

encountered the advancing troops, and soon the entire line was hotly engaged. The Federals were driven back three-quarters of a mile, with heavy loss, where they took shelter behind breastworks, and, assisted by heavy reinforcements, checked Cheatham's advance. After an engagement of two hours' duration, the brigades of Jackson and Smith were withdrawn. These two brigades had driven the force in their front "furiously," says General A. J. Vaughan, six or eight hundred yards before them. General Smith reported to the Division General that his ammunition was nearly exhausted, but that he could hold the position until his wants were supplied or until Strahl could relieve him. No grander spectacle was ever witnessed than the withdrawal of Smith's and Jackson's Brigades, and the substitution of Maney and Strahl, and no more dangerous experiment was ever made in the face of an enemy, within musket range, under a concentrated fire of artillery and small arms. The advancing and retiring brigades moved with unbroken lines, and with such precision and promptness that the enemy was not sensible of the change. Scoggin's Georgia battery and Scott's Tennessee battery were in the advance with Jackson and Smith, and were especially distinguished. Lieutenant John H. Marsh, commanding Scott's battery, was dangerously wounded.

Thomas' official report shows that he had present for duty 21,448 men of all arms, reinforced by two divisions stronger than that of Cheatham. Soon Maney and Strahl were enveloped by overwhelming numbers in front and on both flanks, and, after a struggle of unparalleled heroism, were forced to fall back to their original position on the right and left of Turner's battery. The Federal forces, flushed with triumph, rushed up on Cheatham's line, coming within short range of the battery. Turner opened upon the advancing column with grape and canister, and forced them back in great confusion. Cheatham and the officers of his staff were with Turner in what seemed the most critical moment of a soldier's life. Thousands of men, in numbers that made them look almost irresistible, were about to crush him, advancing with shouts of victory, in short range, when the Division General said. "Now lieutenant," and the guns opened, the Federal troops hesitated, halted, doubled one regiment upon another, and fell back in disorder, leaving the earth, as far as the eye could reach, covered with the dead and dying. The grass and dry leaves in front of the battery were soon in flames, and many of the Federal wounded were subjected to the torture of being roasted to death. Turner had long commanded the battery as first lieutenant. He was deficient in expert knowledge, but he knew how to fight his guns. Cheatham passed him over examining boards and made him Captain for gallant conduct on the field of Chickamauga. "But for this repulse," says General Cheatham, "the enemy would have seized the crossing of the Chickamauga at Alexander's Bridge and Hunt's Ford, and rendered necessary new combinations and new dispositions for the battle of the next day."

During this battle Jackson's Brigade took from Thomas three pieces of his artillery and sent them to the rear. Wright's brigade occupied the left of the division line. It made a brave fight for two hours, and was constantly exposed to a flanking fire, which, growing in volume, finally forced it to retire. Carnes' artillery company, of this brigade lost half of its strength; the gallant Lieutenant Van Vleck was killed, and most of the battery horses; the guns were abandoned on the field, and the enemy undertook to remove them, but was driven off by Cheatham's skirmish line, and the guns were left between the contending lines until the subsequent advance of Stewart's Division, commanded by Major General A. P. Stewart, when they were recovered by Brown's brigade.

About 2 p. m. General Stewart advanced with three brigades—Brown's Bates' and Clayton's. After an engagement of an hour, Clayton withdrew for ammunition, and his position was occupied by Brown with his veteran brigade of Tennesseans. He advanced rapidly, driving the enemy for several hundred yards, routing his first line. Advancing upon his second line, the Federal position was forced and occupied; but his right was threatened by a heavy force, and he was ordered to retire. Brown captured five pieces of artillery, after killing the gunners and horses of the battery to which they belonged. General Stewart reports that they were sent to the rear, and that Brown's left regiment—the Twenty-sixth Tennessee—drove the Federals from another battery, but was unable to bring the guns off. Brown's Brigade was relieved by Bates'. This Brigade assailed the enemy with great impetuosity, and forced him from one position after another, losing and recapturing one piece of artillery. Clayton's Brigade coming to his support, the two drove the enemy for half a mile beyond the Chattanooga road, but observing threatening movements on their right and left, they were ordered by General Stewart to fall back leisurely to the east side of the road. In these charges the Fifteenth Tennessee and Thirty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel R. C. Tyler, captured four pieces of artillery. In the assault on the second line, Colonel J. B. Palmer, Lieutenant Colonel Butler, Major Joiner of the 18th Tennessee and Major Taz. W. Newman were wounded, and Colonel John M. Lillard, Twenty-sixth Tennessee, was mortally wounded. General Brown said: "I feel deeply the loss of Colonel Palmer's services on the field; for with him on the right, the gallant Cook in the center, and the brave Lillard on the left, I felt the utmost confidence in the unwavering steadiness of my line." In the death of Colonel Lillard, he said, "the country lost one of her best men and one of her bravest soldiers."

Bushrod Johnson's division, just organized, consisting of his own Tennessee brigade, Brigadier-General John Gregg; McNair's brigade, Brigadier-General Evander McNair; and Bledsoe's Missouri battery, was first to cross the Chickamauga. This was at 3 p. m. of the 18th, and no other command, says General Johnson, crossed at any point until he "had swept the west bank in front of their respec-

tive places of crossing." He was not seriously engaged until 3 p. m. His line was formed about a thousand yards west of the Chickamauga at Lee and Gordon's Mill road. His skirmishers were driven in, Bledsoe's and Everett's batteries opened fire, and Culpepper's battery of three guns was brought into action on Gregg's left. The Federals advanced on Johnson's and Gregg's brigades, and were easily repulsed, except on Gregg's left. The Fiftieth Tennessee here lost twelve killed and forty-five wounded before it moved from its position. Johnson pushed his command forward, with orders to attack whenever opportunity permitted. Robinson's brigade of Hood's division advanced on the right of the Fiftieth Tennessee, and the Federal troops were driven back with loss. About this time General Gregg rode out in front of his Brigade to reconnoiter the Federal position. He ventured too far, and, endeavoring to return, was shot through the neck and fell from his horse. He found himself in the lines of the Thirty-fifth Ohio, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel H. V. Boynton. While the Thirty-fifth was gathering his spurs, sword, and other valuables as souvenirs, Robertson's brigade of Texas dashed forward, gained possession of the General and his horse, and inflicted serious punishment on the Thirty-fifth Ohio.

Johnson's brigade, under Colonel Fulton, after advancing six hundred yards, received a deadly fire of artillery and musketry for an hour, when he forced the Federals to retire beyond the road from Chattanooga to Lee's and Gordon's Mills, where he took cover in the woods to the left of a clearing in which he posted his battery. The gallant Colonel Robert B. Snowden, with the Twenty-fifth Tennessee and part of the Twenty-third Tennessee, watching his opportunity, wheeled to the right, gained the cover of the fence north of the clearing, fired two or three volleys at the battery, charged, and captured it complete. The Seventeenth Tennessee, Third Tennessee, and Forty-first Tennessee, slightly in advance of the main line, encountered a Federal force moving by the flank toward the right of the Confederate Army. The Federals penetrated the left of the line of Johnson, filed off to the left, and fired a volley into its rear. The Brigade fell back, leaving seventy-one officers and men (including Major Davis, of the Seventeenth Tennessee) and the captured battery in their hands. The Federal column was charged by the Third Tennessee and Forty-first Tennessee, and driven back. General Johnson reformed his division and bivouacked in line for the next day's battle. Johnson's loss was heavy. Among the killed was Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas W. Beaumont, Fifth Tennessee, a soldier of experience and eminence, well and generally known and beloved in Tennessee. A man of intellect and culture, who practiced all the graces of life, he died gloriously at the head of his regiment. The tribute of Colonel Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, to the brave Colonel Ridge of the British Army, who fell at the siege of Badajos, can be accorded to Colonel Beaumont: "No man died that day with more glory; yet many died, and there was much glory."

Soon after sunset of the 19th, Cleburne's division supported by Jackson's and Smith's brigades of Cheatham's division, was ordered to attack Thomas, and, if possible, drive back his left wing. He was posted behind hastily constructed breastworks, and received the attacking force with a heavy fire of artillery and small arms. Brigadier-General Lucius E. Polk, on the right, pressed forward, pushing his artillery within sixty yards of his line, when the Federals ceased firing and disappeared from Cleburne's front. The darkness was so intense that no attempt was made to advance. The lines were readjusted and the command bivouacked for the night, with skirmishers a quarter of a mile in advance. In this night attack a part of Deshler's brigade fell back in some confusion on Smith's brigade. General Smith urged them forward, says General A. G. Vaughan, in his report of the movement, but, instead of going to the front, they obliqued to the left. In the darkness it was not observed that Smith's two right regiments were uncovered. Advancing upon troops at a halt in his immediate front, General Smith rode forward for an explanation of the delay. Riding up to the line, it proved to be that of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania. Smith was fired upon, and himself and his aide, Captain Thomas H. King, were killed, General Smith surviving for a few minutes. At the same time the gallant General A. J. Vaughan, then Colonel of the Thirteenth Tennessee, was fired upon under similar circumstances. The shot intended for him killed the noble Captain John Donelson, Acting Assistant Adjutant General. General Vaughan ordered the Twelfth Tennessee to fire, and the slayer of Donelson paid the penalty with his own life. In his official report, General Cheatham said: "In this night attack, Brigadier General Preston Smith, of Tennessee, received a mortal wound from which he died in fifty minutes. At the head of his noble brigade, of which he had been the commander as Colonel and Brigadier General for two years and a half, he fell in the performance of what he himself, with his expiring breath said was his duty. Active, energetic and brave, with a rare fitness for command, full of honorable ambition and harmony with the most elevated patriotism, the State of Tennessee will mourn his fall and do honor to his memory."

Colonel Vaughan, commanding the brigade at Smith's fall, reports that he captured three hundred prisoners, and the colors of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania regiment. During the battle of the day and night Cheatham lost 1,900 men in killed and wounded, out of a total of 6,578. Among the killed was Colonel J. A. McMurray, of the Fourth Confederate Tennessee. General Maney referred to him as a "gentleman of the noblest qualities, and an officer of fine abilities and great gallantry." Lieutenant Colonel Robt. N. Lewis and Major Oliver A. Bradshaw, both officers of great merit, were in quick succession severely wounded, when the command devolved upon Captain Joseph Bostick. In Turner's battery, Lieutenant Smith was severely wounded and Lieutenant Ingram was killed. Both shared with Turner the glory won here and at Perryville and Murfreesboro.

The First Tennessee and Twenty-seventh Tennessee, Colonel Hume R. Field, on the right of Maney, held his position for two hours, as he reports, "battling with as many of the Federal troops as could be brought to bear upon us. We occupied the position after our ammunition was completely exhausted, and then did not retire until the left wing of the brigade had been driven from the field by a movement upon its left flank. We brought from the field a gun of one of our batteries (supposed to be Forrest's) that had been abandoned by all but two of its men." The First and Twenty-seventh lost eighty-nine killed and wounded, and the Fourth lost fifty-four killed and wounded. Among the dead was Lieutenant Thomas B. Fitzwilliams, named by Captain Bostick as "the modest gentleman, gallant officer, and true soldier." The Twenty-fourth Tennessee battalion of sharpshooters, Major Frank Maney, already reduced to a skeleton by the casualties of war, went into action on the left of the Fourth Confederate with thirty-nine guns. It lost twenty-two; seventeen only could answer at the next roll call. Colonel George C. Porter, Sixth Tennessee and Ninth Tennessee, occupied the left of Maney. "It was," said General Maney, "most exposed, and the chances of the day demanded of this veteran command a bloody sacrifice." It lost 60 per cent of its strength in killed and wounded in the battle of the 19th. There were no stragglers. The gallant Colonel was ordered by the Division General, through an officer of his staff, to hold his position at all hazards, saying that help would surely come to his left. He did not care for odds against his front, but the enfilading attack on his left caused him soon to lose 180 men killed and wounded, out of a total present of 335. Help never came, and this broken and brave command withdrew in order to avoid capture. Vaughan's brigade sustained heavy losses. During the battle of the 19th the Twenty-eighth Tennessee wavered for a moment (as reported by General Cheatham,) and seemed to be in the act of falling back, when the intrepid Colonel S. S. Stanton seized the colors of his regiment, and, rushing to the front, called his men to follow him. Inspired by this heroic example, the regiment reformed on the colors, and at once recovered the lost ground. While the colors were in the hands of Colonel Stanton, they were pierced thirty times by musket balls. Strahl's brigade under its accomplished commander, could always be trusted to perform the measure of its duty. He was hardly engaged before the horses of all the field officers of his three right regiments were killed, and Major C. W. Heiskell, of the Nineteenth Tennessee, a very gallant officer, severely wounded.

BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 20.

General Bragg issued orders to attack Rosecrans at day dawn on the 20th, General Polk to assail him on the right, and to take up the attack in succession rapidly to the left. Orders were sent, at 11:30

on the night of the 19th, by General Polk to Lieutenant General Hill, Major-General Cheatham, and Major-General Walker. Hill could not be found, and the delay was a fatal one. It was 10 o'clock a. m., when the attack was made by Cleburne and Breckenridge. Cheatham by order of General Bragg, was held in reserve. The attack was taken up by Stewart, whose division was on the right of the left wing, and soon the whole army was engaged. General Bragg in his official report says "the attack on the left met with less resistance, much of the enemy's strength having been transferred to our right." In the first advance of Cleburne, Wood's brigade lost 500 men killed and wounded in a few minutes. Brigadier-General Polk's left had in turn been driven back, and his entire brigade was ordered to retire. Breckenridge, after a fierce combat at close quarters, routed the first line, but found it impossible to break the second, and retired to his original position. Finally another advance was ordered. Breckenridge dashed over the enemy's works in his front, the Federals making a stubborn resistance. In this assault he had the co-operation of Jackson's, Maney's and Wright's brigades, of Cheatham's division. Cleburne's attack was upon the point from which he had been repulsed in the forenoon. Brigadier-General L. E. Polk, with his Tennessee brigade, charged and carried the northwestern angle of the breastworks, taking in succession three lines. The Federals retired precipitately, and were pursued to the Chattanooga and Lafayette road. In his official report General Cleburne said of General Polk: "It is due to him and to the country, which wishes to appreciate its faithful servants, to say that to the intrepidity, and stern determination of purpose of himself and men, I was principally indebted for the success of the charge on Sunday evening, which drove the Federals from their breastworks and gave us the battle." General Polk named Colonel B. J. Hill, Thirty-fifth Tennessee, as the most distinguished of his brigade. Among others named for conspicuous gallantry and courage was Col. J. A. Smith, Fifth Confederate Tennessee; Colonel George H. Nixon, Forty-eighth Tennessee; Colonel W. D. Robinson and Lieutenant Colonel W. J. Hale, Second Tennessee; and Major R. J. Person, Fifth Confederate.

Major General Stewart attacked with Brown's brigade of Tennesseans advancing with Wood's brigade. Clayton was moved up and Bate placed in line with him. "The front line," says General Stewart, "met the most terrible fire it has ever been my fortune to witness." Wood broke in confusion, exposing Brown to an enfilading fire. He advanced still farther, when his two right regiments gave way in disorder; but, with his center and left followed by Clayton and Bate, he pressed on, passing the cornfield in front of the burnt house, and beyond the Chattanooga road, driving the Federals within their entrenchments and passing over a battery of four guns. New batteries, with infantry supports, opened upon Stewart's front and

flank. He retired and reformed on the ground first occupied. In this charge General Brown and General Clayton were wounded by grapeshot. At 5 p. m. of that day the division again advanced. Colonel Ed. C. Cook, commanding Brown's brigade, with a charge and yell and at a double quick, dashed on to the breastworks with a routed enemy flying in front.

All of the field officers of the Eighteenth Tennessee were wounded, and the regiment was commanded in the battle of the 20th by Captain Gid. H. Love. Major R. M. Saffell, commanding the Twenty-sixth Tennessee after the fall of Colonel Lillard, reports a loss of ninety-eight killed and wounded, out of 229 present for duty. The Thirty-second Tennessee sustained a loss of eighty-two. Colonel Cook reports that private J. W. Ellis marched with his company for six weeks barefooted, went into battle in this condition, and was always with the front line until he fell, severely wounded. Private Mayfield was simultaneously shocked by a shell and wounded in the thigh by a minnie ball. He was placed on a litter and carried some distance toward the rear. Recovering consciousness, he sprang from the litter, and cried out, "This will not do for me," rejoined his company, and gallantly performed a soldier's duty.

Captain W. P. Simpson, who succeeded to the command of the Twenty-third Tennessee battalion after Major Newman was wounded, reports a loss of forty-three killed and wounded. Every field officer in Bate's brigade, except three, was wounded, and in the two days' battle the brigade lost 607 killed and wounded, out of a total of 1,188.

Bushrod Johnson's command was formed at 7 a. m. of the 20th, but it was 10 a. m. when his skirmishers fell back under the Federal advance. Johnson opened with artillery and musketry and repulsed the attack. An hour later a general advance was made by the Confederate army. The troops in Johnson's front were posted along the road leading from Chattanooga to Lee's and Gordon's Mill, behind the fence at Brotherton's house. They also occupied two lines of breastworks in Johnson's front, and to the left of it in the woods next to Brotherton's farm. Johnson advanced and engaged them. Fighting over six-hundred yards through the woods under a heavy fire of all arms, he crossed the road, his command passing on both sides of Brotherton's house. General Johnson suffered heavy losses, but his charge was irresistible and the Federals fled or were killed or captured at the fences and out houses. Johnson advanced his whole line; Gregg's brigade, under the gallant Cyrus A. Sugg, Fiftieth Tennessee, in the rear, supported by Brigadier-General E. McIver, then commanding Hood's division, in a third line. "The scene," says General Johnson, "now presented was unspeakably grand. The rush of our heavy columns sweeping out from the shadow of the forest into the open fields, the glitter of arms, the retreat of the foe, the shouts of our men, the dust, the smoke, the noise of the arms, of whistling balls and grapeshot and bursting shells, made a battle scene of unsurpassed

grandeur." Here General Hood gave his final order: "Go ahead, and keep ahead of everything." The order was obeyed. Gregg's brigade, under Sugg, captured nine pieces of artillery; four three-inch rifle pieces were taken from the First Missouri Federal artillery and turned over to Bledsoe's First Missouri Confederate artillery of that brigade. Pushing forward, the crest of the ridge was occupied and a damaging fire was delivered on the retreating masses; but the Federals reformed and returned to the attack, and, without support on his right Johnson was forced to fall back. The troops rallied in line at the batteries, again repulsed the Federal attack and held the hill; and when the final advance was made, General Johnson reports that, with a shout, we drove the forces in our front far down the northern slope to the bottom of the deep hollow beyond. We had completely flanked and passed to the rear of his position, and thus aided in carrying the heights south of Snodgrass' house. Colonel John S. Fulton, Forty-fourth Tennessee, commanding Johnson's brigade, was greatly distinguished. Of Colonel Sugg, General Johnson said: "I feel especially indebted for his gallant, able and efficient services, in commanding Gregg's brigade." Johnson's brigade lost 299 killed and wounded. Gregg's brigade lost 585 killed and wounded. Of these, 109 men were killed on the field.

Lieutenant Colonel John L. McEwen, Jr., Forty-fourth Tennessee; Lieutenant Colonel Horace Ready and Major J. G. Love, Twenty-third Tennessee; and Lieutenant Colonel Wat W. Floyd and Major Samuel Davis, Seventeenth Tennessee, were wounded. Lieutenant Scruggs, Seventeenth Tennessee, was wounded and captured on the 19th, and recaptured by his own regiment on the 20th.

Colonel Floyd reports that, in passing the Vitito house, he learned from Mr. Vitito, who was on the outlook, that the four ladies of his family "were lying in a little hole under the kitchen floor, concealed from the Federals, where they had been for two days. As he passed the house, he discovered who we were, and exclaimed: 'The Confederates have the field!' The ladies threw off the planks that covered them, rushed out of the house, and came bounding toward us, with shouts of joy as women never shouted before."

The Seventeenth Tennessee sustained heavy losses, and the Twenty-third Tennessee lost 103 killed and wounded. Every member of the field staff was wounded. Adjutant A. R. Gregg, of the same regiment, recaptured the colors of the Tenth South Carolina.

The Sixty-third Tennessee, Colonel A. Fulkerson, of Gracie's brigade, Brigadier General Archibald Gracie, Jr., went into action between 4 and 5 o'clock p. m. of the 20th, supporting Kershaw's brigade. The regiment was on the right of the brigade, and, although in action for the first time, exhibited the steadiness and valor of veterans, and was one of the most conspicuous participants in the action fought and won by Preston's division, Buckner's corps, on the heights near Snodgrass' house. The aggregate number of the Sixty-third

was 404, and it lost in killed and wounded 202. General Gracie, said in his report of the battle: "Lieutenant Colonel A. Fulkerson, Sixty-third Tennessee, commanded the regiment and led it into action. To him it owes its discipline and efficiency. Colonel Fulkerson was severely wounded, making the one he received at Shiloh (as Major of the Nineteenth Tennessee) the second during the war." Captain James T. Gillespie and Lieutenant Shelby M. Deadrick were killed and buried on the field made famous by the prowess of their regiment.

In this day's battle, Forrest, with his matchless genius for war, was active, vigilant, and full of enterprise. Armstrong's division, Brigadier General Frank Armstrong, and Colonel George D. Dibrell's brigade fought on foot and were always up with the infantry. General Forrest commanded them with "pride and pleasure." Morton's and Freeman's Tennessee batteries rendered valiant service in resisting the advance of Gordon Granger's column. Forrest's men were without rations, his horses were without water, and had only a partial ration for two days, but no complaint was made. The Army of Tennessee bivouacked within the Federal entrenchments or upon the heights it had so gallantly won.

At the close of the day, Mr. C. A. Dana, the distinguished editor, then Assistant Secretary of War, who was on the field, reported to his chief that "Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as was Bull Run," but allowances must always be made for reports from civilians in the rear.

Thomas bravely held the Federal left until his line of works was assaulted and carried by the brigade of Brigadier General Polk, and until Bushrod Johnson flanked and passed into the rear of Gordon Granger. About that time Kelley's brigade of Preston's division had captured two entire regiments of Granger's.

It was not until 2 p. m. of the 21st that an advance of the army was made. Cheatham, leading it on the right, bivouacked for the night at the "Mission House." Moving early on the morning of the 22nd, he reached Missionary Ridge at 10 a. m. He reported that he found the Federal rear guard on the crest of the ridge in force. His position was assaulted and carried by Maney's and Vaughan's brigades after a spirited engagement of a few minutes. The division General said: "The position was found to be one of much natural strength, increased by breastworks made of stone and fallen timber; but this force, now demoralized by a succession of disasters, made but a feeble resistance, and fled in great haste."

Chickamauga was a great victory for the Confederate Army, and a great disappointment to Tennesseans. When the barren victory at Murfreesboro was won, and the State abandoned temporarily, as it was believed, the criticism of the tactics of the Commanding General was guarded and respectful; but when Cheatham's division halted on the crest of Missionary Ridge, hope ceased to be "an anchor of the soul;" and Tennesseans could not conceal their disappointment. Cheat-

ham should have occupied this position at the same hour of the previous day, but General Bragg permitted the 21st to be frittered away, instead of advancing at the dawn of day. Cheatham led the infantry advance on the Shallow Ford road, and McLaws on the Crossville road. Both divisions were ready, in good form, and could have followed Forrest and cleared the way for a final battle on the 22d. On the 21st Forrest ordered the Fourth Tennessee cavalry, under the gallant Colonel W. S. McLemore, to press the enemy. McLemore penetrated within three miles of Chattanooga and captured a large number of prisoners. His advance was made under the direction of the gallant Major C. W. Anderson, of Forrest's staff. My judgment is that if my distinguished friend, Lieutenant General Stewart, who is with us to-day, honored by all who served under or with him, had been in command of the Army of Tennessee on that fateful day, Chickamauga would not have been a barren victory. The final contest should have been the capture of the Army of the Cumberland or the rout of the Army of Tennessee.

The honors of the battle were won by Johnson's and L. E. Polk's Tennessee brigades. Johnson flanked and passed to the rear of the enemy, near the Snodgrass house. Polk charged and carried the north western angle of Thomas' breastworks, "and gave us the battle."

There cannot be found a more pathetic history than the story of the gallant men who led the Tennesseans, and who survived the battle of Chickamauga. Sugg, of the Fiftieth Tennessee, fell at Missionary Ridge; Stanton, of the Twenty-eighth, at Resaca; Lamb, of the Fifth, near Cassville; Walker, of the Nineteenth, at Atlanta; Jones and McNeill, of the Thirty-third, at Atlanta; Strahl and Carter, of the Thirty-eighth, at Franklin; Floyd, of the Seventeenth and McEwen, of the Forty-fourth, at Drewry's Bluff; Tyler, of the Fifteenth, at West Point, Ga.; Cook, of the Thirty-second, near Marietta; Walker, of the Third, at Powder Springs; Grace, of the Tenth, and Clack of the Third, at Jonesboro; Keeble, of the Twenty-third, and Fulton, of the Forty-fourth, at Petersburg, Va.; Lang, of the Eleventh, at Jonesboro; Shy, of the Twentieth, at Nashville; Saffell and Bogges, of the Twenty-sixth, at Bentonville. Twenty-one commanding officers of Tennessee regiments, conspicuous upon this field, distinguished everywhere, fell within a year. They fell leading their regiments in the forefront of the battle. Not many States can show such a roll of honor; no State mourns the loss of so many distinguished sons. To them and to their brave comrades of every rank who fell with them and upon this memorable field, the State dedicates these monuments. We want the stranger who comes within the gates of Chickamauga Park to know that Tennessee renders them homage and honor. In our own hearts and in the hearts of our descendants the memory of their noble deeds will outlive marble and monumental brass.

General Alex P. Stewart, of the National Chickamauga Park

Commission, in receiving the monuments and markers on behalf of said commission, spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The duty assigned to me on this occasion is a somewhat difficult and delicate one. I am to follow the distinguished gentleman who has just addressed you, and then I am to represent another: and that other no less a personage than the Hon. Secretary of War, who represents the Government of the United States in receiving these monuments and markers. I could heartily wish the duty had fallen to the lot of the Chairman of the National Commission of this Park, for in that event its performance, I know, would have been far more acceptable than I can make it to all concerned. Speaking for the Honorable Secretary, however, and for the Government, I accept with the greatest pleasure these beautiful memorials, composed largely of Tennessee marble, with which that State commemorates the heroism of her sons displayed on this field on September 19, 20, 1863, the memory of which will outlast the monuments themselves. The corroding tooth of time may eventually eat away this bronze, and this marble, so beautiful in its whiteness, may crumble into dust; but the memory of great historic deeds will live long as men live and language is understood. The fighting all over this great field, and especially that along the crest of this historic ridge, will never be forgotten while the ridge stands.

I will also say for the Secretary that it is hoped the State of Tennessee may soon put into the hands of her Commission for this Park, a sufficient sum of money to enable it to place similar memorials on all the other fields embraced in this great Park system, on which her sons signalized their prowess, and that the remaining States of the South may follow the examples of Missouri, Tennessee, and Georgia. However we may differ in our opinions respecting the causes for which the men of the South contended during the great war, the people of every section of this country cherish a profound admiration for courage, bravery, heroism, intrepidity, firmness, and fidelity even to the death, to a cause believed in and once espoused; and these great qualities were displayed during our conflict by the men of both sides to a degree that has excited the admiration of the world, and will forever stamp the Confederate era as the heroic age of our country. This park, the joint product of the States and of the Federal Government was designed as a perpetual monument to these high and noble characteristics of the American people. It is, therefore, earnestly desired that every State, North and South, whose sons illustrated their manhood on these fields of immortal renown, should manifest due appreciation of their deeds by placing here suitable monuments to serve as object lessons to posterity. When this shall have been done, this great park, besides telling to all the generations that are to come the story of American valor, and how great fields are fought and won, will also proclaim to all the world that these States, once "dissevered, discordant, belligerent, rent with civil feuds, and drenched in fraternal blood," are now indissolubly reunited under a Constitution, changed indeed from that which

our fathers framed and under one flag; and to-day all over this land, from far away Maine to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes on the north to the Gulf on the South, we rejoice as one people over the glorious achievement of Dewey, the superb, and wait with longing expectation for the coming of the bulletin which shall announce that our great Sampson has overtaken that Spanish fleet which seems to be hiding itself away on the Atlantic; that he has succeeded in battering down the pillars of the temple of the Philistines; that he and all with him have escaped from the ruins, and will live to enjoy their magnificent triumph.

These monuments and markers are taken in charge by the Government of the United States, and will receive precisely the same care and protection as will be bestowed on those of every other State.

Having now said what it might be supposed the Secretary of War would have said had he been here present, I might perhaps with propriety pause and take my seat; but I have thought it might be expected and desired that I should say a word for Tennessee and the South. It is a source of both pride and pleasure to me to-day that I am myself a Tennessean, a son of the great "Volunteer State" of the Union, every chapter of whose history is a glorious one; the most noble and the most glorious, in my judgment, being the Confederate Chapter. The people of Tennessee were always devoted to the Union and loyal to the Constitution framed by the fathers of the Republic. I was born and partly brought up in the State in the days when Andrew Jackson was the greatest and foremost figure of the country, and, like all Tennesseans of that generation, learned to love the Union under the Constitution and to admire "Old Hickory."

In the month of February, 1861 several of the Southern States having seceded from the Union, the people of Tennessee were called upon to vote on the question of calling a convention to take into consideration the state of the country and to determine the proper course to be pursued. They loved the Union, and wished to remain in it if the constitutional rights of the Southern States could be maintained. Moreover, they feared that a convention, representing the sovereignty of the people of Tennessee, and was right. During the same month take the State out of the Union without giving to the people themselves an opportunity to express their will on so momentous a proceeding. They, therefore, voted down the proposition to call a convention by a majority of nearly four to one. (For convention, 24,749, against, 91,803; majority 67,056.) The voters were the white male citizens who possessed the constitutional qualifications, the class of men who had always voted at elections, who controlled the destinies of the State, and held in their hands its sovereign power. It will hardly be questioned that the result was the expression of the sovereign will of the people of the State, might pass an ordinance of secession and of February, the Peace Congress, called, I believe, by the State of Virginia, assembled in Washington. It was a convention of leading

citizens of many of the States, the object of which was to ascertain if it were possible to avert war, to preserve the Union and maintain the constitutional rights of the Southern States. Their efforts were vain. They were authoritatively informed that a certain provision of the Constitution and the laws passed for its enforcement never would be obeyed by the people of the Northern States, and they knew that several of those States had forbidden their State Officials to render aid in the execution of those laws. Those States thus exercised the power, certainly not the right, of sovereign states to nullify a constitutional provision and the laws passed by Congress for its enforcement: but there was no coercion for them. The Southern members of the Congress returned to their people and informed them that there were but two alternatives before them—one, to remain in the Union, but denied their constitutional rights, and endure all the evils that might be expected to follow from such a course; the other, to separate from a political association designed for their protection and defense, but which was being perverted to the overthrow of their rights.

By this time it had become certain that war would follow; that the power of the Northern States would be exerted through the Federal Government, of which they had entire control, to coerce the seceding States to return to the Union. Under these circumstances the people of Tennessee were called upon again to vote on the 8th day of June. The questions submitted for their decision were: Shall Tennessee separate herself from the Government of the United States? Shall she seek representation in the Government of the Confederate States? Knowing that war with a vastly superior power stared them in the face, the people did not hesitate as to which side they should choose. By majorities of more than two to one (for "separation" 108,418; against, 53,336; for "representation," 101,701; against, 47,364), they pronounced in favor of "separation" and of "representation" when they might, had they so chosen, have placed themselves on the side of the stronger party. The voters, in this case, too, were the white male citizens of constitutional qualifications; and the result, like that in February, was the expression of the will of the sovereign people of the State, and was also right.

Having thus deliberately arraigned herself on the side of the weaker party to the great struggle, with the full knowledge that, like Virginia, she must bare her bosom to the storm, and that her soil must be largely the scene of conflict, she proceeded to perform her duty and to vindicate the course she had chosen. She furnished to the Confederacy, I am told, fully one-sixth of all the troops that fought under her banners. Her sons did not confine themselves merely to the defense of the State and to repelling invasion, but hurried everywhere to the front. They watered her own soil profusely with their blood, and died on every great field that was fought during the war. On three different occasions—first, after Fishing Creek, Forts Henry and Donelson, and Shiloh; again, after Murfreesboro; and, finally, after

bloody Franklin and Nashville they abandoned their homes and families, their fields and possessions to the mercies of the enemy to follow the fortunes of the cause and the flag they believed in and loved, and laid down their arms only when further resistance had become hopeless. This chapter of her history is the most noble and glorious in the record of Tennessee.

For my individual self I wish to say that perhaps no man in all the country felt more deeply grieved than I did when news came that South Carolina had seceded from the Union. Not that I blamed her I felt aggrieved that matters had come to such a pass that there was no other honorable alternative; but when the people of my State had spoken their sovereign will, I went into the Confederate service with "a conscience void of offence" toward God and man and a profound sense of duty serving to the best of my humble ability to the bitter end.

In my judgment, neither this nor any other country has ever produced a race of men and women superior to the Southern men and women of the Confederate times. They were true to every obligation and asked only that their Constitutional rights be respected, or else that they be permitted to go themselves and manage their own affairs in their own way. Their posterity will be as true to the obligations that may rest on them as were their ancestors.

Should the present war continue, or should a crisis arise in the future when our country shall need true, brave hearts and strong arms for her defense, she will want from us of the South more than our Fitzhugh Lee, our Joe Wheeler, and thirty thousand of our brave sons; and when she calls for them, she will not call in vain.

What shall I say of the women of the Confederacy? When President Garfield lay dying from the effects of that treacherous shot fired at him by the madman Guiteau, with what loving solicitude and tender watchfulness his wife hung over his couch, watching by day and by night, trying to assuage the suffering and pain, and to woo back, were it possible, the life that was slowly ebbing away. How our own country and the civilized world rang with applause of her constancy and devotion. I would not pluck a gem from the crown of glory she won, or cast a shadow to dim its luster (all honor to the faithful wife) but how many tens—yea, hundreds—of thousands true, heroic, and devoted Southern women during the war suffered far more than she did. Not in the glare of the noonday, nor in the face of the world, but in the quiet, the seclusion, and obscurity, and often amid the desolation of home; no friendly voice to cheer and encourage; brooding in silence over the situation; knitting and spinning, weaving and sewing, toiling to earn support and to keep the men in the army well clad; waiting and watching for news from the army and from the battle; husband gone to the war, son absent in the army; brother, lover—all gone. "Will they ever return?" When news comes, it may be that husband was killed, son wounded and she could not fly to his relief to nurse him back to life and health—brother and lover, dead and she should see

him no more. The Confederate women never surrendered; and when the war was over and the few men who were left returned to their homes, how bravely the women took up again the battle of life, standing by and encouraging the men, and how cheerfully and uncomplainingly they submitted to the unaccustomed drudgery. I do not think any race of women of whom I have ever read surpassed the southern women of the Confederate times.

Since the war, we of the south have been engaged in restoring our waste places, in rebuilding our homes, improving our fortunes and trying to educate our children—and the negro; and we have also been engaged in “State building.” What obstacles and difficulties have been placed in our way? No doubt we have made mistakes; but the trend has always been in the right direction, toward the perfect and the right. If we mold the characters of our children on great models; above all, if we lay our foundations broad and deep in christian culture, intelligence, and morality, our superstructures will rise aloft and endure through the ages to come.

Perhaps you will ask: “On what models shall we mold the characters of our children?” Sometimes I think the day may come when in all the schools of this country the ancient classics, which tell us so much of the heroic men and women and the events of bygone times, may be laid aside, and the new classics, which shall yet be written will be studied. They will tell of the great men and women and the events of these later times. In the schools of the North they will study the lives and characters of the great men and women of that section of the country; in the South the children will study the life and character of the peerless, the magnanimous, the majestic, the kingly Lee. He was every inch a man, and cast in regal mold. A great writer has said that the word “king” means “can.” A king is not necessarily one who wears a crown, but a man who “can”; crowned by his fellows because he “can.” Judging by this standard, Robt. E. Lee was one of the kingliest of men. They will study the life and character of the great Albert Sidney Johnston; for I heard no less competent a judge than Jefferson Davis himself declare that Sidney Johnston was the first man of his day, civil or military, in the United States. It has been charged against him that stung by adverse criticisms, he exposed himself needlessly and recklessly on the field of Shiloh and threw away his life. There could not be a greater mistake. He was far too great a man for that.

I saw him during the afternoon of the day preceding that on which the battle began. The portion of the army to which I belonged had halted in an open woods a short distance west of the ground which was to be the scene of conflict. I saw Sidney Johnston and John C. Breckenridge come riding together through the woods, superbly mounted, a superb looking pair of men. Johnston was calm and cool as a May morning. Without a trace of irritation or vexation, his bearing was that of a man who felt that he held the situation in his grasp, and would achieve a great triumph on the following day. The next

morning I saw him again. The battle had opened away to our right. The corps to which I belonged was formed on our extreme left in column of brigades, the brigade which I had the honor to command being in the advance. We moved slowly along, guided by a road that led directly to Pittsburg Landing, halting occasionally to rectify our alignment to keep in touch with the troops to our right. I saw Sidney Johnston approaching us, unattended. He came to the commander of the corps and asked him for a brigade to go to the support of Bragg; and as my brigade was in advance, I was directed to go. He was as calm and unruffled as on the day before. He conducted us to the point where he wished us to engage the enemy, waited a few minutes to see us get our direction and to see the men receive their "baptism of fire," and rode off to the right. It seems he had come across a regiment which had faltered. Riding to their front, holding a little tin cup in his hand, he addressed to them a few words of encouragement, and said: "I'll lead you." The men rushed forward to the charge. Soon Johnston was struck by a minnie ball, his horse was led to the rear, and in a few minutes his rider bled to death.

Then there was that other astute, sagacious, skillful Johnston, whose men loved him, had the most unbounded confidence in him, and always spoke affectionately of him as "old Joe." He was thought by some to be our greatest general. The last winter of his life, I passed in Washington, where he lived. A gentleman was living there who had served on the staff of General Joseph E. Johnston, and also on that of General Lee, and who knew both men thoroughly. Speaking of them, he said: "Lee was the greatest man, but Johnston was the greatest general."

Then there was the chivalrous and scientific Beauregard, the brave Hood, the gallant Frank Cheatham; the intrepid Christian soldier. Leonidas Polk: "Jeb" Stuart, the great cavalry leader of the Army of Northern Virginia, the unrivaled commander of outposts, who some one, I believe, has aptly styled "the Prince Rupert of the Confederacy;" that son of Mars, the devout and heroic Stonewall, who never knew defeat; and that untutored genius of war, "the wizard of the saddle," Nathan Bedford Forrest, who bade defiance to every known rule of the science of war and created a science of war for himself. It mattered little to him where or in what numbers he encountered the enemy. If in his front, he went at him; if in his rear, "what difference does it make? If the enemy is in my rear, ain't I in his rear? I always carry my rear with me?"

Let your sons study the lives and characters of these and of many others of our great, heroic men; and your daughters, those of the many noble Confederate women who illustrated the loftiest traits of the truest Christian womanhood, who deserved to be, and were, the wives, the mothers, and the sisters of a race of heroes.

There is a question I wish to ask and to which I will give an answer: Why did the South fail? Our cause was a righteous one; our

men, the bravest of the brave; and we had some great generals. Why did we fail? Some say that Providence is always on the side of the stronger battalions. I do not believe it. "The race is not always to the swift," nor "the battle to the strong." Men of the North, the South failed not because you were right and we were wrong, nor because we were right and you were wrong, nor because you had the heavier battalions. The one sole reason why the South failed—you may see it in the events transpiring around us today—was that Almighty God had need of this Union. He presided at its birth; all these years He has held it in the hollow of His hand; He still needs it for the accomplishment of His great designs. So when the end came for us, I accepted the issue, without a murmur or complaint, as the expression of the Divine will.

I do not know what great future Providence may have in store for this country; but I am sure if we permit Him to have His way, it we follow His lead obediently and trustfully, He will exalt the South in much greater proportion than He scourged us, and He will guide all this great people to a destiny that shall far transcend in power, in grandeur and in glory that of any other people who have ever lived on the earth.

Comrades, we are passing away, passing away. It will not be long until the Confederate soldier will be a dream of the past, but his name will live. It will live in history, in story, in song and in tradition while the world stands. But the other day we lost our Walthall. He commanded a division in that magnificent corps that was called by my name; and, besides, he was my personal friend. I loved him as a friend. It seems to me, therefore, eminently fitting and appropriate that here, on this Tennessee Day on this great battlefield and Park, I should pause a moment in passing to shed a tear to his memory. He was my beau ideal of the knightly gentleman and soldier, a very Chevalier Bayard, a knight without fear and without reproach, the truest type of the Southern gentleman. He was an able, wise and conservative Senator and statesman, who followed always the example of his friend, the illustrious Lamar, in advocating every measure that tended to promote peace and harmony throughout the country. "We ne'er shall look upon his like again." Peace to his ashes.

We are all becoming every day more and more like the old Indian chief who compared himself to an aged hemlock. Said he: "I am an aged hemlock. The winds of many winters and fierce storms have whistled through my branches, and I am dead at the top." We are all dying at the top, and it will not be long until the summons shall come for us every one. Let us so live that when it does come we may go "not like the galley slave at night, scourged to his dungeon?" "but every duty performed, life work done, conscience clear, like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams;" or else that, like the immortal Stonewall, there may remain for us only to glide peacefully over the placid bosom of the

waters and rest forever, in companionship with all the gallant throng who have gone before, under the shade of the eternal trees.

The next address was delivered by General G. P. Thurston, of Nashville, representing the Federal soldiery of Tennessee who participated in the battle of Chickamauga. He spoke as follows:

I never come upon the field of Chickamauga without feeling a new inspiration of patriotism. Every scene recalls some memorable events. These hills and valleys and monuments seem to grow upon one's affections.

History has no record of a civilization that has provided so splendid and unique a memorial dedicated to the soldiers who fought on both sides of a great war—a battle whose history is recorded in granite and marble and bronze, upon military lines established by its own living heroes; a battlefield which was the scene of perhaps the most stubbornly fought and deadly conflict reported in the annals of war; a battlefield now consecrated anew to patriotism by the presence of the gallant soldiers of the republic.

Here the State of Tennessee, by the courtesy of the National Park Commission, has erected her monuments in memory of her sons, memorials commemorating the enduring courage of the American soldier on the field of Chickamauga; commemorating, also, by their very presence, the new era of peace, friendship, and unity between all her citizens and all the sections of our common country.

The antagonisms of the past are forgotten in the completeness of reconciliation. Confederate and Federal, Northern and Southern, we revisit this historic scene to-day in honor of the soldiers of the Volunteer State.

In behalf of Lieutenant John Ruhm and myself, the ex-Federal members of our Tennessee Chickamauga Commission, I beg to offer most hearty thanks to Major Anderson, Governor Porter, and our brethren—the ex-Confederates—for their generous and considerate treatment in executing the work of the Commission.

We are proud of the compliment paid by them to the Union regiments from Tennessee in uniting with us in erecting a beautiful monument as a tribute to their memory.

It seems just and proper that the Federal Tennesseans, mainly from East Tennessee, constituting nearly 25 per cent of the whole number of soldiers in the Civil War from Tennessee, should be thus recognized and complimented by having their share in the honors of this dedication and this memorial park.

While granting to the soldiers of both armies, in the trying days of the Civil War, a sincere desire to do the right, as each could see the right, yet, speaking from a Federal standpoint, the friends of the national government can never cease to be grateful that, in the providence of God, East Tennessee chose to cast her best strength to aid in maintaining and preserving the Union of States. We, therefore,

repeat that we are proud of the compliment paid by the State of Tennessee, and by our State Commission, to the Union Soldiers from Tennessee, although their actual force upon the field of Chickamauga was inconsiderable when compared with the number of Tennessee Confederates.

A Federal brigade of Tennessee troops reached Chattanooga the day after the battle; but, owing to accidental causes, only two Federal regiments from Tennessee actually participated in the great conflict—the First and Second regiments of Tennessee Cavalry. These two regiments were not in the thickest of the fight, and their losses were not great; but they bore their part, where their lot was cast, with honor. The great blind poet tells us that.

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

But these two Tennessee regiments did more. When the right of the Union Army was overwhelmed on that memorable Sunday morning in September, 1863, strange to report, the Confederate cavalry were unable to take advantage of the disaster. They did not pursue; they were successfully held at bay by the Union cavalry on our right. The First and Second Tennessee regiments had their full share in this gallant defense, and are entitled to share in its honors; but I repeat that the spirit of the compliment paid by the erection of the one beautiful Federal monument in this historic park is a tribute in a broader sense to the memory of the Union soldiers from Tennessee.

It seems most just and appropriate, also, that the Confederate soldiers of Tennessee, who so greatly outnumbered the Federal Tennesseans at Chickamauga, should be honored with the three handsome monuments commemorating their heroic deeds. No true soldier of the Union Army would wish to limit or withhold these honors from the gallant Confederate of the Volunteer State. Yes, they fairly won their laurels on this bloody field, and, indeed, on every great battlefield of the Civil War. Their fame needs no compliment from our side or from their side. Their courage, their military prowess, their self denying devotion to their cause through years of privation, would brighten any page of history. All honor to them evermore. May these four splendid Tennessee monuments tell their united story of American heroism throughout the centuries.

Now that our national repose has been rudely shocked by the alarm bell of war, how grateful is the reflection that our glorious country can face this new tragedy with an undivided front. We are fast learning the lesson that patriotism is confined to no one section or State. It is only a question of where, in all our broad domain, patriotism is the most intense.

The people of this republic do not covet the reputation of being war-like or a nation of soldiers; they do not desire to be regarded as pursuing an aggressive policy toward other nations, whether weak or powerful. Our civilization has a higher motive. We are too strong, too wise, too free, and too conservative to need the constant presence

of great armies or navies, at home or abroad. Our territorial isolation does not require it; our peaceful habits and tendencies do not call for it; but, happily, in time of public peril or when the national flag or honor needs defense, our combined physical strength and patriotism can always be depended upon.

Our great republic commands the everlasting affection and allegiance of her sons. With the true and characteristic spirit of Americanism born in the race, they are ever ready to pour out their blood and treasure at their country's call.

“O land of lands, to thee we give
Our love, our trust, our service, free.
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.”

The answer to her call to arms comes from far and near: “We are ready.” From the North, from the South—Federal and Confederate—we can say, in the words of the old army song:

“We are coming, Uncle Samuel,
Three hundred thousand strong.”

The old guard of the Civil War may not be called on to reenlist, but, come the worst or come foreign combinations against us, they will be found at the front for duty. If our matchless old soldiers of the North and South cannot now charge at double-quick, they can hold the forts, if need be, against the world; they can steady many a wavering battalion; they can demonstrate that the lessons learned at Chickamauga are not forgotten.

Our battles with Spain may not all be as bloodless to us as our glorious victory at Manila. Possible reverses may come, but who can doubt the triumphant final result, when right and might march side by side in the interest of humanity?

We are charged by some of the autocrats of Europe with being aggressive; but what patience or conservatism or Christianity can endure the inhumanity, the treachery, and the insufferable conceit of a country like Spain? Her colonial policy has shocked every American instinct. It has kept anarchy and poverty in Cuba for a century. The beautiful island has never had a chance at progress or liberty. When our arms are crowned with victory, and the poison of Spanish domination is removed, I trust this fair “Queen of the Antilles” may get new inspiration from closer contact with our free republic, and will be able to build up a new civilization worthy of the sacrifices we are making for her.

The closing address was delivered by General H. V. Boynton, Chairman of the National Chickamauga Park Commission. General Boynton spoke extemporaneously about ten minutes. He referred to

the fact that nearly one-third of a century has elapsed since the war, and that it gave him great joy to be able to call the soldiers of both armies comrades, and address them beneath one banner. "Throughout this land," said he, "70,000,000 people will stand together to a victorious end. We thank all that out of the war has come a great united country."

General Boynton, in conclusion, praised the Tennessee Park commission for the assistance rendered the National Park Commission in establishing the park.

THE OHIO RAID.

A short time before General Rosecrans began his movement against The Army of Tennessee via Liberty and Hoover Gaps, General John Morgan went on his famous Ohio Raid. He crossed the Cumberland River at Burkesville, Ky., and Turkey Bend Ferry to check a contemplated plan on the part of Generals Burnside and Judah to move simultaneously with Rosecrans against General Bragg's army camped in and around Tullahoma, Tenn.

This diversion created a flutter in Federal army circles and presented a grave spectacle to the Northern Commanders, who became uneasy about the cutting off of their supplies and the invasion of Louisville and Cincinnati. Morgan with ten regiments went through Kentucky, parts of Indiana and a part of them crossed the Ohio River at Buffington. A sudden rise in the river, when every by-path and cross road frowned with a pursuing Federal force, hemmed in and resulted in the capture of General Morgan and his command.

Of the battles and incidents connected with that famous raid, space does not allow detail. It was a bold, daring undertaking; grand in conception and properly executed, and but for a sudden rise in the River, an act of God that no man could foresee, would have succeeded.

The movement checked the Federal Armies in their progress and crippled The Army of the Cumberland for the moment, by drawing away forces necessary to pursue the forward movement.

General Morgan was so apt that his commander always pointed to him as the most efficient officer to thus weaken the Federal forces. The capture on the Ohio raid and the novelty of General Morgan's escape from the Columbus Ohio Penitentiary is pointed to as one of the phenomenal incidents connected with General Morgan and his command in The Army of Tennessee.

THE OLD JACKET OF GRAY.

See this old jacket, faded and torn;
In Morgan's raid it was proudly worn—
This very old jacket of gray.
It was one of the many that covered then
The breasts of true-hearted Southern men
And thrilled with the hope that filled them when
John Morgan was leading the way,

This haversack see! It hung of yore—
Bearing ofhardtack a meager store—
 Across the old jacket of gray.
Though tired and ragged and hungry, too,
What cared we, with Victory full in view?
We feared not defeat, for well we knew
 John Morgan was leading the way.

From Lee to the humblest soldier who
His sword for the honor of Dixie drew,
 All wore just such jackets of gray.
Though the cause we loved is a "Lost Cause," still
It lives in hearts that will ever thrill
At sight of the gray, though no more will
 John Morgan be leading the way.

He led the way up fair glory's height
With the patriot heroes, who waged a fight
 In their tattered jackets of gray
That will live for aye on the roll of fame
And carved on Time's rock brave Dixie's name
To fill Southern hearts with the patriot's flame
 Of Morgan while leading the way.

There are many here who fought and bled,
By love for freedom and honor led,
 In just such old jackets of gray;
And many whose hearts enshrined with pride
Loved ones who fell in the battle tide
With Dixie's name on their lips, and died
 While Morgan was leading the way.

Oh, heroes of Dixie, one and all—
The living and the dead—on you I call,
 Who wore the old jacket of gray,
On the living to teach by tongue and pen,
On the dead, by those that loved them then,
Our youth to glory in the men
 Who, like Morgan, once led the way.

To glory in Lee and old Stonewall,
In the Johnstons, Hampton, Stuart, and all
 Who wore the dear old jackets of gray;
In the privates who joined the hero band
From Maryland to the Lone Star's strand,
In the Stars and Bars of Dixie Land,
 And in Davis who led the way.

—MRS. ANNIE BARNWELL MORTON.

SONGS.

NASHVILLE REUNION—GREETING.

(Tune, Ole Time Religion.)

Here's greeting to the graybacks,
The old Southern grisleys,
Nashville's hearty welcome,

A happy thought to me.
Tennessee, again says welcome,
To the tried Southern Soldier,
Who wrote his name in glory,
A happy thought to me.

(Chorus)

We're "Old Time" Confed'rates,
We're "Old Time" Confed'rates.
We're "Old Time" Confed'rates.
That's good enough for me.
Our State will live in glory,
On the fields of blood so gory,
Our State will live in story,
That's good enough for me.
Our dead in the arms of glory,
Who live in song and story.
Our dead in the arms of glory.
That's good enough for me.

(Chorus)

Our Rains and Strahl and Adams,
Our Stonewall, Bee and Bartow,
Our Gordon, Ewell, Early,
They were good enough for me.
Our Stewart, Brown and Forrest,
Our Polk, Lee and Wheeler,
Our Gist and Bate and Cheatham,
They were good enough for me.

(Chorus)

We can win no new affection,
 We can win no new affection,
 We can win no new affection,
 It's a saddening thought to me.
 We have only recollection,
 We have only recollection,
 We have only recollection,
 But it's good enough for me.

(Chorus)

Earth's h-o-l-d, on us, grows slighter,
 And the h-e-a-v-y burden, lighter,
 And the dawn, immortal, brighter,
 That's good enough for me.
 Our hope is now in heaven,
 Our hope is now in heaven,
 Our hope is now in heaven,
 That's good enough for me.

Chorus

We'll see Lee, Price and Johnstons,
 We'll see Lee, Price and Johnstons,
 We'll see Lee, Price and Johnstons,
 That's comforting to me.
 Hatton, Bragg and Old Pat Cleburne,
 Hatton, Bragg and Old Pat Cleburne,
 Hatton, Bragg and Old Pat Cleburne,
 That's a thrilling thought to me.

(Chorus)

—————
 "HERE'S YOUR MULE."
 —————

By Captain W. W. Carnes, Memphis, Tenn.

Every soldier remembers the many popular calls, phrases or sayings that were in vogue during the Civil War, and among them all, none was more widespread and generally used among the Confederates than "Here's Your Mule!" or "Mister, Here's Your Mule." There have been a number of attempts to explain its origin, no one account like the other, and none correct. This paper is written to give a correct account of how "Here's Your Mule!" started, and the correctness of what is here written will be attested by the few still left of those West Tennessee soldiers who were in the Camp of Instruction at Jackson, Tenn.

While the many companies were in said camp before and after

the organization into regiments, all sorts of salable commodities were brought into camp in all sorts of conveyances. One of those camp hucksters, who was especially active in peddling pies and other edibles, brought them in a small and ancient looking wagon, drawn by a small, black, shaggy mule. This old fellow was quite an oddity in a way, and became quite well known in camp. The boys tried their usual pranks of speech on him and many of them came off "second best" in the encounter of rough wit. So one day a few of those who had failed to get ahead of the old countryman in the contest with tongues, determined to play a practical joke on him. Most of the soldiers were sheltered then by the old fashioned "A" tents which go in a straight line from the ridge pole down to the pegs that held the cover edge fast to the ground. During the temporary absence of the old huckster, these fellows slipped out the main parts of the harness from his mule, and, carrying the animal to another part of the camp, placed him under one of the little "A" tents and fastened the flaps down tight to the pegs. They then loafed around the wagon until the owner appeared. He naturally was surprised to find that his mule was gone and at once commenced actively to look for him, the boys who had carried the mule away, amusing themselves at the owner's expense with various suggestions as to the cause of the animal's disappearance. The owner of the mule was too seriously concerned over his loss to give back in his usual style, and the mischievous jokers had a lot of fun at his expense. Soon those men (who had jointly hidden the mule in a place known to but few) spread the news around the camp that old "Pies" HAD LOST HIS MULE. Then one of them went to a distant point in the encampment and shouted at the top of his voice, "Mister, Here's Your Mule!" At once the owner of the mule struck a lively gait in the direction of the voice, but found no mule and no one that could give information of him. Then he said to the men standing around, "Gentlemen, have any of you seen anything of a little black, shaggy mule around here? In a few minutes the cry, "Mister, Here's Your Mule!" came from another part of the camp, causing the man to go there on a run with the same result, followed by the same inquiry on his part. So he was kept going for a long time from one part of the camp to another by the same call, without finding the mule. As might be expected quite a crowd followed him about, and as others, who knew nothing of the hiding of the mule, took up the call "Here's Your Mule!" from different points, the huckster knew he was being played with by the boys. His last summons had brought him to the vicinity of the tent where the mule had been hidden, and from there he did not go in response to other calls of "Here's Your Mule!" from distant points. All the while a large crowd stood around and gave him "the laugh." Finally, after standing this awhile he raised his hands above his head in a beseeching gesture, which brought silence and in a loud wail of distress he said, "*Gentlemen, for the love of God, has anybody seen anything of that 'ar mule?*" Probably the mule recognized his owner's voice, and he lifted up his own voice in a loud bray. Then there arose

such a general yell of "*Here's Your Mule!*" and led by the fellows who knew in which tent to find him, the crowd overthrew the tent and brought forth the "little, black, shaggy mule" to his distressed owner. It was a long time before the frolic ended and the countryman got away from the teasing boys, but he had sold all his load and found his lost mule, and he took the joking good naturedly. From that afternoon, the cry, "*Here's Your Mule!*" gave rise to merriment in that camp, and as the different commands left the "Camp of Instruction" took with them the cry "*Here's Your Mule!*" which spread rapidly through the army, until it was in general use by soldiers who had no idea of how it originated, but understood that there was a joke behind it or connected with it some way. It was carried rapidly through all parts of the Armies of the West and found its way to the Virginia Army. Very few who used it or heard it, knew how or where it originated, and the writer gives for publication this true history of "*Here's Your Mule!*" for the first time, as far as he knows. Parodies were gotten up on "*Here's Your Mule*" and sung around the campfire. The following on "*Maryland*" was sung by the Ridley and Beard Combination at the Nashville Reunion, Tennessee Division, Oct. 8-9, 1902. Showing the popularity of the phase, "*Here's Your Mule!*"

(Tune, My Maryland.)

The Yankee tread is on our streets,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 I hear the tramp of the vandal's feet,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 Hark! I hear a rooster squall;
 The vandal takes it, hen and all,
 And makes the boys and women bawl,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

There's nothing that escapes their eyes,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 They all are death on cakes and pies,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 Hush! I see a lighted sky,
 Our people's houses burning high,
 John Morgan's coming by and by,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

Hark! Morgan's boys are on a raid,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 To meet the foe they're not afraid,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 And when bluecoats, see them come,
 They stop and fire and break and run,
 And then begins John Morgan's fun,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

And Pemberton is in the West,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 To hold Vicksburg he'll do his best,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 When General Grant strikes in his flank,
 Our faithful Joe will play a prank,
 And gobble up the devilish Yank,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

When Stonewall Jackson's in the field,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 His are the boys that never yield,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!
 And when you hear the old man pray,
 You may be sure that on next day
 The very devil will be to pay,
 Here's your mule, O here's your mule!

“THE OLD CONFEDERATE HOME.”

(Tune, Old Kentucky Home.)

The time has come, in our Southern homes,
 Meeting the boys in gray;
 We're happy as larks, as cheery as birds,
 Making music in the meadows, all the day.
 We long to meet, the guard of Sixty One,
 Who struggled, for what they knew was right;
 Now you are here, in our Southern homes,
 Our hearts are overflowing with delight.

Chorus

All hail to you, old soldiers, we're glad to
 bid you stay;
 We have killed the fatted calf and we
 chant the festal song,
 In our Southern homes—Tennessee.

The times are changed in all Southern life,
 Slavery gone from our door,
 The dollar seems the aim, of all present strife,
 Plaintive Southern melodies, no more.
 When your property was taken, and the wolf was at the door,
 Our mothers, cheered you on the road,
 Now, no matter about days of yore,
 Resignation, has relieved the heavy load.

Chorus

Our black mammies, have passed away,
 Society changed in its tone—
 The big plantations, all dwindled down,
 Old Marsa and old Missus, are gone.
 But the brain and brawn of our sunny clime,
 Make us cheerful, happy and bright—
 Your boys and girls dared the hard times,
 And chased the dread wolf in its flight—

(Chorus)

Days are coming, the South to reinstate,
 Mongst people of this united land,
 The main hope and stay of our Union great
 Are Scion's, of the old Southern band.
 I tell you, we will triumph, triumph in the end,
 No matter, though the rasping, we have had,
 Truth, crushed to earth, will surely rise again,
 And the hearts, of all our Southland, will be glad.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

The following is the original rendition of the "Girl I Left Behind Me" taken from the Royal Edition of the songs of England ("Boosy & Co.") and kindly furnished me by Captain S. R. Simpson late of the 30th Tennessee Regiment, Colonel J. J. Turner commanding.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
 And o'er the moor-land sedg-gy
 Such heav-i-ness my bosom fills,
 Since parting with my Betsy,
 I seek for one as fair and gay,
 But find none to remind me,
 How blest the hours passed away,
 With the girl I left behind me.

The hour I remember well,
 When first she owned she loved me,
 A rain within my breast doth tell,
 How constant I have proved me;
 But now I'm bound for Brighton camp,
 Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
 And send me home, safe back again,
 To the girl I left behind me.

My mind her image must retain,
 Asleep or sadly waking;
 I long to see my love again,
 For her my heart is breaking.

When'er my steps return that way,
Still faithful shall she find me,
And never more again I'll stray
From the girl I left behind me.

We, in the Southern army sang it this way :

"If ever I get through this war,
And Lincoln's chains don't bind me,
I'll make my way to Tennessee
To the girl I left behind me.

THE KU KLUX KLAN.

BY J. O. LESTER & D. L. MILTON.—COPIED BY PERMISSION.

NO CHAPTER in American history is more strange than the one which bears for a title: "Ku Klux Klan." The secret history of the Invisible Empire, as the Klan was also called, has never been written. The Klan disappeared from Southern life as it came into it, shrouded in deepest mystery. Its members would not disclose its secrets; others could not. Even the investigating committee appointed by Congress, after tedious and diligent inquiry, was baffled. The voluminous reports containing the results of the committee's labors do not tell when and where and how the Ku Klux Klan originated.

But the time has now arrived when the history of the origin, growth, and disbandment of "The Invisible Empire" may be given to the public. Circumstances, which need not be detailed here, have put it in the power of the writer to compile such a history. For obvious reasons the names of individuals are withheld. But the reader may feel assured that this narrative is drawn from sources which are accurate and authentic. The writer does not profess to be able to reveal the secret signs, grips, and pass-words of the order. These have never been disclosed, and probably never will be. But we claim to narrate those facts relating to the order which have a historic and philosophic value. It is due to the truth of history, to the student of human nature, and to the statesman, that such facts connected with this remarkable episode in our nation's history be frankly and fairly told.

A wave of excitement, spreading by contagion till the minds of a whole people are in a ferment, is an event of frequent occurrence. The Ku Klux movement was peculiar by reason of the causes which produced and fed the excitement. It illustrates the weird and irresistible power of the unknown and mysterious over the minds of men of all classes and conditions in life; and it illustrates how men by circumstances and conditions, in part of their own creation, may be carried away from their moorings and drifted along in a course against which reason and judgment protest.

The popular idea supposes the Ku Klux movement to have been conceived in malice, and nursed by prejudice and hate, for lawlessness, rapine, and murder. The circumstances which brought the Klan into notice and notoriety were of a character to favor such a conclu-

sion. No other seemed possible. The report of the Congressional investigating committee confirmed it. But granting the truthfulness of that report, it is fragmentary truth; it does not tell the whole story; and it leaves the impression that the Ku Klux Klan was conceived and carried out in pure and unmixed deviltry. Whether this conclusion is just and true, the reader who follows this narrative to its end will decide.

The Ku Klux Klan was the outgrowth of peculiar conditions, social, civil, and political, which prevailed at the South from 1865 to 1869. It was as much a product of those conditions as malaria is of a swamp and sunheat. Its birth-place was Pulaski, Giles County, Tennessee, a town of two thousand five hundred inhabitants. Previous to the war the people possessed wealth and culture. The first was lost in the general wreck. Now the most intimate association with them fails to disclose a trace of the diabolism which, according to the popular idea, one would expect to find characterizing the people among whom the Ku Klux Klan originated. A male college and a female seminary are located at Pulaski, and receive liberal patronage. It is a town of churches.

There, in 1866, the name Ku Klux first fell from human lips. There began a movement which in a short time spread as far north as Virginia and as far south as Texas, and which for a period convulsed the country. Proclamations were fulminated against the Klan by the President and by the Governors of States; and hostile statutes were enacted both by State and national legislatures, for there had become associated with the name of Ku Klux Klan gross mistakes and lawless deeds of violence.

During the entire period of the Klan's organized existence Pulaski continued to be its central seat of authority, and some of its highest officers resided there. This narrative, therefore, will relate principally to the growth of the Klan and the measures taken to suppress it in Tennessee. It is necessary to a clear understanding of the movement to observe that the history of the Klan is marked by two distinct and well-defined periods. The first period covers the time from its organization in 1866 to the summer of 1867. This period of its history though less interesting, should be described somewhat minutely, because of its bearing on subsequent events.

When the war ended in 1865 the young men of Pulaski who escaped death on the battle-field returned home and passed through a period of enforced inactivity. In some respects it was more trying than the ordeal of war which lay behind them. The reaction which followed the excitement of army scenes and service was intense. There was nothing to relieve it. They could not engage in active business or professional pursuits. Their business habits were broken up. None had capital with which to conduct agricultural pursuits or to engage in mercantile enterprises. And this restlessness was made more intense by the total lack of the amusements and social diversions which pre-

vail wherever society is in a normal condition. One evening in June, 1866, a few of these young men met in the office of one of the most prominent members of the Pulaski bar. In the course of the conversation one of the number said: "Boys, let us get up a club or a society of some description."

The suggestion was discussed with some enthusiasm. Before they separated, it was agreed to invite a few others whose names were mentioned to join them, and to meet again the next evening at the same place. At the appointed time eight or ten young men had assembled. The club was organized by the election of a chairman and a secretary. There was entire unanimity among the members in regard to the end in view, which was diversion and amusement. The evening was spent discussing the best means of attaining the object in view. Two committees were appointed, one to select a name, the other to prepare a set of rules for the government of the society, and a ritual for the initiation of new members. Then the club adjourned, to meet the following week to hear and act upon the report of these committees. Before the arrival of the appointed time for the next meeting one of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Pulaski went on a business trip to Columbus, Miss., taking his family with him. Before leaving he invited one of the leading spirits of the new society to take charge of and sleep at his house in his absence. This young man invited his comrades to join him there; so the place of meeting was changed from the law office to this residence. The owner of the house outlived the Ku Klux Klan, and died ignorant of the fact that his house was the place where its organization was fully effected. This residence afterwards came into the possession of Judge H. M. Spofford, of Spofford-Kellogg fame. It was his home at the time of his death, and is still owned by his widow.

The committee appointed to select a name reported that they had found the task difficult, and had not made a selection. They explained that they had been trying to discover or invent a name which would be in some degree suggestive of the character and objects of the society. They mentioned several names which they had been considering. In this number was the name "Kukloi" from the Greek word (kuklos), meaning a band or circle. At mention of this, some one cried out: "Call it Ku Klux!"

"Klan" at once suggested itself, and was added to complete the alliteration. So, instead of adopting a name, as was the first intention, which had a definite meaning, they chose one which to the proposer and to every one else was absolutely meaningless. This trivial and apparently accidental incident had a most important bearing on the future of the organization so singularly named. Looking back over the history of the Klan, and at the causes under which it developed, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the order would never have grown to the proportions which it afterward assumed, or wielded the power it did, had it not borne this name, or some other equally

as meaningless and mysterious. Had they called themselves the "Jolly Jokers," or the "Adelphi," or by some similar appellation, the organization would doubtless have had no more than the mere local and ephemeral existence which those who organized it contemplated for it. Hundreds of societies have originated just as this one did, and, after a brief existence, have passed away. But in the case before us there was a weird potency in the very name Ku Klux Klan! Let the reader pronounce it aloud. The sound of it is suggestive of bones rattling together! The potency of the name was not wholly in the impression made by it on the general public. It is a singular fact that the members of the Klan were themselves the first to feel its weird influence. They had adopted a mysterious name. Thereupon the original plan was modified so as to make everything connected with the order harmonize with the name.

Amusement was still the end in view; but the methods by which they proposed to win it were now those of secrecy and mystery. So when the report of the committee on rules and ritual came up for consideration, the recommendations were modified to adapt them to the new idea. The report, as finally adopted, provided for the following officers:

A Grand Cyclops, or presiding officer.

A Grand Magi, or vice-president.

A Grand Turk, or marshal.

A Grand Exchequer, or treasurer.

Two Lictors, who were the outer and inner guards of the "den," as the place of meeting was designated.

The one obligation exacted from members was to maintain absolute and profound secrecy with reference to the order and everything pertaining to it. This obligation prohibited those who assumed it from disclosing the fact that they were Ku Klux, or the name of any other member, and from soliciting any one to become a member. The last requirement was a singular one. It was exacted for two reasons. First, it was in keeping with their determination to appear as mysterious as possible, and thus play upon the curiosity of the public. Secondly, and mainly, it was designed to prevent unpleasantness following initiations. They wished to be able to say to novices: "You are here on your own solicitation, and not by invitation from us."

They desired accessions; to have them were indispensable; but they knew human nature well enough to know that if they made the impression that they wished to be exclusive and select, then applications for membership would be numerous. The result showed that they reasoned correctly. Each member was required to provide himself with the following outfit:

A white mask for the face with orifices for the eyes and nose.

A tall, fantastic cardboard hat, so constructed as to increase the wearer's apparent height.

A gown or robe of sufficient length to cover the entire person.

No particular color or material was prescribed. These were left to the individual's taste and fancy; and each selected what in his judgment would be the most hideous and fantastic, with the aim of inspiring the greatest amount of awe in the novice. These robes of different colors—often of the most flashy patterns of "Dolly Varden" calicoes—added vastly to the grotesque appearance of the assembled Klan.

Each member carried also a small whistle, with which, by means of a code of signals agreed upon, they held communications with one another. The only utility in this was to awaken inquiry.

And the object of all this was—amusement. "Only this, and nothing more." A few young men, barred for the time by circumstances from entering any active business or professional pursuits, and deprived of the ordinary diversions of social life, were seeking in this way to amuse and employ themselves. The organization of this Klan was to them both diversion and occupation. But where did the fun come in? Partly in exciting the curiosity of the public and then in baffling it, but mainly in the initiation of new members.

The ritual used in the initiation was elaborate, but not worthy of reproduction. It is enough to say that it was modeled on and embraced the leading features of the ritual of an order which has long been popular in colleges and universities under various names. In one place it is the "Sons of Confucius"; in another, the "Guiasticutas"; but everywhere the "ancient and the honorable", and the mirth-provoking.

The initiations were at first conducted in the law office where the suggestion for the formation of the Klan had been made; but it was not a suitable place. The room was small; it was near the business portion of the town, and while the members were in session there they never felt entirely free from apprehensions of interruption. On the brow of a ridge that runs along the western outskirts of the town there used to stand a handsome and commodious residence. The front or main building was of brick, the "L" of wood. In December, 1865, the brick portion of this house was demolished by a cyclone; the "L" remained standing. It consisted of three rooms. A stairway led from one of them to a large cellar beneath. No other houses stood near. Around these ruins were the storm-torn, limbless trunks of trees which had once formed a magnificent grove; now they stood up grim and gaunt like specter sentinels. A dreary, desolate, uncanny place it was; but in every way suitable for a "den," and the Klan appropriated it.

When a meeting was held, one Lictor was stationed at the house, the other fifty yards from it on the road leading into town. These were dressed in the fantastic regalia of the order and bore tremendous spears as the badge of their office.

As before stated, and for the reasons assigned, the Ku Klux did not solicit any one to join them; yet they had applications for membership. While members were not allowed to disclose the fact of their membership, they were allowed to talk with others in regard to anything that was a matter of common report in regard to the order. A

member might express to an outsider his desire or intention to join. If the person addressed expressed a similar desire, the KuKlux would then say to him, if he were a desirable person: "Well, I think I know how to get in. Meet me at such a place, on such a night, at such an hour, and we will join together." Usually, curiosity would predominate over every other consideration, and the candidate would be found waiting at the appointed place.

As the Klu Klux and the candidate approached the sentinel Lictor, they were hailed and halted, and questioned. Having received the assurance that they desired to become Klu Klux, the Lictor blew the signal for his companion to come and take charge of the novices. The candidate, under the impression that his companion was similarly treated, was blindfolded and led to the "den." The preliminaries of the initiation consisted in leading the candidate around the rooms and down into the cellar, now and then placing before him obstructions, which added to his discomfort if not to his mystification. After some rough sport of this description he was led before the Grand Cyclops, who solemnly addressed to him numerous questions—some of them grave and serious, some of them absurd to the last degree. If the answers were satisfactory, the obligation to secrecy, which had already been administered in the beginning of the ceremony, was now exacted the second time. Then the Grand Cyclops commanded: "Place him before the royal altar and adorn his head with this regal crown."

The "royal altar was a large looking glass. The "regal crown" was a huge hat bedecked with two enormous donkey ears. In this head gear the candidate was placed before a mirror and directed to repeat the couplet:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

As the last words were falling from his lips the Grand Turk removed the bandage, and before the candidate was his own image in the mirror. To increase the discomfiture and chagrin which any man in such a situation would naturally feel, the removal of the bandage was the signal to the Klan for indulgence in the most uproarious and boisterous mirth. The Grand Cyclops relaxed the rigor of his rule, and the decorum hitherto maintained disappeared, while the "den" rang with shouts and peals of laughter. And worse than all, as he looked about him, he saw that he was surrounded by men dressed in hideous garbs and masked so that he could not recognize one of them. The character of these initiatory proceedings explains why, from the very first, secrecy was so much insisted on. A single "tale out of school" would have spoiled the fun, for the same reason, the Klan was very careful in regard to the character of the men admitted. Rash and imprudent men, such as could not be fully relied upon to keep their obligation to profound secrecy, were excluded. Nor those were received who were addicted to

the use of intoxicants. Later on in the history they were not so careful; but in the earlier period of its existence the Klan was composed of men of good character and good habits. In some instances persons of objectional character were persistent, even to annoyance, in their efforts to gain admission to the order. Occasionally this persistence was rebuked in a manner more emphatic than tender. For example, one young man, who was personally very unpopular, made repeated attempts to join the Ku Klux. They arranged to have an initiation not provided for in the ritual. A meeting was appointed to be held on the top of the hill that rises by a gentle slope to a considerable height, on the northern limits of the town. The candidate, in the usual way,—blindfold excepted,—was led into the presence of the Grand Cyclops. This dignitary was standing on a stump. The tall hat, the flowing robe, and the elevated position made him appear at least ten feet tall. He addressed to the candidate a few unimportant and absurd questions, and then, turning to the Lictors, said: "Blindfold him and proceed." The "procedure" was to place the would-be Ku Klux in an empty barrel, provided for the purpose, and to send him whirling down the hill! To his credit be it said, he never revealed the secrets of the Ku Klux.

These details have an important bearing on the subsequent history of the Ku Klux. They show that the originators of the Klan were not meditating treason or lawlessness in any form. Yet the Klan's later history grew naturally out of the methods and measures which characterized this period of it. Its projectors did not expect it to spread; they thought it would "have its little day and die." It lived; more, it grew to vast proportions.

THE SPREAD OF THE KLAN II'

The devices for attracting attention were eminently successful. During the months of July and August, 1866, the Klan was much talked about by the citizens of Pulaski. Its mysteriousness was the sensation of the hour. Every issue of the local paper contained some notice of the strange order. These notices were copied into other papers, and in this manner the way was prepared for the rapid growth and spread of the Klan, which soon followed.

Six weeks or less from the date of the organization, the sensation in Pulaski was waning. Curiosity in regard to it had abated to such a degree that the Klan would have certainly fallen to pieces but for the following circumstances. By the time the eligible material in the town had been used up, young men from the country, whose curiosity had been inflamed by the notices in the papers, began to come in and apply for admission to the Klan. Some of these applications were accepted. In a little while the members so admitted asked permission to establish "dens" at various points in the county. No provision had been made for such a contingency, but the permission was granted; had it not been, the result would, in all probability, have been the same.

As the ritual followed by the Pulaski Klan could not be conven-

iently carried out in the country, various modifications and changes were permitted. But the strictest injunctions were laid on these new lodges, or "dens," in regard to secrecy, mystery, and the character of the men admitted. The growth in the rural districts was more rapid than it had been in the town. Applications for permission to establish "dens" multiplied rapidly.

The news that the Ku Klux were spreading to the country excited the attention of the country people as the existence of the Klan in town had not done. The same cause rekindled the waning interest of the town people. Every issue of the local papers in the "infected regions" bristled with highly mysterious and exciting accounts of the doings of the "fantastic gentry."

During the fall and winter of 1866 the growth of the Klan was rapid. It spread over a wide extent of territory. Sometimes, by a sudden leap, it appeared in localities far distant from any existing "dens." A stranger from West Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, or Texas, visiting in a neighborhood where the order prevailed, would be initiated, and on his departure carry with him permission to establish a "den" at home. In fact, it was done often without such permission. The connecting link between these "dens" was very fragile. By a sort of tacit agreement the Pulaski Klan was regarded as the source of power and authority. The Grand Cyclops of this "den" was virtually the ruler of the order; but as he had no method of communication with subjects or subordinates, and no way in which to enforce his mandates, his authority was more fancy than fact. But so far there had appeared no need for rigid rules and close supervision. The leading spirits of the Ku Klux were still contemplating nothing more serious than amusement. They enjoyed the baffled curiosity and wild speculations of a mystified public even more than the rude sport afforded by the ludicrous initiations. Such is the account of the Ku Klux Klan in the first period of its history, from June, 1866, to April, 1867. Yet all this time it was gradually and in a very natural way taking on new features not at first remotely contemplated by the originators of the order; features which finally transformed the Ku Klux Klan into a band of "Regulators."

The transformation was effected by the combined operation of three causes: (1) the impression made by the order upon the minds of those who united with it; (2) the impression produced upon the public by its weird and mysterious ways; (3) the anomalous and peculiar condition of affairs in the South at this time.

The mystery and secrecy with which the Klan veiled itself made a singular impression on the minds of many who united with it. The most common conclusion reached by those whose attention was attracted to the Klan was that it contemplated some great and important mission; its rapid extension was regarded as confirmatory of this conclusion; and, when admitted to membership, this impression was deepened rather than dispelled by what they saw and heard. There

was not a word in the ritual, or in the obligation, or in any part of the ceremony, to favor it; but the impression still remained that this mysteriousness and secrecy, the high sounding titles of the officers, the grotesque dress of the members, and the formidable obligation to profound secrecy, all meant more than mere sport. This conviction was ineradicable, and the attitude of many of its members continued to be



THE FLAG BEARER OF THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE.

that of expecting great developments. Each had his own speculations as to what was to be the character of the serious work which the Klan

was to do. It was an unhealthy and dangerous state of mind; bad results very naturally followed from it.

The impression made on the public was the second cause which contributed to the transformation of the Klans into regulators. When the Klan first began to hold its meetings in the dilapidated house on the hill, passers-by were frequent. Most of them passed the grim and ghostly sentinel on the roadside in silence, but always with a quickened step. Occasionally one would stop and ask: "Who are you?" In awful sepulchral tones, the invariable answer was: "A spirit from the other world. I was killed at Chickamauga." Such an answer, especially when given to a superstitious negro, was extremely terrifying; and if, in addition, he heard the uproarious noises issuing from the "den" at the moment of a candidate's investiture with the "regal crown," he had the foundation for a most awe-inspiring story. There came from the country similar stories. The belated laborer, passing after nightfall some lonely and secluded spot, heard horrible noises and saw fearful sights.

These stories were repeated with embellishments as the imagination of the narrator suggested, till the feeling of the negroes and of many white people at mention of the Ku Klux was one of awe and terror. In a short time the Lictor of the Pulaski "den" reported that travel along the road on which he had his post had almost entirely stopped. In the country it was noticed that the nocturnal perambulations of the colored population diminished or entirely ceased wherever the Ku Klux appeared. In this way the Klan gradually realized that the most powerful devices ever constructed for controlling the ignorant and superstitious were in their hands. Even the most highly cultured were not able wholly to resist the weird and peculiar feeling which pervaded the whole community. Each week some new incident occurred to illustrate the amazing power of the Unknown over the minds of men of all classes.

Circumstances made it evident that the measures and methods employed for sport might be effectually used to subserve the public welfare—to suppress lawlessness and protect property. When propositions to this effect began to be urged, there were many who hesitated, fearing danger. The majority regarded such fears as groundless. They pointed to the good results which had already been produced, the question was decided without any formal action. The very force of circumstances had carried the Klan away from its original purpose; so that in the beginning of the year 1867 it was virtually, though not yet professedly, a band of regulators, honestly, but in an injudicious and dangerous way, trying to protect property and preserve peace and order.

After all, the most powerful agency in effecting this transformation—the agency which supplied the conditions under which the two causes just mentioned became operative—was the peculiar state of affairs existing in the South at that time. As every one knows the con-

dition of things was wholly anomalous; but no one can fully appreciate the circumstances by which the people of the South were surrounded, or pronounce a just judgment on their behavior, except from personal observations. On this account, not only the Ku Klux, but the mass of the Southern people, have been tried, convicted, and condemned at the bar of public opinion, and have been denied the privilege



SAID TO BE SCOTT DAVIS, CLINT ARMSTRONG AND NEWTON COFFIN, OF LEWISBURG, TENNESSEE.

of having the sentence modified by mitigating circumstances, which in justice they have a right to plead.

At that time the throes of the great revolution were settling down to quiet. The almost universal disposition of the better class of the people was to accept the arbitrament which the sword had accorded them. On this point there was practical unanimity. Those who had opportunity to do so engaged at once in agricultural, professional, or business pursuits. But there were two causes of vexation and exasperation which the people were in no good mood to bear. One of these causes related to that class of men who, like scum, were thrown to the surface in the great upheaval. Most of them had played traitor to both sides; on that account they were despised. Had they been Union men from conviction, that would have been forgiven them. But they were now engaged in keeping alive discord and strife between the sections, as the only means of preventing themselves from sinking back

into the obscurity from which they had been upheaved. They were doing this in a way not only malicious, but exceedingly exasperating. The second disturbing element was the negroes. Their transition from slavery to citizenship was sudden. They were not only not fitted for the cares of self-control and maintenance so suddenly thrust upon them, but they entered their new role in life under the delusion that freedom meant license. They regarded themselves as *freed* men, not only from bondage to former masters, but from the common and ordinary obligations of citizenship. Many of them looked upon obedience to the laws of the State—which had been framed by their former owners—as in some measure a compromise of the rights with which they had been invested.

The administration of civil law was only partly reestablished. On that account, and for other reasons mentioned, there was an amount of disorder and violence prevailing over the country which had never been equaled at any period of its history. The depredations on property by theft, and by wanton destruction for the gratification of petty revenge, were to the last degree annoying. A large part of these depredations was the work of bad white men, who expected that their lawless deeds would be credited to the negroes.

But perhaps the most potent of all causes in this transformation was the existence in the South of a spurious and perverted form of the "Union League."* It would be as unfair to this organization, as it existed at the North, to charge it with responsibility for the outrages committed in its name, as it is to charge upon the Ku Klux Klan much of the lawlessness and violence with which it is credited. But it is part of the history of these times that there was a wide-spread organization called the "Union League." It was composed of the disorderly elements of the negro population, and was led by the white men of the basest and meanest type. They met frequently, went armed to the teeth, and literally "breathed out threatening and slaughter." They uttered the most violent threats against the persons, families, and property of men whose sole crime was that they had been in the Confederate army, and in not a few instances these threats were executed. It was partly to resist this organization that the Ku Klux were transformed into a protective organization. Whatever may be the judgment of history, those who were acquainted with the facts will ever remain firm in the conviction that the organization of the

* What is meant here is "The Union League of America, a political organization having connections both north and south, and entirely distinct from the "Union League Club" of New York and from the club of the same name in Philadelphia. Viewed by the results of the Ku Klux conflict, and the report of the time, what is here said of the dangerous character of the "Union League" at the South (except as is acted in self-defense) must be taken, we think, with a grain of allowance.—EDITOR.

Ku Klux Klan was of immense service at this period. Without it life to decent people would not have been tolerable. It served a good purpose, for wherever the Ku Klux appeared the effect was salutary.

It was a dangerous experiment, this transforming of the Klan into regulators; on the whole it was no more successful than other experiments of a similar character have been. Yet, as we have said, the



“THE GRAND DRAGON OF THE REALM.”

immediate results were good, and, for that reason, in their final issue the more disastrous. Permanent good was also effected; but whether enough of it to counterbalance the attending evils, is doubtful.

For a while the robberies ceased. The lawless class assumed the habits of good behavior. Under their fear of the dreaded Ku Klux the negroes made more progress in a few months in the needed lessons of self-control, industry, and respect for the rights of property and general good behavior, than they would have done in as many years but for this or some equally powerful impulse. The “Union League” relaxed its desperate severity and became more moderate. But events soon occurred which showed that the fears of those who apprehended danger were not wholly groundless, and it became evident that unless the Klan should be brought under better control than its leaders at this time exercised, it would cause greater evils than it suppressed.

III.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

UNTIL the beginning of 1867 the movements of the Klan had been characterized in the main by prudence and discretion, but there were exceptions. In some cases there had been a liberal construction of orders. The limits which it had been agreed not to pass had been overstepped.

Attempts had been made to correct by positive means evils which menaces had not been sufficient to remove. Rash, imprudent, and bad men had gotten into the order. The danger which the more prudent and thoughtful had apprehended as possible was now a reality. Had it been possible to do so, the leaders would have been willing to disband the Klan. That could not be done. They had evoked a spirit from the “vasty deep”; it would not down at their bidding. The only

course which seemed to promise a satisfactory solution of the difficulty was this: To reorganize the Klan on a plan corresponding to its size and present purposes; to bind the isolated "dens" together; to secure unity of purpose and concert of action; to hedge the members up by such limitations and regulations as were best adapted to restrain them within proper limits; to distribute the authority among prudent men at local centers, and exact from them a close supervision of those under their charge. In this way it was hoped the impending dangers would be effectually guarded against.

With this object in view the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski "den" sent out a request to all the "dens" of which he had knowledge to appoint delegates to meet in convention at Nashville, Tenn., in the spring of 1867. At the appointed time this convention was held. Delegates were present from Tennessee, Alabama, and a number of other States. A plan of reorganization, previously prepared, was submitted to this convention and adopted. After the transaction of some further business, the convention adjourned, and the delegates returned home without having attracted any attention.

At this convention the territory covered by the Klan was designated as "The Invisible Empire." This was subdivided into "realms," coterminous with the boundaries of States. The "realms" were divided into "dominions," corresponding to congressional districts; the "dominions" into "provinces," coterminous with counties; and the "provinces" into "dens."

To each of these departments officers were assigned. Except in the case of the supreme officers, the duties of each were minutely specified. These officers were:

The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire and his ten Genii.
The powers of this officer were almost autocratic.

The Grand Dragon of the Realm and his eight Hydras.

The Grand Titan of the Dominion and his six Furies.

The Grand Giant of the Province and his four Goblins.

The Grand Cyclops of the Den and his two Night Hawks.

A Grand Monk.

A Grand Scribe.

A Grand Exchequer.

A Grand Turk.

A Grand Sentinel.

One of the most important things done by this Nashville convention was to make a positive and emphatic statement of the principles of the order. It was in the following terms:

"We recognize our relation to the United States Government; the supremacy of the Constitution; the constitutional laws thereof; and the union of States thereunder."

If these men were plotting treason, it puzzles one to know why they should make such a statement as that in setting forth the principles of the order. This statement was not intended for public circu-

lation. It is now given to the public for the first time. Every man who was a Ku Klux really took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

This Nashville convention also set forth the peculiar objects of the order, as follows:

(1) To protect the weak, the innocent, and the defenseless from the indignities, wrongs, and outrages of the lawless, the violent, and the brutal; to relieve the injured and the-oppressed; to succor the suffering, and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers.

(2) To protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and all laws passed in conformity thereto, and to protect the States and people thereof from all invasion from any source whatever. (3) To aid and assist in the execution of all constitutional laws, and to protect the people from unlawful seizure, and from trial except by their peers in conformity to the laws of the land.

This outline of Klan legislation bears internal evidence of what we know from other sources to be the truth. Those who were attempting to direct the movements of the Klan were now principally concerned about devising such measures as would control the Klan itself and keep it within what they conceived to be safe limits. The majority had up to this time shown a fair appreciation of the responsibilities of their self-imposed task of preserving social order. But excesses had been committed, and it was foreseen and feared that, if such things continued or increased, the hostility of State and Federal governments would be kindled against the Klan, and active measures taken to suppress it. The hope was entertained that the legislation taken by the convention and the reorganization would not only enable the Klan to enact its role as regulators with greater success, but would keep its members within the prescribed limits, and so guard against the contingencies referred to. They desired on the one hand to restrain and control their own members; on the other, to correct evils and promote order in society; and to do the latter *solely* by utilizing for this purpose the means and methods originally employed for amusement. They failed in both directions. How and why will be told presently.

By the reorganization no material change was made in the methods of the Klan's operations. Some of the old methods were modified, some new features were added. The essential features of mystery, secrecy, and grotesqueness were retained, and steps were taken with a view to deepening and intensifying the impressions already made upon the public mind. They attempted to push to the extreme limits of illustration the power of the mysterious over the minds of men. Henceforth they courted publicity as assiduously as they had formerly seemed to shun it. They appeared at different points at the same time, and always when and where they were the least expected. Devices were multiplied to deceive people in regard to their numbers and everything else, and to play upon the fears of the superstitious.

As it was now the policy of the Klan to appear in public, an order

was issued by the Grand Dragon of the Realm of Tennessee to the Grand Giants of the Provinces for a general parade, in the capital town of each province, on the night of the 4th of July, 1867. It will be sufficient for this narrative to describe that parade as witnessed by the citizens of Pulaski. On the morning of that day the citizens found the sidewalks thickly strewn with slips of paper bearing the printed words: "The Ku Klux will parade the streets to-night." This announcement created great excitement. The people supposed that their curiosity, so long baffled, would now be gratified. They were confident that this parade would at least afford them the opportunity of learning who belonged to the Ku Klux Klan.

Soon after nightfall the streets were lined with an expectant and excited throng of people. Many came from the surrounding country. The members of the Klan in the country left their homes in the afternoon and traveled alone or in squads of two or three, with their paraphernalia carefully concealed. If questioned they answered that they were going to Pulaski to see the Ku Klux parade. After nightfall they assembled at designated points near the four main roads leading into the town. Here they donned their robes and disguises, and put covers of gaudy materials on their horses. A sky-rocket sent up from some point in the town was the signal to mount and move. The different companies met and joined each other on the public square in perfect silence; the discipline appeared to be admirable. Not a word was spoken. Necessary orders were given by means of the whistles. In single file, in death-like stillness, with funereal slowness, they marched and countermarched throughout the town. While the column was headed north on one street it was going south on another. By crossing over in opposite directions the lines were kept up in almost unbroken continuity. The effect was to create the impression of vast numbers. This marching and countermarching was kept up for almost two hours, and the Klan departed as noiselessly as they came. The public were more than ever mystified. The efforts of the most curious to find out who were Ku Klux failed. One gentleman from the country was confident that he could identify the riders by the horses. But, as we have said, the horses were disguised as well as the riders. Determined not to be baffled, during a halt of the column he lifted the cover of a horse that was near him, and recognized his own steed and saddle, on which he had ridden into town. The town people were on the alert to see who of the young men of the town would be with the Ku Klux. All of them, almost without exception, were masked mingling freely and conspicuously with the spectators.

Perhaps the greatest illusion produced was in regard to the numbers taking part in the parade. Reputable citizens were confident that the number was not less than three thousand. Others, whose imaginations were more easily wrought upon, were quite certain there were ten thousand. The truth is that the number of Ku Klux in the parade did not exceed four hundred. This delusion in regard to numbers

prevailed wherever the Ku Klux appeared. It illustrates how little the testimony of even an eye-witness is worth in regard to anything which makes a deep impression on him by reason of its mysteriousness.

The Klan had a large membership; it exerted a vast and terrifying power; but its influence was never at any time dependent on, or proportioned to, its membership. It was in the mystery in which the comparatively few enshrouded themselves. It is an error to suppose that the entire male population of the South were Ku Klux, or even a majority of the people were privy to its secrets and in sympathy with its extremest measures. To many of them, perhaps to a majority, the Ku Klux Klan was as vague, impersonal, and mysterious as to the people of the North or of England; they did—do to this day—attribute to it great good.

One or two incidents will illustrate the methods resorted to to play upon the superstitious fears of the negroes and others. At the parade in Pulaski, while the procession was passing a corner on which a negro man was standing, a tall horseman in hideous garb turned aside from the line, dismounted, and stretched out his bridle-rein toward the negro, as if he desired him to hold his horse. Not daring to refuse, the frightened African extended his hand to grasp the rein. As he did so, the Ku Klux took his own head from his shoulders and offered to place that also in the outstretched hand. The negro stood not upon the order of his going, but departed with a yell of terror. To this day he will tell you: "He done it, suah, boss. I seed him do it." The gown was fastened by a drawstring over the top of the wearer's head. Over this was worn an artificial skull made of a large gourd or of pasteboard. This, with the hat, could be readily removed, and the man would then appear to be headless. Such tricks gave rise to the belief—still prevalent among the negroes—that the Ku Klux could take themselves all to pieces whenever they wanted to. Some of the Ku Klux carried skeleton hands. These were made of bone or wood, with a wrist or handle long enough to be held in the hand, which was concealed by the sleeve of the gown. The possessor of one of these was invariably of a friendly turn, and offered to shake hands with all he met, with what effect may be readily imagined. A trick of frequent perpetration in the country was for a horseman, spectral and ghostly-looking, to stop before the cabin of some negro needing a wholesome impression and call for a bucket of water. If a dipper or gourd was brought it was declined, and the bucketful of water demanded. As if consumed by raging thirst, the horseman grasped it and pressed it to his lips. He held it there till every drop of the water was poured into a gum or oiled sack concealed beneath the Ku Klux robe. Then the empty bucket was returned to the amazed negro with the remark: "That's good. It is the first drink of water I have had since I was killed at Shiloh." Then a few words of counsel as to future behavior made an impression not easily forgotten or likely to be disregarded.

IV.

THE DECLINE.

FOR a while after the reorganization of the Klan, those concerned for its welfare and right conduct congratulated themselves that all was now well. Closer organization and stricter official supervision had a restraining influence upon the members. Many things seemed to indicate that the future work of the Klan would be wholly good. These hopes were rudely shattered. Before long official supervision grew less rigid, or was less regarded. The membership was steadily increasing. Among those who were added were bad men who could not be—at least, were not—controlled. In the winter and spring of 1867 and '68 many things were done by members or professed members of the Klan which were the subject of universal regret and condemnation. In many ways the grave censure of those who had hitherto been its friends was evoked against the Klan, and occasion was given its enemies to petition for the intervention of the Government to suppress it. This was done. The end came rapidly. We must now trace the causes which wrought the decay and downfall of the "Invisible Empire."

Men of the character of the majority of those who composed this Klan do not disregard their own professed principles and violate self-assumed obligations carelessly. To see men who were just now the advocates of law and order defying the one and destroying the other is a sight singular enough to elicit inquiry as to the causes that wrought the change. The transformation of the Ku Klux Klan from a band of regulators, honestly, but in a mistaken way, trying to preserve peace and order, into the body of desperate men who in 1869 convulsed the country by deeds of violence, and set at defiance the mandates of both State and Federal governments, is greater than the transformation which we have already traced. In both cases there were causes adequate to the results produced; causes from which these results followed naturally and almost necessarily, and which have never been fully and fairly followed out. They may be classed under three heads: (1) unjust charges; (2) misapprehension of the nature and objects of the order by those not members of it; (3) unwise and over-severe legislation. As has already been pointed out, the order contained within itself, by reason of its purpose and methods, sources of weakness. The devices by which the Klan deceived outsiders enabled all who were so disposed, even its own members, to practice deception upon the Klan itself. It placed in the hands of its members facilities for doing deeds of violence for the gratification of innate deviltry or personal enmity, and for having them credited to the Klan. To evilly disposed men membership in the Klan was an inducement to wrong-doing; in fact, it presented to all men a dangerous temptation. In certain contingencies, at any time likely to arise, it required a considerable amount of moral robustness to withstand this temptation. Many did not withstand it, and deeds of violence were done by men

who were Ku Klux, but who at the time were acting under cover of their connection with the Klan, but not under its order; and, because these men were Ku Klux, the Klan had to bear the odium of their misdeeds.

In addition to this, the very class which the Klan proposed to hold in check and awe into good behavior, after a while became wholly unmanageable. Those who had formerly committed depredations to be laid to the charge of the poor negroes now assumed the guise of Ku Klux, and returned to their old ways with renewed ardor. In some cases even the negroes played Ku Klux. Outrages were committed by masked men in regions far remote from any Ku Klux organization. The fact that these persons took pains to declare that they were Ku Klux was evidence that they were not. In this way it came about that all the disorder prevailing in the country was charged upon the Ku Klux. The Klan had no way in which to refute or disprove the charge. They felt that it was hard to be charged with violence of which they were innocent. At the same time they felt that it was natural and not wholly unjust that this should be the case. They had assumed the office of regulators. It was therefore due society, due the Government, which so far had not molested them, that they should at least not afford the lawless class facilities for the commission of excesses greater than any they had hitherto indulged in; and, above all, that they should restrain their own members from lawlessness. The Klan felt all this; and in its efforts to relieve itself of the stigma thus incurred, it acted in some cases against the offending parties with a severity well merited no doubt, but unjustifiable. As is frequently the case, they were carried beyond the limits of prudence and right by a hot zeal for self-vindication against unjust aspersions. They thought the charge of wrong was unfairly brought against them. They did worse wrong than that charged to clear themselves of the charge.

The Klan, from the first, shrouded itself in deepest mystery, and out of this grew trouble not at first apprehended. They wished people not to understand; they tried to keep them profoundly ignorant. The result was that the Klan and its objects were wholly misunderstood and misinterpreted. Many who joined the Klan, and many who did not, were certain that it contemplated some mission far more important than its overt acts gave evidence of. Some were sure it meant treason and revolution. The negroes and the whites whose consciences made them the subjects of guilty fears, were sure it boded no good to them. When the first impressions of awe and terror to some extent wore off, a feeling of intense hostility toward the Ku Klux followed. This feeling was all the more bitter because founded, not on overt acts which the Ku Klux had done, but on vague fears and surmises as to what they intended to do. Those who entertained such fears were in some cases impelled by them to become the aggressors. They attacked the Ku Klux before receiving from them any provocation. The negroes formed organizations of a military character, and drilled by

night. These organizations had for their avowed purpose, to make war upon and exterminate the Ku Klux." On several occasions the Klan was fired into. The effect of such attacks was to provoke counter hostility from the Klan; and so there was irritation and counter irritation, till the state of things became little short of open warfare. In some respects it was worse; the parties wholly misunderstood each other. Each party felt that its cause was the just one; each justified the deed by the provocation.

The Ku Klux, intending wrong, as they believed, to no one, were aggrieved that acts which they had not done should be charged to them; and they felt outraged that they should be molested and assaulted. The other party, satisfied that they were acting in self-defense, felt fully justified in assaulting them. And so each party goaded the other from one degree of lawlessness to another.

The following extract from a General Order of the Grand Dragon of the Realm of Tennessee will illustrate the operation of both of these causes. It was issued in the fall of the year 1868. It shows what were the principles and objects which the Klan still professed, and it also shows how it was being forced away from them:

"HEAD-QUARTERS REALM NO. V
"DREADFUL ERA, BLACK EPOCH, DREADFUL HOUR.
"GENERAL ORDER NO. I.

"*Whereas*, information of an authentic character has reached these head-quarters that the blacks in the counties of Marshall, Maury, Giles, and Lawrence are organized into military companies, with the avowed determination to make war upon and exterminate the Ku Klux Klan, said blacks are hereby solemnly warned and ordered to desist from further action in such organizations, if they exist.

"The G. D. (Grand Dragon) regrets the necessity of such an order. But this Klan shall not be outraged and interfered with by lawless negroes and meaner white men, who do not and never have understood our purpose.

"In the first place this Klan is not an institution of violence, lawlessness, and cruelty; it is not lawless; it is not aggressive; it is not military; it is not revolutionary.

"It is essentially, originally, and inherently a protective organization; it purposes to execute law instead of resisting it, and to protect all good men, whether white or black, from the outrages and atrocities of bad men of both colors, who have been for the past three years a terror to society, and an injury to us all.

"The blacks seem to be impressed with the belief that this Klan is especially their enemy. We are not the enemy of the blacks, as long as they behave themselves, make no threats upon us, and do not attack or interfere with us.

"But if they make war upon us, they must abide the awful retributions that will follow.

"This Klan, while in its peaceful movements and disturbing no

one, has been fired into three times. This will not be endured any longer; and if it occurs again, and the parties be discovered, a remorseless vengeance will be wreaked upon them.

"We reiterate that we are for peace and law and order. No man, white or black, shall be molested for his political sentiments. This Klan is not a political party; it is not a military party; it is a protective organization, and will never use violence except in resisting violence.

"Outrages have been perpetrated by irresponsible parties in the name of this Klan. Should such parties be apprehended, they will be dealt with in a manner to insure us future exemption from such imposition. These impostors have, in some instances, whipped negroes. This is wrong! Wrong! It is denounced by this Klan as it must be by all good and humane men.

"The Klan now, as in the past, is prohibited from doing such things. We are striving to protect all good, peaceful, well-disposed, and law-abiding men, whether white or black.

"The G. D. deems this order due to the public, due to the Klan, and due to those who are misguided and misinformed.

"We therefore request that all newspapers who are friendly to law, and peace, and the public welfare, will publish the same.

"By order of the G. D., Realm No. 1.

"By the Grand Scribe."

Granting that this order expressed the principles which the Klan was honestly trying to maintain, it also illustrates how it was driven to violate them by the very earnestness and vehemence with which they attempted to maintain them. If it is asked why, under these circumstances, the Klan did not disband and close its operations, the answer is plain. The members persuaded themselves that there was now more reason than ever for the Klan's existence. They felt that they ought not abandon their important and needful work because they encountered unforeseen difficulties in accomplishing it. It is an illustration of the fatuity which sometimes marks the lives of men, that they did not perceive that these evils grew out of their own methods, and must continue and increase while the Klan existed. Men are not always wise. They frequently persist in a course which, to others differently situated, appears not less absurd than wicked. We cannot apologize for their course. We cannot excuse it. But justice requires that a fair and truthful statement be made of the embarrassments and temptations which surrounded them.

Matters grew worse and worse, till it was imperatively necessary for the State authorities to interfere. There was a general feeling that legislation on this subject was necessary. But few were prepared to expect such legislation as that enacted by the famous—or infamous, as the reader chooses—Legislature called together by Governor Brownlow in September, 1868.

Tennessee was the first State to pass an anti-Ku Klux statute. In

September, 1868, Governor Brownlow called the Legislature together in extra session to devise measures for the suppression of the order. A relentless and bloody statute was passed; and to enforce it the Governor was authorized, if he deemed it necessary, to declare martial law on the infected counties and to call out troops. The law passed, and the method of enforcing it increased rather than quieted disorder. The statute is long, and, as a whole, not worth quoting. Its leading provisions were the following:

(1) For association or connection with the Ku Klux a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than five years; and "*shall be rendered infamous.*" (2) Persons impaneled for jury service were required to answer under oath whether they were obnoxious to the first section of the act. (3) Prosecuting Attorneys and grand jurors were directed to summon persons whom they suspected "or had cause to suspect," and to force them to testify what they knew of the Ku Klux. If those so summoned failed to appear or refused to testify, the penalty was a fine of five hundred dollars. (4) Every "inhabitant" of the State was constituted an officer extraordinary, with power "to arrest without process" any one known or suspected to be a Ku Klux. (5) To feed, lodge, entertain, or conceal a Ku Klux exposed the offender to infamy, a fine of five hundred dollars, and imprisonment for five years. (6) It was made unlawful to publish any order emanating from the Klan. (7) There was but one clause in the law which bears the semblance of mercy. Its provisions are so odious as to be shocking. The one way by which a man could relieve himself of liability to this law was by turning informer. As additional inducements to do this a reward of half the fine was offered. (8) But most remarkable of all, the statute was made penal against offenses committed previous to its passage. The last section of it reads: "Nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prevent or to exempt any person heretofore guilty of any of the offenses herein contained from prosecutions under the law as it now stands.

There were hundreds of men in the Klan who were not law-breakers. There had been no law against association with the Ku Klux. They had had no personal participation in the excesses in which some of the Klan had indulged. They were ready to admit that the movement had proven to be injudicious. Good had been done, but harm had followed. They would cheerfully have obeyed a legal command to sever their connection with the Ku Klux and desist from further operations. But when these men were declared infamous, made liable to fine and imprisonment, and exposed to arrest "without process" by any one who chose to inform against them, the effect was to drive them to absolute desperation.

In some sections of the State a reign of terror followed the passage of this act. The Ku Klux were now almost in the attitude of men fighting for life and liberty. There was no hope in submission

except on terms which to men of honor were more hateful than death.

V.

DISBANDMENT.

ON the 20th of February, 1869, Governor Brownlow resigned his position as Governor to take the seat in the United States Senate to which he had been elected. The last paper to which he affixed his signature as Governor of Tennessee proclaimed martial law in certain counties, and ordered troops to be sent thither. This proclamation was dated February 20, 1869. In a few days it was followed by a proclamation from the "Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire" to his subjects. It recited the legislation directed against the Klan, and stated that the order had now in large measure accomplished the objects of its existence. At a time when the civil law afforded inadequate protection to life and property, when robbery and lawlessness of every description were unrebuked, when all the better elements of society were in constant dread for the safety of their property, persons, and families, the Klan had afforded protection and security to many fire-sides, and in many ways contributed to the public welfare. But, greatly to the regret of all good citizens, he further said, some members of the Klan had violated positive orders; others, under the name and disguises of the organization, had assumed to do acts of violence, for which the Klan was held responsible. The Grand Wizard had been invested with the power to determine questions of paramount importance to the interests of the order. Therefore, in the exercise of that power, the Grand Wizard declared that the organization heretofore known as the Ku Klux Klan was dissolved and disbanded.

Members were directed to burn or destroy all regalia and paraphernalia of every description, and to desist from any further assemblies or acts as Ku Klux. They were told further, that they would continue in the future, as heretofore, to assist all good people of the land in maintaining and upholding the civil laws, and in putting down lawlessness.

This proclamation was directed to all Realms, Dominions, Provinces, and dens in "the Empire." It may be that there were portions of the Empire never reached by it. The Grand Wizard was a citizen of Tennessee; and as no paper in that State could publish the order, because of the stringent laws against such publication, there was no way in which the proclamation could be fully distributed. Where it was promulgated, obedience to it was prompt and implicit.

But whether obeyed or not, this proclamation terminated the Klan's organized existence as decisively as General Lee's last general order, on the morning of the 10th of April, 1865, disbanded the army of Northern Virginia. When the office of Grand Wizard was created and its duties defined, it was explicitly provided that he should have "the power to determine questions of paramount importance, and his decision shall be final." To continue the organization or to disband

it was such a question. He decided in favor of disbanding. Therefore, the Ku Klux Klan had no organized existence after March, 1869.

The report of the Congressional Investigating Committee contains a mass of very disreputable history, which belongs to a later date, and is attributed to the Klan, but not justly so. These persons were acting in the name of the Klan and under its disguises, but not by its authority. They were acting on their own responsibility.

Thus lived, so died, this strange order. Its birth was an accident; its growth was a comedy, its death a tragedy. It owed its existence wholly to the anomalous condition of social and civil affairs in the South during the years immediately succeeding the unfortunate contest in which so many brave men in blue and gray fell, martyrs to their convictions. There never was, before or since, a period of our history when such an order could have lived. May there never be again!

D. L. WILSON.

LOUISVILLE REUNION, 1905.

(Paraphrase on Auld Lang Syne).

Can Southern hist'ry be forgot,
 And never brought to mind,
 Can we live o'er times like '61,
 And days of Auld Lang Syne.

Chorus.

And days of Auld Lang Syne?
 And days of Auld Lang Syne?
 Can we live o'er times like '61,
 And the days of Auld Lang Syne?

Our women said with smiling tears,
 And if you'd win the fair,
 Go to the field, where honor calls,
 And win your sweethearts, there.

Chorus.

And win your sweethearts there,
 And win your sweethearts there.
 Go to the field where honor calls
 And win your sweethearts there.

With Lee on land and Semmes on sea,
 And Davis in the rear,
 And Southern pride and chivalry,
 Our squadrons did appear.

Chorus.

Our squadrons did appear,
 Our squadrons did appear,

With Southern pride and chivalry,
Our squadrons did appear.

The battle raged, and blood was shed,
 Until our ranks were thin.
Four years we fought 'gainst fearful odds,
 Till numbers drove us in.

Chorus.

Till numbers drove us in,
Till numbers drove us in.
Four years we fought 'gainst fearful odds,
Till numbers drove us in.

Our flag went down, but glory crowned.
 Impressed on every mind,
Our Southern boys, won matchless joys,
 In days of Auld Lang Syne.

Chorus.

In days of Auld Lang Syne,
In days of Auld Lang Syne.
Our southern boys, won matchless joys,
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

And now the mem'ry of those days,
 Our meetings bring to mind.
We grasp your hand in hearty cheer,
 For the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Chorus.

For the days of Auld Lang Syne,
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.
We grasp your hand in hearty cheer,
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.

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ERRATA.

- On page 16—First line, "Baldrige" should be "Bainbridge."
- On page 36—Under the name of Shelton Crosthwait, the words, "20th Tenn., killed at battle of Fishing Creek," should appear.
- On page 41—Tenth line from bottom should name "Henry R. Fogg" instead of "Godfrey M. Fogg."
- On page 183—The words "Maj.-Genl." instead of "Lieut.-Genl." should appear with the name of Genl. Bate.
- On page 237—"Thanks to Congress" should be "Thanks of Congress."
- On page 295 and 297—The word "Rasaca" should be "Resaca."
- On page 324—"Battle of Atlanta, July 26, 1864" should read "July 22, 1864."
- On page 400—Battle of Allatoona, Oct. 5, "1684" should be "1864."
- On page 417—The fifth line of the text below the picture should be omitted, making the sentence read "Genl. Adams was about ten paces in front of his line of battle" etc.
- On page 527 and 528—The name of Dr. Murfree, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., correctly given, should appear "Dr. J. B. Murfree, Sr."
- On page 557—Following the article giving the roster of the Army of Tenn. in 1865, should appear the heading "Random Sketches."
- On page 600—The name "W. J. Bohan" should be "W. J. Bohon."
- On page 638—Second line, the name "D. L. Milton" should be "D. L. Wilson."

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